

# White Cloud

# Kansas Chief.

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## Choice Poetry.

### "THE FATHER'S FLAG."

[A mother to her child, on seeing our National Flag  
once more waving over the White House at Wash-  
ington, and the soldiers of the Union.]

They're coming, child! I see the flag  
In full defiance gleam;  
My boy, it was thy father's pride—  
His emblem, his latest dream—  
I've seen him, when the battle's light  
Drew near, by field and flood,  
Saw that, fall high our flag should wave,  
Though drenched in traitor's blood.

And, boy, his stiffening hand held fast  
That glorious banner bold,  
When every other flag of life  
Belonged to traitor's fold.

They told me in a soldier's grave,  
And of his peaceful home,  
Each soldier of that banner true,  
Enriched his place of rest.

Thy grandeur, at his country's call,  
Went forth to meet the foe;  
But, child, it was no traitor's hand  
That laid his true heart low.

A hero's death is worthy rest,  
His country's honor, in pride,  
"Thy flag, our country's foe, thy flag!"  
He smiled, "tis well—and died."

He would not die! 'twas for the good,  
Were laid in arms of gold;  
And Britain, driven from our shores,  
Invade our homes no more.

He would not die! 'twas for the good,  
The spirit of his noble soul,  
For years had bled, a beacon light,  
The star of every hour.

The crossed, ordered, of Eastern lands,  
When 'er in Orient zone,  
That flag waved 'er our mercenaries,  
Or banded to the breeze.

Have turned their shining eyes afar,  
And blessed with holy light,  
"Our guiding star, Columbia's pride,  
Her spell of truth and might."

But now, by traitor hands seized,  
And drenched in perfidy's gore,  
It shines like a meteor light,  
Far brighter than before.

For 'er 'tis gleaming 'er the hills—  
I hear the wailing cry—  
All hail! for Freedom's eagle-crowned,  
And 'er, our only King.

I see it waving in the breeze;  
Once more the signal cry!  
For to do and die,  
Mistaken thy father's spirit come,  
And whisper once again:  
The brave, though fallen, mourn them not;  
They do not die in vain.

We'll kneel and kiss our orphaned flag,  
Embrace it as of old;  
No cross but its emblem, let us bless  
Each star, crimsoned fold.

See! see! 'tis waving to the breeze,  
The first to greet the day,  
'Twill gleam 'er a united land,  
For ever and for aye.

## Select Tale.

### THE GOVERNESS.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

The old story, I was a governess; a poor dependent in a noble house. I had many times seen the father of my two little darlings; I knew he was handsome, though I seldom raised my eyes to him; but that was all. They told me I was beautiful. Even the stately old housekeeper, stately to all but me, used to part my long hair with her slender fingers; and once she said, in a dreamy sort of a way: "It's very fine and glossy; child, it's very soft and silky. In all the wide world, child, there is nothing like a beautiful face—the Lord made man in his image—oh! be thankful, child, that you are lovely; but often, often think that, through eyelids as white as yours, through lips as ruby, on pure cheeks, over lofty brows, through long and gold-streaked tresses, through soft fingers, under gleamy teeth, the worms, the worms have reviled, child."

How I shuddered at this! and once, when she spoke in her cold way, the baronet came in, saying: "Don't frighten her, good Mrs. Hunt. Even then, I did not think upon his kind glances and tender interest, as some girls might. The children, fair-haired darlings, how they loved me! They were both beautiful. So lovely! Grace was a deep, sparkling-eyed child. Gertrude had fair, dark, shining eyes. They were well named. Gertrude was calm, and reflective, given to straggling, and dreamy, mysterious thoughts. Grace was only happy when both dimpled cheeks were beset with roses, and kisses were showered on her round cheeks; she lived in an atmosphere of love. Gertrude, yes, even then, I think, she had a being in Heaven.

I was only a governess, and I took no airs upon myself. I was very humble-minded, for I had seen great trouble and poverty; very grateful, for my situation was a delightful one, and everybody was kind to me. There was a friend of the family who always affected me strangely. She was a noble lady, proudly handsome, rich and titled. She pretended to be my friend, but by cold, suspicious glances, confused and made me unhappy. She gave me much advice, was always telling me how poor and lonely I had been, and how humble I should be; cautioning me to beware of the baronet; and giving dark, mysterious hints, that invariably frightened me into a headache, and led me to shun the good baronet.

One day, when my brain was hot and heavy, I carried little Grace over to Lady

## Miscellaneous.

### THE VOLUNTEER'S WIFE.

I know, by the light in his deep, dark eyes,  
When he looks at the best of the morning drum,  
That he never would bid his name, and sigh  
O'er the wife that was in his arms;

I saw that the blood of a patriot's wife,  
Circled through his veins like a stream of fire;  
So I took his hand, and led him to go,  
But he never dreamed that it grieved me so.

Four hundred dollars he left with me,  
When his ship sailed at the morning—  
He used to smile his part and pride,  
And I thought my heart was in his hand;

Alas! it lay never again in his hand,  
By a father's arm, in the old home east;  
And he never again may have the same,  
On his knees the wife of his little one.

I know he has answered his country's call,  
That his heart is beat at a high command;  
But my heart will break, I know, if I fall,  
In the battle's fire, by a traitor's hand;

Yet I murmur not, though my heart-strings  
Ache at the thought of the sacrifice;  
The wife's first gift, two lives are given,  
In the name of God, and of Washington.

Perhaps, when the battle leaves us,  
And the golden gleam of sunset  
Shall make the clouds of heaven  
And give him a warm bed's welcome home;  
To kneel with him, in a fervent prayer,  
Thanking our God for his watchful care,  
In shielding his wife from the rebel's hand,  
Who honored the flag of his cherished land.

(From the Toledo Blade.)  
NASSBY.

### Mr. Wesley Takes a Retrospective View

of His Career, the Minutes, and is Not Satisfied With It.

### POST OFFICE, CONGRESSMAN X ROAD,

(which is in the State of Kentucky.)

March 25, 1867.

"Backed, then, I have, oh time in  
for his words dispelled my hope;  
I heard not long since. Wood that time  
good form that back seldom leap and  
get us all back when we was six years ago.  
But Time can't. Time is a perpetual  
mooch, which must go on, and on,  
and which can't ever retroact her steps.

The situation ain't, particularly agree-  
able just now. It hasn't a jolly look,  
nor does it promise an improvement in the  
future. The confidence of the Democracy  
in Kentucky is shaken to the extent that  
its lost its equilibrium and totters to its  
center. When it falls I shall be found  
under the ruins. The passage of the  
Military Law may be said to be the last  
feather which really ought to break the  
Kentucky camel's back. It's the deep-  
est and the finest stab at consti-  
tutional liberty and equal rights, inasmuch as  
it not only blots forever the hopes of re-  
establishing slavery, but gives the nigger  
all the rights and privileges enjoyed by  
white men. We, who are chiefly inter-  
ested, are not to be consulted in the mat-  
ter. Federal hirelings, whose very pres-  
ence is pizen to the people of these States,  
are to be quartered upon us to see that  
"justice,"—with hollow mockery I—done  
to us by the government established by  
Andrew Johnson is overturned if they  
don't play 23 fiddle to the straps and  
accept the constitutional amendment, which  
prohibits them who was our champions  
in the late effort to destroy a government  
which we hated, from taking hold of it  
and ruin it. Was there ever such a  
mixture of injustice and persequition?  
Was there ever such a severity? Was  
there ever such a lack of magnanimity?  
And all this time where is Johnson?  
He vetoed these bills, but wherefore?  
He knew that the Ramp Congress had  
a majority of two-thirds, and could pass  
over his veto; why then, when they set  
his authority at defiance, didn't he  
rise in his might and disperse em?  
Where, too, was the Democracy in the  
North? Where are they in this crisis,  
when our dearest rights—the greatest care  
—is being ship-reeked on the iron-bound  
rocks of despotism? Where are they,  
I say? Why don't they rally as they  
threatened, and demand that Johnson shall  
haul the levers from their usurped seats,  
and restore peace on such terms as we  
shall consider equitable, to the worst happy  
but now distracted country. Alas! they  
haven't time. I see them who breathe  
so much vengeance and slanders upon  
Johnson had offices to dispose of, a neg-  
lectful and ruinous about getting signa-  
tures to a application for a Postoffice, and  
boiler to us as they catch their breath.

"Accept the conditions—git back into  
the Yoocton, that we may elect a Presi-  
dent in 1868 who will give us all the patron-  
age;"—they noose-papers all about,  
"Accept and git back into the Yoocton,  
that we may elect the next President,  
that ain't the worst of it. Them which  
we bought up with appointments, discover-  
ed on a sudden that an Abilene Sent had  
to confirm em, and to seckor that he  
gave back to us. Custer is a shinin'  
example, Wilcox is another, and I might  
mention hundreds of others who had  
sold back in the same manner.

Troy was taken by the strategy of the  
Greens, who exposed a wooden house in  
the bowels of which was concealed armed  
men, with the veriest Trays pulled in-  
side their gates. Andrew Johnson was  
the wooden house which was sent into our  
camp by the Abilismans, and the officers  
with the armed men in his bowels. They  
beat his own rapin. So long as they was  
in the dim distance, the Democracy was  
hungry and ferocious and capable of al-  
most anything—so soon as they got em  
they become quiet as lambs. The Post-  
master who holds a commission up to  
himself, "wherefore shall I beat the gov-

## Useful and Curious.

### PREPARATION OF WHITENESS.—White-

wash is one of the most valuable articles  
in the world when properly applied. It  
prevents not only the decay of wood,  
but condenses greatly to the healthiness  
of all buildings, whether of wood or  
stone. Out-buildings and fences, when  
not painted should be supplied once or  
twice every year with a good coat of  
whitewash, which should be prepared in  
the following way: Take a clean, water-  
tight barrel, or other suitable cask, and  
put into it half a bushel of lime. Slake  
it by pouring water over it, boiling hot,  
and in sufficient quantity to cover it five  
inches deep, and stir it briskly till thor-  
oughly slaked. When the slaking has  
been effected, dissolve it into water, and  
add two pounds of sulphate of zinc, and  
one of common salt. These will cause  
the wash to harden, and prevent it crack-  
ing, which gives an unseemly appearance  
to the work. If desirable, a beautiful  
cream color may be communicated to the  
above wash, by adding three pounds of  
yellow ochre; or a good pearl or lead  
color, by the addition of lamp, vine or  
ivory black. For sawn color, add four  
pounds of turpentine or American,  
the latter is the cheapest—one pound in-  
dian red, and one pound common lamp  
black. For common stone color add  
four pounds saw amber and two pounds  
lamp black. This wash may be applied  
with a common whitewash brush, and  
will be found much superior, both in ap-  
pearance and durability, to common  
whitewash.—Exchange Paper.

### OLD APPLICATION FOR CHANGED HANDS.

Dr. "Hooter," of Rush county, Ind.,  
sends the following sensible note: "It  
is about this time of the year that the  
young folks, and often old ones, are com-  
plaining of chapped hands and lips.  
Now this state of human economy is  
quite annoying, especially to the ladies;  
consequently almost every body is hunt-  
ing after best-of-oil ointments, and soothing  
lotions. I have used a simple mixture  
for many years, with great success. It  
is made as follows: Take one ounce of  
glycerine, add fifteen grains of tannin,  
shake thoroughly, and it will soon dis-  
solve. Apply this preparation to the  
chapped surface once or twice a day. A  
few applications will suffice to cure."

### EFFICACY OF OSIONS.—A writer says:

"We are often troubled with severe  
coughs, the result of colds of long stand-  
ing, which may turn to consumption or  
premature death. Hard coughs cause  
the throat, and a strong effort to throw  
off offensive matter from the lungs. The  
remedy I propose has been tried by me,  
and recommended by me with good suc-  
cess, which is simply to take into the  
stomach before retiring for the night, a  
piece of raw onion, after chewing. This  
excellent in an uncooked state is very  
heating, and collects the waters from the  
lungs and throat, causing immediate relief  
to the patient."

### HOW TO FRESHEN SALT MEAT

AND FISH.—Take out of the brine the night  
before, and lay it across two spoons or  
sticks; to lift it somewhat from the bot-  
tom of the dish in which you wish to  
soak it, and cover it with fresh water.  
The salt will then settle down out of the  
meat, and it will freshen nicely. You  
may throw most or fish into the bottom  
of a vessel and cover it with cold water,  
and it will freshen very little; for the  
salt does not fall out, but only to the  
lower side. Few persons seem to under-  
stand this.

### Bed-coverings, woven from pine fibre,

are in use in hospitals, prisons, and bar-  
racks in Silesia and Austria; and in the  
unwoven state it is used for the stuffing  
of mattresses, cushions, chair-seats, and  
other articles. The cost is said to be  
but one-third that of horsehair, and there  
is the further advantage that, owing to  
its aromatic properties, the pine fibre re-  
pels the insects that too frequently lodge  
in woolen textures.

### A writer sends to a Providence paper

the following prescription for hydropho-  
bia, which can not do harm: Eat green  
shoots of asparagus raw: sleep and per-  
spiration will be induced, and the dis-  
ease can thus be cured in any stage of  
mildness. A man in Albion, Greece,  
was cured by this remedy after the par-  
oxysms had commenced.

### An Englishman has patented a watch

without hands, that shows on its face no  
figures but those which tell the hour and  
minutes looked for. The figures are dis-  
played as they are wanted, and so others  
appear on the watch face.

### Francis Everett offers a reward of

20,000 francs for the best essay on the  
"regeneration of the bone." They de-  
clare amputation can be superseded by  
the creation of new bone.

### The Bucyrus (O.) Journal, says that

manuscript, written with a pencil, can  
be made plain, when almost illegible, by  
breathing on it, or holding it over the  
steam of a tea kettle.

### A Peruvian surgeon in San Francisco

advocates to very young ladies the tin-  
est and most graceful foot, by means of  
the amputation of the little toe of each  
foot.

## The Fun of the Thing.

### THE TWINS.

In form and feature, face and limb,  
I grew an identical twin,  
That father taking me for him,  
And each for me another.  
It needed all, both rich and kin,  
It reached a beautiful child:  
For one of us was a twin,  
And not a soul knew which.

One day, to make the matter worse,  
Before our names were fixed,  
As we were being washed by nurse,  
We got completely mixed.  
And so, you see, by fair's decree,  
Or rather nurse's whim,  
My brother John was christened "me,"  
And I was christened "him."

The fatal likeness ever dogged  
Our footsteps, when at school,  
For I was always getting flogged,  
If John turned out a fool.  
In fact, year after year, the same  
About another's name,  
And when I died, the neighbors came  
And buried brother John.

### The following witty comments on

books, are from the Boston Commercial Bulletin:

Waiting for the Verdict—Jeff. Davis.

Mabel's Cross—She'll feel better soon.

William Tell—Don't do it, William.

Dear Native Land—That's so; gold 185.

'Ave Maria—Hi prefer Hemley.

Sweet Flour—St. Louis brand.

I Will Trust Thee—I wish you were my tailor.

They Offered Me Rank—What—but-ter?

An honest farmer, looking over a bill,

found "To Sibs. sugar. To 6 lbs. ditto."

He went to his wife and said:

"Here is a pretty charge. What on earth have you done with so much ditto?"

She declared she never had any ditto in the house in her life. So back the farmer posted to the store and reported, and received an explanation. On his return his wife asked him if he had learned what it meant.

"Yes," said he, "it means that I am a darned old fool, and you are ditto."

### A good story is told of a rather

verdant agricultural laborer, who, having

by hook and by crook scraped together

fifty dollars, took it to his employer with

a request to take charge of it for him.

A year after, the laborer went to another

friend to know what would be the inter-  
est on it. He was told three dollars.

"Well," said he, "I wish you would lend

me three dollars for a day or two. My

boss has been keeping fifty dollars for me

a year, and I want to pay him the interest

for it."

A lady returning from town the other

day, after having disposed of quite a

quantity of "domestic produce," such as

butter, eggs, etc., was met by a neighbor

lady who was on her way to town for the

same purpose, when the following di-  
ologue ensued: "Well, Mrs., how

much did you get for your eggs?" "Is,

me; don't mention it! Only fifteen

cents a dozen; and I'll tell you what it

is, Mrs., if I was a hen, I wouldn't

lay another egg!"

In a British colony, a competitive ex-

amination was lately held for the purpose

of appointing fit persons for a number of

the government offices. One of the candi-

dates inadvertently spelt Venice with a

vowel, a clever man, but not always a correct

speaker, sternly inquired, "Do you not

know, sir, that there is but one hen in

Venice?" "Then eggs must be very

scarce there," was the ready reply. The

candidate passed.

A certain farmer, (a pillar of the

church), had a fine field of wheat which,

being a little late, was threatened with

## For the Farmer.

### Grasshoppers.

A correspondent of the Atchison Free  
Press, writing about locusts and grass-  
hoppers, furnishes that paper with a let-  
ter received by him from Mr. W. K.  
Fowler, of Denver, which, if it is  
contains no truth, (and we certainly have  
no reason to think otherwise,) is of in-  
calculable value to the farmers of Kansas.  
Here is the letter:

Denver, Col., March 12, '67.

Mr. L. A. Anderson—Sir: Having

had an experience of several years in a

grasshopper country, I thought I would

give you a few hints that may be of value.

In the first place, if they hatch on the

first of July, if earlier than that, they

will go east; so you can see, you can't

be putting in seeds for late crops ten days

before they leave, as they do not trouble

much the last week they stay. If they

set up your small grain, go and put

the field in corn—the young do not stir

much. Good crops are raised here after

they destroy the grain. Then, if you

can protect a bed of cabbage, you can

grow them after they leave; also, early

beets, early carrots, peas and beans.

They seldom eat peas here, and I have

never known them to eat sugar or sugar

cane, nor broom corn. I always get a

crop of broom corn. Potatoes planted

the 15th of June will do well here, and

may with you. We can get good crops

of oats, sown as late as the 15th to the

20th of June. You can grow vines by

making a box one foot square, and put

netting over the top—you will not get

any vines unless you do so. Tomatoes,

with me, have always been a crop. Now

if you have any islands in the river, they

will get a crop—they are of great

value here. In 1865, one of my neigh-

bors put on an acre and a half in cab-

bage on an island in Clear Creek, and

the crop sold for \$9,000. Land in

bonds of rivers, on the south side, is

generally safe, as they begin to travel

as soon as hatched. It will be useless to

put out cuttings or small fruit trees; they

are hard on all kinds of young and ten-

der fruits. They never come two years

in succession. I do not think you will

have them again for years—it is not in

the line of their travel. We had them

here as numerous as you last fall; our

ground is full of eggs; yet we will put in

our usual crop, and, if they cut it up,

it will be something else. If you put in a

variety, you will save something. Grass-

hopper years, with me, have been the

most profitable. If they trouble you,

vegetables will be scarce and dear, and

will pay you for extra efforts.

L. K. Postan.

### Low Hedges for Fruit Trees.

Some writer, no matter who, gives the

following recommendations for the shape

of fruit trees. They are commended to

all who raise such trees:

It is said to be much better to grow

fruit trees with their heads and branches

branching over head, for various reasons.

1st. The sun, which is perhaps in our

hot and dry summer, the cause of many

diseases and destruction in fruit trees

## Choice Poetry.

### "THE FATHER'S FLAG."

[A mother to her child, on seeing our National Flag  
once more waving over the White House at Wash-  
ington, and the soldiers of the Union.]

They're coming, child! I see the flag  
In full defiance gleam;  
My boy, it was thy father's pride—  
His emblem, his latest dream—  
I've seen him, when the battle's light  
Drew near, by field and flood,  
Saw that, fall high our flag should wave,  
Though drenched in traitor's blood.

And, boy, his stiffening hand held fast  
That glorious banner bold,  
When every other flag of life  
Belonged to traitor's fold.

They told me in a soldier's grave,  
And of his peaceful home,  
Each soldier of that banner true,  
Enriched his place of rest.

Thy grandeur, at his country's call,  
Went forth to meet the foe;  
But, child, it was no traitor's hand  
That laid his true heart low.

A hero's death is worthy rest,  
His country's honor, in pride,  
"Thy flag, our country's foe, thy flag!"  
He smiled, "tis well—and died."

He would not die! 'twas for the good,  
Were laid in arms of gold;  
And Britain, driven from our shores,  
Invade our homes no more.

He would not die! 'twas for the good,  
The spirit of his noble soul,  
For years had bled, a beacon light,  
The star of every hour.

The crossed, ordered, of Eastern lands,  
When 'er in Orient zone,  
That flag waved 'er our mercenaries,  
Or banded to the breeze.

Have turned their shining eyes afar,  
And blessed with holy light,  
"Our guiding star, Columbia's pride,  
Her spell of truth and might."

But now, by traitor hands seized,  
And drenched in perfidy's gore,  
It shines like a meteor light,