

LITTLE BLUE MEMORIES OF INDIANS.

The last effective assault of savages upon the outposts of civilization in southeastern Nebraska transpired in August, 1864, when the Sioux Indians ravaged the Little Blue valley, burning property, slaughtering stock and killing and scalping many of the settlers up to Clark's ranch where "the Overland" trail left the Blue river and struck out for Fort Kearney. Immediately upon the receipt of news of that raid and its atrocities, Nebraska City and Otoe county were afire with indignation and zeal to administer vengeance. Among other things which inspired the people to hasten the organization of a courageous and avenging pursuit of the miscreants, was the fact that several young women and girls of a family named Roper had been taken away by the Indians and subjected to a terrible captivity. That family was well-known and highly esteemed in Nebraska City where they had previously lived for some years.

Colonel Oliver P. Mason, who was subsequently the chief justice of the state of Nebraska, recruited a few militiamen and started in eager chase of the Indians within a week from the first news of the massacre.

Among those who accompanied Colonel Mason were many prominent and brave citizens of Otoe county. But for the purpose of this sketch their names are not necessary. This reminiscence is only as to trophies brought home by Dr. Frederick Renner who was a gallant, active and efficient member of the command, which served without compensation, and endured many privations and considerable sacrifices of personal interests and property for the sake of the commonweal.

At one crisis Colonel Mason ordered Doctor Renner to place himself and twenty men under his orders, between the fleeing settlers and the pursuing savages. This order Doctor Renner carried out with courage and skill and in doing so distributed to the whites along the Little Blue and the Sandy twenty-five hundred rounds of ammunition. Not long after this feat, which required coolness and cunning, as well as bravery, Doctor Renner, with six frontiersmen who were armed with Spencer rifles and Colt revolvers, took the trail of forty retreating Sioux warriors and pursued them across the Republican river and far into northern Kansas. The topography of that country was like a well-read book to Doctor Renner, because, as a surveyor of government lands, he had traversed and studied them with Chief Surveyor Charles A. Manners in the years 1857 and 1858.

At last returning to Nebraska City Doctor Renner exhibited to his admiring friends and a wondering neighborhood the trophies of his excursion into "the

enemy's country," and among them were three scalps.

Two of them were adorned with long locks of hair which, black as night, were woven or braided together, and so oiled that they glistened in changing lights and shades like ebony that has been polished. But from the third scalp depended long, rich tresses of a beautiful blonde which had evidently been taken from the head of some unfortunate white woman. Together these gory and ragged reminders of barbarities, too hideous to be described, were a horrible certification of the savagery of warfare upon the lines of those borders where barbarism and civilization collide.

After some time Doctor Renner, having properly prepared and preserved them with alum, tannin and arsenic presented the scalps to our late highly esteemed and sincerely lamented townsman, Mr. Frederick Beyschlag, who transmitted them to his venerable father residing at Noerdlingen, a thriving city in central Bavaria. Upon the death of the senior Beyschlag, some years since, none of his heirs would accept this ghastly personal property as an inheritance; and so the three historic scalps from southeastern Nebraska passed into the hands of Herr Offenhauser, the leading hair-dresser and wig-maker of Noerdlingen, in the show window of whose establishment, on the corn market of that thriving German city may still be seen, by the passers-by any day, those tragical reminders and relics of the savagery and slaughter which in the summer of 1864 ravaged the beautiful and fertile valley of the Little Blue, where now dwell a happy and contented people from whose farms, factories and firesides are ever ascending the hum of remunerative industry and the songs of domestic tranquillity and endearment.

Our thrifty cousins, the Norwegians, have increased their national wealth by nearly one-third in the last ten years. Norway is the only country in Europe where land has been appreciating in recent times.

An interesting relic has just been presented to Christ church in the shape of the cardinal's hat, which once belonged to its founder, Cardinal Wolsey. Unlike many relics, the hat boasts an authentic and fairly complete pedigree. It appears to have been stolen by Bishop Burnet, who was clerk to the royal wardrobe and bishop of Salisbury in William III's time. It then passed into the hands of Horace Walpole. One of the latest owners of the hat was Charles Kean, who wore it when playing the part of Cardinal Wolsey in Shakespeare's "Henry VIII." The hat is in good condition, but the tassels, which are so prominently represented on the Christ church coat-of-arms, have been torn off.—Westminster Gazette.

FORTY-ONE YEARS AGO.

This lady, who, with her husband, was a resident of this city for upwards of 30 years, has followed her recently departed husband to another world. We extract the following notice from The Nebraska City News, of December 5, 1857:

"This lady died at Arbor Lodge, the residence of J. Sterling Morton, on Monday evening, at a quarter to five o'clock. Consort of the late David French, Esq., of Detroit, the deceased outlived her lamented companion only a few brief months. For many years her lamp of life burned dimly in its socket; yet, by virtue of a determined will and an inspiration, so to speak, on her part, she lived to accomplish her last fond wish and desire—to see her daughter (Mrs. Morton) and the children—as she had frequently expressed herself since the death of her husband, and particularly while on her journey to this place.

"Arriving at her destination late Sunday evening (November 29, 1857) in charge of Mr. Morton, she survived but a few hours the fulfillment of her desire; and she felt as if to say resignedly— anxiously:

"Here is my journey's end, here is my birth." She was buried on Wednesday at 3 o'clock.

"The death of Mrs. French was calm and tranquil as the setting of a summer's sun or the birth of an evening star. Her mission accomplished, like a dying taper, she went out, to give no more light to earthly friends, except by the pleasant memories of her virtues and her examples.

"It is sweet to die the death of the righteous; a practical Christian, her's was the Christian's death. There are sad hearts here; the news of her decease will sadden sensitive hearts elsewhere. The poor of Detroit will not soon forget the charities and kindnesses of the one mourned and departed; her virtues and her examples will ever be remembered by one to whom she was the kindest of mothers."—Detroit Tribune.

THE CONSERVATIVE, after a lapse of forty-one years, republishes the foregoing tribute to a foster mother, whose good teachings and affectionate solicitude for her adopted daughter, Caroline Joy Morton (the mother of Joy, Paul, Mark and Carl) are now influencing a third generation. The good one does lives long after the doer has gone to eternal rest.

THE CONSERVATIVE gives to the reading public this week an interesting, instructive and very attractive article from the pen of Prof. W. A. Jones, the principal of the state institution for education of the blind. It is a valuable essay, especially for parents, teachers and all those deliberate citizens who investigate the origins of our present civilization with the desire of finding out whence it has been evolved.