THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

Spirit of the South.

"Our Country---May she ever be Right; but, Right or Wrong, our Country."

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The Bird's Song.

How shall a bird on a crippled wing
  Ever get up into the sky?
Is it not better to cease to sing—
  To droop and to die?

There are so many before me there,
  With songs so loud and long and sweet,
They startle the passer unaware—
  I am at his feet!

And though I sing with a quivering breast,
  And a dewy eye and a swelling throat,
My heart so close to the thorn is pressed,
  That I spoil each note.

And if ever I sing a song,
  Sweet of the sweet and true of the true,
All of it's drowned by the birds ere long,
  Up in the blue.

O, for one hour of rapturous strength!
  O, to sing one song in the sky!
High over all the birds at length—
  Then I could die!

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF THE BAR.

"When is he expected?"

"They said he was coming in to-night's stage."

"He taught in Frisco, didn't he?"

"Yes, I guess he was in the department."

The doctor's wife was an authority on all matters in Russian Bar, and on this last sensation—the coming of a schoolmaster—she freely enlightened her neighbor, Mrs. Blunt, a plump widow, whose miner husband had died a few months before. There was not much to gossip about in that quiet village. The arrival and departure of the stage brought the people to their doors three times a week, and if a stranger was noticed envoys were immediately dispatched to the hotel to learn his name and business, and the probable length of his stay. But now Russian Bar was to have a new schoolmaster, and the folks wondered much if he would have any trouble with Sam Seymour, the butcher's boy, or Ike Walker, an unruly spirit, who had knocked down and pummelled the last preceptor who undertook to teach him school discipline. The trustees were powerless in these matters, and declared that if a schoolmaster was not able to "get away" with the boys in a square, stand-up fight, he might as well pick up his traps and leave Russian Bar.

On the very evening of the expected arrival, Seymour and Walker, the leading spirits of the mutinous schoolboys, met at a pool, from which both were endeavoring to coax a few speckled trout for supper.

"Have you heard what the new chap is like, Sam?" said Ike, as he impaled a wriggling worm on his hook.

"No; have you?"

"Father told Jack, the barkeeper, that he was very young."

"And small?"

"Yes."

"Guess he won't stay long in town, Ike."

"I guess not, Sam. School ain't good for us such fine weather as this."

The worthies sat and fished in silence for some time, and then Ike produced a bunch of cigarettes and passed them to his friend. At last, finding that the fish would not bite, they shouldered their poles and straggled up toward the village, pausing for a moment to stone a Chinaman's rooster, which had strayed too far from the protecting wash house.

Philip Hougton was a schoolmaster from necessity, and not taste. Like many who have been educated as gentlemen, in one sense of the word, that is, without the acquaintance with any special pursuit that might be turned to good account in the struggle for bread, he found himself adrift in California, with nothing to fall back on. Seeing an advertisement in a city paper for a competent teacher to take charge of the school at Russian Bar, he answered it, and was accepted at a venture. Putting his movables together—a pair of old foils, and a set of well-worn boxing-gloves, for Houghton was an accomplished boxer and fencer—he bought his ticket for Russian Bar.

He found the stage-driver a communicative, pleasant fellow, who, at his request, described the characteristics of his future home. Indeed, his description of the class of boys whom Houghton was to take charge of was not very encouraging. "You'll find them a hard lot," said he, "and they're all on the muscle, too."

"What is about the weight of my oldest?" asked Houghton, good humoredly. "You see if I have got to exercise something more than moral suasion, I want to get posted on the physique of my men."

"Well, Sam Seymour is about the strongest."

"And what is about the size of the redoubtable Ike?"

"Well, I guess he tops you by half a head."

"O, I expect we'll get along well enough together," said Houghton; "and I suppose this is the first glimpse of Russian Bar," he added, as a turn in the road brought them in view of that picturesque village.

The stage bowled along the smooth road, and past the great white oak, under whose friendly branches the teamsters were accustomed to make their noon-time halt.

"I'll set you down at the hotel," said the driver. "There's Perkins, the proprietor—that fat man smoking on the stoop."

Houghton confessed to himself that the prospect before him was any thing but a prepossessing one. He was not of a very combative nature, though he liked a little danger for the excitement; but a game of fisticuff with a dirty, mutinous boy had neither glory nor honor for a man that had been one of the hardest hitters in his college.

The folks were all at their doors when the stage clattered up the single street, and the slender, good-looking young man by the driver was measured and canvassed before that worthy had passed the mail to the doctor, who, with his medical avocations, also found time to "run" the post-office.

The doctor's wife was at her window, and, after a long survey of the schoolmaster, hastened to communicate her opinions to Mrs. Blunt. Meanwhile Houghton washed off the red dust of the road, and took his seat at the supper-table. The driver had introduced him to about a dozen of the leading citizens during the few moments that intervened between their arrival and the evening meal.

"How do you like our town, Mr. Houghton?" asked the landlord, graciously, as he helped his new guest to a cut of steak.

"Well, it seems a pretty place."

"When you get acquainted you'll find yourself pleasantly situated; but it's likely you'll have a hard time with the boys."

"So they all tell me. Anyhow, I am not unprepared," said Houghton, cheerfully.

After supper the landlord remarked confidentially to the doctor "that the young man had grit in him, and he thought he'd be able to 'make the riffle' with the boys."

When Houghton arose next morning, and opened his window to the fresh breeze, odorous with the perfume of the climbing honeysuckles, he felt that, after all, a residence in a remote village, even with a parcel of rough boys to take care of, was preferable to the dusty, unfamiliar streets of San Francisco. He smiled as he unpacked his foils and boxing-gloves, a little sadly, too, for they were linked with many pleasing associations of his undergraduate days.

"Well," he soliloquized, as he straightened his arm, and looked at the finely-developed muscles, "I ought to be able to hold my own in a stand-up fight with these troublesome pupils of mine. This is my day of trial, however, and before noon we shall probably have had our battle out."

The school-house, a raw, unfinished-looking frame building, stood hard by the river, at about half a mile from the town. When Houghton opened the rickety wooden gate that led into the school lot, he found a group of some twenty boys already assembled; among them were Sam Seymour and Ike Walker. The latter's sister, a pretty girl of sixteen, was leaning against the fence with half-a-dozen of her friends, for the Russian Bar school-house was arranged for the accommodation of both sexes.

Houghton handed the key to the nearest boy, and asked him to open the door. With a look at the others, and a half grin on his face, he obeyed.

"Now, boys, muster in," said Houghton, cheerfully, to the boys.

They all passed in—Seymour and Walker last. The latter took a good look at the schoolmaster as he went by. When they were seated, Houghton stood at his desk and laid a heavy ruler on the books before him.

"Now, boys," he said, "I hope we shall get along pleasantly together. You treat me fairly, and you shall have no reason to complain, I promise you. Silence and obedience is what I require, and strict attention to the matter of our instruction."

Giving them a portion of the grammar to prepare for recitation, he walked quietly up and down the room, occasionally standing at the windows, but appearing to keep no surveillance on the boys. Suddenly the crack of a match was heard, followed by a general titter.

Houghton turned quietly from the window, and saw the blue smoke from a cigarette arising from where Seymour sat.

"What is your name, boy?" he asked, in a stern voice.

"My name is Seymour," replied the mutineer, insolently.

"And you are smoking?"

"I guess so."

"Leave the room!"

"I guess not."

There was a dead silence in the school-room now, and Houghton felt that the hour of trial was at hand.

"Seymour," he said again, very quietly.

"What?"

"Come here."

Seymour, putting his hands in his pockets, sauntered from this desk, stood within a yard of the schoolmaster, and looked sneeringly in his face.

"Leave the room!" said Houghton again, in a lower voice.

"No."

The little arm straightened like a flash of lightning, and the rebel measured his length on the floor, whilst the blood gushed from his nostrils. In a moment he sprang to his feet and rushed furiously at the schoolmaster, but went down again like a reed before that well-aimed blow. The second time he fell Houghton stooped down, and lifting him as if he had been a mere child, fairly flung him outside the door. Seymour, confused and amazed, staggered down to the brook to wash his face and reflect on the wonderful force of that slight arm. And Houghton, turning to the school without a word of comment on the scene, commenced the recitations. Walker was mum. Seymour's fate had appalled him, and in fact the entire mutinous spirit of the scholars of Russian Bar was in a fair way of being totally subdued.

When the trustees heard of the affair they unanimously commended the schoolmaster's pluck.

"I tell you what, boys," said Perkins to a crowd who were earnestly engaged at a game of old sledge in his bar-room, "that Houghton knows a thing or two about managing boys. He'll fix 'em off, or my name's not Perkins."

Houghton was hospitably treated by the folks of Russian Bar. They felt him to be a man of refinement, brought down in the world, but showing no offensive superiority in his intercourse with them. The doctor's wife pronounced him to be the best New Yorker she had ever met, and the gossips insinuated that Mrs. Blunt, the widow, was setting her cap for him.

Gipsy Lane, the daughter of a leading man in Russian Bar, and made wealthy by a saw-mill, which all day long groaned and screamed some distance down the river, did not express her opinion as to Houghton's merits; but in the summer evenings, when the schoolmaster, rod in hand, wandered along the stream and threw his line across the milldam, Gipsy was seldom far away. Lane, a bluff, hearty old fellow, frequently asked Houghton to spend the evening with him, and told his adventures in early California to a patient listener, while Gipsy dutifully mended her father's socks on the veranda.

Mrs. Lane, when Gipsy was but a baby, was laid to rest on Lone Mountain, long before Lane ever thought of settling at Russian Bar. Seymour and Walker were the best and most industrious pupils the young master had, and were happy when accompanying him on his fishing excursions. In fact, all agreed in declaring that the educational department in the village was a thriving success.

One pleasant evening in June, Gipsy Lane, twirling her straw hat thoughtfully, picked her way across the broad fields that lay between her house and the mill. The stream was a winding one, and as she placed her tiny foot on the first stepping-stone, she saw a straw hat on the grass, which she knew well.

"How is Miss Lane this evening?" said Houghton, lazily, from beneath a Manzanita bush, where he had been enjoying a quiet book and pipe.

"Well, thank you. How is Mr. Houghton?" replied Gipsy, shyly.

"Warm, but not uncomfortable. Are you going to the mill?"

"Yes; I have a letter that has just come for father."

"May I accompany you?"

"Certainly, if you choose."

Houghton put on his hat and helped Gipsy across the brook.

"I had a letter from New York a few days ago," said he, after they had left the first bend of the river behind.

"A pleasant one?"

"Well, although in one sense it brought good news, still I can hardly call it a pleasant letter."

They walked on, and Gipsey swung her hat pensively, longing with a woman's curiosity, to hear more about the New York letter.

"I am going to leave Russian Bar," said Houghton, abruptly.

"Indeed; how soon?"

"I don't know yet; possibly within a week."

The hat was swayed from side to side with increased energy.

"Do you care much, Miss Lane?" This was with an earnest look into the hazel eyes that were kept steadily bent on the brown patched grass beneath their feet.

"Yes; of course, we shall all be sorry to lose you," returned Gipsy, evasively.

"If I come back in a few months with something for my future wife, shall I see this ring on your finger?" whispered Houghton, capturing the little hand that held the hat, and slipping a pearl ring on the delicate finger.

Gipsy said nothing; but her eyes turned for a moment on the schoolmaster's earnest face, and in the next her soft cheek was resting on his shoulder.

Russian Bar, to a man, turned out to wish Philip Houghton godspeed on the morning he took his place by the driver, who one year before had set him down at Perkins's hotel. They knew he was on his way to New York, and that he had been left some money, and the gossips more than whispered that there was something between Gipsy Lane and their favorite. At all events, her eyes were red for a week after his departure.

Winter had come, and the river was swollen and rapid, and many a lofty tree from the pine forest had found its way to the marts of Russian Bar. One delicious morning, crisp and cold, after a night's rain, the stage passed by the large white oak, and, splashed with mud, halted before Perkins's hotel. It had been all night on the way, for the roads were very heavy.

The worthy proprietor of that "excellent house was in the act of tossing his first glass, when a hearty hand was laid on his shoulder, and Philip Houghton shouted:

"Perkins, old boy, how are you?"

The landlord returned the shake hands, dived behind the bar, and had a second glass mixed in a moment. "And now," said he, as he pledged the ex-schoolmaster, "when will the wedding take place?"

Six weeks afterward the old mill was hung with evergreen wreaths, and a grand festival was held at Russian Bar. Gipsy Lane was a lovely bride, and when Houghton took charge of the mill and invested all his New York money in the village, and was admitted to parctice in the courts, every thing seemed to take a fresh start. Through all, his warmest and most devoted friend was Sam Seymour, once the terror of Russian Bar schoolmasters, and now the holder of that important position.

Capt. Jack's Story.

His Interview with Gen. Davis--He Accuses the Klamath Chief of Instigating the War.

Capt. Jack, the Modoc chief, spoke as follows when having his first interview with Gen. Davis. He tried to implicate Allen David, the Klamath Chief, and denies being present when Gen. Canby was killed:

I do not know how to open the subject about Allen David. I received a message last winter in the lava beds by old Schonches and a sub-chief of his from Allen David as follows: "I don't want you to lower your gun and fight like a squaw, but you must fight like a man."

At first I thought this message was a lie, but it came so often I believed it. I was about to lay down my arms when I got the message.

Allen David told Schonches to tell me to fight it out; the whites were going to fight him, and he would soon let Jack know what he was going to do. Allen said: "Hold on to your gun."

I said: "I am going to get ammunition, and will join you in a few days. I am selling property to buy powder and lead."

Allen said: "Don't act like a woman; be a man. I will join you soon. I have lots of people, and I want to get guns first. Whatever offer the Commission may make, don't believe what they say. They are trying to fool you."

I was going to give up and surrender when I got those messages. I expected when I killed the Commissioners that Allen David would be with me next day or very soon. I had already given up my arms. I ate the food of the Government, and didn't want to do any more fighting after eating their grub.

When I got this message it made me act as though I acted for Allen David, and I expected him to join me soon.

Allen David caused me to leave the reservation. I had bad feelings toward the Klamaths. So many messages came I believed them. I thought he meant it, and so I acted.

He and I were now good friends, but he urged me to this thing last winter. I was going wherever they wanted me and wanted some quiet place, and not on the rocks.

Allen David was always pushing me up, and the Klamath chiefs said the same. They talked as though Allen David was a big chief. He said that we must not think the Klamaths were women. They were not going to lay down their arms to whites. I had all the trouble and did all the fighting, and he did none. It looks as though they tried to get me into this scrape.

I want you to know why I commenced this war. Last winter, on the Lost River, Applegate H. Brown came and said the big chief wanted to talk, and we must go on the reservation. Soldiers came and surrounded us before day, and held no talk or council. I did not expect that. I was asleep. I told them not to shoot when my boys got the guns. The soldiers shot the first gun. I did not. I thought they wanted to talk.

After the soldiers began to fire upon my people some of my boys fired back. I did not. I took my things, and ran as fast as I could to get away.

Old Schonches, on the reservation, said he had nothing to say himself, only he brought a message from Allen David.

As to Gen. Canby's things that he had on, he said:

"I can't say anything about it. I went away. The boys who killed Gen. Canby got the things. I was there, but went off as soon as I found I could not stop them."

Jack being interrogated, said further: "Bogus Charley and Shack Nasty Jim called Gen. Canby. Allen David advised them to kill Gen. Canby, so he did it. I am telling the truth. I did not kill him. I had a gun, but did not do it."

He says in conclusion: "I don't lie. Bring the men that saw me do this thing. I want to face them. If I had my chains off I would tell all the men who did these things."

Schonches said he did shoot at Meacham, but all the Modocs knew he was a poor shot, and couldn't hit anything.

An Indian Girl.

The squaw Matilda, mentioned in the despatches as one of the chief mediators, is a woman of no mean capacity. Living with an American, she keeps his house tight and snug as any white woman could. Whenever not occupied with household cares she is busy over her pencil and paper; has a roll of sketches, partly copies, but principally originals. With a stump of a pencil and any casual scrap of paper, she will strike off at sight an American, an Englishman, a German, a Chinaman, a Modoc, or any eccentric character she may chance to see; and her heads are wonderfully correct and graphic. If she had received an education, or enjoyed any privileges except those afforded by the rudest backwoods, she would have been heard of in the art world. Matilda is a woman of a strong, dark face, glittering eyes, slow and deliberate in speech, and of an iron will—a good type of her race.

Chicago has a married couple who have lived together for seventy years. This singular conduct is accounted for on the ground of spite.

Newspapers in the West.

How an Illinois Man Tells the Story of the Troubles of a Western Editor.

An Illinois writer tells the New York *World* the following story:—

The new postage law which goes into force on June 30 will bear quite heavily on many of the rural editors, who will now be compelled to pay postage on their exchanges, just in the same way as their subscribers must pay postage on their papers, or else, if they wish to practice a sometimes necessary economy, they must dispense with many of the newspapers from which they obtain their most valuable news items. The regular rates, according to the new law, are 35 cents per quarter for a daily paper published every day in the week, 30 cents for dailies published six days in the week, and 5 cents per quarter for weekly papers. The great metropolitan journals which have their thousands of subscribers and column after column of *paying* advertisements (observe that I accentuate the word "paying") may feel indifference to the law, as, where not supplied by their own numerous correspondents, telegraphic and otherwise, in all parts of the world, at home and abroad, with the details of every interesting current event, they can easily afford to pay the requisition of the postage law which, in the case of most of the country editors, becomes a serious tax on intelligence and on the diffusion of news among the masses. I need hardly assure you that the lot of the average country editor is not an enviable one. If our labors are not as important and as greatly appreciated as are those of yourself and of your fellow-journalists in large and populous communities, we at least are too often taxed almost beyond endurance without any adequate return, if not indeed with positive loss to our exchequers.

We are the victims too frequently of sharpers and of confidence men of the worst description. We open our colums to long advertisements of circuses and other strolling shows, which in seven cases out of ten, unless payment be exacted in advance, leave town and forget to settle with us. Patent and quack medicines, too, are sometimes delusions and snares, and when payment for advertising bills is tendered, as I have known it to be the case, in the shape of bottles and jars of the villainous stuff advertised, forbearance clearly ceases to be a virtue.

In the part of Illinois in which I live the fever and ague is not uncommon, and I have several times been approached by venders and manufacturers of such quack nostrums, whose wares I have advertised to the extent of an entire solid nonpareil column of my paper (which, by the way, is a weekly sheet devoted to the dissemination of the news of the day, literature, and the best results of the progressive civilization of the age), with the invitation to accept their worthless potions as an equivalent for the space I had given up to them and as something that was "good to have in the house in case of the shakes." You and others more fortunately situated have probably smiled, as at an exhibition of what you term in your latitude "trenchant Western wit," to read in our country papers at times such paragraphs as these: "Subscribers who are in arrears are respectfully notified that in lieu of their cash indebtedness to this paper, the editor will receive bacon, flour, potatoes, cord-wood, &c., as payment for their unpaid subscriptions." If you but knew the hardships experienced by the average country editor in the effort to keep his paper afloat and himself from poverty, you would understand that there is very little "fun" or "wit" in these appeals. It is, therefore, because of the difficulties that we encounter in maintaining ourselves, that I have felt to-day like writing to you, to protest against this new burden imposed upon us by the postage law regarding exchanges passed by the last Congress.

But we are at least determined upon one course, and this is to watch the Post-office Department closely, and if we do not promptly and regularly get through the mails the exchanges for which we pay postage, then shall we make our indignation felt in the proper quarters.

A COUNTRY EDITOR.

Monumental Mirth.

Not far from here, relates the *Journal*, of Montpelier, Vt., a marble dealer recently received an invoice of tombstones, and as he could not procure labor very easily, he conceived the brilliant idea of having suggestive mottoes and epitaphs commemorative of the virtues and excellencies of the deceased carved on the stones ready. He even thought he might haul a stone to the house of the person about to be fitted out for approval. But his benevolent scheme met with a crash. One evening he received an order for a tombstone, the style and decoration of which was left pretty much to himself. On one of the stones was a hand carved with the finger pointing heavenward, and underneath the inscription, "No graves there!" Thinking this would be a stroke of sentiment wherewith to soothe the feelings of the family, when they should view the stone at the head of the newly made grave, he set it up. But it so happened that the name of the person who died was "Graves," and when the big afflicted brother saw the tombstone, the sentiment that there were no graves in heaven did not soothe him much, and he interviewed the marble dealer. "No graves in heaven—hey?" and then, to use a common phrase, he "lifted" him. The dealer thinks he wishes there were none on earth.

Facts and Fancies.

General Canby's brother became insane immediately after the funeral of the illustrious soldier.

A clergyman at Cedar Falls prayed the other Sunday, "that the editors of this place may be brought to realize the dangers of their situation."

There is a startling belief that Captain Jack, in an interregnum of his melancholy, has confessed to Hooker Jim that he is the real author of "Betsey and I are Out."

Success rides on every hour; grapple it and you may win, but without a grapple it will never go with you. Work is the weapon of honor, and he who lacks the weapon will never triumph.

At a very swell wedding reception, lately, the high-toned belles held their arms like trussed fowls, to prevent the silk and lace suspenders that did duty as dress waists from falling off their shoulders.

Some one calls "the race of American women indolent," whereupon one of them retorts, "I wonder if that man ever reflected upon the amount of shopping we do, and the willingness with which we do it."

Statistics show that there is a scarcity of timber both in the United States and Canadas. In Michigan and Wisconsin there is, as was expected, a great falling off in the supply, while the stock in New York and Pennsylvania is unusually small.

A singular epidemic broke out in a Kansas town, the other day. Every wife in the town was suddenly attacked by an irresistible desire to present her husband with a nice little dressing case, with shaving materials complete. An attractive young woman had opened a barber shop in the village.

A calf and hog belonging to a Pennsylvania farmer have lately developed the warmest affection for each other, and refuse to be separated. It is said the calf licks and caresses the hog, and watches over it with maternal affection. This is the first time we ever heard anything like this. We always observed the hog watching after the calf—so long as he had any money.

"There's where the boys fit for college," said the professor to Mrs. Partington, pointing to a school-house. "Did they?" said the old lady with animation. "Then if they fit for college before they went, they didn't fight afterward?" "Yes," said he, smiling and favoring the conceit, "but the fight was with the head, not with the hands." "Butted, did they?" said the old lady.

The *Vindicator* of Youngstown, Ohio, records the following cheerful incident: "A lot of little christain urchins caught a little Jew boy at the corner of Watt and Champion streets, a few evenings since, tied him to a post, piled a lot of tinber-wood about to ignite it, when they were discovered by some men and the little Jew rescued. The only reason assigned for their action and intentions by the christian urchins was, that the Jews had crucified Christ."

Gunning in Florida.

This is the story told to a Southern journal by a party lately returning from Florida:

We proceeded by rail and boat to Pilatki; there chartered, for $50 a day, a small steamer, and started on a hunting expedition up the Ocolonga river, taking with them their provisions, rifles and shot-guns, and a large supply of ammunition. The river, which is on an average three hundred feet wide, runs for a distance of three hundred miles from a chain of miniature lakes in the heart of the State. For a considerable distance its course lies through a dense wilderness, whose overhanging trees and foliage unite, forming a perpetual bower of surpassing beauty over the river. No sound is heard save the notes and cries of unnumbered wild birds of every variety and plumage. The steamer glides smoothly along under the bower for miles and miles, while those on board keep up a constant fusilade at the game. At night a huge fire is built of pine knots on the front of the boat, which lights up the scenery on every hand and discovers the birds roosting in the trees. Our party was gone a week on the trip, and we kept firing away at the birds a good portion of each night. As fast as the birds were shot down they were fished out of the river by the negroes, who were provided with long poles for the purpose. The Ocolonga abounds in alligators. One of our party, the well-known editor of the first agricultural paper in the country, shot and killed thirty-one of these alligators during the trip.

Business Suits.

The jaunty suits for gentlemen for business and morning wear are in excellent taste this season. The entire suit, coat, vest and pantaloons, is made of what tailors call fancy plaid worsted—loosely woven cloth, usually black or very dark brown, wrought in almost invisible plaids or blocks, alternately smooth and glossy as satin, then roughened up like broche surfaces, with the merest thread of color, red, brown, or white, outlining the blocks. The coat of this suit is in the Newmarket shape, either double or single-breasted, with widely bound edges, flaps and pockets. The single-breasted vest has a notched collar, and is cut in points at the bottom. The pantaloons, slightly larger than those of last season, are made with corded sides or welt seams, and "spring" considerably over the ankle. Such suits cost from $80 to $85.