

such a degree that it was feared neither in the event of nomination could conciliate the partisans of his opponent, Allen was strongly urged to allow his name to go before the Convention as a compromise candidate. He declined on the ground that such action would be treachery to Cass, whose friend and adviser he was. After a second term in the Senate, Mr. Allen went into the retirement of private life. Marrying a daughter of Governor McArthur, and taking up his residence at Fruit Hill, he made no effort to emerge from his seclusion until 1873, when he accepted the Democratic nomination for the Governorship. Thus came before the people, in a personal canvass, a man who almost forty years before had entered the United States Senate, but who, from his long retirement, was almost unknown to the younger generation of politicians. On the expiration of his term of office, Governor Allen sought no further political preferment. He remained at Fruit Hill enjoying his books, and almost to the very last superintending the great farm which surrounded his home. His tall, erect form was a familiar sight upon the streets of Chillicothe, and as he was easily accessible, hosts of visitors from the town and from abroad, the distinguished and the obscure, sought "the sage of Fruit Hill," to converse with him and to receive his counsel. Even in the last few weeks of his life his physical and mental vigor seemed scarcely impaired. His voice was strong and clear, and as he warmed with the growing interest of conversation upon some broad topic, his manner became strangely impressive, and his words as eloquent as when he was a score of years younger. There was no indication of the near approaching close of life's earth chapter in the early summer of 1879, and yet, after a few days' illness, Death laid his hand upon the silvered, venerable head, and the clear blue eyes were closed forever.

The Governor's room in the old stone house, from which we have wandered to recount the lives of its two famous occupants, is still undisturbed. The vine which shades the window looking out upon the lawn and hill-slope, and upon Chillicothe beyond, has been bared by winter winds, and grown green again, but the fragrance of its blossoms floats through the open casement into a lonely chamber. By the reading table, with its homely de-

vice for holding books, there is a vacant, well-worn easy-chair, and all of the simple articles of furniture throughout the room remain in the position in which they were arranged by its departed occupant. Over thirty years of the Governor's life were passed at this historic house, and his powerful personality seems still to pervade the place.

A great concourse of people attended the funeral of the widely known and well-loved old man, and a long procession wound down the half-mile hill, and through the hushed streets of the town, and up to the summit of another high hill, following the remains of the last of Chillicothe's Governors to their final resting-place. No more beautiful cemetery can be found in the West than Chillicothe's city of the dead, overlooking the peaceful, sunny valley of the Scioto and its rambling, village-like city of the living. Poor mortality could have no resting-place hallowed by more harmonious beauty of nature, and glorious immortality no more suggestive earthly symbol or assuring mystic promise, than is here afforded.

Here sleep a goodly company of the distinguished dead—Massie, Tiffin, Worthington, McArthur, Allen, and many more, younger men—who by civil means fostered and with arms defended the State which their predecessors founded.

THE SUMAC-GATHERERS.

I.

I WAS on a visit to my friend Mr. Burney, living at his place called Glenburney, in the Shenandoah Valley, in Virginia. It was in the month of September, 187-, and the weather was the most beautiful imaginable. Certainly nothing is more exquisite than the fall in Virginia, and the airs were so mild even toward night that the family would go out to the porch after tea and sit there, watching the faint flush die across the mountains in the west, or the moon rise over the shaggy battlement of the Blue Ridge, which was not more than two or three miles, as the crow flies, from the Glenburney house.

I looked at the exquisite landscape from the porch on the evening of my arrival. Night was near. The air was perfectly still. Along the west, seen across rolling fields and a belt of woods, from which peeped up the roofs of the little village of Milldale, lay the long range of the North