

Essex County Herald

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The Beautiful Gate of the Temple.

Little familiar gate! Gate of the home by the way; Hour for which daily to wait, Hour at the close of the day. Hand in hand close pressed, Arm never trusted in vain! Hearts in each other at rest, Home, all home again!

MY QUIET FELLOW-TRAVELER.

One bitterly cold evening last winter, I was sitting with my old schoolfellow, Charlie Foster, in my study—the most comfortable room in the house, arranged throughout with a proper regard to warmth and convenience. "How jolly this is!" exclaimed Charlie, glancing round. "I would rather be in than out such a night as this. Just listen to the wind, how it howls and blusters, and yet not a breath gets in here. I must say this is not a bad corner to occupy in this weather, and I envy you not a little. Things always seem to go straight with you, Harry. I do believe you never had a slice of ill luck or a disagreeable adventure in your life."

our journey's end, and that was some comfort. I determined to follow my fellow-traveler's example and take a doze. I wish heartily that I had not done so. "First of all, I had a singularly unpleasant dream; for I dreamt that on arriving at home, I found the street door open, and on going in, saw staircases in all directions. I went up the one I fancied led to my rooms; but it seemed as if I should never get there—fight after fight I went up, and thought the stairs would never come to an end. Then suddenly I found myself in the drawing-room, and was struck by the cheerless look of everything; there was no fire in the grate, and the room was so dimly lighted that at first I did not see Lizzie. Then I became aware that she was leaning back in the arm chair, with the child lying in her lap; her eyes were closed, and her face was deadly pale. I cried out her name, but she did not move. With an undefined dread that seemed to make my heart contract, I rushed across the room to her; the floor heaved and swayed with my weight; I flung myself down by Lizzie's side, and had seized her hand, when the chair overturned with a crash, and she seemed to fall heavily into my arms! "I awoke with a cry of terror. The train had run nearly over some facing points, and the tremendous jolt had thrown my fellow traveler across my knees. I lifted him half up, but he made no effort to help himself. With a gasp he replaced himself on the seat. The head dropped back into the old position, and as the light now fell on the face, I saw to my horror that the man was dead!

at each other. She turned very pale, and I burst out laughing. That was not quite the right thing to do, perhaps, under the circumstances; but could I not help feeling amused, as well as embarrassed, at the scrape my folly had got me into, and I had not at the time the slightest idea of the disagreeable consequences that were to follow. "Cheer up, little woman," said I. "It is all right; I did not do it, you know. Come back as soon as I can and tell you the sequel to my story." "Just then the cook opened the door, and said—'Oh, if you please 'um, there's two policemen at the door, and they says, 'um, as they want to speak to maste.' " "Very well," said I, I will go to them. It is very possible I shall be absent some time, so take good care of your mistress till I come home; and giving Lizzie a hasty kiss, I walked out and faced my uninvited visitors. Before I could speak a word, one of them touched me on the shoulder, and said—"You're wanted about that old gentleman found murdered in a first-class railway carriage at Highgate station."

day's journey since, but never again with such a very quiet fellow-traveler." "Just a question or two. An exchange thus descends upon printing office bores, hitting the mark so fairly on the head, we cannot fail to appreciate, indorse and copy. Here are a few of the innumerable questions which printers are called upon to answer: "Do you print both sides of the paper at once? "How long does it take to make a newspaper? "Suppose you write everything you print, don't you? "Why are those boxes of different sizes, and how do you know where to find a certain letter? "Can't you print a picture of anything you want to? I should think you could. Why can't you? (After printing some horse-bills for a man not long ago, he found fault with them because the "cut" was not just like his horse. On another occasion a gentleman came to me with the information that he had left his horse in front of the office and wanted a picture of it taken and some bills printed.) "If you print one hundred bills for \$3, I suppose you will let me have four for twelve cents! "I should think it would be fun to be an editor,—you don't do anything but sit down and read newspapers and stories all day! "Do you throw your type away after you have printed upon it once? "You don't care if I take a handful of this type, do you? "Can't it be very hard to set type all day—is it now? "Can't I help you print something? "I wish you would print my name for me; it wouldn't be much trouble to print just one name. "What is this for? what do you do with that? what makes that look so funny? what are you going to do now? what for? why? what makes you keep so still? you don't care if a fellow just talks, do you? "By the time a man goes through with this list of questions, his company becomes so monotonous that he cannot fall to perceive its effects upon the listener, and he walks off with the impression that we have treated him unkindly and impolitely. "All the above is to the point, and when the questioner takes the hint and leaves of his own accord, we feel serene. "But then, when, as occurred with the other day, a man comes in with a 32-page pamphlet with the backs torn and the heads bare, then, wearing the cap of that same, backs and title-page included, for ten cents, because that is all the original copy cost him, we feel disposed to explain to him the quickest method of getting down stairs, free of charge. "Cremation Among the Old Greeks. The body was placed upon a pyre built of wood, to which fire was communicated in the presence of those who had attended the funeral; when the flames were extinguished the bones were collected and placed in urns made of various materials. These were preserved in tombs, built commonly on the roadsides without the city gates. The funeral took place at night. The procession was headed by musicians; these were headed by hired mourners, who lamented and sang the funeral song; after these came the freedmen of the deceased, sometimes amounting to a considerable number, wearing the cap of liberty. Immediately preceding the corpse were persons bearing wax masks, representing the ancestry of the deceased; the corpse itself, placed upon a couch, was commonly borne by the freedmen or by the immediate relatives; the family following after—the men, contrary to usual custom, with their heads covered, the women with their heads bare, their shawls, and often beating their breasts and uttering piercing cries. If warranted by the rank of the deceased, the procession passed through the forum, and an oration was then pronounced over the body. Finally, the corpse, with the couch upon which it was borne, was placed upon the funeral pyre, built commonly in the form of an altar, with four sides. The nearest relatives, with averted face, kindled the pyre, and perfumes, oils, articles of food, ornaments and clothing were frequently thrown on while it was being consumed. When the pile was burned down, the embers were extinguished with wine, and the bones and ashes collected by the nearest kin, sprinkled with perfumes, and placed in an urn. As the Christian religion gradually obtained ascendancy, a corresponding change took place in the mode of disposing of the dead; bodies were no longer burned but interred, and the offices of the church were substituted for the rites of paganism. "The Editor. One definition of an editor: An editor is a male being whose business is to navigate a nuzze paper. He writes editorials, grinds out poetry, inserts deaths and weddings, sorts out manescripts, keeps a waste basket, blows the "devil," steals matter, files other people's letters, sells his paper for a dollar and fifty cents a year, takes white beans and apple sauce for pay, when he can get it, raises a large family, works 19 hours out of every 24, knows no Sunday, gets damned by everybody, and once in a while whips by sunbuddy, lives poor, dies middle-aged and often broken-hearted, leaves no money, is rewarded for a life of toil with a short but free obituary puff in the nuzze papers.—Billings.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

Four Days Without Food or Fire.

Three or four weeks ago a young man named George Spinney, living in Cleveland, received word that his brother John, foreman of a lumber camp in Huron County, Mich., was dangerously ill and desired his presence. George reached the camp as soon as possible, found his brother better, and remained ten days and nursed him. The lumber camp was twelve or fifteen miles from any settlement, and five or six from a blind road, having many windings and turnings. When he went in Spinney was accompanied by some of the lumbermen who were hauling out their goods and breaking up camp, and he paid little attention to the road or the direction. "John was to remain in the woods with a few men to drive some logs, and George made preparations to return home as soon as his brother was convalescent. A team and three men left camp with him early in the morning, but after proceeding a mile Spinney found that he had forgotten his watch and went back after it. He secured it and started to overtake the team, and had no idea of being lost until he had walked two hours and failed to overtake them. He had endeavored to cut across an elbow in the forest instead of following the track of the wagon, as was prudent, and when he found himself bewildered he struck for the camp. He went right before him, and it was four days before he saw a human face again. He was not alarmed at his situation until after noon, as he expected to come upon a camp or a cabin. "He shouted himself hoarse in an hour or so, getting no response, and he fired off three chambers of his revolver before it occurred to him that he might wander in the woods for a day or two. "About 3 o'clock in the afternoon Spinney found himself walking in a circle. He marked a tree and started due east, but at 5 o'clock he returned to the same locality, and as it was beginning to grow dark he made preparations for the night. He says he slept quite soundly, and suffered but little from the cold, being in a thick forest. Next morning he saw squirrels and partridges, but having only three bullets he dared not risk a shot. "He made his breakfast of strips of basswood, which he peeled from a tree, and did not suffer from hunger during the day. He shouted about every half hour, and many times listened for the sound of axes or the shouts of men. The morning was sunny, and he could keep a direct course, but the sky clouded over after dinner, and Spinney caught himself walking in a circle. He came upon an old camp just at dark, and slept there that night, appeasing his hunger by chewing some old pork rinds which he found in the cook shanty. "It was about 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the fourth day before Spinney found his way out, and was then guided to the lake shore by the sound of breakers. He was constantly on the move during the forty days, averaging, he thinks, about twenty-five miles per day, but he must have doubled on himself a good many times, as the camp was only twenty-one miles in a direct line from where he came out. He chewed basswood sprouts, slippery elm bark, beech limbs, and once found a few dozen thornapples, and he did not lose much flesh. "Cleanly Cattle. If there is one thing in which the Argovian takes particular pride, and in which he particularly excels, it is in the care of his cattle. They are elephants in size, and their glossy hides betoken some peculiar art on the part of their masters. Not a particle of dust or straw is allowed to cling to them, and they are combed and washed as only horses are elsewhere, not with a curry-comb, but with old caris, which, being finer and softer, are more agreeable to the animal, and improve the fineness of the hair. This receives an additional lustre by being rubbed with old flannel. They actually shine; and the gentle creatures have an evident consciousness of their beauty, for they are careful not to soil their ash grey and chestnut robes by lying in the mud when allowed to take a walk. Animals can acquire, if they have not by nature, a fine sensibility, and when they have once experienced the pleasant sensation of cleanliness, learn to take care of themselves. Not only do they exercise this care for the person of the animal, but are at the pains of removing every feather and other unpalatable substance from their food; and the water-troughs where they drink are kept as clean as if human beings resorted to them. If anybody doubts the efficacy of these means, let him come and see not only how large but how intelligent these dumb creatures look; how they watch every motion of those who talk to them, and listen to all they say. What an affectionate moan they will utter to welcome the milkers, who are always men, as they say, "Women milk the cow, and never take all the milk from the udders, so that she gives less and less." It is said of them that an Argovian will send for the doctor for his cow a great deal quicker than for his wife; but we did not see any evidence that he was not sufficiently attentive to both. "GOLD FISH.—Referring to the statement now going the rounds, that Seth Green proposes to stock Irondequoit Bay, Lake Erie, with gold fish, which he says are good eating, the German-town Telegraph observes: "We should say that the gold fish will not be regarded as edible by anybody who can get any other fish. They have an unnatural sweetish taste, not unlike the smelt, but lacking the flavor of the smelt, and rendering them quite inedible. We have not tasted one for thirty years, but that taste was sufficient not to desire another since that time."

ACTORS IN CHINA.

How One of them Suffered for Daring to Wear a Lady's.

The stage is the lowest of professions in China, and play actors and barbers are the only persons excluded from competition at literary examinations. There has recently been acting in Shanghai a celebrated tragedian named Yang Yeh-lin. Young, handsome and clever, this man is reputed to have worked havoc in the hearts of his female auditors. At length he created a passion which has resulted in his ruin. A young Cantonese lady, the daughter of a well-to-do Chinaman living in Shanghai, saw and admired him, pined, grew sick, and refused to be comforted. The father washed his hands of the affair and went south, with the knowledge, it is alleged by the damsel, of what would follow. However this may be, the girl's mother at once opened negotiations for matrimony, went through all formalities prescribed by Chinese custom, and eventually handed over her daughter to the actor as his wife. One would have thought this ended the affair, and that social ostracism was the worst the lady and her husband had to encounter. But that would be to calculate without China and Chinese Mandarins. It chanced that the Che-Hien, or Magistrate, of Shanghai, is a Cantonese, and therefore, of course sympathizes with that class of the Shanghai population. "No sooner was the news abroad than Cantonese society here flew, metaphorically, to arms, accused Yang Yeh-lin of abduction, procured his arrest and torture, and the punishment and imprisonment of his wife, who persisted that there was no abduction at all, that the marriage was formal and proper, and that she liked and meant to stick to her husband. Scandal says that Canton Guild went so far as to offer 20,000 taels to the Magistrate to decapitate a man who had brought disgrace upon a family with which many of them were connected. So far, however, the Che-Hien dared not go; but what he might—and the might for evil of a Chinese Mandarins is great—he did. He ordered the wretched Yang 100 blows with the heavy bamboo on the ankle bone—the torture of which may be conceived by tapping one's own ankle lightly with one's own hand—had him strung up for twelve hours by the thumbs, with the arms reversed and drawn up behind the back, the effect being, of course, to strain and partly dislocate the shoulders, and he allowed to be fixed round his neck an ingenious collar which presses on the apple of the throat and produces a constant sense of choking and irritation, aggravated continually by the inevitable cough. Scandal further says that Yang was able to bribe his jailers with \$200 to free him from the last incarceration; but your readers will admit that the first two punishments were enough for marrying a handsome girl on her own proposal. The girl herself got 100 blows on the face with a leather strap, the effect of which reduced the features temporarily to pulp. "Expulsion from Parliament. In the discussion which preceded the expulsion of Riel from the Canadian Parliament interesting precedents were brought to the public attention. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries members were expelled from the English House of Commons for publishing conferences of the House; for making violent speeches "affirming a certain bill favored treason and was full of blood, danger, despair, and terror to British subjects;" for "falling out in a bitter and scandalous invective against the Scots and Scotchmen;" for "being a monopolist;" and "projector of a patent for a monopoly;" and for usury. In 1826 a member was sent to the Tower for "speaking out of season," and another for "bringing in candles against the desire of the House." Thomas Longe, Sir John Bennett, Ashburham, and Sir John Ewens, Speaker of the House, were expelled for bribery, and Lord Cochrane and A. C. Johnston for fraud in stock jobbing. O'Donovan Rossa and Smith O'Brien were expelled for treason. The precedents more directly bearing on Riel's case were those of members who had been expelled for contempt in not attending in their places according to orders of the House in answer matters charged against them. Three such precedents were quoted—in 1665, in 1732, and in 1857. In by far the greater number of cases in the British Parliament there had been no legal conviction of the members expelled, though in 1580 the House adjudged that a member ought to remain still of the House unless he were convicted. "A Queen's Connubial Love. Save her husband, she really cared for no created being. She was good enough to her children, and even fond enough of them; but she would chop them all up into little pieces to please him. In her intercourse with all around her, she was perfectly kind, gracious, and natural; but friends may die, daughters may depart, she will be as perfectly kind and gracious to the next set. If the king want her, she will smile upon him, be she ever so sad; and walk with him, be she ever so weary; and laugh at his brutal jokes, be she in ever so much pain of body or heart. Caroline's devotion to her husband is a prodigy to read of. What charm had the little man? What was there in those wonderful letters of thirty pages which he wrote to her when he was absent, and to his mistresses at Hanover, when he was in London with his wife? Why did Caroline, the most lovely and accomplished princess of Germany, take a little red-faced, staring princeling for a husband, and refuse an emperor? Why, to her last hour, did she love him so? She killed herself because she loved him so. She had the water and would plunge her feet in cold gout, and walk with him. With the film of death over her eyes, writhing in intolerable pain, she yet had a livid smile and a gentle word for her

Items of Interest.

The man who is venial himself believes that everybody has his price. Large quantities of grape slips are now shipping from Missouri to France. Bergh says that a dog never goes mad until his master does. It's all sympathy, in his view of it. The world uses 250,000,000 pounds of tea and 718,000,000 pounds of coffee every year. China furnishes nearly all the tea, and Brazil more than half the coffee. The surgeon in charge of Fort Blair, a penal settlement of British India, says that the oil of a tree called gurjum has cured every case of leprosy under his care. Temperance societies are being formed in France, the members of which pledge themselves not to drink alcoholic liquors at any time, and wine and malt liquors only at meals. A farmer living near Glasgow, Del., has a mad horse. The horse is penned in a stall by himself, and keeps up a continual kicking and knocking his head against the partition. He was bitten by a mad dog last summer. The Chicago Tribune says that first-class carpenters in that city, who were employed a year ago at \$3 per day, are now glad to get \$1.50 per day, and that this decline in the cost of labor runs through the whole scale of employments. The toothless may derive hope from the fact that at Killin, in Perthshire, an old man died at the age of ninety-one years; but five years before his death he cut six teeth, which he said were quite serviceable, and "as sharp as lancets." A rich man sent to call a physician for a slight disorder. The physician felt his pulse and said: "Do you eat well?" "Yes," said the patient. "Do you sleep well?" "I do." "Then," said the physician, "I will give you something to take away all that!" On Bainbridge Island, Washington Territory, recently a logger accidentally discovered the outcroppings of a coal mine. He mentioned the fact in conversation, and some of his hearers at once proceeded to the locality, and finding that there was a coal vein there they chartered a steamer to Olympia and re-occupied the land, thus snatching a fortune from the logger. A centle-fish has been caught at Olympia, Washington Territory, measuring eight feet from tip to tip of its eight long arms. The arms were of gristle, lined or the under side, their entire length with saucer-shaped suckers, varying from the size of a pea to two inches in diameter. This is the largest cuttle-fish caught in North America of which there is authentic record. "The Crops. The U. S. Department of Agriculture has received very full information concerning the appearance of wheat throughout the country. The returns cover a large proportion of the winter wheat area in each State. The winter has been extremely favorable in all sections. No previous season has been more generally so since the inauguration of crop reports. In the South very few exceptions to the general vigor and even luxuriance of the wheat have appeared. In the Gulf coast region the winter pasturing of wheat fields has been practiced to the advantage of the crop. In New York and Pennsylvania the weather since the middle of March has been unfavorable on account of the sudden changes of temperature and cold winds, to the injury of wheat on clay and undrained lands. In Ontario, Niagara, Livingston, and Genesee, four counties which produce one-third of the winter wheat of New York, the average expectations are entertained, though some injury from freezing and thawing on low ground is reported. The promise is remarkable in Pennsylvania, nine-tenths of the counties making favorable returns, many of them very flattering. Fully three-fourths of the counties of the Ohio Valley report either average or superior condition. Beyond the Mississippi, Missouri and Kansas have still fewer unpromising reports. There are reports from the North-west which are more favorable than usual, but are of little consequence, as the winter wheat of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa constitutes less than two per cent. of the wheat of that region. The prospect in California is very promising, though complaints of injury from an unusual cause—wet weather—have come from several counties. The Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture reports a promise of 40,000,000 of bushels in the State.