

### EVERY YEAR.

The spring has less of brightness  
Every year;  
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness.  
Every year;  
Nor do summer flowers quicken,  
Nor autumn fruitage thicken,  
As they once did for they sicken.  
Every year;

It is growing darker, colder,  
Every year;  
As the heart and soul grows older,  
Every year;  
I care not now for dancing,  
Or for eyes with passion glancing,  
Love is less and less entrancing.  
Every year;

Of the love and sorrow blended,  
Every year;  
Of the charms of friendship ended  
Every year;  
Of the ties that still might bind me,  
Until time to Death resign me,  
My infirmities remind me,  
Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us,  
Every year;  
While the clouds grows darker o'er us,  
Every year.  
When we see the blossoms faded,  
That to bloom we might have aided,  
And immortal garlands braided  
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces,  
Every year,  
As the loved leave vacant places,  
Every year;  
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,  
In the evening's dusk they greet us,  
And to come to them entreat us,  
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell me,  
"Every year."  
"You are more alone," they tell us,  
"Every year."  
"You can win no new affection,  
You have only recollection,  
Deeper sorrow and dejection,  
Every year."

### DEATH OF DANIEL DREW.

#### The Story of His Life.

Daniel Drew, who, for forty years was one of the most prominent figures in Wall street, and the prime cause of many a financial convulsion, died on Thursday at the house of his son, at No. 3 East Forty-second street, in a very sudden manner. The old man had been in his usual health apparently during the early part of the evening. He had dined with Darius Lawrence, of the firm of Lawrence Brothers, Broad street brokers, in the Grand Union Hotel, and made no complaint until 9 p. m., when he said that he did not feel quite well. He refused to permit any one to set up with him and retired to his room; but at 10:15 p. m. he arose and said that he was suffering from a pain over his heart similar to that which his mother experienced just before her death. A moment later his head sank upon his breast and he was dead, the cause being either epilepsy or heart-disease.

Daniel Drew—Uncle Dan! as he was almost universally known in latter days was born at Carmel, Putnam county, N. Y., on the 29th of July, 1797, and was therefore in his eighty-third year. He was a farmer's son, and Scottish and English blood was mingled in his veins. In 1812 his father died, leaving his mother with two children, himself and a younger brother, in straitened circumstances. Daniel was then in his seventeenth year and began life by enlisting as a substitute in the state militia. He went with his regiment to Fort Gansevoort, but in three months peace was proclaimed, and he was mustered out of the service. With his substitute money he engaged in cattle trade. He bought cattle in Putnam and Dutchess counties and drove them into the city after nightfall. He was an excellent judge of cattle and a tireless worker, and made money from the start. But his restless energy was not satisfied with this small sphere of action. He conceived the idea of bringing cattle from Ohio—an apparently wild scheme in those days—and succeeded in inducing Henry Astor, the butcher, brother of John Jacob Astor, to advance him the necessary capital. The profits were so great that Drew was soon able to repay the borrowed money and extend his operations to Kentucky and Illinois. Once when he was driving cattle across the Alleghany Mountains his horse was killed by lightning and he himself was hurled senseless to the ground. In 1829 Mr. Drew opened a cattle yard at Third avenue and Twenty-fourth street, and the "Bull's Head Tavern" became the headquarters of the drovers. In nine years Mr. Drew accumulated a large fortune.

It was in 1834 that Drew first pitted himself as an opponent to Commodore Vanderbilt in the steamboat business, by running the Westchester and Emerald between New York and Albany. He reduced the passenger fare from \$3 to \$1 and made a corresponding reduction in freight rates. He built new boats, and the competition between him and his rival ran so high that passengers were carried for a shilling, but his energetic and skillful management won the day at last. In 1840 the well-known People's Line of steamers was organized, and Mr. Drew was the largest stockholder. When the Hudson Railroad was opened in 1852 he refused to sell his stock, and the result fully proved the shrewdness of his judgment. Traffic was stimulated by the railroad, and the steamers carried as many passengers and as much freight as before.

In 1844 Mr. Drew entered Wall street in partnership with his son-in-law, Mr. Kelley, and Nelson Taylor. Ten years later both his partners were dead, and it was then that Uncle Dan! became known as one of the boldest and shrewdest operators in Wall street. He was especially interested in Harlem and Erie stock, and it was in connection with these that he fought his battles with his great rival, Vanderbilt. In the famous "Harlem corner," he got the worst of it and was compelled to pay nearly half a million of dollars into Vanderbilt's pockets, but he had his revenge for this later on in the great Erie contest.

When the Vanderbilt party had obtained control of the Hudson River, Central and Harlem lines there remained the Erie road to be overcome. They bought heavily of Erie stock in the market, and were apparently on the verge of gaining their point, when Mr. Drew made an extraordinary issue of stock, and Mr. Vanderbilt was left to sustain the market as he could. Then followed the fierce battle in the courts, in which injunctions and amuses followed each other in such quick succession that it was almost impossible to tell just what the position of affairs was. Then came another heavy issue of stock, and Judge Barnard ordered the arrest of the directors of the Erie Railway for contempt of court. Mr. Drew fled to Jersey City, with six millions of dollars in notes of which three and a half millions were paid into the Erie treasury. Then the battle in the courts was renewed, and in the midst of it a body of fifty men crossed the Pavonia Ferry and took possession of the Erie depot. The cry was raised that Commodore Vanderbilt was endeavoring to kidnap Mr. Drew, great excitement prevailed. The men employed by the railroad were organized into a military guard, and Taylor's Hotel in Jersey City looked like a general's headquarters in war time. In the mean time Mr. Drew began to grow weary of his banishment. He knew that he was mistrusted, and he mistrusted his own allies. He determined to effect a compromise. One Sunday morning he crossed the river and held a conference with Commodore Vanderbilt, and the result was a settlement. Commodore Vanderbilt was relieved of his 50,000 shares of Erie, Mr. Drew settled his accounts as treasurer of the Erie and obtained a release in full, the Eldridge party received \$4,000,000 of Erie acceptance in lieu of \$5,000,000 of Boston, Hartford and Erie bonds and Fisk and Gould were left in undisputed possession of the Erie Railway. About \$9,000,000 was drawn from the Erie treasury in the course of this settlement.

Notwithstanding the proceedings in the conflict between Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Drew there was a demand for Erie stock on foreign account, and more than a hundred thousand shares were purchased in England, during the summer. The Erie managers issued and sold 235,000 new shares of Erie stock and withdrew \$12,000,000 of currency from circulation. Mr. Drew agreed to co-operate with his former allies in this "locking up" conspiracy and to advance \$4,000,000. He could not keep step with Fisk and Gould, and finally withdrew from the combination. The process of Erie inflation went on until the stock of the company was increased one hundred and thirty-eight percentum in eight months. Mr. Drew continued to "bear" the market on his own account. Erie ran down to 38, and by the middle of November he had contracted for the delivery of 70,000 shares at current rates. Suddenly the combination ran up the stock from 40 to 50, and Mr. Drew was in the corner. By great efforts he made his contracts good, but he lost \$1,500,000, having been as he euphonescally expressed it "skinned by the boys." In 1873 he lost three quarters of a million in an encounter with Horace F. Clark and Jay Gould. "They tell me," quoth he, "Nor west's arisin'. It's riz." In 1873 he again lost heavily by the failure of Kenyon, Cox & Co., and in 1876 his schedule in bankruptcy was filed, showing liabilities amounting to \$1,000,000, and assets of little or no value.

Mr. Drew married Roxana Mead, a farmer's daughter, when he was twenty-five years old, and by her had three children, two of whom are still living. Mrs. Drew died a short time ago. Mr. Drew was a member of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church for many years. He gave large sums to various religious and educational institutions, but not always in money. He built churches at Carmel and Brewster's, in this State, founded the Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, N. J., expending \$250,000 on the buildings, increased the endowment funds of Wesleyan University and the Concord Biblical Institute, and built the Drew Seminary for Young Ladies at Carmel, N. Y., at a cost of \$250,000. The endowment fund which he created for the Theological Seminary was \$250,000, and he paid the interest on this sum, but he never gave the money outright. He added \$100,000 to the endowment fund of Wesleyan University, but neglected to do more than pay the interest. Hence these amounts appear in the list of his unsecured claims.

The personal appearance of Mr. Drew was remarkable. His face was wonderfully shrewd and sharp, but was seamed with deep lines in every direction, and had the appearance of being dried up with extreme old age. His eyes were wonderfully bright to the last, and contrasted strangely with the rest of his face. He talked with a queer drawl which imparted additional effect to many of his quaint, shrewd sayings. He loved to talk to the "boys" of "sheers" and "pints," and it is recorded that unsuspecting persons who went to him for advice often paid dearly for the privilege. Money brought him little enjoyment, but he loved it for the power and the excitement which it brought him. His personal tastes were the simplest. His experience as a drover colored his whole life, and the tastes and habits of his early life clung to him in his old age. His career is at once an illustration of what can be achieved by energy and perseverance, and of the perils which attend the stock gambler. The man who once controlled millions left the world almost as poor as he entered it.

#### WALL STREET REMINISCENCES.

The death of Daniel Drew was very generally discussed in Wall street on Saturday, especially by the older men, and many were the anecdotes related about his connection with stock speculation. At that time he began business with William St. John, at No. 65 Wall

street, under the firm name of St. John & Drew. The principal business of the firm at first was dealing in uncurrent money, which they were able to buy at a discount of two or three per centum. They held it until a favorable opportunity to sell came. In this business he had an opportunity which other dealers did not enjoy, as he was largely patronized by cattle dealers with whom he had formed an acquaintance when he controlled the Bull's Head Hotel. These men would accumulate considerable uncurrent money in their wanderings, which Drew would purchase, and he generally did so, it is said, so as to make a very fair profit on the transaction.

In fact, it is said that Mr. Drew began the business of speculating several years before he went into Wall street. About the year 1830 he became the proprietor of the Bull's Head Hotel, which was patronized almost exclusively by cattle drovers whose business was to drive cattle from the western part of the state to this market. From the time he was sixteen or seventeen years old Drew had been in this business himself and now entertained many of his former associates as his guests. While he was proprietor of the Bull's Head he began his career as a broker, buying up the claims of the drovers, who, to avoid the delay and expense of a week's sojourn in the city before they could collect their bills, were glad to sell them at a small discount.

One old broker on the street to-day related an anecdote which shows the character men had to deal with in Daniel Drew. It was when he was a director in the Erie Railway Company, and the Atlantic and Great Western Company was seeking by all means to sell out to Erie. Sir Morton Peto—who was one of the directors of the Atlantic and Great Western Road—had made a speech before the Erie directors, urging upon them the necessity of purchasing this western connection, and grew so warm that he dictatorially demanded that the purchase should be made. Mr. Drew had been sitting near the table, with his head resting on his cane. After waiting a moment to see if any of the other directors spoke, he arose and said, in his peculiar vernacular: "Mr. Chairman, I think it about time this meeting adjourned. I didn't come here to be dictated to by Sir Morton Peto nor no other sir. I move this meeting stands adjourned *sine die*," and the motion was carried.

Mr. Drew was spoken of by every one with whom the reporter spoke this morning as a liberal hearted man, and one who was very generous to a poor man or one in misfortune. It was said that one of his neighbors executed a mortgage on his farm in Drew's favor. Misfortunes overtook him and he was unable to meet the interest, but "Uncle Daniel" never pressed him. He was always ready for a contest with any one well provided with this world's goods, and was never happier than when he succeeded in getting the best of a speculation.

Daniel Drew never kept any books of his business. In fact, his early education had not fitted him for it, but he carried all his figures in his head, and his accounts were always kept very straight. One time, however, he disputed a note. He was then doing his business through the Manhattan Company Bank. A note for \$23,000 was received through another bank for collection. The funds in the Manhattan Company bank to Mr. Drew's credit lacked a small amount of this sum. He was requested to call at the bank, and when he did so was shown the note. He said the signature was not his, "He never gave no such note." A messenger was sent to the bank from which the note was received, and the man who presented the note was found. The messenger returned to the bank with this man, who said to Drew, "Don't you recollect, Mr. Drew, you gave me that note for some gas shares?" "Oh, yes, so I did," said Drew, who had in the meanwhile declared to the bank officers that the only note he had out was one given to a Methodist friend of his for some gas stock.

It was said that Daniel Drew was converted and became a member of the Methodist Church. Early in life a gentleman who was intimately associated with him in business told the reporter of the *Evening Post* than Daniel Drew was converted about forty years ago under the preaching of Elder Knapp.

#### A Deserter's Luck.

A few years ago a young soldier, a fine, athletic, manly fellow belonging to Company E, Infantry, United States army, deserted from his regiment. The cause of his action was found in the fact that he had a quarrel with his captain; he considered that the officer had grossly wronged him, and, being a man of generous impulses, he scorned to resent the wrong. For some days he bore under it; but at last, in a moment of desperation, he packed up a few articles of clothing in a pocket handkerchief and quit the camp. Fearful lest he might be apprehended and forced to undergo the degrading punishment usually meted out to army deserters, he began a wild roving career, never remaining long in one place, and very frequently concealing his name and identity. When the rush began in the Black Hills the deserter joined in and a short time after found him in that region of gold an impetuous prospector. Still he did not despair, as he thought more of his safety from arrest than of any gain of gold. One day, a few months after his arrival in the Hills, he fancied he saw a man whom he knew. Unobserved he gathered his worldly goods together and left. When the Leadville excitement broke out our hero went thither. He had become little better in worldly eyes than a tramp, and resolved, if possible, to make a stake in order to at least maintain his self-respect. After time f 'one's fa-

vors came in his way. From a poor prospector he became a mine owner, and a few months since one of his carbonate claims, which had been before abandoned by former owners, became property of immense importance in the great camp. From that time the man's fortune continued to increase, and he is to-day doing as big a business in the carbonate land as any there. His old fear has, however, been hovering over him like a pall, and of late this has been a source of intense anxiety to him. Now that wealth and position had come, he found the cares increased, and the mere thought that he was liable to arrest and imprisonment in a military prison for the odious crime of desertion led him to begin making plans to procure a pardon. To be sure, it was a most delicate task. He knew not whom to trust. He had married, and bright and beautiful children had graced his hearth. Great Heavens! if this happiness were to be dispelled now, what would he do? The thought was terrible. At last, by careful observation, he found a man of influence and standing whom he believed to be his friend, and to whom he could impart his vexatious secret with some hope of getting relief from his onerous burden. The trust was well-placed, for less than three days ago a letter was sent to the chief executive of the State, saying that the man had become an upright and substantial citizen, and asking that an influence be brought to bear upon the war office for his pardon for the military crime of years ago. So ends the tale. It is a true one, and, probably, when the Secretary of War returns the necessary documents, more will be given concerning the man and his affairs, for they are now highly interesting. There are not more than three men in the world who know who he is, to-day.

#### THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

His dear little eyes were full of tears,  
But his dear little mouth was smiling.  
With his dear little fists in his dear little eyes,  
He was really quite beguiling.

He wanted a dear little candy dog  
Which belonged to his dear little sister,  
And his father called him a dear little pig,  
Till he gave up teasing and kissed her.

He couldn't help crying a little still,  
But he felt like a dear little hero.  
Then his sister promised to give him a taste,  
And called him a dear little dear O.

#### A SOUTHERN ROMANCE.

##### A Remarkable Divorce Suit in Alabama.

Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.  
One of the many evils which characterized the institution of slavery has just been illustrated in a remarkable divorce suit. The facts in this remarkable case would form excellent ground-work for a first-class romance. In a quiet, sober community like this, such an occurrence is so unusual and extraordinary that many people were thrown into a state of confusion worse than that which scattered the tribes at the Tower of Babel.

During the late war, about the year 1863, a well-to-do family, consisting of husband, wife, and child, a daughter about 4 years of age, settled in Walker County. They stated that on account of the operations of the two armies on the North Carolina coast, where they resided, they were forced to seek a home elsewhere, and when they started from their North Carolina home Texas was their destination, but upon reaching Walker County, in that State, they found it to be a retired, peaceable, and prosperous community, and hence they concluded to settle down there. In addition to the family—John H. Reynolds, wife, and daughter, as already stated—there were several slaves. Among the latter was a handsome quadroon young woman who was maid of all work for the family. She was kindly treated, however, and most of her time was occupied in caring for Mrs. Reynolds, who was an invalid.

After the war closed Mr. Reynolds concluded to remain in Walker county, as he had secured a good farm, and was in fair circumstances considering the losses entailed upon Southern men. When Mr. Reynolds lived in North Carolina, one of his warmest and truest friends was a neighbor by the name of Henry Horton, who was also a farmer well-to-do and possessing traits which render neighbors much attached. The great desire of Reynolds was to induce his old friend to sell out his possessions in North Carolina and remove to Walker county, to assume the same relations he occupied in former days. Reynolds addressed many warm gushing letters to Horton, describing the beauties, the riches, and bright prospects of Walker county. There was a farm near that would suit him exactly, and if the latter did not have money enough to purchase it, Reynolds would assist him. Finally Horton yielded to the importunities of his old friend, sold out his property in North Carolina, and with his wife and son removed to Walker county, where he purchased a farm a short distance from where Reynolds resided. Being thus settled down once more as old neighbors and friends, things went smoothly, and prosperity smiled upon the two houses. Mark Horton, the son, and Jessie Reynolds, the daughter, went to school together in the neighboring village, and as the years wore on they grew up to manhood and womanhood fondly attached to each other—a fact which gave the greatest satisfaction to Reynolds. His wife had died about the time the War closed, and his daughter, being his only child, retained all his affection, and he lavished upon her every luxury the heart could wish. The quadroon woman remained with the family, while the other slaves scattered and found new homes when the close of the War brought their freedom.

When the time came for Jessie Reynolds to quit the village school and finish her education at college, her father sought an interview with Mr. Horton, and lost no time in broaching the subject of the future marriage of Mark Horton

and his daughter. He reminded the old man of the many years' friendship that had existed between them, and how happy he would be to have the son of his dear friend and neighbor wed his only daughter, who had now grown into a beautiful young lady, the belle of the country for miles around, the envy of the young ladies thereabouts, and the most popular girl to be found in the county. Mr. Horton liked Jessie and so informed her father. But he thought both her and his son to young to enter into matrimony. He desired his son to make a mark in the world before matrimony. It was finally agreed however that Jessie should go to college a year, and Mark should do the same. Upon their return should they desire to marry, the parents would interpose no objections. The young people were sent to college—one in Kentucky and the other in New Jersey. When they returned from their collegiate studies they became infatuated with each other on sight. Three months thereafter there was a wedding at the Reynold mansion, which proved to be one of the grandest affairs of the kind that had ever been witnessed in that section. The loving pair were made man and wife under the happiest and most promising auspices. Each was the heir to a comfortable home and good income. All the neighbors thought that this match was the most appropriate they had known, and everybody predicted happiness and prosperity to the newly-married pair. The father of Mark presented him with a nice farm, and the father of Jessie had a splendid residence built for them. After a brilliant honeymoon, Mark Horton and his beautiful young wife concluded to settle down on the farm which had been given to them, and Mark determined to adopt farming as his business. Prosperity smiled upon them, and in due time a son was born upon them—an event which was celebrated with great eclat, and which brought unusual joy to the parents. In the midst of all this happy condition of things the whole neighborhood was thrown into a state of utter confusion by the report that Mark Horton had separated from his wife, and that he had filed a bill for divorce, alleging that a fraud had been perpetrated upon him in the marriage; that his wife had *negro blood* in her veins, and that, therefore, the marriage was null and void. There were hundreds of rumors, some ridiculous, many malicious, and the remainder about as near the truth as is usual in such cases. The houses of Reynolds and Horton were in a flutter, and were closed to all outsiders. The case has just been decided, and the facts are substantially as follows: During the war...

...wife Jessie was her daughter, that she was the illegitimate child of Reynolds, and that the secret which had so long been kept was the cause of the death of Mr. Reynolds' wife, who grieved herself into an early grave on account of the fraud which Reynolds was practicing in palming off Jessie as his legitimate daughter. The woman informed Mr. Horton that Jessie knew nothing of these facts; that she was perfectly innocent and believed herself the legitimate daughter of Reynolds. She stated that Jessie was born in Wilmington, N. C., after Reynolds had married, and he notified his wife that she must adopt the child as her own and rear it as such. He threatened both his wife and the mother of the child with death should they divulge the facts. Mrs. Reynolds died broken-hearted after years of grief and shame.

Mark Horton, after hearing the story of the quadroon woman, at once went to Reynolds and confronted him with the facts. The latter did not deny the statement of the woman but told Horton that he had better remain silent, as any exposure would bring shame on both families. But Horton belonged to an old-fashioned, high-bred family, and pride was his most striking characteristic. He notified Reynolds that he would send Jessie back to him, with their child, and that he would at once apply for a divorce. He then went back to his home, called Jessie into a private apartment, and there told her the story of the quadroon woman, who was then dying as he repeated the words she had spoken to him.

The wife was struck with terror and could not utter a word. She acted for a while as if she was bereft of her senses. When she became composed she found herself and child in her father's house. She at once became an object of pity and sympathy. She will see no one, and passes her time locked in her room with her child.

This exposure broke up the Horton family, the old man selling out and returning to North Carolina, and Mark having left a few days since for California—after the Court had declared the marriage void because of fraud. Reynolds is endeavoring to dispose of his property, intending also to leave the country. He is blamed by everybody for the misery he has brought upon his unhappy daughter and the Hortons. He attempted to induce his daughter to contest the divorce suit, but she was not in a condition to appear in court. The case brought together the largest crowd ever gathered in Walker County.