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POETRY.

The Farmer King.

BY GEO. W. BUNYAN.

The farmer sat in his old arm chair,
Rosy and fair,
Contented there.
"Kate, I declare,"
He said to his wife, who was sitting near,
"We need not fear
The hard times here,
Though the leaf of life is yellow and sere."

"I'm the King and you are the Queen
Of this fair scene,
These fields of green
And gold between.
These cattle grazing upon the hill,
Taking their fill,
And sheep so still,
Like many held by a single will."

"These barnyard fowls are our subjects all;
They heed the call,
And like a squall
On fast will fall,
Wherever we scatter for them the grain.
'Tis not in vain
We live and reign
In this our happy and calm domain."

"And the days be dim or thin,
In rain and shine,
These lands of mine
These fields of thine,
In cloudy shade and in sunny glow,
Will overflow
With crops that grow,
When gold is high and when it is low.

"Un vexed with shifting of stocks and shares,
And bulls and bears,
Strifes and cares,
And the affairs
Of speculation in mart and street,
In this retreat
Sweet peace can meet,
With plenty on her rural beat."

A Centennial Romance.

The Louisville Journal tells the story of ninety-nine years ago! Sunday, July 14th, 1773, just when the rudely constructed fort at Boonsborough lay in drowsy stillness on the banks of the Kentucky river, Daniel Boone and his associate, Richard Callaway, had been absent since early in the morning, and the good wives, sharers in the toils of the early pioneer days, were enjoying the rest that the Sabbath brought even to the unbroken wilderness. In the grateful shade of the tree in one corner of the enclosure sat three young girls, just blooming into womanhood, and giving an unwonted charm to the rough evidence of civilization which had but recently forced themselves upon the primitive harmony of the surrounding scenery. The eldest of these maidens was Elizabeth Callaway.

The other girls were younger by two years, and differed from her in appearance. Fanny Callaway was fairer than her sister Betsy, but not more pleasing in appearance. The third girl, Jemima Boone, was also naturally fair, and like Fanny, owed whatever fairness she may have lost to constant exposure to the weather. Nor were these younger maidens without their fancies, too, for the

wilderness matures its occupants rapidly, and though but fourteen years counted the lives of the two girls, each had a lover who was a hardy and bold pioneer, and ready to encounter any danger for his lady love.

As evening drew near, the last lingering breath of air seemed to lull itself to rest, and the July heat seemed to become still more oppressive—the quick ear of one of the girls caught the sound of the river as its subdued murmur floated up over the bank, and she proposed that they should go a short distance below the fort to where a canoe was lying, drift out upon the bosom of the river, and catch the rising coolness of the evening waters.

Hardly were they seated and prepared to push from the shore, when they detected a slight rustle in the brush, and in a moment more five stalwart and hideously painted Indians leaped to the side of the canoe and pulled it close to the shore. What girl of sixteen could be equal to such an emergency? It was here that the true heroine displayed herself. It was here that the sentimental girl, who had just been dreaming of her absent lover, and wandering through the realms of maiden fancy with love-sick girls like herself, in an instant converted herself into the daring and hardy woman of the frontier; it was here that Betsy Callaway, without a moment's hesitation, determined to defend the honor and the lives of herself and her young companions, and wrote her name in the annals of Kentucky. Standing erect in the canoe, she seized the paddle and at a single blow laid open to the bone the head of the foremost Indian. The other Indians pressed on, but still undaunted, the brave girl fought them with the ferocity of a mother protecting her young. Finally exhausted, she sank to the bottom of the canoe, and with her trembling sister and friend was dragged ashore and hurried off to meet whatever fate might be in store for them.

The consternation of the fort can well be imagined. The fathers of the girls soon returned, and before the night closed in, Daniel Boone at the head of a party on foot, and Richard Callaway, at the head of a party on horseback, were off in pursuit. In Boone's party were Samuel Henderson, John Holder and Flanders Callaway. What gave these youths such determined looks and made them press on so eagerly?—Was it only a kindly spirit that prompted them to the rescue of forlorn and captured damsels? Ah! as Samuel Henderson stole along he was thinking of the olive-cheeked heroine, Betsy Callaway; and John Holder clenched his hands and ground his teeth when he thought of poor, little, frightened Fanny; and Flanders Callaway almost forgot his kith and kin for thinking of his captured Jemima Boone.

When the Indians started with the girls they made the young ones take off their shoes and put on moccasins, but Betsy refused to take off her shoes and as she walked along she ground her heel into

the soil to leave a trail. Noticing this, the Indians made the whole party walk and deviate from the course, so as

to water and destroy the trail. Then the undaunted Betsy broke off twigs and dropped them along the road, never doubting for a moment that her father and lover would soon be in hot pursuit of them; and when the savages threatened her with uplifted tomahawks if she persisted in this, she secretly tore off portions of her dress and dropped them on the road.

Boone's party soon found the trail and followed it rapidly, fearing that the girls might grow weary and be put to death. All Sunday night and Monday the pursuit was kept up. On Tuesday morning a slender column of smoke was seen in the distance, and the experienced eye of the hunter at once detected the camp of the Indians. A serious difficulty now presented itself. How were the captives to be rescued without giving the captors time to kill them?

There was but little time for reflection, as the Indians must soon discover their presence. The white men were sure shots, and so they picked their men, fired upon them and rushed into the camp to the rescue. At that moment of attack the girls were sitting at the foot of a tree, Betsy with a red bandanna handkerchief thrown over her head, while the heads of Fanny and Jemima were reclining in her lap. Betsy's olive complexion came near serving her a bad turn at this juncture for one of the rescuing party coming suddenly upon her mistook her for an Indian, and was about to knock her brains out with the butt of his rifle when a friendly hand intervened and saved the girl from meeting her death at that moment when she saw liberty within her reach.

The fathers and gallants carried their loved ones home in triumph, and this romance of real life in Kentucky a century ago would not be completed without the information that the dreams of love and happiness that were so cruelly disturbed ninety-nine years ago this summer day were subsequently all realized. Brave Betsy Callaway became Mrs. Samuel Henderson, and lived to tell the story of her capture to her children and her children's children. Little Fanny became Mrs. John Holder, and Flanders Callaway took to his home Miss. Jemima Boone, and thus cemented the friendly ties of the Boones and the Callaways. It is a long time ago, nigh on to a hundred years, and all the actors in the romance have long since departed; but their memory is green with many of us yet, and we can all well afford to give a few thoughts to the event that marked their characters and the times in which they lived and loved.

A conscientious farmer in Lewiston, Me., wiped the mud from his cart wheels before permitting his load of hay to go on the scales to be weighed. But such men are never sent to the Legislature.

Christian Shirks,

A SHORT SENTINEL SERMON.

What trivial excuses serve to keep Christians from attending the public services of God's house. "Forsooth not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is," said the inspired apostle of the Gentiles. And yet see them, hear them! Going to church to day? No. Why? It's too cold or too hot, too damp or too dusty, too windy or too sultry, too this or too that, too anything, everything or nothing, but the right thing.

But let a circus with its vulgar clowns and bare legged somersaulters come along and rain or shine, dust, mud, snow, hail, or ~~twinkling stars~~, these delicate Christians will be there to let their children see the animals! No trifling inconvenience of weather ever keeps them from attending to their daily business or their pleasures. Chopping, hauling, selling, shopping, picnicking, party-going; they never fail, in storm or calm, to put in a prompt appearance at them all. But the moment Sunday dawns, each mole-hill on the road to the church becomes a mountain, and each mole a lion. Why is this? Is Sunday heat any hotter, Sunday cold any colder, Sunday wet any wetter, Sunday dust any dustier, or Sunday wind any wilder, than that of any other day? What amount of Sunday exposure would prove fatal to an able-bodied Christian, upon whom all the rage of the week-day elements is spent in vain? Turn out, turn out, ye worship-dodging servants of the Living God. Away with your honeyfudging pretenses and apologies for laziness and indifference. When Jehovah spreads his bounteous feasts, Sunday after Sunday, in ten minutes walk of your homes, will you starve your immortal souls to save the blacking on your boots from the mud, or the flowers on your flimsy bonnets from a few drops of rain? Death will hardly postpone his call on account of the weather; and you may have to take your last ride cemetery-ward, in an hour of storm and cloud. You can't go to Heaven under an umbrella. Fair-weather Christians, who only attend church when the day is bright and their clothes are new, will be apt to land, in eternity, where it's always hot and dry.—Ral. Sentinel.

A Practical Explanation.

"Charley! what is osculation?"
"Osculation, Jenny, dear,
Is a learned expression queer,
For a nice sensation.
I put my arm, thus, round your waist,
This is approximation;
You need not fear—
There's no one here—
Your lips quite near—I then—"—
"Oh, dear!"
"Jenny, that's osculation!"

Turned Round.

A young sprig of a doctor met at a convivial party several larks, who were bent on placing in his hat a very large brick, or, in plain language, to make him gloriously drunk, which they accomplished about 10 o'clock at night. The poor doctor insisted on going, and the party accompanied him to the stable, to assist him to mount his horse; which they at length did with his face to the animal's tail.

"Hallo," said the doctor, after feeling for the reins, "I am inside out on my horse, or face behind, I don't know which—something wrong anyhow."

"So you are," exclaimed one of the wags, "just get off, doctor, and we will put you on right."

"Get off!" hiccapped the doctor, "no you don't. Just turn the horse round, and it will all come right—you must all be drunk."