

THROUGH THE WOODS

Deep in the far recesses where
The rain falls softly on
The forest floor, the forest floor,
The wood bird sings some song,
The stream that threads the green
And when the sunlight's tint of gold
Falls, and the forest floor is o'er,
Soft on the clouds that shade the wood
Breaks merrily not the forest's roar.

O bends the forest
Tempest river,
O'er streams that dash
Will not rest,
Art ne'er high grander
Beauty given,
Than nature from her
Bounteous store.

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Where
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Breaks merrily not the forest's roar.

And all along the great gray woods
A soft mist lies; low the wind,
Where smoke wreaths all the valley floods,
And sunbeams with the shadows blend.

The coldly dawns the morn, the sun
At eventide may brightly glow
With warmth, and calm above the run,
Its beams are long the forest's glow.

Thro' all this radiance fits the gleam
Of flashing wings, as, hovering near,
The wood-wren darts above the stream,
And blue birds sing the forest's cheer.

Thro' the sequestered woods there roam
A songster whose refrain is gay;
And, when the redbreast seeks their homes,
Flies joyfully with them away.

But soon returns, for well it loves
The fragrance of the forest's shade,
And with the sportive, cooing doves
Kings forth its music to the glade.

This bird, the wild goldfinch, loves,
While perched above the forest's stream,
To view, amid the mirror'd groves,
His image 'neath the water's gleam.

The radiance of a summer's day
He loves, and fits the voice of spring,
A love for which, among the trees,
Of winter sweeps his rapid wing.

From pine-clad heights of darkest green,
Thro' which wild streams their wanderings
To fields bright in their sunny sheen,
The woodland's wondrous vistas spread.

The scenery of the distant east,
With views of towering mountains' rear,
O'er some lone lake with clouds of mist,
May with its beauty be compared.

And there's a magic charm that lives
In spreading field and forest fair,
A love for which, among the trees,
Of winter sweeps his rapid wing.

The humblest creature dwelling there,
BARNSWELL, S. C.

A FAMOUS INDIAN WAR.

A LEAF FROM THE PIONEER HISTORY OF ILLINOIS.

The Thrilling Story of the Conflict Known as Black Hawk's War—Defeat, Pursuit, and Final Capture of the Wily Chief—The Perils that Beset Our Pioneers.

VERY new and then some sturdy young farmer of the Mississippi Valley flew up an Indian arrow or a tomahawk, or a scalping-knife. To him they seem strange and uncouth articles, but when they are laid before the sire or grandsire, the old eyes brighten, dulled memories quicken, and veteran hearts go back with these relics past the battles of the rebellion, past the Mexican conflicts of 1846, to an era of strife that in their early experience comprised the greatest event in history—the famous Black Hawk war.

It is just fifty-six years ago that this celebrated warrior sprang into a notoriety that soon became national, and terrorized the residents of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa with a system of warfare more fierce and stubborn than that of the Moctez in the lava beds. It seems strange now, looking over the great chain



BLACK HAWK.

of cities and towns and fertile fields lying between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi River, that a half-century since a vagrant savage chief and his undisciplined band of adherents could keep a course of posts fifty settlements, and the National Government itself in a state of turmoil, danger, and alarm, yet such was the case, and there are many who will read this article who will thrill vividly at the era it depicts, that to them was an actual, living experience, for in Chicago, St. Louis, Galesburg, Aurora, Keokuk, and in many towns along the Fox and Rock Rivers there are hundreds who remember Black Hawk familiarly—who took part in the war which he waged so relentlessly; at the peace named.

Black Hawk was a very intelligent man, the son of Midden, a noted Indian. It was not until 1831, however, that he came prominently into notice. At that time comparatively peaceful relations existed between the whites and savages. A treaty had been made in 1804 with four reigning chiefs, whereby, for \$2,200 and a \$1,000 annuity, the Sac and Foxes ceded all their lands in Illinois to the State. Subsequent treaties in 1822 and 1830 confirmed this deal. By the terms of this treaty, the Indians were to move west of the Mississippi River. The movement of them to do, but Black Hawk alleged fraud in the treaty, claimed ignorance of their details, and determined to maintain an ancient home of his race on the Rock River. He defied

the authorities, appealed to the Government, obtained no satisfaction, but finally, in June, 1831, signed a treaty, whereby the whites and his band were to mutually cultivate the lands of the tribe near Rock Island.

This was the beginning of trouble. The white farmers uprooted the corn of the savages, and the savages retaliated. Constant wars ensued. Finally Governor Reynolds, General Gaines, and the militia moved the tribe to the west bank of the Mississippi. Here the band killed twenty-eight Menominee who had murdered a Sac warrior. The authorities demanded the surrender of the assassins. Black Hawk refused, and with his tribe recrossed the river near Dixon, attacked the whites, killed eleven of Major Stillman's volunteers, and with sixty men started on the gory trail that has crimsoned the history of the early West.

The news of the declaration of open hostilities spread like wildfire. Thrilling notes of warning were sounded all over the State. The Fox River settlements, that at Holdeman's Grove, Aurora, Galena, the fort at Ottawa, and the settlements on Bureau and Indian Creeks were ordered to prepare to resist attack and massacre. An Indian Creek the people delayed too long. Seventy painted savages surrounded the primitive log cabins and butchered and horribly mutilated fifteen whites and carried the rest away for ransom. So rapidly did Black Hawk proceed, so defiantly did Black Hawk proceed, so defiantly



THE SCOUTS ON THEIR WAY TO GALENA.

ly did he evade pursuit, that though a force of nearly 3,000 volunteers was organized, the Government hurrying national troops to the west, and such men as Abraham Lincoln, Zachary Taylor, and General Scott engaging to defeat the savages, the latter were sweeping unopposed over unprotected settlements, leaving death and destruction in their wake.

At this time a new peril seemed to menace the fort at Chicago and its infant settlements at Aurora, Naperville and Fort Biggs. Black Hawk was swiftly approaching the frontier settlements, and the pioneers were flying to Fort Dearborn for refuge, although there was scarcely room there for them. The Pottawattamie, the Kickapoo, and the Shawnee, Hamilton and Messer, Caldwell, and Robinson, leading citizens, feared that emissaries of the wily and persuasive Black Hawk might induce them to join in a war. A council was held and Big Foot, a famous chief, and a few Winnebagoes deserted the whites. Fort Payne was built at Naperville, the utmost caution and vigilance exercised, and a class of West Point cadets, including a class of West Point cadets, started from the East for Chicago. They arrived at Detroit, then the great metropolitan center of the upper lake country, and the Asiatic cholera attacked them. They arrived at Fort Dearborn dying of the dread scourge. Ninety soldiers perished, the garrison was quarantined, the settlers fled, and meantime Black Hawk was occupying the prairie, stealthily descending on isolated settlements, and defying the State and the Government with his vagrant band of bloodthirsty assassins.

The fatal descent of Gen. Scott and his soldiers at Fort Dearborn encouraged Black Hawk. The settlers were driven from Chicago back to their isolated homes, and although the Winnebagoes and Pottawattamies refused to join Black Hawk, he managed to gather a sanguinary horde about him, full of courage, though destitute of discipline. They had been signally victorious in all their forays. Gen. Whiteside had retired from a disastrous defeat at Stillman's Run in an awkward position. His army was out of all ratios except parched corn, and his enemy had retreated to Wisconsin. To pursue him meant victory, but when the term of enlistment of the volunteers expired, his soldiers were tired of warfare and discouraged. The insisted on marching to Ottawa, and there were discharged the last of May by Gov. Reynolds.

After they had left Dixon Gen. Atkinson removed to Fort Armstrong. Upon him seemed now to rest the fate of the country. He realized that unless something was done speedily the Indian allies would desert to the ranks of the victorious Black Hawk. A call for 2,000 recruits came to the State. In June 1832, Gen. Atkinson and Whiteside enlisted in the ranks. The war was imminent near Galena, and then 3,000 men from the plow were ready to battle with their enemies.

Through spies among neutral tribes Black Hawk kept track of the preparations being made by his foes. At this time a thriving settlement of Americans was centered about the lead interests of remote, their situation was quite favorable to stealthy attack, and Black Hawk determined to sweep the country from existence before the new recruits came to the field. June 18 he sent some warriors to steal horses from Apple River fort. The thieves were pursued by Captain Stephenson and twelve men. The savages retreated with their plunder victorious, after killing three men, and

his graves and marched again to the fort. It was a small stockade, garrisoned by twenty-five men, but the Indians were resolutely beaten back, the whites arriving only one man. Two intrepid scouts made their way to Galena, where a detachment of soldiers were sent to the rescue of their environed comrades. The wily Black Hawk, however, retreated. This daring attack aroused renewed fear among the settlements, for the hostilities were represented by numerous widely scattered bands, and were augmented largely by tribes friendly as nations, but whose renegade element had united with the war party of Indians. They kept the entire State in commotion, and isolated murders of Holdeman's Grove, Blue Mounds, Dixon, Spafford's Creek, and even farther east and south, told that the whites were menaced in every quarter. The new recruits hastened on the trail of Black Hawk, and a slight skirmish occurred at Kellogg's plantation, during which five whites were killed and many wounded. A large force of soldiers was sent for, but they arrived too late to capture Black Hawk. A rally was made from Fort Hamilton a few days later, and at the east fork of the Pecatonica, in a grove, twenty-one daring Wisconsin volunteers came upon Black Hawk's warriors. A desperate battle ensued, and the entire band of Indians, numbering seventeen, was destroyed. General Atkinson now meditated a final massed onslaught on Black Hawk



BATTLE OF PECATONICA GROVE.

in his camp. A company of friendly Pottawattamies, led by Chicago men, accompanied him to the east side of the Rock River, where Black Hawk was supposed to be. General Alexander, Colonel Dodge, General Pusey and others, with ample forces, undertook to surround the encampment on all sides, and the daring warrior seemed at last to be fairly in the meshes. Black Hawk, however, anticipated the movement. He fled, was overtaken by General Henry's division at Wisconsin Heights, and lost fifty men, against one on the part of the soldiers. The Indians were completely annihilated, and during the night endeavor to make it known to their victor that



HE WAS READY TO SURRENDER, BUT THE SOLDIERS DID NOT UNDERSTAND HIM.

they were ready to surrender, but the soldiers did not understand them, that Black Hawk's band hastened on to the awful fate that was to signalize their last flight. The wretched fugitives crossed the Wisconsin, and fled toward the Mississippi. He and nearly a hundred of his volunteers now hurried on the trail of the savages. At Bad Axe a terrible slaughter ensued for the Indians, only a small remnant escaping, while the soldiers lost seventeen men. Every effort was made to hedge in Black Hawk and prevent him from crossing the Mississippi. The steamer Enterprise was dispatched up the river to intercept the fugitives. The Warrior, a six-pounder, joined in the naval sortie. It was found that most of the fugitives had swam to an island in the river, and here Colonel Taylor, with 150 regular troops and the steamer Warrior, opened fire on them. Every savage was killed except one, who escaped by swimming the river. Black Hawk, however, was not among the slain. He and nearly a hundred of his band had fled to Prairie La Crosse, a Winnebago village, where he surrendered himself to the chief in command. Some fifty of his men were sent with him to Jefferson Barracks, just below St. Louis, and then to Washington. The Government did not punish him. On the contrary, he was honored, feted and returned to his country, becoming a subordinate chief to Keokuk. He died in 1838, the last native defender of the soil of the Northwest. — W. J. Cobb, in Chicago Ledger.

Will You Be Carved Down?

All persons afflicted with obesity will be interested to hear of the surgical operation which has just been performed at Paris upon M. Hironelle, a well-known literary man, whose fame as a gourmet is only equalled by that which he has achieved with his pen. Unable to bring himself to abandon the delights of his native cuisine or to submit to the Spartan diet and severe regimen prescribed by the "banting" process, he placed himself in the hands of Drs. Marx and Demars. The latter, after putting him under chloroform, raised his knife, and cut away four and three-quarters pounds of his adipose tissue. The skin was then stitched up, and a week later M. Hironelle had quite recovered from the effects of the operation, which is known as "de graissage," and bids fair to become the rage among fat men.

NATURE loves truth so well that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.

A RECTIFIER OF MISTAKES.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.



"I've got ten cents' worth of crackers and fifteen cents' worth of cheese—whilkiln's what a nose!"

The scene was a small store—half grocery, half saloon—in one of the recently annexed districts of metropolitan Chicago.

The prospective purchaser of those staple articles of diet—crackers and cheese—had been stopped short in the midst of his order by a chance glance at the enormous nasal appendage of the proprietor.

"You may laugh," remarked the latter with a grim smile, "but my nose is my fortune."

"As a freak in the dime museums?"

"No, sir."

"Prospector for gas-wells?"

"Not at all."

"Certifier of the purity of our hydrant water?"

The grocer shook his head.

"Manager of an East Indian asafetida farm?"

"Couldn't be further away."

"With pitch going on to China, perhaps. Ain't connected with the Stock Yards?"

"Certainly not."

"Then I give it up. As the ringmaster in the circus would say to the clown, why is your nose your fortune?"

"Because it leads me to mind my own business. There's your crackers and cheese. Twenty-five cents, please."

"That's a nose, you stranger. Ha, ha, ha!" laughed a bystander, whose



"HA, HA, HA!"

nose, though lacking the majestic proportions possessed by the high, paint-tinted town color of the grocer's own.

"Seems like it was. Do you make them three for a quarter, boss?"

"That goes."

"Well, your nose and your joke together have taken away my appetite; so take back the provisions, please, and circulate the rosy."

"Been in the wholesale trade at one time, I guess?" remarked the proprietor, pointing to the new-come's glass, which was filled to the brim with wine.

"A rectifier, rather—of mistakes."

"Wouldn't care to have you practice your profession here—at the price."

"Oh, this is nothing to the way I used to work 'em right after the war, when I turned carpet-bagger, and ran for Sheriff, down in Mississippi."

"No; good liquor. You see, I'd just come from Kansas, and hadn't much money."

"I believe you."

"So, when I had an invitation, which was disgustingly seldom, I used to remark, after I'd drunk all but about half a finger, that I'd got a little grain too much water for my whisky, and so go a double-headed." See?

"Yes. You wasn't elected, I hope?"

"No. After it was over I concluded that I hadn't been running. But I had lots of fun, and it didn't cost anything."

"Not for board?"

"Not a cent. I'll explain, for the information may come handy to you. I arranged with old man Block, who kept the hotel, to board there for \$8 a

PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

THE CARE AND MANAGEMENT OF SMALL CHILDREN.

A Subject in Which Every Mother Is Interested—Food and Clothing for Infants—Some Barbarous Customs Begotten of Ignorance—Wise Words from an Old Physician.

BY PROF. J. F. ELSOM.

It has been wisely said, and with much truth, too, that the primary requisite to happy households and contented families is the proper care and management of infants; in fact, the future destiny of the entire human race, for weal or woe, depends largely on the manner in which infants are cared for and the principles propagated as the intellectual faculties are developed, and the few remarks I shall make bearing on this subject shall be short of all ambiguity of expression, and made applicable to universal application, not to suit a few isolated cases.

All who have arrived at maturity will recollect the painful, perhaps injurious, not to say cruel, scenes witnessed in families representing all the walks of life, from the humble cottage of the artisan to the palatial home of the nabob; hence it is but reasonable to suppose that all classes and conditions of mankind have an interest, par amount to all others, in the welfare and comfort, both now and in after life, of the wee thing that is to either honor or disgrace us in the days that are to come.

The Proper Food for Infants.

At the very outset of the child's career food and raiment are the principal, in fact the only, things to be attended to. I trust the women of the land who read this will unite with me in saying that, if possible, the former should be administered in the proper manner as prescribed by nature; but, where it happens, by some accident, to be impracticable, which, by the way, is indeed seldom, cow's milk diluted by water till of the same consistency as the mother's, as the physicians should determine by analysis, and should never be mixed with sugar or flour, for we derive from nature's edicts by tampering with the milk. The milk should be freshly drawn at least once in every eight hours, always feeding to the child at the temperature when first drawn from the cow. With a long and pre-eminently successful practice, I have seen some of the healthiest of children reared in this manner, without once tasting of anything else for the first year, and have known cases where it was continued as the sole food for a year and a half.

Danger in the Wet-Nurse.

The foregoing method is far preferable to wet-nurses, as there is hazard of imbibing ill-humors, disease, etc., from a woman whose temper and constitution must be very imperfectly known; here a mother's close inspection is very necessary, it being almost impossible to make the low class of people, from which the nurse supply is drawn, and who, generally speaking, are employed to care for children, believe the utility of this uncommensurate method, and, consequently, unless the most prudent precautions are taken to enforce the obedience to these orders, it will be useless to issue them.

Clothing the Little Tot.

The clothing of infants should be warm. If born in summer should not be lessened until after the return of hot weather the ensuing year; if born in the winter the clothes may be lessened in June following, provided the weather be seasonable, and great care should be taken to abate the warmth of their clothing so gradually that the difference may not be perceptible to them. After this is reduced to a proper standard no alterations should be made to keep pace with a changing atmosphere, but an exact uniformity in the warmth of their habit preserved through all the seasons of the year, the utility of which is practically demonstrated by every experiment.

Barbarous Custom of Swathing.

Many prudent alterations have been made of late years in the first dress of infants, though many more are yet needed. The barbarous custom of swathing is not yet universally exploded, many old midwives still insist upon it, and others somewhat less injurious generally retained. Among these I will mention the absurd custom of dividing infants' garments into a multiplicity of pieces, which not only prevent the necessary ventilation, which they always accompany dressing, but by the unequal pressure of different bandages, their shape is often destroyed or injured, and even their subsequent health impaired. The entire wardrobe of an infant should never consist of over three pieces, there should be a shirt, a robe and a cap; the two last should be quilted of sufficient thickness to provide the necessary warmth; the cap should be fastened by a band of soft linen under the chin, sewed on one side and buttoned on the other, if a knot is thought necessary for a girl baby, this should be first sewed on to the cap; the robe and shirt should be made open in front; the sleeves put into each other, that both may be put on together, and must be wide enough in the back to prevent any difficulty in getting the last arm through; it should lap over on the breast, and be fastened by flat buttons (pins are an abhorrence), placed at different distances, to make the robe more or less tight, a method far preferable to strings, as being much the quickest.

Making The Toilet.

By this method the whole business of dressing, evidently a most disagreeable operation to infants, and with which it has become customary to torment them for two hours at a time, may be done in two minutes, and in a manner so easy to themselves as scarcely to occasion a cry, of itself a matter of much greater consequence than generally thought. When they are coated, that may be managed as expeditiously, and with as much ease, by tacking the skirts and robe to the stays, which, instead of lacing, should be buttoned on; loose plaits may hang from the top of the robe, and fall over these buttons in such a manner as to make a much prettier dress than now generally seen; and this, continued for the first two or three years, would not only contribute much to the regularity of their growth, but also to the sweetness of their temper, which early teasing is too apt to sour.

An Old Custom Denounced.

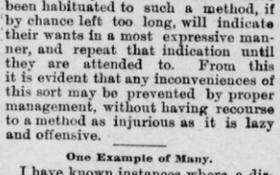
The infamous custom of bundling up infants in a parcel of clothes, intended to receive and retain all the evacua-

LITTLE JOE'S CRADLE.

BY ISA C. EDWARDS.

Yer meen it all rite, Mr. Preacher, An' I thar yo' r'ose who's who's seed; An' I p'ose yo' r'ight, but a' creator; Can't smile when his heart is like led. Yer say the Lord knows what's a' doin'; An' maybe he does, but it's quare By he'arin' to our home grief 'n' rain By robbin' thar crib over thar.

Yer say little Joe is with Jesus, That it's wicked 'n' rash to rebel; An' I know that yer say list 't ease us That he nite ag'roved up jist for hell, For words don't give much consolation.



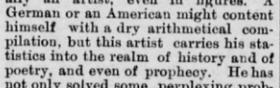
"THANK, YER TUR COMIN'."

Ther yer meen it ter lighten our woe, But yer can't lift this black deershalan As long as the boy has yer thar.

I thank yer for comin' ter see us, But we can't see the thing in yer way; An' yer don't say a word that'll free us From the grief that's in our to-day. Es fur me, I ken bare up acin it, 'Coz I'm a man, tu' 'n' strong, But jist look at jenny a min' the say, An' say if yer think she'll last long.

Her poor heart is brakin' with sorrow, She hes not thar all day 'n' all nite, An' she wot at comin' here, 'coz to-morrow She knows he'll be put out o' sight. I've tried to pick up all his trinkets, His stock in a shooes 'n' tub, An' hide 'em away in the clostet, But I can't find a place fur the crib.

I don't see no good in yer talkin', Nor see what's the use fer yer pray, When thar's a lot o' folks begun it Is only a lump o' cold clay.

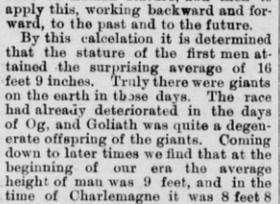


"JIST LOOK AT JENNY."

He's dead, sir; but God never done it, He couldn't go on us no more; If we've sinned we must begin it By worshippin' poor little Joe.

If yer can't chirk up little Jenny, An' g'it her away from her dead, An' start the hot tears from her eyelids, What's a' most burnt out o' her head; If yer can't chirk up little Jenny, I would help her, but I can't say, But I don't think 'twill help her a bit, str, Jist now if a hundred would pray.

Now, stop sir! she are not rebellious.



"LITTLE JOE'S CRADLE."

That kind o' harragin' won't do; Es he's all been meek 'n' forgiving; An' God knows her better than you, An' if yer can't do no more to help us, Don't stop fur long, but get us out, But jist little Joe's cradle 'n' say.

Where Families Constitute Large Armies.

The King of Whydah's wives were objects of special care to himself, and of enforced veneration to his people, says a writer well versed in African affairs. The favorite ones lived in a palace with him; the others were accommodated in adjoining buildings. No men were employed in the royal household, and the King was served solely by his wives. When visitors came to see the King he received them alone, taking good care that his wives were out of sight. It was, indeed, held a sacrilege to so much as look at any of these royal spouses. When repairs, which could not be done by them, were needed in the palace, they migrated from their affected position, and the plumbers and glaziers coming in had to keep on shouting out the whole time they were at work, in case any of the wives not acquainted with the fact of their presence, should happen to pass that way. When the King's wives set out to work in the plantations, which they did every morning in batches of three to four hundred at a time, they used to cry "stand clear," as they went, and any men who were in their path prostrated themselves and did not dare to raise their eyes till they had passed. On account of the awe in which his wives were held, the King found them very useful and executive to carry out his commands. If any person was found guilty of a crime the King sent a detachment of his wives round to the man's house in order to strip it of its goods and pull it down. This was usually very soon effected, for on the approach of the King's wives the man was unable to remain and defend his property.

When each man was so well supplied with wives, it was but natural that his children should be proportionately numerous. It is said that one man with his sons and grandsons rose and defeated a powerful enemy, who was coming against the King. The family numbered 2,000 persons.

Understood the Case.

Mrs. Lakeside—"I wish to get a divorce from my husband for outrageous cruelty, inhumanity, brutality, non-support."

Chicago Lawyer—"I must have \$50 retaining fee first, madam."

"But I haven't got it. I spent the last \$50 my husband gave me for this bonnet this very morning."

"Won't he give you any more?"

"Not for several days, anyhow."

"Well, perhaps the gentleman you wish to marry will lend it to you."—New York Weekly.

An exchange speaks of water in which no fish can live, and yet the citizens of a town near by are compelled to drink it. Well, fish can't live on whisky, either, but a great many persons drink it without either compulsion or water.

Dogs a Protection.

A dog in the house at night is a protection against fire as well as robbers. The animal is always on the alert to warn his master and family of anything that may appear to be wrong. If anything like flames or smoke excite his attention he will at once begin barking. The very smell of fire will start him to giving a loud alarm. Nobody knows better than he the danger of burning. He is always on the watch as he lies outside his master's door, for the safety of the household, and quick to give alarm.

Food for Silk-Worms.

The leaves of white mulberry trees give the best food for silk-worms. These which are three years old should give about seven pounds of leaves apiece. They should be set out as soon as the frost is thoroughly out of the ground. An ounce of silk-worms will consume during their life about 1,500 pounds of leaves. The consumption at the beginning is very small, but becomes quite large toward the end of their existence.—Rural New-Yorker.