BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER.

Devoted to the Development of Eastern Montana and the Encouragement of all Industrial Pursuits.

Volume 5 | BOZEMAN, MONTANA TERRITORY, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1875. | Number 4.

THE AVANT COURIER.

JOSEPH WRIGHT, Editor & Publisher

Office in the Old M. E. Church Building.

Terms of Subscription.

One year......................$5 00
Six months....................3 00
For a shorter period, 50 cents per month.

Rates of Advertising

Furnished on application. Local Notices 15 cents per line for the first insertion and 10 cents for each subsequent insertion.

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I will board, lodge, furnish hot, warm or cool shower and tub baths; will cure coughs, rheumatism and kidney [illegible] for $1 25 per day, or $7 00 per week, [illegible] advance.
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POVERTY FLAT

BY BRET HARTE.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even you would admire,—
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm be diamoned out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue:
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
Is wasting an hour on you.

"And how do I like my position?"
"And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?
"And isn't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds and silks, and all that?"
"And aren't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes,—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand,—
If you saw poor, dear mama contriving
To look supernaturally grand;
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that,—
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier,—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The "finest soiree of the year."—
In the mists of a gaze de Chambery,
And the hum of the smallest of talk,—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The Fork;"

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under the bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride,—that to me was the rarest;
Of—the something you said at the gate:
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
To "the best paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past, yet it's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water,
And swam the North Fork and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
(Mama says my taste is still low,)
Instead of my triumps reciting,
I'm spooning of Joseph,—heigh-ho!
And I'm to be "finished" by travel
Whatever's the meaning of that,—
O, why did papa strike pay gravel
If drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night,—here's the end of my paper;
Good-night,—if the longitude please,—
For maybe, while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But know, if you haven't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you've struck it,—on Poverty Flat.

ABSENCE.

BY W. A. DAVIS.

It is said that in absence the heart will forget
And the purest affections decay;
That the bright star of friendship in absence will set,
And the bright dreams of youth pass away.

It is said that the heart forgets sorrow and joys
As time folds his dark wing o'er the past;
Tho' deep they be written, yet long absence destroys—
Every old recollection at last.

They will tell thee all this, love, yet do not believe
That this heart could from thee be estranged;
If alone in thine absence for years I should grieve,
My affections can never be changed.

I will cling to thee ever through darkness and light,
Though our life paths may never converge;
For the love that I bear thee can never take flight—
'Tis a fountain that time cannot drain.

DEB.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

The solemn Androscoggin bell was ringing the girls in by broad sunlight one noon, when there came a knock at the door, and behind it the young lady of whom I heard. Deb was startled by the knock, and frightened by the young lady.

It was not often that visitors came to Brick Alley, and it was still less often that Brick Alley had a visitor that knocked.

This was a young lady for whom Deb's mother did fine washing. Deb's mother wiped her hands and placed a chair, and the young lady sat down. She was a straight lady, with strong feet, and long brown feathers in her hat, and soft brown gloves upon her hands. She had come [illegible] she said, with that Cluny set, which she [illegible]

to have it done by nine o'clock to-night? and—

And then, turning her head suddenly, the straight young lady saw poor, crooked Deb in her high chair, with wonder in her eyes.

'I wonder if I frightened her' thought Deb. But she only wondered and did not speak.

'Is this your——'

'Yes,' said Deb's mother, 'the eldest. Fifteen. I'll try my best, ma'am; but I don't know as I ought to promise.' She spoke in a business like tone, and turned the Cluny lace—a dainty collar and a pair of soft cuffs—about in her hands in a business-like sort of a way. A breath of some kind of scented wood struck in a little gust against Deb's face. She wondered how people could weave such sweet smells into a piece of lace, and if the young lady knew; or if she knew how much pleasanter it was than the onions that Mrs. McMahoney cooked for dinner every day in the week but Saturday, upon the first floor. But it gave her quite enough to do to wonder without speaking.

'Fifteen!' repeated the young lady, standing up very straight, and looking very sorry; 'How long has she been—like—that?'

'Born so,' said Deb's mother,—'she's just set in that chair ever since she has been big enough to sit at all. Would you try gum on these muss.'

'But you never told me you had a crippled child!'

The young lady said this quickly.

'You have washed for me three years, and you never told me you had a crippled child!'

'You never asked me, Miss,' said Deb's mother.

The young lady made no reply. She came and sat down on the edge of Deb's bed, close beside Deb's chair. She seemed to have forgotten her Cluny lace. She took Deb's hand up between her two soft brown gloves, and her long brown feathers drooped and touched Deb's cheek.—Deb hardly breathed, the feathers and the gloves, and the sweet smells of scented wood, and the young lady's sorry eyes—such very sorry eyes!—were so close to the high chair.

'Fifteen years!' repeated the young lady, very low, 'in that chair—that nobody ever—poor little girl! But you could ride,' said she suddenly.

'I don't know, ma'am,' said Deb. 'I never saw anybody ride but the grocer and the baker. I ain't like the grocer and the baker.'

'You could be lifted, I mean,' said the young lady, eagerly. 'There is somebody who lifts you?'

'Mother sets me generally,' said Deb. 'Once when she was very bad with a lame back, Jim McMahoney set me. He's first floor—Jim McMahoney.'

'I shall be back here,' said the young lady, still speaking very quickly, but to Deb's mother now. 'In just an hour I shall come in an easy sleigh, with warm robes, if you will have your daughter ready to take a ride with me, I shall be much obliged to you.'

The young lady finished her story as if she did not know what to say, and so said the truest thing she could think of, which is what we are all in danger of doing at such times.

'Well, I'm sure,' said Deb's mother. 'Dabitra, tell the lady—'

But Dabitra could not tell the lady, for she was already out the door and down stairs, and into the street. And, indeed, Deb could not have told the lady,—has never told the lady,—can never tell the lady.

If all the blue summer sky, and the gold of summer sunlight, and the shine of summer stars fell down into your hands at once, for you to paint scrap-books with, should you know what to say?

Into the poor little scrap-book of Deb's life the colors of heaven dropped and blinded her on that bewildering, beautiful blessed ride.

In just an hour the sleigh was there, with the easiest cushions and the warmest robes, and bells—the merriest bells!—and the straight young lady. And Jim McMahoney was there, and he carried her down stairs to 'set' her. And her mother was there, and wrapped her all up in an old red shawl, for Deb had no 'things' like other girls. The young lady had remembered that, and she had brought the prettiest white hood Deb had ever seen, and Deb's face looked like a bruised lily bud among the shining wool, but Deb could not see that, and Mrs. McMahoney was there, paring onions at the door, to wish her good bye, and all the children, who did wonder, and the grocer turned in at the alley corner, and the baker stopped as he turned out, and every body stood and smiled to see her start; the white horse pawed the snow and held up his head—Deb had never seen such a horse—and the young lady gathered the reins in her brown gloves, and the sleigh bells cried for joy—how they cried!—and away they went, and Deb was out of the alley in a moment, and the people in the alley hurrahed and hurrahed to see her go.

That bewildering, beautiful, blessed ride! How warm the little white hood was! [illegible]

over her face and head, sat so for a minute still and hidden. The young lady though, was frightened.

'But I only want to cry a little!' said Deb's little smothered voice. 'I must cry a little first.'

When she had cried a little she held up her head, and the shine of her pretty white hood grew faint beside the shine of her cheeks. The bewildering, beautiful, blessed ride!

Streets, and a crowd, and church spires were in it—yes, and a wedding and a funeral, too; all things that Deb had seen in her high chair in the daytime with her eyes shut, she saw in the sleigh on that ride with her eyes opened wide.

She was very still. The young lady did not talk to her, and she did not talk to the young lady. The horse held up his head, it seemed to Deb to be flying. She thought that he must be like the awful beautiful horse in Revelation. She felt as if he could take her Heaven just as well as not, if the young lady's brown gloves should only pull that way.

They rode and rode. In and out of the merry streets, through and through the singing bells, about and about the great church spires—all over, and over, and over the town. They rode to the river, and the young lady stopped the white horse so that Deb could look across and up and down at the shining stream and the shining bank.

'There is so much of it,' said Deb, softly, thinking of the crock of it that she had seen between two houses for fifteen years. For the crack seemed to her very much like fifteen years in a high chair, and the long, broad shouldered, silvered river seemed to her very much like this world about which she had wondered.

They rode to the mills, and Deb trembled to look up to their frowning walls, and to meet their hundred eyes; but some of the girls who wore the little pink bows, and who knew her, came nodding to look down out of them, and she left off trembling to laugh; then, in a minute, she trembled again, for, all at once, without any warning, the great Androscoggin bell pealed the time just over her head, and swallowed her up in sound. She turned pale with delighted terror, and then she flushed with delight.

Did it pary or cry or laugh? Deb did not know. It seemed to her that if the white horse would carry her into the great heart of that bell, she would never sit in a high chair at a window again, but ride and ride with the young lady. It seemed to her like for ever and for ever.

They turned away from Androscoggin without speaking, and rode and rode. Day light dimmed, and dusk dropped, and see! all the town blazed with lights. They rode and rode to see the lights. Deb could not speak, there were so many lights.

And still she could not speak when they rode into Brick alley, and Jim McMahoney and her mother, and the children who did not wonder, came out to meet her and take her back to her high chair.

She was too happy to speak. She could remember. But the young lady did not want her to speak. She touched her white horse and was gone in a minute; and when Androscoggin bell rang them to sleep that night—for the young lady forgot to ask for her Cluny, and was too tired to go to the party—I am suse I cannot tell which was the happier, she or Deb.

SCENTING A SENATOR.

How Senator Booth Unbosomed Himself to a Reporter.

[from the New Albany Ledger-Standard.]

Reporter—If I mistake not, sir, I have the honor of addressing Senator Newton Booth, of California.

Senator—He threw himself back on the bench, gave an aristocratic yawn, which is known only to senators, and exclaimed, 'Y-e-s, s-i-r.'

Reporter—My father herds a little flock near Georgetown, and used to know you when you were here on earth. It is seldom that we ever see a Senator in this part of the country. I belong to the Harvest Home Grange, and would like to have your opinion relative to the Grange and its workings.

Senator—Horny fisted toiler and sun tanned agitator of the soil, go home and count your father's sheep. The Grange is a good thing if a man will confine the practical workings to the narrow limits of his own farm. Far away is a beautiful land, where nuggets of gold glimmer in the morning sunlight—that is my home.

Reporter—Do you know Brigham Young?

Senator—He shook his Senatorial head and exclaimed: 'Know Brigham Young, the d——l! He lives in a delightful land, where the atmosphere is so pure that the howl of the common house cat can be heard for ten miles. This valley of Cashmere, as it were, is surrounded by mountains, where you can gather fragrant flowers with one hand, and beautiful snow with the other, yet the fiend incarnate annually enbeds the land with the bones of a thousand wives. Ask me reasonable questions, young man, for he who will not reason is a fool.'

Reporter—What do you think of Grant and other parties who are trying to reach the Presidential skies?

Senator—[illegible]

Many of the leading merchants have outlived their usefulness, and have lost their grip. Every third man you see is preparing to bounce the train for Louisville to purchase a pound of coffee.'

Reporter—Do you know anything of who will be the next Spea-Kerr?

Senator—The people are clamorous about this, and we will let M. C.

Reporter—What do you think of the currency question?

Senator—Young man, again I warn you to beware. You have no right to inquire about such things. The war is over, and why will you insist upon hanging the bloody shirt upon the outer walls. Go to your rural retreat and watch your father's flock. Remember that the blast from a ram's horn once shook the walls of Jericho. I see there is some of the true inwardness of a newspaper reporter about you, and if you are not careful you will yet become an itenerant lightning-rod peddler.

Reporter—Do you know Laura Ream?

Senator—Yes, she was one of the seven angels that upset her vial of wrath in Salem the other day. She has unadulterated impudence and has talked two or three devoted husbands to death.

Reporter—Do you regard the Courier-Journal as being a power in the land?

Senator—The Courier-Journal's principal mission on earth is to scatter the common gamblers in order to give the more aristocratic ones in Louisville a show for their white alley. George D. Prentice made the Courier-Journal, and the readers of that paper think it has been a hundred years since he died. Those who run the machine now may be compared to hogs under an oak tree. They devour the acorns, but never look up to see where they come from.

Here the senator seemed disposed to draw the interview to a close, by giving another aristocratic yawn; the engine shrieked, and, with a look of injured innocence, he boarded the train, got his ticket punched, and rolled over the road en route to the great city of Louisville.

IT DIDN'T WORK.

How Mrs. Suiffles Tried to Sober Lycurgus.

[Brunswick (Mo.) News.]

Mrs. Suiffles has had more troubles with Lycurgus, and has been strengthened in the belief that he is totally unlike other men—in fact, tetotally unlike many of them. He had been on a long sober stretch up to a couple of weeks ago. About that time he learned that his only aunt, a rich old lady in St. Louis, had died and left him an immense fortune—to get, if he could. This was a sore disappointment to our friend, for he had expected to be made a rich man by the death of this (once respected) relative. Never was the news of an aunt's death read with more poignant grief by surviving kin. A postscript to the letter conveying the sad intelligence, stated that the good old soul had bequeated her entire wealth to a benevolent institution. This was the rusty rod of iron that pierced his soul, and made murky the fountain of hope. He tore the letter to pieces, and bent his faltering steps to the nearest saloon: He drank—he fell.

* * * * * * * *

[Those stars represent drinks—forty drinks to the star.]

Mrs. S. was in despair. She had thought his reformation was complete, and now "the old man was drunk again," with no sign of ever letting up. Finally she bethought her of the system in vogue at certain inebriate asylums—that of mixing liquor with every article of food until the patient acquires a lasting distaste for alcohol. She determined to try that plan on Lycurgus.

She procured a gallon of the worst whisky to be had, and put some of it in the old man's coffee, to begin with. It has been his unvarying custom to drink but one cup at a meal. That night he passed his cup back to be refilled, saying, as he smacked his lips:

"Better coffee 'nusual, ole gal."

Next morning she increased the dose. He drank three cups, and fell from his chair as he was reaching for a fourth. He slept until noon, and went out to dinner. There was beef soup and whisky—half and half. Suiffles ate it all, and said, as he wiped his mouth:

"You're git'n to be a better cook'n any body, m'dear. But yer didn't make soup 'nuff.

At supper everything was saturated with whisky, and Suiffles ate until he became helpless, and his wife had to drag him to bed.

The gallon of whisky was soon gone, and the only change that Mrs. S. noticed in her husband was that while it lasted he came to his meals with greater regularity than usual. She is not the woman to give up anything without a fair trial. She got another gallon, and came near starving herself to death while she fed it to Suiffles in everything that he ate and drank. His appetite increased at a fearful rate, and he complimented her every day on newly acquired skill in cooking.

The second gallon soon went the way of the first, and, after two or three meals had passed without the seasoning of which Suiffles had become so fond, he said, in tones that would have touched the heart of a tax collector: 'Mandy, dear, the vittels don't taste as good as they used to. [illegible]'

[illegible]

MY BRAVERY.

BY PATENT COUPLER.

I am a brave man! The other night a neighbor came over to my house and wanted to borrow my revolver to shoot a man who was prowling around his house. And I will here state, for the benefit of the readers of The News, that my reputation as a brave man is national; that there is scarcely a week but what some one calls upon me to protect them. But to proceed—I said:

'Don't get excited; don't be afraid, for I will protect you. Go home and retire to rest. If he troubles you in the night, send for me.'

He went home, and I went to bed. If I had had two revolvers I would have let him take one. But I only had one, and I wanted that myself. You've often heard about sharing your bed and board, etc., but I had never heard of loaning your only weapon, and I didn't want to establish a precedent. About eleven o'clock I was aroused by the ringing of the door bell, and the voice of my neighbor urging me to "come quick." I hurriedly dressed and proceeded down stairs, followed by my wife, and my youngest boy bringing up the rear with his pop-gun.

'Who's there?' I asked, as I got down to the foot of the hall stairs.

'Me, me!' replied a voice.

'Who are you?'

He told me his name.

'Beware,' said I, as I opened the door, 'for if you lie, I will brain you!'

Opening the door I found my neighbor in a state of mind bordering upon insanity.

'Hurry,' said he. 'He's just gone into the barn and will be off with my horse.'

'Who do you mean?' I asked.

'Why be! the man. Be quick, or he'll get away!'

'But what man?' said I.

'Why, the man who has been prowling around my house all night.'

'But I am not acquainted with him,' I said. 'How exceedingly rude it would be for me to speak to him without an introduction.'

'Oh, bother,' exclaimed my neighbor; 'he'll steal my horse and pillage the barn, while we are here talking! Let me take your revolver?'

'What do you want of a revolver?' I asked. 'A revolver is a deadly weapon. It cannot be handled too carefully. You surely don't mean to ruthlessly shoot the man! You can't harbor such vicious thoughts. Go and reason with the man. Talk to him. Tell him you think he is laboring under a mistake. Invite him into your house. Give him a lunch. If these efforts fail, and he still persists in prowling around, come for me.'

'But what will you do?' said my neighbor.

'Do! I will go over and reason with him, I will tell him how wrong it is for him to persist in doing so. I will point out to him the errors of his ways.'

'But he may not listen to you,' said my neighbor.

'I shall then resort to force. I shall not immediately kill him. I will play with him first. I will humor him. If he will leave by my giving him a few dollars, I will give him them. If this does not have the desired effect—that is, if he promises to go after he gets the money, and don't—I will then see what can be done. If he proves very stubborn, I will jump on him and toss him around the yard. I will then throw him over the fence. Should he, after this, still feel ugly, I will run him through the fanning-mill in the barn; then I will dust him with a pitchfork. Should he survive all this, I will be compelled to shoot him. I shall dislike to do it. It always makes me feel sad when I shoot a man, but I will have to. Go home and keep quiet. If he attempts to carry away anything, come for me.'

He went home, and I locked the door and went to bed again. I told my wife if he disturbed me again I was going to do something. I had just got into a doze when the bell rang furiously, and startled me so that I rolled out of bed. I gathered up my garment with one hand, and with my revolver in the other, descended to the hall below.

I opened the door.

'Quick,' said my neighbor, who was standing on the porch half frightened out of his wits, 'he's saddled my horse and is just going to mount him.'

'Well, what of it?' I enquired. 'Is there anything startling in the fact that your blind horse has been saddled?'

'But he is about to ride away on him.'

'Who?'

'Why, the man!'

'What man?'

'Why, the fellow who has been prowling around my house all night.'

'What's his name?'

'How do I know?'

'Look here,' said I, 'you've bothered me about enough. Let him ride. He, probably, only wants to take a short ride, when he will return him to your stable. You are old enough to know better than to keep disturbing me this way. You ought to have a little consideration for other people. Here it is twelve o'clock, and time decent people were in bed. You're making more fuss about your old blind mare than is necessary. Go home, go to bed, and if your horse is gone in the morning we will look for him.'

Well, he went home; I went to bed. Morning came, the horse was gone, and [illegible]

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

The exercises dedicatory of the monument erected to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe, the poet, were held this afternoon in the main hall, of the Western Female High School building, contiguous to Westminster cemetery. The opening address was delivered in the presence of a vast audience, embracing the intelligence and culture of Baltimore and many strangers from abroad, by Prof. Wm. Elliot, Jr., who gave a historical sketch of the movement which culminated in the noble tribute to the honored dead. The platform was occupied by prominent citizens of Boston. Among the distinguished visitors was Walt. Whitman, the only poet present in the large assemblage.

LETTER FROM S. D. LEWIS.

Mr. S. D. Lewis, of Brooklyn, N. Y., for thirty years a member of the New York bar, writes voluntarily, at the suggestion of his warm personal friend J. G. Stie. He says:

In 1845, Mr. Poe and I became friends. His last residence, and where I visited him most frequently, was in a beautiful secluded cottage at Fordham, fourteen miles above New York. It was there I often saw his dear wife during her last illness, and attended her funeral. It was from there that he and his 'dear muddle' (Mrs. Clem) often visited me at my house, frequently at my earnest solicitation, remaining many days.

When he finally departed on his last trip South, the kissing and hand shaking were at my front door. He was hopeful; we were sad; and tears gushed in torrents as he kissed his 'dear muddle' and my wife 'good bye.' Alas, it proved, as Mrs. Glenn feared, a final adieu. A few months afterwards, on receipt of the sad news of his death, I offered Mrs. Glenn a home in my family, where she resided till 1858, when she removed to Baltimore to lay her ashes by the side of her 'darling Eddie.' I hold many of her precious, loving letters to me from her, up to a few days before her death.

And now as to Mr. Poe. He was one of the most affectionate, kind-hearted men I ever knew. I never witnessed so much tender affection and devoted love as existed in their family of three persons. His dear Virginia, after her death, was his 'Lost Lenore.' I have spent weeks in the closest intimacy with Mr. Poe, and I never saw him taste a drop of liquor, wine or beer in my life; and I never saw him under the slightest influence of any stimulants what ever. He was in truth, a most abstemious, exemplary man. But I learned from Mrs. Glenn, that if, on the importunity of a convival of friend, he took a single glass, even of wine, it suddenly flashed through his nervous system and excitable brain; and that he was no longer himself, or responsible for his acts. His biographers have not done his genius justice; and to produce a startling effect, by contrast have magnified his errors, and attributed to him faults which he never had. He was always in my presence, the polished gentleman, the profound scholar, the true critic, and the inspired, oracular poet, dreamy and spiritual lofty, but sad. His memory is fresh and green in many admiring and loving hearts, and your work of erecting a monument over his grave, if it adds nothing to his fame, reflects honor on you and your associates and upon all who sympathize or assist in your noble work. I am proud to assure you and the association, through you, that his many friends are greatful and thank you.

"What recks he of their plaudits now?
He never dreamed them worth his care,
And death has formed around his brow
The wreath he was too proud to wear."

Yours truly,
S. D. LEWIS.

Following the reading of these letters a poem was read, the inspired production, for this occasion, of Mr. Wm. Winter, of the New York Tribune.

AT POE'S GRAVE

Cold is the pæn honor sings,
And chill is glory's icy breath,
And pale the garland memory brings
To grace the iron doors of death.

Fame's echoing thunders long and loud
The pomp of pride that decks the pall
The plaudits of the vacant crowd—
One word of love is worth them all.

With dews of grief our eyes are dim,
Ah! let the tear of sorrow start,
And honor, in ourselves and him,
The great and tender human heart.

Through many a night of want and woe
His frenzied spirit wandered wild—
Till kind disaster laid him low,
And heaven reclaimed its way-ward child

Through many a year his fame has grown,
Like midnight vast, like starlight sweet,
Till now his genius fills a throne,
And nations marvel at its feet.

One meed of justice long delayed,
One crowning grace his virtues crave,
Ah, take, thou great and injured shade,
The love that sanctifies the grave.

God's mercy guard, in peaceful sleep,
The sacred dust that slumbers here,
And while around the tomb we weep,
God bless us for the mourner's tear.

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