The Lamoille News.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE POLITICAL, ECONOMICAL AND DOMESTIC INTERESTS OF LAMOILLE COUNTY.

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HENRY R. MACK.
Hardwick, April 9, 1877. 1-6

REVENGE OF INJURIES.

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury:
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie,
And 't is firmer conquest truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
To yield to worth it must be nobly done;
But if of baser metal be his mind,
In base revenge there is no honor won.
Who would a worthy courage overthrow?
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield;
Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor:
Great hearts are tasked beyond their power but seld;
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain doth this same allow:
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn:—
To scorn to owe a duty overlong;
To scorn to be for benefits forborne;
To scorn to lie; to scorn to do a wrong;
To scorn to bear an injury in mind;
To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind.
Do we his body from our fury save,
And let our hate prevail against his mind?
What can against him a greater vengeance be,
Then make his foe more worthy far than he?

—*Elizabeth Carew.*

OUR STORY.

BILL WHYTE.

(*Continued.*)

"For the first fortnight we didn't eat the king's biscuit for nothing. We had terrible hard fighting on the 13th; and, had not our ammunition failed us, we would have beaten the enemy all to rags; but for the last two hours we hadn't a shot, and stood just like so many targets set up to be fired at. I was never more fixed in my life than when I saw my comrades falling around me, and all for nothing. Not only could I see them falling, but, in the absence of every other noise,—for we had ceased to cheer, and stood as silent and as hard as foxes,—I could hear the dull, hollow sound of the shot as it pierced them through. Sometimes the bullets struck the sand, and then rose and went rolling over the level, raising clouds of dust at every skip. At times we could see them coming through the air like little clouds, and singing all the way as they came. But it was the frightful smoking shot that annoyed us most;—those horrid shell. Sometimes they broke over our heads in the air, as if a cannon charged with grape had been fired at us from out the clouds. At times they sank into the sand at our feet, and then burst up like so many Vesuviuses, giving at once death and burial to hundreds. But we stood our ground and the day passed. I remember we got, towards evening, into a snug hollow between two sand-hills, where the shot skimmed over us, not two feet above our heads; but two feet is just as good as twenty, master; and I began to think, for the first time, that I hadn't got a smoke all day. I snapped my musket and lighted my pipe; and Bill, whom I hadn't seen since the day after the landing, came up to share with me.

"'Bad day's work, Jack,' he said; 'but we have at least taught the enemy what British soldiers can endure, and, ere long, we shall teach them something more. But here comes a shell! Nay, do not move,' he said; 'it will fall just ten yards short.' And down it came, roaring like a tempest, sure enough, about ten yards away, and sank into the sand. 'There now, fairly lodged,' said Bill; 'lie down, lads, lie down.' We threw ourselves flat on our faces; the earth heaved under us like a wave of the sea; and in a moment Bill and I were covered with half a ton of sand. But the pieces whizzed over us; and, save that the man who was across me had an ammunition bag carried away, not one of us more than heard them. On getting ourselves disinterred, and our pipes re-lighted, Bill, with a twitch on the elbow—so—said he wished to speak with me a little apart; and we went out together into a hollow in front.

"'You will think it strange, Jack,' he said, 'that all this day, when the enemy's bullets were hopping around us like hail, there was but just one idea that filled my mind and I could find room for no other. Ever since I saw Colonel Westhope, it has been forced upon me, though a newly-awakened dream-like recollection, that he is the gentleman with whom I lived ere I was taken away by your people; for taken away I must have been. Your mother used to tell me that my father was a Cumberland gipsy, who met with some bad accident from the law; but I am now convinced she must have deceived me, and that my father was no such sort of man. You will think it strange; but, when putting on my coat this morning, my eye caught the silver bar on the sleeve, and there leaped into my mind a revived recollection of having worn a scarlet dress before,—scarlet bound with silver; and that it was in the house of a gentleman and a lady whom I had just learned to call papa and mamma. And every time I see the colonel, as I say, I am reminded of the gentleman. Now, for heaven's sake, Jack, tell me all you know about me. You are a few years my senior, and must remember better than I can myself under what circumstances I joined your tribe.'

"'Why, Bill,' I said,' I know little of the matter, and 'twere no great wonder though these bullets should confuse me somewhat in recalling what I do know. Most certainly we never thought you a gipsy like ourselves; but then I am sure mother never stole you; she had family enough of her own; and besides, she brought with her for your board, she said, a purse with more gold in it then I have seen at one time either before or since. I remember it kept us all comfortably in the *creature* for a whole twelvemonth; and it wasn't a trifle, Bill, that could do that. You were at first like to die among us. You hadn't been accustomed to sleeping out, or to food such as ours. And, dear me! how the rags you were dressed in used to annoy you; but you soon got over all, Bill, and became the hardiest little fellow among us. I once heard my mother say that you were a *love-begot*, and that your father, who was an English gentleman, had to part from both you and your mother on taking a wife. And no more can I tell you, Bill, for the life of me.

"We slept that night on the sand, master, and found in the morning that the enemy had fallen back some miles nearer Alexandria. Next evening there was a party of us despatched on some secret service across the desert. Bill was with us; but the officer under whose special charge we were placed was a Captain Turpie, a nephew of Colonel Westhope, and his heir. But he heired few of his good qualities. He was the son of a pettifogging lawyer, and was as heartily hated by the soldiers as the colonel was beloved. Towards sunset, the party reached a hollow valley in the waste, and there rested, preparatory, as we engaged in erecting temporary huts of branches, some in providing the necessary materials; and we had just formed a snug little camp, and were preparing to light our fires for supper, when we heard a shot not two furlongs away. Bill, who was by far the most active among us, sprang up one of the tallest date trees to reconnoitre. But he soon came down again.

"'We have lost our pains this time,' he said: 'there is a party of French, of fully five times our number, not a mile away.' The captain, on the news, wasn't slow, as you may think, in ordering us off; and, hastily gathering up our blankets and the contents of our knapsacks, we struck across the sand just as the sun was setting. There is scarce any twilight in Egypt, master: it is pitch dark twenty minutes after sunset. The first part of the evening, too, is infinitely disagreeable. The days are burning hot, and not a cloud can be seen in the sky; but no sooner has the sun gone down, than there comes on a thick white fog, that covers the whole country, so that one can't see fifty yards around; and so icy cold is it, that it strikes a chill to the very heart. It is with these fogs that the dews descend: and deadly things they are. Well, the mist and the darkness came upon us at once: we lost all reckoning; and after floundering on for an hour or so among the sand-hills, our captain called a halt, and bade us burrow as we best might among the hollows. Hungry as we were, we were fain to leave our supper to begin the morning with, and huddled all together into what seemed a deep, dry ditch. We were at first surprised, master, to find an immense heap of stone under us; we couldn't have lain harder had we lain on a Scotch cairn; and that, d'ye see, is unusual in Egypt, where all the sand has been blown by the hot winds from the desert, hundreds of miles away, and where, in the course of a few days' journey, one mayn't see a pebble larger than a pigeon's egg. There were hard, round, bullet-like masses under us, and others of a more oblong shape, like pieces of wood that had been cut for fuel; and, tired as we were, their sharp points, protruding through the sand, kept most of us from sleep. But that was little, master, to what we felt afterwards. As we began to take heat together, there broke out among us a most disagreeable stench,—bad at first, and unlike anything I had ever smelt before, but at last altogether overpowering. Some of us became dead sick, and some, to show how much bolder they were than the rest, began to sing. One-half the party stole away one by one, and lay down outside. For my own part, master, I thought it was the plague that was breaking out upon us from below, and lay still, in despair of escaping it. I was wretchedly tired, too; and, despite of my fears and the stench, I fell asleep, and slept till daylight. But never before, master, did I see such a sight as when I awoke. We had been sleeping on the carcasses of ten thousand Turks, whom Bonaparte had massacred about a twelvemonth before. There were eyeless skulls grinning at us by hundreds from the side of the ditch, and black, withered hands and feet sticking out, with the white bones glittering between [illegible] for roods around, had a brown ferruginous tinge, and seemed baked into a half-solid mass resembling clay. It was no place to loiter in; and you may trust me, master, we breakfasted elsewhere. Bill kept close to our captain all that morning. He didn't much like him, even so early in their acquaintance as this,—no one did, in fact; but he was anxious to learn from him all he could regarding the colonel.

He told him, too, something about his own early recollections; but he would better have kept them to himself. From that hour, master, Captain Turpie never gave him a pleasant look, and sought every means to ruin him.

"We joined the army again on the evening of the 20th March. You know, master, what awaited us next morning. I had been marching, on the day of our arrival, for twelve hours under a very hot sun, and was fatigued enough to sleep soundly. But the dead might have awakened next morning. The enemy broke in upon us about three o'clock. It was pitch-dark. I had been dreaming, at the moment, that I was busily engaged in the landing, fighting in the front rank beside Bill; and I awoke to hear the enemy outside the tent struggling in fierce conflict with such of my comrades as, half-naked and half-armed, had been roused by the first alarm, and had rushed out to oppose them. You will not think I was long in joining them, master, when I tell you that Bill himself was hardly two steps ahead of me. Colonel Westhope was everywhere at once that morning, bringing his men, in the darkness and the confusion, into something like order,—threatening, encouraging, applauding, issuing orders—all in a breath. Just as we got out, the French broke through beside our tent, and we saw him struck down in the throng. Bill gave a tremendous cry of 'Our colonel! our colonel!' and struck his pike up to the cross into the breast of the fellow who had given the blow. And hardly had that one fallen than he sent it crashing through the face of the next foremost, till it lay buried in the brain. The enemy gave back for a moment; and as he was striking down a third, the colonel got up, badly wounded in the shoulder; but he kept the field all day. He knew Bill the moment he rose, and leant on him till he had somewhat recovered. 'I shall not forget, Bill,' he said, 'that you have saved your colonel's life.' We had a fierce struggle, master, ere we beat out the French; but, broken and half-naked as we were, we did beat them out, and the battle became general, "At first the flare of artillery, as the batteries blazed out in the darkness, dazzled and blinded me; but I loaded and fired incessantly, and the thicker the bullets went whistling past me, the faster I loaded and fired. A spent shot, that had struck through a sand-bank, came rolling on like a bowl, and, leaping up from a hillock in front, struck me on the breast. It was such a blow, master, as a man might have given with his fist; but it knocked me down, and ere I got up, the company was a few paces in advance. The bonnet of the soldier who had taken my place came rolling to my feet ere I could join them. But, alas! it was full of blood and brains, and I found that the spent shot had come just in time to save my life. Meanwhile, the battle raged with redoubled fury on the left, and we in the centre had a short respite; and some of us needed it. For my own part, I had fired about a hundred rounds, and my right shoulder was blue as your waistcoat.

"You will wonder, master, how I should notice such a thing in the heat of an engagement; but I remember nothing better than that there was a flock of little birds shrieking and fluttering over our heads for the greater part of the morning. The poor little things seemed as if robbed of their very instinct by the incessant discharges on every side of them; and, instead of pursuing a direct course, which would soon have carried them clear of us, they kept fluttering in one little spot. About mid-day, an aide-de-camp went riding by us to the right.

RELIGIOUS.

My sins and follies, Lord! by thee
From others hidden are,
That such mad words are spoke of me
As now and then I hear;
For sure if others knew me such,
Such as myself I know,
I should have been dispraised as much
As I am praised now.

—*George Wither.*

CAMBRIDGE, N. Y.,
April 21, 1877.

Editor NEWS:—

I want to tell the Christian women of your county something about the work that women of this State are doing for the far-off heathen: for the land of darkness and idolatry. It may encourage them, and when women sit idle, day by day, sighing for the time when they may stand an equal to man, and cast a vote by his side, I only ask them to take one view of the poor, drudging women of Siam, Persia, and other heathen lands, as we get it from returned missionaries, and they can but realize that women have a much greater work to do than to cast a ballot. The annual meeting of the "Woman's Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, Synod of Albany," was holden in this village, April 18th. The two branches of this society—Troy and Albany, sent 75 ladies to attend the meeting. They are at work in behalf of a girls' school, started in Siam, three years ago, and supporting missionaries. Among the number present, was Mrs. House, wife of Dr. Samuel House, of Waterford, N. Y. She has been a missionary laborer in Bankok, Siam, for thirty years. In the morning, she addressed the ladies as follows:

"I have been a missionary 30 years. When I went back to Siam the last time: it was twenty years ago: I found it very different from what it was when I went there the first time. I was 85 days out of sight of land, with only the poor provision which the ships of those days carried. You know very little of heathen hearts, if you imagine that they can be brought out of darkness, very rapidly. It is darkness on every side, there. You must live there, to get a true idea of it. I found the people ignorant; now, most of the men, can read. We have had a boys' school for thirty years. But it has taken all these long years to get the minds of the people redeemed from the prejudice against women, so we could start a school for girls. And three years ago I had the honor to organize the first boarding school for girls ever organized in Siam. It is in Bankok. I left twenty pupils, eighteen boarders and two day scholars, in it. It is doing well indeed. It is to the ladies of this vicinity that I am indebted for the help, or money to start that school. They sent me $3000 with which I laid the foundation for a school for girls, that the girls might be educated as well as the boys of Siam. The Siamese, are a people of simple habits, olive complexion, black hair, black eyes and teeth, made so by constantly chewing a vegetable. They say that monkeys and foreigners have white teeth. Their homes were very different from our homes. Until we went there, they knew nothing of a loving wife and mother trying to make a Christian home. A wife was only a beast of burden, sent to the fields to dig and labor, while the men had all the knowledge and pleasure. The Siamese eat with their fingers, burn their dead, wear white for mourning, and have nothing which deserves the name of religion. I brought home with me two Siamese boys, to be educated for Christian teachers, among their own people. I want the prayers of all Christian people that they may be converted while here, and returned to their Christian mothers to preach the gospel in their own land. They are to remain here eight years. One is 12 years old, the other, eight. Siam has two kings. The first and second. The second is merely nominal. He does not rule or succeed to the throne. The name of the present one is George Washington, who was named so by his father, who had read of our George Washington. The king who now rules is only 23 years old; is a Christian, and, by living a Christian life, he looses his crown on earth, but gains one in heaven. I want you should all pray for him. He is doing a wonderful work toward civilization. His grandfather was the first convert in Siam, and, for 23 years, was a consistent Christian. When I went there the king came to meet us. He was perfectly nude, with the exception of a [illegible] his arm, to escort me to the palace, I took it and walked along by his side, trying to appreciate the honor conferred upon me. He could speak but two words of English, "come here." But it is different now. No person can go to his majesty without being dressed in pants, coat, vest, shirt, collar and hat. The king has imported an English tailor from Calcutta and their clothes are made in the most fashionable style. One prince came many miles to us to learn how to tie a cravat, or neck-tie. Siam is now clothed, and we are trying to get it in its right mind, everyway. They have no roads, but go in boats. We go out on our missionary tours in a 6 by 7 boat, where we eat, sleep and work; one room for everything; and we stay whereever night overtakes us, without the least fear. Bankok has one chapel and one being erected in connection with our girls' school. For the 5,000,000 in Siam there are only five missionaries."

Is here not a field for women who want something to do? Need any want for employment, who have health and strength? God has opened a way for all the sons and daughters of this blessed globe to be useful if they will. A few missionaries have been called home, because there was not funds enough sent out there to support them. Will God bless us if we deafen our ears, and harden our hearts, when the cry comes to us from those perishing souls, who need a Saviour's love? In the afternoon session, Mrs. House was followed by Rev. Dr. Cohn, of Oroomice, Persia. He was Oriental in style, with a full, gray beard, and gave a graphic discription of missionary life in Persia. I wish I dared take the space to tell it all to you. I will tell you some of it. Said he: "Women are doing a great work toward the spread of the gospel. I have heard in distant lands of the good work you are doing, and you can never know how it rejoices our hearts to read your reports. I am glad women are rising to the full dignity of their nature. I do not wonder that women followed Jesus up from Jordan to Jerusalem, ministering to his wants; I do not wonder Mary sat at the feet of Jesus, listening in such rapt attention to his words. I do not wonder woman was the last at the cross, and first at the sepulchre. Do not wonder that Jesus has taken her up out of the dust and degradation, to be leaders and purifiers in a world of darkness. I sailed for Persia, 25 years ago, with my wife. We had a tedious journey across the Atlantic and travelled after that six hundred miles on horse-back, to Oroomia, Persia, where we were to labor. They had no Bible till we carried it to them. They have no railways there, no carriages go on horse back always. The mountains are steep, snow lies there till summer, when it melts and overflows the country, sometimes doing serious damage. They have no rain or dew in Persia. Women are held as mere servants there, the same as in Siam and all foreign heathen lands. Women and girls came out to see us when we arrived, and stared at my wife because she rode sideways. I asked them about their souls, and they said, "ask our husbands." They have plenty of religion but no salvation. The boys and girls used to marry at a very tender age. The boys at eight and the girls at ten and twelve, and they are never allowed to select for themselves; often never see each other till presented for the marriage ceremony. The girl is always veiled so thickly that no one can tell who she is. The friends bring wine for the groom, and apples for the bride. After marriage, the wife is never allowed to eat with her husband, or speak to him in presence of others. If a man is asked how many children he has, he always answers according to the number of boys in the family, and no mention is ever made of the girls. The wife takes her infant and goes into the field in the morning to work. Sometimes she goes to the spot where she left her child, and finds it has rolled about till it has fallen into the river and drowned. It is taken away from her and buried, but she goes to its grave and wails and weeps, for they love their little ones, though they have no hope of meeting them again. The mussulmen take all the prettiest wives they find, and each mussulman has several wives. My wife once ventured into one of their harems and saw such degradation as [illegible] en to reach these and many other places, for men cannot get into them. But thanks to God, 25 years of constant labor there has changed all this, wonderfully. There are christian homes there now where the wife and mother is loved and respected and has her usual place in the family. Deacons and priests were allowed to learn how to read, and none others. When Miss Fiske asked the women to learn to read, they said: "They will laugh at us," but she induced three to come to her school and so she started a school, which has done a wonderful amount of good. They read the bible and can tell all about it. In four months they could read the New Testament well. The women do not go about veiled now as they used to. They see how we love and respect each other in our homes, and they follow our example as closely as possible. The greatest work woman can do is to go there, and by her example, help to enlighten those down trodden women of heathenism. There are many natives preaching and teaching the gospel of Jesus now and Persia is improving."

Now when we hear these things which women are doing, can any stand back and say, no woman is capable of teaching the blessed gospel? That she should take no part in public worship? May all the women of the land awaken to the cry, which comes up from the depths of darkness, and boldly and bravely defend the nations of the earth less blest than we are.

MAUD.

SHOCKING.—A pair of those interesting, entertaining ladies who seem to carry on so large a business in the way of subscriptions for new works, and who are so delightfully importunate, so sweetly un-get-rid-able, called a short time since at the office of a young lawyer, for the purpose of getting him to subscribe. "Indeed, ladies," said he, "the partnership of which I am but an humble member has been so imprudent as to issue a new work of their own, which, in consequence of the enormous expense attending its illustrations, embellishments, etc., has completely crippled us." "Then, perhaps," replied the angelic canvasser, "we could procure you some subscribers. What do you call your work?" "Well, we have not fully determined as yet; but I guess I'll let my wife have her own way, and call it after me—Charles Henry."