

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WE remained in Chicago but a few days this time, as we was anxious to get home. I wish I had time to tell the many experiences I had with a host of smooth, highly polished and genteel hypocrites. I met them under the guise of merchants, unfortunate capitalists, heirs of great expectations, but temporarily laborin' under a "Col. Sellers" misfortune of bein' financially embarrassed, missionaries, ministers (that the Lord has no further use for), obliging gentlemen, ready to show a stranger golden opportunities for making a fortune, and a hundred other characters, all seeking one common end, the bottom end of my pocket—but I have not, as the bus is waiting at the door, to take us to the L. S. & M. S. R. R. depot, where we take the train for Syracuse. So, good-by to Chicago, the great city of activity, filled with great and good men, who tower like a Pike's Peak above the common mass, and an immense host of hypocrites, who like worms, and snakes, crawl all through it, working their way into every phase of its life.

We left the city on the morning train, and reached Syracuse the next day about noon. Mrs. Buzzbee and her husband met us at the depot, and we went to their house and staid over night with them. The evening passed off so quickly at the house, that before we was aware of it it was midnight. Mr. B. said, "Uncle Ben, how do you and the hypocrites get along? have you reformed them all?" To which I replied, "No! I've given up the job. I thought we had a few up in our neighborhood, but they haint a fly speck compared with what we've met. It's no use, Mr. Buzzbee; to reform one is plant-

ing the seeds for a hundred; it's like killing one skeeter in the woods—his body seems to turn into a dozen more. And then there is something so catching about that moral disease, hypocrisy, that while you are trying to reform others that are afflicted with it, you are liable to have an attack of it yourself, and when a professional reformer catches it, it goes awful hard with him, and like leprosy, he never recovers from it. You take these great political reformers, temperance reformers, railroad tariff reformers, financial reformers and even religious reformers, and you'll find that most of 'em get a dreadful severe attack of it. So I've concluded not to undertake the job, but to go home to the old farm, and with Clarissa do my duty as I understand it; be honest and content with what I have, and try to make Clarissa happy as long as we live, and leave the job of correctin' the evil practices of human men in the hands of the great Engineer of the universe, who has His hand upon the lever and can reverse action and shut off steam, whenever, in his judgment, it is necessary. He has done it all along the past. History is but a description of the mysterious workings of the great spiritual engine moving under the guidance of His hand and will."

When I had finished, Mr. B. and his wife both spoke up with an air of surprise pervadin' every lineament of their countenance, and said, "Well, Mr. Morgan, you have changed considerable since you left here on this trip. You talk as though you had been to college, studying."

Clarissa spoke up and said, "Yes, Benjamin has improved considerable. When we first started out, I done most of the talkin', and now he does most of it, but he has taken a good many lessons. His first lesson was here in Syracuse; his next was on the train from Buffalo to Cleveland; then again at Chicago, and again in Virginia City, and then in San Francisco, and all along. I'm glad on't. Our trip has cost us lots of money, but it has been a good school to both of us, and we could, in no other way, have learned so much, to say nothing about the pleasure we have had for the

same amount of money, as we have by the swindling scheme of Ketchem, Holdem, Skinem & Co., in running their great transcontinental excursion."

The next day I met the last year's mayor at Buzzbee's store, the same one I met in the club room when I was here before. He was the same polite gentleman he was then, and was very nice to me. I begged his pardon for the abrupt remarks I made when in their clubroom last November. I told him I had just left the farm and was totally ignorant of the ways of the world, and at that



"NOTHIN' STRONGER THAN LEMONADE AND CIGARS."

time supposed that shamming and hypocrisy was an occasional exception to the general rule, but I had, during my travels, learned that it is the general rule; that it is quite fashionable to sham, and I was and still continue to be out of fashion; but I did not intend, in the future, to be a fool by blurtin' out my prejudiced notion of things, and hurting others' feelings without doing any good. He said I was fully pardoned, and he had not thought ill of me, for he knew I was honest, but had not seen the world as it is. His remarks was true.

We arrived at the village at five P. M. We was met at the depot

by Eb and Mary, and Abe and Lily, and a whole lot of our old neighbors, all glad to see us home again. And we was glad to see them. They had hired the village brass band to escort us from the depot up into The Village, and as we walked up the sidewalk, the band marched ahead of us with a big banner in front of 'em, saying; "*This way to the Fat Cattle Show!*"

Of course we had to take it, and I had to stand treat for the whole town. "Nothin' stronger than lemonade and cigars," said I, when we arrived at Ebenezer's store. Eb made a barrel of lemonade, and set out 500 cigars to the crowd. Zolliver Ramsdell stood on the steps in front of the store and delivered a speech of welcome, to which I had to respond. Whether it was the speech of Zolliver or my speech, or the cigars and lemonade that kept the whole village there in a jam for more'n two hours, I can't say, but it was midnight before they all left, and Clarissa and I retired to Ebenezer and Mary Plunket's private spare bedroom, to blissful repose, which we stood in need of.

When we come out to breakfast in the morning, Ebenezer handed me a lot of letters. The first one I opened was from Squire Bigler, containing his Cattle Scheme, showing a statement of the concern he had organized. He had his picture in the center of it representing him in the act of making a speech. Here it is, just as he had it printed:

COLORADO CATTLE COMPANY.

This Company was organized under the laws of the State of Colorado for the purpose of buying, raising, shipping and selling cattle and other live stock, and for the purpose of buying and owning grazing land in said State.

The capital stock is ONE MILLION DOLLARS, divided into TEN THOUSAND SHARES of the par value of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS each, issued full paid and non-assessible.

The affairs of the company are under the management of not less than five nor more than nine trustees, who are to be elected annually by the stockholders at their meetings to be held on the first Monday in November in each year.

The business of the company, as provided by its charter, is to be carried on in the State of Colorado, with its principal office in the city of Denver and a branch office in the city of New York in the State of New York, where the meetings of the stockholders and board of trustees may be held, and where the books of the company may be kept, and its financial affairs con-

ducted. There may also be established by direction of the board of trustees, if they shall deem it expedient for the interests of the company, branch offices in the cities of Chicago and Baltimore, where certificates of stock may be transferred, and any necessary business of the company transacted.

This company owns one of the largest stock ranges in the State of Colorado. It lies between the Huerfano and Apishipa Rivers in Southern Colorado, and comprises over four hundred thousand acres. The river frontage is more than one hundred miles; the central portion of the range being interspersed with living springs and lakes.

The company derives its title to four hundred thousand acres from the grantees of the Las Animas Grant, a grant made December 9, 1843, by Manuel Armijo, Governor of Mex-



HIGLER MAKING A SPEECH.

ico, to Cornelio Vigil and Ceran St. Vrain, which grant was fully ratified under and by the treaty of Gaudaloupe Hidalgo, in 1848, between the United States and Mexico. The entire grant amounted to about four million acres of the finest grazing land in the world.

The company also owns fourteen thousand acres under government patent and pre-emption, which controls vast water privileges. The lakes upon this land are inexhaustible and never become frozen to any extent during the winter months. These lakes flow into deep, grassy canyons, which average five hundred feet in width and have natural sandstone walls thirty to fifty feet high, affording an absolute shelter to stock.

This range has a very heavy growth of grass, blue joint, buffalo and gramma, and is ample for the support of at least forty thousand head of cattle. It has all the necessary improvements, such as corrals, buildings, branding pens, water tanks, etc. It has a good, sub-

stantial fence—cedar posts and barbed wire, forty miles in length, connecting with the head of Apishipa canyon on the north, and Spring canyon on the south, and inclosing with the deep canyons, about two hundred thousand acres. Waterways are cut, at intervals, down the banks of the canyons and Apishipa River, on the side next to the inclosure. Alfalfa fields are grown at different points upon the range, one field of two thousand acres, closely fenced, now yielding not less than three tons per acre. Groves of cedar and pinon, under which is a heavy growth of grass, are scattered over this vast range and afford shelter from the summer sun and the winter winds.

The St. Vrain Land and Irrigation Company is constructing a sixty-foot canal across this range, which will afford at all seasons an abundant supply of pure mountain water. The bank of the canal next to the range will be left open to the company's cattle under an arrangement made with the said St. Vrain Company. The company will also be able to irrigate from this ditch or canal a large amount of its land, which can then be cultivated to great advantage and benefit.

The following is a correct statement of the property now owned by the Colorado Cattle Company, together with the cost of the same:

STATEMENT.

400,000 acres of grazing land, part of the Las Animas Grant, at 25 cents.....	\$100,000
14,000 acres Government Patent and Pre-emption, together with cost of implements, improvements, fences, water rights, etc..	69,000
4,480 cows, 3 years old and over, improved; 200 bulls, Short-horn, a few bloods; 938 steers, mixed, 3 years and over; 523 heifers, yearlings, 2 years old Spring '87.....	196,080
67 horses, not including 17 colts.....	4,200
Total cost to date.....	\$369,280

RECEIPTS.

From sale of 3,750 shares of stock at \$100.....	\$375,000
From sale of 978 steers and 112 fat N. C. cows, net ..	44,410
Total receipts.....	\$419,410

DISBURSEMENTS.

Commissions, added to cost of cattle, expenses paid in full to Nov. 1, '86.....	\$ 6,385
Range.....	169,000
Cattle.....	196,080
Horses.....	4,200
Total disbursements.....	\$375,665
Balance.....	\$ 43,745

CAPITAL.

Total number shares, 10,000, par value, \$100.....	\$1,000,000
Number shares sold, 3,750 for.....	375,000
Remaining in treasury, 6,250, value.....	\$ 625,000
Cash in treasury.....	43,745
Capital stock and cash on hand.....	\$ 668,745

TAXES.

There are no taxes levied upon the Mexican grant land. The tax on Government patents is merely nominal. Very light on cattle, average about 25 cents per head. The tax for this year will be payable January 1st, to May 1st, 1887.

CATTLE.

Cows, 3 years old and over, improved.....	6,347
Bulls, mostly Short-horn, a few high bred.....	200
Calves, 1886 crop, heifers improved	2,313
1886 crop steers, improved.....	1,874
Heifers 2 years old in Spring 1887, grade.....	523

Total number owned by Company January 1, 1887.....9,157
 January 1, 1887.

It needs no comments to show the hypocrisy of this swindling scheme, as it carries on the face of it, the same as hundreds of other similar schemes, hypocrisy.

After breakfast I went over to the bank to find what they wanted me to hurry home for. Mr. Brown took me into his private office, and showed me a note for \$1,000, signed by me, and said, "Mr. Morgan, did you sign that note?"

I said, "No, I never signed a note in my life."

"Well," said he, "I didn't believe you did. Will you please write your name on this piece of paper, so I can compare it?" I did so and when he compared it he said, "I am now fully satisfied that it is a forgery, and think there will be no trouble whatever in satisfying the court of that fact." Then he went on and told me how George Waddles had been sued by twenty different farmers for various amounts they proved in court he had swindled them out of, and how he had got his criminal case and all the other cases continued to the next term of court; how he had come to them and turned in several notes (this among the rest), and mortgage on his farm, as collateral security for money they loaned him for the purpose of settling these cases of the farmers, and not let them come to trial; and how they had gone on his bail, so he could be let out of jail; how he had skipped to parts unknown since then, and how they would be heavy losers, if the notes was all forged, which they feared was the case.

He said they had found out he had not paid any of these claims,

but had taken all the money they had loaned him, and, said he, "We want to know what to do before court meets. We have every confidence in you, and for your sake as well as ours, we felt that you must be here before the time court was called."

I was dumbfounded, for, although I was satisfied he was a big hypocrite, I didn't think he was such an awful big rascal. They have got a detective on his track, and they may catch him. I had just left the bank, when I met Tom Conners, the lawyer that I helped elect to the Legislature. Said he, "Mr. Morgan, I am glad to see you back again. I would like to see you in my office a minute." I went with him. Said he, "I have just received a letter from San Francisco; I'll read it to you." He read as follows, to-wit:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Jan. 25, 1887.

MR. THOMAS CONNERS:

Dear Sir—Inclosed you will find a note for \$2,000, given me by one Benjamin Morgan, of your place. Will you proceed to collect the same, and forward the amount, less your fees, to me as soon as collected?

Very respectfully yours,

CHARLES SKIPEM.

The following, to-wit, was the note:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Dec. 24, 1886.

For the sum of (\$2,000) two thousand dollars, received of the firm of Ketchum, Holdem & Skinem, by the hand of their agent, Chas. Skipem, for expenses while in California, the receipt of which I hereby acknowledge, I promise to pay two thousand dollars and interest at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, on demand.

BENJAMIN MORGAN.

"Now, Mr. Morgan, is that correct?"

I was never so surprised in my whole life, and in my excitement I come mighty nigh swearing, when I stood right up like one of them big trees, and said, "It's a goll-dumb lie. I never borrowed a cent from 'em, but the goll-dumb hypocrites owe me more'n two hundred dollars now, and, by thunder, I'll have every goll-dumb one of 'em put in prison, if I can."

"Hold on a minute, Mr. Morgan; look at the signature and tell me whether or not you wrote it yourself?"

I looked at it closely, and said I thought I did, for it looked like

my writing. Just then I thought of the receipt I signed for the two hundred dollars. I also remembered signing it in a hurry, and not reading it over carefully, and I related the whole circumstance of our visit to the office of Dodgem, Skipem & Oppenheimer, and said I, "Clarissa was with me every minute I was in that city. I didn't go anywhere without her, and she paid close attention to everything that was done in that office, and I'll go right over to Eb's and bring her over here, and you ask her all about it."

"Very well, Mr. Morgan," he said. I went across the street and up to Eb's store on a run, and took Clarissa back with me in less than five minutes. She told Mr. Conners everything connected with it, just as I had.

Said Mr. Conners, "You will swear to this, will you?"

"Yes," she replied.

"You'll swear to this, will you, Mr. Morgan?" said he.

"Well," said I, "although it's agin my principles to swear, but on this occasion I'll swear a blue streak" and I commenced with geewhilliker dam—when Conners said, "Uncle Ben, hold on! hold on! That haint what I mean." (I did know what he meant, but I felt just like swearing, and I wanted to swear.) "I know you so well, and everybody knows you so well, that if you say a thing is so, I believe it, and now what you say is fully corroborated by your wife's statement. I see that it is a scheme to swindle you. They have converted the receipt you gave 'em for two hundred dollars into a note for \$2,000. You needn't give yourself a particle of uneasiness about it, but just leave it to me and I'll see them inside of a penitentiary, and if they are worth it, you'll get all the money back on their advertised agreement that you have paid out. Had it not been that your wife was present, and is a witness that can beat 'em in any court in the United States, you might be caused a great deal of trouble, but she will save you from any trouble in the case."

I again felt she was my garden angel, and every day she becomes more gardener to me, and I feel every day the value of a good

wife. God bless the wives! for they prove a blessing to many a poor man.

As we was riding home with Abe and the old mare, and just as we was passing old Smugginses house, Sarah run out to the gate to speak to us. She was dressed up in her best, and she tried to look sweet. After talking with her a few minutes, we drove on. Clarissa said, "Well, Benjamin, I'm glad to get home again, and I



SARAH SMUGGINS.

sha'l be contented to stay here the remainder of my days, for, after seeing so much of the world, so much grandeur, and style in high life in the large cities and centers of business and fashion, the old home, with its plain and unpretentious air, surrounded by the old orchard, and withal so quiet, seems like a paradise, and I can join the poet in his description of

THE OLD-FASHIONED HOME.

"Of all the tender and comfortable things
 That now and then sweet memory brings,
 There's nothing dearer that love recalls
 Than the old-fashioned house with its whitewashed walls.

"Not a mansion to-day, though a marvel of art
 Can ever usurp its place in my heart,
 For there my earliest prayers were said,
 And I slept at night in a trundle bed.

"Neath coverlids reaching from feet to chin,
 By a mother's hand tucked gently in,
 And a good-night kiss on my tired brow—
 Oh, earth holds no such blessings now.

"A garden was fragrant in flower-beds,
 Where marigolds lifted their velvet heads,
 And warmed by sunshine, refreshed by dew,
 The bachelor-button and touch-me-not grew.

"In a river that curved like a shepherd's crook
 We fished for minnows with a bent pin-hook,
 Or with little bare feet oft waded through,
 And bravely 'paddled our own canoe.'

"'Twas a home of welcome, no one could doubt,
 Whose latchstring hung inevitably out,
 And many a stranger supped at its board,
 While blazing logs in the chimney roared.

"Oh, this is an age of reform and change!
 And things aesthetic, modern and strange—
 Improvements that savor of silver and gold
 Are superseding the cherished and old.

"But I turn from palaces built for show!
 With mansard roof and stories below;
 Of frescoed, kalsomined, dadoed halls,
 To the old-fashioned house with its whitewashed walls."

Again we are seated in our own big square room, well-lighted by the hanging lamp. Abe is snoring on the lounge; the old dog is stretched out in the corner behind the stove, and the cat is curled up on the rug under the stove-hearth, purring her evening song to feline notes, and everything is peaceful and quiet. Clarissa says, in

her old-fashioned way, "Benjamin, it seems just as though we had left a heaven, and taken a trip through the noisy world below, where hypocrisy seems to be superior to plain, simple honesty, and returned again to heaven; it is so quiet here."

"That is just the way it strikes me; but we had a good time, after all, and learned an awful sight of human nature, a knowledge of which we did not possess to any great degree before we went."

"Well," said she, "that is so; but, after all, human nature is human nature the world over, whether on the quiet New York farm, or in the busy cities; whether digging potatoes in Blank County, or digging gold and silver in the old Rockies; whether attending meeting in the Corners' schoolhouse, clad in plain calico, or sitting in cushioned chairs in the great halls and churches in the city, dressed in silks and ornamented with diamonds and bits of sparkling glass; whether in our lyceums at the schoolhouse, or in the great dramas on the stage of the cities' splendid theaters—the feelings and passions of the human heart are alike manifested in daily life. The unscrupulous are continually inventing new schemes to cover up their real natures and keep the public from understanding their true characters, while the careless drift into channels of deception, and in time become stereotyped into the habit of presenting a false self. A few—and what a GLORIOUS few!—are *honest* by birth, by training and education, and how they tower above the hypocrites that surround them! How Mr. So-and-so, in this village and that, in this city and that, on this farm and in that manufactory, occupying this pulpit and sitting on that judicial bench—stands out prominently, and is admired by all, from the simple fact that his *word* is as good as his *note*; that in every act of his life he is *frank, truthful* and *honest*. The Almighty seems to be his guide and governor. It matters not if his education is deficient, or he lacks the polish that rules of society require for a gentleman. Though he be a diamond in the rough, still he is a gem of greatest value to the world. The polish that education and contact with the world will add, will cause him to

sparkle and appear more brilliant, but it is not the education nor polish that gives him value, or singles him out from his fellows, but because his heart and head are *right* and *true* all the way through, but he has got to have that trait born in him."

Clarissa got into one of her regular talking spells, and I said to her, in a sort of mellow tone, a little on the dulcet stop, "Clarissa; now, do—please do."

"Please do what?" she replied.

"Please let up—please shut down a little."

"What do you mean, Benjamin?" she asked.

"I mean to say that this is my first book, and you wondered who'd 'be fool enough to read it.' Now, if you don't let up on this continual philosophizing, and telling what you think, it will kill it, and if ever I should write another, I couldn't *hire* a fool to read it. Now, let's sing the doxology to close your remarks, and let me just tell the dear people, and men and women in general, in closing this volume, what I think. I think that MAN is, after all, partly a product of climate and soil. It is *not* true that *man* is the crowning glory of God's creation, for it depends upon where he is located, and his surroundings, as to the position he occupies in the scale of Glory—in Creation. You go into parts of Africa, where the *palm* and *bread fruit* tree flourish, and man sinks to the level of other brutes that feed upon the bread fruit and sleep under the shade of the palm. *There*, these *trees* are the crowning *Glory* of Creation. Certain impulses lead man in certain directions. Surroundings, climatic and scenic, have very much to do in establishing his tastes and inclinations, while his social surroundings direct his mental habit. Education—broad, liberal and thorough—causes the mental to rise in power above the animal, while idleness and neglect give the animal supremacy over the mental. Neglected fields return the farmer naught but weeds, while cultivation brings him rich grains and grassy meads. So, with the *heart*, the bond of man's mental and animal dispositions, if rightly directed, yields the results of *Honesty*—if wrongly, *Hypocrisy*."