The New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....FEBRUARY 23, 1872.

[From the Oregon Herald.]

In Memoriam.

BY STEPHEN MAYBELL.

[Yesterday a party of Italian fishermen discovered the form of a woman floating in the bay, slowly drifting out to sea. They succeeded in recovering the body, and immediately notified the Coroner. This morning we attended the inquest held over the sad remains. She appeared a young woman of about twenty-five years, and was neatly but modestly attired in a dress of some dark fabric. It was a sight to last through a lifetime, as she lay there, stretched upon her rude bier, her dripping garments closely clinging to her somewhat slender form, whilst her long, dark, matted hair hung back in wild disorder from her sad, pale face, as it lay cold and still in death. No one has identified the remains as yet.—S. F. Evening Paper.]

Again the dreary night is gone;
Again another hopeless morn!
Slow drags away
The weary day.
Again I weep, again I mourn.
Oh sadness!
Come madness!
Why is my heart thus torn?
O why is love
A crime above?
Would I'd ne'er been born!

Again I wander through the night,
No sleep brings to my woe respite.
Reason turns!
Madness burns!
He made me thus forlorn—
'Twas Heaven's will—
Oh heart, be still!
Thy life's o'ercloaded morn
Will end in death—
'Tis but a breath.
Would I'd never been born!

I stand upon the water's brink;
I do not turn, and yet I shrink!
Above, my woes;
Beneath, repose!
A plunge, and all is gone!
Never again!
Never again!
See! see! the phantoms call!
Oh love! for you
I die. Adieu—
This action endeth all.

Mother's Grave.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers like souls at rest:
The stars shine gloriously, and all
Save me are blest.

Mother, I love thy grave!
The violet, with the blossoms blue and wild,
Waves o'er thy head. When will it wave
Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower, yet must
Its bright leaves to the morning tempest bow;
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem—dust
Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die—
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams,
By these, as first in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams.

And I must linger here,
To stain the plumage of sinless years,
And mourn hopes of childhood dear
With bitter tears.

Aye, I must linger here,
A lonely branch upon a withered tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee.

Off from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past, I turn,
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the dim blue wave,
I stray to hear the night winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there;
I listen, and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh, come while I press
My brow upon thy grave, and in those mild
And gentle tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child.

The Rescued Child, or, the Conductor's Story.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

"Good arable land?"

Yes, Sir, I replied, and if you please to look at it in the way of scenery, it's as pretty a bit of land as you'll find in Kent county. That stretch now ahead see. By the way, there was a queer thing happened on the track just three years ago come Thanksgiving. It occurred in this way:—

This branch road, you see, was built for the local peach business. I was put on as conductor of the first train that was run. By George! how the engines woke the country up! The stations used to be crowded with young fellows in flashy neckties, and their sweethearts—nice, modest little girls, loaded with cheap finery, who had made up parties and come down from the interior to see the train go by. Every old farmer on the route thought he owned the engine, (the Gen. Jackson it was,) and knew each separate car as well as he did his own cattle and sheep. They would treat their wives to a few miles ride, as you town people would run over to Europe with yours.

Of course, Sir, I was at home here on the road in two weeks. Everybody called me Dick. There were scores of places where I could drop in for an odd meal. I began to doubt whether tiey were my uncles and cousins or not. All the old fellows got free passes over the road, and forsook their corners by the tavern fire for the baggage car. There they smoked day after day, and told queer stories of their neighbors' families, for the benefit of anybody that chose to listen. I knew all the gossip by heart directly. It was just when the peaches were in bloom, too, when I went on the road, and I was soon punching open buds with my thumb-nail, and talking learnedly of Early Blush and Morris Whites with the rest. It's a curious sight to see that pink flush, above the early spring mud from one end of the State to the other, and to think that crop is the one matter of life and death to the people.

The peaches had come and gone, when one day, about a month before thanksgiving, an old fellow came on board with his family, who had a pass for two down to St. George's. I saw at a glance he was none of my usual dead-head squad. A thin, wiry old man, white-headed, but as active as a boy of sixteen, and with the true Delawarean knack of finding out friends and showing himself friendly. He was a reporter on some Philadelphia penny paper, and had his note-book out every minute, pumping me about the Wilmington whipping-post, Sloan's fish-breeding experiment, and the condition of the freed negroes.

"Makes items! makes items!" he said; "pushes the paper wonderfully into local circulation."

He had been a doctor, or lawyer, I forget which, in New York, and was starved out, he told me—so he took up journalizing. He did not impress me as a man of ability; and besides the poor old fellow was worn out. It was high time for him to lie by and loaf with the others in the baggage-car.

"Newspaper work," he said, "pays handsomely, compared to my own profession. We get on quite comfortably on my salary; quite comfortably."

I noticed, however, that both he and his women folks were thinly and shabbily dressed. I did not pay much attention to the women, but there was a boy, Dan, the old man's grandson, (a little chap of four years,) that I took a fancy to from the first. He had an ugly face, but I think one of the most honest and loveable I ever saw.

Tanner—that was the old man's name—told me he had brought his wife and daughter down to keep Thanksgiving in this village, where they had lived years before. "We were all younger and cheerfuller than now," he said, "and I thought, may be, with the old place would come back some of the old feeling. There are other ways of keeping the feasts than with stuffing the stomach, you know!"

I thought to myself it would be as well if the stomach had its share of rejoicing. Tanner, cheerful as he was, looked hunger-bitten. Four people could not grow fat on eight dollars a week, which I found was his salary. He hired a vacant house for a month. There it is—that one near the hill. The family went to housekeeping in some sort of way in it, and he used to run up on Friday evenings to stay with them over Saturdays, which is the newspaper men's Sunday, as you know. We grew to be very friendly. I fell into the habit of watching with him for Dan, who always came out on the porch to wait for him, his mother holding him by the hand. I used to wonder if the poor little widow ever let go her hold of the child day or night. She loved the child.

Well. Thanksgiving eve came, and Tanner was aboard, going home, but I had no time to talk with him, as the train was crowded with people who had been up in Wilmington, laying in supplies for the holiday. Even the passenger cars were heaped with baskets and bundles. Tanner had his little package, too—something for Dan. I saw him peeping into it with eyes twinkling once or twice. I remember how pleased he was when I brought him a monster turkey for Mrs. Tanner. The old lady, although she had only seen me on the train as it whisked by, had taken an anxious interest in a sore throat I had, and sent me a bottle of myrrh-tea by the old gentleman.

I don't know whether it was because I had come from a part of the country where they don't keep Thanksgiving, or because of the horror that followed, but I remember that afternoon as one of the brightest and cheerfullest of my life. The air was cold and crisp. There was a red mist o'er the hills; in the cars and the stations there was nothing but good humor and friendly good wishes. I don't think much of serious things, yet it seemed to me that day that the people came with one accord nearer to God because of Thanksgiving. One old gentleman on board had the idea, I suppose; for, as I sat down behind him to count my change, I saw him watching the passengers and houses we passed with an amused smile, and, turning to his companion, he said:—

"There's something very wholesome in the effect of these holidays, Colonel. They awaken men to a sense of dependence and gratitude, as a year's sermons cannot do."

Tho other was so long in replying that I looked up at him.

"When a man has a home or home ties to give thanks for, the holiday is useful, no doubt."

It was so queer and cold an answer that I felt a curiosity about the man. He went back to his newspaper (which was an English one, I noticed,) and began to talk immediately about the duties on silks and linens. I soon found that he was largely interested in both; had travelled over a good part of the world, traded in China and Japan, and, as I guessed, successfully. He had the air of a man accustomed to command, and to a life of ease. He was a middle-aged, stoutly-built man, with a clean-shaved, powerful face, and shrewd, pleasant eyes. I noticed that all through his conversation he tried to avoid seeing the happy groups of people who were incessantly getting on or off the train; and once, when a child in passing pulled at his cane, he turned his back roughly on it. Yet I had a fancy—I don't know why—that the people and Thanksgiving mattered more to him than any of us.

His friend said to him presently, "You're not well, Colonel?" "Never was better, but the truth is, Venn, this country is all familiar to me, and anything which recalls old times makes me nervous and irritable. It's a weakness which I will outgrow, probably. If you will excuse me, I'll go forward." He saw me just then, and, touching his hat, asked leave to ride on the engine, in order to see the scenery.

Now the rules of the road were slipshod enough, but that was a thing I never had allowed. However, I had taken a curious interest in the man, and I liked his courteous manner, so I nodded and went before him into the baggage-car, and over the tender to see him safely across. To my surprise, Joe Fenton, our engineer, met him as an old acquaintance. Joe had been a private in his regiment during the war. They shook hands again and again, and Fenton was in such a hurry to tell that he was married, and the father of twins, that he stammered. The Colonel laughed, and looked as pleased as Joe. He was a different man from the one I had seen in the car. I waited a moment to point out Brock's model farm to him, when Joe said:—

"You used to come down to these parts for fishing often, I remember, Colonel?"

"Yes."

"Where is your good lady now, Sir? And the child? He was as pert a youngster as I ever knowed."

The gentleman replied but by a gesture of the hand.

"What, both?" gasped Joe. "Both?"

The Colonel did not speak for a minute, and then he said, quietly: "My wife was with me in China. She sailed with the child for home on the Petrel. I was to follow six months later. The Petrel went down. There was no one saved."

Joe said nothing; but presently he put out his hand and smoothed the other man's sleeve. It was just such a thing as a woman would do.

The Colonel added hastily, as if afraid he would betray any emotion: "I'm on my way West now, in search of my father, who has left New England. People are easily lost sight of in America."

"That's a fact, Sir," said Joe, and he and I began to talk about the engine, glad to get back to her. We had no right to meddle with a grief like that.

I went back on the cars again, until we came to that hill a half mile beyond Tanner's house, when I stepped back to the engine. I had an uneasy feeling somehow about leaving the man there. We had lost time, and were going at full speed, when Joe gave a horrid oath, and at the same moment something fluttered down on the track from the bank, not twenty yards ahead. The next, I saw that it was a child,—it was Dan, laughing, and running, with both hands out to meet us. I had time to hear Joe's shrill whistle for "down brakes" shrieking out through the hills, and to think it was like the yell of a devil, and to thank God that Tanner was in the back of the train, and could not see what we would have to see, and yet it was all but a breath of time.

It was too late. The engine did not slacken, and to child was hurrying towards it. Then I saw its mother above the bank, running down the field. She had missed Dan, and the engine would be in sight before——

Joe's lips were white, but he said, coolly—"It would be death, I reckon; but, if a man *could* swing himself down from the cow-catcher——"

I pushed forward, but the Colonel held me back.

"I've nothing to lose," he said, and quickly passing round the ledge threw himself headlong down on the track in front.

I shut my eyes. The train thundered on, slackened at last, and stopped. I climbed down, and looked over to a field. I did not know what I would tread into on the track.

The people poured out of the train. In the clay lay the Colonel like one dead, *clear of the track*. He held the child alive and unhurt, still clutched in both hands. He was only stunned, and came to in a minute, and stood up; he did not seem to see the train, or the crowd around him—nothing but the boy, over whose face he was passing his hand.

"O God!" he cried. "It's my Dan!"

Then I saw the child's mother down on the ground with both arms about her husband's knees, and poor old Tanner, pale as a ghost, pulling at his sleeve, and crying,—"Jack! Jack!"

I saw how it was in a flash, and motioned to Joe to whistle a warning, and shouted—"All aboard, gentlemen? Ten minutes late!" Although I'd have given the world just to wring the old man's hand, it was no rejoicing for us to take part in.

Though I've got no better friends than the Colonel and his father, Joe and I go there by invitation as often as Thanksgiving comes around. No one ever speaks of that day, but it is never out of remembrance. Yonder is their stone house, beyond the bridge. Want to see Joe, eh? He's on the engine, Sir. Passengers not allowed on the engine.

St. George's! Tickets!

Simon Short's Sorrow.

Shrewd Simon Short sewed shoes. Seventeen summers, speeding storms, spreading sunshine, successively saw Simon's small shabby shop still standing staunch, saw Simon's self-same squeaking sign still swinging, silently specifying: "Simon Short, Smithfield's sole-surviving shoemaker, shoes sewed, soled superfinely." Simon's spry, sedulous spouse, Sally Short, sewed shirts, stitched sheets, stuffed sofas. Simon's six stout sturdy sons—Seth, Samuel, Stephen, Saul, Silas, Shadrach—sold sundries. Sober Seth sold sugar, starch, spices; simple Sam sold saddles, stirrups, screws; sagacious Stephen sold silver salvers; selfish Shadrach sold salves, shoe strings, soap, saws, skates; slack Silas sold Sally Short's stuffed sofas.

Some seven summers since Simon's second son Samuel saw Sophia Sofronia Spriggs, somewhere. Sweet, sensible, smart Sofronia Spriggs. Sam soon showed strange symptoms. Sam seldom stayed storing, selling saddles. Sam sighed sorrowfully, sought Sophia Sofronio's society, sung several serenades slyly. Simon stormed, scolded severely, said Sam seemed so silly singing such shameful, senseless songs. "Strange Sam should slight such splendid sales! Strutting spendthrift! shattered-brained simpleton!"

"Softly, softly, sire," said Sally. "Sam's smitten; Sam's spied some sweetheart."

"Sentimental school-boy!" snarled Simon.

"Smitten! stop such stuff." Simon sent Sally's snuff-box spinning, seized Sally's scissors, smashed Sally's spectacles, scattering several spools. "Sneaking scoundrel! Sam's shocking silliness shall surcease." Scowling Simon stopped speaking, starting swiftly shopward; Sally sighed sadly. Summoning Sam, she spoke sweet sympathy. "Sam," said she, "sire seems singularly snappy; so, sonny, stop strolling streets, stop smoking, spending specie superfluously, stop sprucing so, stop singing serenades, stop short; sell saddles sensibly; see Sophia Sofronia Spriggs soon; she's sprightly, she's stable—so solicit, sue, secure Sophia Sofronia speedily, Sam."

"So soon? so soon?" said Sam, standing stock still.

"So soon, surely," said Sally smilingly. "Specially since sire shows such spirits."

So Sam, somewhat seared, sauntered slowly, shaking stupendously. Sam soliloquizes: Sophia Sofronia Spriggs—Spriggs—Short—Sophia Sofronia Short—Samuel Short's spouse—sounds splendid! Suppose she would say, She shan't—she shan't!"

Soon Sam spied Sophia starching shirts, saluted Sam smilingly. Sam stammered shockingly:

"Spl-spl-splendid summer season, Sophia."

"Somewhat sultry," suggested Sophia.

"Sar-sartin, Sophia," said Sam. (Silence seventeen seconds).

"Selling saddles still, Sam?"

"Sar-sartin," said Sam, starting suddenly.

"Season's somewhat sudorific," said Sam, stealthily, staunching streaming sweat, shaking sensibly.

"Sartin," smiling significantly. "Sip some sweet sherbert, Sam." (Silence sixty seconds).

"Sire shot sixty snipe, Saturday," said Sophia.

"Sixty? sho!" said Sam. (Silence seventy-seven seconds).

"See sister Susan's sunflowers," said Sophia, socially, silencing such stiff silence.

Sophia's sprightly sauciness stimulated Sam strangely; so Sam suddenly spoke sentimentally: "Sophia, Susan's sunflowers seem saying, Samuel Short, Sofronia Spriggs, stroll serenely, seek some sequestered spot, some sylvan shade. Sparkling springs shall silence secret sighings, super-angelic sylphs shall"—Sophia snickered; so Sam stopped.

"Sophia," said Sam solemnly.

"Sam," said Sophia.

"Sophia, stop smiling. Sam Short's sincere. Sam's seeking some sweet spouse, Sophia."

Sophia stood silent.

"Speak, Sophia, speak! Such suspense speculates sorrow."

"Seek sire, Sam, seek sire."

So Sam sought sire Spriggs; sire Spriggs said sartin.

A DREAM REALIZED.—Some time during last summer, so says an English paper, a stranger stopped at a farm house and asked permission to stay over night, which was readily granted by the hospitable farmer. A couple of hours after retiring for the night, the stranger was taken suddenly and violently ill, and for several days was apparently deranged. On his recovery he informed his host that during his illness he had dreamed three nights in succession, that he had discovered in a certain ravine, near the house, under a rock, an earthern crock, containing a large amount of silver. At this the old gentleman expressed surprise and spoke of it as being a very mysterious dream. Afterward, however, they were walking together in that direction, and the dream was again adverted to by the stranger. An examination was at once proposed by the farmer, to satisfy their curiosity. The rock was soon found, and after brushing the leaves carefully away it was removed, and to their utter amazement there sat a crock full of silver. They took it out, and conveyed it secretly to the house, and on examination it was found to contain £200 in silver, which they agreed to divide equally between them. The day after this discovery, as the stranger was about to take his leave, he complained to his benefactor of the inconvenience of carrying so much silver, when an exchange was proposed, the stranger receiving his share in notes. It was not long after the departure of his guest, however, till mine host made another discovery—his £200 in silver was counterfeit, and he had thus been ingeniously swindled out of £100.