# The Weekly Clarion.

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PROPRIETORS.

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## THE MAIDEN AND THE LILY.

BY JOHN FRASER.

A lily in my garden grew,
And (like the sun and clover,
No better lily ever blew,
Search all the wide world over.
Its beauty passed into my heart—
I kept it (I was very silly—
But I was then a foolish maid),
And it—a perfect lilly.

One day a learned man came by,
With years of knowledge laden,
And him I questioned with a sigh,
Like any foolish maiden:
"Wise sir, please tell me wherein lies—
I (in my the question's silly—
The—something that my art defies,
And makes a perfect lily?"

He stopped, and, bending, plucked the flower.
The stem, leaf and petal,
And talked to me for full an hour,
And thought the point to settle;
"Dear little," at length he cries;
And I—I know I was silly—
Could only weep and say, "But where—
O, dear, where's my lily?"

## THE THREE KISSES.

I kissed the dead. Her warm, red lips
Were pressed against his marble brow—
"For he is but asleep," she said,
"And he mustn't be disturbed with the dead.
He'll rise and kiss me now."

I kissed the dead. Her warm, red lips
Were pressed against his lips of ice,
"He wakes not," she weeping said,
"Oh—my darling must be dead,
I have kissed him thrice."

## FEMALE VAGARIES.

The mulberry flowers came drooping down
Over the two that stood together,
Late we were by the gateway brown,
Still and sad in the soft May weather,
He took her close for a last, long kiss;
"Wait for you, dear," she said, "forever;
No lover shall be false to this;
For mine is a love that I can alter never!"

The mulberry flowers drop down once more
Sweet over the two that stood together,
Parting and in the soft May weather!
Truth has changed its bloom again,
And they have has changed that could alter never.

But a year has come and gone since then!
And that is the length of a girl's forever.

## Great Promises—Small Performances.

From the Liberty Herald.

We are sorry to confess our disappointment in Gov. Ames on the retrenchment question. He promised largely, and has performed badly. Towards the close of the session, an act was passed giving Keary & Stanton several thousand dollars for work on the Insane Asylum for which they had already been paid more than the contract price. This was a commonly proper subject on which to exercise the veto power. Another instance, if possibly more unjust, an act was passed and approved by Gov. Ames reducing the salaries of county superintendents of education all over this State. In this county the salary had been $1500. Just on the heels of adjournment, an act was hurried through both houses suspending the act so far as it related to Amite county. Gov. Ames approved this act, and by his signature takes from the tax-payers of Amite county seven hundred and fifty dollars per annum. If there were any reason for this act it would not be so bad. But even its most ardent advocates can surely give no reason why Amite should pay her Superintendent $1500, while Franklin, on the north, and Pike on the east, pay, we believe, $600; and Wilkinson, on the west but more than $1000. It can not be defended on any just and reasonable grounds.

## Heavy War Claims.

From the Baltimorean.

Mention has been made of the adverse report of the Committee of War Claims on the claim of Messrs. Joshua and Thomas Green, of Jackson, Mississippi. The Messrs. Greens, who are natives of Maryland, went more than thirty years ago from Baltimore, where they were engaged in business, to the State of Mississippi. They settled in Jackson, and at the time the war broke out had built up a large business, being the owners of the Pearl River cotton and woolen mills, and in addition carrying on the business of private bankers.

In May 1863, when Grant's victorious army entered the city of Jackson, one of the firm waited on that officer and was informed that it was his purpose to respect private property. Gen. Grant also ordered a guard to be set over the banking house to protect it from the pillaging of the troops. The day after, the Provost Marshal entered the banking house, demanded the keys of the vault and took therefrom over $260,000 in bonds and money. This is the last the Messrs. Green saw of their funds, and all they know for it is the receipt of the Provost Marshal. Gen. Grant, before leaving Jackson and turning over the command to Gen. Sherman, issued an order to destroy the mill and machinery belonging to the Greens.

Gen. Sherman, before carrying the order into execution, addressed a letter to the proprietors, in which he said that it was done purely for military reasons and that if they applied to Congress they would be indemnified. The mill, machinery and contents, including nearly 500,000 pounds of cotton, were then given to the flames. The property destroyed was valued at $718,601. The committee dismiss the claim with very little consideration. They allege that seizure and destruction were justified by the laws of nations, but the most particular stress seems to be laid upon the charge that the claimants were not "loyal." In regard to this the Messrs. Green have abundant evidence to show that they were "Union" men up to the time that Mississippi seceded, and that they did what thousands of other Union men did all over the South, made no resistance to the *de facto* government, and continued their avocations as private citizens. It is understood that Gen. Sherman now thinks that their claim is a just one. It will, it is understood, be re-opened and additional facts submitted.

# THE WEEKLY CLARION.


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## Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar's Eulogy on the Late Senator Sumner.

[Telegraphed to the Western Press.

(Speeches were also made by Messrs. Lamar, Orth, Rainey, Cowles, Potter, Kelley, Nesmith, G. F. Hoar, Conger and Phillips. The most notable speech was that of Lamar, of Mississippi, who spoke as follows:)

MR. SPEAKER: I rise to second the resolutions presented by the member from Massachusetts. I believe that they express a sentiment which pervades the hearts of all the people whose representatives are here assembled. Strange, as in looking back upon the past, the assertion may seem impossible as it would have been ten years ago to make it, it is not less true, that to-day Mississippi regrets the death of Charles Sumner and as sincerely unites in paying honors to his memory. Not because of the splendor of his intellect; not because of the high culture, elegant scholarship, and varied learnings which revealed themselves so clearly in all his public efforts as to justify the application to him of Johnston's felicitous expression: "He touched nothing which he did not adorn;" not this, but because of those peculiar and strongly-marked moral traits of his character which gave a coloring to the whole tenor of his singularly dramatic public career, making him for a long period to a large portion of his countrymen the object of as deep and passionate a hostility as to another he was one of enthusiastic admiration, and which are not the less the causes that now unite all these parties so widely differing in a common sorrow to-day over his lifeless remains.

Mr. Lamar went on to speak of the high moral qualities of Mr. Sumner, and of the characteristics which brought the illustrious Senator, just passed away, into direct and bitter antagonism for years with his own State and her sister States of the South. Charles Sumner was born with an instinctive love of freedom, and was educated from his earliest infancy to the belief that freedom is the natural right of all having the outward form of man. To behold a human being, or a race of human beings, restrained of what he deemed their natural rights to liberty for no crime they had committed, was to feel all the beligerent instincts of his nature roused to combat. The fact was to him a wrong which no logic could justify. It mattered not to him how humble in the scale of rational beings the subject of this restraint might be, how dark his skin, or how dense his ignorance; behind all that lay for him the great principle that liberty is the birthright of all humanity, and that every individual, of every race, who has a soul to save, is entitled to freedom which may enable him to work out his salvation. It mattered not to him that the slave might be contented with his lot; that his actual condition might be immeasurably more desired than that from which it had transplanted him; that it gave him the physical comfort, mental elevation, and religious truth possessed by his race in no other condition; that his bonds had not been placed upon his hands by the living generation; that the mixed social system of which he formed an element had been regarded by the fathers of the Republic, and by the ablest statesmen who had risen up after them, as not calculated to be thrown up without danger to society itself, or even to civilization, or, finally, that the actual state of things had been recognized and explicitly sanctioned by the very organic law of the Republic. Weighty as these considerations might be, formidable as the difficulties in the way of the practical enforcement of his great principle, he held not the less that it must, sooner or later, be enforced, though institutions and constitutions shall have to give way alike before it.

But here let me do this great man the justice which, amid the excitements of the struggle between the sections now past, I may have been disposed to deny him. In his fiery zeal and his earnest warfare against wrong, as he viewed it, there entered no enduring personal animosity toward the men whose lot it was to be born to the system which he denounced. It has been kindness of sympathy which in these later years he has displayed toward the improvident and suffering people of the Southern States that has unveiled to me the tender and generous heart which beat beneath the bosom of the zealot, and has forced me to yield him the tribute of my respect, I might even say of my admiration.

Nor in the manifestation of this has there been anything which a proud and sensitive people, smarting under a sense of recent discomfiture and present suffering, might not frankly accept, or which would give them just cause to suspect its sincerity; for, though he raised his voice as soon as he believed the momentous issues of this great military conflict were decided, one half of amnesty to the vanquished, and though he stood forward ready to welcome back as brothers, and to re-establish in their rights as citizens those whose valor had so nearly riven asunder the Union which he loved, he always insisted that the most ample protection and largest safeguards should be thrown around the liberties of the newly-enfranchised African race. Though he knew very well that of his conquered fellow-citizens of the South by far the larger portion, even those who most heartily acquiesced in and desired the abolition of slavery, seriously questioned the expediency of investigating in a single day, and without any preliminary tutelage, so vast a body of inexperienced and uninstructed men with the full rights of citizenship and suffrage, he would tolerate no half-way measures upon a point to him so vital.

It was certainly a gracious act toward the South, though unhappily it jarred upon the sensibilities of the people at the other extreme of the Union, to propose to erase from the banners of the national army the mementoes of the bloody internal struggle which might be regarded as assailing the pride or wounding the sensibilities of the Southern people. That proposal will never be forgotten by that people so long as the name of Charles Sumner lives in the memory of man. But while it touched the heart and elicited profound gratitude, her people would not have asked of the North such an act of self-renunciation. Conscious that they themselves were animated by devotion to constitutional liberty, and that the brightest pages of history are replete with evidence of the depth and sincerity of that devotion, they can but cherish recollections of the battles fought and victories won in defense of their hopeless cause, and respecting, as all true and brave men must respect, the martial spirit with which men of worth vindicated the integrity of the Union and their devotion to the principles of human freedom. They do not ask, they do not wish the North to strike the mementoes of heroism and victory from either the records, or monuments, or battle flags. They would rather that both sections should gather up the glories won by each section, not envious but proud of each other, and regard them as a common heritage of American valor. Let us hope that future generations, when they remember the deeds of heroism and devotion done on both sides, will speak not of Northern prowess or Southern courage, but of the heroism, fortitude, and courage of Americans in a war of ideas, a war in which each section signalized its consecration to the principles, as each understood them, of American liberty, and of the Constitution received from their fathers.

It was my misfortune, perhaps my fault, personally never to have known this eminent philanthropist and Statesman. The impulse was often strong upon me to go to him and offer him my hand and my heart with it, and to express to him my thanks for his kind and considerate course toward the people with whom I am identified. If I did not yield to that impulse, it was because the thought occurred that other days were coming in which such a demonstration might be more opportune and less liable to reconstruction. Suddenly, and without promotion, a day has come at last to which for such a purpose there is no to-morrow. My regret is, therefore, intensified by the thought that I failed to speak to him out of the fullness of my heart while there was yet time. How often is it that death thus brings unavailingly back to our remembrance opportunities unimproved in which generous overtures prompted by the heart remain unoffered, frank avowals which rise to the lips remain unspoken, and injustice and wrong, with which conscience reproaches us, remain unprepared.

Charles Sumner, in life, believed that all occasion for strife and distrust between the North and South had passed away, and there no longer remained any cause for continued estrangement between these two sections of our common country. Are there not many of us that believed the same thing? Is not that the common sentiment, or if not, ought it not to be of the great mass of our people, North and South? Bound to each other by a common Constitution, destined to live together under a common Government, forming unitedly but a single member of the great family of nations, shall we not at least endeavor to grow toward each other once more in heart as we are already indissolubly linked to each other in fortunes? Shall we not, whilst honoring the memory of this great champion of human liberty, this feeling sympathizer with human sorrow, this earnest pleader for the exercise of human tenderness and heavenly charity, lay aside the concealments which serve only to perpetrate misunderstandings and distrust, and frankly confess that on both sides we most earnestly desire to be one; one not merely in political organization, one not merely in identity of institutions; one not merely in community of language, and literature, and traditions, and country, but, more and better than all that, one also in feeling and in heart? Am I mistaken in this? Do the concealments of which I speak still cover animosities which neither time, nor reflection, nor the march of events have yet sufficed to subdue? I cannot believe it. Since I have been here I have scrutinized your sentiments as expressed not merely in public debate but in the abandon of personal confidence. I know well the sentiments of those, my Southern friends, whose hearts are so enfolded that the feelings of each is the feeling of all; and I see on both sides only the seeming of a constraint which each apparently hesitates to dismiss. The South, prostrate, exhausted, drained of her life-blood, as well as her material resources, yet still honorable and true, accepts the bitter award of the bloody arbitrament without reservation, resolutely determined to abide the result with chivalrous fidelity; yet, as if struck dumb by the magnitude of her reverses, she suffers on in silence. The North, exultant in her triumph and elated by success, still cherishes, as we are assured, a heart full of magnanimous emotions toward her disarmed and disconfited antagonist; and yet, as if under some mysterious spell, her words and acts are words and acts of suspicion and distrust. Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead whom we lament to-day could speak from the grave to both parties to this deplorable discord, in tones which should reach each and every heart throughout this broad territory, "My countrymen! know one another, and you will love one another."

## From Her Wedding to the Grave.

A singular and melancholy accident, terminating fatally, occurred at the village of East Meadows, Long Island, Wednesday night. A young lady of the village, named Belle Palmer, had been that day married to a Mr. Wheeler, and the newly-wedded pair and their friends were making merry at the house of the bride's parents. At about 11:30 P. M., the young couple left the house, and Mrs. Wheeler stepped into a carriage which was in waiting to receive them. She took the reins in her hand in order to hold the horse until her husband joined her. At this moment some person belonging to the household discharged a musket as a salute to the bridal party, when the horse, a very mettlesome animal, broke from his fastening and dashed down the road at a furious gallop. In attempting to turn an abrupt curve the carriage was upset, and Mrs. Wheeler was thrown violently. She had become inextricably entangled in the loose reins, and was dragged over the rough surface of the road at a fearful rate. The animal subsequently fell into a ditch at the roadside, dragging the unfortunate lady with him. By this time the husband, parents, and friends came up with lanterns, and discovered the remains of Mrs. Wheeler partly immersed in the water of the ditch, the horse still kicking and struggling to escape. The head of the lady was almost torn from her body, every limb was broken in a number of places, and the whole body was bruised and lacerated in a shocking manner. The remains were removed by the friends, accompanied to the scene of the marriage festivities by the bereaved husband and sorrowing parents of the deceased.

## An Encounter with a Maniac.

At Portsmouth, N. H., on the arrival of a train of cars over the Eastern railroad, Thursday afternoon, a man jumped off and demanded of another standing there that he "pay that $40," he owed, enforcing his demand with an oath. "I don't owe you any $40," was the reply; "I never saw you before." "Well, you pay it quick, or I'll make you," said the first man, brandishing a revolver, every chamber of which was loaded with powder and ball. The gentleman threatened, seeing at once that the assailant was insane or "in the horrors," instead of trying to run away or knock the maniac down, either of which operations might have resulted fatally, replied: "Well, I haven't got the money about me but I know where I can get it, and if you like to go with me we'll make it all right." The pleased debt-collector thereupon quietly followed his guide to the police station, a distance of about a mile, and was locked up by the officers.

The value of foreign imports at Boston, since the first of January, is $11,368,722, and of exports to foreign countries, $9,227,316.

## Fatal Omens.

Not a few old families pride themselves upon inheriting certain omens whereby they are warned of death's approach. Some are warned by a meteor's light, some by melancholy strains of music floating from the mansion to die away in the woods. A mysterious knocking, never heard at any other time, tells the lords of Bampton that one of their race is bound for the silent land. A stamping by unseen feet on the palace floor predicates a death in the family of the ducal house of Modena. A sturgeon forcing its way up the Trent toward Clifton Hall, is a sign that the Cliftons of Nottinguamshire will have to put on mourning.—For some days before the death of the heir of the Breretons, the trunk of a tree is to be seen floating on the lake near the family mansion. Two giant owls perch upon the battlements of Wardour Castle when an Arundel's last hour has come. If a Devonshire Oxenham is about to die, a white-breasted bird flutters over the doomed one's bed. A local ballad relates how on the burial eve of Margaret, heiress of the brave and generous Sir James Oxenham, a silver-breasted bird flew over the wedding guests just as Sir James rose to acknowledge their congratulations. The next day the bride fell dead at the altar, stabbed by a discarded lover. Howell saw a tombstone in a stone-cutter's shop in Fleet street, in 1632, inscribed with the names of sundry persons, who thereby attested the fact that John Oxenham, Mary, his sister, James, his son, and Elizabeth, his mother, had each and all died with a white-breasted bird fluttering above their beds. A family of Loch Ranza, Arran, know when one of their kin is about to die, by an invisible piper playing a lament on the hill-side. When death purposes visiting a McLean, of Lochbury, the unwelcome caller is heralded by the spirit of a battle-slain ancestor ringing the bells on his fairy bridle, as he gallops twice round the old homestead. As a rule, death-announcing phantoms are of the feminine gender. No Lady Holland expects to shuffle off this mortal coil until she has seen a shadowy counterfeit presentment of herself. The Middletons, of Yorkshire, as becomes an ancient Catholic house, have a Benedictine nun to apprise them of a reduction in the number of Middletons. A weeping, moaning, earthy-sprite warns the Stanleys of the death of a distinguished member of the family. A hairy-armed girl called May Moullach, brings the like sad news to the Grants, of Grant; the Bodach-an-dud, otherwise the ghost of the hill, performers the office for the Grants Rothiemurcus, and most old Highland families boast their own familiar banshee, whose wailing, screaming and weeping, tells them the head of the house must make room for his heir. Lady Fanshaw, visiting the head of an Irish sept in his moated baronial grange, was made aware that banshees are not peculiar to Scotland. Awakened at midnight by an awful unearthly scream, she beheld, by the light of the moon, a female form at the window of her room, which was too far from the ground for any woman of mortal mould to reach. The creature owned a pretty, pale face, and red, dishevelled hair, and was clad in the garb of old—very old—Ireland. After exhibiting herself for some time the interesting spectre shrieked twice and vanished. When Lady Fanshaw told her host what she had seen he was not at all surprised. "A near relation," said he, "died last night in this castle. We kept our expectation of the event from you lest it should throw a cloud over the cheerful reception which was your due. Now, before such an event happens in the family and castle, the female spectre you saw always becomes visible. She is believed to be the spirit of a woman of inferior rank, whom one of my ancestors married, and whom he afterward caused to be drowned in the moat to expiate the dishonor done to our race." If all banshees originated in the same way, the less the proprietors of such things brag of the matter, the better.

## South Carolina Finances—Report of Committee.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 28.—Representative Tremain, of the Sub-Committee of the House Judiciary Committee, to-day made a report to the full Committee on the memorial of the Tax-payers' Convention in South Carolina, asking for relief against alleged misgovernment of that State. A majority of that Committee agreed to the report, which was presented to the House, ordered printed, and re-committed to the Committee. Mr. Eldridge, on behalf of the minority, will submit his views, maintaining that Congress should appoint a committee to investigate the condition of affairs in South Carolina. The majority of the Committee say the real grievances of the memorialists and those whom they represent relate to the changes in the Constitution of the United States, whereby the colored voters of South Carolina numbered about 90,000, and the white voters about 40,000.

Congress has no constitutional power to grant the relief which is asked by the petitioners. It is believed that by a mutual interchange of kind and friendly intercourse, by the employment of all means which are found sufficient in other States, the existing evils in the administration of the affairs of South Carolina may be remedied by the people themselves. The Committee, therefore, report a resolution that the prayer of the memorialists be denied, and the Committee discharged from further consideration of the subject.

## A Flood Scene on the Lower Pearl.

[From the Picayune.

This side of the river, for several miles above and below Gainesville, was thickly settled by the poorer class of people, and now their homes are washed away and themselves left destitute of everything. Captain Poitevant sent his flatboats, skiffs and tugs to their relief, and succeeded in saving the stock and house hold goods of a great many, but the boats could not work fast enough, and he says he knows of at least ten families who are starving and have not a change of clothing. One poor blind man was found clinging to the side of his house with the water up to his neck. The cattle and hogs that saved themselves by swimming to high lands are dying of exhaustion. Capt. Poitevant says that the swamp is full of deer and hogs that are floating about on straw rafts and single logs. Rabbits are floating about on chunks, and the bears and their cubs have climed up trees, and make the most pitiful cries of distress.

The Captain's favorite hound was caught in the flood, and was supposed to be drowned, but after three days the poor creature was found astride of a saw-log, howling as loud as hunger and exhaustion would permit.

The election of Mr. Yale, an ex-Confederate, to the Legislature of Connecticut, is a significant token of the great thaw of prejudices which has been going on at the North for the last year or two. We hope it marks the dawning of a new and better era.—Montgomery Advertiser.

## THE DASHING FLIRT.

[From Lippincott's Magazine.

The dictionary defines a flirt as "a young girl who acts with giddiness."—Observe the incapacity of those who sit in high places! The dictionary manifestly knows nothing about it. A flirt is not of necessity a young girl, and cannot in the nature of things be the least giddy. *Au contraie justement*, she acts with well-considered and deliberate purpose; she possesses great steadiness and force of character; her patience and perseverance are indomitable; and for years she keeps in view an object of comparatively trifling interest until it is *un fait accompli*. She assumes such moods and characteristics as she deems most efficient in pursuance of her designs, and plays a part with a veri-similitude which often deceives the most acute. She is a social Modoc, delighting in her cruel achievements, and rating her prowess by the extent of the wounds inflicted and the number of scalps taken.

As with early potatoes, there are several varieties of flirts, and it is difficult to decide which variety is preferable.

The dashing flirt does very heavy execution. She dances, rides and talks with so keen an enjoyment in each that it imparts itself to others, her interest never flags, her tongue exemplifies perpetual motion, and her overflowing animal spirits are as exhilarating as a sea-breeze. She is exceedingly imperious and haughty, and rules everybody connected with her, from her mamma to her maid, and from Captain Jones, whom she delights to honor, to little Johnny Wilkins, who hangs about her and devotedly performs her behest for weeks and weeks without receiving a kind word. But then, when she does condescend, her kindness is so delightful that all her retainers, from mamma and Aunt Lucy and Captain Jones down, bask joytully in the "sun of sweet content." Loyal Johnny Wilkins' fidelity and deft execution of sundry commands are rewarded by a charming little speech of recognition, and he is most grateful and happy. She is a person of great determination, does as she likes best, and possesses an insight into characters and motives which enables her "to play upon them, seems to know their stops, and sound them from their lowest note to the top of their compass;" and is gentle or stern, coaxing or bullying, affectionate or cold, as her quick discrimination suggests.

She has great partiality and aptitude for physical and out-door amusements; she waltzes with Captain Jones long after that gallant officer is ready to faint from heat and exhaustion, and mamma and Aunt Lucy are almost in spasm of terror lest she should break a blood-vessel; and she plays croquet until it is so dark that the gentlemen are compelled to tie white handkerchiefs on the wickets in order to see them, and her devoted slave, Johnny Wilkins, holds a lamp for her, and consequently has to bear the blame of all her misfortunes in that exciting pastime, for not throwing the light further than it can shine. When she joins aquatic excursions she always takes an oar and pulls most doughtily; she makes herself very merry at the expense of those timid young ladies who, one would imagine, has the hydrophobia, so great is their terror of water, she jumps about to tilt the boat from side to side, and their unaffected uneasiness laughs aloud, so liquid, so merry, so musical a laugh, and withal looks so saucily beautiful, that the attendant cavaliers, in reprobating such heartless conduct, flock in numbers to her standard and by and by receive the reward they merit. They do anything and everything she wishes, steer in the direction she pleases; row rapidly or slowly as she is fresh or tired; and their indulgence of her whims is received as a matter of course. She expresses a desire for some lovely water-lilies. Captain Jones hastens to gratify her, and as he exerts all his strength to break them from their tough stems, she holding the rudder-lines, deftly turns the boat a little to one side, and over goes the adventurous Jones into the water. The other gentlemen think this most bewitching playfulness, and the ladies—Oh, never mind them; who cares what they think? In for a penny, in for a pound, Jones wet through swims about and gathers all the lilies he can find returns to the boat and presents them to his *bien aimee*, who smiles prettily, thanks him in the kindest manner, and tells him he is like a great water-dog.

She has set her heart upon riding Captain Jones' beautiful and spirited steed Black Auster, which he once in an unguarded moment offered to lend her, although her pretty bay Donum is a charming palfrey, and much more suitable for a lady's use. She is bent upon this because mamma and Aunt Lucy have positively refused their consent, combined their forces and hold out manfully against a hot siege, and the miscreant Jones, deserting the cause of his liege lady, actually, from some hidden recess, of his inner nature, plucks up sufficient courage to decline to lend her his wild and dangerous horse; not because he doubts her ability to ride Black Auster, but because he cannot think himself justifiable in doing so in opposition to her mother's and aunt's express commands. To this speech she replies, dropping her cheery voice to a plaintive key with a disappointment quite touching, "I thought you would be pleased to do me a favor; I beg your pardon."

"So I would! so I would!" excitedly declares Jones, "only your mother opposes it so strongly."

She turns her back upon him as if she intends to join the rest of the equestrian party, who are standing about in little groups, all engaged in cheerfu and confused discussion concerning the horses and equipments. "My mother opposes it, indeed!" she says, looking back over her shoulder at him with scorn and indignation flashing from her eyes, "and, of course, you care more for mamma's opposition than for my wishes. Hereafter, I hope I may know better who are my real friends. Do you suppose if I had asked Mr. Lester to lend me his horse in place of mine, he would not have gladly gone on his head to that gate there and exchanged the saddles in one moment?—That he would, poor dear fellow!"

Ah, Jones weak, but not wicked!—With a fierce desire burning within him to break that Lester's head on which the young lady represented him as joyfully perambulating, he comes up to her and swears for the millionth time a variety of sentimental vows, the burden of which is that he will do anything for her, even to cutting his own throat, or Lester's, or any other man's.

"Ah! scornfully replies the young lady, "to promise so much, how little you perform! Such devotion, such affection, such a sacrificing spirit! And when I ask you to change a saddle you flatly refuse!"

"I do not refuse; I only hesitated on account of your mother's apprehensions and violent opposition; but I will go and change the saddles this instant. Come and mount before your mother finds us out."

Mamma, a thought suspicious from long experience, is on the scene of action before the saddle is quite fastened on Black Auster, and she and Aunt Lucy remonstrate vehemently in strophe and anti-strophe, in true tragic style, both with the offending damsel and Captain Jones. The latter is for giving up the point and changing the saddles back again, but the heroic young lady makes vigorous resistance: "Let that saddle stay where it is, Captain Jones. No, mamma! No, Aunt Lucy! I will ride Captain Jones' beautiful horse. Cannot manage him? Pshaw! I could ride a wild buffalo. Take Donum, indeed! I would as soon ride a sheep. Don't mind, Aunt Lucy, Captain; come, put me up. You ought to know by this time that when I say a thing, I stand to it. Just listen to mamma and Aunt Lucy—where's the sti rup? —to hear them talk, one would think I had never been in the saddle before.—My whip, if you please: thank you.—Come, Captain; there is no use in mooning round mamma and Aunt Lucy; they will never forgive you if you live until life is a burden to you. You are not to blame, indeed! You offered me your horse, changed the saddles with your own hands, and assisted me to mount. Oh, you had nothing at all to do with it, poor innocent! Why, you are the head and front of the offending, for you first suggested the idea to me. But don't look so downcast; get on your horse and let us go. Why don't you all make haste? the sun is blistering, and Black Auster and I are dying to be off. Then mount, then mount, brave gallants all! Now, Auster your best devoir. Mamma, Aunt Lucy, I am very sorry mourning is becoming to neither of you, but it is all Captain Jones' fault. 'Adieu, for evermore, my dears—adieu for evermore.'

A retired physician writes: "How does it happen that amid the everlasting cry against drunkenness we never hear a word against its sister evil, gluttony? I think I can assert with truth that, in a long practice, three have died among my patients from drink. Whence comes apoplexy, paralysis, dyspepsia and a host of other diseases, but from too much and too rich food, taken under the most imprudent circumstances? And yet we hear of no society formed to prevent this growing vice. A man eats until he drops down and expires with apoplexy by the roadside, when up comes the coroner with a jury of twelve good men and true who pronounce a verdict, 'Died from intemperance.' So he did, but what kind of intemperance was it? I have heard more than one minister in the pulpit expatiate with great vehemence against the sin of drunkenness whose very appearance was proof positive that he was pre-eminently guilty of gluttony."

## VARIETIES.

Hayti is threatened with another revolution.

Twenty-one weddings were announced in Saturday's Ledger.

Berne, Switzerland, is said to annually produce 1,190,000 watches.

A Kentucky widow recently recovered $85 damages from the slayer of her husband.

Mrs. Edith Wilson, of Otego, aged 11 years, recently lost her baby, aged seven weeks.

A member of the Illinois Legislature was recently presented with his twenty-fifth child.

Massachusetts pays thirty per cent. more taxes on liquor than all the rest of New England together.

Tea is now carried by rail, from San Francisco to the eastern cities, at the rate of $40, gold, per ton.

Black will continue in favor for the day costumes, but it will be less worn at night than heretofore.

A lightning churn, warranted to make eight pounds of butter out of a gallon of milk, is a late invention.

"Never Skedaddle," was the unclassical text of a Congregationalist minister in Massachusetts recently.

A lady has been appointed school superintendent at Hawley, Mass., with a salary of $2 per day and "horse hire."

Mr. Moses Croachers, of Concord, N. H., who was bitten by a cat over a year ago, died recently of hydrophobia.

Invisible purple gloves are worn by ladies in mourning, in preference to the dead black gloves that are apt to crack.

Belgium thinks of formally abolishing capital punishment. Practically it has been abolished for the last thirty years.

Jamaica wants a subsidy from the home government for the establishment of a mail service between there and New York.

Let all the spinsters be happy; they are never without two good beaux at least provided they use them, well—their elbows.

A jolly deacon and hilarious Sunday-school superintendent danced at a Kentucky party, and there is trouble in the church.

The Geneva Cross, which became so familiar an emblem during the Franco-Prussian war, is again in the field, this time in Spain.

A wealthy Italian baron was recently taken prisoner by a party of brigands in Sicily, and had to pay $12,500 ransom for his release.

Last fall's bonnets that have been several times sat upon, or that have been in a railroad smash-up, are most esthetic and desirable.

An elegant toilette in Paris costs from 700 to 1,000 francs, although very handsome costumes may be procured at 400 and 500 francs.

A Terre Haute man has been compelled to ask the protection of the courts against three widows, who have each made up their minds to marry him.

White-robed figures with ghastly faces stalk the streets of Chicago. They are advertisements for a course of ghost lectures by Professor Pepper.

Boston proposes to buy for her Art Museum, some of the treasures of Senator Sumner's collection not mentioned in his will, and which are likely to be sold.

Here is the way they announce hotel arrivals in St. Louis: The Hon. J. A. Bryant came from Chicago to Barnum's Hotel, in this city, to get a square meal.

It is said that Dean Stanley recently preached a sermon before the newly married Duke and Duchess of Edinburg, from the text, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"SAMBO, where did you get the watch you wore to church last Sunday?" "Laws, massa, how you know I had a watch?" "Why, I saw the chain hanging out of your pocket in front." "Oh, g'way, massa! S'pose you see a halter round my neck, would you t'ink dere was a horse inside ob me?"

## TWO WOMEN.

### How One Married the Other—The Singular Wedding at Glossvale.

[From the Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel.

Thirty years ago there was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Nostrand, then living at Esperance, Schoharie, a sub-faced child. Acting on the suggestion of the old family physician, the child was dressed in girl's clothes, although whether this was appropriate or not was a matter of some doubt to the perplexed parents.—The little one was named Ada. When Ada was about two years old, her parents moved to this country settling then, or soon afterwards, close by the old Pine tavern, on the Oneida stage road, and about one mile from Glossvale. As the years passed Ada grew strong and rather tall; she wore her hair long, but as she reached maturity an unmistakable beard began to show itself on her face, and her voice became quite masculine. She also manifested a manifest and unfeigned love for other girls, while she seemed to care but little for the company or admiration of the stronger sex. Five years ago she went to Cleveland, Ohio, and secured a position as a dressmaker at a boarding house, and before she left there her masculine appearance was so noticeable that she was arrested, charged with being a man dressed in woman's clothes; not was she able to prove to the contrary, but fortunately the proprietor of the boarding house was also a physician, and had prescribed for her shortly before that.—Hearing of the case, he secured her release. Ada also worked for Simon Isabell of Westmoreland, doing much outdoor work. Indeed her mother, who does not look at all strong, personally, says she can chop down as much as he can, and that she is strong enough to handle two of the boys she was raising so much." About two years ago Ada bought of one of the Messrs. Scales the old William Sykes farm, close to the Pine tavern. The house had been burned and Ada, who has worked there since, went to live near. Ada is not altogether so placid as the sweet summer time, and he does not live at all times harmoniously with his family. Some time since her son died and soon Ada married his son's widow. The younger June left a daughter Lottie, who is well spoken of by those who know her. By this wedding Lottie found herself the stepdaughter of her grandfather, the grandfather of her mother, and generally unable to establish the exact degree of consanguinity of her relatives with any degree of satisfaction. Other reasons combined to make her life a home not altogether pleasant. When Ada went to live at the Janes' house she soon formed quite an attachment for Lottie, then about fifteen years of age, and as this attachment ripened, she became more and more impatient at the disguise of her dress. Indeed she had frequently before this upbraided her parents for dressing her in girl's clothes, insisting that she had not the chance to wear them. The love between Ada and Lottie reached its culmination on Thursday, April 2. On the evening of that day a well-dressed young man, who gave his name as Edward Nostrand, with a blushing and pretty maiden, who was Lottie June, called at the residence of J. W. Simpson of Tabernacle, they were made one flesh. This step has been decided upon at least a year, we are told. Edward Nostrand, who is now raising quite a beard, is 20 years of age. The charming Mrs. Nostrand is 17. They live a mile or two from Weaver's, about two miles from Riverdale, and seem to be happy. Talk of love's young dream! Who knows what it is.

## The Life of a Female Circus-Rider.

A young woman who rides horseback in a circus has communicated her biography to a reporter of the Baltimore American, who publishes its mysteries. She appears by its report, to be more confined than Miss Josephine Sleary and her associates, in Dickens' "Hard Times," and she certainly turns a penny in a much more dignified way than the lady who married the celebrated Mr. E. W. B. Cardboard did a year. The reporter describes her as a "young and pretty girl, with an unassuming manner, but with a quiet self-possession that she is able to maintain, herself, toward very eligibly in this refined company and silk dress, made in the finest style, and while very little jewelry about her. She is the daughter of a celebrated equestrian who was formerly the leading attraction at Astley's, receiving one hundred and fifty dollars a week; in nineteen months has only fallen from her horse twice; had her arm broken in two places long ago by a fall, designs all her own costumes; and thinks that French female riders as a class leave the most reckless abandon, our English women most embarrassed. The reporter inquired whether circus people have any "religious feeling," and was told in reply that jumping through hoops did not prevent her from trying to do good, and that she was a member of a church and in good standing.

## A Requisite for School-Keeping.

Mr. Weiss, in a lecture upon Theodore Parker, delivered more than a year ago, tells this anecdote, showing the qualifications necessary for a village schoolmaster less than half a century ago. Mr. Parker went to Lincoln to apply for the district school. The old Chairman of the Committee, to whom examiners were unknown, said gruffly, "What's your name?" "Theodore Parker." "Where do you belong?" "Lexington." "Be you the son of Capt. Parker who fit the battle of Lexington?" "No, I am his grandson." "What! be you Capt. Parker's grandson, who fit the battle? Well, then, I guess you'll do to keep our school."

The Dyersburg Progress, Tennessee, gives the following: "We understand that Col. McCombs has leased the Elizabethtown and Paducah railroad, is now making arrangements to finish the Paducah and Memphis road as soon as possible. He is trying to get the right of way through Memphis to connect the Mississippi and Tennessee and the Paducah and Memphis roads, and if he succeeds in doing this, it is likely this road will be finished during the summer. When this is done Col. McCombs will have connection of road, South—the Mississippi Central, by the way of Jackson, and Paducah, and Memphis, by the way of Memphis."

An Irishman was brought before a Judge on a charge of stealing a widow's pig. "Pat," said the Judge, "when you are brought face to face with the widow and the pig on the great judgment day, what account can you give of yourself?" "Did you say the pig would be there, yer honor?" "To be sure I did." "Well, thin, yer riverince, I'd say, 'Mrs. Maloney, there's yer pig.'"

"They put him in a show-case," was the remark of a rural lady who recently attended a city funeral.

## FASHION ITEMS.

### The Newest and Prettiest Things Out.

### What the Ladies will Wear this Spring, and how to Wear It.

These terribly ancient crape shawls worn by our great grandmammas have been revived for scarfs. They come in white, pink and blue.

The simplest costumes are now composed of three materials, and the one is always equal with the other to expense.

A new alpaca with silk cords introduced this season, which is worth $1.50 a yard. It closely resembles silk.

Feather trimming is used considerably on spring suits. Skirts are made longer than ever, and walking skirts trail on the ground.

Bicycle ribbons are very fashionable for sashes on ball dresses. The sash is a linger fastened at the back of the waist, but rather under the point and somewhat to the left side.

The most stylish spring costumes have