

From Our Own Correspondent.

LANSING, April 18, 1878.

Well, the election vacation, like the election itself, passed without casualties, and the members of the Legislature have all been kindly spared to respond to roll call and draw their per diem as usual. Indeed, I am not sure but an occasional vacation is defensible on the grounds of economy. They seem to have got a hint from some source that less talk and more work would not be incompatible with the character of a popular legislator. At least they have "buckled down" the work, and passed more bills during the past week than during any two former weeks.

THE MOSHER BILL.

Perhaps the event of the week was the discussion by the House of the Mosher prohibitory liquor law, which was made the special order for Tuesday evening and the debate continued Wednesday forenoon. There was a large attendance of spectators but they evidently went away disappointed for the discussion was a rather tame affair throughout. A good part of the time was taken up in offering, discussing and voting on amendments designed to make the original bill more or less objectionable, this so-called "amending" being a game that two can work at. The most notable amendment was one offered by Representative Cheney, a staunch Prohibitionist, to the effect that the bill be submitted to a popular vote next April, and if the people approved of it then it should become a law in June following and if they didn't approve of it, then it should become a law anyway but not till the year 1880. To this it was objected that the Legislature had once before submitted such a law to the people for approval and the Supreme Court had pronounced it unconstitutional as the Legislature had no right to delegate its legislative powers to any body whatever. The amendment was then dropped and a vote to suspend the rules and place the bill on its immediate passage with a view to killing it, failed of the necessary two-thirds vote. The vote upon this question may be given as showing very nearly the strength of the two parties in the House, the friends of the bill voting in the negative:

Yeas—Messrs. Bowen, Campbell, Carleton, Cottrell, Donnelly, Estabrook, Girardin, Geibel, Greene, Griffin, Henderson, Holt, G. H. Hopkins, Jackson, Knight, Kuhn, Kurt, May, McAllister, McCormick, McGurk, McNabb, Miller, Moore, Noah, Noeker, Potholp, Raker, Powers, Prosser, Robinson, Sawyer, Shattuck, Stanchfield, Stearns, Stevens, J. Strong, Turck, Turnbull, Veemfist, Walton, Ward, White, Yerkes, Young—47.

Nays—Messrs. Abbott, Allen, Baldwin, Barnes, Eppert, Blackwood, Bradley, Briggs, Bradford, Brown, Burton, Carpenter, Cheney, Catechun, Ferguson, Francis, Gould, Granger, James, Hall, Hamilton, Hill, Johnson, Loubach, Ladington, Lewis, Little, Mosher, Moulton, Oliver, Palmer, Parsons, Phelps, Raymond, Robertson, Reed, Sherwood, S. A. Strong, Thompson, Thorpe, Thwait, Wilkins, Yeoman and the Speaker—45.

ABSENTEES—Messrs. Bede, Chase, Curtis, Eaton, S. W. Hopkins, Ross, Sharts and Willett—8.

REFORM SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

The various bills offered for the establishment of a State home or industrial school for girls, have been boiled down into a substitute which is now before the House. It provides that the school shall be open to girls and young women of the ages from 10 to 20; that the inmates may be committed by magistrates and, also, by judges of probate; that the institution shall be penal and reformatory in its character, and also that it shall be an industrial school. Provision is also made for providing homes for the inmates when they shall be considered reformed.

GENERAL ITEMS.

The portrait of Gov. Crosswell, presented by Prof. Bradish, will be added to the portraits in the Governor's room. The Senate is to wrestle with the liquor bills on Tuesday. The Senate bill for the new compilation of the laws was taken up and partly considered by the House committee of the whole. It was re-referred to the Committee on Printing for amendment, one of which amendments will be to throw open to competition the contract for printing. Quite a respectable number of delegates of Detroiters have been here the past few days in the interest of the bill authorizing that city to issue bonds to the extent of \$700,000 for the purchase of Belle Isle and a bridge to reach it.

Mrs. Goddard says: "The different styles of painting flowers do not come entirely from different theories of art, or different degrees of refinement of intellect; they come from different kinds of vision. People see flowers quite differently. One of the most popular writers on flowers and scenery expressed great surprise at hearing a friend speak of the brilliant colors of wild flowers, of the intense yellow of dandelions and buttercups, and wood-waxen and golden-rod; of the blaze of red lilies; of the living blue in apple blossoms, and the living blue in violets, delicate as the hues of both are. To this person, also, a student of flowers, there was no intensity in their coloring; everything was subdued, and the realistic style of painting seemed to her rude and coarse, like very loud talking, or aggressive and noisy manners. This difference in sight makes the difference in opinion of flower-painting."

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Spring.

Dip down upon the northern shore,
O sweet new year, delaying long;
Thou dost expectant nature wrong,
Delaying long; delay no more.
What stays thee from the dawning noon,
Thy restlessness from its proper place?
Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the Summer months?
Bring on, bring on the fox-glove spike,
The little seed-well's darling blue,
Deep tulips dashed with daisy-dew,
Laburnums, drooping-wools of fire.
O thou, new year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
That longs to burst a frozen bud,
And flood a freer throat with song.

Under the Willows.

Under the willows down by the stream,
Where the drooping boughs in the soft wind
Sway,
The clear wave dances, the sun-rays gleam,
I stand in the shade of the willow-tree,
O my maid in the willow-tree,
O my maid in the willow-tree,
The maid is carolling blithe and sweet,
The tall fern-fronds in the wind wave free,
And the silver river rolls at my feet.
Over the water so blue and clear
The lilies are spreading their waxy bloom;
And memory rises from off her bier,
And breaks the seals of her living tomb.
Is it but a year since the change was made?
It seems a cycle—or do I dream?
I stood in the sunshine and not in the shade,
Under the willows down by the stream.
And once was standing beside me here—
How the soft wind played with her sunny hair!
As she lifted eyes as the crystal clear,
Who'd have thought that falsehood was lurking
There?
The small clasped hands and the blue eyes
Schooled
To tender glance, and the hair's soft
Fold—
How many men have been since befooled
By the violet eyes and the locks of gold?
Twas the old, old story of love betrayed;
Still my heart throbs faint to that by-gone
Shock,
Well, time laces the wound that time hath
Made;
Where once I trusted I've learned to mock
Now, however much I may long and yearn
To believe in love as a gift brought,
Love must be earned, as I can learn.
The lesson hard that her falsehood taught.
Well, I am young! And the years that roll
Will bring me healing—so much I know—
Lift this weight of death from my living soul,
Give me back the faith of the long ago.
How far that path, so long, so long
To this spot, so twined with my youth's
Bright dream,
Be no more remembered that tale they tell,
Those whispering willows down by the stream!

Heaven-Encompassed Infancy

The following tribute to the golden
innocence of childhood, which is culled
from the pages of the London *Family
Herald*, for beauty of conception and
fulness of testimony has probably never
been excelled. We fail to find in
it the celebrated saying of Goethe,
"Children are the flowers of the hu-
man world," but the numerous tender
and almost sublime references to the
writings of others in relation to the
beauties of childhood, we feel assured
will awaken responsive chorus in the
hearts of many of our readers. A still
greater than all these writers has spoken
on the same subject, saying in the
well-known words, "Suffer little chil-
dren to come unto me, and forbid
them not, for of such is the King-
dom of Heaven."

As Shakespeare, taking a broadly
dramatic view of human life, has lea-
ned out histrionically in seven ages,
so Wordsworth, in that Ode on In-
timations of Immortality which even
the least addicted to admiration of
Wordsworth are constrained to admire
has, from another standpoint, for other
purposes, selected four stages of
progress—and yet not altogether of
progress, for the latter stages are char-
acteristic rather of decline and fall. The
starting-point is divine, in *eccelesias*, of
celestial parentage and surroundings.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy.
That is the first stage—a very different
one from Shakespeare's of the infant
mewling and puking in its nurse's
arms. But Wordsworth's divine infan-
cy—the soul that rises with us, our
life's star, that cometh from afar, for
"trailing clouds of glory do we come
from God, who is our home"—all too
soon is overcast and darkened. Shades
of the prison-house begin to cloud up
on the growing-boy. Boy is the sec-
ond stage. The third is the youth,
whose daily travel is further and
further from the East, although "the
vision splendid" still encompasses his
pathway, or at least illumines it at a
distance. But at length the man—and
here the fourth stage is reached—the
man perceives that vision die away,
"and fade into the light of common
day"—the Heaven that lay about his
infancy is removed like a scroll, the
glory is departed, his sun is gone
down while it is yet day.

In the fourth book of his "Excursion"
the poet apostrophizes the Author of
life in a strain which recalls his
ode on heaven-encompassed infan-
cy.

"Thou, who didst wrap the cloud
Of infancy around us, that Thyself
Therewith with our simplicity a while
Might'st hold, on communion undisturb-
ed."

Wordsworth's quasi-Platonism has
been carried farther by more pro-
nounced transcendentalists. Alcott
regarded children as new arrivals from
a higher world—a notion which one of
his biographers gently ridiculed by
putting down accurately the conversa-
tion Alcott had with a child, and in
which the child, not being aware that
he was expected to give intimation of
immortality, answered the questions
put to him in a straightforward and
pragmatic way. For instance, on Alcott
eyes upon this world, and sees things
out of itself, and has the feeling of ad-
miration, is there in that feeling the
beginning of worship, the boy very sen-
sibly replied, "No, Mr. Alcott, a little
baby does not worship." We are re-
minded of a somewhat cynical passage
in *Aurora Leigh*, starting from the
smile of a mother that asks her baby,
"You'll think that star you think?"

Babies grow, and lose the hope of things above;
A silver threepence sets them leaping high—
And no more stars mark that!

If children are, as alleged, for the most
part stupid and prosaic, they are at any
rate nearer poetry than they ever will
be hereafter; and, unless the imagination
is stifled, it will ordinarily be a
little excited by many of the incidents
of childhood, and by many of the beau-
tiful sights which they see for the first
time. A sunset, or a beautiful morn-
ing, or the colors of a butterfly, or a
pretty bird, go to the heart of a fami-
liar child, and seem to open to it bound-
less visions of Heaven on earth.
The regrets are as keen as the retros-
pect is familiar in Hood's remem-
brances—
I remember, I remember the fir-trees dark and
high,
I used to think their slender tops were close
against the sky.

It was a childish ignorance, but now 'tis little
joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven than
when I was a boy.

Every man, says Paul Flemming,
has a paradise around him till he sins,
and the angel of an accusing conscience
drives him from his Eden. And even
then there are holy hours when this
angel sleeps, and man comes back,
and with the innocent eyes of a child,
looks into his lost paradise again—
into the broad gates and rural soli-
tude of nature. "If I love anything
in the world," testifies Lorna Doone
as John Ridd, "foremost I love children."
They warm, and yet they cool our
hearts, as we think of what we were,
and what in young clothes we hoped
to be, and how many things have
crossed. To see our motives moving
in the little things that know not
what their aim or object is must al-
ways, or ought at least, to lead us home
and soften us. "For either end of life
is home, both source and issue being
God," Schopenhauer, himself without
God in the world, took great inter-
est in children, as having no concep-
tion of the inexorableness of natural
laws and the inflexible persistency of
everything to its own entity; the child
thinks even lifeless things will bend a
little to its will, because he feels him-
self at one with nature, or because he
believes it friendly towards him.
Dante describes, or Marco Lombardo
for him how

From his plastic hand who charmed be-
holds
Her image ere she yet exist, the soul
Comes like a babe, that wants sportively,
artless, and as ignorant of aught,
Save that her Maker, being One who dwells
With gladness ever, willingly she turns
To whate'er yields her joy.

From our own recollection of our-
selves, and our experience of children,
we know, Dr. Newman argues, that
there is in the infant soul a discern-
ment of the unseen world in the things
that are seen—a realization of what is
sovereign and adorable, and an in-
voluntary and ignorant about what is
sovereign and changeable, which marks
it as the "fit emblem of the matured
Christian when weaned from things
temporal and living in the intimate
conviction of the Divine Presence." It
is in keeping with his friend Keble's
verse

O tender gem, and full of Heaven,
Not in the twilight stars on high!
Not in moist flowers of even,
Nor see our God so nigh.

Mrs. Browning's rhapsody of Life's
Progress starts from infancy as it lies
still "on the knees of a mild Mystery"
—when the heavens seem as near as
our own mother's face is, and we think
we can touch all the stars that we
see, and all things look strange in the
pure golden ether. So, again, her stan-
za on a child asleep tell how such
"folded eyes bring brighter colors than
the open ever do," and how vision unto
vision calleth, while the young child
dreameth on—"Now he hears the child-
ren's voices folding silence in the room
—now he muses deep the meaning of
the Heaven-words as they come." A
later minstrel, who has since become a
power in the State, expatiates on the
joy of renewing, with his sister, in fan-
cy's lands of light, the search for those
bright birds

Of plumage so ethereal in its hue,
And sweeter than all mortal words,
Which some good angel to our childhood sent
With messages from Paradise flowers.
So lately left, the scent of Eden bowers
Yet lingered in our hair, where'er we went.

So, too, one of America's foremost
bard is reminded by a simple robin's
song of the time
When I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing,
Which some good angel to our childhood sent
With messages from Paradise flowers.
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

Not be forgotten the same poet's pic-
ture of that Irene, right from the heart
of God whose spirit came, and who had
never forgotten whence it came, nor
wandered far from thence,
But laboureth to keep her still the same.
Near to her place of birth, that she may not
Soil her white garments with an earthly spot.
So again, in one of his lyrics, he hails
the little one with a summons, "Come
to me, O Children!" to whisper in
his ear what the birds and the winds
are singing in their sunny atmosphere.
It was to Charles Dickens that he was
writing, and of little Paul Dombey
he was thinking, when Lord Jeff-
rey, in one of his effusive gushing let-
ters—so unlike the blue and yellow
critic and castigator he once had been
—expatiated on that fearless innocence
which goes playfully to the brink of
the grave; and he added, with a retros-
pective glance that may be presumed
to take in Little Nell, "In reading
of these delightful children, how deep-
ly do we feel that 'of such is the king-
dom of Heaven, and how ashamed of
the contaminations which our manhood
has received from our contact of earth."
and wonder how you should have been
admitted into his pure communion,
and so 'presumed an earthly guest, and
drawn presumptuous' though for his
benefit and instruction." Mr. Jules Si-
mon, in one of his treatise on Liberty,
adverts to the mysterious and unbound-
ed sympathy which exists between a
mother and a child, and which often,
he alleges, will, in one day, teach
the meaning and power of virtue to
the mother who had forgotten it.
For a master of teaching, a doctor of
learning, is this child, who knows nothing
in the world, but who diffuses all
around him the divine contagion of
innocence. And to the child himself
all the earth is beautiful, and, as Mr.
Froude says in his eloquent essay on
the Use and Meaning of History, "all
life is divine; God is very near him in
his ways, hears all his words, sees all
his actions, and listens to the whisper
of his feelings; and for the child, in the
roll of the sea, in the blue sky, in the
light floating clouds, in the green love-
liness of the summer trees, and in the
solemn forest shades, an ineffable mys-
terious Presence is for ever breathing.
"The business and the facts of life are
without meaning to him. In this
Presence he has his being, and all he
sees around him is but an expression
of its power." Thus the poet describes
the child as come freshly to us out of

some more real world of spirits,
in which he had his earlier dwelling;
and our material world into which he
is exiled is steeped in the far remem-
brance of his other home, which Earth,
his foster-mother, in vain would tempt
him to forget. "Time goes on, and
these visions fade and grow indistinct;
they pass away out of the course of
our lives, and only startle us at mo-
ments." At last, the enchantment
passes off, and the gleaming imagina-
tion of childhood is superseded by a
barren and hard materiality. For, as
Mr. Browning's apologetic prelate
words it—
Time and earth case-harden us to life;
The feeblest sense is trusted most; the child
Feels God a moment, lingers o'er the place,
Flays on, and grows to be a man like us.

More or less, argues the clerical and
aesthetic author of the Letters to Eusebi-
us, all are born poets—to make, to
combine, to imagine, to create; but
very early does the time come when
most of us when we are impelled to
put away, as the world calls it, the
"childish things." The infant's dream
is a creation, says a feminine critic,
and perhaps as beautiful as we know
it must be pleasing; for there are no
smiles like infant smiles. The beau-
tiful is, by a French philosopher, desig-
nated, if not defined, as the remem-
brance of what we adored in the morn-
ing of life—in that age of gold, when
all of us children of God, whatever we
may be now, we flowered unconscion-
ally with the fresh primroses of song,
and were poets unawares. *Du ciel son
age a souvenir*, sings Beranger of child-
hood—"I remember, like the sea-shell,
its august abode, has sight of that im-
mortal sea, and hears the mighty
waters rolling evermore."

And philosophy teaches what es-
pecial philosophical value childhood
has—the interest of the fresh trout,
springing amidst the hills to the trav-
eller who knows the length it has to
traverse and the space it has to fertil-
ize—the charm of the bud whose love-
ly bloom and luscious fruit we farther
anticipate—the worth of the imperfect
and broken utterances of that language
which may come to be the symbol of
all known thought and the expression
of all experienced feeling; and, accord-
ing as the mind of the observer inclines
towards the solemnities of the Past or
the grandeur of the Future, it will ap-
pear either as trailing clouds of glory
"from God, who is its home," or as a
star emerging from the eternal night,
but whose lustre is about to grow pale
before the embracing sunlight of a
coming day. As with philosophy, so
with religion; the foreboding theo-
ologies of the ancient and heathen
world recognised the inherent glory of
childhood, while it was reserved for
Christianity to say "Come now even to
Bethlehem," and to afford the most af-
fecting and suggestive combination of
innocence with power, and purity with
love. One Holy Child has made all
children holy. To the child, as a child,
poet after poet addresses greeting after
this strain—

Just out of heaven—grace from high around
thy forehead gleams,
And fancy gages till her eye can almost see thy
wings.

The world as yet hath laid no stain upon thy
spirit's light,
Nor sorrow flung a single chain upon thy sunny
flight;
The rose upon thy cheek still wears the colours
of thy birth,
Its hues unwithered by the tears and breeze
of the earth;
And round thy necks of beauty yet and gleams
of glory play.
As thou hast left the skies of late, and, in
thy starry plumes, hast met
The rainbow on thy way.

When William Blake, the artist, was
ten years old, he saw at Peckham Rye
"a tree full of angels." His father
scolded and beat him; but the boy
would not shut his eyes; and all
through life, they tell us, he kept sight
of the angels. And the angels of the
children, a divine voice assures us, do
always behold the face of His and their
Father, who is in Heaven.

Young America.

The social philosopher of the *Boston
Advertiser* utters a protest against the
exaggerated and improper part played
by very young people in modern Amer-
ican society. It is unfortunate, he
thinks, that, as a rule, married people
in America withdraw themselves so
much from society. There are excep-
tions to the rule, but they are rare
enough to make it. "Care and econ-
omy of the household weigh rather
heavily on the American wife, and it
is easy, unless she is very gay, to say
that she feels the time has come to give
up parties. This absurd plan has
taken out of society its best mem-
ber—just at the age when they are develop-
ing, receptive, and becoming of real
value among its ranks.

Fathers and mothers, also, are con-
sidered quite in the way by many
young people, at home and in company,
and we shall never strike the right
note for social harmony till this feel-
ing is entirely abandoned. There
should be no lines drawn in enjoyment,
and no entertainment is rightly
planned which excludes either youth
or age. The time must come when
there will be a change in our manner
of social enjoyment, and it is to be
hoped that soon the spirit of the text
of this sketch will prevail. The long
reign of the American child and youth
must come to an end, for like all arbi-
trary, tyrannical rules, they have
brought their own defeat by aggressive
measures, and what was once cheer-
fully accorded them, for we are an easy-
going people, must now be withdrawn.
This view of the proper relations be-
tween young people and their elders is
unquestionably correct, and it may be
said that the "reign of the American
child" is very perceptibly "coming to
an end." There has been a decided
change in this direction during the last
twenty years, in all the older Ameri-
can cities, and as our civilization grows
older and society becomes settled on
more permanent bases, boys and girls
will gradually find the position which
nature and reason assign them, while
men and women will find the leisure
and inclination to perform the social

duties which they have too often neg-
lected, or have weakly allowed their
children to take upon themselves.—
Boston Transcript.

Trifles.

A cock that never crows.—A weath-
ercock.
Men who always act on the square.—
Chessmen.
Offentimes scaly.—The weighs of the
world.

"Never say dye" to a woman who
uses it.
The length of a lady's train should
never be under a foot.

Clearly it is the boy who tends the
elevator whose life has the most ups
and downs.

The ambulance corps of the Peruvian
army possesses one perambulator and a
wheelbarrow.
The Lesson of the hour.—Sixty sec-
onds make a minute, sixty minutes
make an hour.

If Congress should remove the tax
on matches, it won't cost as much to
get married, will it?

Buzz-saw item.—Henry Stacy, Paies-
tine, Texas. In life he was lovely, in
death he is *divided*.

It is about the season of the year to
say, "Young man, have those pants
patched and then take off your ulster."
Carlyle asks, relative to Beaconsfield:
"How long is John Bull going to per-
mit an apostate Jew to dance on his
stomach?"

The Chilian or Bolivian soldiers will
be slow about tackling Peru, as the
Peruvian cannon balls are stuffed with
guano.
"Good morning, Mr. Brown, you're
first at last; you used to be behind
here, but I notice you have been getting
early of late."

An Atlanta negro, who tried to send
one of his offspring through the post-
office was promptly arrested for at-
tempted blackmailing.

A New Yorker says there wouldn't
have been any milk in the cocoanut if
milkmen in that neighborhood had
anything to do with it.

The Pope has sent 5,000 liras to the
relief of the Hungarian sufferers. The
lira is a coin, not a sewing-machine
agent.—*Danbury News.*

A grave-digger buried a man named
Button, and brought in the following
bill to his widow: "To making one
Button hole, 85."

The Dartmouth boys wish Secretary
Everts to deliver the annual address
at the coming commencement. Time
is of no value, apparently, up that way.

An Aberdeen critic writes: "We
read in Longfellow that he wishes
he could make love like a bird. Man
does, Mr. Longfellow; he makes love
like a goose."

"How dare you say 'damn before
me'?" severely inquired a clergyman of
a loafer. "How did I know you want-
ed to say 'damn' first," was the un-
looked-for answer.

Rev. James Freeman Clark, in his
sermon at the Young Men's Christian
Union in Boston, said, near the close:
"I will not keep you longer, for I know
it is Fast Day, and you want your din-
ner."

"Why does lightning so rarely strike
twice in the same place?" asked a
Board-school teacher of the new boy
in class of natural philosophy. "O
said the boy, "because it never needs
to."

Erskine puzzled the wits of 'his ac-
quaintance by inscribing on a tea-che-
st the words, "Tu doeses." It was some
time before they found out the wit of
this literal translation—"Thou teach-
est."

"Some things," said an excited Rad-
ical recently, "can be foreseen and fore-
told; and I now foresee, and I will now
foretell that the day will soon come
when our liberties will be no more.
This is as certain, my fellow-citizens,
and it is as sure as that Romeo found-
ed Rome."

A telegraph operator sent a message
from Boston to Springfield for accom-
modations for twenty "prisoners" in-
stead of "persons," and the consequence
was that a travelling dramatic company
was received at the railroad by a party
of deputy sheriffs.

Throughout France, gardening is
practically taught in the primary and
elementary schools. There are at pre-
sent 28,000 of the schools, each of which
has a garden attached to it, and is un-
der the care of a master capable of im-
parting a knowledge of the principles of
horticulture.

A poor crofter who had scant pas-
ture for his pet cow one day tethered
her on the summit of a barren hillock
on his bit of land, where sand and
stones were far more plentiful than
vegetation, and, looking around him
exclaimed, "Well, Rosie, if you haven't
muckle to eat, you have at any rate a
splendid view!"

"You're a man after my own heart,"
said a belle at the Old South Ball to a
young man who had opportunely ren-
dered her a slight service. "That's ex-
actly what I am after," he answered, as
quick as a flash, and with a low bow.
It certainly was impudent, but it is
equally certain that the fair one smiled
very sweetly upon him, and sailed
away hanging upon his arm, to the dis-
may of a crowd of less audacious gal-
lants.

The fibre of the Merino sheep is not
the excellence of this animal; it is
properly bred, this race has a hardiness
surpassing all other high-bred races.
The "toll," provided by nature to assist
in the growth of the wool, abounding
in this race more than in any other,
causes the tips of the fleece to be cer-
tainly selected which will not be
likely to be disturbed, and the bed, with
the care we give ours, will last through
a great many generations. It is a nice
legacy for one's children and grandchil-

THE FARM.

How to Graft.

From the Germantown Telegraph.

The season for grafting is now here
and may be continued until the end of
May, provided the grafts are carefully
preserved—that is to say, kept in an
ice-house or in a cold cellar, after the
weather has become warm, to prevent
their growing. We have set grafts the
last day of May with as much suc-
cess as at any other time, and we have
known of grafting being done up to
the 20th of June. When understood—
and it ought to be an easy thing to
learn—anyone can do his own graft-
ing. Yet due care must be taken in
all the details to insure growing.

Stocks or limbs to be grafted, should
not over two inches in diameter, should
be cut off at the distance of six inches.
A fine saw should be used. Incline
the saw so that the stump will shed
the bark must be uninjured. With a
sharp knife smooth off the sawed
stump. Take a case-knife, which is
as good as any, place it across the
heart of the stock, and force it down
with a wooden mallet. We use a very
narrow screw-driver for keeping open
the split. Shape the scion wedge-fash-
ion both ways, keeping the bark in-
tact. We make a shoulder as far up as
the scion is shaved; it is not so strong,
but better insures growth. The in-
side of the bark of both scion and
stock must meet or cross, in order that
the sap of the two may commingle.

Set the scion at a slight angle spread-
ing from each other. When the stock
is small and only one scion inserted,
take a piece of wood on the opposite
side of corresponding thickness. If the
split does not close up sufficiently, tie
round a cotton string to keep it tight
upon the graft. Cover with wax *every
part of the cut wood and slit*. In three
weeks' time go over the grafts and re-
taw if needed. It is air and rain get-
ting in that destroy. Where the limb
to be grafted is from two to four in-
ches over, it should be cut six inches
from the tree, and four to six scions
may be inserted.

Cultivation of Currants.

Currants are aptly termed in a useful
fruit, inasmuch as they fill in the space
of a fortnight after strawberries, rasp-
berries and cherries, and before early
apples and pears, with a remarkable
combination of the sweet and acid that
affords any number of agreeable dishes
both in the green and ripe states. In
addition to their usefulness in a raw
condition, this fruit is greatly prized
by the housekeeper, who makes from
red varieties most acceptable jellies
and jams and the favorite home wine.

The currant is easy of propagation,
another argument in favor of its find-
ing a place in every garden, be it large
or small. A yearling shoot, from six
inches to one foot long, taken off close
to the old wood and planted half or
two-thirds its length in the ground will
make a strong, well-rooted plant by the
autumn. To prevent shoots from
springing up below the surface of the
ground the eyes on that part are cut
out, or they may be left the first season
and removed when the plants are root-
ed.

Current bushes should set fully four
feet apart, that the fresh air may pass
freely through them and the wood
should be properly thinned to promote
satisfactory bearing. The soil is best
when it is deep, rich and well worked.
In regard to varieties the black Naples
is the largest and best black currant;
it bears profusely and is valuable for
jams and jellies. The cherry is very
large, with dark-red color, and desir-
able for market purposes, while the
Versailles, also large and greatly re-
sembling the cherry is considered an
excellent if not the best sort for table
use. Among white kinds the white
grape stands first on the list, being
larger than

To Correspondents.

Correspondents will please write on one side of the paper only. No communication will be published unless accompanied with the real name and address of the author, which we require, not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

All communications should be addressed to "THE HERALD," Chelsea, Washtenaw Co., Mich.

Legal Printing.—Persons having legal advertising to do, should remember that it is not necessary that it should be published at the county seat—any paper published in the county will answer. In all matters transpiring in this vicinity, the interest of the advertisers will be better served, by having the notices published in their home paper, than to take them to a paper that is not as generally read in their vicinity, besides it is the duty of every one to support home institutions as much as possible.

CHELSEA HERALD.

CHELSEA, APR. 24, 1879.

Written for the CHELSEA HERALD.
Death of William Cullen Bryant.

BY ELMER E. ROGERS.

Now he's resting from his works,
Since his heart has ceased to beat,
As the peace of Time is with the larks
When their songs have ceased to be.

Ah, never more will he depart
From this wide world of sorrow!
Never more his works of morn
Recreate their common part.

Yes, my friends, nevermore
His eyes can gaze on earth or sky,
Or the fresh of nothing more
From earth or sea or pleasant sky.

Life is short, so memory hath engraven
On the friends lingering 'round his tomb
Shedding tears on the silent grave
Of the big earth's rolling bosom!

Shall he turn and overturn
Since the larks sang for him?
Now, to-day, they mourn for him—
He lying dead within his cell.

Great poet! So the nations say,
While he's floating down life's tide,
Neath the yew tree shade by day,
Till he rests with silent guide.

NORTH LAKE, Mich., April 7th, 1879.

Written for the Chelsea Herald.

Betrayed; or, Wealth and Poverty.

BY C. F. P.

CHAPTER III.

Though tired in mind and body, it was a long time before William Judson found repose in the arms of "Old Morphens." The events which had just transpired, and those which were to transpire, had occasioned his thinking machine considerable activity, to say nothing of his anxiety concerning Amabel.

Before the bright rays of the sun appeared above the horizon on the following morning, William was up and was making preparations to follow the trail of the two redskins and their captive.

It had rained a little during the night but that morning not a cloud was visible. The landscape presented a beautiful appearance, the birds had already begun to twitter among the trees and the joyous notes they carried, combined to produce a pleasing effect on the mind of William, yet he did not entirely overcome his moroseness.

He partook of what food he desired, and then carefully prepared a small quantity of food to take with him. Being thus provided with food he would not be forced to abandon the trail to satisfy the cravings of hunger.

Taking down his rifle and a good supply of ammunition, he strode in the direction of the spot where he had been told Amabel had been captured. When he had proceeded a suitable distance from his house he discharged his rifle and put in a fresh load.

He searched for the trail and soon had the satisfaction of finding it, although it would probably have been a difficulty, had he lacked the sagacity of the Indians.

He calculated that the pursued were not a great distance from him, for they had doubtless encamped for the night as their prisoner being a female, would soon be overcome with fatigue if they persisted in having her travel a portion of the night.

Will though not a noted pedestrian, could walk with a rapidity not very often beheld, but on this occasion, he was compelled to go pretty slow in order not to lose the trail.

He noticed that the trail extended in a north-westerly direction and from what he had previously learned there was an Indian village about thirty miles ahead, in the same direction.

Should the savages reach the vil-

lage before they were overtaken it would not be a very easy matter to accomplish what Will had undertaken to do, viz: the re-capture of Amabel.

What the object of the Indians was, in capturing Amabel, was not known, they were aware she was beautiful and would, as a wife suit their sagamore. They were also aware that if they succeeded in getting her to the village, they would receive a handsome reward as a recompense for their daring (?) exploit.

When the sun had reached the zenith the trail was comparatively fresh and Mr. Judson was in hopes he would not have to travel much farther.

It was between three and four o'clock in the afternoon when a sound started Will, and as quick as thought he obtained the shelter of a tree, after the fashion of the Indians, so as to prevent his being seen, and as a protection against the bullets of the Indians should they have seen him. He waited awhile and as no more sounds reached his ear, he ventured to look in the direction from which the sound had proceeded.

Not more than twenty rods from him were the two Indians he was in pursuit, and between them was the fair form of Amabel.

Will cautiously followed them and was more than careful in order to avoid making any noise that would be likely to warn the savages of his presence. He had not followed them more than half an hour before he perceived that they intended to halt so that Amabel could rest and partake of some refreshments of which the savages had a good supply. They seemed kindly disposed toward her and had apparently treated her kindly, though Amabel manifested no interest in their proceedings.

The savages seated themselves on Mother Earth in front of their captive and conversed with each other. Will learned from what they said that it was only ten miles to their village, so he came to the conclusion that it was time to act in behalf of the maiden who was dear to him.

Our hero thought of going to the spot and if necessary, to fight the two savages in a hand to hand encounter, but he yielded to the dictations of prudence and determined to pursue another course which would be more safe.

The savages were seated in such a position that both could probably be killed by the single discharge of Will's rifle.

Will raised his rifle, took deliberate aim and fired, and without waiting to see what the effect was, rushed from behind the cover of a large tree.

Two fearful yells—almost deafening—could be heard, and Will saw that both his enemies were severely if not fatally wounded.

He had no cause to fear the prostrate and motionless forms before him, so he turned to Amabel, who had not yet fully realized she was free once more, he assured her of his good intentions.

Amabel listened to his story in silence, and henceforth she regarded him with an interest which she had never manifested before.

"You must be very tired Miss C—," said Will, "as you have had such a long walk with unpleasant company, therefore I advise you to take a short rest, in the meanwhile I will try and procure some water for you."

The water was soon found, and filling a tin cup which Will happened to have with him, he returned to his charge.

Having quenched her thirst Amabel was induced to partake of some food and as she ate more heartily than when she was a captive, she soon felt more buoyant.

They walked homeward as fast as the circumstances would permit, and arrived safe at their destination sooner than could be expected.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Written for the CHELSEA HERALD.
Agriculture and the Professions.

BY ELMER E. ROGERS.

Agriculture is, or should be regarded as more important than the professions. For all the agricultural men to retire from their farms, and all the other men to disregard agriculture, would in my opinion, result in almost as great a famine as it would if the vegetable kingdom were swept from our earth.

All the presidents, kings and queens are supported on the products of the farm—in short the farm supports every one. The professions will not raise "bread and butter" for us. Some think that when they are adopting the professions, they

are going above farming. They think that they are one step higher in life; and perhaps, think that their professions give them wings with which they can fly that step without much labor.

Whatever you adopt for a living you are still what you were—"men subject to the curse to earn your bread by the sweat of your brow." It does not necessarily mean manual labor; it may be "brain labor." Manual labor is such as agricultural labor; and "brain labor" is generally professional labor—that which makes men gray headed.

There are at present, about 7,000,000 pupils attending the public schools of America. After finishing their schooldays, a part of them will adopt the professions for a living; and the remainder, or perhaps the poorer part, will pursue agriculture. You see from this, that agriculture is becoming too much neglected, although our agricultural colleges are preparing young men to fill the vacancies.

Educated labor in our fields, our shops and our factories is worth really more than that which is only so much brute force. There is room for intelligence and education everywhere, and the idea the young man who is possessed of a college education must in order to oblige his learning, enter professional life, is in my judgment one of the lamentable heresies which prevail in the atmosphere about our institutions of learning.

The educated talent of our country is for the most part turned into the unproductive channels while its material interests are suffering for the want of the very intelligence and skill which are practically wasted elsewhere.

Clamoring for wealth, courting notoriety, or seeking place and position is not likely to result in satisfactory success. But honor earned whether bestowed or not, brings a self-consciousness of well doing which will last and furnish encouragement for constant effort. Therefore, I would have you understand that there are more occupations than the professions, in which we can make ourselves useful as well as ornamental.

Our Chip Basket.

A long tramp—A tall vagrant.

An inn-specter—A hotel-spook.

A bad sign—A defaced sign-board.

A lien business—Drawing on a mortgage.

A highly colored tale—The peacock's.

Old toppers are famous for their dry remarks.

"Crooked whiskey" is not whiskey straight.

Is not Lent a good season for the loan fisherman?

Ready-made—The young lady waiting for an offer.

A retired Boston fireman calls him self an ex-part.

There is nothing gnu under the sun but the horned horse.

Why are swine like trees?—Because they root in the ground.

What winter has no Christmas?—The "winter of our discontent."

Dancing is forbidden during Lent, but fish balls are allowable.

Why are obstinate people like facts?—Because they are stubborn things.

What bride most surely holds an unruly lover?—The bride of the bridal day.

The more a man preys, the more certain he is to be damned—by those he preys upon.

It is painful to see a man trying to "make up his mind" who has no mind to make up.

Just because she snores, a refined man will not recommend her to his wife as "a regular snorter."

"Caws and effect," said the farmer as he ruefully surveyed a field of corn devastated by crows.

A hangman, being asked by a stranger what trade he pursued, replied that he was a finisher.

It is vulgar to call a man "bow-legged." Just speak of him as a parathetical pedestrian.

China merchants never have to invite American sea captains to dine, as they always come after tea.

An unassuming traveler can make a rare display by keeping his railroad ticket where it will be seen.

No self-respecting old colored woman now-a-days thinks of dying until she has reached the age of 101.

In these artistic days, when you are asked to take a drink, you are requested to come and "decorate your inside."

Soliloquy by a tippler: "The public always notices when you have been tipping, but never when you are thirsty."

The boy who was getting a little too large to enjoy the flattery of his

mother's sisters, said he had got "sycophants" long ago.

"Suppose I should work myself up to the interrogation point?" said a bean to his sweetheart. "I should respond with an exclamation!" was the reply.

"See how I ride o'er the raging mane!" exclaimed a man who was thrown over his horse's head into a ditch on the other side of the fence.

The Chinese Encyclopedia meets a long-let want; no family should be without it. It is published in Perkins, and has only 5,020 volumes. Price, \$7,500.

Editor Holden, of the *Yonkers Gazette*, had a cat which he named Plutarch, because it had so many lives. Quite an appropriate name for a son of the mews.

"Do you say your prayers every night and morning?" asked a sympathetic lady to a little shoeblack to whom she had just given a trifle. "I allus sez 'um at night, mum; but any smart boy can take care of hisself in the day time," was the little rogue's reply.

If a lady meet a lady
Coming down the street,
Need a lady tell a lady
That she looks "so sweet?"
For well she knows before she gets
Fairly out of sight,
She'll turn around and say aloud
"What a horrid fright!"

A little boy from New York went into the country visiting. He had a bowl of bread and milk. He tasted it, and then hesitated for a moment when his mother asked him if he didn't like it, to which he replied, smacking his lips: "Yes, ma, I wish our milkman kept a cow."

Thorns and Flowers.

There is no pathway from any cradle to any grave that is not lined with thorns—thorns that tear the poor, tired limbs of the weary traveler and pierce even the soul. The pathway may be short, but the thorns are there; it may wind over the hills the deserts, the plains, or by the murmuring streamlets, but the thorns are there. The flesh and the soul quiver beneath the scars, and when the end is drawing near—when the eye catches a glimpse of the waiting grave—when the snows of wintery age lie heaped upon the brow, there is many a disfigurement which the piercing thorns have left upon both.

Sometimes the path is trod for many days and sometimes for many years, and no thorn is seen among the paradise of flowers. But we cannot escape them. They appear at last, and pierce the deeper when they do. In the cemetery is the new made grave, upon which the gentle spring has not yet spread its mantle of green. Baby is asleep there. Husband's arms are folded beneath that frowning mound. Wife, the sweet light of the household, is at rest there. What a piercing thorn! How it tears its way through the very heart! The churchyard is filled with thorns. Cover the graves with roses, and the thorns will show; mantle them with verdure and the thorns will disguise the beauty.

Go to the neighbor's fireside and look at the thorns—go to your own fireside and look at them. The dear old mother, with wrinkled cheek and frosted brow, is weeping with pain. The thorns have pierced deeply. Daughter, the darling girl, has been gone many, many years. She went out over the hill, out of sight of mother and never came back again. Lost somewhere in the great world, and mother cannot find her. Perhaps heaven will remove the thorn and mother will find her daughter there.

Or maybe the boy has wandered off into the far country. Poor prodigal—poor mother. The deep ravines the tears have washed in that pale, thin, sad face, tell how mother loves the wanderer and how the thorn hurts. Thus we will find the thorns all along the pathway.

But there are flowers, too sweet and charming flowers. The human heart, bubbling over with sympathy and fraternal love, is a delightful flower that sheds its beauty and spreads its perfume all the way along the pathway and among all ugly thorns, it is always blooming—always fresh. In the midnight it relieves darkness with its beauty, and in the morning it shades the very sunbeams. But better than all is the hope of a coming endless morning, when the flowers will bloom without thorns, and will never be watered by scalding teardrops. Thank heaven for the beautiful flowers of life.—[Western Rural.]

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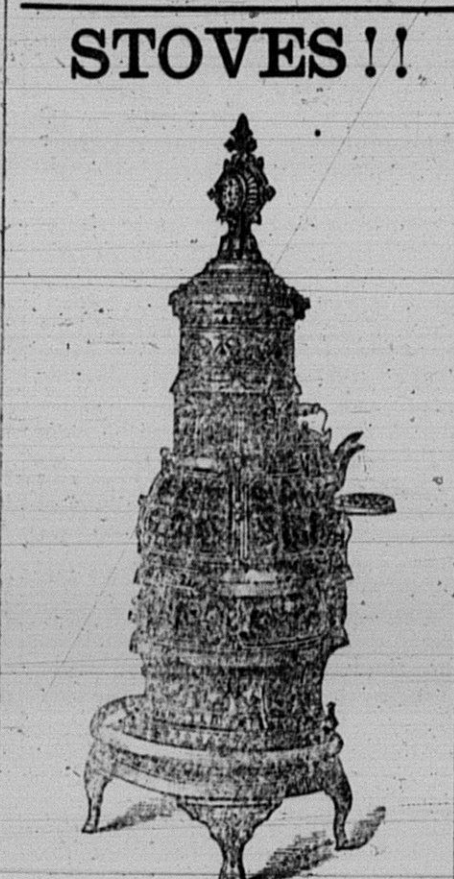
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