

# The Cincinnati Enquirer

WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1884.

## Fantastic Effects of Music.

She trilled a tune on her light guitar,  
A low sweet group of tangled sounds,  
As blurred as the moon's waning light,  
And the tinkling of the strings re-echoed  
Over the rim of my soul-like rain.

The great bonde moon in the midnight skies  
Paled and paled the light of the stars,  
And the stars in the light of her upturned  
Eyes.

Sifted their love through the rifted leaves—  
Glutted and splintered in crystal mist  
Down a glittering string that her finger  
Tossed.

Oh, the melody mad! Oh, the tinkle and  
trill!

Of the ecstasy of the exquisite thing!  
The red rose dropped from the window sill  
And lay in a swoon on the floor,  
While the strains of the strain divine  
Ripped in gleam up my spell-bound vision.

## The Open Sea.

With sails up, beneath the Northern  
Breeze,  
Weave starlight and endure the stinging  
blast,  
Whose piercing breath would hold the vessel  
fast.

To the coast, from which we heard no cries  
For aid,  
We anchor as our ship in safety lies.

And on earth-bound, shall thought on  
thought  
Of the sea-shore that holds the  
land.

By all the links which in the flesh still bind  
The mortal frame,  
I wish I were a bird of the air,  
To fly above the world,  
To see the world as it is,  
To see the world as it is,  
To see the world as it is.

## TIM'S LITTLE GAME.

Conrad Tracy rushed into the office  
of his friend, Tim Oliver, one morning,  
and, finding that gentleman  
seated at his desk, he threw himself  
into a chair in all the  
abandon of grief.

"What is the matter now?" said Tim,  
as he took his friend's hand in his.

"I am the most wretched man in the  
world," Tim said, with a terrible misfor-  
tune in his eyes.

"Poor! If I had an income equal to  
yours I would throw aside all these  
mystic law books, look my office door,  
and never set foot within its precincts  
again. I suppose that girl Hattie Mar-  
tindal has been playing the mischief with  
you once more."

"She has refused me—absolutely re-  
fused to be my wife, after three  
months of courtship. But it is not  
her fault. She loves me devotedly,  
I know, which makes it all the worse  
to bear. Her uncle, upon whom she is  
dependent, says she has an allowance  
of \$800 a year for her personal expenses,  
a carriage and a house, and that he  
never will consent to her marriage  
with a man who cannot support her in  
the same style. It is cruel, cruel! And  
to think that she has given up her  
"Hattie is looking for you," she is  
a born jilt, and is only anxious to be  
rid of you that she may spin a web for  
another."

"But she kissed me when we parted,  
and promised eternal fidelity! Tears  
were in her eyes—"

"Tears? And did you believe in  
them? Why, Con, a woman's tears  
are her enemy, they only make you  
slightly human, they can weep  
floods of them and never feel a heart  
pang. I am a skeptic on the subject  
of woman's tears!"

"And yet you were taken aback  
when Miss Martindal's eyes were full of  
tears at the theater the other night?"

"Well, yes; I'll confess to that. I  
was afraid she would go off into a fit  
of hysteria, as she does sometimes, and  
I am particularly sensitive about a scene  
of that kind. But she was not. Her  
words failed Tim with which to express his  
contempt. He placed a cigar between his  
lips and leaned back in his chair  
with a look of intense disdain upon his  
countenance.

Conrad Tracy was a good fellow, ex-  
ceedingly handsome, well educated  
and possessed of a neat little income  
of \$2,000 a year. If he had a fault it  
was his great susceptibility to woman's  
charms. He was always in love, ready  
to commit suicide for his reigning  
queen—until he saw a better one, that  
was his fault. This was in the present  
instance. A new star arose in the  
horizon of Belleville, a bright, particular  
star, whose courtesies dazzled the  
eyes of all the young men in the vicin-  
ity, and made a name for herself  
caused by Miss Hattie's desertion  
settled on a little shelf in Con-  
rad's dressing room in the shape of  
a dose of poison, he was kneeling at  
the feet of this new enchantress.

She was lovely, this Miss Lucille  
Cameron, and loved for all the world  
like a Gainsborough picture. All the  
gentlemen of the place paid court to  
her, but her attentions, after at first  
being graciously received, were coldly  
discouraged, and it was not long be-  
fore the fair Lucille had gained the  
reputation of being the most ardent  
coquette who had ever deigned to visit  
Belleville.

Conrad Tracy was again in trouble,  
and a second time he sought a doctor,  
from his friend Tim. "I am more  
wretched than ever," he said. "Miss  
Cameron has showered favors upon  
me; I have dreamed of no one but her.  
She accompanied me to the theater  
last night, and she permitted me to  
walk with her, and smiled upon me  
when I told her my love. Last night, when  
I asked her to marry me, she pulled my  
bouquet to pieces, and with a sneer  
that it became her handsome face,  
told me my income was not large  
enough to support her wardrobe, and that  
although she liked me very much, I  
must never speak to her on the subject  
again."

"Tim pitied his friend this time, when  
he saw how hard he had been hit, and  
determined in his heart to avenge him.  
He would seek Miss Cameron's ac-  
quaintance and gain her affections.  
He had full confidence in his ability  
to win the lady's heart, and he would  
leave no stratagem untried to do  
so. Then he would reproach her  
with her perfidy to his friend, and  
leave her.

A charity ball was to be given that  
very evening, and all the elite of  
the town were deeply interested.  
There he would meet the beautiful  
Lucille and begin his work at once.  
Tim procured a ticket and dressed  
himself for conquest. He was very at-  
tractive when he chose to use his pow-  
ers of fascination, and throughout the  
crowded rooms there was no one to  
compare with him in manly grace and  
urbidity. It was seldom that Tim was  
seen at an evening entertainment, and  
his appearance soon drew the  
attention of Miss Cameron, and, at  
her request, he was brought within  
the charmed circle of her society. His  
efforts to please her were a grand suc-  
cess. They were partners in the  
dance. They promenaded together. He  
accompanied her to the supper table.  
In fact he was by her side at the en-  
tertaining and, at the close of the enter-  
tainment, escorted her to her carriage.

## Lazy People.

I have often been forced, much  
against my notion, to look into the  
slovenly heart, says Charles H. Bar-  
low, in *Farmer's World*, and I have  
seen that the majority are more unfor-  
tunate than the driving working class  
ever gave them credit for. Men are  
more like horses in their habits and  
ways than we imagine. Poor drivers  
and breakers with their work and  
stock, generally the cause of boldness  
and laziness. Education and training  
make or unmake man as well as  
beast. Now and then we find a man  
who works easily, sprightly and natu-  
rally. It is a pleasure to him to work,  
and he is a very fine talker, never  
at a loss for an expression which  
fully covers his meaning. In man-  
ner he is modest and unassuming, and  
he is always careful to abstain from  
repeating of his own accord to his lit-  
erary work.

## A CHAT WITH CABLE.

The Origin, Descent and Language of  
the Creoles.

Mr. Cable is a man possessed of a  
wonderful amount of personal magne-  
tism, and one is unreasonably at-  
tracted toward him. He is of slight  
figure, quite short, and was plainly at-  
tired yesterday in a black frock coat,  
dark pantaloons, and wore very little  
jewelry. His beard is worn full and  
shades his mouth. His thick, dark  
hair is brushed carefully back from a  
high forehead, and his bright gray eyes  
are very expressive. In casual conver-  
sation his voice is soft, low and pleas-  
ing, and he is a very fluent talker,  
never at a loss for an expression which  
fully covers his meaning. In man-  
ner he is modest and unassuming, and  
he is always careful to abstain from  
repeating of his own accord to his lit-  
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## PERSONAL HISTORY.

"Were you born in New Orleans?"  
"Yes, born and brought up in that  
city."

"By the way, how did you first hap-  
pen to strike the fruitful field in  
which you have been carrying on your  
literary labors?"

"Well, it was a sort of an accident.  
I was a free lance in New Orleans, and  
a time doing work on the *Picayune*,  
and I was called upon to write up a  
series of articles embodying the past  
history and present conduct of the  
charitable institutions, churches and  
schools of that city. You know they  
are doing work on the *Picayune*, and  
I was obliged to delve considerably  
into the old traditions of New Orleans.  
These articles brought out a good deal  
about Creole life in the city and  
they attracted a good deal of atten-  
tion. This brought to my notice the  
field of work you refer to."

## THE CREOLES TO-DAY.

"Do you find in New Orleans at the  
present day any of the type you have  
individualized as 'Narcissus'?"

"You will find Narcissus in every  
bank and counting-room in the city."

"Do you not find that the Northern  
people generally possess a mistaken  
idea of the Creoles?"

"I do not find that many North-  
erners believe the Creoles have negro  
blood in their veins. I am always  
glad to give the definition of the name  
Creole. It is correctly applied to  
all the people of the South, from the  
Atlantic to the Gulf, and from the  
Gulf to the Pacific. It is a name  
which has never before been known  
in man's history, which allows and en-  
ables man to develop to the very high-  
est stage of civilization, and which is  
the greatest success, as seen in our in-  
stitutions and marvelous growth, also  
allows him to settle to the opposite ex-  
treme, and descend to the lowest level  
of degradation."

## Stonewall Jackson's Daughter.

American girls in London of late  
have completely eclipsed the fame of  
such professional beauties as Mrs.  
Langtry, Mrs. Cornwallis West and  
Lady Dudley. Having fallen at the  
feet of the late General Jackson, and  
Miss Chamberlain, Mary Anderson,  
and Minnie Palmer, they are now  
raving over the charms of Julia Jack-  
son, the daughter of Stonewall Jack-  
son. She must have been riding in  
Rotten Row when she captured the no-  
bility of the English aristocracy. Her  
dom, for in this country at least, her  
beauty would hardly attract attention  
in a crowd. But she is the most grace-  
ful and magnificent horsewoman that I  
ever saw. I was introduced to her at  
the White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, a  
few years ago and rode with her fre-  
quently over the difficult mountain  
roads of the neighborhood. She seem-  
ed born to the saddle, guided her steed  
with all the ease imaginable, and chal-  
lenged the emulation of her male com-  
panions by her fearless and galloping  
along the edge of a yawning chasm  
hundreds of feet deep, jumping stone  
walls and leaping ditches. Her figure  
is petite and willowy, but her complex-  
ion is like the pines and the palmetto,  
and her features are only relieved by the  
magnificent lustre and sparkle of a pair of  
big black eyes. She will certainly aston-  
ish the Brits by her rare combination  
of good sense and culture with an  
unusually free and unconventional  
On horseback she is every inch her  
father's daughter, and by great stretch  
of imagination one could fancy her  
leading a desperate charge with all the  
spirit and ardor of martial inspiration.  
Miss Jackson is quite young, still in  
her teens, in fact. Her life has been  
mostly spent in the country, and she  
was hardly thrown in Northern society  
until a few months before her depart-  
ure, when she visited Boston, was hand-  
somerly received, and created a genuine  
sensation. Her family is comparatively  
poor, having lost nearly everything  
by the war. But it is to be hoped that  
by the way of legitimate reprisal for  
the capture of so many of our heroines  
by the impetuous English, she may  
make captive some wealthy scion of  
the British nobility.

## Wouldn't Take His Advice.

One day soon after Pope's defeat at  
Second Bull Run and Chancellorsville, a  
private soldier belonging to an Ohio  
regiment sought an interview with his  
captain, and announced that he had  
a plan for a military campaign which  
would certainly result in crushing out  
the rebellion. The officer very natu-  
rally inquired for particulars, but the  
soldier refused to reveal them, and  
asked for a chance to lay his plans be-  
fore Pope himself. After some delay  
he was given a pass to the White House,  
and he did not get to see Pope, but  
the chief of staff had coaxed and prom-  
ised and threatened for a quarter of  
an hour the Buckeye stood up and re-  
plied: "Well, sir, my plan is for John  
Pope and Bob Lee to swap commands,  
if we don't lick the South inside of  
sixty days you may shoot me for a patent  
hay-fork swindler!"

When he returned to camp he was  
naturally asked what success he met  
with and he truthfully replied:  
"Well, they had a plan of their  
own."

"What was it?"

"Why they took me out and de-  
buted for a mile and a half!"

*Free Press.*

It has been noticed in Washington  
that all the deaths which have taken  
place among members of the House  
during the sessions since the Forty-  
fifth Congress, on both the Republican  
and Democratic side, have been from  
the middle or fourth row. That row,  
has, therefore, been called "Fataality  
Row."

## The Song of the Brown Thrush.

We may be able to account, in part  
at least, for the disappointment which  
an inexperienced observer meets with  
when, fresh from the parterre (for ex-  
ample) the thirteenth chapter of Dar-  
win's Descent of Man, he goes into the  
woods to look about for himself. He  
expects to find here and there two or  
three songsters, each with his own  
particular notes, and the brilliancy and  
power of the other's music; while a  
feminine auditor sits in full view, pre-  
paring to render her verdict, and re-  
ward the successful competitor with  
her own praises. Unfortunately, it is  
looked for in vain. The two or three  
singers may be found, likely enough;  
but the female, if she is indeed within  
hearing, is modestly hiding away some-  
where in the bushes, and the student  
is none the wiser. Let him watch as  
long as he please, he will hardly see  
the prize awarded.

## Girls' Letters.

Who nowadays writes letters? We  
all dash of hasty notes, or hurriedly  
scribble a postal card, under pressure  
of immediate necessity, but the "episto-  
lar art," as dear to our grand-  
mothers is becoming extinct.

It was not long ago that postage was  
so high that letters were a luxury rather  
than the necessity they are now. The  
arrival of one looked upon as a great  
event, and to destroy was little short  
of sacrilege. It was worth while to  
spend some time and pains on a let-  
ter which would be read and re-read,  
and perhaps handed down for the ben-  
efit of posterity.

## The Marriage Relation.

Judge Jameson concludes an article  
in the *April North American Review*  
entitled "Shall our Civilization be Pre-  
served?" as follows:

A word, now, as to the perils which  
threaten us in connection with the  
marriage relation. The modern view  
is not only one of a multitude that flow  
from the same source, a general let-  
ting down of public sentiment in re-  
gard to the sanctity of marriage.  
While the Protestant view, that mar-  
riage must be civil contract, and the  
contract, has doubtless a basis of truth,  
it is not the whole truth. Marriage is  
a civil contract and a great deal more;  
it is the creation of a status the most  
sacred and the most important known  
to the law of human life. Regarded  
merely as a contract, it is natural to  
conclude that it may be lightly dis-  
solved; and, in fact, from precisely  
such a conclusion flows the disastrous  
flood of divorces that is overwhelming  
our Protestant communities. Far bet-  
ter than this would be to be the inflex-  
ible rule of the Roman Church were  
adopted and enforced. And one haz-  
ardous little in predicting that, for  
the sake of our civilization, we must  
result, unless there shall be restored to  
the status of marriage something of the  
solemnity and sacredness imputed to it  
by that church. It is needless to mul-  
tiply words, but our divorce and mar-  
riage laws must be revised, made more  
uniform, and more strict, and be rigidly  
enforced, or the disorganization of society  
now threatened by the increased loos-  
ening of the marital ties will become  
complete. So long as divorce and mar-  
riage are so often referred to as evi-  
dence in trifling or important matters  
that this is worth remembering. If  
they should happen to be kept for any  
length of time, the date would add  
materially to their interest.

## The Cowboy of Florida.

Visiting the stores for the sake of  
provisioning the craft, the principal  
business of Fort Myers was at once dis-  
cernible from the array of goods and  
brides exhibited. At this point, and  
from many a prairie and jungle in the  
neighborhood, cattle are brought in  
for shipment to Punta Rassa, to be  
sent from thence to Key West, and  
Cuba. A grand stand in high boots,  
with lounging around in high boots,  
with jingling spurs, showed the peculiari-  
ties of their calling, for they were the  
cowboys of this region. I doubt  
whether the cowboy of the west is re-  
garded as a more picturesque creature  
where he herds or drives his cattle,  
the Florida cowboy is indigenous to  
the soil. Hard work and plenty of it,  
at times with poor food, a debilitating  
climate and many mosquitoes have  
made them fearless. Driving cattle  
in the west is certainly no child's play,  
but in this portion of Florida the task  
must be a particularly difficult one  
from the nature of the country. To  
scamper at full speed across the coun-  
try in quest of a bunch of cattle is  
no easy matter. The horse wanted  
for the work is the small, scrubby ani-  
mal born and bred in Florida. He  
seems to be capable of withstanding  
any amount of hard service. Certainly,  
the Florida cowboy is a different crea-  
ture from the western cowboy, the  
poorest specimen of the horning  
race known. This present, save about  
their legs, few traces of merit. Having  
not much weight to carry, their speed  
is, for a short burst, enough to blow a  
jockey in every direction. They will  
average 350 pounds.—*Fort Myer*  
(*Fia. Cor. N. Y. World.*)

## An Accomplished Negro Butler.

One day last fall a handsome mulat-  
to boy came to the door of a friend  
of mine, asking for work. He was a  
good butler, he explained, despite his  
years; he had been trained to do  
many things outside of his  
strict line of duty. My friend happened  
to need just such a serving man, and  
accepted him very imprudently on his  
face, which was good, without asking  
particularly for his recommendations,  
which were bad. He was a most ac-  
complished servant. He knew all  
about the dining room; he knew all  
about the front door; he was willing  
and ready and quiet, and a great suc-  
cess in every way. He was, of course,  
extremely polite. He was an ex-  
tremely polite boy, though very gen-  
tle and kind, and he soon worked his  
way into the good graces of the family.  
One day when one of the young ladies  
was playing the piano, he was dis-  
covered listening. The next day he was  
found listening again. His devotion to  
music was remarked upon. Finally he  
plucked up courage to ask if he could  
not sit down to the piano at odd mo-  
ments when the ladies were otherwise  
engaged. They said he could. He did  
at the first opportunity, and for a mu-  
latto serving man he played exquisitely.  
Of course the ladies heard him,  
and were pleased. They felt that had  
a few more such as he, the world  
would be a better place. One day, after  
he had won the hearts of the whole  
family, he quietly stepped out with  
all the jewelry he could lay his  
delicate hands on. On Tuesday he  
was playing the piano, he was dis-  
covered listening. The next day he was  
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