

VERSES.

Written in Affectionate Remembrance of
WILLIAM BRAMALL, JR., who was Acci-
dently Poisoned, at Tintic, June 1, 1873,
aged 21 years.

Most sad, dear brother, was your fate,
When scarce arrived at man's estate,
When just in earnest, starting life,
In company with a loving wife,
'Twould surely grieve a heart of stone,
To see your hopes crushed at the dawn;

To see your youthful consort mourn,
Her fondest hopes so rudely torn;
Your parents' grief, too deep for speech,
To see their boy beyond their reach;
Brothers and sisters, young in years,
Expressing woe in sighs and tears.

True eloquence is heard and seen
Where joys lie ruined fresh and green,
And friends and neighbors feel the smart
Resistless run from heart to heart.
In sympathy they sigh and weep,
Partaking of the sorrow deep.

But yet 'tis useless to lament;
Reluctantly all must consent
To lay him in his narrow bed,
To join the legions of the dead;
There wait till Gabriel's trump shall
sound,
To wake the sleepers under ground.

Then will the Priesthood's power appear,
And friends regain their loved ones dear;
'King Death' no more his sceptre sway
Throughout a blest eternal day,
For Christ has promised to restore
Who die in him, to die no more.

Then, friends and relatives, forbear
To weep for him, as in despair;
Repress your sighs and dry your tears;
For you the Bow of Peace appears;
Ere many fleeting years at most,
You'll meet him in the "ransomed host."

Oh! what a glorious hope is ours,
That, by the Priesthood's keys and pow-
ers,
And "ordinances" great and pure,
We may "eternal lives" secure,
Reclaim our dead from Death's embrace,
Behold our loved ones face to face.

Lord, comfort thou the wife distressed,
His parents, relatives, the rest
Who mourn instinctively to see
Death in his dreadful majesty;
Help them to think 'tis perhaps the best
That he so soon went to his rest.

W. CLEGG.

Human Sleuth Hounds.

THE INDIANS' SKILL—HOW THEY
TRACK A TRAIL—THE LOGIC OF
THE PRAIRIE.

A Dr. Hanchendoff gives this in-
tensely interesting account of the
extraordinary skill of Indian trail-
ers:

The Indian or trapper that is a
shrewd trailer is a man of close ob-
servation, quick perception, and
prompt action. As he goes along
nothing escapes his observation,
and what he sees or hears he ac-
counts for immediately. Often not
another step is taken until a mys-
tery that may present itself in this
line is fairly solved. The Indian
trailer will stand for hours in suc-
cession to account for certain traces
or effects in tracks, and sometimes
gives to the matter unremitting at-
tention for days and weeks. The
trailer is not a graceful man. He
carries his head much inclined, his
eye is quick and restless, always on
the watch, and he is practicing his
art unconsciously, hardly ever cross-
ing the track of man or animal
without seeing it. When he en-
ters a house he brings the habit he
contracted in the practice of his
art with him. I know a trailer as
soon as he enters my room. He
comes in through the door softly,
and with an air of exceeding cau-
tion. Before he is fairly in, or at
least has sat down, he has taken
note of every article or person,
though there may be a dozen vacant
chairs in the room. He is not used to
chairs, and, like the Indian, prefers
a more humble seat. When I was
employed by Gen. Harney last
summer to take charge temporarily
of the Indians that were gathered
near Fort Randall, Dakota, to form
a new reservation, one day a guide
and trailer came to the General's
headquarters. I told him to be se-
ated. He sat down on the floor
bracing his back against the wall. The
General saw this, and in vexation
cried out, "My God, why don't you
take a chair, when there are plenty
here unoccupied?" The man arose
and seated himself in a chair, but
in so awkward and uncomfortable a
manner that he looked as if he
might slip from it at any moment.
But when this uncouth person came
to transact his business with the

General, he turned out to be a man
of no ordinary abilities. His de-
scription of a route he took as guide
and trailer for the Ogallalas, in
bringing them from the Platte to
the fort, was minute and exceed-
ingly interesting. Every war party
that crossed his trail he describ-
ed with minuteness as to their
number, the kind of arms they
had, and stated the tribes they be-
longed to. In these strange revela-
tions that he made there was nei-
ther importance nor supposition, for
he gave satisfactory reasons for
every assertion that he made. I
have ridden several hundred
miles with an experienced
guide and trailer, Hack, whom I
interrogated upon many points in
the practice of his art. Nearly all
the tracks I saw, either old or new,
as a novice in the art, I questioned
him about. In going to the
Niobrara River we crossed the
track of an Indian pony. My guide
followed the track a few miles and
then said: "It is a stray black
horse, with a long bushy tail, near-
ly starved to death, has a split hoof
of the left forefoot, and goes very
lame, and he passed here early
this morning." Astonished and
incredulous, I asked him the reason
for knowing these particulars
by the tracks of the animal, when
he replied: "It was a stray horse
because it did not go in a direct
line; his tail was long, for he drag-
ged it over the snow; in brushing
against a bush he left some of his
hair, which shows its color. He is
very hungry, for in going along he
has nipped at those high, dry weeds
which horses seldom eat. The
fissure of the left forefoot left also
its track, and the depth of the in-
dentation shows the degree of his
lameness; and his tracks show he
was here this morning when the
snow was hard with frost.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

At another place we came across
an Indian track, and he said: "It is
an old Yankton, who came to look
at his traps. In coming over he
carried in his right hand a trap,
and in his left a lasso to catch a
pony he had lost. He returned
without finding the horse, but had
caught in his trap he had out a
prairie wolf, which he carried home
on his back, and a bundle of kin-
kinic wood in his right hand." Then
he gave his reasons. "I know
he is old by the impression his gait
has made, and a Yankton by that
of his moccasin. He is from the
other side of the river, as there are
no Yanktons on this side. The trap
he carried struck the snow now and
then, and in the same manner as
when he came, shows that he did
not find the pony. A drop of blood
in the centre of his tracks showed
that he carried the wolf on his
back, and the bundle of kinikinic
wood he used as a staff for support,
and catching a wolf shows that
he had traps." "But," I asked,
"do you know it's a wolf? Why
not a fox, or even a deer?" Said he,
"If it had been a fox or a coyote, or
any other kind of small game, he
would never have slipped the head
of the animal in his waist belt, and
so carried it by his side, and not on
his shoulders. Deer are not caught
by traps; but if it had been a deer
he would not have crossed this high
hill, but have gone back by way of
the ravine, and the load would have
made his steps still more totter-
ing." Another Indian track we saw
twenty miles west of this he put
this serious construction upon:
"He's an upper Indian—a prowling
horse-thief—carried a double shot-
gun, and is a rascal that killed some
white man lately, and passed here
one week ago, for," said he, "a lone
Indian in these parts is on mischief,
and generally on the lookout for
horses. He had on the shoes of a
white man, whom he had in all
probability killed, but his steps are
those of an Indian. Going through
the ravine, the end of his gun hit
the deep snow. A week ago we
had a very warm day, and the snow
being soft he made these deep
tracks; ever since it has been in-
tensely cold weather, which makes
very shallow tracks." I suggested
that perhaps he bought those shoes.
"Indians don't buy shoes, and if
they did they would not buy them
as large as these were, for Indians
have very small feet."

The most noted trailer of this
country was Paul Dalaria, a half
breed, who died under my hands of
an Indian consumption last sum-
mer. I have spoken of him in a
former letter. At one time I rode
with him, and trailing was natu-
rally the subject of our conversation.
I begged to trail with him an old
track over the prairie in order to

learn its history. I had hardly made
the proposition, when he drew up
his horse, which was at a ravine,
and said: "Well, here is an old elk
track. Let us get off our horses
and follow it." We followed it but
a few rods, when he said it was ex-
actly a month old, and made at two
o'clock in the afternoon. This he
knew, as then we had our last rain,
and at the hour named the ground
was softer than at any other time.
The track before us was then made.
He broke up here and there clusters
of grapes that lay in the path of the
track, and showed me the dry ends
of some, the stumps of others, and
by numerous other similar items
accounted for many circumstances
which astonished me.

We followed the trail over a mile.
Now and then we saw that a wolf,
a fox, and other animals had prac-
ticed their trailing instincts on the
elk's tracks. Here and there he
would show me where a snake, a
rat, and a prairie dog had crossed
the track. Nothing had followed
or crossed the track that the quick
eye of Dalaria did not detect.
He gave an account of the habits of
all the animals that had left their
footprints on the track, also of the
state of the weather since the elk
passed, and the effects of the sun-
shine, wind, aridity, sand-storms,
and other influences that had a
bearing on these tracks. The old
man, like all trailers, was reticent,
but on this occasion, seeing that I
was interested, became specially
communicative.—*Ex.*

The Greatest Shame.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—The
whole tendency of political and so-
cial life at the capital is to discard
simplicity, ignore honesty, and
scoff at morals. All the old virtues
which were once so much prized
and respected have gone out of
fashion, and the few who still ad-
here to them are regarded as the fos-
sils of a departed age. Shoddy,
with its vulgar train, is in the as-
cendant in and out of office. Its
great ambition is to affect the mere-
tricious display and sensual tastes
which properly enough signalized
the despotic and degrading reign of
Louis Napoleon, whose motto was
bread and the circus. Paris, with
all its gilded rottenness, affects the
exterior forms of decorum. Here
vice is gross, flaunting, and auda-
cious. No refining gloss is visible.
It is nude, exulting in shame, and
defiant of all decency.

Wealth has the first place every-
where. A man is estimated for his
fortune, his official position, or his
influence with power. A woman is
regarded for her capacity to control
men, her "fast" qualities, and her
effrontery in society. The sterling
attributes in the one case and the
gentle virtues in the other are of no
value in a social market where ev-
erything is judged by a standard of
greenbacks, and real merit or dis-
tinction has no place. The exam-
ple of the most prominent in pub-
lic life has necessarily infected the
subordinate spheres, until the whole
system has become rotten and de-
praved.

When members of the Cabinet,
Senators, Representatives and offi-
cials are seen revelling in wealth,
who only a few years ago were ab-
solutely poor, and are courted as
the leaders of fashion, it is easy to
understand how the dependants on
their favor will follow in the same
devious paths and seek to attain
position by the same unworthy
methods. Success at any price is
the prize held up before ambitious
eyes, and the end justifies the
means, the moral lesson inculcated
by daily example. A desire for
parade has seized upon all condi-
tions of life which radiate from the
White House. And when this is
not possible in a proper way, it is
sought by others without regard to
the sacrifice of honor or duty.

This fact serves to explain a large
part of the corruption which has
invaded every branch of the public
service. It is to-day worse than
that of any other civilized country,
because in one form or another the
highest as well as the lowest places
are demoralized and controlled by
sinister motives or selfish influences.
Without a radical change, there
can be no effective remedy. Even
if the civil service quackery was all
that the charlatans claim for it in
point of efficiency it could produce
no more effect as a cure than a com-
mon plaster would in extirpating
a deadly cancer. The disease is
chronic, and requires what the doc-
tor's call heroic treatment.

The plunder of the contingent
fund in the departments, which the

Sun has recently exposed, is only
part of a prevailing system which
reaches from Congress throughout
the public service. The contingen-
cies of the Senate and House of
Representatives exhibit the most
wilful waste of the people's money
in luxuries and extravagance which
were never before even suggested,
at a cost of hundreds of thousands
every year. These loose practices
have bred others, until legislation
has become venal and jobbery is es-
tablished as a profession. To com-
pete in the race of vulgar pride,
money must be had, and no care is
taken how it may be obtained.

Other evils have expanded into
full growth in this hot-house of cor-
ruption, and some of them are alarm-
ing. During the rebellion the
experiment was for the first time
tried of introducing women into
the departments. It had the double
object in view of opening a field of
employment adapted to female ca-
pacity and of supporting the wives
and daughters of men who had free-
ly offered their lives for the coun-
try. Both motives were creditable,
and as long as they were respected
the experiment fulfilled the best
expectations. But like everything
else, it has grown into a flagrant
abuse and a monstrous scandal. As
soon as Congress began to legislate
upon the subject and to create offi-
ces, the result was foreseen which
is now painfully visible to every
eye.

Many excellent ladies whom mis-
fortune has overtaken, accomplish-
ed, capable and worthy to appear in
any circle, are earning their bread
by what may be called hard labor
in the departments. Others equally
respectable, the children or wives
of gallant soldiers who fell in bat-
tle, and others again no less meri-
torious, maintain themselves in the
same way. For certain duties they
are better fitted than men, and are
worse paid. These classes have
lost no esteem by the adversity
which has compelled them to seek
this mode of support at some cost
of pride and former associations.

But an element has been brought
in among these worthy women
which is an outrage upon them, a
disgrace to the public service, and a
glaring scandal seen of all men. It
is notorious that Senators, Repre-
sentatives, and officials have im-
posed upon the departments loose
characters, who are utterly unfit for
such employment, and unworthy
to mingle with the ladies who are
contaminated and insulted by their
presence. There is no use of min-
cing phrases about a palpable fact,
or attempting to extenuate it under
the cover of mistakes accidentally
made. Members of Congress have
pensioned their mistresses by scores
on the treasury, and the same
thing is true of many of the more
important officers in the depart-
ments through whose agency ap-
pointments are made.

If the instances were rare some
excuse might be pleaded, but when
the proof that this evil has taken
large proportions and demoralized
every department, then it de-
mands public criticism. The truth,
if fully told, would astound the
country, not only as to the extent
of the evil itself, but as to those who
are most responsible for its spread,
among whom figure a large number
of the Christian statesmen. No-
torious women occupy places of
trust in many of the offices, the
heads of which aspire to moral po-
sition and figure as churchmen.
Others less known but equally
criminal are scattered through the
bureaus by the influence of their
"friends" in Congress or the favor
of others having the ear of power.
Even the public printing office is
scarred with this virus, and it is
not confined strictly to party, for
Grant Democrats, as the purchas-
able members of that party are
known, have been propitiated by
such appointments.

The process is one of exchange.
The administration wants appropri-
ations, specific or contingent, and
appeals for favor to leaders in Con-
gress, taking good care to include
such as can be reached on the Dem-
ocratic side. The money is voted,
and may include an extra supply
of clerks or some fund allowing a
secretary to employ them as tempo-
rary, which practically means per-
manent. Then the member de-
mands his pay, and in this way, or
some other equally honorable, he
puts a mistress, and sometimes two,
on the pay roll of the Treasury or
the Interior. So that the people are
not only taxed for his plunder in
Credit Mobilier, but also for the
gratification of his lusts. While
widows and orphans who have just
claims upon the gratitude of the

country are rudely turned away
without succor or sympathy, profit-
able places are given to prostitutes,
who revel in luxury, throng the
avenues, and flaunt their finery at
the public expense.

Psalm-singing Christians like Mr.
Delano, or Puritans after the fashion
of Mr. Boutwell, have made most
of these appointments. Those two
departments especially and the
Post Office with their various
branches, could any fair day turn
out a regiment of females whose
private life is scandalous, and who
yet are thrust as associates upon
pure and exemplary ladies, who at
least expected to find common de-
cency in the public offices. No at-
tempt has been made to eradicate
this evil. It is, on the contrary,
protected and palliated. Remon-
strance has been followed by re-
moval. So that the outrage on
morals must not only be endured,
but the terrorism of power super-
adds silence as a necessity. If this
be not infamy in its worst form,
that word has lost all meaning.
And yet it is strictly true, and
known to be true by the President,
his Cabinet, his bureau chiefs, and
Congress, to say nothing of the
community which is a disgusted
witness of these indecencies.—*Cor-
respondence of New York Sun.*

The Marriage Question.

The marriage question is just now
attracting unusual attention. It
interests everybody. Some want
to marry, but cannot. Others are
married, but want to be free.
Others imagine they are married to
the wrong person, and would like
to exchange the misery they have
for one they know nothing about.
There seems to be a vast amount of
acute irritation and diffused discon-
tent in our present conjugal rela-
tions, while those who want to
marry but are not wanted in mar-
riage, and those who do not want
to marry but are wanted and
wooed, keep the waters uncomfort-
ably agitated. Doubtless, there
are as many happy homes and con-
tented husbands and wives as ever;
but they have an amiable and ad-
mirable habit of keeping the fact to
themselves, and are not constantly
pulling the marriage relation up by
the roots to see if there is not a
possibility that its leaves may
wither and its branches die. But
there is a great deal of uneasiness
and irritation. Statistics show a
large increase of unmarried people.
Divorces are numerous, and separa-
tions without legal formality are
more numerous still. The number
of young men who do not propose
to marry is alarming, while not a
few, like Mr. Knight of Malta,
would like to marry on time, to
separate when the marrying freak
is over or the gloss of the relation
is worn off. There is a certain
flippant and jaunty way of talking
about the most sacred of human
relations which shows a strange
want of appreciation of or faith in
it, and lecturers elicit applause by
cracking jokes at the expense of
the poor fools who have suffered
themselves to be caught by its sen-
timental chaff; and crude and loose
notions of the relations of the sexes
are floating about in society and
finding more frequent lodgment
and plausible advocacy than ever
before or than many imagine.

The marriage question is up, and
will be discussed in spite of all any-
body can do to prevent it. Perhaps
the courageous way of approaching
it is the wisest and best. No-
thing is gained by resisting the in-
evitable. Let us look the difficulty
full in the face. But a great deal
of the talk on this subject overlooks
the altered aspects of modern soci-
ety and life, and fails to see how the
changes in our circumstances, cus-
toms, and culture have necessarily
affected all our relations and econ-
omies. Three quarters of a century
ago, most men lived and died where
they were born. Their existence
was circumscribed. Their tastes
were domestic. It was their am-
bition to rear a family well, and
leave them a competency; and a
fortune then would hardly be coun-
ted a large annual income to-day.
Now, everybody is on the move.
We are a nation of nomads. We
are a race of cosmopolitans. Every-
thing is unsettled. Everybody is
on the go. All our tastes, habits, and
ambitions have altered. Business
is done in another way. The res-
taurant, the club, and the hotel
have superseded the home for thou-
sands. The cost for living has tre-
bled, and comparatively few men
can afford to support an establish-
ment to correspond with their tastes