The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827

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Mr. T. W. Haus,

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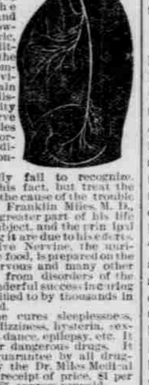

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SWEETHEARTS ALWAYS.

BY DANIEL O'CONNELL.

If sweethearts were sweethearts always,
Whether as maid or wife,
No drop would be half as pleasant
In the mingled draught of life.

But the sweetheart has smiles and blushes
When the wife has frowns and sighs
And the wife's have a wrathful glitter
For the glow of the sweetheart's eyes.

If lovers were lovers always—
The same to sweetheart and wife,
Who would change—for a future of Eden
The joys of this checkered life?

But husbands grow grave and silent,
And cares on the anxious brow
Oft replaced the sunshine that perished
With the words of the marriage vow.

Happy is he whose sweetheart
Is wife and sweetheart still—
Whose voice, as of old, can charm;
Whose kiss, as of old, can thrill.

Who has plucked the rose to find ever
Its beauty and fragrance increase,
As the flush of passion is mellowed
In love's unmeasured peace.

Who sees in the step a lightness,
Who finds in the form of grace;
Who reads an unaltered brightness
In the witchery of the face.

Undimmed and unchanged. Ah! happy
Is he crowned with such life!
Who drinks the wife pledging the sweetheart,
And toasts in the sweetheart the wife!

TERROR OF WAR DAYS.

QUANTRELL AND HIS GUERRILLAS.

How a Mild Mannered, Peaceful Ohio Youth Grew to Be the Most Cruel and Bloodthirsty Figure of the Rebellion—His Mother Still Living.

The slow-going, old fashioned Village of Canal Dover, in Ohio, pleasantly situated in the broad, fertile valley of the Tuscarawas, was the birthplace of William Clark Quantrell, one of the strangest and most sinister figures of the late war, and here his aged, white-haired mother, after a peaceful and blameless life that throws in a stronger light the bloody and violent career of her wayward son, awaits the final summons. The small story and a half cottage in which Quantrell was born is still standing at the corner of two of the side streets of the village, says the Kansas City *Star* correspondent, and there are many of the villagers who recall the guerrilla leader as a smooth-faced, flaxen-haired, light-hearted boy upon whom the baleful shadow of future events had not yet fallen. In visits to Missouri and Kansas I have met and talked with many of the companions of Quantrell and with others who were eye-witnesses of his deeds. To secure the prologue to his career I journeyed to this place and for several hours this afternoon sat and talked with the mother of this extraordinary man about whom so much has been said and written and of whom so little that is really true is known.

THE BOYHOOD OF QUANTRELL.

Mrs. Quantrell is now 74 years old, having been born in Somerset county, Pennsylvania, in April, 1819, but carries well her weight of years. She is below the medium height, her blue eyes are undimmed by age, and her round, pleasant face must have once been very handsome. There is a strong resemblance between the features of the mother and those of the son, as seen in the portrait in oil that hangs on the wall on her humble home. "I can only tell you," she said, "of my son's life before the war. God and his men alone know his later deeds and the motives that prompt them. No one else does. My son was born here in Canal Dover, July 31, 1733. My husband's father was a lifelong resident of Hagerstown, Md., and my husband was borne in that place in 1813. Soon after I was born my own father moved to Chambersburgh, Pa., where I passed my girlhood and received my education. My husband had relatives in Chambersburg, and it was while visiting them that we met and became engaged. In 1836 he decided to start in business here in Canal Dover, and so we were married in Chambersburg in October of that year and came west. Our son William was born in the following year, the first of a family of eight children given to us in time and four of whom died in infancy. My eldest daughter died in 1863, and my son Franklin in 1882, leaving a wife and four children, who are now grown. My son Thomas is the only one of my children still alive. He lives in Montana, where he has a family and is doing well.

"My husband was a tinker by trade, but soon after we came to Canal Dover became a school teacher and in time principal of Union College, in which position he died in 1854. As a boy William was bright and studious. He attended Union College under his father and graduated when he was 16. In the following fall he became a teacher in one of the lower departments of the college and later taught for several terms in the district schools about here.

SETTLED IN MENDOTA, ILL.

"In 1855, thinking he could do better farther west, he went to Mendota, Ill., and taught there for a year. Then he returned home and remained until 1857, when he went out to Kansas Territory with a party of Canal Dover business men and I never saw him again. He was a handsome boy, slender in build, but muscular. His eyes were blue and his hair soft as silk. Though of a retiring nature he had a ready smile and a warm heart and was never known to be quarrelsome. I never knew such unbounded surprise as was expressed by those who knew him when we began to hear of his war exploits," and the old lady's chin quivered as she spoke.

One of Quantrell's redeeming traits seems to have been a deep and tender love for his mother. He wrote her more or less regularly during all his western wanderings and until the war came always sent her part of the money he earned. His letters, along with other mementos gathered with loving and patient care the mother still faithfully treasures. In these letters he constantly expresses regret at having led a roving, reckless life and makes oft repeated promises to sow his wild oats and settle down. I was shown the last two letters his mother ever received from him, written from Stanton, Kan., where he was then teaching school in the winter of 1860. The handwriting, to some extent, resembles that of a woman and the letters reveal a remarkable depth of poetical feeling. "There is no news here," he writes in closing his last letter, "but hard times and harder still coming, for I see their shadows, and coming events cast their shadows before, is an old proverb, but I do not feel that my destiny is fixed in this country, nor do I wish to stay in it longer than possible, for the devil has got illimitable sway over this territory, and will hold it until we have a better set of men and society generally." These were the last words the mother ever received directly from her son. Before the close of the following year—strange irony of history—Quantrell had become the scourge of the western plains.

One of Quantrall's companions in his boyhood days at Canal Dover was W. W. Scott, a union soldier during the war and for many years past editor of a weekly paper published here. "Quantrell," said Mr. Scott to me, "was my earliest playmate, being one year my senior, and we were schoolmates and companions until he left for the west, in 1857. Then we became correspondents, and his letters, down to the fall of 1860, are still in my possession. He was fond of books and quick to learn. He was remarkably neat in his person, but ill at ease in the presence of ladies and generally averse to their society. Fishing and hunting were his favorite pastimes. He was an expert shot and could throw stones with unerring accuracy, but there was nothing in his conduct or in his letters to indicate his after career, save that he would occasionally shoot a pig through the tip of the ear to make it run and squeal and then would laugh loudly at its antics." It adds to the strange enigma Quantrell's career presents to know that his father, a man who held the esteem of all who knew him, was an ardent abolitionist, and that the son, until two years before the war, was a devoted enemy of human slavery.

QUANTRELL'S EARLY YEARS IN THE WEST.

Quantrell had not yet passed his 20th birthday when he made his appearance in Paola, Kan., in the spring of 1857. Paola was one of the democratic towns founded to neutralize the influence of the "free soil" settlement. A sale of Indian trust lands was in progress when Quantrell reached there. It was provided that sales should be made only to "actual settlers," but wholesale fraud was resorted to to render this stipulation of little account. In many instances a settlement was made by running a wheeled shanty onto the section it was proposed to bid in, after which affidavit would be made that the demands of the law had been fully complied with. Quantrell engaged to hold down an eighty-acre claim for a hotel-keeper in Paola. Later he claimed that he had been cheated out of his pay, and to reimburse himself drove off a yoke of oxen belonging to his employer. He was followed and the oxen taken from him, but he was allowed to go his way.

Late in 1858 Quantrel appeared in Lawrence, Kan., having for some unknown reason taken the name of Charley Hart, and for a year or more was employed as a teacher and as agent's clerk among the Delaware Indians at their reservation on the Kaw River. He attached himself to and gained the confidence of a small knot of daring spirits in Lawrence, who were ever ready to aid the escape of fugitive slaves from Missouri and to give protection to the free colored people who in considerable numbers had moved from the adjacent states into Kansas. In this, however, he was not prompted by any worthy motive. He did it to cloak his connection with a band of Missourians who were kidnaping the free colored people of Kansas and running them into Arkansas, where they sold them into slavery. The company of kidnapers made repeated trips to the border counties of Kansas and the number of their victims soon mounted into the hundreds. Great indignation was aroused at their work. When Quantrell's connection with them finally became known he was forced to flee for safety to Jackson County, Missouri.

HIS BLOODY RECORD BEGINS.

His career of bloodshed now began. He was accompanied in his fight into Missouri by three fellow slave stealers, and while they lay camped in a piece of woods near the house of a wealthy farmer named Morgan Walker they entered into a conspiracy to rob the latter. At the last moment he resolved to betray his companions. Finding some excuse for his absence, he sought out Walker's son, gave him the details of the proposed raid and agreed to assist in shooting his associates when the advance should be made. Thus warned, the Walkers called in their friends, and when the attack was made all but Quantrell were shot dead. He afterward defended this glaring treachery by the claim that he was doing the public a service, which was true; and the further claim that his associates had killed his brother, which was false. Soon after his advent in Missouri Quantrell went to Texas and from there to the Indian Territory, where for a time he was the companion of Joel Mayes later chief of the Cherokee nation. He was present at the battle of Springfield, where General Lyons lost his life, and also at the battle Lexington. Following the latter engagement he returned to Jackson County, where he lived at the house of Morgan Walker, and adopted the calling of a bushwhacker. His first act in his new role was one of signal cruelty. With a few companions he planned the death of two Missouri unionists, a father and son. His victims being unarmed when attacked ran and hid in a covered bridge. The son was shot down and his body thrown upon the bridge. Quantrell's party then fired the bridge at both ends and watched it consume the body of the son while the father was burned alive. Two of the perpetrators of the outrage were afterward captured by the union forces, tried, convicted and hanged. The only excuse offered for it was that the two men killed had been stealing the horses of rebel sympathizers.

Quantrell had now completely surrendered to the passions that then swayed the people among whom he had cast his lot, and his education, daring and superior intelligence at once made him leader. At Blue Springs, Mo., in May, 1861, his famous band of guerrillas was organized and its sudden and merciless raids soon became the terror of the Kansas border. Quantrell's band was made up entirely of volunteers, the most of them being young farmers from the Missouri border counties, and it also included a number of Kentuckians and Arkansans. Each member was armed with a rifle and revolver, the latter being the favorite weapon. No oaths were taken and no vouchers required to secure membership. "Can you shoot to kill?" was the only question asked of each new volunteer. At first Quantrell spared the lives of the prisoners taken in the raids, but this clemency was short lived. On March 22, 1862, his band to the number of sixty-five was camped on the Little Blue. During the day a paper was brought into the camp containing a proclamation by General Halleck outlawing the band and ordering its members shot and hanged whenever found. Quantrell read the decree to his men and gave all who desired it permission to leave. A score of men who had joined the Band the day before at once mounted their horses and rode away, but all of the original members remained. On the following day a union soldier fell into the hands of the guerrillas and their leader himself shot him down, remarking as he did so "Halleck orders, but we draw blood." After that, in raids upon young villages in Kansas and in attacks upon detachments of union soldiers, prisoners, citizens and soldiers were alike slain without mercy. No one was spared unless to gratify some whim of the moment.

THE LAWRENCE MASSACRE AND ITS SEQUEL.

In the summer of 1863, at a time when the borders of Kansas and Missouri were almost denuded of union troops, Quantrell prepared for his long contemplated raid on Lawrence, the most bloody and ruthless chapter in the history of the war. Various motives have been assigned for this raid, it being claimed on the one hand that it was made to punish General Jim Lane, who lived in Lawrence and had been very active in his hostility to the guerrillas, and on the other hand that it was instigated by Quantrell to avenge some insult he had received while a resident of the town. Be this as it may, the guerrilla leader's plans were skillfully laid and boldly executed. While the only union forces then in eastern Kansas, the Ninth Kansas cavalry, under Colonel Preston B. Plumb, were scattered along a long stretch of frontier and Lawrence, wholly unprotected, relied for safety upon its distance from the Missouri, Quantrell on the night of Aug. 19, 1863, at his camp on Blackwater Creek, near Columbus, Mo., collected his followers to the number of 274 and briefly explaining his designs rode toward the Kansas border.

The advance was begun at sunrise on Aug. 20 and pushed so energetically that, despite frequent detours rendered necessary in ordre to avoid encounters with the union soldiery, at sundown Aug. 21 the guerrilla band at a point some thirty miles below the town of Westport crossed the Missouri border into Kansas. The dress of the guerrillas closely resembled the federal uniform, and to the farmers whom they encountered as the advanced the leaders said that their followers were recruits for the Ninth Kansas cavalry. Some of the farmers, suspecting danger, at once set out for the camp of Colonel Plumb, fifteen miles away, and the cavalrymen were soon aroused and in pursuit. But their horses were worn and beaten by a long journey on the previous day and they failed to overtake Quantrell, who at early dawn galloped through Franklin, five miles from Lawrence. The attempts of Plumb's scouts to reach Lawrence were foiled by those of Quantrell, and just before 4 o'clock on the morning of Aug. 22 the guerrillas were in sight of the doomed city. There were two detachments of union recruits then in Lawrence one white and the other colored, but both were unarmed. A union officer, mounting at the door of the Eldridge House for a ride to Fort Leavenworth, thirty miles away, heard a pistol shot, and glancing around quickly saw a body of horsemen riding rapidly toward the town from the southeast. He was seen by the intruders at the same instant, and as those in advance dashed toward him he realized that a dash for the river was his only escape. Shouting and firing his revolver to arouse the sleeping people as he went along, he rode at full speed toward West Lawrence and soon reach a small bridge spanning a deep ravine that opened into the Kaw River, a quarter of a mile away. Into this ravine leaped officer and horse and disappeared from view. The officer reached the river bank in safety and aroused the colored recruits who were sleeping in a barn near by and all but three of them escaped.

A CARNIVAL OF BLOOD.

In the meantime for six long hours, under the blazing August sun, the carnival of blood and death had gone on unchecked. When the guerrillas entered Lawrence, some eighty of them scattered about the streets of the town, but the main body under Quantrell rode straight for the camp of the unarmed white recruits, where 100 men were sleeping, happily unconscious of impending death. The scene that followed was described to me a year or so ago by one of the guerrillas who took part in it. "The first thing I knew," said he, "we were right on the camp. Save the sentries and a stray man or so hanging about the fires there was not a soul to be seen. A sharp cry rang out from the sentry nearest us. Discharging his piece squarely at us, he shouted: 'Corporal of the guard! Post No. 6' and fell riddled with a dozen balls. That brought them out like bees swarming from an overturned hive, and into them we rode, dealing death at every jump of our horses. We crashed through tents and among sleeping men. They tried to rally and form a square; we broke it and trampled them under foot. Their officers behaved like heroes, but bayonets were no defense against the quick and deadly work of the six-shooter. Up and down the camp we rode. Here would be a score of desperate, half-dressed men, standing at bay around an overturned tent. A quick charge, a ringing volley and the riders would spur over a pile of dead and writhing bodies to a fresh attack. What hurried and ill-organized defense there was lasted but a moment and then a panic seized the survivors. We ran them down and shot them remorselessly. In three minutes it was all over and a camp had been turned into a graveyard. There was not one of the soldiers alive five minutes after we struck the camp."

The work of death did not end here. Every man or boy who appeared in the streets was shot down, and among all the victims there was scarcely a man with a gun. The guests of the Eldridge Hotel were saved by Quantrell's order at the request of Robert S. Stevens, a lawyer, to whom he was indebted for some former act of kindness. This, however, was the only act of mercy shown. Three hundred buildings were fired and every business place in the town sacked and plundered. When Quantrell finally ordered a retreat at 11 o'clock the business portion of the town was in flames, and scores of dead bodies lay buried under the fierce August sun. He was hotly pursued by the forces of General Ewing and Colonel Plumb, but made good his escape into Missouri, where his followers disbanded and scattered to their homes. Quantrell was accompanied on this raid by 120 confederate cavalrymen belonging to Shelby's division. Their commander, a lieutenant named Johnson, was wounded in the pursuit and afterward shot in Missouri by union scouts. Quantrell ended the Lawrence raid with a loss of but seven men. The number of his victims, unarmed men and boys, was 286. Later, in defending the outrage to a southern woman, Quantrell said:

"I wanted to kill Jim Lane, who lived there, and as I hadn't the honor of his acquaintance I killed every man I could see to shoot at."

Quantrell now resolved to make his way to Kentucky and from there to Maryland, where, as he afterward stated he intended to surrender with Lee or again engage in guerrilla warfare. He dressed his men in the federal uniforms stolen from the bodies of the union soldiers at Boxter Springs, and successfully eluding the Union posts in Arkansas reached the Mississippi in safety. After trying various points he finally effected the passage of the river fifteen miles above Memphis on New Year's Day 1865. Once within the federal lines, Quantrell represented himself as a federal officer on special scouting duty, and drew rations and supplies at the several union posts through which he passed. His band crossed Tennessee into Kentucky and passed through Big Creek, Covington, Paris and other places on their way to the mountains of southwestern Kentucky. Stopping one night at a country hotel, Quantrell, after supper, saw his men to bed and ordered them not to leave their rooms unless he called for them. However, some of them disobeyed this order and went to the barroom for whisky. Here they fell in with a group of federal officers. Guerrillas and soldiers drank deeply and finally fell to quarreling. Pistols were drawn, and in the fight that followed several of the officers were shot dead. This untimely encounter served to reveal the identity of Quantaell and his men, and the guerrilla leader saw that their only safety lay in flight. The guerrillas hastily mounted their horses, and by hard riding eluded the pursuing enemy and reached the mountains. But federal cavalry under Major Bridgewater and Captain Terrell drove them from one hiding place to another and the forces of the latter finally brought them to bay on May 10, 1865, near Taylorsvill, Ky. Here Quantrell made his last stand and fought his last fight. Two of his followers were killed and one wounded; the rest escaped, scattering in all directions, and in the end making their way back to Missouri as best they could.

Quantrell himself was mortally wounded. He was shot through the shoulder blade, the ball striking his spine and paralyzing him. Two days after the fight he was taken to the United States military prison hospital, in Louisville, where he died on June 6. He was buried in St. John's cemetery, Louisville, and when they went to dress him for the grave, they found fifty marks on his body made by bullets and sabers. In his final moments his better nature returned and the last words, it is said, that fell from his lips as they grew cold in death, were the name of his mother. As shrewd as he was daring, and as fearless as he was merciless, reading character at a glance and easily molding others to his will, Quantrell seems to have been an ideal leader for such an outlaw band as he gathered around his roving standard. But, while there were among his followers men who were moved by wrongs, real or fancied, such as the loss of slaves, the burning of dwellings and the killing of relatives in battle, their leader could claim no justification for his deeds, and his name has passed into history as that of the most sinister figure of the war.

For Grown Folks.

"I have a good deal of sympathy for the little people," writes Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin in a paper on "Children's Rights," "during their first eight or ten years, when they are just beginning to learn life's lessons, and when the laws which govern them often seem so strange and unjust.

"The child has a right to a place of its own, to things of its own, to surroundings which have some relation to its size, its desires and its capabilities. How should we like to live half the time in a place where the piano was 12 feet high, the door knob at an impossible height, and the mantle shelf in the sky; where every mortal being was out of reach except a collection of highly interesting objects on dressing tables and bureaus, guarded, however, by giants three times as large and powerful as ourselves, forever saying, 'musn't touch,' and if we did touch we should be spanked, and have no other method of revenge save to spank back symbolically on the inoffensive persons of our dolls?"

The Origin of "Deadhead."

Fifty years ago the principal avenue of Detroit had a toll gate close to the entrance of the Elmwood cemetery road. As the cemetery had been laid out some time previous to the construction of the plank road, it was arranged that all funeral processions should be allowed to pass along the latter toll free.

One day as Dr. Pierce, a well known physician, stopped to pay his toll he observed to the gatekeeper:

"Considering the benevolent character of our profession, I think you ought to let us pass free of charge."

"No, no, doctor," replied the man," we can't afford that. You send to many 'deadheads' through here as it is."

The story traveled, and the word became fixed.

Russell Sage will appeal from the $25,000 verdict against him for injuries sustained by Laidlaw, whom Sage used as a shield against a dynamite bomb.

Paper Money.

The fat man who sat in the rear seat of the smoker saw a man cross the aisle counting his money. "Seeing that roll of bills," he said, "reminds me that I know something about money that very few of the people out of the Treasury Department know."

He reached down into his pocket and fished out a $1 bill. It was new, and he pointed out a diminutive letter C on it right under the bill's number, and another down in the other corner. "Now," he said, "I don't suppose that a man of you knew that these seemingly unnecessary letter are on the United States bills. And even if you had noticed them, I am willing to bet that not one of you can tell what they signify."

Half of the men in the car were listening to the fat man and none of them could tell what the letters meant, although one or two said that they had noticed them.

"Well," went on the fat man, "I wish one of you gentlemen would take a bill and tell me what the last four figures of the number are."

The commercial traveler had a bill. The last four figres of the number were 5,321. The fat man said, almost instantly, "The letter on that bill is B." When the bill was examined the diminutive B was found on it in two places.

Half a dozen other bills were produced and when the fat man was told the last four figures of the number he was able to tell what letter would be found on the bill. In each case the letter was either A, B, C or D.

"The explanation is simple," said the fat man, after he had done the trick successfully every time. "If you take the last four figures of the number on any bill, no matter what its denomination is, and divide them by four, you will, of course, have either a remainder of zero, one, two, or three. If the remainder is zero, the letter on the bill will be A. If it is 1, the letter will be B. If it is 2, the letter will be C and if it is 3 the letter will be D.

"This is one of the many precautions taken by the government against counterfeiters. You can tell instantly whether a bill is bad or good by making that test. I wouldn't give a five-cent piece for a $1,000 bill, no matter how perfect it seemed, if its little letters did not correspond with the remainder obtained by dividing the last four figures of its number by four."—*Buffalo Express*

Pensive Pencilings.

Don't ask the man who started in last fall to keep his furnace fire going all winter long, without letting it go out once, how he succeeded with his experiment. There are some subjects that are too delicate and too near the heart for careless words.

When a physician is called to attend a dude who thinks that he is suffering with brain fever, his first task is to organize a search expedition to find the brain.

It doesn't speak well for a young man when he has to send his last year's summer suit to a new tailor to be cleaned and pressed because the tailor who made the suit for him last spring hasn't had his bill paid yet.

A little Somerville girl who went to ride the other day told people when she came back that she had been clear up on top of the hill, "to the place where the Mischief water comes from.'

So far as getting rich is concerned, getting what you can often isn't so important as keeping what you get.

Economy is wealth, but if everybody should be economical, fewer people would get immensely rich.

If the worthless "stock" scattered through the country, that is only good for wall paper, were to be used for that purpose, lots of new houses would have to be built to get wall surface enough to put it on.—*Somerville Journal.*

Short and Sweet.

A woman's rights lady remarks that the highest use of man is to have his life insured for his wife's benefit.

A man who registers at a hotel under an assumed name should be careful to avoid any unnecessary flourishes.

Hen trails in the garden indicate fowl play, of course, and in a certain sense may be accepted as vital proofs.

Honor to whom honor is due. Let it candidly be said that some book agents are bigger bores than others.

The man who doesn't give advice, and the man who can take advice gracefully, are both bound to be popular.

Truth and soberness do not always go together. It very often happens that a man is frankest when he is drunkest.

A man is judged by the clothes that he wears at business and a woman by the clothes she does not wear in the ball room.

A chemist says wood can be made palatable and nourising. 'Tisn't the kind of board we are hankering after, however.—*Texas Siftings.*

He Had One Weakness.

The prisoner, a very well-appearing man, was before the Police Judge as a suspicious character.

"You look like a very decent sort of man," said the Judge. "Do you drink?"

"No, your Honor," was the prompt response.

This seemed to encourage the Judge.

"Do you gamble?" he asked next.

"No, sir."

"Smoke?"

"No, sir."

"Chew?"

"No, sir."

"Play cards?"

"No, sir."

The Judge was nonplussed.

"Why," he exclaimed, "what do you do?"

"Your Honor," replied the prisoner bowing, I "presume I steal sometimes. At least, I have served two terms in the penitenti