

Oberlin Oct 24.

The days glide like
the meteors that fall. "The
star is shot, The water bubble
dies And man is not."

October is on the wane
It seems likely that it will
pup away in storms here.

Storms here are shown
half their grandeur. There
are no snow storms to disappear
in clouds, to breed snow,
— the snow here are bred in other
ways — and to reappear after
the storms in their new robes.
The landscape here is about as
near zero as it ever gets to be.

I did not write a
mid-week letter. I felt a
little mean about it. If you
care as much about getting my
letters as I do yours, you
would have wiped it. But I

assure you that it would
have been a poor one if I
had written. Your last
letter Father was a peculiarly
satisfactory one. It is your
meat and drink to be busy.
Keep yourself well.
There was a lecture by "George
Harris" the other night. In
it he gave some descriptions
of his life in the South as a
slave. "Emily", was his sis-
ter. Another sister of his
who had gone to New Orleans,
and had somehow got hold
of money - I forget how, whether
by marrying a nut - some took
to Kentucky in order to see
her old friends, and brethren and
sisters. She went back to
New Orleans, planning to come
back again and buy and free

them all. On the very week
it was discovered that she was
had a taint of negro blood in
her veins, and she had
come in style from N. O. as a
Southern lady - and so she
was denied the privilege of
a cabin passage. She was
put on deck. In emergency
she took cold and died. She
willed all her property to her
slave friends, so that they might
be free. But such a will
was illegal, and all her money
went to the state of Louisiana.
The ghost stories of Uncle
Tom's Cabin were true. No
men are ^{so} superstitious, he
said, as those old drunken
slave holders. "Eliza"
was a real person and escaped
the Ohio men on the ice, but

she was not "George's" wife. Or rather, not Clark's wife.

He said that for many years he went with his hand on his dagger, as to speak, ready at any time to kill or be killed, rather than be sent back to slavery, while he was travelling through the North in the abolition work.

Once his brother Milton was captured by some fugitive slave-hunters. They had got a warrant for him in one county, but in going through a certain town, the line of another county must be crossed. The county line ran right in the middle of the road. The abolitionists backed up the side of the road belonging to the county in which the slave hunters had got

their warrant. The moment
they turned out of their side
of the road, into the other
county, a writ of habeas corpus
for Milton Clarke was produced
by proper officials, and Milton
had to be given up. The
writ was spirited away immediately
and never got again.

The slavery business is
an extinct volcano, but
there are a good many hot
rocks down in the crater yet.

The election will be over
before this reaches you. I
think the signs point un-
mistakably toward a large Re-
publican victory. One of
the main indications is that
the Democratic leaders are pitch-
ing into each other as heavily
Sauder and English accusing
each other of losing Indiana.

Hompson and Hill and Byrnes
being called to account by
Democrats for their speeches, and
Waltham being ^{plunked} for
his no-tariff platform.

Hancock has made rather a
bad out of it on the tariff
question. "I think the ques-
tion was brought up once in
my native town in Pennsyl-
vania" - showing a certain
familiar ignorance of the matter,
if he really said it, that
is quite refreshing. He
has in fact shown himself
to be an ignoramus so far
as affairs of state are concerned.

I am glad you are
having a beautiful autumn.
We have had rather a beautiful
one. You mention the
grape incidentally. Was there

a big crop? I feel a
degree of interest in the
grape. What disposi-
tion are you going to make
of the plot of ground where
the old barn stood? If
you can afford it, put some
bulbs of flowers there. They
would do finely in such a
place. Next spring you
might dig it up and plant
some arbutus or pansies.
It is moist and rich, and
not exposed to the sun, and
such things as zinnias, asters,
phloxes, snapdragons, luscious,
coronaria, and other bright
and gay flowers would run
mad with splendor. True
it is not much in sight, but
you would have a place to
enjoy and enjoy it yourself, and

Take your friends of an afternoon,
and visit reserves for bouquets.
This work I can mend portions
early to you S. This is just
the kind of outdoor work you
are pining for, and it is a
kind of work that will pay
out interest. Do not forget
gladioli. The early bulbs,
such as crocuses and hyacinths
will do better in front, as
of you. Snow drops are
excellent early bulbs. The
tulips and lilies would do
better in the old barn plot.