OSAGE VALLEY BANNER.

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THE BROKEN BARS.

The broken bars upon the foot-path lie
That leads across the upland, o'er whose brows
At evening the home-returning cows
In long procession used to wander by.
A little maiden, with a fawn-like eye,
And quick light feet, toward the old farm-house
Drove the slow herd, that still would pause to browse
Upon the sweet grass standing ankle-high.
Now, all is changed; the bars are always down;
No tinkling bells come sounding o'er the hill;
Upon the lonely place the sun and stars
See nothing but the tall grass thin and brown;
And naught is heard save that the whip-poor-will
Pipes his sad note above the broken bars.
—*A. K. Haven, in Harper's Magazine.*

'FORTY-NINE.

The Remarkable Year of the Present Century—March of the Argonauts—Their Sufferings Crossing the Plains—Pioneer Justice—Rude But Tender Mercy—Chivalry.

WHILE the real Argonauts of 1848 were wandering among the hills and gulches that flank the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, armed with pan, spoon and butcher-knife, testing the scope and capabilities of the gold mines, the news of the discovery was speeding on its way to the Eastern States by two routes simultaneously. It reached the frontier of Missouri and Iowa by the Mormon scouts and roving trappers about the same time that vessels sailing round Cape Horn took it to New York and Boston; which was in the late autumn of 1848. The first reports, repeatedly confirmed and enlarged upon, threw the whole country into the wildest excitement. In the City of New York and the extreme Western States the fever was hottest. The year 1849 was in some other respects the most remarkable year of the present century. It found France a Republic, with a Bonaparte President by popular election. All Germany was in armed revolt against kingcraft. Hungary was in rebellion against the Austrian Emperor. There was revolt in Lombardy against the Austrian yoke; in Naples and Palermo against the King of the two Sicilies. The people forced the rulers of Tuscany, Modena and Parma to grant Constitutions. There was rank revolution in Ireland under the lead of Smith O'Brien, Mitchell and Meagher. The Chartists were seriously moving in England for universal suffrage. Fierce war raged in Northern Italy between the Italians and Austria; and the year opened with storm clouds, social and political, visible all over the Old World. Cholera, that frightful contribution of Asia to modern Europe, more terrible than the ancient plague, was raging on the continent and advancing toward America, where the terrors it inspired in 1832-3 were soon to be redoubled in a grand harvest of death and desolation throughout the cities and towns of the Mississippi Valley, and all along the thoroughfares (as yet hardly explored), to the shores of the Pacific. The extreme western limit of the white settlements in 1849 was the States of Missouri, Iowa and the Territory of Minnesota. Beyond that there lay a *terra incognita* known as "Missouri Territory" and the "Indian Territory" south of it. Between the lines of Iowa and Missouri and the Rocky Mountains there were not, all told, over five hundred whites. What few there were included missionaries among the Delawares and Shawnees, Wyandottes, Pottowattomies, Senecas, Osages, and Indian agents with their assistants and servants at the various agencies. The Pawnees were still a formidable tribe. The wigwams of the Sioux and the hunting camps of the Comanches lined the Platte, Arkansas, Missouri and their tributary streams for hundreds of miles in what is now the richest and most productive agricultural regions of Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, and Dakota, with its population of more than two millions.

The people of the frontier States were in that happiest of all earthly conditions — without wealth, without poverty—a community of small farmers and traders. There were then no large towns. St. Louis was a place of 55,000. Chicago was of less importance than Sacramento or Omaha now, and Kansas City contained a few log huts and some 300 population. The National census, completed a year later, gave Iowa less than 200,000 and Minnesota but 6,000 white inhabitants. Twenty miles out from Council Bluffs and forty from Independence brought the hunter to the buffalo range. Beyond that toward the setting sun stretched a limitless prairie far on and on into what was then supposed to be a "desert," and so marked on the maps, but what is now proved to be a very fertile part of the continent, sloping gradually upward toward the Black Hills and the Rocky range, where it is watered by innumerable clear, cold streams from the heights of everlasting snow. Through this unexplored wilderness lay the routes (for there were several) of the grand army of California pioneers that assembled along the banks of the Missouri from early in March to late in May, 1849. They represented all classes, all States and Nations, all trades, callings and professions; but not all ages. Out of every hundred it would have been hard to pick one man over forty; and to every five hundred men there was hardly one woman. There were young fellows of twenty, fresh from college, young lawyers, young doctors, young preachers, young farmers, young invalids. Some were in wagons by pairs, trios, quartets; some mounted on mules, ponies or horses, with an extra animal to pack the necessary provisions; and some few were bold and hardy enough to undertake the adventure afoot, trusting to the rifle for their supplies. One of these latter, an Irishman, carrying a pack heavy enough to have killed a mule in a fortnight, was picked up on the Platte four hundred and fifty miles out from St. Jo, and brought through in a train as far as Thousand Springs Valley, where he was expelled for misconduct. He worked his way on foot to Sacramento, and, after accumulating $5,000 in the mines, returned to a Western city, where he became an Alderman and a capitalist, with millions at his command. He was last seen on the road near the sink of the Humboldt, cutting the throat of a mired horse and feeding himself upon choice bits of the carcass. The passage from the Missouri to the Sacramento occupied from one hundred to one hundred and thirty days. Generally the provision was made for but ninety days, and this mistake caused a scarcity of supplies. The cholera followed the trail, as plague pursues the pilgrims to Mecca, and the graves of its victims were thicker than mile-stones on the highway. There was no time for a waste of sympathy on the dead or tenderness on the dying. They were buried in haste, without stone or epitaph to mark the spot, and hunger or fear of the pestilence hurried the survivors of the train with all possible speed. The aggregate of the grand army has been variously estimated at from 50,000 to 80,000. The latter number is perhaps nearest the mark. The first arrivals were as early as July. The main body came in from the 10th to the 25th of August. They all headed for Sutter's fort (Sacramento). But during the winter and spring preceding their coming the discoveries in El Dorado County had extended from Colomo along the American, Weber Creek, Mathenas Creek and Hangtown Creek, as far eastward as Weavertown (now as much a lost place as Babylon or Nineveh) and Hangtown, now known as Placerville. These towns or camps are directly on the line of route from Carson Valley to Sacramento, and thousands of the grand army stopped and tried their fortunes there. In the spring of 1850 the County of El Dorado contained a greater population than San Francisco or Sacramento, nine-tenths of it being engaged at placer mining.

There was no organized civil Government on the American plan till the 13th of November, 1849, when Peter H. Burnett was elected Governor and John McDougall Lieutenant-Governor.

Among the Argonauts chivalrous respect for woman was carried to the utmost extremity, and often to the ludicrous; as a single instance will explain. In the spring and summer of 1850 some two hundred miners, nearly all Americans, were working on one of the many "dry creeks" in the foot-hills, forty-five to fifty miles to the eastward of the Sacramento valley. They were "doing well," that is, those who worked faithfully ten or eleven hours a day were making from $16 to $20, out of which they had to pay expenses—say three to four dollars a day—for wear and tear of tools, clothes, board, medicines, etc.; every miner in those times washing his own shirts and underclothing, which were of gray, blue or red flannel. They lived in cabins by groups of twos, threes, fours and fives. One day a cart, to which a single old cow was harnessed, drove up to the trading-post in the neighborhood. A slouchy-looking "Pike" was the driver. In the curious craft sat a very plain-looking and sadly-dejected woman, holding in her lap an infant child. In less than fifteen minutes a crowd of fifty or sixty young men collected about the cart. Most of them had not seen a woman for six months. Eager inquiries were showered upon the strangers. "What are you going to do?" "Where are you from?" "Will you not stop here? If you will we will build you a house, furnish it, set you up with a supply of grub, and all come and board at your house." The offer was gladly accepted, with such rude thanks as honest ignorance can master. In less than six months after this event "Pike," his wife and baby departed from that camp on a stage and six, and in fine style, with a purse of $6,000. They returned to the Western States, and were never again heard of by their benefactors. The slightest insult to a woman was resented on the spot without regard to her character, education or condition. The man who cheated a woman in his board or wash bill was treated as a thief and driven out of camp as a pariah. There are unrecorded deeds of mercy and charity done in those early days, the simple truth of which would shame all dramatic effort. Mr. and Mrs —— were among the early arrivals by the Panama route. They had opportunities of doing well at San Francisco and Stockton; but the husband had started for "the mines," and, like thousands of others, he could not be satisfied short of seeing them. He possessed the instincts, education and manners of a gentleman. The wife, a delicate, warm-hearted, intelligent and very motherly little New England woman, was in all respects fit to be the friend and companion of such a man. They brought their only child—a girl of five or six years, as beautiful as a fawn, and the pet of the family circle, which was soon enlarged by boarders. Mr. —— was physically unable to work in the mines. Mrs. —— cheerfully supported him in his illness (Panama fever), hoping for his ultimate recovery, which never came. Within a month or six weeks after his arrival he died, and the Argonauts kindly and tenderly laid him away in his eternal rest. The brave-hearted wife attended to her duties as usual, until one morning little Ella's flushed cheek and languid expression indicated that she, too, was wanted on the other side of the river. Night and day the mother hung over the fading form of her darling, alternately hoping, fearing, despairing. And night and day the Argonauts gathered about to cheer, comfort, assist and encourage. At last the supreme hour came, and the sweet little flower that had delighted and humanized the rough natures of so many homeless, childless and wifeless men closed its leaves and faded away into a memory. With little Ella's death the light of life perished from the eyes and heart of the mother. Her utter loneliness and melancholy was sadder than death itself. She was left in destitute circumstances. The miners divined as much, and in less than a fortnight after the burial of the child the widowed mother was started on her way back to her New England home with $1,000 and a through ticket in her purse. This is but one instance of thousands. The demands upon benevolence were frequent and always pressing, but the Argonauts, though their avarice must be conceded, albeit among the meanest of passions, brought hearts with them which on occasion could glow with all the warmth of a California summer sun.

It has gone abroad with the brand of popular indorsement that there is for literature in the annals and traditions of early life in this State nothing worth contributing but humor of the broadest and lowest type. This is a grave misjudgment of the case; and no man familiar with the inner life of those times will assent to it. There was, to be sure, a humorous and a ridiculous, mocking side to it; but by comparison with the serious, earnest, dramatic side, it is as the laughing rill to the mighty river. Every camp, bar, ravine, which has materially helped to swell the volume of gold produced here since January 19, 1848, has been the scene of a tragedy, and no considerable civilized State has ever, in so short a time, yielded as large a harvest of blighted hopes, broken hearts, crushed ambitions and family ties severed as this. Our humor, like that of the "Fool," in King Lear, in the main derives its inspiration from calamity, and has a touch of the grim mockery of a grinning skeleton. The "North American Pie-Biter," who is the hero of Mark Twain's inimitable "Jumping Frog" story, if the truth be told of him, had a history as sad as the cry of a wounded curlew.—*San Francisco Call.*

JACQUES OFFENBACH, the opera-bouffe composer who died recently at Paris, was born of Jewish parents at Cologne, Germany, on the 21st of June, 1819, and was therefore sixty-one years old. The bright and sparkling music of his operas is familiar to lovers of amusements in every city of this country and Europe, his best known works perhaps being, "La Grande Duchess," "La Belle Helene" and "Barbe Bleu." His latest and last work, "La Fille du Tambour Major," met with great success in London and Paris, and is now being played in New York at two theaters in French and in English.

A DUEL has just been fought at Moulins, France, between Messrs. Hadre and Beaudoux, and at the first pass the latter ran on to his adversary's sword and fell dead at the feet of the Prefect of the town, who was quietly looking on at the sport, but, according to the reporter, was unable to prevent the suicide being accomplished.

THE Burns Monument Trustees, of Ayr, Scotland, have completed the purchase of the cottage in which Robert Burns was born. The building has hitherto been used as a public house. It is to be converted into a museum, in which relics of the poet will be gathered together. The price of the house and ground was $20,000.

A COMPANY of Chinese bought a placer mine at French Gulch, Shasta County, Cal., this year, for $6,000, and have taken out enough to pay for it already.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

MISS BRADDON'S new novel is entitled "Just as I Am."

RHODA BROUGHTON has been making studies in Oxford, England, for a novel of university life.

THE number of volumes in the National Library of Paris is 2,078,000, and in the British Museum only 1,000,000.

GEORGE MACDONALD'S next novel is to be called "Mary Marston," and it will illustrate certain interesting phases of modern English life.

THE population of what is known as the Gunnison country is now as large as the entire white population of Colorado when the Denver-Pacific was built.

EMPRESS Elizabeth of Austria, styled "the first Amazon of the world," is about to receive, it is said, the title of honorary Colonel of a regiment of Russians Uhlans.

EMMA ABBOTT told a Chicago reporter—so he says—that she is one of the strongest and healthiest women ever born, and never has any pain from her head to her toes.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL, the American playwright, called on Mr. Carlyle in Scotland, and is said to have found the latter distinguished gentleman engaged in killing a rat with a poker.

PROF. TYNDALL is announced to deliver an address before the Glasgow Sunday Society, whose object is to secure the opening of museums, art-galleries, libraries and gardens on the first day of the week. Prof. Tyndall is the President of the institution.

ELISHA BLISS, JR., who lately died at Hartford, Conn., made a fortune by discovering the fun of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" while the work was in manuscript. Twain had tried in vain to secure a publisher, and was about to throw the matter aside in despair when a journalist friend sent him to Bliss, who was the President of a subscription book company.

LUCY LARCOM writes to the Marblehead (Mass.) *Messenger* that her poem, "Hannah Binding Shoes," had no real foundation in fact; that she knew many Hannahs in Beverly but none in Marblehead, and that the poem was suggested by the glimpse of a woman sitting at a window binding shoes, which she had on a drive through Swampscott, Marblehead and Salem.

AN autobiography of Lady Bulwer has lately appeared in London, which, if it be not suppressed, is likely to make a sensation. It is a long story of alleged abuses on the part of the late and the present Lord Lytton, and abounds in the most violent language. It is said to contain a very gross and unladylike attack on the Queen, and to be variously improper and not to be endured. But all this, of course, will make everybody want to read it.

HUMOROUS.

THE man who will convince a tinsmith that two joints of stove-pipe of exactly the same size won't go together as easy as grease has a medal awaiting him in this locality.—*Exchange.*

ANOTHER poet comes forward and says: "And I hear the hiss of a scorching kiss." Beats all what a man can hear if he is only mean enough to listen.—*New Haven Register.*

AND right in the middle of an important campaign, women are unpatriotic enough to insist that the country shall remain unsaved while a stove is put up in the sitting room.—*Lockport Union.*

BJORNSON BJAERNSON, the Swedish novelist, is in the country. His name is pronounced B-yernstyairneh B-yernsohn, so it will be seen that it is as easily pronounced as spelled.—*Boston Post.*

NOW THAT the coming frosts will soon ripen the nut crop every newspaper should warn its readers against eating chestnuts in the dark. It is not only unwise, but it is cruelty to insects.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

A BABY can put its rosy little toe in its mouth more easily than its father can, but when it comes to putting the whole foot in it, the man of years and experience can discount the baby half a hundred and then run out.—*Hawkeye.*

ONE of our landlords writes his own bills of fare, in order to save a printer's bill. The last one announces: "Codley, supe, roste befe, fride hamm, boyled and bakt pertaters, fride could puddon, mins pyes, mutting chops, veele culverts, hasch and crusified chickens."—*Tyrone (Pa.) Times.*

THEY can instantaneously photograph an express train going at sixty miles an hour, so that it looks, smoke and all, as if it were taken at a stand-still. And yet they can't, or won't, photograph a man sitting in a chair without screwing his head round in a vise like a movable doll, and keeping him looking at a smudge on the wall till his lip drops and his eyes water, and the pleasant little speech he meant to think about, just to hold the expression, goes maundering through his head like the ghost of a homeless echo. Every "photographer's studio" must be at least twenty years behind time. Why is it?—*Boston Post.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

THE too common practice of covering lawns with manure in the autumn, making them look like barn-yards in most cases, does more harm than good.

TO SOFTEN the skin if rough, rub clarified honey vigorously into the parts affected, each time after washing, and allow it to remain for at least an hour. Then rub off with cold cream.

INDIAN PUDDING.—Stir five spoonfuls of Indian meal into three pints of boiling milk, add little salt, four well-beaten eggs, one cup sugar, teaspoonful of ginger. Bake three hours; one hour before taking out add one pint of milk without stirring.

TO MAKE nice biscuit, sift two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar and one of saleratus through the sieve with the flour (twice if you use a coarse sieve), then add one small tablespoonful white sugar, a mustard spoonful salt, and mix thoroughly and quick with one pint of thin cream; mold rather stiff, and cut out and bake quick.

TO CLARIFY FAT.—Cut into small pieces fat of either beef or mutton. Put into a saucepan and cover the pieces with cold water. Stir until the water boils, skim carefully and allow to boil until the water has all been discharged in vapor—the fat will then be of the color of salad oil—strain, and it will keep any length of time.

CAKE TO BE EATEN WARM FOR TEA.—Mix two teaspoonfuls of baking powder in one pound of fine flour. Rub in a quarter of a pound of butter, lard, or clarified dripping, mix in a quarter of a pound granulated sugar, a teaspoonful of ground caraway seed, grated lemon peel, or any other flavoring. When ready to bake, stir in as quickly as possible two well-beaten eggs mixed with a gill and a half of milk, or, if convenient, cream. Put into a well-buttered tin, and bake in a hot oven.

SHOEING HORSES.—The London *Live Stock Gazette* says: If the farriers or blacksmiths are anxious to do something useful at a small expense, let them publish an illustrated broadside fit for hanging in blacksmith shops, telling smiths and their masters what not to do. "Don't carve the frog; don't open the heels; don't rasp the outside of the hoof; don't cut the hoof to fit the shoe, but, after shortening the toe, if needed, fit the shoe to the foot," and so on, as common sense dictates.

TO MAKE VINEGAR.—1. Boil either corn, wheat, barley or rye, about one pint of the grain to a gallon of water, strain, and to the liquor thus obtained add sirup or sugar until pleasantly sweet. Let stand in a warm place, and you will soon have good vinegar. The stronger and sweeter the liquor the stronger will be the vinegar and the longer in making. 2. Pack in a jar the skins and cores of apples made in preparing pies and sauce, and cover with boiling water. When another lot is made, add them and more hot water till the jar is full. In warm weather set the jar in the sun, carefully covered with a cloth; in cool weather in a warm place in the house. The apples do not rot at all. In six or eight weeks the water is turned into excellent vinegar and of an amber color. No yeast, nor spirits, nor acids, nor sugar, nor molasses are needed—nothing whatever but the skins and cores and water.

GATHER THE LEAVES.—Forest leaves are excellent to supply the stable-yards, and where straw is scarce also the cow-stables and hog-pens. They can be most conveniently gathered just after falling, when there is some weight in them, or after the first snow and before the wintry blasts have scattered them. They then lay compactly, and being moist or heavy can be handled with greater facility. A cart with a few standards stuck in the sides will hold a considerable quantity; and the best thing to gather them or load them with is a wooden hand-rake; a wooden four-tined straw-fork is also very handy when the leaves are moist. Leaves absorb large quantities of the liquid manure and are an excellent fertilizer in the spring. They can be gathered too when other labor about the farm is slack.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

KEEPING ONIONS.—A Minnesota writer says, in the New York *Sun*, that he makes as deep a pit as he can with the plow for onions and cabbages in a dry, sheltered place near the house, scraping out all the loose dirt with a hoe, and putting in some chaff or straw from the straw stack, and tramping down well. Then he hauls the onions from where they grew and piles them in carefully on this, and puts more chaff on top and covers up with a foot of dirt from each side, and packs it smooth with the spade, where they can remain a part or all of the winter, or until wanted. They were quoted at $1.25 last winter and spring in Minneapolis. If they freeze it will make no difference; they will come out all right when the frost leaves the ground. Cabbages may be pulled up on a dry day and packed in the other end of the pit, roots up, and also covered with straw and dirt, when they or the onions can be taken out as wanted. The cellar is one of the worst places to keep onions or cabbages in, as it is almost always too damp or warm.—*Rural New Yorker.*