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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 24, No. 49): June 2, 1871

Maxham & Wing

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BY ADA CAMBRIDGE.

Exact not thyself so sorely, heart of pine,  
For that the pain hath roughly broke thy rest,  
That thy wild flowers be dead upon thy breast,  
Whereon the cloud-vailed sun hath ceased to shine.

Fret not that thou art seamed, and scarred, and torn;  
That clouds are piled where tinted vetches were;  
That long worms crawl to light, and brown rills, bare  
Of green and tender grasses, widely strew.

G. d's hand is on the plow. So be thou true,  
Thou canst not see Him, for thine eyes are dim,  
But wait in patience, put thy trust in Him—  
Give thanks for love, and leave thee to his will.

Ah! in due time the lowering clouds shall rain  
Soft drops on my parched furrows: I shall sow  
In tears and pray, and green corn-blades will grow—  
I shall not wish the wild flowers back again.

I shall be glad that I did work and weep—  
Be glad, O God, my slumbering soul do wake—  
Be glad my stubborn heart did heave and break  
Beneath the plow—when angels come to reap:

Be glad, O Father, that my land was tilled,  
And sown, and watered, in the harvest day—  
When Thou wilt cast the weeds and tares away,  
And when with ripened fruit thy barns are filled.

Keep me, my faith, I pray! I cannot see,  
And fear to intermeddle with Thy work;  
Oh, though I weep and fret, I will not shrink  
The discipline that is so good for me!

I know that Thou wilt make my grief to cease—  
Will send the cool, soft drops of healing rain,  
And make my scarred heart green with springing grain;  
Then after patient waiting, O-mph, peace.

That after faithful labor I shall rest,  
And after weeping have my work done;  
Thou breakest down, to build up—not destroy;  
Thou dost right, O Lord!—Thou knowest best.

[From the Westminster Review.]

## THOMAS HOOD.

We give short names to those whom we love best. It would sound as oddly to talk of Sir Richard Steele or Mr. Hood as to call Milton 'Jack' or Browning 'Robert.' Our admiration for the writings and genius of the author of 'Paradise Lost' is of course greater than what we entertain for those of Sir Isaac or Hood, yet we love the latter as men more than we love Milton. Goethe, Dante, Bacon, and Keats are elevated by means of their strength and the character of their genius, beyond the range of our sympathies. Our admiration of them is more of the intellect than of the heart. Steele, Lamb, and Hood, on the other hand, are more like ourselves; we love them for their intense humanity—or the very failings that help to draw them within the circle of our affections. Tom Hood is one of ourselves, an intimate friend, a member of our family; with whom we can laugh and be merry, and to whom we can tell our secrets, and chat in a pleasant, homely fashion. We are at home in his company, as if we had been intimate with him from boyhood, and can fancy at times that we hear his quiet laugh, his merry quip, and see the pleasant smile that lit up his pale, sensitive face.

Thomas Hood was the prince of wits. His nature was so steeped in the choicest spirit of humor that it continually bubbled over in quip and jest, like a cold spring welling up in desert places. He was the magician of words, ruling language with a despotic sway, and by a wave of his wand compelling it to perform the strangest transformations. His style is as simple and earnest as possible. The words are mostly common Saxon words with which every one is familiar, but they are chosen with exquisite taste. Hood spoke like a child—artlessly, naturally, yet with what wisdom and wit, and tears and laughter for all times! The popularity of his humorous writings is very wonderful if we bear in mind the evenness of character of wit and especially that form of wit which we call 'punning.' A flash of sudden contrast and all is over, the humor of our laughter being in proportion to the suddenness of our surprise, and we can only be surprised once. The best joke misfires if on repetition. Like champagne, its virtue escapes in effervescence. Yet for all this Hood's works are more widely read, and more generally admired now than ever. Wherein, then, lies the secret of their popularity? Other comic books grow stale; time robs them of their flavor and steals their charm, but 'Hood's Own' is as fresh to-day as when it first appeared. The secret lies in this. Through all Hood's comicities there is an undercurrent of truth, of fresh child-like humor, and paradoxical as it may appear, an intense spirit of earnestness. This man who was wont to tickle the world into laughter, was yet not always merry himself. His tears were as often tears of pain as of joy, and he put on a sunny face at times to hide from his friends the agony which frequently gnawed within. With all his modesty, too, Hood was conscious—as no great man can help being conscious—of his great powers, and his partial though necessary misapplication. He felt that he was meant to be something better than an inspired jester, and because the world refused him leisure to indulge his aspirations his soul fretted silently.

His writings, bristling with merriment, his comic sketches, imitable puns, were but the by-play of a noble soul. For though—

"His wit was like lightning's spear,  
Yet 'twas more lightning from the clut of his life  
Which held at heart no riot and no blissful rain  
Of mere insouciance, that was words of love;  
And merriment, that would bridge for a path to heaven;  
And he that could have said, 'I am the son of a sun,  
Above our long dusty-grass with the wing;  
And thunder-vortex, with their words of fire,  
To melt the clouds and bring the year's crown.  
His wit? a kind smile just to lighten us,  
Rich from wreaths of life, waves of lavish life,  
That flash off precious pearls and golden sands."

His real work lay in another direction, and it was only because he had hungry mouths to fill, and a family to support, that he so often wore the jester's cap and bells. His flashes of humor were not unfrequently only the outcome of a mind ill at ease, and seeking to escape from its pain—the spendrift of his soul's agony.

The world discovered his wealth of wit, and regardless of the author, insisted on drawing on it; more willing as it ever is, to pay highly for what would make it laugh, than for what would make it think and weep. What could poor Hood do? He knew that he was meant for more than a jester and a clown, but the public and in consequence the publishers would have it; and in the background were near ones and dear ones needing to be fed and clothed. Yet how worthily he fulfilled his task! It is hard to exaggerate the temptation which a writer, who is constantly expected to write wittily, must often have to overstep the limits of good taste. Yet in all Hood's writings there is not a line which one would hesitate to read aloud in the family circle.

It has been maintained with some show of justice that poets because of their keener sensibilities and finer tastes, are necessarily thin-skinned. They are more keenly alive than ordinary mortals to the joys and sorrows of existence. "The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" that fall back blunted from the thicker hides of their neighbors, sting theirs with an exquisite pain. That this is at best but a half-truth the life of Tom Hood sufficiently proves by showing that a man may combine the most delicate fancy, the tenderest heart, and the most perfect wit, with a strong, healthy contempt of danger, a sturdy perseverance in the face of odd, a fearless heart that never knows defeat, a happy nature that, ever weiling up through sorrow and pain, keeps fresh and cool the duty paths of life. In him were united the intellect of a man, the heart of a child, the glowing fancy and airy imagination of the poet, and the practical common sense of a man of business. The world was to him but one large family, of which his own was the central point, from which his sympathies radiated to every part. Beyond an amiable weakness for titles (characteristic also of the ploughman poet of Scotland) and a slight tendency to sentimental sentimentalism which tinged some of his best poems, we can find little to blame in Hood, unless it be the aimlessness of much of his wit, and the jolly of trifling away his powers in pun and jest, and this, as we have said above, was not so much his as the public's fault.

To such of our readers as may think this praise extravagant we can only say "study his life for yourselves!" However much we may admire Hood as a man and a humorist, his claims on the suffrages of the future rest on surer and higher grounds. His life though noble, would have been forgotten; his stories of wit and humor, his comical wood-cuts and side-splitting ballads would in a century or more have been quietly swept aside; had he not arisen at a critical moment to give voice to the inarticulate cry of wretchedness, ignorance, and want, and gather up in one sublime hymn and direct arguement the hazy sentimentalism and ill-directed philanthropy that were floating about in society. While some were discussing Utopian schemes for the social reform of distant savages, forgetting that charity begins at home; and others, disheartened by the awful mass of wretchedness and sin that festered daily before their eyes, folded their arms and looked sadly on in dumb despair, this man went straight to the root of the matter, and by a direct instinct succeeded in touching the great common heart that underlies all distinctions of caste and social and political differences.

Finally, Hood was not one of those men of commanding intellect who arise but once or twice at most in a nation's history. He did not signalize himself by being the first to climb the slippery steps of Progress, and catch sublime glimpses of the promised land with which to gladden the heart of the world. He is no cold unapproachable idol of the intellect—to be worshipped from afar with awe and trembling. Rather he is enshrined amid the loves and penates of our hearts—our household favorites—our Charles Lamb and Sir Philip Sidney; a kind, genial, home-hearted man of genius, whom one feels it is good to know and pleasant to remember, whose laugh has a hearty ring wherever it blows away the cobwebs of sorrow and care, and the shrike of whose hand does one's heart good. There have been three or four great writers in our nation's history; and a few more as great, but there has been no one whose noble efforts on behalf of the poor, the outcast, and the sinning, will serve to embalm his memory and his works in a kinder affection and regard than Thomas Hood, "the darling of the English heart."

THE ASPECT OF RURAL GERMANY.—A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, writing from Nuremberg, Germany, says:

In travelling through the rural districts of Germany, one sees many interesting sights. The first thing that strikes an American is, that there are no farms or isolated farm-houses as in the United States. For here the country people all live in villages, from which they go out in all directions to cultivate their different tracts of land. These villages spot the whole country. As far as the eye can reach one can see them in all directions. They lie at no great distance from each other, there being one in about every two square miles. One of these contains, ordinarily, about fifty houses, which, however, with the barns, stables, &c., do not occupy more space than the outbuildings of an ordinary farm in the United States. The people seem to be huddled up in the closest quarters. The houses are very small and low, with red tiles (of baked clay) though not unfrequently they are covered with straw. On the top of the straw the grass is often seen to sprout, so that the roofs of the houses look as green as the ground. The public buildings of every village are a wind-mill and a beer-house, for all the grain in Germany is ground with windmills, the wind being here more regular than in the United States, and so furnishes a cheap and convenient driving power. One accordingly sees a windmill turning on nearly every hill. The beer-house is the place of general resort in the evenings, for here both the men and the women of the village get together to chat and drink in social unreserve. To every five or six villages there is a church, and generally a tavern. In looking over the land, one sees no fences, but the land of one man is separated from that of another by a sward of grass about twelve inches wide. Those who pasture flocks must always keep somebody to watch them, though all kinds of stock are mostly fed in the stables. They cultivate the land too closely to allow of fences. This country is mostly level, and the general appearance is not unlike that of the prairie in the West. I have said that there are no separate farmhouses. There are not even any country residences. Even the nobility and rich land-owners, who sometimes live in the country or have their summer seats there, do not as in England, have yards and parks filled with deer or extensive hunting-grounds; but their palaces are built in the villages (generally in the larger ones or what we would call small towns) and the land is cultivated close up to their doors.

Sir JOHN FREDERICK WILLIAM HERSCHEL, commonly known as the younger Herschel, the distinguished astronomer, died last week, aged seventy-nine years. He was the third of a family the lives of whose members have been identified with the progress of astronomical science during the last three quarters, or more of a century. His first work, in 1833, was a catalogue of more than 80 nebulae and 330 double stars. He established his observatory at the Cape of Good Hope, by the aid of which the Southern heavens were surveyed. He was the author of several books on astronomy.

It is quite the fashion to drop now and then a lamp of piety into personal conduct, but too often there is little care to "work it in." A life properly seasoned with grace has a uniform flavor.—Beecher.

Gen. Sheridan was interviewed shortly after his arrival home, and gave in short crisp sentences a vast amount of valuable information regarding the fighting qualities and the advantages and disadvantages possessed by the French and Prussian armies. He is thus reported.

"It is not an easy thing to say who fights best. They are all good soldiers. But there is a wonderful difference in their respective peculiarities. The Germans are tremendously stubborn and stand like a wall of stone. The French are more full of dash." He does not make any invidious comparison. The grand success of the Germans, he says, was partly owing to the excellent training their officers have received in their military schools, and to the splendid discipline of their men. The same thing may be claimed for the French. It is a wonder that the latter have stood out as long as they have. Their reverses are not due to a lack of prowess or skill, officers but political trouble at home. Place both of those nations in the same prosperous state they were five years ago, and the present situation might be greatly changed. Then again there is the

## COMPLIMENTS.

A POET whose fame is as wide as the world,  
Had a call from a youth wishing greatly to know him,  
Who entered with stammer and blush, bursting out,  
"I am one of the few, sir, who've read your new poem."

Coming out of church a hearer, greatly pleased,  
Accosted Dr. Jernam:  
The last discourse I ever heard you preach—  
What was the subject of your sermon?

My friend Tom Vox once lectured in a town,  
The audience numbering twenty-two or three;  
And when Tom closed, they took his hand and said,  
"I was not so tedious as we thought 't would be."  
—From the Atlantic Monthly for June.

THE NECESSITIES OF LIFE.—There is, perhaps, no term in general use that conveys a more varied and indefinite meaning than in the phrase which heads the present article. To one, it means the simplest food, clothing, and shelter, requisite to keep the vital flame burning; to another it means unlimited wine, cigars, fast horses, boxes at the opera, &c.; others will fix their standard somewhere between these extremes; but few, very few, form a just estimation of the real material necessities of mankind.

Now, no true comprehension of material wealth can be obtained without first comprehending the real wants of the human family; for material wealth is that which supplies these wants. That which is hurtful to man, or which is harmless, does not in any way benefit him, is not wealth in any just sense of the term.

We think that only those things may be called necessities of life which are required to support existence in its highest and best condition, physically, mentally, and morally. Thus not only food and drink are demanded, but the best food and drink—that which enables man to develop and maintain the highest degree of bodily health and vigor for the longest period possible. Books, pictures, statuary, a reasonable amount of ornamentation in dwellings, furniture, and dress, tasteful decoration of public resorts, streets, and private grounds, proper amusements, etc., are also necessities which minister to the well-being of body, mind, and morals. And all these are to be good after their kind, for if any are harmful in their tendency, or incapable of ministering to better living, they cannot be classed among real wants, they are superfluous.

Superfluities are, in most census returns and statistics of wealth, classed as real wealth, and we have only to look at any such document, and check off and look up such items as, in the judgment of any candid mind, will be pronounced superfluous, to see that a very large proportion of the world's work is engaged in the production of things that mankind might not only dispense with, without loss of any kind, but many of which might cease to be used, and all mankind be direct or indirect gainers.

A horse is in general a useful animal, and as such is an element of wealth; but when he has acquired the habit of kicking so that he endangers the lives of all who approach him, he becomes a source of direct loss to his owner. One sooner or later converted into such articles of commercial value, as modern industry is able to extract from the carcass of a dead horse, the better for all. It matters not whether he can be sold for a money valuation or not; so long as he goes on destroying by his heels more than he earns over and above his keep, he is an unprofitable servant, and not an element of wealth. So explosive oils, used as beverages, and tobacco in all its forms, though they represent a large money value in the industry and the commerce of the world, are not wealth; they are the destroyers of wealth. Shoes that pinch people's feet out of shape, such as are making the rising generation a race of cripples, are not wealth; they are destroyers of wealth. And so we might go on to show that articles wrested from their proper purpose almost invariably become the destroyers of wealth. For the material wealth of the human race consists of its ability to enjoy to the greatest extent, its highest possible good; and only those things which constructed, would lessen this ability, are proper to be called wealth.

Were this rule strictly applied, how the aggregate of the world's wealth, as estimated by the statisticians, would be diminished! Were these things, which we would all be the richer for discarding, abandoned forever, how much would the real wealth of the world be swelled by industry turned into beneficial channels! It is a fallacy to suppose that the manufacture of superfluities—that is, things which in no way contribute to the welfare or happiness of mankind, or which diminish it—are to be credited with the benefits of paid employment to those engaged in their production. Who would think of benefiting the paupers of the city by employing them to teach horses to kick? or by paying them wages to dip up water from, and pour it back into the East river? Money paid for the first labor would be worse than thrown away, and in the last instance, they might be fed and clothed in a cheaply when doing nothing, than when expending energy in work that benefits nobody. Those who can produce nothing of real value had better be supported unemployed; and any system of political economy that does not embrace the regulation of industry so as to so direct it to the production of real wealth is radically imperfect.—Scientific American.

As exchange mentions a case beyond the ordinary oculists. It is that of a young lady who, instead of a common pupil, has a college student in her eye.

The liquor dealers of Williamsburg, Pa., have an organization to repel the encroachments of temperance! Figures of speech do get mixed.

question of arms. The needle gun is of immense power. So is the chapsot. But these do not excel a perfect gun of our "Springfield" pattern. It is not fair to draw hasty conclusions in these matters. The campaigns there were not comparable to those of our late war. Their country is an old one. It has been mapped out and surveyed, almost to the foot, for warlike operations. It is better known. The roads are older and better than ours. The territory is more thickly populated, and the battlefields in closer contiguity. Their bases of supplies and objective points are of easier range. Besides they have made war a science for centuries. Military schools abound. Their soldiers are more absolutely subservient than ours. They have drilled reserves ready at any time—even in peace. Our country is immense, with inferior and scattered roads the territory is not well known. We have but one military school, with a small number of pupils and a small standing army. But in warlike operations they have more real tape than we. There are many improvements suggested to us by their systems. But, after all, there is no such material as is found in the American armies. Place those armies here and they would be nonplussed at topographical difficulties we overcome. There is nothing like our army for our work. We have an excellent system; but it needs changes, and can be vastly benefited by some of the European examples.

A WORD IN THE EAR OF PARENTS.—To expect to dam a river with a feather, or stop an earthquake with a plaster, or drown a hurricane with a tin whistle, is about as reasonable as to expect by argument or advice to change the inclinations of young people, when they are under the influence of the passion which they call love, and are determined to marry the object of their desire.

"Say what you will, and do what you will. I will have him!" said one girl, and she did have him, with temperance, poverty, beggary, insanity and death to close the scene.

"Would you marry him if you thought these stories were true?" said a Christian minister to a young relative, who was committing her heart to the keeping of one against whom evil charges were brought by mutual friends who had opportunity to know the truth.

"No, I would not," said she; but no one could convince her of the truth of the statements. Twenty or thirty years of pain or sorrow, and broken heart and broken spirits have done the work for her at last.

"Would you marry him if you knew he drank liquor?" said a woman to a fair young girl.

"Certainly I would," marry him and reclaim him," was the answer, and she did marry him; and ere she had passed a month with her husband, she was advised by her friends to leave him, and after a year and a half of abuse and sorrow, she returned to her father's house—a poor, wrecked shadow of her former self, fleeing from her brutal, drunken and adulterous husband to save the little life she had left.

Ten thousand girls stand on the verge of the same abyss to-day, and nothing you can say, or I can say, will affect them in the least, except to hurry them on to their terrible doom.

Why is it? Partly because they have never yielded their wills to parental control, and have always had their own way, and partly because their parents have never warned them of this danger, till it came upon them like an over-running flood. Parents do not win or encourage the confidence of their children. Old people forget that they were ever young, and young people do not remember that they may yet be old. Mutual confidence is needful to mutual comfort or improvement.

If the mother would say to her daughter, in early life, long before the dangerous period comes, "My child, there will come a time when new feelings, impulses, instincts, and emotions will sway you, and when the opposite sex will awaken in you passions which often prove stronger than judgment, reason, and conscience; and, coming under the influence of some young man you will be liable to lose your self-control, and be swayed by his will, and think his thoughts, and feel his feelings, and say 'Yes' to his requests, because it is his will and mind that makes you speak the words he desires to hear; all this will come and you will be liable to be swept to ruin by the force of an influence which you do not understand, and can neither control nor resist, and which may be strong in proportion as its source is vile and worthless, and your only security from it is to place your future in the hands of God, and watch your paths, and thoughts, and avoid even the outer circles of this dangerous whirlpool, by investigating, and judging, first, and loving afterwards; and only yielding your affections when and where unbiased judgment will declare that it is safe and right to yield them."

If such warnings and instructions as these were given from day to day in early life, how many a young girl would ponder the path of her feet, and walk carefully that she might escape the ruin that attends so many in their wayward course.

Mothers and fathers, begin in season with your children! Prepare them to rightly estimate the new instincts and emotions of maturing life; not by joking and hectoring them, but by wise, loving counsel. Win their confidence and keep it. Preserve their privacy; shield the secrets of their hearts from the rude gaze and mocking laugh, and let them feel that it is the safest thing they can do to show their first love-letter to their father, or whisper their first tender secret into their mother's ear; assured that they will find for such communications a patient, courteous, reasonable and tender reception, and have the best of counsel, with no danger that their confidence will ever be betrayed.

Parents, train your children in time. They have this sea to sail over—see to it that they study the chart and know the rocks beforehand. Tell them the things they need to know. Guard against the wreck and ruin that destroys so many of the young. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."—[The Christianian.

As exchange mentions a case beyond the ordinary oculists. It is that of a young lady who, instead of a common pupil, has a college student in her eye.

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## OUR TABLE.

ELECTIO MAGAZINE.—The June number of this capital monthly is at hand, and is embellished with a fine portrait, excellently engraved on steel, of Professor Darwin. A sketch by the Editor in the letter-press gives the leading events of Darwin's life, and "The Descent of Man," the title of his last book, is also the title of a very humorous poem reprinted from Blackwood.

The table of contents presents about twenty excellent articles, in which the instructive and the amusing receive equal attention. "The Political Future of Europe" is a masterly synopsis of present political tendencies in Europe; the author of "Giz's Baby" treats us to "Two Solutions of a Great Problem." There is a very fine critical essay on "Mr. Tennyson's Poems;" and, besides these, there are, "A Week in Paris after the Peace," "Modern St. Pauls," "A Miniature Sun," "Change and Progress in Japan," "Rome under the New Regime," "The Dutchman at Home," "The Author of 'That Heathen Chinese,'" and "Journeys in Central Africa." The five Editorial Departments are, as usual, full of miscellaneous information of all sorts. "Patty," the new story, becomes more interesting with every instalment.

Published by E. R. Pelton, 168 Fulton Street, New York. Price \$5 per year; single copies 45 cents.

EVERY SATURDAY for this week comes to its readers with a new claim to favor. Every copy is trimmed, neatly pasted so as not to disfigure the paper, and held together as neatly as if stitched. Sheets of a larger size are used, so that they may be trimmed and yet leave the page of Every Saturday quite as large as before. This arrangement, which is to be permanent, will be a very great convenience to all who read the diversified literary contents of Every Saturday, and all who examine its weekly gallery of portraits, landscapes, and pictures of character, incident and travel. If the intrinsic value of the paper is not enhanced by this convenience, its literary and art treasures are made far easier of access. The Publishers of Every Saturday are resolved to spare no pains or expense to render their illustrated weekly indispensable to all intelligent readers.

PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY for June contains a beautiful selection of new music. We give below the contents—any single piece being worth as much as Mr. Peters asks for the entire lot:

"Genevieve," Scotch Song and Chorus, by Hayes; "Little Voices," "Hear ye no More," Song and Chorus, by Percy; "Must I leave thee, Mother dear?" Song, by Hayes; "Dawn of Love," a beautiful German Song, by Holst; "I'm my Daddy's only Son," Dance Song, by Lily Bell; Quartet; "The First Blossom of Summer," Quartet; "Forget-me-not," Quartet; "Oh! Holy, Holy, Lord," "Saviour who the Flocks art tending;" "Soldiers of Christ arise;" "My Faith looks up to Thee;" "Red Bird Waltz;" "Chicago Quickstep;" "Hopping Brook Polka;" "The Chase;" "Hunting Rondo," by Toner.

Take Your Choice.—Peters' Musical Monthly for June, price 30 cents, containing the above pieces or the same pieces in sheet-form, (printed from the same plates), price \$5.50. Address, J. L. Peters, 559 Broadway, New York.

## A FUNERAL AND ITS "BAKED MEATS."

BY CLARENCE KING.

I remember one morning when I was awakened before dawn, by wild, unearthly shrieks, ringing through the forest and coming back again in plaintive echoes from the hills all about. Beyond description wild, these wails of violent grief followed each other with regular cadence, dying away in long, despairing sobs. With a marvelous regularity they recurred, never varying the simple refrain. My curiosity was aroused, so far as to get me out of my blankets, and after a hurried bath, in an icy stream, I joined my mountaineer acquaintance, "Jerry," who was en route to the rancheria, "to see" as he expressed it, "them tar-heads howl." It seems my friend "Buck," the Indian chief, had the night before lost his wife, "Sally the Old," and the shouts came from the professional mourners hired by her family to prepare the body and do up the necessary amount of grief. Old widows and superannuated wives who have outlived other forms of usefulness gladly enter this singular profession. They cut their hair short and with each new death, plaster on a fresh cap of pitch and ashes, daub the face with spots of fat, and in general, array themselves as funeral experts.

The rancheria was as far as we were arrived. It was a mere group of half a dozen smoky hovels, built of pine bark propped upon cones of poles and arranged in a semicircle within the edge of the forest, fronting upon a brook or meadow. Jerry and I leaned our backs against a large tree, and watched the group.

Buck's shanty was deserted, the body of his wife lying upon a blanket, being prepared by two of these funeral hags. Buck himself was quietly stuffing his stomach with a breakfast of venison and acorns, which were handed him at brief intervals by several sympathizing squaws.

Turning to Jerry with a countenance of stolid seriousness, he laconically remarked: "My woman she die! Very bad. To-night, sundown" (pointing to the sun) "she bury, sundown!" Meanwhile the tar-heads rolled Sally the Old over and over, all the while alternately howling the same dismal phrase. Indian relatives and friends, having a general air of animated rag-bags, arrived occasionally and sat down in silence at a fire a little removed from the other diggers never once saluting them.

As we walked back to our camp, I remarked on the stolid, cruel expression of Buck's face; but Jerry, to my surprise, bade me not judge too hastily; he went on to explain that Indians had just as deep and tender attachments, just as much good sense, and to wind up with, "as much human into 'em as we educated white folks."

His own squaw had instilled this into Jerry's naturally sentimental and credulous heart, so I refrained from expressing my convictions concerning Indians, which I own were formerly tinged with the most sanguinary Caucasian prejudice.

Jerry came for me by appointment just before sunset, and under lengthening pine shadows, to the rancheria. No one was stirring, Buck with the two vicarious mourners sat in his lodge door, uttering low half-audible groans. In the opening before the line of huts, a low pile of dry logs had been carefully laid, upon which, outstretched and wrapped in a red blanket, lay the dead form of Sally the Old, her face covered in careful folds. Upon her heart was a grass woven water-bowl and her last papoose basket.

Just as the sun sank to the horizon one tar-head stepped out in front of the funeral pile, lifted up both hands, and gazed steadily and silently into the sun. She might have been five minutes in this statuesque position, her face full of strange, half-animal intensity of

expression, her eyes glittering, the whole hard figure glowing with a deep bronze reflection. Suddenly she sprang back with the old wild shriek, seized a brand from one of the camp fires and lighted the funeral heap, when all the Indians came out and grouped themselves in little knots around it. The children of Sally the Old clung about an ancient mummy of a squaw, who squatted upon the ground and rocked her body to and fro, making a cry as of an animal in pain. All the Indians looked serious; a group who, Jerry said, were relatives, seemed stupefied with grief. Upon a few faces falling tears glistened in the light of the fire, which now shot red tongues high in the air, lighting up with weird distinctness every feature of the whole company. Flames slowly lapped over, consuming the blanket, and caught the willow papoose basket. When Buck saw this the tears streamed from his eyes; he waved his hands eloquently, looking up to heaven, and uttered heart-broken sobs. The papoose basket cracked for a moment, flashed into a blaze, and was gone. The two old women yelled their sharp death cry, dancing and posturing, gesticulating toward the fire, and in slow measured chorus all the Indians intoned in pathetic measure, "Himalaya! Himalaya!" looking first at the mound of fire and then out upon the fading sunset.

It was all indescribably strange; monarch pines, standing in solemn ranks back far into the dusky heart of the forest, glowing and brightening with pulsating reflections of firelight; the ring of Indians, crouching, standing fixed like graven images, or swaying mechanically to and fro, each uttered earnest and white ray of their utterly equal garments, every expression of barbaric grief, or dull brutal stolidity brought strongly out by the red flaming fire.

Buck watched with wet eyes that slow-consuming fire burn to ashes the body of his wife of many years, the mother of his group of poor frightened children. Not a stoical savage, but a despairing husband, stood before us. I felt him to be human. The body at last sunk into a bed of flames, which shot up higher than ever with fountains of sparks, and sucked together, hiding the remains forever from view. At this Buck sprang to the front and threw himself at the fire; but the two old women seized each a hand and dragged him back to his children, where he fell in a fit of stupor.

As we walked home Jerry was quick to ask, "Didn't I tell you Indians has feelings inside of 'em?" I answered promptly that I was convinced, and long after as I lay awake through many night hours, listening to that shrill death-wail, I felt as if any policy toward the Indians based upon the assumption of their being brutes or devils was nothing short of a blot on this Christian country.

My sleep was light, and sunrise found me dressed still listening, as under a kind of spell, to the mourners, who, though evidently exhausted, at brief intervals uttered the cry. Alone and filled with serious reflections, I strolled over to the rancheria, finding every one there up and about his morning duties.

The tar-heads, withdrawn some distance into the forest, sat leaning against a stump, chatting and grinning together, now and then screeching by turns.

I asked "Revenue Stamp," a good natured middle aged Indian where Buck was. He pointed to his hut, and replied with an affable smile: "He whiskey drunk." And "who," I inquired, "is that fat girl with him?" "Last night he take her; new squaw," was the answer. I could hardly believe, but it was the actual truth, and I went back to camp an enlightened but disillusioned man. I left that day, and had never an opportunity to "free my mind" to Jerry. Since then I guardedly avoid all discussion of the "Indian question." When interrogated, I dodge or protest ignorance; when, pressed, I have been known to turn the subject; or if driven to the wall, I usually confess my opinion that the Indians will have to work a great reformation in the Indian before he is really fit to be exterminated.—[From "A Cigger Indian" in the Atlantic Monthly for June.

The Watchman well says, "we hold that gambling is the same in principle whether it is found in a North Street saloon or even in the French Fair, and the fact that different classes of people engage in the games of chance does not alter the case. High legal authority says that the lottery ticket vendors at fairs are as really brokers of the law and therefore liable to prosecution and punishment as the propellers, and domino-players, and the whole herd of gamblers of high and low degree who are visited with the severest penalties of the law. The object in view is the same, to get something of value without giving back any equivalent, and the temptation is the same in kind though greater in degree when presented with all the dazzle and brilliancy of one of our fashionable halls, and the active endorsement and pleading of beautiful women."

Nonh Decker, of Anson, quite mysteriously disappeared on the 29th of March last. He stopped over night at Mr. M. Emery's, and left very early in the morning, saying he was going to Mr. Joel Fletcher's in Madison, and has never been heard of since. No reason for his leaving is known, and his friends fear that he may have dropped through the ice in going across the river, and drowned.

The Dexter Gazette says the Maine Central Railroad Co. have in its agents prospecting in that section of the country for the past week or two, with a view to the extension of the road from Dexter either to the upper country, or to Dover. It is understood that this is preliminary to a regular preliminary survey, which will be commenced in a few days in such direction as shall be decided upon.

It is quite as easy to accustom one's self to saving as it is to spending. Just try—young people—and see how good and independent a little saving will make you feel, and how much you will save in health and character.

A Pennsylvania recently asked one of the striking miners how they managed to live so long without working, and the Miner's Journal says the reply was: "Ye see, when we don't work, we live as we used to live in Ireland, and when we do work, we live like Americans, and that's just the explanation of how we get along at all."

A minister once gave a commentary to an old Scotch lady who was well versed in the Scriptures. He thought she would enjoy the explanations on her favorite passages. Upon visiting her a few days afterwards, he said: "How did you like the book I gave you?" "Ay, mon, it's a gude book, and the Bible explains it amazingly!"

Several miles of the new continuous rail have been laid on the Maine Central between Detroit and Pittsfield, and more iron is ready for laying.

Rev. W. Beavins, of Liberty, has accepted an invitation to the Pastorate of the Baptist church at Norridgewock.











