The Saline County Journal

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT

SALINA, KANSAS.

W. H. JOHNSON, EDITOR.

OFFICE.—No. 60 Santa Fe Avenue, nearly opposite Maj. John H. Roeder's Real Estate office.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Copy, one year, ... $2 00
One Copy, six months, ... 1 25
One Copy, three months, ... 75

The Saline County Journal.

VOLUME 2. SALINA, KANSAS, MAY 2, 1872. NUMBER 12.

The Saline County Journal

BOOK AND JOB

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JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.

BY BRET HARTE.

Have you heard the story that gossips tell,
Of Burns of Gettysburg?—No? Ah well;
Brief is the story that here is told;
Briefer the story of poor John Burns:
He was the fellow who won renown,—
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his town folk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three,
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Ridge and a battle field.

* * * * * *

Jim, where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.
How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron—but his best;
And buttoned over his manly breast
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons—size of a dollar
With eagles that country folks called "swallers"
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the "quilting" long ago.

* * * * * *

Close at his elbows all that day,
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;
And striplings, cowy of lip and chin—
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in—
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore;
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy repertoire:
"How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through!"
"Your head's level," and "Bully for you!"
Called him "Uncle," "Daddy"—begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jest or scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off,
With his long brown rifle, and bell-crowned hat,
And the swallow tails they were laughing at.

'Twas but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;
And something the wildest could understand
Spoke in the old man's strong right hand;
And his comrades faltered, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrow under the old bell-crown;
Until as they gazed there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
In the antique vestments and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there;
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was their oriflam of war.

* * * * * *

Scraped the battle. You know the rest.
How the Rebels, beaten the backward pressed,
Broke at the final charge and ran.
At which John Burns—a practical man—
Shouldered his rifle, wiped off his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

THE LITTLE DRUMMER OF EYLAU.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

It was in Prussia, about the beginning of February, 1807, and the season was extremely rigorous. Napoleon at this time was awaiting an attack (which in fact took place upon the 8th of the month) on the part of the Russian army, which had been assembled on an extensive plateau near the villiage of Preusch-Eylau. On the night preceding the 7th of February, just before the break of day, Napoleon awoke the aide-de-camp on duty, who was sleeping on a bundle of straw thrown across the threshold of the hut which served him for shelter, and lightly shaking his arm, said:

"Come, come, Savary—everybody is stirring. We must be off on our rounds!"

The aide-de-came sprang up, and by Napoleon's directions went to notify the officers of the major-staff to prepare their usual escort, while the Emperor sailed from the hut to take a look at the morning. The weather was still colder than on the night before, but the moonlight was magnificent, and in its beams Napoleon preceived a grenadier on duty, a veritable old gorguard, who knew well that no military honors were due to anyone between the hour of tattoo and morning drum. He was taking his ease at a few paces distance, his musket betwee his knees, and in his hand a stemless pipe which he was leisurely engaged in filling, preparatory to a matinal smoke.

"What sayest thou?" demanded Napoleon, "dost thou believe it will be cold to-day?"

"My emperor, it is sure and certain that yesterday at this same hour it was a little warmer," returned the grenadier, with a grim smile, in alluding by these words, to a murderous engagement that had taken place on the previous night, between the corps of Marshall Davoust and a Russian devision.

"Bah! bah!" replied Napoleon, smiling in return, "what an idea thou hast!"

"It is rather yourself, my emperor, who have had such a famous idea of coaxing the poor Russians into the frozen hole out yonder, below us, in order to warm them by-and-by with a bath of g-r-r-r-r-rand cannon-shot."

"Thou believest, then, that it will be a finish for them."

"My emperor, I believe that such a finishing stroke will give them a lesson in French politeness in the greatest perfection."

"Sire!" said Savary, who had joined Napoleon, during this colloquy. "Although jestingly' this soldier speaks the truth. Never was your majesty more happily inspired; never did you brave army exhibit greater ardor, or more confidence of success."

"*Mon cher!* they have demanded war," returned Napoleon, continuing his walk, with his hands clasped behind him. "I have pressed them close, but the end must come to brave men, and above all, we must endeavor to save the blood of our own soldiers. Is it not so?" he added, addressing the grenadier.

"My emperor! that is not to be doubted!" responded the soldier, at the same instant presenting arms with great alacrity, for the sun had just cast it's first rays above the horizon. "But to speak a private word," continued the old grognard, "it is difficult to make an omelet without breaking your eggs."

At this rejoinder, Napoleon, who had already put foot in stirrup to mount his horse, smiled, but with a bitter expression; then slightly waving his hand to the old grenadier, who remained as motionless as a statue, he set out at a gallop to inspect the lines, followed by all officers of the major-staff, arriving in succession.

Reaching the head of the 4th regiment of foot artillery, in which he had himself served as captain, fifteen years before, Napoleon noticed a little drummer, whose age apparent no more than ten or twelve years. Surprised at the slender shape and size of this child, who appeared hardly able to lift his drum he alighted, and approaching the little fellow, tapped him caressingly under the chin, and as he raised his head, asked in an almost fatherly tone:

"What is thy age, little rabbit?"

"Most twelve years, my emperor," replied the little drummer, his little heart beating violently.

"O, well! those who brought thee here have done wrong. They should have waited three or four years longer."

"My emperor! it was my mamma who willed it."

"Then go from me to thy mamma, and tell her she has not common sense. As for the rest—but they are all the same. What is thy mother's name?"

"Mary Fransis Siebert, my emperor. She is *cantiniere* to the 20th of the line—you know her well—and also my brother Francisco."

"Siebert!" said the emperor, slightly knitting his forehead, "it seems to me I have heard of the name. What does thy father do?"

"He does nothing anymore, because he was killed at Marengo."

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed Napoleon, drawing a step backwards. "That was glorious for him," he continued, in a grave tone, "but—it was unfortunate for thee!"

And then, to relieve his mind as well as that of the child, from the sad recollection he continued quickly:

"And thou hast a brother—doubtless he is with thy mother."

"Yes, my emperor, but he is a fifer' and he is a great deal bigger than me."

"No matter!" interrupted Napoleon, quickly and laying a stress upon each word that he spoke. "Thou shalt say to thy mother, when thou seest her, that I find thee much too young for campaigning, and that I repeat to thee that she has not common sense."

"O, my emperor, I dare not," stammered the little drummer, dropping his eyes on the ground."

"And why not, sir?"

"Ah! my emperor, one does not speak so to a mother whom one loves."

At hearing these words, Napoleon gave an involuntary start; then, shaking his head, he said in a low voice to Berthier, who was near him:

"The little man is sensible—he is no fool! It is not my place to teach children to forget the respect due their parents; gentlemen" he continued, pointing out to his officers the figure of the young drummer, who was rolling his drumsticks around in his little hands "Are not these fine soldiers to oppose to Wittgenstein's dragoons?"

"But, my emperor," cried Siebert, raising himself on tiptoes, "I am not afraid! and besides, I already know all my beats. M. Romeuf, our drum-major, gives me extra lessons on the days when he does not teach my comrades."

"Ah! that is different," replied Napoleon, making a gesture of mock approbation. "As M. Romeuf, the drum-major, gives thee extra lessons, I have nothing further to say, only that I did not know it. As for the rest, we shall judge to-morrow what thy talents are, and what process thou hast made with this emeritus professor of thine."

And lightly pinching the boy's ear, Napoleon smiled, remounted his horse and rode away.

"He is quite pretty, this little one," remarked he to Savary, as they rode forward in the inspection of the regiment. "If any accident should happen him, I should never forgive his mother."

The battle of Austerlitz, to use Napoleon's words, was a thunderbolt: but that of Eylau, which the Russians pretended to have gained, though the French never lost it, might perhaps be better compared to an earthquake, for it was certainly one of the most terrible conflicts that ever engaged the grand army. The whole morning was passed in *death parleys*, according to the expression of Murat, who here, as everywhere, enacted prodigies of valor. About the third hour after noon, the combat had become so bloody that the most determined natures were imbued with horror. A battery of the guard, consisting of eight pieces of twelve-pound cannon, under the order of General Lariboissiere, discharged for more than two hours, an avalanche of broken copper andiron (*mitraillez*) upon the Russians, crushing them literally to powder. Night alone put period to the carnage, and the French troops bivouaked on the field of battle, the same positions which they had occupied during the combat of the day.

The next morning, February 9th, just at daybreak, as was his custom, Napoleon was visiting successively every place where French and Russians had encountered during the action. The ground was covered with a bed of snow, out of which protuded here and there, the bodies of dying men, and ruins of every description, while on all sides great blotches of blood strained the temporary whiteness of the ground. Detachments of prisoners ranged in all directions of the vast field of havoc, lifting the wounded of both armies and bearing them to the ambulances. The spectacle was a frightful one.

Traveling the plain of Presch-Eylau, Napoleon passed over that portion of the ground where the Old Guard and the corps of Marshall Davoust had made head against the entire hostile army. There lay sixteen French generals, among whom were the brave d' Hautpoul, Dahlman and Corbineau, who commanded divisions of the imperial guard. In viewing this horrible mosaic, Napoleon cried in a half-chocked voice: "O! Death has passed by this way!"

As he spoke, a long train of carts, litters and tumbrils, loaded with Russians corpses debouched upon the plain, and advanced towards him. As the funeral cortage approached, the emperor checked his horse, and turned quickly.

"Halt, gentlemen!" cried he, addressing his major-staff. "Off hats," added he, in a voice of emotion. And uncovering his head as the first cart reached the elevation where he had paused: "Honor to unfortunate courage," said he, saluting the procession.

When the last tumbril had passed before him, he drew bridle, and rode on; but hardly had proceedded two hundred paces, than he preceived at a distance a shapeless-looking mass borne on the shoulders of a man clad in a sort of blouse.

"Savary" cried he to his aide-de-camp, "go and see what it is."

The officer spurred forward towards the object and returning immediately.

"Sire! it is a young drummer whom they are conveying to an ambulance. Both his legs are shot off."

"Poor little one!" exclaimed the emperor sadly, dropping his head.

But at once, making an abrupt movement on his horse, and raising his eyes to heaven as if a powerful recollection had crossed his mind, he cried:

"A young drummer, said you? Run, sir, run and learn his name and the number of his regiment."

The aide-de-camp was off like an arrow, and during the brief period of his absence Napoleon appeared agitated with an emotion that he strove in vain to master, as was evident to every one present. Savary returned.

"Eh—Well! Who is he?" demanded Napoleon, hurriedly.

"Sire, he belongs to the 4th regiment of foot artilery. I tried to question him but in the poor little fellow's state all I could learn was that his name was Siebert, and—"

"O, my God! I thought so!" cried the emperor, interrupting his aide-de-camp. "Enough! enough! I wish to know no more!"

And letting fall the reins of his horse, he covered his face with his two hands: and murmured in a broken voice: "Poor child! unhappy mother! O, war! war!"

Then he rode forward sadly and slowly, his officers preserving a pensive silence.

This melancholy visit to the battle field, and above all the meeting with little Siebert, had deeply affected the emperor. The major-general endeavored to divert his thoughts by speaking of the value and glory which the day of Eylau had added to his triumphs.

"Berthier!" said Napoleon. "There are seasons when the heart speaks louder than politics."

And the bulletin which the day announced the victory, seems to bear traces of the painful thoughts which had filled the emperor's soul; for at the foot of the record, Napoleon had added his own hand: "The sight of Eylau's battle-field is well calculated to inspire princes with a love of peace, and a horror of war

Siebert, the worthy child, had kept his word. The night previous, when beating the charge with all the vigor and enthusiasm of an old soldier, at the moment when a Russian battery was striving to dismount that of the 4th regiment a splinter from one of the guns had broken both of our little drummers knees.

"Fire! *Vice l' empereur!*" cried the poor child, as he fell upon the snow.

Then he called to an old cannoneer:

"O, my godfather!" said he, and with beautiful simplicity, in a touching voice: "Do not leave me here! In the night the *Kenserlichs* will cut me into pieces and eat me. Carry me, therefore, I pray thee, to the wagons of the 20th, for then I can embrace my mamma, and my brother before I die.

The artillery man had taken him under his arms and was about to carry him away, after passing to a comrade the rammer which he had been using, when a Russian cannon-ball came whistling along and cut the old soldier completely in two; godfather and god-son fell on the ground. It was not till the next morning that the driver of one of the ambulances or hospital carts, perceiving that the drummer still breathed, moistened his lips with a few drops of cordial to give him strength, and was bearing him away upon his shoulders, when they were noticed by the emperor.

The poor child endured without a murmer the double amputation which was performed by the surgeon-majar of the regiment, and lived to receive the cross of honor which Napoleon sent him by the hands of his colonel, but not long enough to accomplish the latest wish of his heart—to embrace his mother. She was far away from his death bed, taking care of her other son Francois, who had also been wounded the night before.

HORACE GREELEY'S CROOKED PATHS.—Here are some of the steps which have been taken by the erratic H. G. since the organization of the republican party. It will be seen that he has been extremely "liberal" in his views of political current events:

1856. *Standing squarely on principle*, and advocating freedom and high tariff.

1860. *First step.*—Opposing the nomination of Lincoln on personal grounds, and advocating Mr. Bates, the Possum candidate of that time.

1860. *Second step* (after the presidential election).—Favoring peaceable secession, and writing leaders for Toombs to read in the senate in justification of his course.

1861. *Third step.*—Abusing Lincoln and yelling "On to Richmond."

1862. *Fourth Step.*—Peace negotiations at Niagara Falls.

1864. *Fifth step.*—Opposing Lincoln's renomination and going to the Cleveland convention.

1865. *Sixth step.*—Bailing Jeff Davis.

1866. *Seventh step.*—A candidate for postmaster general under Andy Johnson.

1868. *Eighth step.*—Asking the democrats to nominate Chase at New York, and privately promising to support him.

1870. *Ninth step.*—Doing all in his power to make Grant's administration unpopular.

1872. *Tenth, last and fatal Plunge.*—Renouncing all his former principles and associations, and playing second fiddle at anything to beat the Grant concert.

Curtain falls on H. G. in the agonies. "Easy is the descent into Avernus; but to retrace the steps and return to the upper air—this is the labor, this the difficulty.—*St. Paul Press.*

Correspondence of the Journal.

A TRIP UP THE SOLOMON VALLEY.

SALINA, KANSAS, April 15, 1872.

On the 6th I left Salina for the upper Saline Valley, Spillman Creek and round by way of the Solomon. I found the Saline Valley as beautiful as ever and filling up rapidly—not only the valleys, but the uplands on either side, with an intelligent class of people.

Abram, the county seat, was very quiet. The current report that the town had all removed to Lincoln Center is not true altogether. Mr. Garver sold his house and Mr. Jackson did likewise, and they were removed to the latter place. The saloon was taken up by its proprietors, I believe, and a good thing it was, for it was the curse of Abram, as all such places will be to any new town. They are a bane and blight on the morals and the intelligent growth and prosperity of any community. I do not propose to give a temperance lecture, but to let such facts stand upon their own merits with the public.

I found considerable business going on at Lincoln Center and a few new buildings going up.

The county seat excitement has about quieted down, and the matter will be determined at the May term of court. The Spillman Creek Valley I found well settled, up its entire length, to the Blue Hills. Near the residence of Mr. Harry Teoshe I found the new town of Carbondale located, with one store and a blacksmith shop, doing a good business. The town is located over a good coal-bed of from 24 to 30 inches thick and in a direct line with the railroad from Salina to the forks of the Solomon. From here we pass through the well known Pawnee Gap of the Blue Hills, from the head of Spillman Creek to the head of Cow Creek, running due north to the Solomon river opposite the Forks. Here too I must remark that this will soon be a mail route from Salina to Wanganda and Cawker City, by the way of the Saline Valley, Spillman Creek and Cow Creek. Efforts are being made to get mail service extended on this route to the forks of the Solomon. New postoffices are being located along this route, and are very much needed, as some people have to go twenty miles for their mail. It is the interest of Salina to look after the commercial interests of this route, as efforts are being made to open a direct line to the Solomon from Fossil Station on the K. P. R. W. The latter has had agents over this route holding out inducements for the Solomon Valley trade.

If Salina could inaugurate a system of narrow gauge roads, this route up the Saline by way of Spillman Creek and Cow Creek to the forks of the Solomon, would be one of the first. The route is a practicable one, following the valleys and through Pawnee Gap of the Blue Hills, which is of an easy grade. There is abundance of timber on Spillman and Cow Creeks to more than build the road, and also the best of limestone rock is found along these valleys. The high price of railroad iron, from $62 per ton last year to $86 per ton this year, will only justify the building of the narrow gauge roads. The wide gauge requires about 80 tons per mile, while the latter only requires about one half that quantity.

I found the people along this route wide awake to any enterprize that would put them in communication with the outside world, as they expressed it.

Wanganda and Cawker City have improved considerably since last June. Both places are anticipating quite a growth the coming season. Wanganda is situated on the north side of the north fork of the Solomon just above the junction of the north and south forks of the river. Its location is rather low, but will most likely be on the line of the railroad passing up the valley. Cawker City is situated some two miles north of the latter, on a beautiful rise of table land, and commands a splendid view of the surrounding country. It is too far up for a commercial point, as it has left a gap open for a rival town, and a railroad town may spring up between the two points. However, while we have no interest in either point, we do say that there are no places in Central or Western Kansas that have so large an area of good country, tributary to a given point as these places, except Salina and Saline county. Look in any direction you will, and you see rich valleys whose streams are all wending their way to this point as a common center. A few years ago it was the abode of wild beasts and savages,—the frontier post of the settlements; now teeming with a busy, intelligent people and soon will be a railroad center. I enjoyed my first visit at these points, and especially at Wanganda, where I was invited to attend a meeting of their Lyceum Society, finding quite an intelligent assembly of, not only young people, but of all classes. The little paper of the society, containing letters and pieces from members, contained many useful hints and suggestions for the moral growth of the community, and no doubt will do much good, as they came from the fair sex, who are always on the right side. Some of these letters, suggestions and special advice to young men brought to mind a little incident on my way. I met with a young man leading by the hand a little girl, as I supposed, and asked him what little girl he had. He very frankly replied that she was his wife and that they were hunting cattle; and immediately they led off hand-in-hand in pursuit of their object, seeming quite happy. Now, mark this, that young couple will make their mark in the world—will make good citizens and neighbors, will grow up with the country and become useful members of society. Such mutual relations, thus begun early, will insure the best and happiest results. I would advise hundreds of young men on our frontier to go and do likewise. Get you a young girl, settle down on your claim, and if your cattle stray away take your girl by the hand and hunt them up. In so doing you will secure a larger degree of happiness than by trifling away your time at places of vice or uncalled-for amusements.

On leaving Wanganda, I passed the the great Salt Spirit Spring, some three miles below, situated some 250 yards from the banks of the Solomon river, on the north side; and in point of curiosity is next to the great Niagara Falls. I will remark, that it will pay any one within reasonable distance, to visit it.

This was my first visit down the valley, and I viewed everything with much interest, as my route from Wanganda to Minneapolis was over historic ground, made so by the frequent raids of the hostile Indians upon the defenceless settlers in 1868 and 1869.

I cannot mistake the character and beauty of the whole Solomon Valley, by speaking of any local point. It is all good wherever you go, and, to say the least, it is a big country; and, as to fertility and material facilities, there is but little choice, except in localities of a commercial point.

Beloit, situated on the north bank of the Solomon river, and near the center of Mitchell county, is the county seat; and is handsomely located to make a good commercial inland town. I was surprised to find so large a town, only about eighteen months old. The Solomon river bed affords one of the best water-powers in the West, which is improved by our old and well-tried friend of Western Kansas, T. F. Hersey, who has good saw and flouring mills, and is doing a splendid business. If any man in the West deserves prosperity, he does. He has been on the frontier from an early day and been with us through thick and thin, ever ready to lend a helping hand to the wants of the poor or unfortunate; and many poor familes will ever remember the hospitalities of him and his family in years gone by. We find him now in his new home as useful as ever and respected by all of his fellow-citizens. Beloit is a fast-growing town, composed of many good and substantial buildings; a court house of sawed stone (about completed), two brick-yards in progress, quite a number of business houses, and all seemed to do a good business; in fact it is a live town with high prospects for the future, with a good country around it to build it up, and will, sooner or later, have railroad facilities. I met at Beloit with a former townsman, Mr. Johnson, who, in company with another young man, has started a paper there, and its first number is quite a success. If conducted in the spirit and manner it has commenced the paper will be a success, and a power among the people for good. They are young men of spirit and enterprise, and will make their mark. They launch their bark with skill and energy. We augur for them a prosperous career in the future. My stay here was very pleasant, and most of my time was spent in the office of Mr. Smith, the county clerk, whom I found a live business man, and with whom I found it a pleasure to do business.

I made my way down to Glasgow, situated on the north side of the river, in the southwest corner of Cloud county, that laps over on the Solomon river. Here they have a good country surrounding and some two or three stores in the the town.

At Delphos, in the northwest corner of Ottawa county, I found a good improved water-power, and the Solomon river bridged, which structure is a good one. The town has several fine stores and business houses and hotels, all filled. I found our old neighbor and friend, Mr. Macdonough and family, former residents of Salina. They are pleasantly situated near Delphos. I think at this particular point I saw a more generally settled portion of country than else where on my route.

My next appointments were at Minneapolis and Lindsay. I attended a quarterly meeting, in which quite an interest was manifested, on the part of all. Much good will be done the coming conference year.

I will remark before I close, of the stage and mail lines, that they looked like old times. A weekly line runs up the valley from Solomon City to Cawker City and lays over at Delphos, and a line runs from Beloit to Concordia.

O. P. HAMILTON.

Carl Schurz at Home.

"Gath," the Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, gives this interesting, though slightly facetious account of an evening with Carl Schurz, at his home in Washington, which he entitles

A VISIT TO A WRETCH.

From this state of supreme happiness I turned, a few nights ago, to the home of one of those miserable, railing Senators, who get up investigations. It was a missionary visit, with no other object than to help the poor man to eat his porridge, and console him on the termination of his career. The lights were streaming from the windows of the good, bulky house of Carl Schurz. There were lights in the first story, and the second story and the third story. Lights burned at the door-steps, and carriages were rumbling and crowding all round about.

"Heavens!" said I, "how the wretch brazens it out! He hires these carriages to come here, and runs an extravagant gas-bill, to make people think that he has guests."

When I entered, a negro took my hat and coat.

"Here," said I, "is hypocrisy in another form. This enemy of the interests of the black man, has found one chap of that race degraded enough to enter his service. It is a put-up job."

Entering the parlors, I saw pictures, and reflected on the power of art to remain with us after ambition is gone, and we are "busted." The house belonged to Mrs. Dahlgren, the widow of the gun-making Admiral, and her paintings were scattered amongst Mr. Schurz's. The emissary of all the monarchs of Europe played it very fine in the matter of pictures. He had some of Kaulbach's drawings of *Marguerite* at the well, *Mephistophiles* courting old *Martha*,—and which probably Mr. Nast saw when here on a visit to this house, and carried away as an idea for a cartoon. The deceased Republican Admiral, however, did have a pretty heavy taste for dignitaries, and I noticed one enormous portrait of Marshal Soult, covered all over with bloomery. It was almost as big as that fire-board picture of the illimitable Executive Dent family at the White House.

In the back room, I met the retired man and his family, assembled around the piano. He was playing a duet with his wife, and, although I know but little about music, somebody told me it was an extraordinary good performance.

"Alas!" said I, "O, woman, when pain and anguish wring the brow, a ministering angel thou," or words to that effect.

The man who had missed his career got up and shook hands with me, and then we shook hands all round with the children. Tears were nearly in my eyes; but those deserted folks played their part superbly, giving the best imitation of laughter "I ever heard in all my life," — as Samuel Pepys might say. There was Agatha, the eldest, a fine young lady, educated at Hamburg, speaking English with that marvelous ease and skill which distinguishes her father. There was Marianna, another pretty girl, not far up in her teens, whose florid hair and profile were as spiritual as Schiller's; and I was told that, up stairs, was a new baby, aged 18 months, bearing the name of Carl Lincoln Schurz. I could scarcely believe my ears when the mother said:

"I hope he will be as good as his names."

After a while,—evidently on the same mission I came for,—a large number of people dropped in, as if they had been in the habit of doing so. There were a couple of Senators, two or three artists, and as many musicians, all known to the country as well as in Washington. These were accompanied by ladies of different ages, some young and handsome, and others bearing evidence of quiet, serene, reposed lives; and at last—I knew I should find him out!—came nearly all of the Foreign Legations at the Capital. There was Kurd Von Schlozer, of the German Empire,—a fine, energetic, perfectly Democratic little man, below the middle age,—life and animation all over him, and making the most courageous attempt to speak English, and laughing at his own failures. I knew it was all done to keep up the spirits of the "recalcitrant" Senator, and I was about to ask the depth of Von Schlozer's sympathies for Schurz, when he opened his mouth and told me that he was from Lubec, whence Schurz started, after the rescue of his old College Professor, to cross too North Sea; and I knew at once that it was a conspiracy between these two to make things appear easy and harmonious. Next, there was Baron Charles Ledorez, the Austrian Envoy,—a fine, quiet superb man, of the middle age, with a beautiful round head, iron-gray hair, and a profile like a blooded King's. He also seemed to be affable, and in the habit of coming to this house; and I attributed this to the fact that he did not know our institutions and the horrible collapse which Schurz had experienced. Then, we had four or five young chaps belonging to these Legations,—one of whom, Von Arnim, was indicated as a scion of one of the oldest families in Europe. The officer in charge of the Russian Legation, Count Corti, the Italian Minister, and several Spanish attaches, also came in with ladies, and there were less form and ceremony than I have ever seen at American parties.

"Here," said an American to me, "you see Schurz *en famille*. He opens his house this way every other Saturday."

Really, I hardly knew whether I stood on my head or my heels,—to find a man driven from the face of power comforted in adversity by so many people. Plenty of Americans were present, amongst them some folks who ought to have been with the President's set, but to my surprise, none of them asked me not to mention the fact that they visited this house.

I am afraid that I can never go to that house again, if I say that I saw the most beautiful girl there whom I ever met,—ahem! one excepted—a niece, I was told, of Governor Swann, of Baltimore. I heard also the best music and singing that I ever heard in Washington. The only positive evidence that Schurz was a German spy I had, was the fact that he led me up to the table with two or three others of his consolers, and poured out some wonderfully good red wine from the banks of the Neckar. About one o'clock we [illegible] came away, and I was in such an agitated frame of mind that I fell immediately asleep under the apprehension that I had enjoyed myself.

What is to become of us—what can save this Government—if the man who has been solemnly read out of society in the New York *Times*, and driven from the face of his adopted Government, shall still be encouraged in his audacity by the purest, most learned, and most distinguished men and women of Washington City?

I call upon Louis Jennings, of London, and Thomas Nast, of Bavaria, to answer this conundrum.

As for me, unless I am turned out of the party, I doom to go to that house again! I want some more of that red wine, some more of that music, and another look at that pretty girl.