The Canton Advocate

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—Office on Bridge street.—

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☞ We have adopted the cash in advance system, believing it much better for the patrons, and knowing it to be more desirable for the publisher.

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Special meeting every second Wednesday after the Regular.

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Business Cards.

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J. W. TAYLOR,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Canton, Lincoln county, D. T. Office West end Beloit Bridge.

A. A. JERAUL,
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C. H. WINSOR,
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HARLAN HOUSE,
CANTON, D. T., Main st., G. W. Harlan Prop'r. Splendid accommodations for all travelers, and good Stables in connection with the House.

DIXON HOUSE,
CANTON, D. T.; west end Bridge st.; A. P. Dixon, Proprietor. A commodious, well-arranged hotel. Reasonable charges. Good stabling.

REYNOLDS HOUSE,
BELOIT, IOWA; conveniently situated; near the East end of the Bridge. Stages from Beloit, depart from this house daily.

WESTERN HOTEL,
LEMARS, IOWA, corner 5th and Washington streets. C. H. Dingemans, Proprietor, (successor to M. Thiltgen). A well-furnished table, and clean, airy sleeping rooms. Ample Feed and Livery Stables attached. Excellent hotel for farmers. Terms moderate.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WM. M. CUPPETT,
REAL ESTATE & ABSTRACT OFFICE; Will pay taxes for non-residents. Office at the Court House, Canton, D. T. 7tf

G. W. NAYLOR,
COUNTY TREASURER, Canton, D. T. Real Estate and tax paying business promptly attended to. Office at Court House. 1tf

M. L. SYVERUD,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER, and dealer in Clocks, Jewelry, Etc., at Gilbert's store, Canton, D. T. All kinds of work in my line attended to promptly and on short notice.
☞ REFERENCE—MY WORK.

MRS. E. M. WELLS,
MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS DEALER has Just received, a new stock of the latest styles of summer Goods, also a supply of most fashionable Patterns. Orders for Dress and Cloak making will received prompt attention.
Call early, and see my goods, and learn my prices before leaving orders elsewhere. (26-tf)

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—AT—

LOWER CANTON.

M. H. Herman - - - Prop

NEW BUGGIES! FAST HORSES!

RATES REASONABLE!

—Travelers accommodated with First-class Rigs—

NEW HARNESS SHOP!
(Moore's old stand.)
JOHN W. HEWITT,
—Manufacturer and Dealer in—
HARNESS, HALTERS, COLLARS, RIDING BRIDLES, Etc., &c.
Constantly on hand a good assortment of Whips, Lashes, Brushes, Curry Combs, Collars, &c. Will sell as cheap as the cheapest. Give him a call.
Canton, Oct. 22. [23tf.

A. M. ROSS,

Wagon & Carriage Builder.

—Repairing a Specialty.—

Has constantly on hand a good stock of the best of material, and guarantees satisfaction on all his work,

—Orders promptly attended to.—

GRAIN TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR WORK.

BRIDGE STREET. LOWER CANTON

—FINE CIGARS AT THE RESTAURANT.

THE Canton Advocate.

Evil News Rides Fast; While Good News Baits!

VOL. III. CANTON, D. T., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1878. NO 32

BELOIT ITEMS.

—Keep watch for the arrival of Coulter's Holiday Goods; they are coming sure and of all varieties immaginable, and prices.

—Rev. Dr. Hoyt preached to a full house at Beloit Sunday evening. He will hold evening service there two weeks from last Sabbath.

—Manager Merchant promises to complete the road to Beloit by New Years day, at farthest. If jollification is ever in point it would be then surely.

—Some of our Merchants have goods at LeMars to haul, which it is impossible to get teams. After the 1st of January this inconveniance will not be liable to occur, as goods can come by rail, via the Pembina.

—The bridge below Fairview is completed, the cars have crossed, and the pile drivers are at work on the last bridge across the Sioux at Fairview. Carpenter Bro's will have to double forces to keep out of the tracklayers way.

—One man found who expresses fears that the road *will* reach here by January 1st. If he was supposed to be of sane mind he would probably be dealt with but sympathy for those whose minds are wandering saves him.

—Grain begins to move to Pattersonville the Milwaukee terminus; those of our farmers who have freighted there, say that they get a better price for produce than at the Falls. The bulk of the crop will be held until the road reaches Beloit, when if price and rates warrant that road will control this seasons shipments.

—We publish this week the poem read by Mrs. Isa M. Pigot, at the Thanksgiving Festival at Beloit. This talented lady has written some valuable contributions for the Press since her short residence here, and we hope she will favor us with further articles which we should be pleased to publish.

—H. C. McCoy, solicitor with the C. M. & St. P. Railroad Company, was at the Reynolds House Thursday night. He reports that there are five grain buyers at Pattersonville, and any amount brought there will be received without delaying the seller. Many of our Lincoln county farmers are now selling there, as they get five cents more a bushel than at Sioux Falls.

Religious Exercises.

The Rev. A. L. Baird, Synodical Missionary in charge of the Mission work of the Presbyterian Church in Northern Ia and Southeastern Dakota is about to visit this section.

He will preach at the Reynold House in Beloit on Sabbath next the 15th inst at 11 o clock a. m. All interested in the cause of christianity are invited to attend.

At this service notice will be given of evening meetings to be held during the week.

It is requested those having will bring their Moody & Sankey Gospel Hymn's.

The singing will be led by Rev. W. G. Peterson.

Mr. Baird will also have service in the afternoon of the 15th inst. at the School House near Judge Wiggins.

Worth Twice the Sum.

We are just in receipt of the Chicago Ledger, the leading family paper of the West, which is now entering upon its seventh volume. The Ledger is a large 48 volumn weekly printed upon bold, plain type, which can be read with ease, by either the old or young, and is filled with choice stories and matter of peculiar interest to every household. This excellent journal is supplied to subscribers, postage paid, for the extremely low price of $1.50 a year. In order to more rapidly increase its present large list of readers, the publishers of this poper have just made a new contract for the manufacture of several thousand fine Nickel-plated English Steel Barrel and Cylinder seven shot Revolvers —22 caliber—which they propose to distribute among their subscribers at cost, and therefore offer one of these elegant weapons of defense and the Chicago Ledger for Three dollars. The revolver will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the price. The have already distributed 3,000 revolvers and are mailigg hundreds daily. Now is your time to get a first-class revolver and the best paper in the country for less than half the actual worth of either. Three sample copies of The Ledger will be sent to any address for en cents. Address The Ledger, Chicago, Ill.

A Fancy Fair and Festival

Will be held at the School House in Canton on the evening of December 13th, by the ladies of the Episcopal society for the purp se of raising funds to aid in the erection of a Church building.

There will be Instrumental and Vocal music and a New England Supper.

Soliciting Committee: Miss. Edna Martin, Miss. Hattie Loomis, Mrs. A. F. Rudolph, Miss. Ray Miller, Mrs. J. W. Carter, Miss, Dollie Dixon.

Salesmen: Mr. O. E. Rea, Mr. James Keller, Mr. Henry Conklin, Miss. Emma Harlan, Miss. Ray Miller.

Reception Committee; Mrs. G. W. Harlan, Mr. Geo. P. Keeler, Mrs. J. W. Carter, Miss. Annie Miller.

On Preparation: Mr. Sam'l Keeler, Mr. Thos. Gray.

Notice.

Delinquent Tax Payers are respectfully notified that if the taxes due are not paid on or before the 15th day of January 1879, that it will be incumbent upon me to enforce the collection of the same.

G. W. NAYLOR.

Lost.

On Saturday last, between Nine mile creek and lower Canton, a Ladies basket, containing a Hat, Nubia, and one kid mitten. If found please leave at this office

LOCAL MATTERS.

—Mr. Weed has nearly completed an addition to his residence on Bridge St.

—Judge Gifford is absent in attendance upon the Supreme Court at Yankton.

—Invitations are out for the Grand Masquerade party to be held at Kellar's Hall Wednesday evening, the 25th inst.

—Forty-four Indictments at Yankton and returned into court by the Grand jury Petit Jury have not yet been summoned.

—Messrs. Tucker and Rolfe arrived Saturday evening from Yankton, where they have been serving as U. S. Grand Jurors for a month past.

—Herman, the Liveryman, has just received some fancy cutters, and the boys and girls are watching and hoping for snow flakes.

—The light fall of snow Sunday savored a little of winter, but just enough fell to cause one to wish for more or not any. A sleigh ride would be a novelty in these parts.

—Fred Barrows sold out two car loads of coal on Monday last, and has ordered three car loads more. When the road reaches here he will be able to sell Moingona Coal for $6.25 per ton.

—Ed. Bowley, of Lincoln Center, was in town Monday. He will dispose of the balance of his stock at the Center at Cost, and will receive in pay any surplus farm products the farmers desire to exchange

—F. W. Helmich of 134 W Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio has published a new serio comic song entitled "Just to please the boys." All of this gentlemans publications are looked for with interest by the musical fraternity, as his songs are becoming popular.

—We elsewhere propose to our readers to furnish that comical, sensible, funny, serious weekly, the Burlington *Hawkeye*, to any of our subscribers to the ADVOCATE for only the additional sum of $1.25 to our yearly rates, It is the liveliest paper published, well worth double its price.

—Cranberries by the pound, quart or bushel at Wendt's.

—One of our Lincoln County returned U. S. Grand Jurors states that during the wind blizzard at Yankton while there, one of his associates when in transit from his hotel to the Court House, had blown into the bottom of his boot a stone as large as—as—we have forgotten the dimensions, but it was a whopper. The quere may arise, which was a whopper, the yarn or the stone? Inferences are allowed, but no questions.

—Buckwheat Flour in any quantity desired at Wendt's.

—For $3.50 we will furnish the ADVOCATE, and the Burlington *Hawkeye* for one year.

For $3.50 we will furnish the Advocate Hawkeye, and Farmers Review.

—We have received a copy of Kellogg's Auxillary Hand Book, from its publisher. Its contents are varied and useful. Day Book and journal, "ad" accounts are all arranged in a plain and systemetic order and it is full of suggestions and models for the printers guidance. The fraternity should appreciate this effort of the Publisher who stands at the head of the profession.

—J. R. Zellars has received an assortment of Mouldings for Picture Frames, which he will sell at reasonable rates. All persons desiring Frames for Christmas or New Years presents, can be supplied promptly.

Money to Loan.

In sums to suit on Real Estate security 3 to 5 years time.

J. W. TAYLOR.

BANKRUPT SALE.

The assignee of the estate of Joseph W. Hoffman bankrupt will sell at public auction to the highest bidder on the 3d day of January, 1879, at the front door of the Court House in the town of Canton, Lincoln county, Dakota Territory the following real estate belonging to said bankrupt estate the same being situated in Lincoln couty, D. T. and described as follows, to-wit.

The south ½ of the south east ¼ and North west ¼ of the south east ¼ of Sction 30, Township 98, Range 49. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock a. m., of same day.

Terms one half cash, balance due in one year with interest to be secured by the purchaser by a mortgage on the tract so purchased by him.

SOLOMON B. STOUGH,
Assignee of said Bankrupt Estate.

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, COUNTY OF LINCOLN, } 2d Judicial District In the District Court and for said County.

Michael Hoffman, Plaintiff,
AGAINST
George Keller, Darwin Keller, Sophia Keller, also Sherman S. Jewitt, Francis H. Root, and Josiah Jewett of the firm of Jewitt & Root, partners in business under the above firm name.
Defendants.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a judgement of foreclosure and sale made in the above entitled action on and dated the 26th day of November 1878, and an execution issued upon said judgment the subscriber A. P. Dixon, Sheriff of Lincoln county Dakota Territory, for that purpose appointed, will sell at public auction at the front door of the Court House in the village of Canton, county of Lincoln, Territory of Dakota, on

Saturday the 21st day of December 1878 at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day the real estate and mortgaged premises situated in the county of Lincoln and Territory of Dakota and directed in said judgment, and execution to be sold and therein described and also in the complaint in said action as follows:

Lot No. Nine (9) of block No. thirty-three (33) of Hills addition to the village of Canton Lincoln Co. Dakota Territory, as by law and said judgement directed, or so much thereof as may be sufficient to satisfy said judgment including attorney's fees and costs amounting to Five Hundred Eighty three and 96-100 dollars with interest thereon from the date of said judgment at seven per cent per annum and all accruing costs of sale.

Dated Canton, Dakota Territory, December 9, 1878.

ANDREW P. DIXON,
Sheriff of Lincoln county, Dakota Territory.

Christmas Night.

A Grand Masquerade Ball will be given by the Gay and Happy Club of Canton, December 25th, to be held at Kellar's Hall. Supper will be provided at the Harlan House. Invitations and other notices will be given in due time.

Down the Sioux.

Usually a winters ride in the open air is not a desirable matter in this latitude, but the mild weather so remarkable, that we have been favored with, kept aloof the dread of cold and blizzards, and as anticipated on boarding Carpenter's Stage at Beloit Thursday morning, we did enjoy the ride.

At the Beck and Keep places Gangs of men and teams were piling up the dirt to grade level in the heavy fills; from there to Fairview the grade is complete, and as its dark outlines are visible along the valley from the road, it looked like a curving fire-break.

A short ride and Bob McCullom yells '*mail*,' which brings Post Master Hubbard away from his cosy fire to inspect and sort matter destined for Fairview. Here soon the stage will be among the things that were and the never tiring panting iron horse will wake the echoes of the Iowa bluffs, and the quiet burg will assume the airs of a Railroad town. Along the line of the grade that Spencer has so rapidly and nicely made we pass, until leaving it opposite the ford we cross back into Iowa and bear towards Struble's Mills upon the upper bench that stretches down to the valley of the Rock. At the crossing above Strubles a little army of men were preparing and driving the spiles for the bridge. Along the road we meet men hauling the huge timbers and material that is to in a few days creak beneath the ponderous weight of long trains of cars. A little further, and Eden is in sight. In the heart of this town that has sprung into being magic-like, we are landed and met by its modest bashful proprietor Capt. Wheelock, who quietly tells us of the plans and prospects for the future of his home. A good dinner at Snyders, and we step into a Railroad car within Lincoln County. A neat coach, combining a seating capacity for thirty, with postal, express and baggage divisions, has been assigned for this extension until increasing travel will necessitate a first class passenger coach. Will Merchant, the popular conductor gives the signal, and we feel the motion so exhilerating to those who have been bounded over roads in cramped and crazy jerkeys; down the valley we roll as smoothly as if the road was of years standing. The county line is reached, and the train is haulted for the receiving of the mail and passengers. Tom Sargent steps aboard, he is bound for the Kansas plains, but admitted before we seperated that the Sioux Valley where he has lived for nine years never looked so well as during this ride. Over the long bridge we go to Iowa soil again, and a few moments time halts us at Calliope. Here we wait while the payments are being made to the former tracklayers, who receives his American Ducats smilingly. Stepping to the rear platform, we see across the river on the Dakota side the line of the old Stage road winding round the bluffs; but its days are ended, and those who have sweltered under the burning sun or felt the keen breath of winter while passing over it, will appreciate the new mode of transit.

Calliope has been made notorious for the reluctance with which years ago, its residents and County officials surrendered the seat of justice of Sioux county to Orange City. A spacious depot and a large hotel have been added to the number of buildings that long stood as crumbling relics of the past. A fine extent of country upon both sides of the river, will in time pay tribute to this point.

As the train moved away from the depot platform, Superintendent Merchant made his appearance and kindly suggested passing points of interest. Below Calliope, as the track approaches the river the scenery is attractive, and as the train skirts the bases of the bluffs that loom up bold to the rivers edge, the engine seems to be curveting round the sand dunes for some place to get out of the windings; a moment our car is on the brink of the Sioux as if intending to bound into its clear waters, and then it plunges through deep cuts whose graveled sides wall out the view, and when we emerge from this brief gloom the broad valley upon the Dakota side with its tilled fields, thrifty groves and well built farm houses dances into view; here too is the counterpart of the famous horse shoe curve upon the Pennsylvania Central, half of our train is obscured from sight and the iron steed is prescribing as handsome a curve round the point of a sharp bluff as the skill of engineer Nash could run. As it turns the arc of the double reverse leaving the river to its own meanderings, its shrill whistle announces our approach to Portlandville. Some improvement during the past year at this fine town are visible, among which we noticed two churches. Business also has revived, more wheat is being shipped than at this season last year. An enterprising class of inhabitants, a fine water power, elevator, and grist mill, and a good farming country around it, Portlandville will doubtless always maintain its present business, and a hearty existance.

To this point the telegraph poles are set and the wires stretched, and the entire line to Beloit will be in order to operate as soon as the cars reach there. It will be erected at the rate of five miles a day. Westfield is reached, passed, and six miles across the Missouri bottoms a column of steam tells us that the Yankton train on the main line is waiting for us the last quarter heat or home stretch is quickly made, and while watching our near approach it seems that if our speed is not slacked, a center shot into the middle of the main train is inevitable, but at the most exciting moment our train is seperated, part slides off into one stem of the "Y," the engine scuds alone down the other branch, while our car is gently broke along side the passenger coach of the other train; the engineer has executed his "fly" skillfully, and our first ride down the Pembina is ended.

Its retrospect is as pleasing as the reality, for in the completion of the road to Beloit the Railroad company will have established as good a line as any ever built by a western company. The roadbed is unexceptionable, the soil being of that character that imbedes the ties almost as solid as if ballasted with gravel; no wash-outs or over-flows upon any part of the line can be apprehended, the ties are sound, broad and of the best of timber, The bridges are strongly built, every stick put in their construction being first subjected to a rigid inspection, light grades, easy curves, the engineer with but few exceptions can see his track for miles ahead; and when ballasted with gravel, as intended to be next season, speed beyond the ordinary, can with safety be made. It is the smoothest new track we ever rode over. The Depots are tastey, and sized according to the business demands of their location, The Telegraph line being erected, by the company will be of the first-class the poles are of cedar and of that uniform size and hight that gives solidity to its appearance. Aside from the usefullness of this road, the scenery spread the entire length of its line is of that nature engage to the attention of the traveler. The Sioux valley is one of the richest and finest in the West, the river clear, rapid and winding, affords water powers every few miles; its banks and valley, varying from the first bench to wide stretches of level then undulating and higher table lands, forms tracts for grain and stock raising that are without a superior. Many have pitched their tents here years ago and patiently waited for what has now come. Portlandville, Calliope, Carpenterville and Eden, are tasting the sweets of this commercial tramway, and soon Fairview, Beloit, Canton, and their country tributaries will welcome what many have pronounced a myth, and strive to avail themselves of its convenience and benefits.

Its beneficial results to this community can not be over estimated, coal, lumber and merchandise can all be laid at our doors for less than the enormous prices heretofore paid. Merchants can operate with less capital, for goods can be ordered as wanted. Farmers can take what advantage there is in being within a days knowledge of prices paid for produce, competition will necessarily bring buyers into our market. Capital will be seeking investments, and new life will be infused into all branches of bussness, and the dull apathy that has possessed our almost disheartened community, will be supplanted by the activity that characterizes renewed energy.

That the retrospect will not prove visionary, time will decide. We believe that in a few months or less, our people will feel grateful for the efforts of some of our home people, who have contributed what their means would permit towards the construction of this road, and the public generally will commend the company and its active managers for the promptness exhibited.

Individualy, the young Superintendent Geo. E. Merchant, has displayed elements of qualification that should recommend him as capable of managing any of our western roads, and when he gives us his first train our people should in some manner manifest their appreciation.

Eden.

Our curiosity as to whether Eden really existed as reported, was gratified on Thursday last. Upon the eastern slope of Buck Wheelock's farm we found an embryo city with streets, lots, blocks and alleys staked where heretofore the Capt's mower was the only disturber of the rural quiet that prevailed. The clang and clatter of moving trains, laborers unloading cars, buildings under the busy process of erection, and all the hurry that indicates life and enterprise.

The site is a beautiful one, upon the sufficient elevation from the river to be secure from any possible overflow, its gentle slope affording natural drainage and sufficiently level to require no grading for its street.

Hardly a month old, yet men of business, experience and means have located and erected fine buildings. A. Snyder keeps as excellent a Hotel as the capacity of the building permits, and it is crowded with guests. A corner north of Snyder's is reserved as a site for one of suitable size that the place will soon demand.—A. M. Bates will keep an exclusive and large stock of groceries. N. K. Slade general merchandise, Newland the same class of goods. Mr. Graves has a well stocked lumber yard, and has built a spacious office. Alex. Wallin dealer in fluids of an exhilerating nature has surrounded his wares with a fine looking building And a mammoth cellar upon the opposite corner from the Hotel site is waiting to be overed, by the "irrepressible S. B. Culberison, whom we discovered making wry faces at Conductor Merchant for not bringing his lumber, patience being one of Cub's virtues, he said nothing but from our knowledge of his peculiarities we knew he was thinking vigorously, and had it not been for the group of Christian surroundings a few vacant words would have been heard, but the presence of Fletcher, Bradley, Buck and others possessed of mild nature, caused a suppression.

A depot is in the course of erection on the east side and between the main and side tracks completed. Two warehouses for the storage of grain are to be constructed. The Stock yard is finished with the exception of the shute which was progressing. A Drug and Hardware Store is needed also a Livery Stable, and there is an excellent opening for either.

We cannot conclude otherwise than a thriving town will in time result from such a promising commencement. The gentlemen already interested are possessed of ample means to carry out their projects and, their business experience and knowlege of western life will enable them to adopt such measures as to draw largely from the Iowa and Dakota side.

Eden township has long been considered one of the solid townships of Lincoln county, both as to its natural wealth of soil, and the enterprise of its citizens, its location naturally alienated the residents from an extensive commercial relation with this vicinity, but its advancement and increase in wealth should certainly be considered, as it actually is of great interest to us all. It would be an unwarranted and selfish disposition to not congratulate those people upon the fair prospects, for as they advance we are proportionately benefitted. That those who have staked their interests and enterprise towards the development of that portion of our county may realize their most sanguine expectations is our desire.

Our Last War.

For years our beautious land was bathed in peace,
It grew in strength and pushed afar its borders.
Its commerce filled the seas; and its bright flag,
Unfurled to every breeze in every clime,
Was the astonisement of older lands.
Alas! Upon that bright escutcheon grew
A cloud which darkened all its stars, and turned
Its stripes to streams of blood, in prophecy.
This cloud, which held sulphurous bolts of death,
Was soon to burst upon the land, and drive
Sweet peace away—leaving it blackened, scarred,
And desolate. THE CURSE OF SLAVERY.
The bitter heritage of greed and gain
Which our forefathers kindly left to us.
The Southron's heart was proud, his lash was keen
He would not let God's people go, until
The sweet South land was dyed in blood and tears,
And wars rude chariot wheels has crushed his pride,
And lowed him down to want, and woe, and famine,
Alas that wars should ever come! That LOVES
Sweet offering must lie on sacrificial
Altars, ere God's justice be appeased,
But ever so. The dewy eyes of flowers
That spring from graves, bespeak the birth of peace
In tend'rest lines of crimson gold and blue,
An angel still with flaming sword keeps closed
The gates of Paradise where Reason reigns;
And wars must right the wrongs which grieve our God,
O, for the thousand blessed years of peace!
Let every heart cry out "Amen."
The time, God's time, had came to rebablize
Our land. That infinits good begotten in tears,
And woe and blood, be borne through hearts all our land,
To blight the light of many happy homes—
Where wifes would watch for steps that never come
And scan each anxious morn the roll of death,
Perchance to meet with deadened hearts the curse of Widowhood, and childrens orphanage;
And aged mothers gave their sons to Wars
And lean on God alone; and maidens see
Their heroes march away to carnage, death,
Or worse than death, imprisonment.
When Fate decreed the gath'ring cloud should burst
White faced men and women, with hands upon
Their hearts, stood still with 'bated breath and listened
To hear its thunderings first at Sumpter's gates,
where Doubleday & Hall, loyal and true,
In close blockade controlled their hungry men,
On one sweet Sabbath morn in after months
When these same men spread their white tents beneath
The chestnut trees that shaded our sweet home,
And brought the very guns that thundered there,
War panoplied, into my fathers field,
Crushing the crimson clover heads beneath
Their wheels, and opening wide their gaping mouth
Upon the sweet virginia hills, that sloped
In beauteous undulations down to kiss
Potomac waves, and they as guests to sat round
Our loyal board. I heard the tale of Sumpter.
How, when their scanty rations all consumed.
The men still fed the cannon's mouths with balls,
And blazed away at those who'd desecrate
The flag, the FREE OLD flag. Amid the heat,
The dust and thunderings they toiled unmoved.
Until exhausted hands could do no more.
E'en then the officers command to them,
"Haul down the flag," must thrice be sternly given
Ere those old veterans lowered the stars and stripes
And wept like children. Their bearded faces burned
And grimed with powder, and washed with salt of tears,
They stood and talked of vengeance, yet to fall upon their foes.
When Sumpter lowered the flag, men rush'd to arms
In all the States was heard the cry of WAR.
Then history came fast. We remember
The bitter years that followed, laying waste
Our sorrowing country's beautious lands and homes,
E'en yet their bitterness and pangs perchance
Lurk like poisoned arrows in many hearts,
All o'er our lands are soldiers lonely graves—
And for each grave an empty, broken heart.
"Somebodys darling lies buried there," you know.
Tis needless to repeat the long, long list
Of charges, failurs, reverses sad.
That followed this attack on Sumpter's walls,
Each one who lived through those dark bloody years
Knows all too well, and sweet faced children now
May read the scrolls that history unrolls,
Throughout the war I lived upon the borders,
And though my life was young, I soon was brought
To know the sterness of the God of war.
Perhaps a little sketch of incidents
Of those old days, of random strung like beads
Upon a knotted string, might please you, here
Dwelling upon these wondrous prairie wild,
That with their broad expanses make me think
Of things eternal, infinite: yet so
Unlike the hills of my own Maryland.
Throughout the four long years the hills around
Our home were white with tents, and huge mouthed guns
And bristling bayonets on every side
Were set; and our sweet vales resounded with
The tramp of soldiery, and beat of drums.
Many a time and oft, we'd hear the sound
Of distant battles, where men fell like leaves.
One continuous, thund'rous roar, bespoke
To us Antietams bloody work, where in
One narrow place, called bloody lane, when it
Was o'er, brave men lay six tiers deep. Our lands
Thermopylae! Bulls Run, Balls Bluff South Mountain
And Winchester, where Sheridan brave took his
Wonderful ride, and left the fleeting miles
Sounded their death-knells in our ears.
Each day almost, along the picket lines
We heard the sound of musketry, until
It grew to be a part of our own lives
To live thus hand to hand with death,
And when the slow line of ambulances
Wound their long lenght he around the rocky hills,
'Twas sad to hear the sighs, and moans, and groans
Of heroes wounded, dying—white faces raised
To heaven in prayer to see sweet homes once more.
For many alas! there was no womans hand
To bind the wounds, or wipe away the dews
Of Death. They died afar from love and home,
Near as the hospital stood, and every morn
Coffins of pine bearing heroes away
Were hurried along to rough cut graves.
My father for his loyalty
Oftimes did flee for life, a price was on
His head, and oft as changing tides of war
Brought stars and bars, instead of stars and stripes
We bade him go and we were left alone.
Sometimes we'd hide in cellars, behind stone-fences
Or barns, fleeing from place to place, to miss
The shrieking shells. Near by a shell came through
The house and took away the baby's arm,
That calmly lay in sweet unconcious sleep;
That baby lives to-day a woman grown,
Her arm she lost in battle.
Downtrodden we were by friends and foes alike,
Our orchards cut, our fences torn and burned,
Our crops trampled down, our very land-marks
Erased. We lived and looked upon a sea
Of tents, filled with fiery tumultuous life.
We went to bed at sound of tatto drum
And woke at bugles blast of reville,
And often in our questioning hearts we cried
How long O, Lord, how long?
Not very far from us brave Custer made
His fine cavalry charges, while his sweet wife
Remained at home with us, and dreamed not of
Painted warriors crouching in the back groud
On the unrevealed future's canvass.
She was the loveliest of the lovely. It
Seemed a life-long blessing to have known her.
He was fair, and proud and brave, cherishing
Above all things this sweet young wife of his.
His hair was long and fell in golden curls
On his shoulders, He brought one home to her
One day, a rebel bullet had cut off.
She treasures it still as only things are
Treasured when those we love are turned to dust,
How oft I've prayed for her, since widowhood
Has stilled that silvery joyous laugh, that erst
Rang out so sweetly.
We learned to know the stately dignity
Of Banks, who did best work in senate halls,
And right well we lov'd him. He was a MAN.
Oft too we saw brave Burnside's jolly face,
And McClellan, fair and kind, but slow to move;
And hosts of others that gloom or gild the page
Of history with failure or success.
But I conclude,
One day there was a grand review of troops
And at its close, when the bright sun went down
Behind old Maryland Heights, and left the sky
All glorious in its myriad, opal hues
To be reflected on Potomac's breast,
Seven bands on seven beauteous hills,
In all this glorious, wondrous hush of sunset,
At a given signal play'd Old Hundred.
While Lincoln stood with bared lowed head,
And tears sprung to eyes unused to weep.
On this thanksgiving morn my heart would say
"Thank God, tis over now, this war of brothers,
This life on the borders." And here upon
The winding Sioux, as we look back
Through memory's misty haze, how like a dream,
Those old old war days.

Nov. 28, 1878. ISA M. PIGOTT.
Beloit, Iowa.

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1tf Canton D. T

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Sioux Falls, D. T., Nov. 15, 1878.

Charles Whalen, Antioch, D. T.

You are hereby notified that the Honorable Commissioner at the General Land Office, in a letter dated Oct. 26, 1878 has adjudged your Timber Culture Entry No. 143 upon S E 4 Section 6 Township 99 Range 51 forfeited. You are allowed sixty days from the date of this notice in which to appeal from said decision.

B. F. CAMPBELL, Register.
29-p J. M. WASHBURN, Receiver.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Sioux Falls, D. T. Nov. 15, 1878.

August Leptein, Antioch, D. T.

You are hereby notified that the Honorable Commissioner of the General Land Office in a letter dated Oct. 24 1878 has adjudged your Timber Culture Entry No. 330 upon N E 4 Section 11 Township 99 Range 51 forfeited. You are allowed sixty days from the date of this notice in which to appeal from said decision.

B. F. CAMPBELL, Register.
29-p J. M. Washburn, Receiver.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Sioux Falls, D. T. Nov. 15, 1878.

Louis Kellerman, Sioux Falls, D. T.

You are hereby notified that the Honorable Commissioner of the General Land Office in a letter dated Oct. 24 1878 has adjudged your Timber Culture entry No. 674 upon S E 4 Section 34 Township 100 Range 51 forfeited. You are allowed sixty days from the date of this notice in which to appeal from said decision.

B. F. CAMPBELL, Register.
29-p-6 J. M. WASHBURN, Receiver.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Sioux Falls D. T., Nov. 15, 1878.

Byron McClelland, Canton D. T.

You are hereby notified that the Hon. commissioner of the General Land Office, in a letter dated Oct. 26, 1878, has adjudged your Timber culture entry No. 1167, upon S E 4, Section 19, township 96, Range 49, forfeited. You are allowed 60 days from the date of this notice in which to appeal from said decision.

B. F. CAMPBELL Register.
29-c J. M. WASHBURN, Receiver.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Sioux Falls, D. T., Nov. 15, 1878.

Chas. H. Carpenter, Antioch D. T.

You are hereby notified that the Honorable Commissioner of the General Land Office, in a letter dated Oct. 24, 1878, has adjudged your Timber Culture Entry No. 744 upon N E 4 Section 18 Township 99 Range 51 forfeited. You are allowed sixty days from the date of this notice in which to appeal from said decision.

B. F. CAMPBELL, Register.
29-p J. M. WASHBURN, Receiver.