

# THE SPIRIT OF KANSAS

## A Journal of Home and Husbandry.

VOLUME I.

LAWRENCE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 23, 1872.

NUMBER 42.

**LAWRENCE**  
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**EVERYBODY EXPECTED.**

**THE CHILDREN.**  
**How Can We "Let Them Alone?"**

"Let your children alone when they gather around the family table. It is cruel to hamper them with manifold rules and regulations about this and that and the other. As long as their conduct is harmless as to others, encourage them in their cheeriness. If they do smack their lips, and if their sippings of milk and other drinks can be heard across the street it does not hurt the street; let them alone. What if they do take their soup with the wrong end of their fork? It is all the same to the fork; let them alone. Suppose a child does not sit as straight as a ramrod at the table; suppose a cup or tumbler slips through its little fingers and deluges the plate of food below, and the goblet is smashed, and the ta-

ble-cloth is ruined—do not look a thousand scowls and thunders, and scare the poor thing to the balance of its death, for it was scared half to death before; it "did n't go to do it." Did you never let a glass slip through your fingers since you were grown? Instead of sending the child away from the table in anger, if not even with a threat, for this or any other little nothing, be as generous as you would be to an equal or a superior guest, to whom you would say, with a more or less obsequious smile, "It's of no possible consequence." That would be the form of expression even to a stranger guest; and yet to your own child you remorselessly and revengefully and angrily mete out a swift punishment, which for a time almost breaks its little heart and belittles you amazingly. The proper and more efficient and more Christian method of meeting the mishaps and delinquencies and improprieties of your children at the table is either to take no notice of them at the time, or to go further, and divert attention from them at the very instant, if possible, or make a kind of apology for them; but afterwards, in an hour or two, or, better still, next day, draw the child's attention to the fault, if fault it was, in a friendly and loving manner; point out the impropriety in some kindly way; show where it was decidedly wrong or rude, and appeal to the child's self-respect or manliness.

I have no doubt that is the way to do it. How easy it is to give advice! But suppose you had a boy who did everything with a "whoop-de-doodle," a perfect comic actor by nature and inclination; a tease, a torment, in fact a semi-barbarian, with blonde curls and blue eyes, big boots, and trowsers eternally ripped; and suppose that he should come down to the table like a young colt, dashes into his meat and potatoes like a dragon, rams his knife-blade into his breast and then plops it into the butter in spite of repeated remonstrances and threats? Suppose he comes along side of his little brother or sister, and gives their ears a

his muddy tracks on your clean oicron, knocks down a chair and bangs the outside door till every pane of glass in the windows shivers with sympathy? Suppose his natural taste for mimicry leads him to imitate the comic in human nature—that he jabbars in Dutch one moment and in irresistibly funny Irish brogue the next—and sings comic songs at the pitch of his voice, although you have tried in vain to have him prefer the Sabbath School hymns? Some precise lady friend who has very correct children, draws down her lips very primly when she observes this young Arab, and thinks to herself, "That child is not properly brought up."

The same rules that apply to ordinary children will not apply to this Arab at all. Perhaps he is a puzzle to his parents, and they are half inclined to think that remote ancestral traits are dancing in his blood. Some twelfth Irish grandfather whirled his feet into Irish jigs; some volatile French grandmother nine generations back tosses in his buoyant gestures and affectionate impulses; and some tall Highlander whose blood mingled with the French ancestral current has lent him his yellow curls and his sturdy limbs. It is line upon line and precept upon precept, but what are you going to do with a boy whose toes and fingers, whose every limb, with tongue, and glancing hair, keep time to the winds and waves, singing, dancing, leaping with the dogs, bounding along on some "wild critter" which feels the sympathetic impulse of the rider; and even when his mother calls him to say his nightly "Now I lay me down to sleep," comes hop, skip and jump, an accompaniment of feet to such words as, "Good-bye John! Don't stay long! Come back soon to your own chick-a-biddy."

You may believe that silence comes down like a poultice, as Holmes would say, healing the blows of sound when his busy brain is wrapped in sleep. As for secrecy, there is no confidence game played where he is. "Reading a novel, ah!" says he, peeping over adult shoulders; then with a demurely solemn mischief lurking in the corners of his mouth, he utters as if he were preaching, "You should never read novels! They don't give you any useful information, and they will do you a great deal of harm!"

It is a matter of life and death about Christmas time to get a bundle into the house surreptitiously. He takes great delight in being surprised, but he always wants to know what he is going to be surprised with.

"Oh dear! dear!" sighs his anxious mother as she kisses his fat, satin-soft cheeks at night, and

tucks in the blankets about his tired limbs; "I wonder what his playful creature will be when manhood overtakes him!" and the son's sincere desire unuttered? steals upward like an aspiration that the shepherd will not suffer the lamb to stray.

Do you know any such boy, oh, Reader mine? You will understand why it is, then, that to-night standing in my east window looking out upon the black prospect of the unlvely Missouri, and the white shadows of Winter lying over distant hills; that I wonder with you where the little feet will wander some day when mother-love has ceased to watch them. Entreaties and counsels and pleadings will not be in vain. Like seed sown by the wayside, a mother's words and a father's counsels come up, long years afterwards it may be, but still they blossom to loving memory.

Oh, how precious with all their faults are "these little ones!"

**NIGHT AMONG THE GEYSERS.**

BY J. SAVAGE.  
 There are some sights and scenes we pass through in life which seem riveted and burned into our memories. Such are the recollections of our troubles in 1866, of the terrible morning of the Quantrell raid, and of the threatened but averted attack on the Pacific.

No one would in my own mind erase the impressions of a night among the geysers in the National Park. It was on the 10th of August, 1872, that I was engaged on duty with the United States Geological Survey camped in the upper valley of the Madison river.

We pickedet our horses upon the little patches of grass that grew here and there between the white

composed largely of silica, the grass is short and thin, and affords but poor picking for the hardy pony; but in other places it grows tall and rank by being freely watered and nourished by the warm waters of the springs.

The upper geyser basin is nothing more or less than a river valley bordered by a ridge of timber and or low mountain-hills. In some localities the barren deposits reach back up the slope for a mile, while in other places the timber comes nearly down in little patches to the margin of the river. We spread our blankets beneath the sheltering shade of one of these little pine groves, near the Madison river.

The volcanic forces which have been intensely active during the past in other portions of the Park, are now reduced to but a small fraction of their former vigor, except in the upper basin, where they still retain to a comparatively full extent their intensity. We went to the basin determined to get our "fill" for once of spouting geysers. Passing our artist sketching the more striking chimneys and springs at the lower end of the basin, we rode past several small geysers in action and made our deposit of blankets and saddle-bags filled with biscuits about midway up the basin, near the Old Castle geyser. Our two photographers were just catching the picture of Old Faithful in eruption. Mr. Brown, one of our topographers, was running a "base line" by which, on measuring the angles, the actual height of the eruptions could be ascertained. The day was warm and sunny, though the sun's heat is never oppressive at this altitude—7000 feet,—and we lingered around Old Faithful for two hours, beholding two eruptions, which Mr. Brown said were each 140 feet high. This was in the afternoon about four o'clock, and opposite to the sun upon the ascending steam there formed one of the brightest rainbows I ever saw. It was very near us, and we could almost reach the "silver spoon" so often reported to be at the junction of the rainbow and the earth.

sedge grass for thirty or forty miles below. This is caused by the vast amount of hot spring water running into the river from the upper and lower geyser basin. After wandering about among ornamented chimneys and craters of many forms and variegated colors, over acres covered with white silicious deposits, glistening like snow under the slant rays of the departing sun, I again forded the river, and with arms and pockets filled with beautiful specimens, I made my way about sundown to our camp. Supper was just ready, and the different messes—three in number—were sitting around their modest meal, spread humbly out upon mother earth. I was invited out "to tea," and supped with a family of eight.

The full moon rose in the east just after the sun went down in the west. The white deposits of the basin glistened in the bright moonlight much like ice upon a winter's night when one is out skating. Old Faithful was the first upon the programme of the evening, and shot up its column of water directly between us and the full moon, showing the water and steam far more distinctly than by daylight, and drawing from all present many expressions of praise and delight.

About an hour after Old Faithful had "spouted," the Giantess took to the same kind of showing, as you are to say, "5000 feet high, I can do!" The party were at this time scattered about among the different geysers around our camp, and each one felt "moved upon" to shout, "The Giantess, the Giantess," and each one rushed towards it. This, with the terrific rumbling and shaking of the earth by the terrible pressure and shaking of the earth by the breaking of the ground, broke loose from their pockets and scattered about upon the upper end of the basin far into the timber upon a regular stampede. Several of the party were seen to run to the Giantess. This hour of showing the vast column of ascending steam 175 feet high, with the bright descending drops of water sparkling like crystals in the mellowed light of the moon.

Gov. Langford soon followed the frightened horses, trailing them through the fallen timber for several miles, where they became entangled in the masses of down timber. He found them still trembling with fear, and they gave him tokens of joy at his assuring presence. He returned to camp a little after midnight with a lighter heart than when he left it.

After we had all got quiet in camp and snugly rolled up beneath our warm blankets, and were taking our first nap, the Grand Geyser commenced spouting just across the river from camp. The hissing and roaring of this eruption exceeded by far all the others, and it was distinctly visible from where we lay. Some of the party were too sleepy to get up and only muttered "the Grand Geyser" to their nearest neighbor. But I found myself running towards it with shirt and drawers only to keep off the chill night air of that region.

Grand Geyser "spouts" from 200 to 250 feet high, and is one of the most powerful geysers in the world. It shook the ground like a violent earthquake. The following night our party stood guard by turns, and camped by this geyser so as to take actual measurement of its height. It however was daylight before the next eruption occurred. During the entire night of our stay among the geysers the earth was continually shaken by these eruptions, and I found myself often running about among the pine trees watching these wonderful exhibitions of nature's forces.

Morning dawned upon us chilly and frosty. The valley in which we were was in every part filled with ascending steam, like a dense fog, obscuring the first bright rays of the morning sun. What occurred in this land of wonders so strange during the next day I have already related to your readers in a previous letter.

No longer now is the traveller obliged to make a pilgrimage to Iceland or New Zealand to behold the spouting geyser, but here in our own country one hundred hours ride by rail from our own doors will bring one to the upper geyser basin among the most numerous and powerful geysers in the world, where creation's fires still are burning, garnered up in earth's bosom ever since creation's morning, when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

LAWRENCE, Nov. 22.





Kansas Spirit.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, NOVEMBER 23, 1872.

FAST DAYS.

Thanksgiving and Fast Days are somewhat suggestive of each other, though they should be quite different affairs. They are both of them New England and religious institutions, and it may not be inappropriate on this Thanksgiving season to recur to the origin and history of Fast Days.

script journal of an old citizen, in our possession, we find the following entry: June 28, 1744. A public Fast Day. How poorly have I improved the morning, how sleepy and loitering am I, and oh! how noisy and rude are the servants in our streets, refusing to be reformed, and hating to be reproved, and surely all is owing to the want of a suitable family government, and exemplary conduct within doors.

when editors whose chief ability is their vulgarity, and speakers whose chief stock is personality will be no longer patronized by the free, virtuous and intelligent people of Kansas! That day is coming, for the world grows better, though bad men are slow to learn it.

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The Story Teller.

GRANDMA'S DEARY:

RECORDS OF OAK HILL HOME.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

(Continued.)

I have said that the boarders at Mr. Brower's were agreeable almost without exception; but we had in our family one woman who was quite enough to keep us in mind that this world is not the place for complete enjoyment. She was a sort of widow-bewitched left by her husband, an old friend of our host's, in his care and to his patience. Thus the trial could not be got rid of by us except by leaving this best of all boarding houses, which no one was willing to do. And to what purpose, since if Mrs. Martyn did not torment one somebody or something else would?

But this woman was a perfect example of how a person not really meaning to be vicious can put to flight the comfort and satisfaction of those about her. Mrs. Martyn was certainly most unfortunate and quite to be pitied. She wished to be liked and made much of by everybody, and yet nobody could like her. She wanted to know everybody's secrets, and nobody could bear to tell her anything. She wanted to be in every gathering in the house and in every excursion out of it, and nobody could endure to have her along. It did seem hard. There is a very serious question for such cases, viz: what is duty? Should six, or four, or even two persons yield their own pleasure for the sake of that of one? I never could decide it. I knew very well that where I alone was concerned I must not prefer my pleasure to that of Mrs. Martyn, but must have her with me as often as she chose to go. The more annoyed I felt the more severely I condemned myself because I could not enjoy yielding my own wishes. But it seems hardly reasonable that two should be made to feel as I used to when in the company of Mrs. Martyn, just for the sake of giving to one the satisfaction that lady felt when she could get with any of us. If she had but possessed common sense, and had not been eternally whining and complaining, (oh, never blame her unlucky husband for keeping out of her way!) we might have endured her. She was a handsome woman, with large, beautiful blue eyes, and flaxen curls. She might have sat for the original of that enchanting engraving, "The Rector's Ward." She was generous and well meaning enough. For a short time strangers, particularly gentlemen, were always strongly attracted by her. But not a man in the house with her could bear her, and the women tried every means, short of plainly saying that they desired her never to come near them, to keep clear of her. Yet she was ever at hand; and this determination to be in every mess it was which chiefly rendered her disagreeable. She did not understand that she ought to mind her own business and not go where she was never invited. No two ladies could be ten minutes together and Mrs. Martyn not be knocking at the door. She never seemed to have anything to do. She never seemed to wish to be employed save in running from room to room, or roaming through the halls. It was next to impossible for one to come into or leave the house unseen by Mrs. Martyn, and it was equally hard to pass from room to room without her knowledge. Mr. Bert was the only one for whom she ever made the least change in her conduct. He was very severe on her at times, and it seemed strange that she did not dislike him; but she never did. She heard what was said about going to the concert and at once decided that she too would go.

"I think we shall have a very good time to-night, the weather is so very fine," she said to me, smiling graciously. Mr. Bert touched my foot. I came near laughing aloud.

"I have been all the morning thinking that I would like to go somewhere this evening; but I never like going out alone. I suppose I may presume on Col. Luther's protection, may I not?"

"Certainly, madam, if half my attention will suffice for you," said Ruthven, gallantly; but I could see how annoyed he felt. Angela's face was red as fire with trying to keep from laughing.

How frequently these minor trials drive out of our thoughts the heavier troubles of life. That may be one reason why such troubles are so plenty in every experience.

There was a strange silence for a few moments. I tried with all my might to think of something to say. Presently I thought.

"Do you think Mr. Lincoln is an abolitionist?" I asked of Col. Luther.

"I know, judging by his own words, that he is not. He says that all he wants is to arrest the further spread of slavery. He will never interfere with the States in their local matters. They know that well enough. At least South Carolina does. If she really wishes to get out of the Union she has another reason than her fear of slavery being interfered with."

"Gov. Wise has put his foot into rebellion," said Mr. Bert; "see here." He passed a paper to Ruthven, who read aloud:

"Ex-Governor Wise gives his voice for war. He says, 'Till the question of peace or war is defined, let Virginia, and every slave State, suspend relations with the Black Republican States. If peace be decided on, return to *status quo*; if war, fight. Meantime organize, arm and equip corps of minute

men. Don't delay a moment; arm and drill."

"The traitor! he ought to be hung," ejaculated uncle Howard.

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In December we received letters from the Lees of Florida. How strange and painful their contents. Serena wrote to me, Louis to March. Howard was in Government employ in Washington.

"But," wrote Serena, "he is loyal to the South. He hates, as we all do, the mean rule of the North. Florida will go out of the Union as soon as possible after South Carolina. Mother feels badly to think how Grandma will feel when things come to open issue; but she says that *stern duty* calls us now to put away even the feelings of natural affection. We are all busy preparing for war, for we mean to fight if Lincoln dares to try in any way to hinder us from taking our just rights. Our noble Governor says truly that our only chance of domestic peace and safety is secession. For forty years the Southern States have borne aggressions and insults from the North; but we are at last pushed so far that to forbear longer would be cowardice. He says that the election of Lincoln and Hamlin, and the disregard of the welfare and security of the South which the North has shown, ought to extinguish all our desire to remain connected with those who show such utter disregard of covenant obligations and pledged faith. Father thinks just so; but he has not half the energy that the boys have. Mother says to break the Union will nearly break his kind old heart. I feel very sorry for him, but think if war really begins he will call up his spirits, for he is brave enough if there is work to be done. Louis says that thousands upon thousands of sharpshooters, and rifles and all sorts of arms, are going into Alabama, and in Texas the people are arming with all speed. You cool Northerners won't believe anything in our being in earnest; but *by and by* you will believe. Let your rail-splitter attempt to carry out any of his plans against us, and *you will see* what will happen. Armed men will spring upon you like magic, and *what will become of the North then?*"

"Can this be our cousin? Is it Serena who writes thus?" we asked of each other in blank dismay.

March and Col. Luther were in aunt Howard's reception room when the letters were read. The one from Louis was similar to that of his sister.

"I shall return it to him, and desire him to consider all intercourse between himself and me at an end," said March, sternly, his teeth set and his eye flashing. "Angela, do you the same by Serena."

"Oh, I cannot bear to treat her so. She is a poor, deluded girl. If we only had her here she would not feel as she now does. I mean to write to them all and exhort them to repent and fly away from that rebellious land."

"Stuff! folly!" interrupted March. "They are arrant rebels, every one of them. Do as I bid you, Angela."

"March, do not speak in that tone to your sister. She is in no way under your control, my son. Let her act her own pleasure."

"But, father, must she correspond with rebels?"

"I will end my letter by saying that I should not dare to do so, and that I should not be willing to if I did dare, and if they are determined to go against the government of their country that we must have no more to do with each other. Won't that do, father?"

"Yes, daughter, that will do very well. This begins to look a little serious, boys—does it not? Hark!" He then read from a paper in his hand:

"CHARLESTON, Dec. 12.—At Fort Moultrie a very large force is said to be working night and day. No one is now admitted inside unless in company with the Commandant.

"The Sixteenth Regiment of South Carolina Militia mustered to-day, six hundred strong. Their strange appearance at this time provoked a good deal of comment."

"These Charleston rascals are hard at work, too, raising a grand army. And there is such fatally loose work at Washington."

He read again:

"R. R. Rhodes, clerk in the Patent Office, has obtained six weeks' leave of absence, to go to Mississippi, his home. He is a secessionist, and is well known as such to the administration. He receives \$2500 salary, which goes on while he is absent as a member of the Mississippi Convention called to concert measures to break up the Union."

"That is handsomely paying a traitor, don't you say so, boys?"

"It is the way nearly everything is conducted there. Matters do really seem to be getting into a very desperate and almost hopeless condition with us. Perhaps the Lord is about to visit all our former sins upon us," said Luther, gloomily.

My heart sank within me as my lover spoke. This was the first time that I had really taken in the idea that there *might be war* in our country. It now came over me with all its terror, but I said nothing.

[To be Continued.]

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