Bypaths of Kansas History

SQUAW TROUBLE

Francis Parkman, who passed through part of present Kansas in 1846 "on a tour of curiosity and amusement to the Rocky Mountains," visited an Indian camp in the mountain regions. He wrote in his *The Oregon Trail* (Boston, Little, Brown, and Company, 1875), pp. 161-162:

... We were entertained with an episode of Indian domestic life. A vicious-looking squaw, beside herself with rage, was berating her spouse, who, with a look of total unconcern, sat cross-legged in the middle of his lodge, smoking his pipe in silence. At length, maddened by his coolness, she made a rush at the lodge, seized the poles which supported it, and tugged at them, one after the other, till she brought down the whole structure, poles, hides, and all, clattering on his head, burying him in the wreck of his habitation. He pushed aside the hides with his hand, and presently his head emerged, like a turtle's from its shell. Still he sat smoking sedately as before, a wicked glitter in his eyes alone betraying the pent-up storm within. The squaw, scolding all the while, proceeded to saddle her horse, bestride him, and canter out of the camp, intending, as it seemed, to return to her father's lodge, wherever that might be. The warrior, who had not deigned even to look at her, now coolly arose, disengaged himself from the ruins, tied a cord of hair by way of bridle round the jaw of his buffalo-horse, broke a stout cudgel about four feet long, from the butt-end of a lodge-pole, mounted, and galloped majestically over the prairie to discipline his offending helpmeet.

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A HOME IN KANSAS IN 1856

Extracts from a private Kansas letter printed in *The Republican Gazette*, Providence, R. I., March 20, 1856.

We have been permitted to peruse a very interesting letter from a gentleman in Kansas, to his friends in this city, one or two extracts from which, we doubt not, will be of interest to our readers. The writer has been in Kansas about a year, and writes under date of February 4th:

“Our cabin is 16 feet square, and is eight logs high, or as the carpenters say, about 10 feet between *joints*, with a window on the north, and doors on the east and west sides, with chimney on the south; it is built up on the outside, of logs, and on account of the saw mill not getting into operation, we have had no floor as yet. The roof is covered with split clapboards, which makes it tight against rain, but not of snow; the high winds which we continually have here, blows the snow through the smallest crevice. The logs, which are laid one upon the other, are *chinked* between, and over this chinking, plaster or mud is laid, which we call *doubing*; upon the whole, I consider our cabin about as tight as the end of a wood pile. Our table and chairs are

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of my own make, but I would not own this were I anywhere else. Our bed-
stead is made in back woodman's style; it is formed by driving sticks with
crotches at the end, into the ground, and laying poles length and crosswise into
these crotches, and then boards are placed across to hold up the bed, which is
stuffed with hay and husks. Our cooking utensils consist of an old fashioned
cake pan, frying pan, and an iron kettle. In this old cake pan, J—— makes
the best of johnny cakes, corn dodgers, white bread, butter milk biscuit,
&c.— We cook by an open fire-place, having no stove. Our nearest neighbors
are Dr. Kerr and Mr. Barnes, both from New York, the latter, however, lived
in Providence a few years since.

"We have the fever and ague, and are taken with a chill all over, pain in
the bones, gape and swallow, after which comes the shake itself, which almost
tears us to pieces. A hot fever follows, with sweats, headache and weakness,
together with night sweats, which wets every thread we have on. In the fever
and ague we take quinine or Peruvian bark, the first is taken from the latter.
Of quinine, we take ten grains, of bark, half an oz., either one if taken be-
tween one shake and the time for the next, will break up the fever for two or
three weeks. The longest time we let them run without breaking them, was
three weeks, one each day. That was when we could get no quinine here or at
Kansas [City]. During most of the time since we have had the fever, we have
just been able to move about, and, although this be the fact, we have almost
ingovernable appetites, and gain flesh. I killed our fatted calf about the first
of January, salted one-half and the other half remains fresh; this, together
with potatoes, beans, hulled corn and milk, corn dodgers, &c., we succeed to
meet the demands of hunger.

"I have been thinking, for some time past, of coming east, that is, as far as
Providence, for it is probable that we shall suffer with fever and ague, more or
less, for the next two or three years, and besides J— thinks the climate does
not agree with her, she feels the want of a more active life, with more society
than she has here. I sometimes agree with her, and think we are a little too
far out of town, and would like to be in Providence again, but in coming now
I shall sacrifice not a little, as claims are rising every day. Notwithstanding
the fine claim I hold, I suppose that a home in Providence, surrounded by
friends, will incline me thither the coming spring."

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REPUBLICAN SOL MILLER WINS AN ELECTION IN 1859

From the White Cloud Kansas Chief, December 22, 1859.

DEAD.—At its late residence, in Lecompton, on Tuesday, the 6th inst., of
internal mortification, Kansas Democracy, at a tender age.

Kansas Democracy was an illegitimate child—the result of an illicit inter-
course between one Democratic Ad. Ministration and Miss Souri. Drs. Pierce,
Douglas, and other distinguished physicians, assisted at the birth; while
Granny Atchison, Stringfellow, Clay-Pate, and others, acted in the capacity of
wet and dry nurses. The parents for a long time experienced much difficulty
in fixing upon a suitable name for the newcomer, and several were selected,
but afterwards dropped. It was successively called Border Ruffian, Law and
Order, and Proslavery. Finally, some three years since, the name Democracy
was bestowed upon it, and more than six months afterwards, it was christened in the Democratic cathedral, at Lecompton, Father John Calhoun officiating, and Jack Henderson standing as god father.

The child never was healthy, but was subject to fits, caused by the wicked machinations of one Free-State party, alias Republican. This villainous fellow threw the child into frequent convulsions, the most dangerous of which were on the following dates: October 5th, 1857; January 4th, 1858; August 24, 1858; October 4th, 1858; March 28th, 1859; June 4th, 1859; October 4th, 1859; November 8th, 1859. The last and fatal spasm occurred December 6th, 1859, and that day ended its sufferings. Its system had become too debilitated to withstand these shocks, and it had to yield. It strove hard to overcome them, but in vain. It had become a living mass of corruption, and was exceedingly offensive. Drs. Buchanan, Bigler, English, and all the most celebrated Democratic doctors in the country, had been consulted, and did all in their power to save it; but it was beyond the reach of mortal power.

The funeral ceremonies were of the most imposing description. The procession embraced several military companies, the numerous friends and mourners, and a large concourse of citizens.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Band of Music, Playing on Horns of Whisky.

Kickapoo Rangers, Oxford Ballot-Box Stuffners, and Delaware Crossing Guards.

Corps.

Late Candidates on State Ticket, as Chief Mourners.

A Barrel of Whisky on a Wheelbarrow.

Legislative and Minor Candidates.

Border Ruffians and Proslavery Men.

Free-State Democrats and Free-White State Men.

Democrats Because Their Daddies Were.

Democrats Who Always Voted for Jackson, and Always Intend To.

Herald of Freedom, Topeka Tribune, and C. K. Holliday, on a Log-Sled.

Old Line Whigs.

The committee of arrangements, with appropriate and praiseworthy considerateness, assigned to the Old Line Whigs the same position in the procession that they occupied in the Democratic party—at the tail end!

The remains were deposited in the silent tomb, and while the grave was being filled, the congregation sang the beautiful, touching and mournful song of "Bob Ridley." Then the procession repaired to the cathedral, where an im-
pressive and eloquent funeral discourse was pronounced by John, Archbishop Pettit. The text was:

"Who hath woe? He that seeketh mixed drinks?"

The speaker proceeded, at some length, to caution his hearers against mixed drink; and he especially warned them against mixing it with water. Mixed drink, he said, was probably one great cause of the shattered constitution of the deceased. As an illustration of the benefits of abstaining from mixed drinks, he alluded to himself. Here he was, strong, fat and hearty—the result, he verily believed, of always taking the pure stuff itself, without mixing it even with sugar or water. The wise man from whom he had selected his text, had also, in the same connection, asked the question, "Who hath red eyes?" Red-eye was a figurative expression, and had reference to a certain liquor which was in great favor with the ancients. It was the favorite beverage of the speaker himself. Every Democrat should make it a duty to ask the question, whenever asked to take a drink: "Who hath red-eye?" And where the red-eye was, there was the place to drink; but above all things, if they would shun woe, they should not mix their drink.

While the speaker dwelt upon this subject, tears were seen to gush in streams from the eyes of his hearers, and run down into their boots; and when they arose, it was found that they had even been sitting in puddles of water—undoubtedly all tears, from the fact that it was salty!

After the last solemn rites were performed over the remains of the deceased, the surviving friends retired to their respective homes, there to mourn in silence over their blasted hopes, and seek consolation in drink, which they took care not to mix. They should remember that what is their loss, is the country's eternal gain.

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"FENCING IN" KANSAS

From the Rocky Mountain News, Auraria and Denver, March 7, 1860.

A letter was received at the metal warehouse of Thos. S. Dickerson, No. 45 Wabash avenue, also largely in the trade in fence wire, to the following effect:

"Dear Sir:—Send me your terms for fence wire. I am thinking of fencing in Kansas. Yours, &c."

The book-keeper into whose hands the letter fell, startled at the proposed territorial movement, fell into a brown study, and made a series of calculations, and relying upon the resources of the house in the line indicated, replied as follows:

"Dear Sir:—Have consulted the best authorities, and made an approximate calculation of the amount of wire it will take to 'fence in' Kansas. We find that we have just enough if you order at once. Yours, &c."
BYPATHS OF KANSAS HISTORY

MANHATTAN AND KANSAS STATE COLLEGE IN 1863

From the Big Blue Union, Marysville, August 8, 1863.

In our recent trip to Manhattan we met several friends and acquaintances and were also pleased with the general appearance of the place. Manhattan has quite a pleasant and advantageous situation, being on the west side of the Big Blue at its junction with the Kansas river, the former of which is bridged opposite the place. A large portion of the town site is very level and well calculated to the easy construction of buildings and the making of streets. It already has a population of some four hundred inhabitants; four fine stone churches and a large school house; several stores, a good hotel, two flouring mills—one in successful operation, and the other in which the machinery was just being erected. This latter is particularly a fine one, being a large three-story stone 60 x 44 feet. The machinery is to be driven by a forty-horse power engine, and will probably be the finest mill in the state. Many of the private residences are also built of limestone, which gives the town a decidedly substantial as well as neat appearance.

In Manhattan we met James Humphrey, Esq., formerly editor of the old Express, and now in the practice of law there. Also Mr. Josiah Pillsbury, who had just issued the first number of a good looking paper entitled the Manhattan Independent. Mr. P. is an earnest worker and his paper will always be found on the side of right. And among others we met Rev. J. Dennison and our state superintendent of schools, Prof. I. T. Goodnow, both of whom gentlemen have for quite a period been actively engaged in the educational interests of the state, and who are two of the principal founders of the agricultural college. The latter gentleman showed us through the college building, and we are frank to say that it is a most noble institution. It is built of white limestone, with good finish and architecture; its dimensions are three stories high, and 50 x 44 feet base. It is situated a little northwest of the principal part of town on the highest point of a gently rising bluff or slope facing the east, to which the front of the building also corresponds. A neat cupola crowns the top. On the second story of the front is cut in the form of a half circle the words, "Blue Mont Central College," and just below (also facing the east) is a star in a ground work of sky blue, which, as well as the words, is inlaid with gold leaf. The name is derived from a high, steep bluff in the northeastern part of the city called Blue Mont. The lower and second stories of the building are divided into four rooms each, embracing recitation rooms, library, etc., etc. The third is a hall, full size, and one of the finest for public assemblies we have seen in the west. It is intended as the place for holding lectures, etc., connected with the school. The whole institution cost probably not less than $30,000. The library, consisting of over 2,000 volumes, is estimated at $2,000. The bell, in the cupola, a very sweet toned one (Menelly's make), bears the dedication and address of its donor, "Joseph Ingalls, Swampscott, Mass."—Its cost was $250. The donor is a wealthy gentleman besides being an old bachelor of seventy-nine years. He had for a long time withstood the charms of the New England belles and at last lavished a fitting souvenir on the bell of Manhattan.

The view from the belfry can hardly be surpassed in the West. We looked down the Kansas valley the distance of twenty miles or more, and then up
the same stream to near Fort Riley, and northward up the valley of the Big Blue, and from the valleys on to the bluffs tops and prairies, dressed in nature's liveliest colors sparkling in the sunshine.

The institution now belongs to the state with 90,000 acres of land devoted to state agricultural colleges by act of congress. Its transfer to the state was formally made on the 2nd of July last, the anniversary of the passage of the act by congress, and at which time a grand celebration was held in the hall of the building. There are to be four departments in the sciences, viz: agriculture—mechanic arts—military science and tactics—literature and science. It is purposed, we believe, to commence the school about the first of September next. We bespeak for the Kansas State Agricultural College a proud future.

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LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

President Lincoln's Gettysburg address as reported in the Leavenworth Daily Conservative, November 25, 1863.

On the 19th inst., the Soldier's cemetery on the battle-field of Gettysburgh was consecrated. The address was delivered by Edward Everett.

President Lincoln spoke briefly as follows:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers established upon this continent a government consecrated in liberty and dedicated to the fundamental principles that all men are created equal by a good God. [Applause.] Now we are engaged in a great contest—the question whether this nation, any nation, so consecrated, so educated, can long remain. We are met on a great battle field of the war; we are met here to dedicate a portion of that field as the final resting place of those who have given their lives that the nation might live. It is all right, befitting and proper that we should do this, but in a larger sense we cannot dedicate; we cannot consecrate; we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add to or detract. [Great Applause.] The dead will little heed. Let us long remember what we have, but not forget what they did here. [Immense applause.] It is for us, rather—the living—to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried forward. ["Good," and great applause.] It is better for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us; for us to renew our devotion to that cause for which they gave the full measure of their devotion. Here let us resolve that what they have done shall not have been done in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth; that the Government of the people, founded by the people, shall not perish."

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"END OF TRACK" ON THE KANSAS PACIFIC RAILROAD

Sheridan (Wallace county), near the eastern boundary of Colorado, was the terminus of the Kansas Pacific railroad (now the Union Pacific) in 1869. A correspondent of the Kansas Daily Commonwealth, Topeka, who visited the place in July, reported as follows in the August 1 issue:
The "end of the track" is a gay village with fine wide streets and a general air of thrift. One is soon impressed with the feeling that the people of this town are determined to succeed in life. A stranger accustomed to certain business portions of New York city, will visit Sheridan and swear he sees the same faces he left in New York. Similarity of tastes and pursuits make men resemble each other; ditto women. This is true of the women one sees at Hays City and Sheridan. I presume none of them will take any offense at this remark which is not meant in its most offensive sense. Gayety seems to be the principal occupation of a large majority of the denizens of Phil Sheridan. Most of them dance a good deal. I observed several "dance halls," so called, where the "light fantastic toe" was considerably exercised. A "dance hall" means various things. It means faro, monte, and whisky, together with some revolver and a large amount of knife. A man is always safe here in attending strictly to his private concerns. Delicate inquiries into matters which belong to your neighbor are not healthy. They provoke a degree of unpleasantness which would vastly amaze the good old bones who "gather in" at New England tea parties to "hear the news." If your neighbor has a dog, let him alone. In order that no misapprehension may be gathered from that remark, I will add, let both alone. If your neighbor has anything else, let it alone. This is the law in Sheridan, and it is backed by a rod or two of trestle-work which is said to afford constant occupation to a number of expert hangers-on.

There are saloons here. They are tolerably well supported. I have not heard of a single failure in the saloon line. The cause is obvious. The alkali water will not do to drink, whisky is preferable. A great many drink a good deal of whisky in preference to this abominable water. The saloons at Phil Sheridan favorably compare with any in Leavenworth. They are well furnished. I got as good a lemonade iced as I ever drank in my life, that is saying much for the saloon. Upon inquiry, I ascertained that there was an ice house near at hand plentifully supplied from the adjacent "streams." Think of iced drinks on the Great American desert, 405 miles west of the Missouri river.

Sheridan is an oasis. It is not a green one though. If anybody comes here thinking so, he is likely to get a radical change of mind before his departure. The green comes in, however—that delightful shade which so rests the eye in the strong glare of gas or benzine. Especially is this true for him who is prodigal of the "midnight oil" and "stakes" his money at little games of chance. Of this class of philanthropists, there are some in Phil Sheridan. They are not singular men here. On the contrary, they are very plural. You will not make a mistake in proposing that "little game" with most any one. The man is "on it," if he gets a chance. Most men are here. Cheerfulness is plenty. I was struck with the air of genuine pleasure with which a prominent citizen of Sheridan referred to the manner in which his public-spirited fellow citizens started a graveyard. You need not be startled to note that the most melancholy themes are discoursed upon in a spirit worthy of the resigned and chastened citizen of Lawrence. This is in a large measure attributable to the good nature which abounds here. It will not do to be ill-natured a great while at a time. A great many persons object to it forcibly. I have not seen but one brokenhearted being since I landed. His heart was broken in a dance.
house. It was done with a knife. I believe he was also in love. It is the worst way to get into, in Sheridan. It means so much more here than in many other places. Cupid does not play with darts at this point. He uses sterner weapons, and is a good shot. A man in love here may be said to be considerably "struck." I leave next week. If I do not, my remains will. I shall return and permanently locate with this whole-souled, large hearted, hospitable people. Truly do they love their neighbors as themselves. I have been much loved here. Yea, in the words of Rienzi to the Romans: "I go, but I return."

GREENE.

From the Commonwealth, editorial, August 4, 1869.

By reports from Sheridan, the present western terminus of the Kansas Pacific railway, we should judge that the town should at once be placed under martial law for the protection of well disposed people who may wish to tarry at that questionable portion of God's bountiful heritage. Human life is there at a discount. The sum of creation have there congregated and assumed control of municipal and social affairs. Gamblers, pickpockets, thieves, prostitutes and representatives of every other class of the world's people, who are ranked among the vicious, have taken possession of the town and reign supreme. The attempted executors of the civil authorities are laughed at and disregarded, and crimes are rampant and predominant. We have heard it suggested that the only remedy for the glaring evils that there exist is the declaring of martial law by General Schofield. Government troops should be sent there to protect the innocent and respectable who dwell there, and to render life safe and living tolerable to strangers who wish to tarry or locate among them. "Let us have peace."

WHEN A DROUGHT SAVED MONEY

From the Girard Press, November 26, 1874.

They have a good bridge across the Arkansas river at Wichita, but the gate keeper is praying for rain, as the river is so low that teamsters ford it, and save paying toll.

MORE ON WESTERN KANSAS MIRRAGES

From Larned Chronoscope items reprinted in the Kinsley Graphic, March 8, 1879.

The mirage these beautiful mornings plays its weird and strange pranks with the landscape. Mr. Jenkins tells us that Monday the whole country for seven or eight miles beyond Kinsley, with its houses and farms could be distinctly seen from his house on Sentinel hill.

From the Lane County Republican, Dighton, January 23, 1889.

Tuesday morning a beautiful scene could be observed from the city. In the north and northeast, White Rock township spread out like a panorama before the eye. Among other places could be seen that of Judge Wheacoft. The
stone buildings were as natural as life. The stock could be seen in the yards and the boys moving about doing their morning work. The judge’s place is nearly twenty miles distant, yet the magnifying quality of the air was such that all these could be plainly observed in detail.

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**WESTERN KANSAS WILD HORSES**

From the *Lane County Gazette*, California.

Mr. W. G. Smith and his boys caught a wild horse yesterday. It was running around by his horses and they made a corral with their wagons and after running it in succeeded in getting a rope on it. Mr. Smith came down to tell us about it and while here the rain came up which made him feel so good he immediately pulled out a $1.50 and paid for the Gazette one year.—May 20, 1880.

Messrs. Bell, Broderick and Thompson brought in six wild horses last Friday. They have a few more at their camp and are now after another herd which they will probably bring in before long. The horses they brought in are as fine specimens of horseflesh as one would wish to see. The herder of the gang is a fine black stallion of good size, with magnificent tail and mane. A brown stallion in the lot attracts the attention of every one owing to the fact that he is a square-built pacer. Probably the best horse of the herd is a large three-year-old roan stallion. A roan mare and a pair of matched yearlings are also included in the lot brought in. The horses are not in good flesh at present, but when fed up and broke they will make valuable animals. As a general thing it is not a very lucrative business catching these horses, but if anyone can make a success of it Mr. Bell and his assistants are the ones to do it. It requires time, perseverance, patience and considerable “sand” to capture and break a wild horse.

Mr. Bell says he expects to catch fifty wild horses this season.—May 27, 1880.

E. J. Bell has traded off nearly all his wild horses for cattle. He expects to bring in another herd in a few days which he will sell cheap for cash or trade for cattle.—June 10, 1880.

Numberless herds of wild horses range the prairies of western Kansas in all their native freedom. They usually go in herds of from two to twenty-five. Each herd has its leader who watches and protects his herd with great self-abnegation and intelligence. At this time of the year they fall an easy prey to the experienced hunter, and are being caught in great numbers.—June 17, 1880.

E. J. Bell & Co., the wild horse hunters, came in from the range this week with something over thirty head of ponies, and the most of them are fine looking animals. Messrs. Bell, Broderick and Thompson have thus far this season corralled about sixty head of horses but about one third this number have escaped or died. Bell and Thompson will start east with their horses next week.—August 26, 1880.

The boys who have been out running wild horses came in Tuesday evening, having run out of provisions. They have not had very much success.—October 14, 1880.
E. J. Bell, Esq., proprietor of our handsome little city, returned from Rice county last Friday, whether he has been with a lot of wild horses. Mr. D. Wilman, a young attorney of that county, came along with him and will probably make up his mind to locate in this county—November 4, 1889.

From the Frisco (Morton county) Pioneer, June 16, 1886.

Frank Kerr, a pedagogue from Lawrence county, Ohio, but lately from Sumner county, this state, who has a claim twelve miles northeast of here, one day last week caught a nice bay mare out of a herd of wild horses. She is getting quite tame and is learning to eat grain and lick salt. Frank rode her the second day she was in his possession and is a proud boy over his new found treasure. He thinks perhaps he may take her east on exhibition.

Some Notes on Morton County’s Early History

From the Frisco (Morton county) Pioneer, April 28, 1886.

The first parties who came to Morton county with a view of locating, arrived about one year ago. On the 4th of March, 1885, J. B. Fosher, the company’s agent, with J. W. Soules, George Bowman, Dill Chapman and Bill Barney, left Cherryvale, Montgomery county, Kansas, with a view of locating in what is now Morton county, but was at that time Seward county, though better known as Kansas county, that being the original name of this portion of the state. The party came on west through the southern tier of counties and at West Plains, were joined by J. H. Haines, Charles Haines and M. M. Durkee. They pursued their western course until the 16th of March, when they entered this county and after exploring over the different parts, stopped on the 27th, three miles east of the present site of Frisco, where afterwards the town of Sunset City was located. Here they stopped and sent back for their families and other parties to come out.

On the 24th of April, in the afternoon about four o’clock; the snow being about four inches deep, the following parties arrived, with wagons, teams, farming utensils, provisions, etc., H. C. Helton and family, W. W. Anderson and family, Lewis Darraugh and family, Mass Gibbs and family and the families of J. W. Soules and George Bowman and at once a permanent settlement was decided on, which was the first one. Work was begun and the first house built was by George Bowman, which was of sod, as well as the rest, and the second by W. W. Anderson, third by H. C. Helton, fourth by J. W. Soules and the fifth by J. H. Haines. As other parties came in, dugouts and sod houses were built, breaking and planting was done and other improvements made. The first Sunday School was organized in the company building of Sunset City, about the first of June.

The first prayer meeting was organized at W. W. Anderson’s in November. Since the arrival of Mr. J. B. Fosher and his party in this beautiful territory a little over thirteen months ago and the permanent settlement was decided on just one year ago, Saturday, many wonderful changes have taken place. Now there is not one one-fourth section of land out of ten but what there is some sort of claim on it. The entire county is dotted with dugouts, sod and frame houses. Farms have been broken out, and others are in progress, while towns have sprung up and are flourishing.
JOHN J. INGALLS SPEAKS AT THE GRAVE OF A FAITHFUL FAMILY SERVANT

From the Atchison Daily Champion.

On Sunday last at Oak Hill cemetery, beside the open grave of an obscure colored citizen, was witnessed a scene without a parallel in the history of this or any other country. Senator Ingalls, president of the senate of the United States, standing with uncovered head delivering a beautiful tribute to the character and worth of his old and faithful family servant, Tarleton Pendleton. The speaker spoke as one who speaks of a departed and cherished friend, and, for the time being, the senator lost sight of everything but his old servant, the trusty domestic whose labors were at an end, and whose rare fidelity inspired the choice utterances of the hour. The uniqueness of the occasion will never be forgotten by those who were present, and it seems to illustrate the fact that this is a land where the highest may stoop to bear tribute to the virtues of the obscurest, and to gain and not lose prestige by the graceful condescension.—March 23, 1887.

A MERITED TRIBUTE.—The following is a brief synopsis of Senator Ingalls' remarks at the grave of his faithful servant Tarleton Pendleton, published at the request of many who desire to give it wider publicity:

"Tarleton Pendleton was born on the 18th of July, 1822, near Charleston, in the Shenandoah valley, West Virginia. He was a slave, and removed with his owners to Kentucky, and from thence to St. Joseph, Mo. He emancipated himself early in the war and escaped to Atchison, where he has since resided. For more than twenty years he has been in the service of my family. During this long period he has always manifested the same interest in my affairs as if they had been his own. I never knew him to do a dishonest act nor to speak an untruthful word. He was faithful, upright and loyal in all the relations of life.

"At the open grave all men are equal. In the democracy of death the rich man is as poor as the poorest, and the poor man is as rich as the richest. Here the wealthy man leaves his possessions, the proud man surrenders his honors and dignities, the worldly man relinquishes his pleasures, and nothing remains but those moral qualities which define our relation to our fellow-creatures and to God.

"Pendleton could neither read nor write. His long life of humble toil is ended. His name will be heard no more among men. But he leaves the memory of virtues which the highest may imitate with advantage, and an example which all may follow with profit and safety. It was such as he that were in the mind of the Divine Teacher on the Mountain of Judea when he declared that the lowly in spirit should possess the Kingdom of Heaven; that the meek should inherit the earth; and that the pure in heart should see God. Here we leave him. He is at rest. May his soul abide in peace and felicity till the last great day, when the Lord shall come to judge the quick and the dead."—March 26, 1887.

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