

# The High School.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL AND OMAHA AMATEURS.

Legendo, Cogitando, atque Scribendo vere docti fienus.

VOL. I.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA, FEBRUARY, 1875.

No. 12

## POETRY.

### DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

'Tis noon of night, and the hungry wind  
Howls like a wolf through the empty streets—  
Starving—and seeking whate'er it can find,  
Biting and killing whoever it meets,

Cold, cold the night! The congealed stars  
Like icicles hang from the roof o'er head;  
The street light, crossing in fiery bars,  
Like thin imaged orbs their chill lustre shed.

Daylight and darkness blended in one!  
They from each other some element prog;  
Nor night nor daylight; nor noon nor sun;  
But mingled are each in a golden fog.

Awful the hour in its ghastly hush—  
Hushed save the voice of its cold winter blasts;  
And whispers deep through the purple flush  
Reveal the conclave of the sacred vasts.

An old man, bent 'neath his load of years,  
His long locks whiter than the drifted snow,  
His wan cheek stiffened with the frozen tears,  
His thin hands clutched and his head bowed low,  
Alone with the night cringes close to the ground,  
Alone with the night where huge shadows tread;  
Alone with the night and its majestic sound—  
Alone with his God—for the old man is dead!

H. D. ESTABROOK.

St. Louis, Jan. 7th '75.

### EDUCATION—APART FROM STUDY.

Our daily life is the great avenue through which pour the vehicles of information for the mind. It is there that the careful observer sees human nature as it is, not covered with the courteous mask of the drawing room, nor with the sacreligious—when assumed—livery of religion, but keenly following some object, the means of obtaining which unconsciously betray the character of the individual. Thoughts are suggested by associations. It is well then that such associations be of a pure character. It is very easy to do that which is evil, and equally hard to do that which is good. The life of a good man is a perpetual struggle, a hard but an ennobling one, difficult at first, but always growing easier as the mind gains strength from the toil of battle, and gradually molding itself into the perfect end. It is a weak and dependent mind which gains no original inspiration from what transpires around it, and it is a barren and unproductive brain whose only ideas are the creations of another. The human mind is so constituted as to be susceptible to the influence of either good or evil. The workings of right are based on solidity. It operates from a given starting point to a pre-determined end. It is strong in the consciousness of virtuous and authentic authority. It derives its inspiration from faith which is a divine element, and converts, without the aid of reason, though to a ripe and well balanced intelligence these elements never conflict.

When we cultivate the mind we cultivate the manners. Dickens said "No man can be a gentleman in manners until he is a gentleman at heart." The difference then in fashionable life between the gentleman and the dandy is, the one acts from an innate sense of courtesy and consideration, the other wears only an assumed polish which can be removed at the option of the wearer, and as circumstances dictate. The one is a gentleman always and everywhere, the other, only a figure of such, as occasion requires. Communion with experience is a happy medium in the diffusion of knowledge. Wisdom is the perfection of experience. The most trivial object is of some value, the daily occurrences in our life will teach us important lessons if properly considered, serving either as guides or warnings for the future. Dryden has said "Genius must be born and cannot be taught," Samuel Johnson however, to the contrary, "Genius is but persistent effort well directed." The latter is a more agreeable and fully as rational a supposition as the former. Johnson's life is an exemplification of its correctness. Even as small bodies physically envy a great and commanding presence, so mentally small minds envy great intellects, and this envy, though one of the baser passions, is thus through emulation often converted into a stepping-stone to fame. The seeds of an intuitive wisdom are continually bursting into bloom

around us, between the different kinds of education—that of study and that of observation there is the widest difference. This is perhaps more evident in oratory than anything else. We may often listen in vain to the polished scholar for evidence of that touchstone of oratory—heart. While the student of nature will present truths to you in such words as burn with the originality of individual conception, and with that feeling which is to oratory its laurel and its crown. Let us not be content with the principles of things as laid down in books, if they will not bear practical demonstration they are worthless. The world is full of theories, the

earth shakes with their explosions.—There are hosts of characters worthy of reflection and imitation. The "sands of time" are yellow with the gold of genius. The words of those men who wrote with a purpose, stand out in the ocean of surreptitious literature of to-day like light-houses to warn the aspirant for fame, that it requires a will and a purpose as well as a genius to successfully weather the storms of disappointment. They did not pen their inspirations for the mere need of a fleeting fame, and to the most of them the commendation of man was nothing. Upon the literature of to-day there is the stamp of an undeniable depravity, there is an utter want of purpose and a servile catering to the taste of a mixed public which is itself unworthy of genius. We note with disfavor the tendency toward sensationalism, and would gladly welcome a return to the ennobling example of our forefathers. The fact that we still have their sentiments on record makes the present style of literature the more distasteful, but among the thinking class, Shakespeare, Johnson, Dickens and others, are more heartily appreciated to-day than ever before. Their books were the offspring of an original observance and a lofty motive, and will stand the wear and tear of time. In reflecting upon the glory and genius of the past we may well strain our memories with anxiety and reverence to catch the sound of the mighty words of those men,

"Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of time."

J. M. R.

### EDGAR A. POE.

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

The literature of a nation is the written evidence of its civilization, and the criterion of its equality with, or superiority over other nations. As the progressive tendencies of a nation assert themselves in the development of their country's resources, literature, in harmony with art and science, expands into a broader field of action and a higher plane of thought, and as the people become intelligent and of liberal views, the literature becomes liberal, comprehensive and instructive. So marked indeed is the influence of letters, that there is a disposition with modern historians to rank nations according to their *Belles Lettres*, rather than by any other feature of excellence. America, with its distinct national character, has its own school of poetry and prose, a position attained since the close of the eighteenth century.

In the galaxy of bright American authors who have made for this country its distinctive literature, the subject of this sketch deserves a prominent and honorable position. Edgar Allan Poe was born in 1809, and after forty years of fitful and restless existence, died in 1849. Reaching through this period of time, his life presents one of the saddest biographies ever written, and not as has been accepted, one of the most vicious. The name of Poe is associated in

most American minds with those elements of evil which are found only in the lives of the most depraved. It has been a misfortune to the memory of this man, that his life has been the subject of harsh, unchristian criticism, rather than his works. His life has been represented as devoid of those pleasures which the happy and virtuous only can enjoy; as one brooding melancholy, and that he lacked those essential qualities of mind and feeling that go to make up the perfect man. Anecdotes purely imaginative, and destructive of his honor, have been made matters of history against him. His life has been singularly and fearfully treated by unskillful biographers and vindictive calumniators. For a number of years indeed, since the Poe's death, the standard edition of his life has been Griswold's, and from this work innumerable opinions have been formed to the discredit of the poet. So untrue, unreliable, and vindictive is this work, that before the death of Dr. Griswold, it called forth the condemnation of our greatest poet. Mr. G. R. Graham, publisher of the Magazine of which Poe was long time editor, speaks of Griswold's "Life" as the "fancy sketch of a jaundiced vision," and an "immortal infamy." This, with fictitious anecdotes, repeated anachronisms, and many other inconsistencies, forms the standard biography of him, whose works have shed an eternal lustre upon our literature, and whose name will ever stand high as a poet, as long as it is in the nature of man to appreciate true genius. So common has been the custom of critic moralists to penetrate the personal character of Poe, that to most youthful minds, the defects of the poets life are known before such works as "The Bells," "Annabel Lee," or "The Raven" have been read. His private actions have been held up to the scrutiny of a never lenient public, and the weaknesses of the human will are made to vitiate his works. This is an injustice that posterity will yet correct. Were his crimes so heinous, his defects so appalling, that the brilliant emanations of his pen, or the miseries of some parts of his life, shall not mitigate them? Poe was not the cold, insensate, and ungentelemanly person of current biographers. N. P. Willis, with whom Poe was associated in conducting "The Mirror" in 1844, speaks of him, giving the opinion of six years friendship, "we had seen but one presentment of the man, quiet, patient, industrious and most gentlemanly person." Again, "invariably the same sad-mannered, winning and refined gentleman, the same as we had always known him."

We live in the hope that time will correct these things in the poet's life, and that many events now laid against his reputation, will be obscured in the contemplation of his peculiar merit, and in the correct appreciation of his talents. The writings of Poe are perhaps the most original that have graced our literature, and now after the lapse of many years, in comparison with the works of our best writers, present a

hidden mysteries of man's supernatural being, beautiful imagery, a lofty appreciation of beauty, and a marked and original ideal, are the elements conspicuously displayed in all his works. The purview of this brief article prevents review of any of Poe's works. As poet and author he was eminently successful, but as a critic, a position he was naturally endowed to fill, he was not successful. Possessing to a rare degree those analytical powers of mind so necessary to the true critic, he lacked the essentiality of justice. As specimens of acute and logical dissection of rhetoric, his critical essays are well worthy of careful perusal, indicating as they do, a ripe culture in all schools of composition, but all through these essays there appears a caviling and fault-finding disposition which removes them from the plane of criticism and places them on the lower and less intellectual level of personal detraction. In conjunction with his merciless critiques, we find a stolid indifference on his part as to the popular sentiment, either for or against him. So marked was the disregard of public opinion, that we find in the lives of the poets only an inverse parallel in Goldsmith's insatiate longing for the commendation of his fellows.

In viewing the life of Poe, we have adopted the sentiment of Pope as set forth in the admirable couplet which heads this article, and in so doing, we are not surprised with our review: He was far from being a faultless man, yet we find that with the dark shades in his life there are many brilliant hued rays of light. A man of misfortune, he was yet the favorite child of fortune in being naturally endowed for the position he occupied. The petted charge of an adopted and indulgent father, we find a matured man with a wayward and capricious disposition. In all this we discern but a reasonable degree of human nature, but in the dignified and cultivated productions of his mind there appears the genius of the intellectual man, and as we peruse the strange outpourings of his stranger spirit, the conviction comes over us that his like we shall see

"Never more."

F. R. McCONNELL.

—Reports from different astronomical parties have been received. The observations of the transit of Venus were very successful at points in India, China, Japan and Egypt. At Shanghai the weather was unfavorable and the astronomers were disappointed. The American party at Hobartstown were only partially successful. At Nagasaki the chief astronomer, Professor Davidson, reports cloudy weather during a portion of the transit, but some excellent results.

—A man in New Jersey had not been to church for twenty years. Last Sunday he went, had his pocket picked of \$35, and he is now a pronounced heathen.

## THOUGHT.

Thought is the illuminator of the soul, the essence of spirituality, the monitor of reason; it is at once the motive force and controlling power of the intellect; it directs the flight of imagination and sits in judgment on the appetites and passions; its action is universal, its power unlimited, it is the solver of all problems, the key to all mysteries, the elucidation of all principles; it gives shape and substance to the aerial images of fancy, and enables man to deduct conclusions from the evidences of his senses; it is the creator of ideas, the mainspring of all mental actions, it guides, directs and controls the varied faculties of the human mind and lays bare to the eye of the understanding the mysteries of nature.

Without thought the reason of man would be the instinct of the brute, he would know no God for he could have no conception of cause and effect; he would have no original experience for he could know nothing spiritual, the deeper truths of nature would be hidden from him for there would be no power to explain its action. Truly is thought the most important of mental functions, the instrument that shall guide man upward step by step from the darkness of ignorance into the pure light of perfect wisdom.

J. D. S.

How DID SHE DO IT? A Lincoln chambermaid is said to have got twelve State Senators into eleven bedrooms, and yet to have given each a separate room. Here we have the eleven bedrooms:

1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11

"Now," said she, "if two of you gentlemen will go into No. 1 bedroom and wait a few minutes, I will find a spare room for one of you as soon as I've shown the others to their rooms." Well, now, having thus bestowed two gentlemen in No. 1, she puts the third in No. 2, the fourth in No. 3, the fifth in No. 4, the sixth in No. 5, the seventh in No. 6, the eighth in No. 7, the ninth in No. 8, the tenth in No. 9, and the eleventh in No. 10. She then came back to No. 1, where, you will remember, she had left the twelfth gentleman along with the first, and said: "I've now accommodated all the rest, and have still a room to spare; so if one of you will please step into No. 11, you will find it empty." Thus the twelfth man got his bedroom. Of course there is a hole in the sauceman somewhere; but we leave the reader to determine exactly where the fallacy is, with just a warning to think twice before deciding as to which, if any of the travellers, was the "odd man out."

—An undergraduate at Cambridge, who found among the questions on his examination paper this, "Why will not a pin stand upon its point?" elaborately explained the point thus: "1. A pin will not stand on its head, much less is it possible that it should stand on its point. 2. A point, according to Euclid, is that which has no parts and no magnitude. A pin cannot stand on that which has no parts and no magnitude, and therefore no pin can stand on its point. 3. It will if you stick it in."—*Yale Lit.*

—A young lady who is studying French, wrote home to her parents that she was invited out to a *dejeuner* the day before, and was going out to a *fete champetre* the next day. The professor of the college was surprised to receive a dispatch from the "old man" a day or two afterwards, saying, "If you can't keep my daughter from them blasted side-shows and menageries, I will come down and see what ails her."—*Ex.*

—"Did I not give you a flogging the other day?" said a school-master to a trembling boy. "Yes, sir," he answered. "Well what do the Scriptures say on the subject?" "I don't know sir," said the other, "except it is that passage which says, it is more blessed to give than to receive."—*Ex.*



# The High School.

OMAHA, NEB., FEBRUARY, 1875.

A Monthly Journal devoted to the interests of THE HIGH SCHOOL OF OMAHA and Omaha amateurs.  
J. F. McCARTNEY, Manager, Omaha, Neb.

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On and after the first day of January, 1875, the postage on newspapers will have to be paid by the publisher. This we pronounce a just law, although a faithful observance of it will cost us many dollars during a year. We do not ask our subscribers to pay it, but will allow them the benefit of that if they will send in their subscriptions at once.

## YOUNG MEN INSURING THEIR LIVES.

Our attention was called not long since, to a young man, just entering the prime of life, who was making preparations to have his life insured. We immediately advised him to discard the idea. Our advice to all young men, were it worthy of a hearing, would be to never grant an insurance company a life lease on their pocket-books. Of all the foolish things a young man could do, the most foolish would be to take out an insurance policy on his life. You ask, why? In the first place every young man naturally hopes to live to a good old age, and if he commences to pay insurance on his life, while young, he will be just so much out of pocket when he grows up. His only chance to win anything at such a game would be to die before he had invested much, but we can't see any advantage in a game where you have to die to beat it. Here we are told that after so long a time, generally ten years, the money paid in can be drawn out by the person insuring. This is a very fair looking proposition and well calculated to deceive young men. A young man who can assure himself that he will always be able to pay the premium on his policy when due for a period of ten years, can safely drop the insurance policy in the beginning if he has got one—the best way is not to commence at all—and save the money with the rest that will accumulate, if he is steady and industrious enough to keep making and saving all that time, and at the end of the ten years he will have the money in his own hands, and not in the hands of some one else. He will not have to risk the suspension of the insurance company; will not have to trouble himself about getting it back, or await the convenience of an agent; will not have to run the risk of losing it all, should he in that great lapse of time ever lack the necessary amount to meet his obligation, and in short, he will be his own master and not the driven slave of an insurance company that is continually growing rich on the hard earned money of such misguided young men.

A young man wishing to provide for his mother or father in case of his death, can go to a good bank and there deposit in their names the money that would otherwise have gone into the coffers of the insurance company.

—Through the courtesy of Prof. Smith we were shown the workings of the new scioption that he recently purchased for use in the class room. The objects viewed were painted on glass by several accomplished artists, prominent among whom are Miss Coates, Mr. C. J. Emery, Prof. Smith and N. J. Neilson, the latter gentleman being by far the best draughtsman in the building. Some time ago Prof. Smith asked of the Board of Education a small appropriation for the purchase of this instrument and the necessary photographs to be used for illustrating lessons in Botany, Physiology &c. The appropriation was refused. He subsequently proposed to secure the instrument at his own expense, if the Board would vote a hundred dollars for the purchase of the necessary photographs. No definite action was taken on this proposition and he sent for the instrument at his own expense. It has been shown to several members of the Board, who admitted that it would be of great benefit in the class room, and accordingly they have ordered a room prepared for its use. Prof. Smith displays a commendable interest in the welfare of his class by secur-

ing this useful article at his own expense, and we have no doubt that the Board will purchase the necessary photographs, and, perhaps, reimburse him for his outlay.

**THE NEW YORK COMPULSORY EDUCATION ACT**, which compels the attendance of all children between eight and fourteen years of age, became operative Jan. 1, 1875. The Board of Education intend to enforce the act mildly and thoroughly, and in order to ensure its establishment, each city ward will be divided into as many districts as there are schoolhouses, and to each district one truant agent will be appointed, whose first duty will be to ascertain accurately the number and residence of all the children in his district. The facts, as thus ascertained, will be the basis upon which the law will be invoked whenever parents cannot be otherwise induced to send their children to school. A strict enforcement of the act will necessarily result in considerable expense to the city; for, as the schoolhouses are already full, additional accommodations will have to be provided for those children whom the act affects, and who have not hitherto attended school. Vagrant children, moreover, will have to be sent to the farm for young children, under the charge of the Commissioners of Charity and Correction, and there their food and clothing, as well as their teaching, must be provided for. The act, it may be added, provides that not only the parents who allow their children to stay away from school, but also all persons who employ them in any way, are liable to a fine. Although this experiment is not yet fairly commenced, enough is already known to convince New York school officers that a strict execution of the law will require a great deal of exertion on their parts.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

There is considerable difference between the battles of Bull's Hill and Bunker Run, so we are informed by modern historians.

The Faculty of the Nebraska State Normal School consists of nine professors and assistants, and the institution accommodates two hundred and ten students.

The next annual meeting of the Nebraska Teachers' Association will take place in this city, about the latter part of March. Prof. Smith will deliver an address before the association.

Contributions, to insure our acceptance, should be brief. For the benefit of amateurs we give the following example: "Enclosed please find \$1, for which send the HIGH SCHOOL to my address one year." The literary merit of such a contribution can be seen at a glance.

King Kalakana said to one of the accompanying gentlemen, that the High School contained several handsome young ladies, and intelligent young men. As far as the ladies are concerned, he was "eminently correct," but we fail to see how he discovered intelligence in the motley crew of numskulls that now compose a majority of the male students of that institution.

The long talked of inter-collegiate contest was held in New York City, on the 7th inst, J. C. Tomlinson of the University of New York, received the first prize in oratory, and Mr. Edmunds of Williams College the second. For essay writing, Chas. F. Cluck and Geo. H. Fitch, both of Cornell, received respectively first and second prizes. Their subjects were founded on parts of Shakespeare.

An Omaha bank clerk, accompanied by a school ma'am, paid a visit recently to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum near Council Bluffs. Not knowing where the proper entrance was, they approached a basement window and commenced making signs at the inmates who were supposed to be "dummies." Their feelings can be imagined when they heard the following:

"Who is it, Nancy?"

"O, it's only a couple of mutes trying to get in the window."

—The New England college Presidents and Professors met in Hanover, New Hampshire, recently, and discussed among other matters, that of boating and students' regattas. The weight of opinion was in favor of encouraging the sport. Some thought that those who did the rowing were lowered in their class standing through consequent neglect of study, but the importance of physical culture was generally deemed to greatly overbalance the drawback. It was resolved not to interfere in any way with the college regattas next season.—*Ex.*

## PREPARATION FOR COLLEGE.

The proportion of students preparing for college in academies and high schools in the U. S. respectively is given in the recent report of Gen. Eaton, U. S. Com. Education. The whole number preparing for classical colleges (1873) was 38,875. Of these only 2,965 were in public high schools, and 35,910 were in academies and preparatory departments of colleges (of the same rank with academies.) The whole number preparing for scientific colleges was 6,477. Of these 1,233 were in public high schools and 5,244 in academies and colleges. In the West most of the preparatory work is done by the colleges themselves; in the East by the academies; in neither section is it done to any extent by high schools. Then New England academies send 83 out of every 100 students to the Eastern classical colleges; but 77 out of every 100 entering Western colleges are prepared by the colleges themselves, as the statistics in the five oldest Western states show.—*Yale Lit.*

**COLORED CHILDREN IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF INDIANA.**—Under a recent decision of the Supreme Court of Indiana, thirty-five colored children were ejected from the public schools of Brazil, Clay county, by order of the local trustees. This practical application of the decision was made with indecent haste and inexcusable hard-heartedness. We are glad to know that no unkindness is chargeable to the Superintendent or teachers of Brazil. On the contrary the expulsion took place against the protestations of the Superintendent and the expressed wishes of the teachers. The children begged piteously to be allowed to remain. But the privilege was unrelentingly refused. Mixed schools had been decided unconstitutional in Indiana.—*Cornell Era.*

## AIR AND RELIGION.

Many a farmer and housekeeper wonder why it is that they must needs take a nap every Sunday in sermon time. When the parson gets comfortably into the second or third head of his discourse and the congregation have settled into the easiest position to listen, gentle sleep begins to steal over their faculties, and the good man is surprised at finding his argument less cogent than it seemed when prepared in the solitude of his study. At home the busy matron never thinks of napping at eleven o'clock in the morning, and the man of business would consider his sanity or common sense sadly called in question should a friend propose a half-hour's nap at that hour of the day. Nevertheless, they both sleep like kittens in their pews, and logic, rhetoric, eloquence, are alike wasted in the vain attempt to rouse their sluggish souls. The question of the poet, so often sung in our assemblies,

"My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so!"

is exactly in point, and we propose an answer: "because we are breathing carbonic acid gas—deadly poison; because the sexton did not let the foul air of last Sunday's congregation out of the doors and windows, and the fresh, pure air of heaven in."

Look around at the audience; that feverish flush on the face isn't heat; it is poison. The lady nodding over there, her nose and face like a scarlet rose, is not too warm, for the thermometer doesn't stand over seventy degrees; she is partially suffocated; what she wants is fresh air. The hard-working mechanic or farmer doesn't sleep because he watched with a sick child last night, but simply for the want of oxygen to keep the flames of intellectual and physical activity brightly burning.

Nobody can rise on wings of faith in a poisonous atmosphere. Oxygen and religion cannot be separated in this unrighteous manner. We cannot live in conformity to spiritual laws while in open violation of the physical.

Is your sexton a man of intelligence sufficient to understand the necessity and reason of ample ventilation? Does he know that every human being vitiate, at the least estimate, four cubic feet of air every minute? Linger when the congregation leaves, and see if he shuts every door and window tight to keep in the heat till evening service. Then see how dimly the lamps burn in the vitiated air; how hard the minister tries to raise himself and his listeners to the height of some great argument, and how stupid they are—nothing but bad air.

Now for the remedy, which costs labor and money both, for ventilation is a question of dollars and cents. Saturday the sexton should be instructed to open all the doors and windows, to let out all the dead and foul air, and let in all that is fresh. It takes no more coal on Sunday morning to heat the church to seventy degrees because of its purification. Sunday noon let the openings of the church be again thrown wide—warmth and bad air will alike disappear, and though extra coal may be required to raise the temperature, the minister will preach so much better in consequence, and the hearers will listen with such increased relish to the sacred word, that the loss of the pocket will be infinitely compensated by the gain of the soul.—*Educational Monthly.*

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## POETRY.

## AFTER THE BURIAL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Yes, faith is a goodly anchor;  
When skies are sweet as a psalm,  
At the bows it lolls so stalwart,  
In bluff, broad-shouldered calm.  
And when over breakers to leeward  
The tattered surges are hurled,  
It may keep our head to the tempest,  
With its grip on the base of the world!

But after the shipwreck, tell me  
What help in its iron throws,  
Still true to the broken hawser,  
Deep down among sea-weed and ooze!

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,  
When the helpless feet stretch out  
And find in the depths of darkness  
No footing so solid as doubt.

Then better one star of Memory,  
One broken plank of the Past,  
That our human heart may cling to,  
Though hopeless of shore at last!

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,  
To the flesh its sweet despair,  
Its tears o'er the thin worn locket  
With its anguish of deathless hair!

Immortal? I feel it and know it  
Who doubts it of such as she?  
But that is the pangs very secret—  
Immortal away from me.

There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard  
Would scarce stay a child in his race,  
But to me and my thought it is wider  
Than the star-sown vague of Space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,  
Your morals most dreadfully true;  
But, since the earth clashed on her coffin,  
I keep hearing that, and not you.

Console if you will, I can hear it;  
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;  
But not all the preaching since Adam  
Has made Death other than Death.

It is Pagan; but wait till you feel it—  
The jar of the earth, that dull shock  
When the plow share of deep passion  
Tears down to our primitive rock.

Communion in spirit! Forgive me,  
But I, who am earthly and weak,  
Would give all my income from dreamland  
For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

That little shoe in the corner,  
So worn and wrinkled and brown,  
With its emptiness confutes you,  
And argues your wisdom down.

## OURSELVES.

—A friend indeed is one who is not in need.

—The last time Charlie Ross turned up, it was his mother who did it.

—Why is the *New Deal* a very unreliable paper? Because its proprietor is always *Cuming* but never comes.

—The *Danbury Man's* wit is getting so thin now as to suggest the wish that he will soon become the "Dam-buried man."

—We think we have sufficient of the manuscripts of New Years Poems to light the fire till that anniversary comes around again.

—A young man of this City who spent Christmas in Council Bluffs, says the liveliest thing he saw over there was a funeral.

—One of our exchanges exclaims wildly "Brains, Brains is what we want." We should judge so from a perusal of its columns.

—An Omaha Sunday School scholar horrified his teacher who asked him. "What is the chief end of man?" by replying "his feet."

—Council Bluffs now puts in a claim as the geographical centre of the State of Iowa. No wonder the centre could never be found before.

—A friend of ours who has signed the pledge 99 times completed his hundredth on New Years day and then went out and took a drink to ratify the promise.

—One of the girls of the High School says, she knows that Bacon did not write those plays that Shakspeare wrote, which opinion we hope will settle all discussion in the matter.

—When we view some of the long haired, short brained individuals, who stand up in prayer meeting and elsewhere, and inform us that "heaven is their home" we begin to feel a yearning for the lower regions.

—Scene in Wilbur's book store:

1st Boy:—"Say, Jim, which of these books shall I take, the blue one or the red one?"

2d Boy:—"Why, the blue one of course, you can take it home and read it and then it will be read."

—New Years has not been unproductive in its various incidents. We were returning from a prayer meeting about the first one o'clock in 1875, when we observed a friend of ours encircling a hitching post in the most confiding manner. He was gazing reflectively at the moon and in a general apostrophe to the sky, was making revelations concerning the planets hitherto entirely unknown to scientists. He also wished to remove his shoes, being impressed with the sacred character of the ground where he stood, but was for obvious reasons dissuaded. We deposited him at home as quietly as possible, but from the fact that we heard him quoting scripture with undue rapidity as we turned away, we should imagine that his wife was wishing him a happy New Year.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

—A mother-in-law is not a heavenly body, but she has been known to eclipse a honeymoon.

—Carl Schurz is lecturing on "Educational Problems," but it is not generally known that Grant is writing a poem on King Kalakaua.

—A girl in Cairo has just finished a farm ballad containing 2,100 verses. It reaches clear across the street and would make four bustles.

—When a Philadelphia critic wishes to be very expressive, he compliments a dramatic star by saying that she shines like a brass tack in an old hair trunk.

—The man out West who put mucilage into his empty hair oil bottle, is regarded with hatred by the servant girl, whose locks are in such a state of stiffness that she cannot shut her mouth.

—It is related of a certain minister, who was noted for his long sermons with many divisions, that one day, when he was advancing among his *teens*, he reached at length a kind of resting-place in his discourse, when pausing to take breath, he asked the question, "And what shall I say more?" A voice from the congregation earnestly responded, "Say Amen!"

—A Scotsman writes:—"There is a mystery about the effect of the weather on piety. Sabbath heat seems hotter, Sabbath cold colder, and Sabbath rain wetter than that of any other day. We need a Sabbath almanac, calculated for churches, that will show by its weather scale when it will be safe for a vigorous Christian to expose himself on the Sabbath by going to the house of God."

—Have all the pleasures you can—make merry and be glad—during this jovial winter season. There is no harm, but great good in innocent enjoyment. At the same time do not forget or neglect for a single day, your hours of study. The winter should be made a season of improvement as well as of festivity and pleasure. It need not be very much time that you devote to reading and study, but the rule should be infallible—a few hours every day.

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