WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS

CORNISH FUNERALS.

Singular Outpourings of the People—Mourning and Carrying the "Hue"—Quaint Comments, Showing the Tenacious Clinging of Older Cornish Customs and Traditions.

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CORNWALL, Cornwall, Feb. 22.—I always pay to judge little much and heavily with Cornwall. Truly it has its interesting aspects—the quaintest, mildest twilight landscape and the awful and wonderful sea ever seen.

The metaphors stress continually as if in homeless languages. The tors or hills are lonely and bare. The whole face of nature seems to be in sympathetic mood with the universal struggle. Yet all these energy and opposition which Jackson's wave made its stamp and its mark. Its rocks are made into copper, tin and iron. For more than 1000 years its surface has been plant, and its depths gouged and bored, until its forth is pierced and honeycombed.

Toward St. Ives's channel at the northwest and the English channel at the southeast innumerable valleys and ravines have cut down to the sea. Along the walls by the sea, every one displaying fragile strands, which are wabbling, hoping or sighing to be free. Along the sides of these lovely ravines are the quaint old houses, the rich acres, the ample yields of corn and the sleek herds of the stately farmers of Cornwall. Then, from the valleys, but a mile, you suddenly emerge into these lovely vales, the circuit and the farm half hidden by glorious foliage and the sea seen by the top the houses are not visible; in a rumbling old cart, there a sailing chariot, below you the quaint old village, beyond the city where we landed the honeycomb houses and spotted by queer people; earlier, further, the tin pushing up between massive barns with or a stretch of jack-tile roofs, and 1000, and so on the bright blue sea.

As there are three kinds of folk and life in Cornwall. The miner and miners mostly occupy the barren, lonely, depressed tracts and the coast on the farms and farmers of the vary common and valuable, everywhere the sea is a delicious, fragrant, in its ways very profits from the coming harvesting of the deep. Yet these Cornish folk are all one. They are one in sentiment and tradition. In everyday life and custom, in exacting labor and interest, in assertions, speech and actions as peculiarly, they differ and distinct of every English people, not taking counts of Cornwall, and they are one in an almost universal piety. They are nearly all Methodists of the Wesley type. They are all fist feeling, upon believing, honest feeling, and, which believes that there is no good for the fodgers in religion for the soul, sermons and hymns, and wrestling their souls, and without covering their souls, everyday life with a mental helpfulness in which a good, sweet humanity is the right, meaning strangers which knows no bounds.

Having seen much among these simple and good people, I have been prepared for the often unmerited and almost stern manner in which their ancient customs are preserved. Change is unknown in Cornwall. It is regarded in the nature of desecration. The changeless pursuits of the people for thousands, six hundreds, of years—mining, farming and fishing—largely account for this. Besides Cornwall has few large towns. People live in miners' cottages, farmhouses and fishers' huts, which are huddled, by the half dozen, in perhaps a score, in the hamlets. In these Cornish life may be seen today precisely as it was centuries and hundreds of years.

Perhaps there is no event among these people more illustrative of character, traits and the peculiar clinging of mournful customs than the Cornish funeral. No work is done for half a score of miles condolence on funeral days. All factors or political substances fall to draw together such Cornish crowds as the burial of the lowliest man or woman of Cornwall. The assemblages never number less than many hundreds, and usually contains many thousands, of "Cornish Jacks," as all Cornishmen are called and all call each other, while the burial of a Cornish farmer, miner or fisherman will often attract the greatest crowds than that of the greatest and noblest lord. To illustrate this singular outpouring of funeral sentiment, in the last hung of a Penzance miner who had emigrated to Colorado and had been accidentally killed in one of the mines of that state, was brought back here for burial. The entire population of Cornwall is less than a half million souls, yet more than 100,000 Cornish folk attended this funeral, or nearly one-fifth of the entire population at the funeral ceremonies of the late Lord St. Aldyn.

Every little hamlet has its carpenter and joiner. From time immemorial this personage has possessed extraordinary dignity from the fact that, by favor and custom, he also is the undertaker of the place, which is also his home, where he spends the lives with him, is regarded with extreme awe. It contains the "funeral garlands," the so-called "mortuary" for hire, which have been handed down through generations, and in whose preservation Cornish and his wife exercise and display extraordinary anxiety and pride. The people are universally superstitious regarding all these articles, and if any are accidentally seen lying about, they exhibit greatness and fear.

The joiner is quite as keen in keeping informed regarding the progress of any neighborhood sickness, that he may be caught unprepared when his services are finally required, for there is not only Christ's charity, but a little more, to seven American dollars, to be got for the solitary Cornish coffin, but death makes to the joiner's absolute reign for at least forty-eight hours. Dating that period he is the undertaker, the greatest man in Cornwall, and in all commerce and trades no case was ever more implicitly obeyed.

But he cannot provide against accidents to the dead. If in the nighttime a stroke of his hammer should be heard, it is said to be the first to warn, with "Tommy, somebody's Jack is dead. Get dead."

Dominating, he grasps the nearby "garlands" and the dead and his wife, with their eyes, commencing the white of the timber and coffin furniture are ready, when the brief but magnificent outpouring of grief begins.

"Was a worker, Cullen (sounds) Jack, poor."

"Then wasn't guess where dwell, you."

"No, no, Cullen Jack; who is he?"

"Jack's Billy's dead, you. Hard thole in the valley yonder were call sweet as a moors on all sounds as the dead."

"Dwell doesn't say so."

"Yes, yes, yes. Eyes mine mick a tear for sorrow."

And so now begins in the little shop. The mourns for the "hue" has been brought with the aid of a "stage" as strong, or the mourners receive it by an extraordinary scene of performance, which reminds about the "pioneer," who is continually sounds certain comparisons regarding his force science, that of "Sir" who was "wounded at Lucknow."

Then the sleepy "pioneer" is hauled out of bed and hurried off to Peter, Burton or Penzance for the cloth handles and pins, the latter always being a large wooden affair, more than a foot on case. The bed, sleeping, now night, first returned to the house for the requisite lessons. Kiss the dearest trip on earth is taken by this Cornish boy. It is done from his heart and soul. Now Cullen and of his ex-mine is seen hewing boards, over dangerous paths and literally wind about difficult, so strongly are the lines where the tiny town pool and blue sea envelope. Here and drop is taken by the country undertaker will compete his "hue" to the next evening. He also is the same in Cornwall—of pine, stained a rich dark cherry, with two heavy handles on each side, the large mourners' pass so big, the hand of a child, the "hue" is stamped and shaped with silver mottle, and provided with a small hole beside, like unto an ancient coat, at the back and foot. These are the hearses in this land. So early, wagons or carriages are ever seen here as a funeral, unless it be an one of sometimes of a noble family.

The delivery of the coffin for "hein out" has therefore been for generations a matter of importance and, from outsiders, of ridicule or hate. Yet the ancient dread of their people to come in any manner of contact with anything pertaining to the dead, "everyone be hot" be attended with some mystery and more difficulty. Usually the undertaker's old cronies, who know that Tayne and perhaps a shilling besides is at the end of the journey, are engaged. These four in number, with the "hue" on thirteen between, and with the bones at their head, set out on their long, tedious journey, which is often miles and miles.

On arrival at the place of destination the "hue" is set down in front of the house. In nowadays with less reverence he enters alone and announces his mission. Thereupon his aid of a moment's work pushed in the "hue." Nothing is done. This course is attempted as he began, when the undertaker always wins of the widow, "Well, Jimmy, look at me and tickers! The dead, poor, poor, poor! Is it? Yes, I will immediately only. Yes, my son, plenty, plenty." He then retires to the kitchen, where, with the women, "Do from body's Jack's dead. Jimmy's Jack's poorly dead, and they will be sincerely only. 'All right, Tommy, we can stand no more.'"

These sentiments, from time immemorial, bring now a change, they are followed by a great amount of affected commencement, for from time to time every immediate relative and friend has been one and effect in some mode of. Sometimes the "loading" of the little mourner is removed, and perhaps the "hue" must go in through the small rear window. But nothing more terrible could happen than to have the "hue" come into the house in any other way than the front door. This would be as unpopular and absolute passage of future death to the same family, or to neighbors who were "wounding" with the deceased.

In Cornwall "wounding" with the dead is universally called "attending with Cullen Jack." Yet in Cornwall, "Tayne are to the house of mourning and so are the lower with numerous others." One occasion, of the most sacred characters, that of "wounding," indicates, nothing is given the mourners, and without covering their ragged, everyday lives with a mental helpfulness in which a good, sweet humanity is the right, meaning strangers which knows no bounds.

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About Our Debts.

superintendent Porter of the census contributes a paper to The North American Review on the subject of the American people's debts, though unfortunately he does not tell us how to pay them. He insists, however, that the addition of mortgage indebtedness statistics in the census will have a wholesome effect on the national mind, in that it will call attention to the subject and enable both repositories and individuals to see how much more or less they are in debt than they were ten and twenty years ago and thus stimulate them to make an effort to get out.

The states have reason to felicitate themselves. We find from an editorial published by Mr. Porter that the state debts of the Union amounted to nine dollars per capita for the whole country in 1870. In this case some states showed no six dollars per capita, while in 1890 it is only three dollars. It may be that the figures here are so small that some of the states may be tempted to jump into debt again. The per capita debt of all kinds—state, city, county and national—was in 1870 $14.94 per head. In 1890 it is $22.57.

There are due to nothing and debt payer periods, Mr. Porter finds. We have had repudiation, "which is another name for debt," and there have been followed by periods of commitment and return. Everything moves in waves. Beginning in 1790 the waves had their favor of internal improvements, and so high did the impulse run that in some cases provision for improvements far in advance of the requirements of the population were enjoined. The state debt spiraled rapidly, the commonwealths in 1840, when some of the original states in the Union stagnated on the verge of bankruptcy. From 1841 to 1847 came the municipal improvement craze, and the per capita debt of cities doubled between 1840 and 1880, and, like the state debts before it, went far in advance of the population. The last decade the country over has been one of unemployment and debt paying. Mr. Porter calls attention to the fact, however, that debt is not always a sign of financial depression. On the contrary, it is frequently a sign of prosperity, more sound healthy business now and conversations frequently increase their working capital by borrowing, and they are certain that very act will bring them larger returns.

As to mortgages, abstracts of 8000,000 mortgages are now on file in the census department. It is an $1,000,000 to collect mortgage statistics, which this would have paid off a good many of them.

Educational Campaigns.

"Educational campaigns" is a favorite phrase in the mouths of writers and speakers, not in reference to the political contests of the past two or three years. Political campaigns might be educational, and as a matter of fact always would be, only for the influences of the human mind where its intensiveness predictions are concerned. All may be fair in love and war, but all is not fair in the field of argument and opinion, far from it.

Whichever side of a question an argument is on, he ought to know that one of the first rules of logic is to concede to the opposing side all the facts that fairly belong to it, with their proper inferences. But the style of political argument too much in vogue in the campaign just passed has been to seize on two facts that exist side by side and stalk away as the consequence of the other. It is as if the logician should say, "A horse has four legs; a table has four legs, therefore a table is a horse."

If the cause of university extension advances in America as it expected, then we may hope to time to hear orators that are fair in argument, letting facts go for what they are worth and knowing how to use them. Then political campaigns will be educational. The man who distorts facts has a graver responsibility to shoulder than he perhaps thinks. What mankind needs most for the progress of the race is to get rid of prejudice, and not twist facts to the side of their passions or interests. The man who knowingly appeals to ignorance or prejudice among the masses therefore does inalculable injury.

Therefore don't rise above party, but be fair and square in argument.

Would it not seem strange to have an American pope? It is a fact that Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, is among those seriously mentioned as a candidate for the papal succession in case of the death of Leo XIII, who is eighty-two years old and feeble. In case of his election to the pontificate Cardinal Gibbons would undoubtedly continue the liberal spirit and policy which has characterized the present papal administration in dealing with the great social questions of the time. And he would be quite unprejudiced in political complications that might arise in Europe. But an American in the papal chair would make the pilgrim fathers turn over in their graves.

Quick Photographs.

The latest achievements in "instantaneous" photography have been the making of twenty-four different pictures of a dog during the interval between its leaving and anything on the ground in the action of jumping.—New York Recorder.

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LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court of the County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah.

In the Matter of the Estate of John S. Young, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, and administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed his final account of said estate and petition for distribution of said estate among the persons entitled thereto, and that Tuesday, the 12th day of December, A. D. 1891, at the hour of 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, at the Court room of said Court, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah Territory, has been appointed by the Court for the hearing of said account and said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and show cause, if any there be, why said account should not be settled and said petition granted and said distribution made as prayed for.

Dated November 30, 1891.

C. S. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. Hoffman, Deputy. 604

SUMMONS.

TERRITORY OF UTAH, COUNTY OF SALT LAKE, In the Probate Court of said Probate Court, sitting in Probate Chambers, in Probate Court, Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, in the matter of the estate of Thomas Hodgson, deceased.

To the sheriff of said County of Salt Lake, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to be and appear before the Probate Court of said County of Salt Lake, Utah Territory, at the Court room of said Court, in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, on the 12th day of December, A. D. 1891, at the hour of 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, at the Court room of said Court, in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, then and there to show cause why the last account of Thomas Hodgson, deceased, should not be settled and the executor of said estate discharged from his trust, and why the last account of said executor should not be allowed and the estate of said deceased be distributed to the persons legally entitled thereto, and why the said executor should not be discharged from his trust, and why the said executor should not be allowed his fees and commissions, and why the said executor should not be allowed his fees and commissions, and why the said executor should not be allowed his fees and commissions