The New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....JANUARY 25, 1878.

GONE AWAY.

I see the farm-house, red and old,
Above the roof its maples sway;
The hills behind are bleak and cold,
The wind comes up and dies away.

I pass into each empty room,
And as I pass a graving pain
Is all my heart, at thought of those
Who never will pass the doors again.

And, strolling down the orchard slope,
(So wide a likeness grief will crave,)
Each dead leaf seems a withered hope,
Each mossy hillock looks a grave.

They will not hear me if I call;
They will not see these tears that start;
'Tis winter—winter with it all—
And worse than winter in my heart.

Oh! leaves, so dry, and dead, and sere!
I can recall some happier nooks,
When summer's finger'd here,
And summer's beauty touch'd the flowers.

Adown the slope of a slender shape
Danced lightly, with her flying curls,
And manhood's deeper tones were blent
With the gay laugh of happy girls.

Oh! stolen meetings at the gate!
Oh! lingerings in the open door!
Oh! moonlight rambles long and late!
My heart can scarce believe them o'er.

And yet the silence strange and still,
The air of sadness and dreary,
The moss that grows upon the sill—
Yes, love and hope have gone away!

So like, so like a worn-out heart,
Which the last tenant finds too cold,
And leaves forever more, as they
Have left this homestead, red and old.

Poor empty home! poor lonely heart!
Twere well if bravely, side by side,
You waited, till the hand of time
Each pain's mossy wreath supplied.

I lean upon the gate and sigh;
Some other eyes will force their way,
And then I bid the place good-bye,
For many a long and weary day.

I pass the little ice-bound brook;
(In summer 'tis a noisy stream);
Twill sound, to take a last fond look,
And all has faded like a dream!

Bessie and Luke.

The stage-driver was a rough-looking giant, his big paws hidden away in fox-skin gloves, and his body well covered with a buffalo-skin coat. He flung the mail bag into the sleigh, untied the ponies, and his shout of "all aboard!" brought out a solitary traveler for the cold ride of eighteen miles over the snow-covered hills of Wisconsin.

"Weather is breakin' a little just now, but it has been awful on this route," remarked the driver, as the ponies got away. "I kin git along fus' rate with five or six degrees below, but when it comes to ten in the valley, there's good fifteen on the hills, an' the wind e'enamost cuts the ponies in two."

Wisconsin winter weather never makes a failure, and when a snow-storm begins, there is no let up until the heavens have sent their last flakes. The snow was two feet deep either side of the single track in the center of the highway, and where the wind had a good sweep there were drifts covering the fences, with several feet to spare.

No other teams came after—none were encountered. The fierce, cold wind was too much for farmers and ordinary travelers. The United States mail had the track to itself. Wrapped in furs, blankets and robes, and hot bricks steaming away on the straw, stage-driver and traveler rode in silence for miles. By-and-by, as the ponies slackened their pace a little to climb a long hill, the driver pointed to the right and asked:

"D'ye see that log-house up thar? Bar it in mind an' I'll tell ye a story."

It was a gloomy pile of logs, curtain down over the windows and snow-drifted clear to the sills, and most of the land around it was sterile hill or tangled thicket. Over the hill, and half a mile beyond, and the driver pointed again and said:

"An' now take a peep at that place place, an' I'll begin the story."

It was a small frame-house this time, partly surrounded by a wind-break of poplar trees. The house was old and weather-beaten. The windows were covered with frost, the path to the gate was hidden by drifts, and the only living thing to be seen was a poor old horse standing on the lee-side of a hedge. His ribs could be traced clear from the road, and he greeted the horses with a neigh, telling of hunger and lonesomeness.

"Three weeks ago," began the driver, as he cleared his throat, "both o' them places was full of cheer. The one back there had an old man, his wife, and handsome daughter, an' this one was occupied by a bachelor named Luke Warner. I don't know how he came to live here alone; but here he was, an' he worked hard, an' took care o' things, but he had a bite to eat for beggars, an' a good word for travelers. Them folks back in the log-house were kinder new to this section."

The driver pulled the robes away from his mouth and went on:

"Cracky to grashus, didn't they have a handsome gal! She was trim as an angel, handsome as a June day, and it was nateral that Luke should fall in love with her. He was at least thirty-five, an' neither good lookin' nor edeated; but you can't tell when a gal is goin' to love or hate. I spect it riled the old folks to think she'd take up with a farmer, an' I s'pose they forbid him comin' there, leastwise that was the talk along the road last fall. Luke pegged away the same as ever."

"How old was the girl?" asked the traveler.

"'Bout eighteen or nineteen, and she had hair like gold. It just makes my heart ache to remember her. Well, it seemed that her and Luke were bound to marry. The old folks wouldn't give in, and Luke fixed it to be married down here a bit at the red farm-house. The preacher was to be there, a crowd was comin' to dance, and the gal was to slip away from home an' come down with Luke, kinder hand in hand, as the newspapers say. The gal got away in the evening; walked over to Luke's, and he had his horse and sleigh ready. They got started all right, happy as two doves, but they had only turned out of the yard when it began to snow. It just dropped down in chunks and patches, and in half an hour the road was out of sight under six inches of snow, and the wind was flingin' it ten feet high wherever it could strike."

The driver looked back over the lonely road, drew a long breath, and went on:

"The Lord only knows how it came about, but Luke's horse fell into the ditch, and then the lovers set out on foot. They went right agin the drefful storm, determined to reach the red farm-house. Right ahead here, just half way between the houses, is where we found 'em. The storm raged for three days, and in some places the drifts were ten feet high. When it cleared away, the gal was missed, Luke was missed, and a gang of us set out to search the road. We found the horse dead and stiff, and then we knew it was all up with the children. We had an awful time diggin' through these drifts and tracking the pair, and just under this hill here is what we found 'em!"

He waited half a minute for an answer that didn't come, and then he said:

"May the Lord bless Luke Warner! When the snow got deep, he had taken the gal on his back. When he found she was freezin' to death, he had taken off his coats an' put them around her, and his vest was buttoned around her head, to take the place of her lost hat. When the snow got too deep for them, he stopped, an' crouchin' agin the fence, with the poor gal's face close to his, and their hands clasped, death came down through this lonesome valley and took 'em. It was an awful sight, sir, and the gal's father took on so that men had to hold him. The neighbors had to lay out the corpses and bury them, an' it was right to put them both in one grave. The mother went dead over it before the grave was covered, and the father is gone, no one knows where. It's awful to think of, sir, an' when I get to remembering all about it, such a lump comes into my throat that I can't talk."

The traveler looked into the rough giant's face, and two tears, frozen to ice by the bitter wind, rested on his cheeks.

"An' I just believe," whispered the man, after a long pause, and pointing heavenward with his whip, "that Bessie and Luke are the brightest of the full crowd yonder."

Joaquin Miller.

News comes that the erratic poet of the Sierras is nearing Washington. In anticipation of his coming, I heard two ladies discussing him: "He is the softest, silliest dunce with women—too foolish to respect. I had such an admiration for his splendid poetry, and when I was introduced to Joaquin Miller, he said, in the most affected way, 'The dear little white hand, how beautiful!' and in a few moments told me to put my hand in my muff, or he should go mad."

At a dinner party or lunch to which he was invited by a literary lady of Washington, the lady of the house told him she had made and baked the bread herself. "Very good bread, ma'am, but I am used to better; I can make better myself—I was brought up to it. I like it with a good thick crust on the bottom; this hasn't it; it isn't baked on the bottom." The lady, much confused, intimated that it was pretty good bread for a blue-stocking to make, she thought. "Oh, it's very good bread—above the average; but I could make better."

A young lady present, tingling with mortification at his rudeness, asked him innocently, a few moments after, "Mr. Miller, have any of your poems been published?" This question, at the time when the whole world was filled with talk of Miller's "Songs of the Sierras," staggered the eccentric genius. He assured her that they had appeared in book form, and showed his chagrin at such a question, asked by the prettiest girl in the room. He did not know that she escaped, giggling, with some of her friends to the other room as soon as the lunch was over. "I was bound I would take him down," said the jeweled maiden, laughing till the tears filled her eyes at the thought of Miller's confusion.

At another time he entered a lady's parlor, and kicked his shoes off in the corner, and sat in his stocking feet. "O, Mr. Miller, I want to introduce a young lady to you." "You had better introduce me to the young lady, if you know anything about the rules of politeness," he blurted. These are the mere eccentricities of genius—the finer feelings of a tuneful soul.—*Chicago Times.*

GEMS FROM INGERSOLL.—Women have been the slaves of slaves, and it has taken millions of years to enfranchise them; even the ornaments of their person are but the badges of servitude. The golden bracelet was once the manacle of iron.

Give me the storm and tempest of thought and action, rather than the dead calm of ignorance and faith! Banish me from Eden when you will; but first let me eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge!

Mental slavery is mental death, and every man who has given up his intellectual freedom is the living coffin of his dead soul.

There are men who will trust their hearts and honors with women, but not a dollar of money. Such men have correct ideas as to which is the most valuable in their own particular cases.

Liberty is simply a question of intellectual development, and every man who is not willing to give to every other man the right to free thought which he claims for himself is a natural rascal.

Science took a handful of sand, constructed a telescope, and with it explored the starry depths of heaven. Science wrested from the gods thunderbolts; and now the electric spark, freighted with thought and love, flashes under all the waves of the sea. Science took a tear from the cheek of unpaid labor, converted it into steam, and created a giant that turns with tireless arm the countless wheels of toil.

A SAD PICTURE.—He was an old man and badly shattered in his mind, but he bore himself proudly as they led him into the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum.

"What is your name, my good man?" asked the kindly custodian of the institution.

"I, sir, am Samuel J. Tilden, President of the United States," replied the old man.

"Ah, indeed!" rejoined the custodian, as he smiled sardonically, "we have here already three Presidents of the United States and two Queens of England. You will not be lonely, Mr. Tilden. Give the President a room in the harmless department, William."

And as they led him away a low, hoarse sound, as of the words, "Eight to seven, eight to seven! Never, never, never!" was heard mingling with the wild, mocking laughter of the maniacs. —*Chicago Times.*

A stranger at a hotel on the sea-shore asked the proprietor what the people lived on. "Why," said the proprietor, "we live on oysters and strangers."

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