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THE FARMERS THINNING OUT.

Steady Depopulation of the New England Farming Districts.

At one of the Berkshire (Mass.) cattle shows the address, by Alexander Hyde, of Lee, was upon the appropriate topic of "The depopulation of the rural districts, the causes and the remedies." He stated that nearly half the population of Massachusetts were concentrated in her fourteen cities, and that a score of populous towns contained a fraction of the balance. Of the thirty-one towns in Berkshire only eleven have increased in population during the last five years, though the population of the county has increased some 2,000 in this time. The increase had mainly been in the three towns of Adams, Pittsfield and Dalton. The two great causes for the decrease in the agricultural towns were a desire for a more social life, and earning a living in a more easy way than by agriculture, though a want of good church privileges, good schools and easy transportation also had an influence. Mr. Hyde deprecated this state of things, and encouraged the farmers to strengthen the things that remain by keeping up the churches, schools, roads, and all social institutions, by cultivating smaller farms, and allowing the rocky hill pastures to grow up with forest trees, giving more attention to sheep husbandry, and especially to the raising of mutton and lambs for the butcher, the most profitable part of sheep husbandry in these days. He gave it as his opinion that a young man could make more money buying a farm on one of the hill towns of Berkshire, at the present low prices, than by obeying Greeley's injunction, "Go West." These hill towns also were becoming favorite resorts of citizens, as here they could enjoy pure air and water, fresh milk and butter, and have Sunday seven days in the week. If "Ichabod" is ever written on these hills it will be for the want of enterprise on the part of the inhabitants. Here and there, scattered in the rural districts, are individual farmers who are constantly improving their lands, and are making money and enjoying life in spite of the general depression of society and property. What these individuals are doing all can do, and the glory of the hill towns, an intelligent and virtuous population, will be retained.

FOUND AT LAST.

An Army Officer Who Embarked on a Ship Never Heard From.

[From the Boston Herald.]

Major John S. Walker was a native of Fryeburg, Me., where he fitted for college, pursued the study of law, and was married to his first wife. During the late war he was appointed paymaster's clerk, subsequently paymaster, and at the close of the war was transferred to the army. For a short time he was stationed at the south, but finally was ordered to Portland, Oregon, the place of his residence at the time of his decease. On the return from Alaska, where he had been sent to pay off the troops, he embarked with his wife (a southern woman) on board the steamer George S. Wright, bound for Portland, January, 1873. Nothing has ever been heard of the steamer, and although many reports were for a time in circulation, the fate of the passengers and crew has remained a mystery. Two years and a half after the supposed loss of the vessel and all on board the remains of Major Walker were found on the shore of an island twelve miles west of Cape Cygane, the southwest point of Alaska. Two Indians were hunting and trapping otter and mink, when they saw a strange object on the shore, and on landing they found the larger portion of the remains with a life preserver around them, while other parts were somewhat scattered. A few yards from the body they discovered two bunches of keys, a sleeve button and about \$40 in gold coin.

They saw no relics of the steamer. Subsequently they told at Sitka what they had seen, and by the keys and button the remains were identified as those of Major Walker. A revenue cutter recovered the remains and they were buried at Fort Vancouver.

Nicknames of American Cities.

The principal cities of the American Union have from time to time received various nicknames. For example: New York is called Gotham; Boston, the American Athens, also, the Hub; Philadelphia, the Quaker City; Baltimore, the Monumental City; Cincinnati, the Queen City; New Orleans, the Crescent City; Washington, the City of Magnificent Distances; Chicago, the Garden City; Buffalo, Queen City of the Lakes; Rochester, Flower City; Detroit, the City of the Straits; Cleveland, the Forest City; Pittsburgh, the Iron City; New Haven, the City of Elms; Indianapolis, the Railroad City; St. Louis, the City of Mounds; Keokuk, the Gate City; Louisville, the Falls City; Nashville, the City of Rocks; Quincy, the Model City; Hannibal, the Bluff Alexandria; the Delta City; Newburyport, the Garden of Eden; Salem, the City of Peace.

The End of the World.

Be warned in time. The world is to be burned up. The rainbow keeps the word of non-destructive promise to our eyes, but breaks it to our hopes. After the deluge come no more universal drownings, but ages of, withering heat shall dry the seas up; life shall disappear from the face of this globe; the firmament shall be rolled up like a scroll; and hideous aridity shall reign over all. Trausser says so. Trausser is an M. D. of New Orleans, to whom the Copernican system of astronomy is as a kid glove, easy to be turned inside out, and unfit for use at a fire. He discards it. To him also do the laws of Kepler appear a childish fraud, and the elliptical orbits of the planets seem a delusion. "There is," says Trausser, "in the sun and in the planets neither centripetal nor centrifugal forces. The stars or suns, in advancing from west to east, cause our sun, the earth, and all the planetary bodies to advance in the same direction. Our globe has no need of any primitive impulse in order to be set in motion. If the sun came to be extinguished suddenly the rotary movement of the earth around its axis would diminish gradually, until it stopped entirely, without causing any damage upon its surface; and if subsequently the sun recovered its power of emitting light, the earth would resume immediately its normal movement slowly and progressively."

The earth, on Trausser's plan, does not move around the sun. The sun moves around a fixed center, outside the orbit of the earth. The point around which the earth travels is east of the center around which the other planets (sun included) travel and is not fixed, but describes a small circle around the general planetary center once in each 24,000 years. Owing to our being thus a little off center, the arcs of this circle which the earth describes at each season are unequal, and the difference in the length of the seasons is thus accounted for. There is a constant westward tendency of the sun, which delays that luminary's return to each succeeding equinox—against the order of the zodiacal signs. The retrogradation, slight each year, bears frightful consequences in the long run, since it will eventually bring the sun and the earth in deadly proximity, as it has done before, if Trausser knows himself. He says: "About 5,384 years ago the sun and the earth met in the same side of the heavens (at 0 degree of Aries, vernal equinox,) without ceasing to circulate each one in its own orbit. The sun intersected at the terrestrial equator the first meridian of the secular period in which we are. This proximity of the sun and of the earth at their maximum occasioned the most awful disasters in increasing more and more the solar heat on our globe during several centuries. The temperate zones and the equatorial regions were reduced to have no more, either animals or plants, under the long action of a burning sun." This is to happen again. Of course such a heat will draw the waters into the air. For hundreds of years this sphere will be the theater of most tremendous natural convulsions. The burning ground will send its exhalations up to flaming clouds, the envelope of air will expand to enormous heights, charged with superheated steams and gases. As years roll away and the baleful orb of day withdraws the upper layers of the air will cool, and its waters will descend into the lower, and they in their appointed turn will fall and fall with vast and terrible shocks, until their accumulated condensations drop upon the earth in a grand cataclysm that will wipe out all traces of the land as it was before. And when at last the vapors shall pass off and the waters subside, a new world, smiling and refreshed, will swing away upon its eastward course toward its next assignment with the sun, another 12,000 years removed. Then will come another order of creation, from the cell to man; another succession of gradual civilization and enlightenment; the ground we fancy we have trod for the first time will be rediscovered; another antiquity will succeed more epochs lost to history; the story of the rocks will be spelled out anew, and by the time the intellect of those peoples of the future shall have awakened into light another grand tragedy will precede the re-enactment of the same old catastrophe—and so on perhaps forever. We are pleased to state, however, that Dr. Trausser places the next expiring operation at a distance of time for which we really do feel personally obliged to him, inasmuch as it quite stills all apprehensions—some 6,900 years hence. The preparatory process will be so slow, moreover, that our descendants (in whom we take quite as lively a family interest as in our ancestors of 5,000 years since) will have been gradually and painlessly taken out of the way previous to the supreme moment.

The Soldiers of 1812.

The extraordinary longevity of the survivors of the war of 1812 is certainly a curious fact well worthy of notice. That was not a great war; not many troops were engaged, and no very large force mustered into the service of the United States, and the war came to an end almost sixty-one years ago. Yet the Commissioner of Pensions records 15,875 survivors of that war on the rolls of the Pension Office. Very few, indeed, of these can be less than eighty years of age, and the number must be nearly if not quite ten per cent. of the whole force mustered for service. If the veterans of the late rebellion prove so tenacious of life, nearly two hundred thousand of them will survive the year 1926. We should be very glad to believe that all of them would live much longer than that, but we cannot expect it, for it is against the course of nature. It is hard to resist the conviction that a large share of the fifteen thousand veterans of 1812 are impostors.

"Poor fellow—he had a good deal in him," was the sorrowing remark of a Mississippi editor over the body of a subscriber shot in a gin mill. The coroner's inquest subsequently verified the assertion.

A Curious Coincidence.

An ex-Lieutenant of the United States Navy, referring to the alleged murder of Harriet Lane by Henry Wainwright in the Whitechapel road, writes as follows to the *London Times*:

"Arriving but recently from America, I was painfully startled in reading from a half torn and mutilated copy of the *Times* the names of Harriet Lane" and "Wainwright," names so familiar to the American public that generations will come and go ere they will be forgotten. Two years prior to the outbreak of the civil war in America, a vessel was launched from one of the government dockyards, designed for service as a revenue cruiser and government yacht, and was christened the Harriet Lane. Upon the arrival of the Prince of Wales in America the government assigned the Harriet Lane as the vessel specially selected to carry the Prince and his suite in his tours of observation. The vessel had been named in honor of Miss Harriet Lane, the niece of President Buchanan, and at that time mistress of the White House. It was the steamer Harriet Lane that carried the Prince from Washington to Mount Vernon, on the Potomac; the grave of George Washington. At the outbreak of the war the Harriet Lane was turned over to the Navy Department for service, and she participated in several engagements on the coast; took part in the battle of Hatteras and also at the bombardments of the forts on the Mississippi below New Orleans, serving in the latter engagements as flagship of Commodore Porter's division in Admiral Farragut's fleet. Subsequently the Harriet Lane was ordered to the Texas coast, and Commodore Wainwright was appointed to her command. While lying at anchor in one of the harbors of the Texas coast, in company with the war steamer Fort Jackson, on the night of the 1st of January, 1863, she was surrounded by a fleet of Confederate steamers, protected with cotton bales. The Confederate steamers were said to have between four and five thousand men on them. Commander Wainwright refused to surrender, and the Confederates, after some hard fighting, succeeded in carrying the Harriet Lane by the board, and her decks witnessed a terrible hand-to-hand encounter. Blood ran from her scuppers like water. Commander Wainwright and nearly all the officers and crew of the Harriet Lane were killed in defending the vessel. At early dawn her flag was hauled down by the Confederate and their own substituted in lieu of it. She was never again seen as a United States cruiser."

Where Kaiser Wilhelm Lives.

Wayland Hoyt writes as follows to the *Boston Journal*:

The Emperor does not seem to have anything he wishes to conceal. I spent a very interesting hour in passing through the palace, which is his constant city residence. It is not very grand, or even sumptuous. But enter it and you at once feel that you are in the home of a soldier. It is almost an arsenal it is so warlike every way. Old armor and new armor—fragments of shells—the mementoes of battles, models of different kinds of soldiers in their appropriate uniform, models of various guns, great relief maps of battle fields and fortresses—these are everywhere about. Almost all the pictures, too, are martial—battle scenes after battle scenes; some of older conflicts, others of modern fights, in which the Emperor himself is the conspicuous figure. I went into the Emperor's private study and library. I saw the chair in which he sits, the desk at which he writes, the pile of dispatches awaiting his attention, the books he uses, the papers fresh from his hand. It is manifestly a workman's place—this study. The grim old Emperor is evidently no idler. He keeps his hand on things. I am told that he is at his table regularly every morning at 6. Well, no one can help honoring the fearless old fellow amid such painstaking devotion to duty. Sixteen miles from Berlin is Potsdam, the favorite residence of King Frederick the Great. Here, too, is the present Emperor's summer palace. Well, there is many a country seat in America more splendid. I was most interested in this palace, in the Emperor's sleeping-room. It is utterly plain. His bed is but a single mattress upon a narrow and common bedstead.

Origin and History of the Piano.

The piano began to make its appearance about the beginning of the eighteenth century its invention, like many others, is disputed, and England, France, Italy and Germany claim to have a share in the honor. Pianos were certainly made for the first time in the four countries within a very few years of each other, but in Germany alone did they succeed. Silbermann improved upon the invention of Schroeter, and constructed pianos which met with Bach's approbation. From this dates the success of the piano in Germany. Frederick the Great had no less than forty of Silbermann's pianos in his palace at Berlin, and when Bach visited him he insisted upon the old man's trying every one. Stein of Augsburg was also a celebrated maker, and Mozart in one of his letters describes the care taken by Stein in seasoning the wood which was exposed to all sorts of weather, and afterward had the cracks filled up with slips of wood glued into them. In England the piano made no sensible progress until 1760, when twelve German workmen, afterwards called the "twelve apostles," arrived in search of employment. Dittind, at a concert in 1767, played on the first piano publicly exhibited, and after that the instrument became very popular, and harpsichords more and more in disrepute. Sebastian Erard made a great improvement in the touch, and Broadwood, who came to London from Scotland in 1751, introduced what he called his "grand action," which improved many defects. From that day until the present, the piano in England has been improving.

LION HUNTING.

Thrilling Experiences of an English Officer—Habits of the Lion and the Panther.

The Paris correspondent of the *Boston Advertiser* sends that paper the following letter, relating the experiences of an old African soldier, who he says, speaks of nothing he has not personally seen, and who modestly withholds only such episodes as would place himself in convenient position:

DEAR FRIEND: You wish me to introduce you into the true secrets of the African lion hunt, which you must know little resembles the fantastic tales told by certain European travelers, and dilated upon by newspapers and novel writers until there is no possibility of separating truth from fiction, or drawing to any satisfactory degree a conclusion regarding the lion and panther, which are in fact our only dangerous African carnivorous animals. Lions are quite numerous in certain parts of the province of Constantine, rare in those of Algiers and Oran. Panthers, on the contrary, are seldom seen in the last two provinces, but are numerous in Algiers. The habits of these two carnivora differ essentially. As a general rule, neither the one nor the other attacks man, unless molested or threatened by him. It sometimes happens, however, that a panther surprised while eating springs furiously upon the man whose imprudent foot has troubled the silence of his repast, and in this case there is nothing to hope, as before the bravest man can have got possession of his arms he is a bruised and broken mass. The panther tears and mauls the body, even after all life has fled, but does not devour it. In general he kills for the pleasure of killing, and even when attacking a flock or herd he vents his savage fury on many before deciding to eat one.

The lion, on the contrary, springs upon his victim and at once devours it, or dragging it to a preferred dining-spot, quietly makes his repast, nor thinks of troubling the rest of the flock until renewed appetite leads him to satisfy hunger in the same way. If, during the repast, he sees a man approach, and is not ravenous, he gets up and walks away slowly, one may say solemnly—or sometimes, not even deigning this, he raises his majestic head looks at the intruder, and by a half-friendly growl warns him that he will not stand being troubled when at dinner. A pedestrian finding himself in this position does well to withdraw slowly, for should he become frightened and run, the lion is quite capable of feeling a desire to overtake him, and in that case will, even in that case, if the man has presence of mind sufficient to understand the danger, and do the only thing remaining to be done, he may still escape safe and sound. For the lion seems oftenest actuated by a half-playful, friendly sentiment, and so he does not lose his respect for man—seldom troubles him. Often-times he joins and passes the pedestrian, and when at a good distance crouches across his path, watching his approach. If the man has the unfortunate idea of turning to run away, he is lost; but if he comes on quietly, neither faster nor slower than his usual pace, looking his enemy steadily in the face, showing no signs of fear, he has every chance to escape. The lion will growl, wag his tail in rather a terrifying way, but, allowing the man to pass before him, gets up, and as though admitting to himself that he had honestly lost the game, goes quietly back to his lair.

A lion rarely attacks women, and I once witnessed a scene which will go further than the longest explanation toward illustrating this. It was a hot sultry day in July. The sirocco made the atmosphere dense with sand and glare; the very earth seemed on fire. I was returning from a little expedition on the frontiers of Tunis, and as I had some matters to settle with tribes in the environs of *la Calle*, I left my troops to return to Constantine, and, followed only by two *spahis*, turned my steps toward *la Calle*. Having started just before day, we arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon at the ford of the little river *de la Mafrop*. Our horses, as well as ourselves, were sadly in want of food and drink, and we stopped to refresh ourselves at a little inn kept by an European, and situated on a low mound, two or three hundred yards from the ford. While waiting for my frugal repast I unbuckled my sword, laid by my pistols, and stretched out comfortably in the shade, idly watching a band of Arab women washing clothes in the river. All at once I was startled by cries proceeding from the opposite side of a sand-heap bordering the river, and a half dozen women came rushing into the midst of their peaceable companions, dragging them into the shallow water, and behind them a magnificent lion, his tail proudly in the air, and his great brown eyes looking carelessly from one to the other. Paying no attention to their retreat into the river, he followed them there, rubbing himself up against them, not seeming to mind in the least their cries or terrified gesticulations, and when he had enough of it he took a long drink of the running water, and, turning majestically, walked away into the mountains from whence he had come. This lion was a stranger in that part of the country, and when on the following day I went in search of him he had disappeared.

I will recall another souvenir of this expedition which will prove to you the harmless nature of an unattacked lion.

One day, after a rather serious skirmish against the revolted tribes, I led my two battalions of infantry to a little river situated two miles from the fort where we were stationed, in order to allow them to bathe and clean their arms. As a measure of prudence I allowed but half the men to disarm and enter the river at a time, the remaining battalion being on the *quai*, ready for defense. As there was no need for haste, I allowed the men what time they liked for bathing and cleaning, and night, which falls so suddenly in Africa, surprised us on our return at a few moments' march from the fort. I was

suddenly alarmed by the report of a gun, whose sound, being very different from any in use among the Arabs, spoke plainly of having been fired by one of my own men, and I at once brought my column to a halt and galloped off in the direction from whence the single report had come. At a short distance I met a soldier recently arrived in Africa, who had been detained behind his comrades by a very adequate and singular cause, and who in hastening up, hoping to arrive before the doors were closed for the night, excused himself timidly for being late and having fired at last at a troublesome calf or cow which had barred his passage and seemed determined to keep him from joining his regiment. He assured me he had done all he could to get rid of him, pushing him with the butt end of his gun, etc., but to no purpose, and at last had been obliged to fire at him so close that he had rolled instantly dead at his feet. Suspecting the truth, I reassured the man, and as night was completely upon us, rejoined my troops and entered the fort. On the following morning I dispatched the culprit with a dozen men to bring back the murdered animal, and let me decide whether a calf was to be paid for or a reward be given to the slayer of a lion; and, as I had rightly imagined, the latter proved to be the case, and our unconscious hero received from the government sixty francs reward for the finest lion killed that year.

During the summer of 1856 the General commanding the province of Constantine was obliged to replace the chief of a troublesome Arab tribe at the foot of the Mountains of Kabyla, who had been killed by those under him, and named a young Arab of good race, much esteemed for his intelligence and courage, and Second Lieutenant in the Third Regiment of *spahis*. As soon as he had received his dangerous command, Kaid Hasman gathered his family about him and planted his tents in the midst of his tribe. The great *fantasia*, (a sham battle where guns only charged with powder are fired in every direction) which always accompanies the inauguration of a new chief, was organized according to custom, but it was plain to see that a spirit of discontent animated most of the cavaliers, for Kaid was not of their own tribe, and the Arab is of a jealous and vindictive nature. Hardly had the festivities commenced when bullets were heard to whiz through the air, and Kaid's bournous was traversed by more than one—happily without even grazing him—and instantly, without the slightest emotion, he ordered a circle to be formed around him, and addressing himself more particularly to those whom he suspected to be his deadly enemies, he said:

You are but awkward, clumsy women; when a man wishes to shoot his chief he makes sure of his bullet and his aim. You have missed me, and this time I pardon both your wickedness and stupidity. I know those who have tried to kill me, and I promise them that if this little game recommences I shall not miss them. Now disband, and go to your tents.

Wishing to be reassured as to how my brave Kaid Hasman could maintain his command and govern the treacherous Arabs about him, I arrived on the following day with a strong escort of *spahis*, and the *fantasia* was again prepared in my honor. This time no gun was charged with lead, and the ceremony passed off to the complete satisfaction of all parties. Next day I returned the civility by ordering a wild boar hunt, in which all the cavaliers took part, and had they still nourished a treacherous sentiment toward their brave chief, a better occasion could not have been for misdirecting one of the many bullets which were fired. But they were completely conquered, nor had Kaid Hasman any further difficulty in governing them.

But to return to my lion story. The day after our famous wild boar hunt Kaid and I, followed only by about a dozen cavaliers, went off on a little hunt of our own in quite another direction. Starting at about five o'clock in the morning, we returned at about the same hour in the evening, half dead of hunger, thirst and heat. We were walking our horses along the dried bed of a river, I at the head, Kaid, with but one barrel of his gun loaded, a few yards behind me, and still further back one of his cavaliers. The rest of our band had loitered or dispersed. Suddenly my horse made a tremendous jump, and at the same instant I heard a crushing of branches behind me; a cry, and the sound as of the falling of a horse and rider; then the report of a gun, and, as I turned Kaid and his horse brushed rudely by me, and I saw behind, lying in a strange, wild heap, the cavalier, his horse, and upon them a gigantic lion, the last, happily, quite dead. All this must have passed as follows: The lion had come down from the mountains, and finding himself in the ravine just as we passed had patiently allowed two of us to go on unmolested, but the third was more than he could stand, and the sound of approaching galloping horses probably augmenting his impatience, he sprang upon the horse and rider, making a nasty tear on the cheek and shoulder of one, and a much deeper one on the haunch of the other. Hearing the noise Kaid Hasman had turned, and, with Arab promptness, had fired his one remaining barrel, scarcely taking aim. Fortunately the bullet had entered the lion's eye, and death had been instantaneous. As to the unlucky cavalier and horse, they were able, notwithstanding their wounds, to return to their tent, and in a few days were quite right again. Not long after this Kaid Hasman killed a second lion, likewise by accident.

THE Duke of Portland has an annual income of £360,000, most of which he expends in vast building enterprises. He is a recluse himself. He never answers a letter, and although a member of four London clubs he never goes to them. So far as society is concerned, he is dead to the world.

THE official majority for Kirkwood, (Rep.) Governor of Iowa, is 31,745.