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NEW NEIGHBORS.

Within the widow's scanty room,
Behind a pink geranium flower,
She sits and sews, and sews and sits,
From patient hour to patient hour.
As woman-like as marble is,
As woman-like as death might be—
A marble dust condemned to make
A faint at life perpetually.
Wondering, I watch to pity her;
Wandering, I go my restless ways,
Content, I think the undisturbed thoughts
Of free and solitary days.
Until the mournful quack begins
To drop upon the quiet street,
Until upon the pavement far
There falls the sound of coming feet—
The sound of happy, hastening feet,
Tender as kisses on the air—
Quick as if touched by unseen lips,
Blushes the little statue there;
And woman-like as young life is,
And woman-like as joy may be,
Tender with color, lithe with love,
She starts, transfixed gloriously.
Superb in one transcendent glance—
Her eyes, I see, are burning black—
My little neighbor, smiling, turns
And draws my unmade pity back.
I wonder is it worth the while
To sit and sew from hour to hour,
To sit and sew with eyes of black
Behind a pink geranium flower?
—Harper's Magazine.

After Many Years.

"Well, darling," I said, catching her two hands in mine, as we met under the trees in the loveliest corner of the square.
"I had no other words, and she did not need any."
"The old story," looking up at me, just a glance that showed her pretty eyes had been crying. "I'm here, Shirley."
"Do you guess what those three words mean? That Edna Vedery, before the first star looked out of the opal sky above us, would be my wife."
"It was the old story, you see—a penniless lover, a true-hearted little woman clinging to her faith, and a parental curse impending over both our heads."
"I drew her hand tight through my arm, and we walked away very quietly, for she was tired, and the little hand trembled against my side. She only told me that she was not afraid, that she loved me, and she would be glad to rest when it was all over, and we two safe and far away together. And so we went off, and were married."
"Then I took home my wife. It was a poor home, but she was not afraid to sweeten it with herself, and she had said that she was glad to come. She never spoke of her father and mother, and never seemed to miss them or regret that she had lost them. I never should have known it was a grief to her, but for one day. She met me when I came home at night, with her face all sparkling and her voice unsteady from excitement, and even before she kissed me, cried out:
"I've seen my mother!"
"Your mother! Has she been here?" I asked.
"Yes! Only think how glad I was—how surprised." She came and put her arms around my neck and kissed me, and forgave me," putting her arms around my neck and beginning to cry in her gladness, "and forgive you too; and she said she couldn't live and lose her only daughter. Oh, Shirley, it was the only thing more I wanted on earth! I'm so happy, darling."
"And your father?"
"He couldn't be as kind as she was," said my little wife, with her cheek on mine. "Fathers never are; but she thought she was sure, she said—that he'd forgive it all, and that she loved me just the same all the time, and that it would be all right at last, Shirley. Oh! aren't you happy too? Look glad! tell me you're glad, dear; you don't know how I wanted it!"
"I was glad, for her sake, God knows; for my own I would never have cared to look on their faces again."
"But all that was changed now. Mrs. Vedery's carriage rattled day after day down the dull street and stood at Mrs. Lecompte's door, and Edna Lecompte was, pardoned and petted as if Edna Vedery had never disobeyed. And then we were asked to dine "at home," she and I, and the old man greeted us both kindly, and kissed his daughter with two tears in his cold eyes, and seemed to bury our old enmity, as he shook my hand; and after that night it was all sunshine between us.
"But I never ceased to feel an odd chill in my heart like a prophecy or something bitter coming between us. Perhaps it was because instead of growing richer, since I married a wife, I only grew poorer, and the world outside our little room grew dark and threatening overhead, and seemed only a cold place for my unburied child to inherit.
"He came to test its tender mercies just with the early winter, and as he came, Edna was very high going out forever. She was a delicate little thing and needed so much petting and nursing, and tender care—my heart ached as many a poor man's has done before me, when I looked in the white little face which had been so rosy when I first took from her home. And instead of growing stronger, she only drooped more, like a flower in the first frost; and the child was as pale as she.
"There was a season of heavy failures and business losses; firm after firm gave way, and men went home idle, and my turn came with the rest. And I knelt down by my wife's bed, and looked into her eyes, and told her, and asked her to forgive me the wrong I had done in loving her."
"Don't feel so badly, Shirley," she

whispered, moving her head on my shoulder. "I know I'm a burden on you, darling; but I can't wish it undone, we are so happy still—we've got each other and baby, and when I think life yet for all these little troubles as pass away in!" And it can't last long; you'll get something better than what you lose. Perhaps it will be the very best thing for us, after all, that you should lose this place, and be forced to make a change."
"Perhaps it's all a chance," I said bitterly, "and I must sit here with my hands tied, and you—Edna, they were right! I was a selfish brute to draw you down to this place."
She clasped her arms around my neck and kissed me and I kissed her, and we were silent for a while, and the room grew dark in the twilight.
"Shirley," she said softly, at last, "would you be my father's heir?"
"What do you mean?"
"Mamma asked me a month ago if you would leave New Orleans and take a position in my uncle's house in New York. I never told you, because—she wanted me to go home then, Shirley; and let you go alone, and I couldn't."
"Go home!" I gathered her closer, the baby in her arms, too. "What has it come to that?"
"No," she whispered softly. "It never will; I'll go with you there, or anywhere else on earth, Shirley."
"Is it too late to take the offer now?" I asked, starting up. "Why do you ask if I'll let her go? Edna—better that she take her share, God knows—and I've done that so long. What is this place? Child, I almost got to the street corners of you if it was I?"
"Will you go and see papa?" she cried, lighting up all over her wasted little face.
"I don't know about it, only that mamma said there might be an opening for you, and it would be much better than your old place, and papa would use his influence for you. Will you go, Shirley?"
"Yes, I will," I said, stooping down to kiss her.

Something was dragging me back all the while—holding me fast to the bedside, within touch of her little hot hand, and hearing of my baby's sleepy-soft breath—but I didn't heed it. I was desperate, and her eyes drove me out into the world, to struggle with it, and win for her sake—and I went.
"So the end of it was that letters went back and forth, and in two weeks from the day that I was discharged from my clerkship, I was engaged by the New York house, of which Mr. Vedery's brother was head, at a salary that would keep Edna safe all the winter. Only—it was a desperate man's undertaking, you know—she must be in New Orleans, while I was in New York.
"A winter at the north, they said, would kill her, and I must not dream of taking her away until she was thoroughly well again."
"This was the way it happened. They were so glad to take her back—they had "forgiven" her so entirely and wanted her so, and they were so fond of little Shirley, I ought to have been willing and glad to leave them both in such tender care. I was neither; but I knew it was my duty to give her up, and I did it. I kissed her good-bye at the last, and dragged myself away from her arms that tried to hold me back even then, and the last glimpse I had of wife or child was a little, slender figure at an open window, half buried in white, soft wrappings, holding up a baby, who laughed and sprang in her arms, and whose little hand she tried to wave to me.
"Then came the lonely winter at the north—the silent starvation of my heart through nights and days, the longing impatience, hope. It only lasted a little while. I knew I should have her in the spring, in a home of our own I had planned already."
"It was in March when her letters, which had come faithfully all winter on their stated days, failed suddenly. A week went by without a message from New Orleans; and when it came at last it was written in another hand.
"It was a long letter, but I never read it through. I only read three lines; that told me she was dead, that my baby was buried in her arms. The yellow fever had broken out in the city, and my two were among the first to go. Her parents had left New Orleans, and before their letter reached me would have sailed for England.
"So I never saw the little, white wrapped figure and the laughing baby any more.
"I never saw either of their parents again.
"It was better for us all, Mr. Vedery had said that the interference should cease with Edna's and the child's death; and, God knows, I felt so, too.
"So I lived on in New York alone, and rose in the firm, traveled, and made money; and wandered from city to city at last, successful in everything, that I touched, without a trouble or anxiety in my life—only the burden of my empty heart. I was thirty years old when my darlings died; I had plenty more years to live, and death was still a long way off. People called me a young man still, after my hair was very gray, and I seemed to have grown old and tired down to my heart's core. And the years went by heartily; and I was forty-eight, and my hair white.
"It was at Fleming's house that I met Harriet Stanhope. She was a cousin of his wife's and an attractive woman—not a girl—the sort of woman whom everyone calls interesting; clever, and cultivated to the utmost, sweet natured, and adapted and good, with even more than a woman's share of tact.
"I had not known her very long before I could talk to her of the story that she knew already, and tell her about the day when I looked back and saw the little figure in the window holding up my child for me to see.
"Well, you have guessed already, I suppose, at the end of this beginning. I never loved Harriet Stanhope—never.

She found me mostly at first, and very reluctantly, and then with a great shock, that this woman cared for me, and I began to think of the possibility of her taking up my life again; at last, and to outward seeming—Edna's empty place.
"She was lonely, and I was, with no very pleasant home, and stormy of outlook to her. I never could bear the sight of a solitary and ill-dressed woman, and this woman touched all my old sympathies. I gave her that, and my friendship most freely and sincerely, and that was all. But I began to think that yet, without love life might be sweetened a little, and so I said to myself that I would marry her. I did not mean to marry her. I had known her for two years before I had thought of it, and then it was long before the idea took a definite shape. I was traveling in the West, and one of the letters which reached me at a large town in Ohio, decided the last doubt that was in my mind. I read it twice, and then walked the floor all night, and lived my life over in memory, and reached for the future to plan out what I would do—what I must do if God preserved it—and then I sat down to write to Harriet.
"It was only natural that I should dream that night of Edna. She came to me at dawn and stood by the bedside with the child—my son, who bore my name and was so like me. And she told me that she had never died at all, but had been waiting for me all these years, and God had kept her young, and the baby was a baby yet—only he would call me "father," and the word was ringing in my ears when I woke.
"I thought of her while dressing, and I went down stairs at last, the letter in my breast pocket, sealed and directed to Harriet, and was dreaming of a woman older and fairer than she, when into my dream, stole a voice, and the sound of my own name.
"It is everything ready, Shirley dear?" I looked up. There were two people at the little round table nearest mine—a lady, quietly dressed, as if for traveling, in black, without a touch of color, and a tall, straight, broad-shouldered strapping, with a young face and eyes like hers. I knew they were mother and son before he answered her.
"All ready. The train starts in an hour. You've got nothing at all to do, Madam Mere, but to sit and read a novel, or look out of the window till I call you."
"And I'm going up to my room, she had a sad face, and her face was browned with a look of trouble. Her eyes were brown. I looked into them, and all my youth-time looked back again, and I saw the old house, in the old street in New Orleans, and the face in the window, and heard the baby's hands putting on the window-pane. Only two brown eyes, and a sweet voice, and a man's name spoken softly to call up all that witchery."
"She arose from the table almost that minute.
"I don't want the strawberries, Shirley—I'm going up to my room, and, if you want to read a novel, you must run out and get me one. I've packed everything, and I want some light reading for the cars."
"Her dress was sweeping by my chair as she spoke, and stirred my senses—fast asleep for so long—came a soft, violet scent. I was going mad, I believe. As if no woman but Edna Lecompte had ever uttered that faint, subtle perfume!
"I started up and strode out of the dining-room, following those two, and saw the mother go up the stair case—a slight, daintily moving little figure, with a touch of girlish grace in it still—while the son passed on before me to the office of the hotel. He went and leaned over the desk and spoke to the clerk, in his cheery, fresh voice; and I stood near him, turning the leaves of the hotel register."
"Mrs. Shirley Lecompte."
"Shirley Lecompte, New York City."
"I turned and put my two hands on his shoulders. I could have taken him to my heart and kissed his forehead and his hair, but I did not say one word for a minute, while he flashed his brown eyes round on me with a half angry little frown.
"Are you Shirley Lecompte's son? Where—where is your father?"
"My father is dead. That was his name," looking straight into my face. And then I dropped my hands.
"I was your father's friend, my boy—I can see his looks in you; and your mother. Will you take me to your mother, Shirley?"

Well, I have forgiven him—the man who stole the sweetness out of life for me; he is dead and buried, and Edna is alive. Twenty years ago a forged letter told her that she was a widow, and the old man and his wife had their daughter back again; twenty years she kept her life sacred to my memory, and loved me in her old age, and waited for another world to give her into my arms again. She told it all to me that day—a long, long story; but this was the sum of it. I was dead and was alive again—was lost and was found.
"And my life had its aim and crown, even so late; my love blossomed new, and my heart warmed, flushed with the old dead love—we were happy, Edna and I. Out of the baby's grave rose up my strong, manly son to carry my name in honor and pride; it will have a nobler meaning when I am gone than it ever had in the past."
"The whole number of locomotives in the world is estimated at fifty thousand of which nearly fifteen thousand are in the United States, and nearly eleven thousand in Great Britain. The aggregate horse power is estimated at ten millions, and all the engines in the United States—locomotives, marine and stationary—are supposed to foot up fourteen millions horse-power.
"Coolness and absence of heat and haste indicate fine qualities.—Emerson.

Some Scottish Proverbs.

For the illustration of my subject I have gone to that grand old storehouse of "sententious truisms and commonsense," the Book of Scotch Proverbs.
"And first, let us take those which refer to that worst of all good things, money. "Baith weal and woe," says the proverb, "come aye wi' world's gear." And again, "There's a slippery stair afore the ha' door." And, again, "Muckle corn, muckle care." And, again, "Content is nae bairn o' wealth;" "He that has muckle would aye hae mair." And, again, "Money mak's and moneys mair." And, again, "Poverty is the mother o' health." "Money aye's gear is moneys aye's death." And yet again, "A penny in my purse will gae me drink when my friend's winna."
"Then we have those which refer to fair and fine things, such as:
"Beauty is but skin deep."
"Bonnie hirls are aye the worst singers."
"A fat housekeeper mak's lean executors."
"Fair folk are aye fusionless."
"Fire and water are guide servants but bad masters."
"Fat hens are ill-layers."
"Bees that hae honey i' their mouths hae stings i' their tails."
"Glib is the tongue's aye glasket at the hairt."
"A green yule mak's a fat kirkyard."
"Ripe fruit is soonest rotten."
"Nearest the king, nearest the waddy."
"Muckle pleasure, muckle pain."
"A' are good lasses, but whar do the ill wives come frae?"
"A dink maiden aft mak's a dirty wife."
"A braw thing needs twa to set it aff."
"A new pair o' breeks will east down an auld coat."
"An ilka-day braw mak's a Sabbath-day's daw."
"Fair words winna mak' the pot boil."
"Love over het soon cools."
"A kiss and a tinniefu' o' cauld water mak's a gey wersh breakfast."
"The higher the hill, the laiguger the gres."
"Another lot of wise saws deal with the cardinal virtues:
"Penny-wise, pound-foolish," for example.
"Spare at the spigot, and let out at the bung-hole."
"He that counts a' costs will ne'er pit pleugh i' the grum."
"He that lives on hope has a slim diet."
"He that's first up is nae aye first served."
"A friend to a' is a friend to name."
"Quick believers need broad shoulthers."
"A haddon tongue mak's a slobbered mon."
"An inch o' gude-luck is worth a fathom o' forecast."
"At open doors, dogs gae ben."
"A man o' many trades may beg his bread on Sundays."
"Them that gae jumpin' awa', aft come jumpin' hame."
"The willing horse is wrocht to death."
"Help is gude at a' thing except the brose-eg."

Fish as Food.

As a source of nutriment, as a field of profitable industry, extending enormously the area of food production, admitting of vast expansion, which can be worked at every season of the year, requiring no outlay in seed or tillage, and to artificial stimulants to renew their harvest, (for the fisherman reaps where he has not sown and gathers where he has not scattered), the British sea fisheries deserve the consideration of all who feel how largely the comfort and well-being of a people rest upon that humble but solid basis—abundant and ripe-priced food. It may be roughly estimated that London actually consumes 800,000 fat cattle, which at an average of six hundred weight each would amount to 90,000 tons of beef. At the present time there are certainly not less than 900 trawling vessels engaged in supplying the London market with fish; and assuming the annual take of each vessel to be only ninety tons this would give a total of 81,000 tons of trawled fish; but this computation is irrespective of the vast quantities of herrings, mackerel, sprats, and fish caught by lines, drift-nets, and seines. An acre of land properly tilled will produce every year a ton of corn or three hundred weight of mutton or beef; but an area of good fishing ground of the same extent at the bottom of the sea will yield to a persevering fisherman a considerably greater quantity of nutritious food every day in the year. It was computed by the late Mr. Mayhew in his work on the "London poor" that during the months of October and November, or what is termed the costermongers' fish season, 80,000,000 of herrings are disposed of in the streets of London alone, providing a cheap and wholesome meal for thousands and ten of thousands of the humble class of the metropolis. The prejudice against a fish diet which was long current was based upon the assumption that it yielded but little nutriment. The result, however, of an analysis of various kinds has proved that they contain nearly as much albuminous matter as the flesh of quadrupeds—hence, as flesh-producing food, fish is nearly equal to beef. The herring contains, moreover a large quantity of oleaginous matter in addition to its albuminous principle, by which its nutritious properties are considerably increased. It is evident, therefore, that fish were designed to occupy an important place in the sustenance of mankind, and it certainly contributes agreeably to that variety of diet by which the human frame is maintained in its degree of vigor and health. Nitrogen is a well known and important vital

stimulant, and the proportion of nitrogen relatively to carbon, estimated in grains, is in flesh meat as 100 to 2,580, and in herrings 517 to 1,435. Fish is a flesh and muscle, not a fat producing aliment, as is obvious from the appearance of our seafaring population, who are spare, sinewy, and strong, and free from those mountains of flesh and masses of blubber which characterize the prosperous beef-eating Englishman, and have from time immemorial typified the traditional John Bull.—Blackwood.

Christmas Festivities.

From an article in Appleton's *American Cyclopaedia*, revised edition, entitled "Christmas," we select as follows: The common custom of decking the houses and churches at Christmas with evergreens is derived from ancient Druid practices. It was an old belief that sylvan spirits might flock to the evergreens, and remain unharmed by frost till a milder season. The holly, ivy, rosemary, bay, laurel, and mistletoe, furnished the favorite trimmings, which were not removed till Candlemas. In old church calendars Christmas eve is marked, *Tempta coramtor* (the temples are adorned). Holly and ivy still remain in England the most esteemed Christmas evergreens, though at the two anniversaries the windows of the college chapels are decked with laurel. It was an old English superstition, that on Christmas eve the oxen were always found on their knees, as in an attitude of devotion, and that after the change from old to new style, they continued to do this only on the eve of old Christmas day. This was derived from a prevalent medieval notion that an ox and an ass, which were present at the nativity, fell on their knees in a suppliant posture, as appears from numerous prints, and from the Latin poem of Sannazaro, in the sixteenth century. It was an ancient tradition, alluded to by Shakespeare, that midnight spirits forsake the earth and go to their own confines at the crowing of the cock. The Christmas celebrations in England have lost their primitive boisterous character, the gambols and carols are nearly gone by, and family reunions and evergreen trimmings are nearly all that remain of the various rough merriments which used to mark the festival. The last memorable appointment of a lord of misrule was in 1627, when he had come to be denominated "a grand captain of mischief."

A Lesson for Brakemen.

A railroad brakeman, who had been celebrating his grandfather's birthday, was arraigned before a Detroit police court. "You run on the cars, eh?" asked the court. "Yes, sir." "And you belong to that class of men who open the door at the train stops at Pontiac, and yell out 'Up-yack' at the passengers." The man was silent. "It makes my bones boil to think how I've been used on these railroads," continued His Honor. "The seats are locked, the water cooler empty, the windows won't stay up, and every few minutes you open the door and cry out 'Jawkun' for Jackson, or 'Ki-a-zoo' for Kalamazoo. I believe I'll mark you for six months." "Please, sir—" protested the prisoner. "I must strike a blow at this great evil somewhere, and I might as well commence on you." "Please, sir, I was never here before, and it's my first drunk in four years." His Honor leaned back and chewed the corner of a blotting pad while he reflected. Finally he said: "Well, I'll let you go, though I'll be blamed for it. Now, sir, after this you want to adopt a different style. When the train approaches a station, you want to go through the car like a cat, smile gently, and say in quiet tones: 'Ladies and gentlemen, this train is now in the outskirts of the beautiful city of Ypsilanti, and such of you as desire to step off will please make ready; and may health and prosperity ever attend you.' What an innovation that would be, sir! How the traveling public would rush for your road! Will you do this, Mr. Wellington?" The prisoner promised, and was allowed to go.

The "Shooting Fish."

Those who study the perfectibility of aquariums, says the *Pitt Mall Gazette*, should send to Java for specimens of the "shooting fish" (*Chelodan rositatus*), which a correspondent of the *Madras Standard* describes as now frequently made a sort of pet of, and found in proper receptacles in respectable native houses. A small stick is fastened in the reservoir, projecting some two feet above the level of the water, and when the fish is to exhibit a large fly or other insect is lightly fastened on it. The fish swims round the stick once or twice to examine the object; then, rising to the surface, remains for a few seconds motionless, and suddenly ejects a few drops of water at its intended prey with a noise not unlike that of a squirt, generally bringing the mark down with the first shot. If this fails, however, he repeats his circuit of observation, pauses again apparently to measure his distance, and then discharges at the fly once more. This curious pet is described as seldom reaching ten inches in length, and being of a plain yellowish color, marked with dark stripes.

The Dairyman's Commandments.

We commend to the particular attention of all whom it may concern, the following, from "The Dairyman's Ten Commandments": "Thou shalt not commit adultery by adulterating thy milk with burnt sugar, chalk, soda, or any ingredient or compound whatsoever; nor by giving stuff to thy cow; nor by means, trick, device or process known or unknown to the naturally depraved. The laws of the state, the health of the community, and the lives of the people, especially of the hosts of little ones, who are likened unto the kingdom of heaven cry out against his unpardonable sin."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen in adversity.
If your wife is good, kiss her for reward. If she isn't kiss her for punishment.
A vain man can never be altogether rude. Desirous as he is of pleasing, he fashions his manners after those of others.—Goethe.
Cowardice asks, is it safe? Expediency asks, is it politic? Vanity asks, is it popular? But Conscience asks, is it right?—Punahon.
The study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity. It is delightful at home and unobtrusive abroad.
Lying is trying to hide in a fog; if you move about, you are in danger of bumping your head against the truth; as soon as the fog blows up you are gone anyhow.
Some persons are capable of making great sacrifices, but few are capable of concealing how much the effort has cost them, and it is this concealment that constitutes their value.
A good test for gold or silver is a piece of lumps caustic, fixed with a pointed stick of wood. Slightly wet the metal to be tested, and rub it gently with the caustic. If gold or silver, the mark will be faint; but if an inferior metal, it will be quite black.
Miracles cannot be got out of the Bible, either by natural explanation or by figurative interpretation. Nor is it of any use to abate something here or there, to set aside this or that miracle entirely, or to conceive its miraculous quality to be less miraculous; for the least miracle is as incomprehensible as the greatest.
A lady in Paris is introducing a new fashion in regard to furniture. She is having all her chairs, sofas, and even her carriage, stuffed with aromatic herbs, which fill the air with an agreeable, but not too powerful perfume. The fashion is derived from the Eastern nations, and prevails extensively over a considerable part of Asia.
A very ingenious method of making inland or mosaic work in the wood has lately been introduced. Two contrasting kinds of veneer—say bird's-eye maple and black walnut—are laid one on the other and confined between the covers of white wood or something similar. The desired design is then cut through the whole by a fine jig saw, hardly larger than a horse-hair. The part that is cut out of the light-colored veneer is that set into the place of the corresponding part in the dark veneer, and vice versa, and glued firmly upon the article to be ornamented, in the usual manner of veneering.
Traveling in the interior of Brazil a gentleman put up for a night at a farmhouse furnished in the primitive style of the country; but on the table in company with a long-tallow candle, were placed a handsome pair of plated snuffers and its stand, which the owners had received as a present from Rio Janeiro. "What conveniences you have in Europe!" said the Brazilian to his guest. "Before I received this present, I used to take the candle snuff, to throw it about the floor—perchance on the bench where I was sitting, or over my clothes; but now mark the difference." So saying, he pinched off the long snuff between his thumb and finger, put it carefully into the snuffers, and held them up with a look of triumph at his highly amused spectator.
The banishment of lepers is rigorously carried out in the Sandwich Islands. There was a recent official search for persons affected with the incurable malady, many having been selected by their relatives. Hundreds were found and put into a vessel for transportation to the leper village, to be kept there until they die. Their families gathered on the beach and expressed their grief in loud lamentations. A talented half-breed, called Bill Ragsdale, has long held a high place in the regard of Sandwich Islanders. He is an orator of great natural power, a leader in the district of Hillo and a man of notoriously bad morals. He discovered that he was leprosy, although the indications were so slight that he had escaped official notice, and at once gave himself up to the authorities. A procession of natives, singing and carrying flowers, escorted him to the vessel which was to take him and the others to their living graves. He made a speech to the assembly, urging submission to the measures for eradicating leprosy by banishment, and expressing his hatred of missionaries.
"One who gathers sapphire—dreadful trade." Few know to what Shakespeare refers. We find that this perilous trade is still "extensively practiced in the Isle of Wight; it is a small ancient plant, found in abundance in the hollow of the cliffs, and is much used throughout England as a pickle. The chief inducement its collectors have to follow the risky calling is, we are told, the hope of at the same time securing the eggs and feathers of the various sea birds which build their nests on the ledges and in the crevices of the cliffs, from the sale of which a good profit is derived. In order to get at either sapphire or eggs, the men fasten a rope to an iron bar, which they have driven firmly into the ground, and then placing themselves on a rude seat formed of two pieces of wood placed one across the other, they lower themselves by means of a second rope down the face of the cliff. The practice seems to be extremely dangerous, and many persons have lost their lives while engaged in it. Myriads of rarer ducks, gulls, gull-mots, etc., haunt the cliffs, and when a gun or pistol is fired they rise suddenly from a thousand crevices, until the very air is darkened with them.