State Historical Society

# The Weekly Kansas Chief.

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# Choice Poetry.

## THIRTY YEARS AGO.

My book is out of date, now;
You'll find it very slow;
For the people in it lived, sir,
Thirty years ago!

Thirty long, long years, and now
Their faces all are strange;
For faces change like hearts, you know,
And time works many a change.

That one! Well, that's myself—yes;
You'd never think it, now;
But then, you know, 'twas taken, sir,
Thirty years ago!

I hadn't any wrinkles, then;
My hair was brown, not gray;
My cheeks were soft, they're parchment now,
And I'm growing bald, they say.

And this! Ah, dear, how pretty, too,
That little tinted face!
It's faded like the rest, though,
And sadly out of place.

Dear! what a girl that was, sir!
Such eyes, and such a nose;
Married, and went to India, then;
She's dead now, I suppose.

This fellow, such a noodle, too,
A hopeless kind of spooney;
He emigrated on a chance,
And made a mint of money.

And this one, on the other page,
Oh, such a handsome fellow!
He took a fever at the Cape,
And died, they say, quite yellow!

My! what a handsome man he was!
Such eyes, with such long lashes;
Such glorious, glossy whiskers, too;
Such hair, and such moustaches!

The woman in the velvet gown—
An authoress, you know;
She wrote "The Bloody Secret!" and
"The Murderer's Last Blow!"

These two, a happy couple then,
A bridegroom and a bride;
It was the fashion, then, you see,
To be taken side by side.

They had a little quarrel, sir,
Thirty years ago—
She was a little fast, they say,
And he a little slow.

Some say he was the cause of it,
That fellow all in gray;
It never was cleared up, you know,
But I heard she ran away.

That one, sir, with the curly hair,
She was a charming creature;
Such splendid eyes you never saw;
No fault in any feature.

And this one, on the other side—
Dear! how the colors fade!—
She, too, was then a beauty, sir,
She's living—an old maid.

And that one with the laughing eyes
And tresses black as jet—
How well I can remember her—
She was a sad coquette.

How has the cold world dealt with her,
How has her life been set!
And have those laughing eyes of hers
With many tears been wet!

Who knows! I never saw her since,
And life is always so;
But the photograph was like her then,
Thirty years ago!

And this one, with the sunny hair,
And eyes divinely blue;
It is the dearest in the book,
The sweetest and most true.

It isn't a face to draw, you see,
Or to carve in marble cold;
But a living face to blush beneath
A halo of warm gold.

It isn't a face to rave about,
To cut one's throat, and yet
It's the kind of face that, having seen,
It's hard, sir, to forget.

She's vanished, like the others, now,
The way that all things go;
But I would have given my life for hers,
Thirty years ago!

It's only a shadow picture, too,
Of an innocent young face,
With nothing to commend it,
But the gentle, girlish grace.

But, oh! the passionate longing,
As I see her smiling so,
Still swells within me, as of old,
Thirty years ago!

My book is out of date, now;
You'll find it old and strange;
For fashions fade like faces, sir;
And time works many a change!

# Select Story.

## THE CHARMING LITTLE WIDOW.

"You must come with me to-night, Shirley, and I will show you one of the most bewitching little widows you ever beheld. I am sure, woman-hater that you are, you will own yourself conquered at once. Say, will you come and see my beauty!"

"No, I thank you," replied his friend; "I have something to employ me, especially to-night; but if I had not, Ellery, I should be off, for I have all of old Weller's fears of 'vidders.' I look on them as a most designing race—with their woe-begone voices and ever-ready tears for the dear departed. If I should lose my senses so far as to marry one, I hope she would at least have the honor of having her first husband hung; as I believe that would prevent his virtues being brought up in comparison with my faults."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Ellery. "All this tirade against widows drawn forth by my luckless invitation! But you are entirely too verdant, my friend, on the subject. I will bet you something handsome that you will fall in love with a widow, yet. But good evening; I must go and make myself killing; for besides the widow, there will be lots of pretty girls at Mrs. Empton's to-night, and I always, for the honor of the 'buttons,' look handsome."

This conversation was held at Shirley's room, where he was sitting, lazily improvising on the guitar, when Ellery gave the invitation. Though not a woman-hater, as his friend had stated, yet from his retiring habits he did not seek the society of ladies. When released from official duty, he preferred enjoying himself with books, music, and male friends, and thus induced some of his brother officers to bestow upon him the cognomen of woman-hater.

"Where is the friend you promised to bring with you?" inquired Mrs. Martin of Ellery. "I must confess that I have quite a curiosity to behold Lieutenant Shirley, after all you have been telling me of him."

"I regret exceedingly not being able to redeem my promise," he replied; "but a prior engagement prevented me from doing so. How I do wish you would enter into a little plot of mine against him for a week or so. Say 'yes,' like the child's bargain, before I tell you."

"No, excuse me, Mr. Ellery—I shall do no such thing. Tell me, what is your plot?"

"Tell me, too, Mr. Ellery," said a young lady of about twenty, who approached, and whose merry eye betokened a kindred spirit to his own—"tell me, too, and I will answer for it that sister Juliette enters heart and soul into your plans, whatever they may be."

"I shall be a thousand fold indebted to you, Miss Jeannie," said Ellery. "Well, now for my plot, or rather the outline of it, if you will accept my arm to lead you to that cosy seat; for I must confess I should like some woman wit to perfect my ideas."

"None of your plots and conspiracies for me; I'll have none of them," said Mrs. Martin, the widow, as she left them, to obey her aunt's previous request for music, and where we must leave her, seated at the fine toned piano, discoursing most excellent music, and holding her audience enthralled as if by magic. As for Ellery and Jeannie, they had "no music in their souls," at least for the time, and were, therefore, the better fitted for "treason, stratagems" and plots, in which we leave them engaged.

I am sure, reader, had you seen Juliette Martin, you, like Ellery, would have called her a bewitching creature. Her delicate form, large and beautiful eyes of light hazel, her brown hair, nearly approaching flaxen, needed not the cherry mouth, nor complexion like the sunny side of a peach, to set her down at once as a beauty. Then her manner, too, was so soft, so insinuating, that you could not choose but love her. She had married, at her father's command a man whom she highly esteemed, if she did not love him with a young girl's romantic furore, and whose sudden death had left her with an infant daughter and a competency, alone in the world at the age of twenty-one. Many offers of marriage had already been refused by her, although she never asserted that she did not intend to marry again.

Jeannie Martin, her husband's young sister, was now on a visit to her; she resided with her aunt, Mrs. Empton, and from her gay, cheerful disposition, had rendered herself a favorite with every one of their social circle.

The plot disclosed by Ellery was not entirely revealed by Jeannie to her sister-in-law at bed time; although she obtained from her the somewhat reluctant promise of allowing her to personate the widow for a few days, the farce beginning the next morning with an excursion planned to the country.

"I do not ask you to fib, sister Juliette," said the merry girl, "only not to unmask me. I wish to tease that young fellow, somehow or other, for a pretty little speech of his that has come to my ears."

"But I will not lend my aid in the least, if any one will be injured by your frolic," said Mrs. Martin.

"I beg you not to frighten yourself in the slightest," returned Jeannie. "No one, I assure you, can be harmed."

"Well, only for a few days, Jeannie. I think, however, you should let me into the secret, when you take my name."

"No, no, bide-a-wee," said Jeannie. "I will promise you a merry laugh, one of these days, for its use."

Thus ended their conversation. The next morning, Ellery came before breakfast to beg leave to bring a friend to take the fourth seat in their carriage; which was the more readily granted, as Mrs. Empton had already started with little Annie Martin and the essentials to where the picnic was to take place. Dear old Mrs. Empton! she was certainly the nicest old lady on earth for a picnic; always ready to attend to that most necessary part, the "eating;" but, withal, so deaf that never a word of anything did she hear, unless shouted through her ear-trumpet.

About ten of the ladies were awaiting their beaux. Ellery soon arrived, and, oh, "mirabile dictu!" accompanied by Shirley, whom, by some powerful eloquence, he had pressed into the service. In the hurry of setting out, and misled also by Ellery's description, it is not to be wondered at if he mistook Jeannie for the widow; whilst the girlish looking blonde answered his own idea of Miss Martin. He, therefore, true to his prejudice, left to Ellery the task of entertaining her—the widow with the merry black eye—whilst he was himself enjoying the bewitching smiles and sweet-toned warbling of his fair vis-a-vis, Juliette.

"I am sorry that we can only offer you such poor fare for your first dinner party with us, Mr. Shirley," said Jeannie, in her assumed character, "but a hearty welcome and our company is the extent you must expect."

This, of course, brought forth a polite disclaimer from the gentleman, with more truth than the generality of such speeches, for in the mile over which they had already passed, he began to think the widow's sister, at least, was particularly interesting. At this crisis, the sudden stoppage of the carriage, and the hurried exclamation from the driver of "open the door, Mr. Ellery, quick, please, and let the ladies out!" showed that something was amiss. The widow screamed as she clung to Ellery's arm; and even at that time of danger Shirley could not but admire the calmness of the beautiful Juliette, for so he had heard her called, as she endeavored to soothe her sister.

It was found that one of the horses had got his foot over the trace, and was already rearing and plunging, so as to make the carriage very unsafe. After some trouble, they succeeded in extricating him; but as both the horses continued very unruly, the ladies proposed walking to their destination. So forth they set, en route; the widow *pro tem.* on the arm of Ellery, and Juliette following with Shirley, laughing and chatting.

Insensibly Shirley's conversation with his fair companion took a deeper tone, for their path led through a thick forest, where the tall, stately trees, like the pillars in some old hallowed minster, shed their peculiar fragrance on every passing breeze that swept through their shade. Ellery and his lady were far ahead. Shirley felt surprised at himself, at this very first interview, at feeling such a sentiment springing from his heart for the fair creature leaning so confidingly on his arm in the depth of the forest.

"How glad I am," soliloquized he, "that the widow did not fasten herself on me, instead of her enchanting sister; for, joking aside, they are always so exacting, and by no means dependent. There is certainly an exquisite charm in the timid reserve of this fair Juliette. Methinks I shall begin to play Romeo in very truth; for I wish even now that I might be a glove upon that hand, so that I could kiss her cheek.

And Juliette, to judge from the bright smiles dimpling her soft cheeks, and the interested look which she turned upon his face ever and anon, was equally well pleased with her escort. What a delightful listener he found her! He felt so pleased with her—with himself—with the whole world, when they arrived at their destination, that Shirley was ready to declare it a perfect Paradise, and felt himself tempted to utter some such nonsensical speech to her, so entirely bewitched was he by the charm of her manner.

In fact, woman-hater as his friends styled him, there was not a more susceptible being on earth than this same retiring young man; so he played the game into their own hands, a *merveille*. They found Mrs. Empton "on hospitable thoughts intent," busy in setting out to the best advantage their dinner; whilst near them lay the little cherub Annie, fast asleep. Shirley the more readily answered the question—"Did you ever see such a little beauty?" from its supposed mother, as he imagined he detected a striking resemblance to Juliette, who was kneeling to kiss the soft lips of the sleeping babe, and his look and tone would have satisfied the fond heart of any mother, as he replied, "she is an angel!" and also stooped to kiss her lips.

Ellery and Jeannie seemed determined to enjoy each other's society for that day, at least, and thus Juliette and Shirley were thrown upon their own resources. They, however, appeared well contented; for he told her of all his adventures "by flood and field," while she was almost ready to exclaim with the gentle Desdemona, "that she loved him for the dangers he had passed."

What a delightful day it was to a'l, and especially to Shirley! The dinner, though plain, appeared to him delicious; and what laughs the absence of many conveniences caused! How beautiful did Juliette seem in his eyes, as she held the little Annie in her lap, feeding her from her plate, though begged by her sister not to tease herself with the child, but to give her to the nurse. Shirley could not refrain from sharing with the dear child some of the dainty little *pate* to which his neighbor had helped him.

"There, there! That will do, Mr. Shirley; I I beg you will not give her any more. Carry her away, Lucy, or these good people will kill her with kindness."

Thus was she borne off, notwithstanding her entreaties to stay with "mamma." Shirley had another fault to set down against the widow—her thoughtless unconcern towards her beautiful child, as she sat smiling, chatting, flirting so carelessly with Ellery, whilst Juliette went away occasionally, to see if the little one was properly attended to.

About sunset they set out on their return, and the drive was as delightful as the morning ramble, as they watched the early stars peeping forth, and he listened to tones that to him seemed sweet as the rippling music of the Summer rills. He had, in truth, begun to see everything *couleur de rose*—and how true the words of the poet, when speaking of the first step in Love's labyrinth:

> "Little we reck of our coming years—
> We fancy them just as we choose;
> For whatever life's after light may be,
> It colors its first from the rose."

Then, the evening was as happy for him as the whole day had been; for the ladies insisted that their escort should enter and spend it with them. When the tea was handed round, Shirley had the extreme felicity of putting cream into Juliette's cup, and better still, of sitting near her for several hours. Then, too, when tea was over, she was his antagonist at chess, and he looked with much delight on her taper fingers, looking still whiter by contrast with the red pieces moved so daintily and skillfully over the board. Her delightful voice was still lingering on his ear as he closed his eyes in sleep, for no other train of thought had broken the enchantment.

His friend and himself did not talk much, as they wended their way home that night; but Shirley was not quite so morose as to decline his friend's invitation, given at parting. "What say you to calling on the ladies to-morrow, to see if they have recovered from their fatigue?"

The next day they did indeed call, and paid them an unconscionable visit—if one can trust Miss Henderson's account, who lived opposite, and who actually lost the whole morning peeping through the blinds to see when they would leave. And the next day, and again the next, Shirley had an ever-ready excuse for calling. To-day it was, "I must take those drawings I promised;" at other times, "I have a piece of music which I must take," or a new book; till at last, grown bolder, he made no excuse at all, but visited there quite *en famille*—or, to use the prying neighbor's expression, as she watched with envious eyes the comings and goings of the handsome Lieutenant—"he had hung up his hat there for a dead certainty."

One morning he sat with his friend Ellery—it was two weeks since the opening of the story—in the same room; and his face was not listless as then, but wore a pre-occupied and rather troubled look, as, turning with a sigh to his friend, who was watching the wreaths of smoke curling over his head from his cigar, he said:

"Ellery, what do you think will be my chance for success with Miss Martin?"

"Miss Martin?" replied Ellery, with a provoking smile, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar deliberately against his boot; "why, to be plain with you, my dear fellow, I think you have but a slight chance. Take my advice—far better try the widow."

"Oh, hang the widow!" exclaimed Shirley. "But, joking aside, why do you think so? She appears to like me; and, without vanity, I may be considered handsome and agreeable enough for any girl with an unoccupied heart to love, especially when I woo."

"Ah, yes! But there's the rub, Shirley. The unoccupied heart! There is no apartment to let in that heart, I flatter myself; at least, if I can trust to woman's vows, as I am inclined to do in this case."

"What do you mean, Ellery? That you love her, and that she—pshaw!"

"You may pshaw as much as you like, sir. Irresistible, but 'tis true, notwithstanding. I am myself engaged to that very same Miss Martin."

"For once in your life, be serious, Ellery, if you can."

"Serious! Well, if you will not take my word, I'll swear to it, Shirley. And if you still doubt me, go and ask for yourself; I give you leave. But you had better take a friend's advice, and inform the widow of your matrimonial proposals, whilst in the spirit."

Shirley came very near saying that which were better left unsaid, as he rose from his chair and paced up and down the room. Ellery sat smiling to himself, as, tilted back in his chair, with his cap set jauntily on the side of his head, he finished his cigar, tempting the now thoroughly irritated Shirley, by his mock-

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ing air, to knock him every time he approached. At last, having finished smoking, Ellrey rose, and as he was drawing on his gloves, making ready for a start, he said:

"Come, my good fellow, don't be cast down. If you can't get Miss Martin, take Mrs. Martin. 'One of the name is as good as the same,' as the old saying has it; and I really believe she has a fancy for you."

He did not stop to hear his friend's answer, as he left the room with a laugh. Shirley continued his walk—now rapidly, then stopping—till he came to a dead halt in front of the window.

"Impossible! There is no truth in this world, if it exist not in Juliette Martin. I have heard her express an opinion concerning Ellery, and even laugh at him, which no woman ever does at the one she loves. I will go, by George, and ask her, indeed. If 'tis true, I will never trust womankind again."

And walking to the glass, he brushed his dark locks as carefully as ever did one of the weaker sex, and then taking his gloves and hat, he started for Mrs. Empton's.

His own heart was thumping as loud as the old-fashioned knocker to his nervous rap, as he stood on the door-step. He was ushered into the comfortable parlor, where the sun's rays came slyly in through the closed blinds, playing hide and seek with the roses of the carpet, and where the red glowing light from the fire fell upon the bright face of Juliette, as she sat on a low ottoman, playing hith the curley-headed Annie, whose silvery laugh was echoed by the mellow, cheerful one of the mother. There was no one else in the room. After the morning salutations, Shirley said:

"Has not Ellery been here?"

"Yes," she replied; "he and my sister are out visiting."

Shirley moved his chair closer to the low ottoman.

"Excuse me," he said, "if I ask you one question, and do not, I beg, deem me impertinent; I entreat you to answer me frankly, for I assure you my whole earthly happiness depends on the answer. Are you really engaged to Ellery?"

"Who, I, Mr. Shirley? You must be dreaming," said Juliette, and she opened her large dark eyes still larger in her surprise, her face and neck coloring deeply as she met his glance.

"There is some mistake in this," muttered Shirley. "He told me this morning that he was engaged to you, and bid me ask you, to convince myself."

"Why, the man must be crazy, surely. Yet I wonder still more at you in believing him. You, to whom—" and again the face was bent over Annie's ringlets, to hide the tears welling up in those eyes, whilst the child sat demurely listening, as if bound to recollect each and every word.

"I did not—I do not believe him," said Shirley, "though he told me that he was engaged to Miss Martin."

A merry laugh rose to her lips, as she quickly raised her face, still crimson with bright blushes.

"Ah, yes, I see it all now," said she. "He is really engaged to Miss Martin. But who on earth do you take me for?"

"For Miss Martin, of course—Miss Juliette," was his amazed reply.

"I am Mrs. Martin, and the mother of this little girl," she replied; and she stooped to kiss Annie, for she was sadly afraid the laugh would again break forth, such a bewildered face met her view.

It would be impossible to delineate the different emotions that chased one another through Shirley's mind, as he thus sat gazing upon the graceful creature, as she sat in that rich light. Pride, shame, a wee bit anger, at thus being duped by Ellery. But high above all, the strong, the enduring struggle for mastery. Of course, the last conquered; and the little cherub, sitting on her mother's knee, listened to a declaration as the heart prompted.

What she replied, I leave to the reader's imagination; but when Jeannie and Ellery entered from their visit, they found them sitting tete-a-tete and smiling. All was explained; Jeannie and her affianced magnanimously taking the blame, while Shirley, in his happiness, readily pardoned the plotters who had been the means of giving him such a store of present felicity.

## Miscellaneous.

### AUTUMN.

BY JULIAN GREY.

The aster glows the falling leaves beneath,
  The golden-rod gleams by the hedge-row brown,
As though the dying Summer in the frost-king's teeth
      Had hurled her gauntlet down.

So, when the shades of solemn silence sink
  Upon us, and we reach life's latest breath,
The soul exultant bids, e'en on the grave's black brink,
      Defiance unto death!

We perish not. The mounting spirit towers
  In conscious immortality sublime,
And gains, beyond death's feeble, fleeting winter hours,
      Eternal Summer time.

### AN EARLY KANSAS INCIDENT.

[From the Atchison Champion.]

The following, though it reads like romance, was written by Rev. S. M. Irvin, the venerable missionary of Highland, Kan., and may, therefore, be relied upon as veritable history. It was written for the Chicago Historical Company's History of Kansas, now in preparation, and the manuscript has been given by Mr. Wm. G. Cutler, historian of the company, to the State Historical Society:

Early in the summer of 1852, at the Iowa and Sac Mission, there walked into one of the halls of the mission house, a tall, stout and bold looking man, roughly dressed, and carrying on his back, wrapped in a blanket, a nice little girl, seven or eight years old. "My name," said he, "is Thomas Jefferson Southerland. I am known as General Southerland, and connected somewhat with the burning of the *Caroline*, on the Canada border, in 1837. I was a prisoner under the British authorities for more than three months; they intended to hang me, and erected the gallows in sight of my prison window. But upon my trial by Court Martial I was allowed to defend my own cause, and they detected in me a military man, and for this or some other reason they let me go."

This was, in fact, all we ever knew, true or false, of who the man was. In regard to the little girl he carried with him: "This," said he, "is not my child. She is adopted. Nor do I know who she is, only this," said he: "I am an acute phrenologist, and, in cholera times I was travelling on the Mississippi, in a steamboat, and happened to see a widow travelling with three little girls. My skill in phrenology enabled me to see that the mother had but little love or affection for her her children, and that this was a very intellectual child, and would make a good teacher. I asked her if she would give this little girl to me. She at once said: 'Yes, you may have her.' I took her, adopted her, and her name is Viola Southerland."

The oject of his visit to the Mission was, he said, to make arrangements to leave the little girl a few days at the Mission, till he, with two other men, who were in company with him, and who were in camp near, would explore this portion of the Indian Territory. He went on to argue that the Government had no right to keep these good lands, west of the Indian Reservation, exclusively for the Indians; that military restrictions should be removed; that they were settling the Pacific coast with impunity, and that he was going to test it here, or out some distance from the Missouri River, if the country pleased him, etc.

He left the girl, and after about three weeks' absence returned, greatly delighted with his trip, and confident that west of the Iowa and Kickapoo Reserves there was one of the most beautiful and productive countries. His resolution was formed to organize a colony of young men, and go at once and possess some part of this inviting field. He still wanted to leave his little girl at the Mission until he could return with his colony. This was agreed to, and the General left for Missouri.

In about three months, two covered wagons were driven up to the mission. We were soon informed that it was General Southerland's outfit, destined for a new settlement west of the Indian Reserves, but that the General himself was in one of the wagons, very sick. He was brought into the Mission house, and well cared for, but his mind was gone, and he never rallied. A few days of unconscious existence ended his career. He was evidently a man of intellect and will, and may have had considerable scholarly attainments. In his trunk was found a large quantity of manuscript, made up of biography, history, and poetry. Much of it was seemingly prepared for the press; but nothing was found to throw any light on his ancestry or personal history. The young men with him were led to conclude that his home or his correspondence was somewhere in eastern Ohio. They said he wrote for some paper called the *Nonpareil*, in that region. With himself ended all his plans for colonizing the West. The young men returned to Missouri. The little girl grew up to womanhood, was married, and as far as is known, has a good record. This is all that was known at the Mission of General Southerland. No dobbt he has friends somewhere who would be interested in knowing something of his last days.

This little piece of Kansas history has never before been written, and if published might reach the eyes of some one who would be interested. It was the privilege of the writer to be in charge of the Iowa and Sac Mission where this occurred, and he can vouch for the correctness of it.

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THE brief tale of "Solomon Grundy, born on Monday," is long drawn out, compared to that which might be told of a Chinaman of Passaic, New Jersey. He was taken sick in the morning; at noon he shot himself; at 2 o'clock he was dead; at 6 o'clock he was buried; at nightfall his effects were burned; and before the next day he was forgotten.

### A WAR REMINISCENCE.

#### Col. Streight's Command—How it was Captured Through the Device of a Southern Maiden.

In the month of May, 1863, the Army of the Cumberland, under command of Rosecrans, lay at Chattanooga. Gen. Garfield, the chief of staff to the commanding general, being anxious to strike a blow at the railroad system of Georgia, persuaded Rosecrans to authorize the fitting out of a raiding expedition against Rome, in that State. Garfield undertook with joyous anticipations, as we learn from his letters to Secretary Chase, the formation of this force, and it was at his suggestion that Col. Streight was placed in command of the expedition, composed of nearly 2,000 picked soldiers. With what success this Federal force made its raid on Rome, and just how much of the railroad system of the Empire State of the South Col. Streight contrived to destroy, are matters of familiar history.

The raiders reached Rome, it is true, but they went as prisoners of the brave Forrest, who, with a brave little band of 400 men, ill clad and poorly fed, sent the whole invading force to Richmond over the very railroad they set out to destroy. Gen. Garfield was never known to speak of the painful result of his military skill with half the enthusiasm with which he put this formidable squadron in the field.

The capture of Streight by Forrest, as before stated, is familiar history; but who has been introduced to Miss Emma Sansom, the brave Gadsen girl of sixteen summers, by whose forethought and prompt action the capture was made possible? The great war developed many deeds of daring on the part of women on both sides of the contest, but it seems to me the heroic conduct of Miss Sansom deserves to rank as a conspicuous example of female courage and of womanly devotion to a cause she believes to be just. So far as known, there never has been any recognition of the value of her services, except on the part of Gen. Forrest in his official report. The State of Alabama did, indeed, vote her a section of land, but has never been able to convey to her a valid title to the same.

The part Miss Emma took in the dramatic pursuit of Col. Streight by Forrest's force may be briefly stated. Hard by her humble home, was a stream which bore the suggestive name of Black creek. At the date of our story, the stream was greatly swollen by heavy rains. Col. Streight, after passing over the bridge, took care to burn it. Forrest was at his heels, but finding no way of crossing Black creek, gravely meditated an abandonment of the pursuit. Riding up to Miss Emma's house to spend the night, he was quickly informed by her that in a secluded spot, a mile distant up the creek, a ford could be found for his cavalry, which would enable him to cross and continue his march. Startled by this unexpected intelligence, he requested her to accompany him, and to point out the place. No time was to be lost, and, although Col. Streight's skirmishers were firing across the creek, which now appeared as a mighty river, Miss Emma at once consented to go. Having no horse of her own, she vaulted up behind Forrest, and bravely exposed her life to the bullets of the enemy, while the general led his men under her guidance to the welcome ford.

The sequel can be told in a few words. She remained on the bank of Black creek long enough to see the last soldier safely over, and then waving her hand she bid them all good-bye, God speed and a splendid victory. Returning home through the open fields alone, she sent up a silent prayer for the capture of Col. Streight and his raiders. The answer to that prayer was not long delayed. Two days later, while in camp cooking, eating and carousing, little dreaming that Forrest was on the Rome side of Black creek, Col. Streight's entire command were themselves raided and forced to surrender. No wonder that Streight, on learning Forrest's actual strength, exclaimed, "I am sold."

Emma Sansom must have been an exceedingly beautiful girl. One of her former lovers describes her as "a lovely blonde, with clear, sparkling blue eyes, and long, flowing golden hair." She was of medium height, of fine form, and in her movements quick and graceful. She is now the happy mother of three children in the flourishing State of Texas.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

### MRS. LINCOLN'S BROTHER.

#### Tragic Death of Colonel Sam Todd, of Kentucky, at Shiloh.

When the war broke out Mrs. Lincoln had two brothers, Dr. Todd and Sam Todd, residing in New Orleans and doing business there. Dr. Todd was early appointed a surgeon in the Confederate army, and we believe came to Virginia. Young Sam Todd was a gay and happy youth, not over thirty, of good social standing and pleasing address, handsome in person and very popular, and in every respect a manly fellow. He was, of course, known as the brother-in-law of the President, or "Old Abe," as he was generally called; but being an ardent Southerner that did not affect his relations with his friends. In March, 1862, when Beauregard was appointed to the West, and sent out to stay the progress of the Federal army under generals Grant and Sherman through Kentucky and Tennessee, he made a call upon Louisiana, his native State, to come to his aid. This was promptly responded to by several thousand young men of New Orleans, of all grades of society, who eagerly volunteered, and among the number was young Sam Todd. He enrolled himself in the Crescent regiment. A month after voluntteering the great battle of Shiloh was fought. On the day before the battle the writer and others gave "a dinner" to some half dozen of their personal friends of the Crescent Regiment, Washington Artillery, Seventh Texas, etc., and Sam Todd was one of the favorite guests. Jovial Sam Todd! Who that knew him can ever forget him? All soul, all fun, and all fire, too! They separated for the march and the next day were all in the midst of battle by sunrise. The first day went merrily enough for our side. It was a delightful game of base ball, and though the battle was fierce, desperate and hotly contested, when night came we had scored a great victory.

That night was a fearful one, and we slept on the field in the most drenching rain storm that was ever experienced, accompanied by the very loudest thunder, which could only be distinguished from the roar of the columbiads fired at intervals on the gun-boats by the fact that the first was harmless, but the latter being loaded, their shrieking shell and rolling shot caused our fellows often to change the logs selected for their pillows.

Betimes on the morning of the 7th we were all up and in line, but rested for a while to cook breakfast before advancing. While engaged over a pot of boiling potatoes, while somebody else was preparing coffee, surrounded by many of the staff and the correspondents of Beauregard's army proper, the Louisiana and Texas men, a young fellow in the uniform of the Crescents came up and expressed a wish for "one of the murphys when they were done." Turning and recognizing our young friend Todd, we grasped his hand and congratulated him upon his good fortune in the fight; for although the Crescents were in reserve they had yet participated largely in the battle, and it was the leading regiment in the capture of Prentiss and his men, its Colonel, Marshall J. Smith, of Norfolk, receiving his sword; but the next moment a number of round shot came plunging over the field in which we were assembled, one of which overturned our potato pot, and the order was to fall in at once, as the enemy were advancing in force. It was the new troops of Buell and Nelson, and were at once hotly engaged. Sam Todd's regiment was thrown to the front promptly, soon followed by ours, when almost the first object that met us as we passed over the field was the lifeless body of poor Sam, Mrs. Lincoln's brother, with a bullet hole in his forehead. Driven back and still back, our dead were left on the disastrous field for Grant to bury. Among those who shared these grim and hasty funeral rites there was no better man or more devoted soldier of the Confederacy than the gallant young brother of the "Lady of the White House."—*Richmond (Va.) State.*

#### Why Blaine Left His Native State.

A correspondent, writing to the Boston *Herald* reminiscences of the Blaine and Gillespie families, relates the following incident, in relation to the life of James G.:

The reason why Mr. Blaine left his native State, where his relations were of the best, and his opportunities excellent, is a question which is often asked, but never answered. This glance at his boyhood and family traditions shows that there was no apparent reason why he should go to a Southern State to begin his career. There is, however, one who does know, but the queer changes of life have made that reason a sealed book, both to the one who is acquainted with it, and to all the friends who have been intrusted with the secret. I need hardly say that there is nothing discreditable to either of the parties, for the conduct of both was beyond reproach. Both occupied the same honorable position in society. It was one of those youthful misunderstandings that often separate persons who think they are starting life to enter together on a smooth sea, but who strike a rock early in the voyage. The party doubtless most disappointed by the misapprehension which, as events proved, changed the current of Mr. Blaine's life, has never been wedded, and has devoted all these years to self-denying charities. For twenty years she has followed the ways of her Christian life in Washington, hearing of and often a witness of Mr. Blaine's triumphs and disappointments, often sitting under the spell of his eloquence, without his being aware of the presence which to him in his youth was the chiefest charm of his life.

THERE is a town called Wingville, in Oregon, which, according to a correspondent of the Norton County *People*, derives its name from the fact that most of its inhabitants served in the left wing of Gen. Price's Rebel army.

THE *Ironmonger*, an English paper, says that American iron and steel goods are driving British manufactures out of the South African and Australian markets.

## "HEIMGANG."

BY MARIE AILENE BILLINGS.

I have come home. The sea has tossed
A half-wrecked ship upon the strand.
How proudly strong she sailed away:
The sunlight shot across the bay,
And like a "bow of promise" spanned
The waters. So my heart it crossed—
How soon its gleaming light is lost!

I have come home. O'er stormy waves
The vessel drifteth into port;
The helm is gone, the sails are rent—
Ah, me! my life is nearly spent,
For ocean billows but a sport;
And those my heart's wild longing craves—
Alas! alas! these silent graves!

The little church—the dear old spot!
The Tyrol hills, the twilight sky;
The mountains wrapped in shadowed mist,
And all the air by silence kissed—
The same—ah! yes—in days gone by.
But those I loved, they have forgot;
I call them, but they answer not.

The shadows fall across the snow,
Their ashes sift across my heart.
I have come home. Mother, one kiss;
O, father, speak! I'm dreaming this—
I cannot help the tears that start;
The gray old clouds go sailing slow
Above these little mounds of snow.

And thou, my love, my light of life,
Thou wilt not smile to hear my tread.
Send Death to me; I, too, would win
The place that thou art shrouded in.
My little blossom, art thou dead!
Must I fight on, work on, in life,
Without thy aid, my wife, my wife!

A silence falls on all the air.
Thou silence claim, but what is said
Of those whose hopes are buried all;
Who sleep, yet sleep without the pall!
What peace is for the *living dead!*
Why can I not thy shrouding share,
When all my heart is buried there!

'Twas "coming home," I thought of late;
'Tis "going home"—I have none here.
My home is yonder, far away,
Beyond these clouds of pearl and gray,
And Tyrol's hills are not as dear.
I wait beside the broken gate—
God grant I have not long to wait!

* * *

## ON SOUTHERN FIELDS.

### Walks Over the Ground Where Johnson and Sherman First Met in Georgia—Resaca After Eighteen Years—Sights Worth Seeing—Plentiful Reminders of the Sharp Struggle.

[Correspondence Philadelphia Times.]

RESACA, GA., September 21.

I found all Resaca playing checkers. When the Chattanooga express, dropping its only passenger for this point as though I were a mail-pouch, instead of a bag of bones, had shrieked on and away across the Oostanaula River, I confess that the small boy's "I-want-to-go-home" feeling crept over me. What I saw upon looking around were four rows of small frame houses, forming a sort of square, a dozen villagers seated on a store porch drawing excitement from the aforesaid game, and the upper red rim of the sun fast sinking beyond tree-tops in the west. At this first sight, Resaca, named from General Zach. Taylor's battle-ground of Resaca de la Palma, "ravine of the palm," was a disappointment. I had expected from the name to find the town in a narrow valley, but there was no hint of a ravine anywhere in sight. Indeed, it occurred to the object of distress in a duster that he had mistaken the station, and he was gazing down the railroad with the idea of whistiing to the vanishing train for heaven's sake to come back and pick him up, when one of the checker-players advanced and took him hospitably in.

A PLACE OF MANY BATTLE-SCARS.

But in spite of the displeasing first impression, Resaca proved to be a nice little village, and here, so to say, I was destined to cut the watermelon of my battle-field trips. The place grew upon acquaintance, and so did the people, for in the morning all whom I met took pains to show me what was to be seen. The objects pointed out were such things as bullet-marks in weatherboarding, holes made by cannon balls, and in one corner of the store room I saw lead and iron enough to start an Egyptian war, or to run a rifle match for a week.

"Are you not afraid of soldiers' ghosts?" I asked a lad who was leading me into a dark cellar, that he might indicate some of Sherman's relics there to be found.

"No, indeedy," replied the little shaver; "*that's* what I'm feared of, though!" and he introduced me to a ten-pound shell, which, having passed whirling and whirling through the building, had imbedded itself in a sill, there to remain unexploded for eighteen years.

FORTS THAT WILL OUTLIVE THE BUILDER.

Veteran Joe Johnston, worn with the rubs of war, and marked under the harness of many political heats, must end his campaigning soon in surrender to the grim fellow with the scythe, but the cover that he built for his army at this place bids fair to stick the century out in perfect form. When Storekeeper Brown, who became my guide, shut up shop and led me a few hundred paces westward, to the southern end of the Rebel line of works, I was surprised to see how well the fortifications are preserved. We were near the Oostanaula River, and it was our purpose to walk along the works more than three miles to the Connasauga. At the time of the battle, Johnston's army was in the elbow made by the two rivers, which unite above Resaca, and Sherman was stretched across the country to the northwest. On some battle-fields it is hard to understand the positions of the opposing forces, but at this place the scratches upon old Mother Earth are too plain to let the visitor lose the trail. The reason for the good condition of the works may be found in the peculiarity of the soil, which is of yellowish slate. Bits of slate cover the sides of the mound, which runs waist high on an average wherever it passes through the timber.

A WALK ON THE BREASTWORKS.

At the point where we struck this remarkable relic, we went up a hill, climbing constantly over banks of upturned sub-soil. Passing out of these remnants of artillery fortifications, we followed a path that wound along the top of the embankment for infantry. At short intervals we came upon transverse sections where there were double lines, and, down the slope, we saw many rifle pits. As it seemed to me the line was more complete even than Hancock's line, which remains undisturbed along the Brook road in the Wilderness. I was interested to learn that the planters use the trenches as outlets for water, nor was it less curious to hear that the banks left by Johnston serve in the place of fences here and there over the battle-field. As we tramped along through woods of ash, elm, and water oak, we saw wild ipecac and sweet-william growing at the sides of the old pathway, and having asked the name of a curious kind of grass, I was delighted at the story that then came out.

A BONANZA LEFT BEHIND.

"That," said the guide, in answer to the question," is what we call Egyptian clover. We didn't have it before the war, and none of us ever saw it or heard of it until Sherman and Johnson came. The seed was left on the ground by the armies, and now we wouldn't take anything for it." The grass, which has a tiny leaf more like that of the native white than that of the red clover, grows all over the hillsides, at the edges of the woods, along the earthworks, and even forces its way into the tilled fields. In its growth it chokes out other herd grass and all weeds, though fortunately it may be killed itself by plowing, or there might be too much of the good thing. Horses and cattle get fat on it, so that on the batttle-field there is pasturage in places where, before the fight, nothing of value grew. This, truly, was an odd revelation —that two opposing hosts, halting here, like beasts of the jungle, to snap up trees, to tear the ground, to burn and to slay, should leave behind not bones to bleach only, but seed wherefrom have sprung dainty carpets and soft borders of green that enrich the waste places.

MANY SIGNS OF GALLANT WORK.

Along strode the guide, and after him plodded the sight-seer. Now on the right we saw a stretch of lowland, with a few darkeys picking cotton, and again, looking through trees far to the west, we caught sight of the range of hills beyond Camp Creek, on the crest of which had been the Federal line. It seemed that we had walked more than three miles, never losing trace of Johnston's line, when the guide, halting significantly, said: "This is the place of Hooker's big fight; look at the trees!" The trees are always the tell-tales on a battle-field. Here, where hundreds of large oaks and poplars, now fallen and half wasted away, bore their innumerable marks, the Twentieth Corps had breasted a bloody tide. Every foot of earth roundabout had been trodden by the quick heel of advance. The stream of spring water now trickling at the foot of the slight slope had caught red drops that belonged of right to the hearts of boys in the Adirondacks, and of fellows who still should be chopping for bread in the Northern Tier. Good Asa Churchill once sat on this hill pressing his death wound as he sent his Bible and his love to his wife in Bradford, and even now may be found pitiful relics of other men who here left the ranks of the One Hundred and Forty-seventh Pennsylvania, not again to see their homes.

AN EXPERT AT BULLET-PICKING.

Pieces of cartridge boxes, rusty canteens, breast-plates and the what-not scattered in the onslaught, were engaging my attention, when a man came striding up through the underbrush. His home was a short way beyond, near where the Federal line had been.

"Pickin' 'em up like hickorynuts, are ye?" he said, pointing to a number of bullets in my hand.

"No; I haven't found many."

"It's kase ye dunno how to spy 'em out; there's one by yer toe, an' there's another by that saplin'."

Sure enough, he was right, and after that I did not doubt his assertion that he had picked up ten thousand pounds of iron and lead on the battle-field since the fight. He brought up the rear as we walked along the earthworks, and it was amusing, until it grew monotonous, to hear him say, every half minute, "Here's another." Not the least grim of this entertaining native's stories was one to the effect that he got a shock several years ago at the sight of six skulls ranged in a row under the head-log of some Federal breastworks. These works are not nearly as numerous nor as well preserved as the Rebel lines, because Sherman, being the assailant, built few fortifications.

In this way, Guide Brown showed me the whole line of defense, until we came to the thick timber on the western bank of the Connasauga, where the works end. Having seen this line, and having visited several points occupied by the Union troops, we found ourselves almost at the end of our Resaca rope. A ruined house or so, with chimneys standing in the midst of rank weeds, particularly fine patches of Egyptian clover, to which now clung romantic interest, and a few forgotten graves in the woods, served to make the rest of the ramble interesting. Nor were those populous acres found at every place of combat left unvisited. The Federal dead of Resaca were moved to Marietta, but the Southerner who fell remains on the field. Many Georgians, Alabamians, Tennesseeans, and men from Mississippi, rest in a cemetery near the village. Some of the graves have white headboards, while others are marked by iron plates shaped like scrolls. A marble monument is to be seen in one corner of the enclosure, while in the centre is a granite cross topped with cannon balls.

THE GAME OF THE STRATEGISTS.

When a person finds a perch upon some grass-grown fort here at Resaca, and looks out beyond the hills, there come thoughts that feel more inspiriting to the thinker than they seem in every-day type. For it was at this spot that one grand army, handled by a great strategist, was brought to bay by another grand army, at the head of which was a leader equally skilled as a follower of Mars. Two men of Ciceronian pitch put as antagonists in debate, two Goldsmith Maids sweeping the circle, two Jacks of brawn bruising each other in a ring—with a dozen like circumstances, wherein the cry is give and take —catch the eye of the people, fetch from them the shout, and cause the hat to be tossed high into the air. And if such contests, with nothing other than trifles at stake, please us; if a horse-race can cause a community to split its throat, or if a base ball match can hold ten thousand spectators bending forward in acute suspense until they lose their suppers—how ought he who follows, even in books, such a campaign of giants as this to bite the sunny side of history's peach. There can not be found in the chronicles of any land a defense more admirable than that made by Johnston; nor was there ever anything in strategic science more perfect than the way Sherman drove his sword clear to the hilt into the side of the Confederacy.

G. M.

* * *

## CUSPIDORA LOO.

### A Lively Game Indulged in by a Party of Gentlemen in a Saloon.

In a saloon not a hundred miles from the corner of South and Baltimore Streets, a group of well-known citizens—all prominent in business circles—stood, on Saturday afternoon, quaffing Bass' ale. In consequence of repeated doses of this exhilarating fluid and a couple of lucky combinations garnished from the Turf Exchange, they were all feeling rather well, and, to use a vulgar expression, were "up to anything"—anything foolish, for it is in this state of mind that a man throws his money away in a faro bank, or backs a plug to win against the favorite in a horse race. One of the gentlemen, who had an old cigar stump in his hand, turned toward a cuspidore that was standing against the wall, about fifteen feet away, and addressing his companions, said: "Bet any man a quarter I can pitch this butt in the spittoon." "Done and done," was the ready response from all hands. The butt was pitched, but with an aim so faulty that it fell a foot to one side. Nothing daunted, the pitcher went into his cigar case, and, pulling out a 20-cent Reina, said: "Bet you again, double or quits, I'll throw this in." Again he was eagerly taken up, and again he was "downed." In this way the gentleman threw away a case of cigars, a bunch of keys, a little silver match-safe, a gold cuff button, a piece of chewing-tobacco, and three twenty-five cent pieces. In very few cases did he succeed in pitching the articles in question in the spittoon. The match-safe and the bunch of keys, being weighty pieces, were pitched successfully, but while he won about $1.50 on each successful venture, he could not reclaim his property from the dirty receptacle into which it was thrown. This charming little pastime was carried on amid roars of laughter, and it attracted a considerable ring of spectators, who watched the game with absorbed attention. After the original pitcher had gotten rid of all his portable personal effects in this way, one of his friends took his place, and so the game went on, until one of the more reckless of the jolly boys proposed a game which he had played when a boy, with soldier buttons, which he declared passed in the time of his youth as a sort of currency among the boys of his acquaintance. This game was as follows, and it was proposed to play it with half dollars, instead of buttons: Each man in turn should pitch a fifty-cent piece at the aperture in the cuspidore. Those who failed, were to let their money lie on the floor, and the one who first succeeded in striking the hole was to scoop in the entire pot. The proposition was uproariously received. "Just the thing!" "Bully!" "Ah, old fellow, what a great mind you have got!" etc., were the exclamations of delight over this novel mode of winning or losing money. To make a long story short, the game was begun. Each time around there was $3 in pool for the lucky marksman. Sometimes the turn would go round four or five times before one of the silver pieces found the spittoon. Then the man who won it always set up Bass' ale or champagne. For about two hours the game went on. Dollar pieces, instead of half-dollars, were freely used, and sometimes the pots were as high as $10 or $12. The spittoon became more plethoric with lucre—especially filthy under these circumstances—that half a dozen poor boxes, and the stores of the entire neighborhood were scoured for silver coin, and side bets were freely given and taken on favorite pitchers. There is no telling to what enormous proportions this game, comparatively innocent in its origin, might not have attained, had not several of the participants been obliged to stop because of engagements elsewhere. When they did stop, and the losses and gains counted up on both sides, one gentleman was found to have lost $275; another had lost $150, while two of them stood winners to the tune of about $200 apiece, and the others wound up not far off either way. In the cuspidor the colored man who cleans up about the place found $68.50, three match-safes, several cuff-buttons, one of which was a valuable bloodstone; three dies, some square pieces of cheese from the lunch counter, two penknives, five bunches of keys, two pieces of chewing tobacco, and a suspender button. It was a sprightly game while it lasted, but was not one which might be recommended or indulged in often as a healthful and recreative pastime. The gentlemen, however, swear that they are ready to play it again, any time.—*Baltimore American.*

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## Oliver Perry Morton.

To-day is the anniversary of the death of Oliver P. Morton, who died November 1, 1877. Senator Morton was 54 years old when he died, and his health had been broken several years before that event. He died, as years count, in the prime of life. With the constitution which he had by nature, and with his temperate habits, one would have predicted for him a long life, and would have said that at 59 he would scarcely have reached the zenith of his powers and usefulness. That would be his age if he were alive now; and if life and health had been spared to him, who can doubt that he would to-day be the foremost figure in American politics? There is no other Republican leader in public life at all comparable to him, even as he was during the years of his long illness, when disease was breaking his iron will, and slowly sapping his tremendous vitality. Morton sick was a giant in politics, a recognized leader among men; Morton, alive and well, and still in the prime of years, would easily be the greatest man of these times. He fell in the prime of life, in mid career, with his harness on, a victim to overwork during the war, and to his gigantic labors in behalf of the State and Nation. It is not granted to many men to impress themselves on the times in which they live as Morton did. It is easy to say that circumstances made him great; the same has been said of Lincoln, Grant, and other great men. But circumstances do not make small men great; nature must first mold a man for greatness before circumstances can do anything. Morton was a great man, under any circumstances, and if he had not become known as Indiana's great War Governor, he would have found some equally sure round to fame. His influence in the State was all for good. He did more to give it honorable prominence among the other States than any other man before or since his time—more, probably, than any other ever will do. He was not only a great political leader, but a great shaper of events. He was greatest in time of need, whether in law or in politics, and when the crisis was most imminent, he was most fully equal to it. A loyal son of Indiana, he was still more loyal to the Union—first the Nation, next the State—an ardent partisan, but a still more ardent patriot. It is not surprising that the memory of such a man seems like a living presence, and that those who followed his leadership still miss his magnetism and power. The banner which he used to hold with so firm a hand, full high advanced, has lost something of its rallying power; the weapons which he wielded with such tremendous effect are too heavy for other hands.—*Indianapolis Times, Nov. 1.*

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"IT was a tidal wave that will not swamp, but thoroughly wash, the Republican party. It was needed. It has come. The party will be better for it.—*Cleveland (O.) Herald.*

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"TORNADOES have commenced invading Pennsylvania. We now call for a protective tariff on wind."—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

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## THE LAND WHERE OUR DREAMS COME TRUE!

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Far over some mist-hidden river,
  And under a wonderful sky,
Where the rain never blots out the sunshine,
  And our loves never weary or die;
Where the flowers never fade—but in changing,
  Their magical sweetness renew,
Lies a glorified realm of enchantment,
  The land where our dreams come true!

By mystical symbols and tokens,
  We know of that beautiful land;
But, alas! on the threshold of manhood,
  The frail clue slipt out of our hand!
And the wild river wanders between us,
  The white gates are hidden from view,
And only in sleep we remember
  The land where our dreams come true!

We shall find the lost treasures we seek for,
  Revealed in that wonderful sphere;
All the aims and the dreams of the by-gone,
  All the good that eluded us here;
The innocent faiths of our childhood,
  The one flawless friendship we knew,
Arrayed in our vanished illusions,
  In the land where our dreams come true!

We know, in divinest fulfillment,
  Our vain hopes are gathered at home;
The jewels we mourn here are hoarded
  Where the moth and the rust cannot come;
And oft, when the sunset is fairest,
  We catch, through a rift in the blue,
A far-away glimpse of the glories
  Of the land where our dreams come true!

There are garnered the prayers of our mothers,
  And the soft cradle song that they sung;
There they move in the midst, with white garments,
  And faces immortally young!
And out of the mists of the river
  Their sweet hands shall reach us the clue
That leads, through the Valley of Shadow,
  To the land where our dreams come true!

So, weeping, we lay down our idols,
  And bury our loves out of sight,
Though we know, in our hearts, we shall find them,
  By and by, in the Mansions of Light;
And the salt tears that fall on their ashes,
  And blossom in pansy and rhue,
Over there shall be lilies immortal,
  In the Land where Our Dreams Come True!

## JANE GREY SWISSHELM ON PROHIBITION.

The prohibitionists everywhere have built a theory on a foundation of quicksand; and in attempting to raise a permanent edifice on it, must resort to many expedients. They persistence with which they urge their hobby on old Abolitionists amounts to personal persecution. Any one who ever opposed chattel slavery must oppose whiskey slavery, or stultify himself. No one can oppose whiskey slavery except by prohibition. All who are not with them are opposed to temperance and in favor of drunkenness. Those who worked to pull down the Whig party, that from its ruins they might build an anti-slavery party, are bound to work for the overthrow of the Republican party, that from its ruins they may build a prohibition party. And they never weary of comparing their movement to that of political abolition. Those who rushed to the rescue of the chattel slave, must rush to the defense of the whiskey slave, or bear the name of deserter. Remind them that the slavery of the one is voluntary, while that of the other was involuntary, and they say, "So much the more need for his rescue."

This may be true, but does not prove that one who may have devoted a life to the overthrow of involuntary servitude is by this fact bound to run a tilt against the voluntary article. If the southern slave had run into slavery, and the Abolitionists had built walls to keep him out, consistency might require them to build walls to keep drunkards out of the slavery in which they love to wallow; but, as the case stands, the Abolitionist should be spared the abuse of those whose hobby he refuses to ride for the reason that it heads in an opposite direction from that in which he has been travelling.

If Abolitionists had made war on pen and paper makers, because pens and paper were used to write the slave laws and bills of sale, consistency might require them to attack liquor manufacturers because folks get drunk on their wares. If they had advocated a doubtful remedy for the evil they attacked, they might be required on the ground of consistency to advocate prohibition: but no one ever doubted that abolition would abolish. They spent no strength to prove that their remedy must be effectual, but gave their whole force to the business of getting it applied. They spent no time on impossibilities or doubtful expedients, but were the clearest-headed set of statesmen that this world has seen; and for one of them now to run off into the prohibition craze is to show that he has fallen from grace.

Abolition was founded on the bed-rock of Christian philosophy. Prohibition is a chimera at war with that philosophy. Christ put it into few words in his last talk with his disciples: "I pray not that ye be taken out of the world, but that ye be kept from the evil."

He did not propose that evil should be taken out of the world by way of keeping people from it. He did not sanction the evil by recognizing it as a fixed fact, as a something inseparable from the world; and, of all things, did not teach that its existence was an apology for getting into it. His prayer was that each individual soul should be kept from that evil by its own exertions and divine aid. He nowhere taught that temptation was an excuse for sin. But the basis of prohibition is that the drunkard is the victim, not the sinner; and that the responsibility rests with the man who furnishes the means of getting drunk.

No other device of Satan is so well calculated to weaken the moral sense of a community as this: that the man, or boy, or woman, or girl who opens his or her mouth and pours liquor down his or her throat is the victim of the man who hands the liquor across the counter. When liquor dealers catch folks, force their mouths open, and pour the whiskey in, they are responsible for the consequences; and when they knowingly furnish any one the means of getting drunk they are accessory to the crime, and as accessories they should be punished; but the man who gets drunk without physical force is principal in the crime. And so long as temperance advocates devote their attention to punishing the accessory instead of the principal, so long are they demoralizing public sentiment and doing an amount of mischief that is simply incalculable.

Their entire work up to this time is to teach that liquor sellers are the only free moral agents; that all others are lumps of dough to be molded at their pleasure; that they alone are responsible for the form given to each. No one save the liquor dealer is accountable to God or man for "the deeds done in the body." And, if their philosophy is correct, all the drunkard has to do in the last judgment is to play Adam over again, making the liquor seller take the plea of "the woman whom Thou gavest to be with me." The inebriate will come before the bar of Eternal Justice and plead, "Lord, the liquor dealer whom Thou didst suffer to be with me, he gave me, and I did drink." Then, as "drunkenness is a disease," the poor fellow will be sent to the hospital, while the liquor dealer will be handed over to "the worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched."

The evil of intemperance never can be reached till the sin of intemperance and its penalties are placed by human law just where God and Nature placed them; and this is on the drunkard. When a man gets drunk, God does not punish with headaches and financial ruin the one who gave him the liquor, but drives it all home to the one who drank it. And temperance people must turn around, and get on God's side of the contest, before they can have any reasonable ground to hope for success in their labors.

### The Departing Comet.

One evening last week, Prof. John K. Rees read a paper on the comet of 1882 before the New York Academy of Sciences, in which he said it should be termed Gould's comet, since Prof. B. A. Gould, of Cordova, was the first to see it. He read extracts from letters from Prof. Young, of Princeton; from the director of the National Observatory; and from Messrs. Chandler and Wendell, of Cambridge, Mass., and he concurred with Mr. Chandler in combatting Prof. Proctor's theory that the comets of 1843, 1880, and 1882 are identical, and that the comet now vanishing from view will return within six months. According to Mr. Chandler's computations, which are based on all the observations thus far made at several points, the comet of 1882 will not return in less than 4,000 years. The comet, as seen from the Cape of Good Hope, transited on the 17th of September last, and at the instant of its entering the atmosphere of our sun, it was 1,600,000 miles from the surface of the sun. The comet's tail, which was only 100,000 miles long when first seen, has since lengthened to millions of miles, and as this vast body crossed the sun's disk in two hours, the enormous velocity with which it travels may be conjectured. As its light was visible until it touched the edge of the sun's disk, the inference is that the light is not borrowed from the sun, but that it is the comet's own incandescence. Touching upon other celestial visitors, the lecturer said that the comet of 1843 approached within 500,000 miles of the centre of the sun, or within 70,000 miles of the sun's circumference, and that it must yet plunge into the sun and be absorbed. The lecturer threw upon the screen representations of a number of comets, and then a star shower, such as is seen once in thirty-three years, and the next of which will be seen when the earth passes the track of a star shower in 1899. These shooting stars are meteors from disintegrated comets, and the aerolites that fall to the earth come to us from interstellar space. In conclusion, the lecturer said that all the suns of the universe have comets circulating about them, and that the universe is as full of comets as the sea is of fishes.

BARNES, the revivalist, says his mission on earth is two-fold, "to glorify God and worry the devil." The Philadelphia *Press* is glad to hear this assurance that Brother Barnes voted a straight Republican ticket.

PHILOSOPHIC view of the returns, by the Salina *Journal*: "There is one good thing which can be said about the election, and that is that the autumn foliage is very beautiful."

## JOHN BROWN'S RAID.

### Interesting Reminiscences of Harper's Ferry—Only One Man Now Living Who was Actually in the Battle.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 23.—The recent remarkable discovery of the skeleton of Watson Brown, the fourth son of Captain John Brown, shot at Harper's Ferry, on the 17th of October, 1859, has brought vividly before the public mind once more the wondrous story of the Harper's Ferry raid. It has impelled Richard J. Hinton, of this city, the editor of the *Sunday Gazette*, to contribute to his paper of to-day's issue, a chapter as to what became of the others who were with Brown at Harper's Ferry. The known members of the Harper's Ferry party were the following persons:

John Brown, of Kansas and North Elba, N. Y.

John Henri Kagi, of Virginia and Kansas.

Aaron Stevens, (known in Kansas as "Colonel Whipple,") of Connecticut.

Owen, Watson and Oliver Brown, brothers and and sons of Captain Brown.

John E. Cook, of New York and Kansas.

Charles P. Tidd, of New York and Kansas.

Wm. Lehman, of Kansas and Maine.

William and Adolphus Thompson, of New York, (North Elba.) The former had been in Kansas, and they were the brothers of Henry Thompson, who was the husband of Ruth, Capt. Brown's eldest daughter.

Then there was Albert Hazlett, of Pennsylvania and Kansas.

Edwin and Barclay Coppie, of Springdale, Cedar County Iowa.

Stewart Taylor, of Canada, and Francis Jackson and Merriam, son of the abolitionist, Francis Jackson.

These were the white men actually present and participating. The colored members of the party were Jeremiah Anderson, from Canada, supposed to be a quadroon, and belonging to some of the fugitive slave colonies in the neighborhood of Chatham, Canada West; Osborne Peter Anderson, a bright mulatto, from Canada, a Virginian; Dangerfield Newby, from Missouri, one of Brown's rescued slaves in 1858, quite black; Shields Greene, a dark man from Rochester, New York, familiarly known as "Emperor," and introduced to the party by Fred Douglass; John Copeland, of Oberlin, Ohio, a light colored man; and Lewis Sherrard Leary, a light mulatto from North Carolina. This makes twenty-two persons in all, of whom Captain Brown was chief.

Of the party of raiders John Brown was wounded, captured and hung at Charlestown, Va., December 2, 1859. In the fight Henri Kagi, the most brilliant intellect of the party, and second in command, was slain at Hall's Rifle works, or rather at a rock in the Shenandoah river. His body laid there two or three days, and was almost riddled to pieces, every brute who passed over the bridge with a loaded gun firing into it as the water washed its limbs. He was reported to have been buried by the river bank, in a shallow grave, which the hogs rooted open. The body then disappeared, and was, it is believed, taken by some doctors as a "subject." With him fell John Copeland, Sherrard Lewis Leary (colored), Stewart Taylor, Jerry Anderson and William H Lehman. What became of their bodies no one can tell. They were doubtless taken by the students of the Jefferson medical school, of Winchester, Va.

At the engine-house, besides John Brown, there were Watson and Oliver Brown, Stewart Taylor, William and Addolphus Thompson, Aaron D. Stevens, Shields Green and Edwin Coppie. Of these Oliver Brown was shot in the groin on the night of the 17th, and died in great agony. What became of the body nobody knows. Watson Brown was shot on the 17th, and died after the United States Marines, under Robert E. Lee, captured the engine-house. The late development as to his body shows clearly that it was taken to Winchester, Va., and that it was there arranged as a subject. Dr. Jarvis J. Johnson, of Morganville, Ind., was surgeon of the 29th Indiana regiment, and in the spring of 1862 was with Banks in the Shenandoah valley. In the Medical College Museum a body finely cared for was found, reported to be that of one of John Brown's sons.

Edwin Coppie and Shields Green were captured, tried and hung at Charlestown, Va. Coppie's body was delivered to relatives, and buried at Salem, Ohio. Green's body was buried at Charlestown, and probably taken by the Winchester doctors. John Copeland was captured at the rifle works, and after trial, was hung with Green. His body was delivered to friends and taken to Oberlin. Aaron D. Stevens was shot several times, and was taken with a flag of truce. With Albertt Hazlet, captured for William Harrison, who is still alive, Stevens was executed. Hazlett was captured at Chambersburg and delivered to Virginia. William Thompson was shot on the 16th at the railroad bridge, and taken into Foulk's hotel. While in the parlor, wounded and a prisoner, armed men came in, took him out, shot and threw him into the river as he fell. Miss Foulk at the time gained praise for endeavoring to save his life. The fact was, however, that her only endeavor was to prevent his being shot in the house, because "it would spoil the carpet." Stewart Taylor was killed of the 18th by the United States Marines. What became of his body is unknown. Dangerfield Newby was shot at the arsenal gate.

Now as to the ballance of the party left to guard the farm and the school house with the arms, Owen Brown, the eldest son of Captain Brown, escaped through Pennsylvania to Ohio, where, on the Western Reserve, he was guarded and protected. He is a man fifty-four years of age, and lives in the Jay Cooke house (as a caretaker) at Gibraltar, Sandusky Bay, Lake Erie, Ohio. John E. Cook was sent into the neighborhood of the ferry to make arrests, and escaped into Pennsylvania on the 17th with Owen Brown, Barclay Coppie, Albert Hazlett and Francis S. Merriam. They were afterwards joined by Osborne R. Anderson and Charles P. Tidd. Cook was captured, taken to Virginia, and afterwards hung. His body was buried at Williamsburg, New York, by a brother-in-law. Mrs. Virginia Cook afterwards married a Union soldier named Johnson, and moved to Bloomington Illinois, where she now resides.

Barclay Coppie got away and went to Iowa. When the war began he joined the Third Regiment, Kansas Volunteers, and was commissioned Second Lieutenant. He went to Iowa, recruited some men, and was enroute with them to the regiment when killed in August, 1861, by a fall of a train through the Platte river bridge, seven miles east of St. Joe, Mo. The bridge had been burned by guerrillas. Coppie is buried on Pilot Knob, in the Leavenworth, Kas., Cemetery.

Charles P. Tidd went to Ohio and Canada, thence to New York. When the war began he entered the Volunteers, and died on a gun-boat, of fever, at Roanoke Island, N. C. Francis J. Merriam succeeded in reaching Canada, and afterwards went to Hayti the second time. During the war he was in the field most of the time in Virginia and South Carolina. In the latter State he was engaged in raising colored troops. His death is involved in some doubt, but he went to Mexico to enter the Republican army, and, so far as is known to the writer, died there. Osborne P. Anderson escaped to Canada, and came back after the war began. He served as a recruiting agent, and was a non-commissioned officer. He died in Washington in 1871, and is buried here.

The only survivor of the Harper's Ferry party, actually present, and in the fighting, is Owen Brown. Of those otherwise identified with the movement, Luke F. Parsons died a volunteer officer, and was buried in the National Cemetery near Fort Gibson, Indian Territory. The person known on the record as William Harrison, who did not reach the Ferry in time from the west, is a well known journalist. Messrs. Sanborn, Redpath, Hinton, and Morton are known. George H. Gill, whose ill-health alone prevented him from being with Brown, lives on a small farm near or at Springdale, Cedar County, Iowa. C. L. Leonhardt resides at or near Manhattan, Kansas. George Henry Hoyt, the brilliant young lawyer who defended Captain Brown, was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifteenth Kansas Cavalry, and afterwards Attorney-General of the state. He returned to Massachusetts, and was State Senator at one time. He died some years ago at Athol, Massachusetts, and is buried there. Mr. Wattles lives at Moneka, Linn County, Kansas. As to the members of the Chatham Convention, but few of them are known to fame. Frederick Douglass resides here, and has told his own story.

A CHARACTER OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD.—Aaron Alpeoria Bradley, the notorious colored Lawyer and politician, fell dead in St. Louis, on the 19th inst. Bradley's history is a singular one. He was about 63 years old, was about three-eighths negro, and had long, curly white hair that gave him a peculiar appearance. He was prominent in Georgia political circles during the period of reconstruction, and was elected to the State Senate in 1868 from the first district. Bradley made himself the subject of much comment by having a valet ride twenty paces behind him wherever he went. He drew nine dollars a day as a member of the Senate, and committed many freaks that stamped him as a crank. In 1851 he was convicted of seduction, in Brooklyn, N. Y., and was sentenced to and served two years in the State prison. This fact became known, and a special Senate committee, after a thorough investigation, reported thereon, causing Bradley's expulsion from the body.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

IT is said that Secretary Folger's name was originally spelled Foulger, and that his first ancester in this country came from Norwich, England, in 1635, and settled upon Martha's Vineyard. This worthy had a son, Peter, who was the grandfather of Benjamin Franklin, and not only served as a miller, weaver, and interpreter of the Indian language, but was a poet—a bad one, however, the record says.

THE New York *Mail and Express* tersely remarks: "Mr. Conkling has found out that more flies are caught with molasses than with vinegar." It is a lesson worth learning. Mr. Conkling can be one of the most suave and urbane of men when he tries, but in politics he has not often thought the game worth trying.