

Leaving Home.

As long as an enlightened Christian civilization is the moving power of a Nation, so long will the tenderest memories of the individual cluster around Home. Who of us have not been moved to the depths of our nature by reading, especially in our childhood, the sad partings at the threshold of life? Those of us who have spent our lives in the Northern States of America can recall the great depth of sympathy brought into being on reading the descriptions of Uncle Tom's Cabin, where the homes of childhood and manhood were broken up without mercy. The appeal came back to mankind in common, and you may say that the central thought which kept the agitation of the slavery question alive was that deep sympathy for a race of beings that could by law be forever debarred from the privileges of Home.

We are led to these thoughts by seeing the daily arrivals of men and women coming to Rugby to look for a home, or to determine for themselves whether or not they can leave the home they now possess, and attempt the formation of a new one. James Russell Lowell says in one of his quaint humorisms:

"May Day seldom looks
Up in the country as it does in books."

We never understand the value of Home until we leave it; and while we are sitting there, quietly thinking and planning how we shall find things in the new country, where we have determined to go, our own home does not seem much of a home to us, for we have been quietly thinking for the past few years about going way down in Tennessee to prospect for a new one. And we have been eager to catch every little newspaper squib relating to the country there. We have slept and dreamed on the reports of the different committees who have been sent there, until we have come to live more there than at Home. 'Tis true, we have tried to be sensible about the thing, and when we have talked with sympathizing friends, we have agreed that quite likely the pictures are overdrawn, and we do not take such a great amount of stock in those reports. Nevertheless, the fact remains, especially if we are gifted with a quick imagination, that our real self has been living the greater share of the time away down on the Cumberland table lands in Tennessee, for we have come almost unwittingly to care for no other section of country. Kansas, Dakota, Missouri, Texas, Oregon, California, even Alaska, each in their turn have been disposed of like so many loves; each have had their day. We have flirted with them all, but to Tennessee have we at last given our heart, and as soon as we can satisfactorily arrange matters we propose to give her our hand;—and, like an earnest, honest lover, we can see no faults in the one we truly love.

To some extent, at least, this picture is true, in its application to the subject in hand, and from this point we are at liberty to make some further reflections, relating to the general facts and fancies of the colonist; for, like the ardent lover, when he comes to marry, he awakes to find that his darling does not always comb her hair, and put on a clean collar before breakfast; and, small as the omission is, it brings a pang of regret. So with these thoughts in view it is easy to see that, however closely we watch ourselves, we have really set our heart upon the section we have determined to visit, and, whether we will or no, we must be prepared for some disappointment. And if the pioneer will sit right down, before leaving his present home, and think the whole matter all over in the light of his present home—think of all the disagreeable things in his own county, town, neighborhood, and even in his own household—for, at the best, we are all filled to overflowing with the petty cares and annoyances of this life—and say, calmly to himself, *Now, wherever I go, I must, to a great extent, take all these cares and annoyances with me*, then he will, like a true philosopher, be prepared to see things in their true light. So when he starts from his home across the sea, or on the hillside, or plains of America, he will be prepared for a long, tedious, tiresome ride

along the country, and will know that one nice stretch of country, with its nice cleared farms, and bright painted houses, and ample and inviting stock barns, is but a repetition of another, and that it has taken two hard-working generations to bring all this to perfection; and no matter what he desires about them, he cannot possess them—his purse is not long enough for that—and the probable life he has before him is too short to fill it—and remembering his own hard-working days, and the toils of his father before him, he will say: Well, after all, the people who live in these fine places are not much happier than we; but they do not seem to be such slaves to their circumstances and surroundings as we are; and if I can go down in Tennessee and find there some good people, some cheap land, an easier climate to live in, so that, by the same hard work that I am now obliged to give for a living, I can make a gain on the life I am now living, it will be worth the while. And so, as you go along your tiresome journey across the great, broad, agricultural State of Ohio, and come into the great, smoky, smutty-faced Queen City of the South-west, you will be prepared in your mind to say: Well, sure enough, she is Queen in many respects; but I'm glad now I did not let my imagination run away with me, and think of her in purple and jewels. And when, at half past eight o'clock the next morning, you take the long ride of the Eighth street horse-cars, way down to the outer edge of the city, to find the Cincinnati Southern Railway Depot, you will say: Well, I thought all the time that, Queen City though she thinks she is, she is yet too selfish to accommodate the traveling public with a Union Depot. And as the train draws up for you, and you see at a glance the staunch built cars and locomotive that is to take you to your dream-land, and as you move on and on, you will say: Well, I can afford to forget and forgive the absence of the Union Depot; yes, and remember no more the soiled garments of the Queen, when she has been able to so influence her subjects as to literally cause them to so far forget SELF as to take their axes, shovels, picks, hoes, and their "wonder-working tools," and commence by spanning the yellow waters of the Ohio with trusses of iron, and across valley and plain, over the deep gorges of the Kentucky River, cutting through the sharp ridge of lower Kentucky, and into the mountains, bridging gorge after gorge, and piercing with tunnel after tunnel the rugged wilderness of Tennessee, out into the valley and over the sleepy waters of the Tennessee River, three hundred and thirty-five miles to the growing Southern City of Chattanooga. Wonderful achievement! you think. And who will now arise to question the right of Cincinnati to be crowned Queen City of the West, or doubt the loyalty of her subjects?

But what we are thinking most about, and what we want to suggest is, that while you are whirling down through the mountains so wild, and all is so new and strange, as you see the little log huts way down in the narrow valleys below, and you see the lonesome looking men and women standing in the small doorways, and listless looking children gaze after the flying train, you think: Well, now! is this the land of my day-dreams? or do I still dream? or is this all a piece of my own waywardness? Have I brought myself out and away from the land of promise and down in the wilderness? And while you are thus wandering amid the ruins of your own thoughts, the pleasant conductor calls out "Sedgemoor!" and you hustle yourself out just at dusk to the platform, into a small shelter station, standing alone in the wilderness. The first thing that strikes you is, that the station is planted in a beautiful little valley, with plenty of just the right size hill-tops and slopes, upon which to build up a nice little manufacturing village, and you wish you had been the first one to discover and buy it, and had all the lots sold and the money in your pocket, and was to take the return train for home, to settle down for life and comfort. Then you think: Well, why should I not come right here, just as our grandfathers came to our town, and buy up a few acres, start a small

wood-working business, or go to keeping a store, and commence anew with the town, and let the children grow up, and get all the advantages of the rise in land, or the disadvantages of living in a new country? What better are we than they? Your air castles are borne away on the evening breeze by a stout "All aboard for Rugby!" and you find yourself and satchel facing a strong Kentucky four-mule team, hitched to a twelve-seated Robinson spring-wagon, and away you clatter for the New Rugby. Up a pleasant rise, of fifty to one hundred feet, you come to where the nice houses of the growing village of Sedgemoor will soon stand, and you commence your truly "winding way" to the village. Woods! woods! woods! Up and down the easiest, shortest, prettiest grades that a wagon ever rolled over—seven miles—down on to a heavy timbered, modern built bridge, crossing a dark, deep cut, narrow stream, with blue-green waters breaking and murmuring in the deep abyss below. Up a sharp, rocky pitch of a macadamized hill, on to one of the prettiest of table plateaux, cut into by ravines, short and long, shallow and deep, in all directions, and you come to what will soon be one of the most picturesque villages in America.

Now that we are here on the spot, our "day-dreams" take wings and fly away, and leave us face to face with the stern realities of life. We see by the flickering lights, from board cabins and shelter tents, that we are in the village, and in a few minutes the mules draw up in front of a brilliantly lighted cottage hotel, and mine host, Herbert of the "Tabard," is quickly at the front to give you cordial "Welcome to Rugby." You are ushered into a warm waiting-room, not wholly free from the odors of the pipe of peace, and, when ready, into a cozy dining-room, pleasantly warmed with an open wood fire. A generous supply of good things, and the pleasant faces and cheery voices of the roomful of Anglo-Americans all around you, soon restore you to your former self, and you say again: Well, after all, perhaps, I have just fallen into the niche that nature designed for me. A night of sweet repose brings you refreshed to the threshold of another day, and, perhaps, to an entire new era in your life. As you step out into the open morning air to catch the first glimpse, and form your first impressions, of The New Rugby, we will, by your leave, part company, with permission to gather up the fragments that may remain, and place them before our readers in another number.

It is quite natural that the people of Rugby should take special pride in the Cincinnati Southern Railway—their self-interest alone would and should prompt them to do so. But apart from that, we feel it one of our privileges, as a journalist, to call the attention of the general traveling public to the superior accommodations and appointments of this road. Right straight through, from end to end, we challenge any person in the United States to produce any line of three hundred and thirty-five miles in length showing better track, rolling-stock, or management, from brakemen to President. We speak thus emphatically, because it has long been a confirmed opinion with us that the present corporate stock management of the railway system of the United States is defective in principle, while the stock managers, on their part, have insisted that no road owned and controlled by the people, and run by managers in trust, could ever be successful. To a great extent the present good management of the Cincinnati Southern is satisfactorily answering these questions; and we sincerely hope that there may yet be some change effected that will enable the people of the city of Cincinnati to retain their ownership of the "Southern," and empty its earnings into their city treasury forever, and thereby prove to the world that "the people" have the power to compel honest management in all matters under their control.

DR. AGNEW'S interesting letter will be published in our next.

A. J. Ransom.

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