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THE PEOPLE'S SONG OF PEACE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

The grass is green on Bunker Hill,
The waters sweet in Brandywine;
The sword sleeps in the scabbard still,
The farmer keeps his flock and vine;
Then who would mar the scene to-day
With vaunt of battlefield or fray?

The brave corn lifts, in regiments
Ten thousand sabers in the sun;
The ricks replace the battle tents,
The bannered tassels toss and run.
The neighing steed, the bugle's blast—
These be the stories of the past.

The earth has healed her wounded breast,
The cannons plow the fields no more;
The heroes rest: Oh let them rest
In peace along the peaceful shore.
They fought for peace, for peace they fell;
They sleep in peace, and all is well.

The fields forget the battles fought,
The trenches wave in golden grain;
Shall we neglect the lesson taught
And tear the wounds agape again?
Sweet Mother Nature, nurse the land,
And heal her wounds with gentle hand!

Lo! peace on earth! Lo! flock and fold,
Lo! rich abundance, far increase,
And valleys clad in sheen of gold,
Oh rise and sing the song of peace!
For Theseus roams the land no more,
And Jannus rests with rusted door.

—Southern Exposition Programme.

THE FRONTIER WAIF.

"The bloody villains," muttered Sandy McGovern to himself, as he sat on his horse surveying the scene of desolation and death; "the bloody, murderin' scoundrels!"

In front of a little knoll on which sandy had reined his horse in a confused heap of broken wagons. Here and there a dead horse, already partially stripped by the coyotes, and scattered up and down the line of wagons the bodies of men who evidently died fighting. It did not need the hideous red patches on top of the skulls, where the scalps had been torn off, to tell the old frontiersman that he saw before him all that was left of an emigrant train that had been surprised by Indians. To his experienced eyes, the slight signs which would have escaped a man new to the plains, told him that the massacre had taken place, at the most, but two days before.

As he rode slowly along he suddenly heard a faint sound. With his nerves strung by the scene which lay before him, the frontiersman, whose senses were always alert, found his attention attracted at once, and stopping his horse he listened intently. In about a minute he heard it again, and noticed that it came from one of the wagons. Dismounting and walking to the place he listened once more. In another minute he heard it again. It was something like a faint cry, and it seemed to be smothered in some way. Sandy stood close by the wagon, his hands resting upon the footboard in front. Again he heard it, and this time more plainly than before. Fairly leaping to the foot-board he opened the long box in front, the top of which forms in a prairie schooner the driver's seat, and saw lying in it a little child.

The big frontiersman lifted the baby—for it was scarcely more—out of its strange resting-place as tenderly as a mother. He saw that the child was very weak from its long fast, and, placing it gently on his blankets, he began to search for something fit for it to eat. Finding a bag of flour, he made, with a little sugar, a kind of thin gruel, heating it over a fire he had hastily kindled. Taking the baby in his arms, he fed it slowly and cautiously. With infinite patience the big-bearded man went through this strange task, until, after some time, he had the satisfaction of seeing the little one refuse to swallow any more. Then sitting on the tongue of the wagon, with the dead lying all around him, Sandy rocked the baby in his arms until it went to sleep.

Placing it in his blankets and covering it up carefully, he examined the box in which he had found it. In the bottom was a rough horse blanket. Flung over the edge was a piece of rope, placed there to prevent the lid shutting tight. Alongside of the lid he found half a bracelet, evidently a cheap imitation one, which looked as though it had been torn off from the other half. At the lower end of the box there was a confused heap of baby clothes, thrust in hastily. All of these things Sandy took. He found even the water in the spring beside which the train had camped, to give his newly-discovered treasure a bath, which seemed to do the little one a great deal of good.

For one week Sandy stayed there, spending his whole time looking after the baby. He saw the child grow strong and bright, and he found that the feeding, washing and dressing of the "kid," as he had already christened it, a source of ever-increasing delight. At the end of that time, having the broken bracelet carefully stowed away in his saddle-bags, Sandy mounted his horse, and, taking the "kid" in his arms, left the scene of the massacre never to see it again.

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What a wonderful change sixteen years make in men and women. The gossy brown hair may have become thin in that time, and on the once smooth face time may print more than one fine wrinkle telling of the deep furrows to come. Sixteen years have somewhat whitened Sandy McGovern's hair and his figure is more portly than it was when he rode away from the scene of the desert massacre. And sixteen years have transformed the "kid" into a tall stalwart lad of eighteen, full of health and strength. Robert McGovern, as Sandy had called the baby he found in the old wagon-box, looked magnificently as he rode up to the house, crossing the little stream in one easy leap of his horse. For the sixteen years had brought wealth to Sandy with the gray hairs. It really seemed as if everything he touched prospered after he rescued the baby. He made more money in trapping that year than he had in any two before! He got contracts to supply the stage line with horses and made money out of them. He bought a share in a claim for almost nothing, and it turned out to be enormously rich. "Lucky Sandy," as he was called, began to be noted for his uniform success. Finally he turned his attention to cattle, and purchasing a large tract of land, stocked it and became a ranchero. He placed the "kid" at school as soon as he was old enough to go, and after giving him a good education, brought him home to live on the ranch and learn to manage it.

"Father," said Bob (Sandy never called him "kid" unless they were by themselves), "there's a party down there on the road and the stage has broken down. I told them I'd ride up here and send a wagon down to bring them up. I said you'd be glad to have them as long as they'd stay."

"That's right, my boy; of course we're glad to have 'em. Here you, Pedro, harness up an' go down to the road. Bring up all the passengers on the coach. How many is there of them, Bob?"

"Five in all. There's the prettiest girl, father, you ever saw, an' old lady who kept looking at me, and three gentlemen."

"Well, my boy, we'll try and make 'em comfortable. You better go an' see 'bout rooms being got ready for 'em, an' I'll ride down to bring 'em up."

Bob dismounted, and, throwing the bridle-rein over the hitching-post, walked into the house. Sandy looked after him, and, muttering to himself, "I declar' that boy gets better every day," prepared to ride down to the rescue of the passengers. It was not long before the whole party reached the house, glad enough for the chance of staying there until they could go on with their journey. It consisted of Mrs. Barnston and Mr. Barnston, his niece, Miss Edith Hovee, and two friends of theirs, Messrs. James and Flynn. Sandy's welcome was so cordial, and he was so unaffectedly glad to see them, that all idea of formality vanished, and before supper time the whole party had become as familiar as old friends. Bob seemed to get along very well with Miss Edith, and while Sandy and the other gentlemen chatted together, the young people talked about anything and everything that could furnish a topic of conversation. Both Sandy and Bob noticed that Mrs. Barnston was very silent, and that she did not seem to be able to keep her eyes off the young man's face.

She would look at him with a half-puzzled and most anxious expression until she saw that she was noticed by the others, when, with an effort, she would join in the general conversation. After supper the whole party went out upon the piazza, where the men lit their cigars and talked. At length Sandy, who never missed a chance of showing his boy off, called up Bob to sing, and he at once, began, in a beautiful tenor voice, some simple melody. As he sang, Mrs. Barnston became more nervous, until suddenly starting up, she hastily left the piazza. Her husband followed her and after a short absence returned. Turning to Sandy, he said:

"You must excuse my wife, Mr. McGovern; but she lost her first husband and her boy many years ago under peculiarly distressing circumstances, and your son's singing has reminded her so of her first husband's voice that she was unable to stay with us."

Sandy paused for a minute before replying, and then in a deep tone said:

"Bob ain't my son."

"Not your son! Why, I thought—but I beg your pardon," said Mr. Barnston.

"Pardon's granted," said Sandy, sententiously. "What I mean is, I ain't Bob's real father. He's my son in affection and in love, but he ain't my natural son."

"Well, if you'll excuse my curiosity, where did you get him?"

"It's sixteen years ago now," said Sandy, slowly, "that I was riding along the South Platte. One day I came across a place where the red fiends had been fightin' a train. When I come thar ther' weren't no man alive nor no horses nor nothin'. I rode along an' I hearn a kind o' wail, feeble like. I stopped an' listened, an' then I looked whar the sound come from, and I found Bob thar, comin' but a kid he were then, in a—"

"You found him in the wagon-box! Oh, for God's sake, say you found him there!" and Mrs. Barnston fairly ran from the door in which she was standing and thrice her arms about Bob's neck, turning her head toward Sandy as she spoke.

Sandy started, and half rose from his chair. Then looking at Bob with an eye full of affection for a moment, he allowed his gaze to rest upon the eager face of the woman. Then he said, slowly:

"Thar wer' somethin' as I found alongside o' the little one."

"I know," said Mrs. Barnston, "the half of a bracelet."

Sandy nodded, and in a wild, inarticulate cry of delight Mrs. Barnston fell fainting on the floor. The spectators of this intensely dramatic scene hastened to her assistance, and when she recovered it was to find the arms of her son around her. She hugged him, kissed him, laughed and cried at the same time over him. She called him her boy, her Willie, her darling—every term of endearment ever heard she lavished upon him. Bob or Willie Thordike, as his name really was, behaved very well. While it was impossible for him to realize that he had found a new name and a mother, he yet showed a great deal of affection. He was the first to realize, however, that Sandy had left them.

"Mother," he said, "father must be told that this makes no difference. Come with me."

Mrs. Barnston got up, and holding her son's arm tightly went with him. They found Sandy walking to and fro outside the house.

"Mother," said Will, "you must speak to father. He has been a true father to me."

At the sound of the title he had so long been accustomed to, Sandy turned toward them.

"Father," continued Will, "I have found a mother, but I have not lost you."

"I do not know what to say to you," began Mrs. Barnston; "words would be poor and weak. God bless you, Mr. McGovern, and He will bless you for what you have done. I cannot thank you, but I can pray to Him that He will. Do not think that I wish to take Will away from you. You have been a father to him, and it is right that he should be your son. But he is my boy, my darling—"

"Waal, marm," said Sandy, as his face softened into a smile as full of pleasantness as a May morning, grasping, as bespoke, Will's hand, "thar ain't no reason, as I knows, why we can't both love this youngster. He's a good boy, as good as they make 'em, and I reckon we can range things so as to suit all parties. You an' your husband had better stay on the ranch for a month or two, and we'll have plenty of time to talk it all out. I was afeared," continued Sandy, after a pause, "as how I might hev lost the boy long o' your comin', but I sees that ain't so, an' I bless God for the joy He has given you this day. Let's all go into the house and talk it over."

And so it was arranged. Mr. and Mrs. Barnston and Edith stayed at the ranch for three months. During that time Will's mother had a chance to tell how she had been carried off by the Indians and rescued by the United States troops within a week; how she had met her then husband some eight years afterward and married him, and how she had never ceased thinking about her boy that had died, as she supposed, in the desert. During the three months

Will discovered the fact that he was very glad that Edith Hovee was not his relation by blood. When the Barnstons did leave, they did so two days after Mr. and Mrs. William Thordike had taken the cars on their wedding tour. Sandy gave Will one-half the ranch, stocking it for him, and the last time I saw Will he told me he was going to run for Congress. He was full of the pleasure he expected to have in getting his mother, his wife and babies, and his father, as he always called old Sandy, together once more in his home at Washington.—*Alfred Batch.*

A Human Body Turned to Chalk.

At the office of Leitch Brothers' steam printing works, in the city of Cincinnati, O., are the remains of the mother-in-law of Mr. A. L. Leitch, one of the members of the firm, in a thoroughly petrified condition. The woman has been dead about twenty-five years. The body, according to the statement of a prominent physician, is in a state of adipocere. Mr. Leitch has been keeping it in his office since its arrival in Cincinnati, undetermined what to do with it, but his brother informed a reporter that they were contemplating placing it on public exhibition for the benefit of science. Several physicians, he said, who have examined the body, consider it a rare specimen of adipocere, and they have broken off little pieces, a toe or a finger, and put them in their cabinets of snails and crawfish and other interesting articles. The lady died of apoplexy, and she was buried in the graveyard of Dupont, Ind. She was seventy-two years of age at the time of her death. The ground in which she has lain for the last two dozen years is mainly of limestone formation, and small streams of water trickled through the limestone and came in contact with the body. A scientist stated that it is unknown just what it is in the water that petrifies flesh, but it is some kind of mineral. Last November relatives of the deceased decided to take up her bones and rebury them at Cincinnati. When the grave was opened their surprise was great to find instead of only decayed and crumbling bones, a well preserved box, an apparently new coffin, and above all a corpse which requires no less than six men to lift. It is literally a chalk woman. The limbs and body are preserved almost perfectly. The limbs are there, but have shrunk and changed so much as to be barely recognizable. The flesh, or rather what was once the flesh, is discolored, is dark, and has an unnatural look. Taking a knife and cutting and scraping this dark substance away the substance is found to be almost exactly like white chalk. The back of the head is slightly decayed, but this is the only part where decay is indicated. Some parts of the body are not brittle like the rest of it, but are waxy and tough.

Remarkable Duel.

One of the most remarkable duels on record was recently fought in the suburbs of East St. Louis, Ill., and, though it did not result fatally, it was by no means bloodless. Two negroes, Bill Molack and Mike Vanderberg, were out rabbit-hunting, and met with poor success. They stopped in a saloon in the edge of the town, where they met several of their friends, who twitted them about having no game, and got up an argument as to which of the two hunters was the better marksman. The argument became a hot and angry one, and it was decided that the only way to settle it was to shoot, and each man was to be the other's target. They repaired to a field, and, taking position back to back, started at a given signal from the third negro, the agreement being to walk twenty steps, wheel and fire. Vanderberg walked faster than Molack, and, turning first, fired just as Molack turned. Molack dropped his gun and staggered. Seeing this, Vanderberg ran, but Molack braced up, seized his gun, and gave chase, shouting, "I must have my shot." Seeing he was about to be overtaken, Vanderberg turned, and as he did so Molack fired, and then sunk exhausted in the snow. Vanderberg also fell. Both negroes were bleeding profusely, and the field where they fell looked like a slaughter-house. Friends cared for them. Both had their faces and arms filled with shot, and each lost an eye.

The building of several woolen mills is in contemplation in Iowa, Missouri and Illinois, the farmers thinking it will be more profitable to manufacture their own goods than to send to Eastern markets.

Railroad "Beats."

A man who has been accustomed to traveling on railroads by hook or crook, without paying fare, has been detailing some of his experiences to a Chicago Times reporter. "A great scheme," said he, "is to fee the yardmaster and have him seal you up in a freight car. The party must have a sharp knife. With this he cuts a round hole nearly through in the vicinity of the lock while on his journey, and when he arrives he knocks a hole through the door and pulls out the plug, or breaks the seal fastening to the door, and walks away. On the Louisville and Nashville, Illinois Central, Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, and many other roads, 'empties' are run with open doors, affording ample facilities to travelers, though sometimes the tables are turned by a trainman, who slyly locks the door which the traveler has closed in order to be more solitary. I remember coming over the Iron Mountain once in a box car filled with cotton bales. Some officious meddler shoved the end door together, and I remained in that car four days, finally gazing upon God's glorious sunlight once more in the city of Cincinnati."

"Did you ever get caught?"

"Not often, though I cannot tell a lie. I do not wholly deny the soft impeachment. Years ago it was a common thing for twenty or thirty toughs to board a train in California and ride as far as they wanted. It was a strange sight to see the old miners, each with a blanket, riding on top of the freight cars. The Central Pacific, however, succeeded in getting some very stringent legislation through, and when fellows in small numbers accepted the courtesy of a ride without pay, they were suddenly, severely and heavily sat down on. The scheme there among the knowing ones was for the three or four, or as many as happened to be captured, to swear that they had each paid some trainman half a dollar, and the justice usually dismissed the case, for if the allegation came to the ears of the general officers of the Central Pacific they forthwith dismissed every man on that train. The doors of loaded freight cars are frequently 'sprung' with fist plates. The 'fakir' gets in, taking his fist plate with him, and an outside party springs the door back. When the traveler has gone far enough he springs the door open with his fist plate, and walks forth. The interiors of mail cars, too, it is said, furnish excellent facilities for free riding if the mail agent is properly fed. The emigrant trains are all easy to work, and a man who can't work his way in a high-toned emigrant car from Chicago to San Francisco in ten days has not the stuff in him out of which millionaires are made. If a fellow has a little money with him with which to tip the conductor his journey will be as smooth and pleasant as the absence of rude remarks and unpleasant forebodings can make it. The last and highest form of free traveling is on passes. I usually go to the general managers of the roads direct. Sometimes I'm a missionary, at other times I'm on my way to locate huge paper mills on the line, and again I am the editor of a leading metropolitan paper. Very often I approach a man, representing myself as the general manager of the Sitka, Panama and Cape Horn route, or some other line. Sometimes I boldly announce that my name is the same as that of the general manager whom I address, and then suggest that I have forgotten his name. The freight departments can usually be worked in case of failure with the general manager. I quietly say to the general freight agent that I have one hundred cars of string beans that I want to ship in a week, but must arrange for their reception at destination. Will he give me a pass over his line and connections to Yokohama and return? To be sure he will."

Speaking with a general superintendent of one of the leading Western roads, he told the reporter that a freight train had not left Chicago for ten years that did not carry a deadhead either under the trucks, in some freight car, on the engine, in front of the engine, or just back of and behind the cowcatcher, in a vacant place in which, if a tramp once gets snugly stowed, he is safe for a ride until the train stops. The number of passes issued by the railroads has of late years grown to enormous numbers. Some of the great Western roads, it is stated, issue as high as five thousand annual passes, while trip passes are munificently handed over to almost anybody who has the assurance to apply.

It is not necessary to use water in pouring over a book.