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## She is Not Fair to Outward View.

She is not fair to outward view,  
To mine they ne'er reply;  
As many maidens be;  
Her loveliness I never knew  
Until she smiled on me;  
O, then I saw her eye was bright—  
A well of love, a spring of light.

Put now her locks are coy and cold;  
To mine they ne'er reply;  
And yet I cease not to behold  
The lovelight in her eye;  
Her very frowns are better far  
Than smiles of other maidens are!  
—HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

## BURIED ALIVE.

The broad shores of Massachusetts bay, lying between the head lands of Cape Cod and Cape Ann, afforded many vivid chapters in colonial history, about the period of 1690, and the legends attached to various localities along the southern and northern shores are still familiarly discussed.

The rivers and bays along the New England coast were, at the period named, the haunts of pirates and smugglers innumerable. These adventurers were so bold as often successfully to defy the king's cruisers, either by open fight or stratagem. Sometimes these rovers were attacked and conquered, but the capture of one or more amounted to nothing, where the offenders against the laws swarmed like bees. This scourge became so great at last that the home government applied itself earnestly to eradicate the evil, and it was suppressed by the close of the century, though isolated cases still occurred.

The vicinity of Lynn, Nahant, and Marblehead afforded many favorable inlets and bays which formed anchorage ground for these contrabandists, and where the navigation was sufficiently dangerous and intricate to make the pursuit by the large vessels quite impracticable. The rovers, knowing every inch of the bay, were of course quite at home in its navigation.

One summer's evening, of the period of which we write, just at twilight, a small and rakish-looking fore-and-aft schooner, of that general appearance which showed she did not belong to legitimate commerce, came in shore from the main channel, doubling the headland of Nahant, and dropping her anchor just off the mouth of Saugus river. There was no communication attempted with the shore until after it was fairly dark.

The people living along the coast were accustomed to see these roving vessels come and go in a somewhat suspicious manner, until it ceased to be a novelty, and they had also learned that it was decidedly for their interests not to interfere in any way with them. On the present occasion the stranger was watched by some of the most curious, and at about ten o'clock, by the light of the stars, a boat was lowered from the side of the schooner, and four sturdy oarsmen pulled up the winding course of the river, being soon lost to view.

On the following morning, when those who had thus kept an eye upon the suspicious craft, looked for her once more at her late anchoring ground, she was not to be found. She had spread her wings and flown away with the first gray of the morning. She might have been a slaver, with some peculiar errand here, or a smuggler, or even a pirate; the honest fishermen could only conjecture and gossip over the matter. They had not one item of facts whereupon to bear any theory as it regarded the character of the flyaway.

As we have intimated, those were stirring times, and the visit of the jaunty-looking schooner was soon forgotten.

One day the village blacksmith, a man named Ewing, fell sick suddenly, and it became very evident that he must die. He was reputed to be, and was, an honest man, a good father and friend, and held an honorable position among his townsmen; but when the physician told him that he could not recover, and that if he had any business arrangement which required adjusting on his own part, he had better attend to it, he was evidently worried in his mind.

He sent, finally, for his pastor, the old, gray-haired clergyman of the town, who came to console his parishioner in his last moments.

"I am troubled in my mind," said the invalid.  
"What is it, friend Ewing?"  
"It weighs heavy on me."  
"Then divulge it, and let us consult together," said the well-meaning clergyman.

Being thus encouraged to confide the matter of his troubles, he disclosed that on the day after the visit of the unknown schooner, on that May morning, he had found a note at his shop stating that if a certain number of shackles, hand-cuffs, hatchets, and other articles, which were enumerated, of iron manufacture, were made and deposited at a certain place, with secrecy, an amount of gold richly repaying their value would be found in their place on a given day.

"Did you comply with the order?"  
"I did."

"And you knew that these articles must have been wanted for some illegal and unholy use?"

"I surmised that they were."

"Then you were guilty of complicity."

"I know it, and have suffered many hours of remorse in consequence."

"Did you receive the payment?"  
"Yes."

"But did not see the purchasers?"

"No, though I watched carefully," said the sick man. "I could not discover when the articles were taken, nor did any strange sails approach the harbor."

The humble blacksmith had confessed what he felt to have been a sin, and died with his mind more at ease.

It was some two years subsequent to the death of the man Ewing, when the mysterious schooner, at nearly the same hour of the day, was again seen to approach the shore and to cast her anchor once more at the mouth of the Saugus river. That night a boat left her side, and well-laden with baggage and various materials, wound its way up the narrow water course, propelled by four men, while the schooner hoisted anchor, and one sail after another, and glided silently away to sea.

Not long afterward the dwellers along the shore found that they had some new neighbors in the thick forest that lay adjacent to the town of Lynn, and known as Saugus. It was soon discovered that the four men who had landed in this suspicious manner had selected a most secluded spot for their abode, among craggy and precipitous rocks, and shrouded on all sides by thick pines and hemlock. Close at hand was also a fine lookout which commanded a view of the coast and harbor for a great distance.

The spot to which we refer is visited by the curious to-day, and is known as the Pirate's Glen. It was supposed, many years after these men had lived here, that they had buried some of their ill-gotten wealth in the vicinity of the spot, but the earnest efforts of those who sought the possible treasure, never divulged the locality, if it existed.

The four buccaners here built a stone cottage, and dug a well, the remains of which are still extant.

The home government had its secret spies upon the coast, and the pirates were finally ferreted out, though they were unobtrusive, and only came into the village, from time to time, to renew necessary stores. For these they never failed to pay scrupulously, and then to retire again to their secret abode in the glen.

The king's spies sent word to the officers of the crown touching these men, and a cruiser one day came into the mouth of Lynn harbor, off Swampscott, dropped anchor and prepared to clear out the foul den.

A detachment of marines was landed at midnight, and, directed by a local guide, they succeeded in surprising the pirates in their beds. Though the house was surrounded, only three were secured, the fourth having made good his escape into the hills and forest.

Three of the buccaners were transported to England, where they were tried for piracy on the high seas, and were duly executed.

Their companion, who had escaped from justice, was not pursued, and seems to have been forgotten by the king's officers.

His name, as was afterward known, was Thomas Veal. He had escaped to a cavern used by the pirates to conceal their booty, and here he made his future home.

This lonely life would have been unendurable without occupation, so he taught himself to make shoes; and once a month he would bring the product of his labor into the village, and exchange his shoes for more unmanufactured stock, and also for groceries and small articles of comfort, especially tobacco, which he smoked incessantly. Veal is represented to have lived thus for some years, a hermit's life, at all times anticipating the fate which overtook his former companions.

When he came to the village of Lynn, he would sometimes indulge in the purchase of what was deemed luxuries, and when he did so, he always paid for the articles in bright, golden coin, showing that he was in no want of pecuniary means.

The inhabitant of the Pirates' Dungeon, as he was called, is referred to in the history of Lynn as being not unfrequently seen in the streets of the village, when he came to purchase, as we have said, domestic necessities, during the year 1658. But his lonely life became gradually insupportable.

Incited by his loneliness, he made a trip to Boston, only ten miles distant from his hermit's cave, and here he made the acquaintance of a woman whose character was as abandoned as his own had been. After a while he succeeded in inducing her to leave the temptations of Boston and to come and make her home at his cave in the Saugus hills. How the two lived together in that isolated condition was unknown to the villagers.

His female companion, it was said, had as good reason to fear the hand of the law as himself, and she was never seen but once after joining him at his cave, when she came into the village to obtain some needed domestic articles, which she procured, and at once hastened away, seeming to avoid all social contact.

About this time the officers of the law came to Lynn with a warrant from the home government for one Mary Hodgson. The document described the woman, and charged her with the murder of a seaman at a sailor's boarding-house which she had kept in Liverpool. By the description in the warrant it was very plain that the murderer and the companion of Thomas Veal were one and the same, and the local sheriff was called upon to arrest her and bring her to Bos-

ton, whence she was to be sent home to England for trial. Short shrift was made of such characters in those days.

The sheriff, it is said, tried to serve this warrant and to arrest the woman, but Veal appeared at the mouth of the cave well armed and told the officer that it would cost him his life if he attempted to take the woman, and the officer saw that Veal meant what he said.

"I shall take care that you do not surprise me," said the pirate; "and I can kill a score of you before you can make me yield."

The sheriff returned the warrant to the authorities of Boston, saying that it would cost the lives of a score of men to enforce it, and that he had no possible suitable to perform the service required. The authorities considered the matter, and were just about to send a proper force to accomplish the arrest, when the great earthquake occurred which caused such fear and consternation all through the New England colonies.

From the day of that catastrophe, neither Thomas Veal nor his companion were ever seen in the village. Finally a party of men got together and sought the place of the pirate's retreat, in order to ascertain what had become of him. They easily found the spot, but what was their surprise at the change which had occurred there.

The earthquake had rent the rock asunder, sending a great mass down from the face of the cliff, and thus in one minute inclosing the guilty inmates in a perpetual dungeon.

They had been buried alive.

## Temptations to Become Paupers.

Appended to Mr. William P. Letchworth's report to the Legislature of New York on the condition and care of pauper and destitute children are a series of "Notes," in which much interesting information is given.

The fathers of one hundred and thirty-two children in one poorhouse (that of Kings Co.) were reported temperate, eighty-nine intemperate, and the habits of one hundred and thirty-five could not be ascertained; the mothers of two hundred and six temperate, fifty-one intemperate, and ninety-nine uncertain. The fathers of thirty and the mothers of one hundred and seventy-nine had been or were paupers. The fathers of eight and the mothers of eight were in the penitentiary.

This permitting of so many families of children to be brought into the institution, to remain, as it were, at their pleasure, and then leave after having been corrupted by older children, who have been reared more or less in the almshouse, and whose natures are thoroughly saturated with poorhouse vices, is one of the worst features of the system.

The listless, idle habits of the poorhouse are so seductive as to confirm in pauperism the transient adult whom misfortune, for even a short time, brings within its influence. How much more is it likely to fasten itself upon children! But families here come and go in almost infinite numbers, and then repeat the process again and again. Who will assume to say that the damaging results spring from these moral contaminations are not incalculable? Such an institution comfortably warmed, where the inmates are well fed, must have that charm for youth that will draw many who are sure to come again and again, if they can plead an excuse, if for no other reason than to renew the social life begun therein. May it not be properly asked whether such an institution does not offer a temptation to individuals to become paupers?

## A Sad Fate.

The sad fate of a Mrs. Mills, of Cincinnati, teaches a lesson of the need of care in regard to fires, and of presence of mind in emergencies. Mrs. Mills had been an invalid for some weeks, but feeling better one day, commenced cutting a dress pattern. She was in front of the grate, her back to the fire, and her first consciousness of danger was the flames leaping over her shoulders. It would have been but the work of a moment to snatch a blanket from the bed and smother the flames; but her presence of mind was completely gone. She rushed, screaming, down stairs, the flames increasing at each step. She attempted to reach the cistern, but fell to the floor a blazing heap. The servant, the only person in the house, was too frightened to render any aid. Mrs. Mills' screams brought the neighbors, but not until every article of clothing was burned off the poor woman. At last accounts little hope of her recovery was entertained.

## Why He Ought to Have a Pension.

The son of a Michigan pensioner writes to Col. D. C. Cox, pension agent, giving a detailed account of the death of the pensioner, his father, aged eighty-four, and his mother, aged seventy-nine, with an account of their nine children, and then proceeds: "I have a wife and twenty children; four twins, then one, then a boy and a girl, then four girls at one time, then two girls, then a boy and a girl—twenty in all. Married in 1851. I am a pore man, my wife brot six children dreen thin ten months. We have been a shoe (show) to the nabors." His "nabors" think the pension agent can continue to pay him the pension formerly drawn by his father, and perhaps build a house for him. He thinks he deserves a pension for bringing so many persons into the world, quite as much as others for taking a less number out of the world.

## Education of Girls.

Six years' experience in the university of Michigan indicates that the co-education of the sexes in that institution is a success. The lady students, according to all reports, compare favorably with the gentlemen in health, attendance, and recitations. Moreover, it is said that there is no failure on the part of the gentlemen to extend to the ladies those respectful courtesies which are instinctively granted in outside social circles; nor do the ladies become "unwomanly" by reason of the intellectual culture and discipline they gain day by day.

## A Picture of Primitive Man.

We are to picture to ourselves, says *Science*, a people very like the Esquimaux in circumstances and activity. It lived in our own Europe, but Europe covered to a considerable extent with glaciers, and keeping up a hard and continuous resistance both to wild beasts and the rigors of a climate at once very cold and very damp. The mammoth and rhinoceros, as we have seen, were protected by thick, woolly hair, and fed upon the twigs of the abundant conifers, as fragments yet found in the interstices of the teeth and ribs show. We must not be misled as to the then climate of Europe by thinking of that of the present habitat of the elephant and rhinoceros. Even now the Bengal tiger traverses Asia as far north as latitude fifty-two degrees, and the lion and tiger are frequently met with when snow and ice are present.

The tools and weapons of the man of this age were simple indeed, but no mean skill was employed in their manufacture and use. Even with our many and marvelous inventions, one of us, cast upon some uninhabited shore, could hardly manifest more self-helpfulness. And the manner in which the dead were buried—one of the common modes of expressing a race's faith in a future life—shows the possession of some degree of spiritual development.

The indications are that the primeval man of Europe and his nearer descendants were of short stature. The popular notion that the present generation is physically weaker and smaller than the primitive or ancient, is not only utterly unfounded, but there is abundant evidence that the reverse is true. Most of us would be amazed if not shocked at a true and life size portrait of the real Eve, "mother of all living." We often hear, indeed, of giants' bones here and there dug up, but intelligent examination invariably proves them to have belonged to the mammoth or other animal.

## What an Appetite.

Little Johnny, in his composition on the ostrich, relates the following incident:

A Arab chief was lying a sleep one day, when he was woken up by feeling some thing in his trousers pockets. He saw it was an ostrich, and lay still to see what it would do. First it took out his peg top and laid it one side. Then it took out his kite string, which was wound on a stick, and put it with the top. Then all his marbles was took out, and laid away too. Then some cotton reels, and some peeces of cole, and two slate pensils, and a lump of chok, and a brass button, and some toffy, and a tack hammer, and a handle of nails, and a oyster shel, and a rubber bol, and a steel pen, which it piled up to one side; and the last thing it did was a jackknife with thirty-two blades. When it had got every thing it could find in the chiefs pockets it went and stood over the pile and et one thing after another till it had every thing et but the jackknife, when it see the chief a settin up a watchin it. So it took the jackknife and turned it over and over, and tasted it, and put it down, and pick it up again, and at last brot it to the chief and laid it down a little way off, and stood back and lookt wishful. Then the chief he said O, I see how it is, you dont like to eat such a nice mossier as that with out you get the flavor of it; you want it peeled. So the chief he opened all the blades of the knife and laid it down, and then the ostrich come up and swollowed it and smiled and licked its bil, like it said wot a delicious kanife! And the chief felt almooce as if he cud taste it hisself.

## An Unexpected Reward.

A few days since, says the *Chicago Tribune*, a portly and patriarchal gentleman might have been seen passing along Leavitt street, pausing at each house to ring the door-bell. When it was answered he always sighed heavily, and with a mournful air asked if a gentleman who wasn't known in the vicinity lived there. At last he stopped before a cottage which gave to the eye an impression of humble comfort and refinement, if not of grandeur, and rang. The mistress of the house answered the ring promptly. The old man's face lighted up with pleasure, and taking from his finger a diamond ring, the blazing solitaire in which weighed nineteen and five-sixteenth carats, and was of the purest water, he said, with a voice husky with emotion: "Take this, my dear, and this, too," talking from his pocket a roll of parchment. "That is the deed in fee simple to a mansion and corner lot on Calumet avenue, with a blank for you to fill with your name. Nay, refuse it not. I am not your long lost uncle, but I have devoted the past seventeen years of my life to seeking the woman who before answering the door-bell did not strive to peep through the window to see who was there. Good-bye," and with the agility of a boy he sprang into a magnificent barouche that was drawn by two priceless horses, waiting outside the gate, and vanished.

## An Indian Burying Ground.

A correspondent of the *Columbia (Ky.) Spectator* tells the following story: Dr. R. H. Perryman, of Casey's Creek, has made a discovery that is truly wonderful. On a perpendicular cliff not far from his house, about twenty-five feet from the bottom, is a shelving rock about one hundred yards long, sheltered from the rain and stormy blasts by an overhanging rock, which was once used by the Indians as a graveyard. Hundreds of well-preserved bodies were lying there side by side, with a thin rock slab between them. Each body has a stone vault, covered over by a thin rock, and the whole row is covered with dirt brought from a distance. It was a very cold day when the doctor made this discovery, and he opened only three of these vaults, but in each of these he found a well-preserved corpse—the hair and everything complete, but they melted to dust as soon as the air struck them. The bones remained intact, and one skeleton was of enormous size, some seven or eight feet long. In these vaults were willow baskets, ornamented with shells and various trinkets, showing the handwork of the departed. These trinkets all crumbled on coming in contact with air. This place, the doctor says, has been observed before, but there being nothing visible but dirt, has attracted no attention. The place is almost inaccessible to man, and how these bodies and these stones were got there will ever remain mysterious.

A new swindler sends around circulars with descriptions of his prime teas, and adds: "If I do not hear from you to the contrary I shall consider it an order and will send you ten pounds of the best by the 29th inst., and draw on you for the money."

## Holidays in Russia.

The national amusements of the people of Russia are simple, joyous, and peaceable, in harmony with their character. The towns all have their religious festivals. Some of the latter are of very ancient date, as, for instance, that of the Semik (*sem*, seven), celebrated the seventh Thursday after Easter, once held in honor of the goddess Tara. On that day the young marriageable girls of ancient times used to go into the dense forests consecrated to the goddess, singing songs, and performing dances, holding in their hands green boughs ornamented with ribbons. The dance over, the boughs were flung into the water, and, if they sank, it was a sign that the girls would not be married within the year. A similar custom is observed on Pentecost Monday to this day. A very gay season is the Svistki, lasting from Christmas to Twelfth Night. During these days the streets resound with joy, and people meet in the houses to dance and masquerade. The masks go from house to house, often most singularly representing scenes derived from historical reminiscences, an entertainment quite grateful to Russian taste.

Mr. Wahl gives a description of a dance called the "tehiijk," during the performance of which a strictly impassive countenance is preserved. The gentlemen, dressed in long caftans, their heads covered, and the hands in the pockets, dance in a circle before the ladies, who follow them, all the time singing. On certain accords of the music being struck, the gentlemen at once turn round, take off their caps, make a little bow, and kiss their partners with a tranquility of soul and countenance almost incredible. The towns only, of course, know of French dances.

Nothing approaching riotous conduct is ever witnessed on festive occasions, also no truss gawdy. On great holidays all the world and his wife will turn out to walk up and down the boulevards or promenades, where people pass and re-pass each other with almost silent indifference. A foreign visitor, struck by this want of animation, once put the following characteristic question to a person near him: "For what great personage's funeral are all these people assembled?"

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## THE POTTER'S FIELD.

### The Poor Pauper's Last Hope on Earth—A Sad Picture.

A Chicago paper desired to know something of the inside workings of the poorhouse. It dressed one of its reporters up as a pauper, and the enterprising Bohemian went "over the hills to the poorhouse." He tells us what he saw and experienced. Here is what he says of the place where the paupers are buried:

There is always a dismal kind of romance attached to the pauper's burial place. There is something in its ancient name, in its utterly sorrowful and cheerless character, that has rendered it peculiarly adapted to the wants of the novelist and the dramatist. Hence the Potter's Field has figured from the oldest times in fiction. Even poetry has been employed to dress up its somberness, and add to its unreal reality. The coffin of the drunkard rattling over the pavement to the pauper's graveyard is a common frontispiece upon temperance tracts, to stir the hearts of the rising generations against the terrible effects of the intoxicating bowl. And, it may be added, however often the picture is produced in the mind, whether by tract, or tale, or rhyme, or sermon, it is always fresh and effective. It may not always remain a lesson, but it invariably provokes a shudder.

When we analyze this profound feeling caused by the mere picture of the Potter's Field, it is easily seen that this sensation of mingled pity, disgust, and horror is not against the Field as a cemetery. It is at the idea of dying friendless, forlorn, and unknown. To those people who are actuated in their daily lives by ambition, yearnings for fame, establishment and popularity, the Potter's Field is most horrible. The poor and ignorant resist it from traditional pride.

The cemetery attached to the poorhouse is also the receptacle for the unknown dead from every part of the county. Being so distant from Chicago, it is little visited except by corpses. During my brief sojourn at the poorhouse, I managed to see it under circumstances which, if not of the most agreeable nature, were certainly interesting and novel. I became a semi-official—

It may be well here to state that the same beautiful system which the authorities apply to able-bodied paupers is equally applicable to the dying and the dead. Thus, suppose a patient at the hospital has but a few hours in which to breathe the mundane air; orders are issued for his coffin, and promptness of delivery is strictly enjoined. Sometimes the patient may cling to the tender thread of existence a few hours longer than was calculated upon. In that case his coffin is brought in and stood up against the door, a mute remonstrant against such useless and vain struggle with fate. As soon as dead, the body is wrapped in coarse cloth, lifted into the coffin, and carried down stairs to the dead-house in the basement. Here it remains—how long, think you? Why, until enough bodies have accumulated for a good sleigh-load. But they never have to wait long—sometimes a day, sometimes a half day. Then the sleigh is harnessed to a yoke of oxen and brought around to the door of the dead-house, the coffins are brought out and stacked up in the sleigh like cord-wood, and the procession commences.

There are three grave-diggers—inmates assigned to this duty—who accompany each load, and perform the last rites, which are truly sadder than any Christian burial. As it was my desire to accompany a party of cadavers to the Field, I ingratiated myself into the confidence of one of the grave-diggers. This grave-digger was a man of serious air, and became one of his profession. My first criticism upon his appearance was that he did not look like Hamlet's grave-digger. He who dug for poor Ophelia was not a brute. He was a cogent and a witty reasoner, and decently apparelled withal. Our poorhouse grave-digger was none of these. His clothing was unpatched, and his face was void of intelligence. In his mouth he continually carried a quid of tobacco, a daily modicum of which, I learned, was bestowed upon him as a compliment to his eminent services in behalf of the dead.

This grave-digger I captured by a series of careful advances. It was necessary to deal tenderly with him, for he became one an exalted and semi-official position, and wore a somewhat contemptuous expression toward the inferior paupers. At length I managed to introduce the subject of grave-digging, expressed my predilection for that noble profession, and stated my anxiety to become initiated into its sublime mysteries. He listened to me kindly, offered me a word of encouragement, and even said he would try and get me an opportunity to serve in that important station. On the second day of my arrival, he informed me that the oxen were to be brought out, and added that I might go along with him.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon the sleigh drove up. I followed my companion to the dead-house. On the way across the yard he pointed out to me several bed-ticks lying on the ground, and explained that they belonged to the people who had died the previous night. He said it was easy to keep track of the dead people, as one had only to count the number of ticks in the yard every morning. We found at the dead-house

two other diggers and the driver of the ox-team. There was an easy air of unconcern about every one of these men that struck me as being admirably adapted to the occasion. As we carried out the boxes and dumped them into the sleigh, various pleasant and jocular remarks were indulged in to the edification of the small crowd of paupers who stood around looking on. I had occasion to notice, among the bystanders, a little girl, crippled and pale-faced, who did not seem to enter into the spirit of the occasion, but stood looking on with wide blue eyes, expressing first wonder and then horror. She was evidently unaccustomed to these scenes. In one of the coffins there happened to be a knot-hole, at which one of the men exclaimed:

"Halloo! This un's got a windy to look out of."

The people thought this was the joke of the season. There was one exception—however, the little, crippled, pale-faced girl. She burst out crying, turned to a woman standing near and sobbed:

"Oh, Jennie! if I die, don't let those awful men come near me! Don't let me be buried here! Oh, don't!"

The woman appeared greatly affected, and led her away. Having got our passengers all aboard, the procession formed in line, and started toward the burial ground. First went the driver at the head of the ox-team, with his long whip in hand, which he cracked over the heads of the animals, accompanying each motion with vociferous remarks not always elegant. After the oxen, of course, came the hearse—I mean the sleigh—with its pile of long wooden boxes. The grave-diggers brought up the rear, and thus we passed out of the back-yard, followed by hundreds of eyes. I noticed that my companions held up their heads, and stepped with an air of conscious pride and importance.

Some distance back of the county buildings, on a bleak, open prairie, unprotected from the sun of summer and the sleet of winter, there is a little plot of ground, called by a name that is familiar to every English-speaking tongue in both hemispheres. Several long hummocks of earth alone broke the dead level. These appeared to be formed by the loose earth thrown in trenches, as, indeed, they were. Pausing at the end of these elongated hillocks we found a ditch recently dug. Without further ceremony we applied ourselves to the task of letting the boxes down side by side by means of ropes. As soon as the sleigh was unloaded the driver turned his oxen homeward, leaving us to complete the job. We shoveled the earth and snow into the trenches until they were nearly full, when we, too, shouldered our tools and marched merrily back to the poorhouse. The day's task was over. A few more papers were buried and out of the way. Out of a world of misery and want—a world of toil, vexation, and heaviness—a world which had greeted youth with a stare, had frowned upon manhood, and had persecuted and harassed old age down into the gloom of the valley of the shadow of death.

## Not Farmers.

It is stated on the authority of President Anderson of the Kansas agricultural college, that of the whole number of students leaving that institution since 1867 not one has chosen farming for a business. This does not look credible, and yet it may be true. Perhaps those young men were induced more by companionship than anything else to seek the city, and it is by no means improbable that as their minds mature they will conclude that a country life, after all, is not to be despised. Some of our best farmers began their careers in town; they obtained a good knowledge of general business, and then, after due reflection, they saw the advantages they would possess should they choose a rural life. Much, however, will depend on the kind of training the young men received in the college. It will be too bad if our agricultural schools fail to bear good fruit.

## Compounding a Felony.

In the *English House of Commons* attention was called to the fact that Lord Dudley had offered £1,000 reward for the restoration of Lady Dudley's jewel case, with the paragraph that all communications on the subject would be considered as strictly confidential, the sole object being the recovery of the missing property. Mr. Lewis, who prepared the investigation, said: I shall ask if Lord Dudley is not a magistrate, and chairman of the Quarter Sessions for the county of Worcester, and whether it is not calculated to bring discredit on the administration of justice that he should have taken such a course as to offer to receive satisfaction for a felony committed; and, finally, whether it is intended by the government to suffer such proceedings to pass unnoticed. The announcement was received with cheer.

SECRET BERRAN.—"Tell us about the butter in Armenia," said one of the audience of a Miss West, who was delivering a funny speech on Armenia, deriving the materials for her fun from her experience as a missionary in that benighted land. She responded with the interesting statement that the butter is carried there in goat skins, with the hair on the inside, and that when the missionaries want to use it they have to comb it.