The Weekly Clarion.

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TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

That is not friendship which can ask,
And toil of the best it seeks and gives;
That is not love which can unmask
Fault to anything that lives

The deeper meanings of the soul
Are never heard by human ear;
That whose whole is cannot speak is all
That we cannot hear or fear.

Limitation

Each is bounded by his nature,
And remains the same in stature
In the valley, on the mount-ain.
Stoop from ocean, or from fountain,
With a poor hand, or a richer,
You can only fill your pitcher.
—[W. B. Alger.

WHAT "ENQUIRER" KNOWS ABOUT IT.

The Constitutional Objection to the Present Liquor Law.

[For THE CLARION.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I observe that a test case has been made in your city to settle the question of the constitutionality of the present liquor license law of the State. I observe further, that THE CLARION is strongly opposed to the law, and has expressed the opinion that it is unconstitutional. I have watched with care, and watched in vain, for any statement of the supposed grounds of unconstitutionality. I am at a loss to know, and really feel curious to ascertain, in what particular this law violates the constitution.

The old law, signed, I believe, by Gov. McRae, in 1856, and in force ever since, requires the petitioner for retail license to procure the written assent of a majority of all the legal voters in the town or supervisor's district. To this law, I have never heard any constitutional objection made, and the Law Reports of our State show that repeated convictions have been had, and punishment inflicted for its violation.

The new law only differs from the old one in requiring the petitioner to procure in addition, the signatures of all females of eighteen within the same district.—Now is this violative of the constitution? The power to prohibit altogether, surely carries with it the power to regulate or to act upon such conditions as the law-maker may see proper. Now our Legislature in countless instances have totally prohibited retailing. No retailing within six miles of the University at Oxford has been permitted since its establishment; and that identical law has been sustained over old High Court of Errors and Appeals in divers decisions. No retailing has been allowed in the town in which I live for twenty years. Our citizens are much pleased with the law that absolutely prohibits it, and I have never heard anybody question its constitutionality. Indeed the validity of such laws have been held by every appellate court in the nation. Now if the Legislature may prohibit retailing altogether, or may grant a license to retail only upon a petition therefor, signed by all the men within a given district, why may it not require that such petition shall be signed likewise by a majority of the women living within the same district? I am at a loss to conceive the constitutional objection to such a law.

Yours truly,
ENQUIRER.

Advice to a Young Lady at School.

We have been permitted to extract the following from a letter to a young lady of this city, now at school in another state, written by a friend here. Our readers will readily agree that such excellent counsel is worthy the more public use we have assigned it. The writer has so appropriately stated the beautiful sentiments of his paragraphs that they stand out as "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

"Ere long you will have entered upon the stern realities of life, enjoying its more enlarged pleasures, and encountering its more serious cares. How to temper the first and to soften the latter, so that you are precipitated into them, will claim the most serious reflections. You must remember that our mortal existence, like an April sky, is alternate with sunshine and shadow. Its surface can be illumined with brightest tints, or be darkened by darkest clouds, according, in a great measure, to our own resolves or want of them. Heaven's blessings do not fall on all alike. Some await their blessing with slothful anxiety, while others strive to merit them. It would seem wise to tell upon whom they would more fitfully and generously fall, and to whom they would more justly belong.

"It has been said that "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and as we grow up, amid the temptations of a wicked world, we may still keep it near to us, or cast it far away. Surely the pathway of after life may be strewn with brightest flowers, waiting their perfumes to the tread, or planted with keenest thorns to wound at each advancing step—"as we sow shall we reap."

"You are young and happy now—buoyant with bright anticipations of the future—but forget not that you should often pause in serious reflection of that future, and lend an attentive ear to the wiser counsels of those maturer years.

"Age stands, as it were, behind the scenes, and has become familiar with the great drama of life, while youth awaits in breathless anxiety the commencement of the great new play. Is there aught so sublimely beautiful as christian female character? Our nature pays its homage, and wherever its lovely possessor moves, her magic influence is felt, and is like the pearly dew to the drooping flower, or the balmy breeze to the fevered brow. * * * * *

"What an incentive, then, for the young women of the times to strive to fullfil this their own true destiny, and throwing around them the garb of purest mortality, and defiance to a cold and selfish world, looking far beyond for a sure and happy reward. * * * * * *

Your friend,
S. D. J.

THE WEEKLY CLARION.

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HORRIBLE MASSACRE
—OF—
Sixteen Negroes in Gibson Co.

Particulars of the Brutal Outrage

[From the Memphis Appeal.

This morning, Mr. John T. Flynn, superintendent of the Memphis and Ohio railroad, received a dispatch from one of the employes of the road, giving the fact of the killing of the sixteen negroes confined in the Trenton jail, charged with the crime of kukluxing, and advised him of great excitement along the line of the road. Immediately upon the receipt of this information, the Appeal dispatched its war correspondent, from whom we expect full details.

The following are the names of ten of the negroes who were murdered by the mob: George Greene, Steve Bryant, Dan Williams, Bob Love, Dick Shaw, Dug Jamison, Hays Peebles, Jarrett Burrows, Alfred Williams and Nick Ivey.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

[Special to the Appeal.

TRENTON, August 26.—About four hundred armed, disguised, mounted men entered this town at two o'clock this morning, proceeded to the jail, and demanded the keys of the jailor, Mr. Alexander. He refused to give up the keys. Sheriff Williams, hearing the noise, awoke and went to the jail, and refused to surrender the keys to the maskers, telling them he did not have the keys. They cocked their pistols, and he refused again to give them the keys, whereupon the captain of the company ordered the masked men to draw their pistols and cock them, swearing they would have the keys or shoot the jailor. The jailer told shem to shoot and be d——d; and said they were too d——d cowardly to shoot. They failed to do this. Then they threatened to tear down the jail or get the prisoners. The jailer told them that rather than they should tear down the jail he would give them the keys if they would go with him to his office. The jailer did this because he saw that the men were determined to break through. "They were all disguised. They then came," says the sheriff, "and got the keys from my office, and giving three or four yells, went to the jail, unlocked it, took out the sixteen negroes who had been brought here from Pickerville (Gibson), and, tying their hands, escorted them away. They proceeded on the Huntingdon road without saying a word, and in fifteen minutes I heard shots. In company with several citizens, I proceeded down the road in the direction taken by the men and prisoners, and just beyond the river bridge, half a mile from town, I found four negroes dead on the ground; their bodies riddled with bullets, and two wounded. We saw no masked men. Ten negroes yet remain unaccounted for. Leaving the dead bodies where we found them, we brought the two wounded negroes to town, and summoned medical aid. Justice J. M. Caldwell held an inquest on the bodies, the verdict being in accordance with the facts, that death resulted from shots inflicted by guns in the hands of unknown parties. The inquest was held about 8 o'clock this morning. These are all the facts relative to the shooting I can give you. I did my duty to prevent the rescue of the negroes, but found it useless to oppose the men, one of whom said there were four hundred in the band."

ADDITIONAL DETAILS OF THE SLAUGHTER.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 26.—A special from Trenton to the Avalanche gives the following additional particulars regarding the slaughter of colored prisoners: After the masked men, to the number of about one hundred, had obtained possession of the prisoners, they tied them together, and marched them off on the Huntingdon Road. Half a mile from town six of the number were cut loose and ordered to escape, and as soon as that order was given a volley was fired on them, killing four and wounding the others, one mortally; the remainder were carried up the river two miles and killed.

[Associated Press Dispatches.

NASHVILLE, August 26:—The negroes at Picketsville, Gibson county, six miles from Humboldt, on last Saturday and Sunday, threatened a riot on account of some supposed wrong done them, and manifested a strong desire to kill two or three citizens and fire and sack the town. Yesterday sixteen ringleaders were arrested and taken to Trenton and placed in jail for safe-keeping. About one o'clock this morning between four and five hundred masked men entered the town, rode up to the jail, and demanded and compelled the sheriff to deliver the keys. They then took sixteen negroes from the jail, and four were killed and two mortally wounded at the edge of town. They then rode off with the other ten, and are supposed to have killed them, as nothing has been heard from them since they left.

THE OUTRAGE AND MASSACRE AT TRENTON

[From the Appeal of the 27th.

We cannot find words severe enough to condemn the outrage at Trenton as it ought to be. We blush for our State, and with the shame of the bloody murder, the disgraceful defiance of law, of order and of decency full upon us, are at a loss for language with which to characterize a deed that, if the work of Comanches or Modocs, would arouse every man in the Union for a speedy vengeance on the perpetrators. We have hitherto condemned the lawless assemblages of armed negroes and their insane threats, with a view to intimidate and averawe the whites of sparsely-settled counties out of anything like political opposition, and we have done so solely in the public interest and regardless of party; to-day we must hold up to merited reprobation and condemnation the armed men who beseiged the Trenton jail and wantonly as wickedly, without anything like justification, took thence the unarmed negroes there awaiting trial by the courts and brutally shot them to death; and, too, with a show of barbarity altogether unnecessary as the massacre was unjustifiable. To say that we are not, in any county in the State, strong enough to enforce the law, is to pronounce a libel upon the whole commonwealth. We are as a thousand to one in moral and physical force to the negro; we are in possession of the State, of all the machinery of government, and at a time more momentous than any we ever hope to see again, proved our capacity to sustain the law and executive officers and maintain the laws. Why, then, should we now, in time of profound peace, subvert the law and defy its administrators? Why should we put the government of our own selection under our feet and defy and set at naught the men whom we have elected to enforce the laws, and this ruthlessly and savagely, without any of the forms even that usually attend on the administration of the wild behests of Judge Lynch? And all without color of extenuation; for no sane man, who has regard for the truth will pretend to say that because the unfortunate negroes were arrested as the ring-leaders of a threatening and armed band that had fired upon two white men, they were therefore worthy of death, and without the forms of law, in a State controlled and governed by law-abiding men. * * * *

There is, therefore, no excuse for the men who murdered the negroes in Gibson county. They have committed a bold premeditated crime, the highest in the calendar. They have outraged public decency, broken the public peace, disgraced Tennessee and brought confusion and shame to us all.

POLITICAL.

Platform of the Democratic and Conservative Party of Tennessee.

The representatives of the Democratic and Conservative party of Tennessee, in convention assembled, most cordially invite all good and true men, who desire to increase the prosperity of the people of the State and preserve her honor untarnished, to unite with us in carrying out the following principles, to-wit:

First—That all honest labor should be protected and receive its just reward.

Second—That the burdens of the government should be borne by the whole property of the country; that all assessments of taxes should be equal, uniform and just, and no improper discrimination should be made against any species of property.

Third—That we favor a strict construction of the constitution of the United States, and insist that no power should be exercised by the general government that is not clearly delegated or clearly implied in the necessary exercise of the power so delegated.

Fourth—That we oppose all monopolies, rings and combinations formed for the oppression of the people. That we are for the abolition of all useless and unnecessary offices; for the proper reduction of all excessive salaries; for most rigid economy in the administration of the State government; for all necessary reforms in law so as to make its execution speedy, just and certain. That we will hold the collectors of revenues to a strict accountability in their collection and appropriation of said revenue. That we deplore the existence of all indebtedness federal, state, county and municipal, and demand that no more tax shall be levied upon the people than shall be found to be essentially necessary for the support of the State government, administered on principles of the most rigid economy, and for the payment of its just debts and obligations and the preservation of its credit and honor untarnished, and are therefore opposed to an increase of taxation.

Fifth—That we favor the abolition of the present odious national banking system, and the payment of the bonds of the government by the issuance of its non-bearing interest notes according to the contract expressed and implied at the time of the creation of such obligations, and a repeal of the present oppressive Federal tariff, and the enactment of a law solely with a view of raising the necessary revenue; that we denounce all legislation that seeks to interfere with the individual rights of citizens in their own associates, and particularly what is known as the supplemental civil rights bill pending before the Federal congress as a palpable violation of the constitution, intended to vex, harrass, oppress and degrade the people of the Southern States, and productive of untold social and political evils to both races, and which we should resist by all legal and constitutional means in our power.

Platform of the Louisiana Reformers

We, the white people of Louisiana, embracing the Democratic party, the Conservative party, the white man's party, the Liberal party, the Reform party, and all others opposed to the Kellogg usurpation, do solemnly resolve and declare that the government now existing in Louisiana, originated in and has been maintained by force and fraud, in opposition to the will of a large majority of the voters of the State, in opposition to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and in violation of every principle of justice and liberty.

That the dominant faction of the Radical party in this State has, by false and fraudulent representations, influenced the passions and prejudices of the negroes, as a race, against the whites, and has thereby made it necessary for the white people to unite and act together in self defense and for the preservation of white civilization.

That the rights of all men under the Constitution and laws of the land must be respected and preserved inviolate, irrespective of race, color or previous condition; but we deny that Congress can constitutionally enact laws to force the two races into social union or equality.

That the white people of Louisiana have no desire to deprive the colored people of any rights to which they are entitled, but we are convinced that reform is imperatively demanded, and can be effected only by electing to office white men of known capacity and integrity, and we believe that large numbers of colored citizens will vote with us to secure a government which must be beneficial alike to both races.

That we disclaim earnestly any intention of carrying or attempting to carry the approaching election by violence, and that charges to this effect emanating from our Radical enemies are without foundation, and are falsely made for the purpose of obtaining the aid of the military forces of the United States in order to overawe the people, perpetuate the existing usurpation, and subvert the true principles of the government.

That W. P. Kellogg is a mere usurper, and we denounce him as such.

That the government is arbitrary, unjust and oppressive, and that it can maintain itself only through Federal interference.

That the election and registration laws under which the election is being conducted, were intended to perpetrate the usurpation by depriving the people, and especially our naturalized citizens, of an opportunity to register and vote, but we announce distinctly that it is the determination of the people to have a fair election, and see that the result is not changed by fraud or violence.

That we extend to all of our race in every clime the right hand of fellowship and a cordial invitation to come and settle among us, and unite their destinies with ours,

That while we are in favor of meeting punctually the payment of the legitimate debt of Louisiana, we are immovably opposed to the recognition of the dishonest and fraudulent obligations issued in the name of the State, and we pledge ourselves to make a searching investigation in the matter.

We advise our people to vote against the amendments to the constitution proposed by the usurping Legislature, and pledge ourselves on the restoration of the government to honest hands, to provide for the payment of the honest indebtedness of the State.

THE PASCAGOULAS.

Indian Mounds and "Mysterious Music."

The following was written by a lady then living in Mobile and published in a Mobile paper in September 1852.

We lately stood on the lone mound remaining upon the premises of Mrs. Willis, on the small and beautiful bay which makes in from Pascagoulas river on the east, just above the mouth, and certainly a more lovely and romantic spot could not have been selected by the Pascagoulas for the burial of their chieftains.

There were originally three of these mounds, standing near each other, but the two smaller ones were leveled many years ago by the father of the present owner, and in them were found many indian relics as pieces of pottery, small images, clay beads of different colors, &c., and a skull in each. The largest mound, about ten or twelve feet high and sixty to seventy feet around, yet stands a lone monument to that interesting and ill-fated tribe around whom tradition weaves so pleasant a romance. Buried beneath the waters of their beloved river rather than be forced away, their sweet and plaintive song, soft as an Æolian harp, may yet be heard on still summer evenings, and their spirits doubtless hover around these monumental mounds where lie their once mighty chieftains.

The famed "mysterious music," although not calling forth as much interest as before the war is still as frequently heard as ever, and for five successive nights this summer was listened to with delight from the end of the long wharf on the coast. It has never been heard above the railroad bridge on the river since it has been built. The origin of the phenomenon is still wrapped in doubt and uncertainty. The most plausible conjecture in explanation is that it is occasioned by some species of shell-fish or other marine animal. But what fish or animal and why are they never caught? always ask the opponents of this theory, and our old citizens will never consent to such a matter-of-fact explanation.

For ten or fifteen nights in succession was the music heard many years ago at Mr. Grant's wharf—the father of Mrs. Willis—and she told us that a negro was stationed there with a gig who when the sound was heard would thrust and feel all around. The noise would instantly cease when the water was disturbed, but would immediately issue from the same spot when he ceased. The American Cyclopedia states that a somewhat similar phenomenon is mentioned as occurring in certain situations on the coast of Ceylon.

A PLEA.

On the pleasant estate of Capt. J. Grant at East Pascagoula Miss., there once were two ancient Indian Mounds, one of which was subjected to exploration and exhumation of its sole occupant. The other mound in 1852, yet reared its lone breast to the forest breeze; may this antique "labor of love" ever remain intact.

'Tis said, that over their deceased chieftains those mounds are raised by the unaided labor of the females—each bearing in apron or tunic, a portion of the surrounding or adjacent soil, 'till the required elevation is completed; all who are not incapacitated either by extreme age, decrepitude or infancy unite in the hallowed toil; this touching consideration induces the following plea for those, who "have no painters!"

TO MRS. E. GRANT OF E. PASCAGOULA, MISS.

Oh! spare the Indian Chieftain's rest,
Beneath the forest tree,
Nor desecrate the mound's lone breast,
Where sleeps the brave—the free.

The sentient spirit hovers o'er,
The monumental mound,
And midst those oaks so tall—so hoar
Breathes forth the plaintive sound.

Appealing to the heart it pleads,
"Ah! spare the "work of love!"
Memento of the brave man's deeds—
Meet altar of the grove.

Here nature's simple children poured,
The pure libation o'er,
Here the Great Spirit they adored
Through centuries of yore.

Let not the footsteps light and rude,
Press consecrated ground,
But in this hallowed solitude,
Adore in awe profound.

Then spare the Indian's ancient rest
Beneath his natal tree,
Where first his infant form was prest
Upon a kingly father's breast—
A mother's fond as thee!"

C. I. H.

Mystery of Sex.

[From the St. Louis Republican.

Chicago has a puzzling question of sex to wonder over, while contemplating the deceptions and rascalities of the individual whose sex is inquired after. Christian Lund went to Chicago, and said he was a Danish nobleman in the disguise of poverty. He was young and fair, and had a soft, insinuating voice in almost any language. He had a winning faculty of interesting people in his behalf. He began with a situation as a hotel waiter, but did not like the place long. He then got into better employment through the influence of Mr. Herman Raster and others who believed in him. Something peculiar in the quality of his voice often arrested attention. But he talked and joked with gentlemen with such a free tongue as to drive back any little suspicion that his sex was not properly represented by his clothes. He often changed places and became a teacher of languages in families, and a librarian full of tongues. He told various stories about himself; the last was that he was a Spanish Don. Suddenly Christian Lund disappeared and about the same time Mrs. Isabella Rothe dawned in Chicago, and said she was countess from Denmark. She was dressed in fine stuffs, wore costly jewelry and had money to waste. She reminded some people of Christian Lund. Her voice was very like his and her face was similar. Mrs. Rothe finally acknowledged that she was Christian Lund, and told how she came to put on pantaloons and such things. Nobody believed her story. She has now left Chicago, probably for this city, and she has left Chicago in the dark as to whether its overflowing population has lost Issabella Rothe or Christian Lund, and nobody pretends to guess from what particular country he, she or it originally came.

A Bridal Tour.

Quite a romance occurred in our village yesterday. A couple riding one horse—a man and lady—rode into town and enquired where they could get spliced. They were referred to the Circuit Clerk's office. Leaving his affianced the man soon procured the wished for papers, and then the twain were made happy by finding a splicer in our Chancery Clerk. They seemed to be eluding the wrath of angry brothers, and were bound for Texas. The last seen of them they were going West, both walking and leading their steed, which was being used as a pack-horse. The bridegroom's name was Armstrong—his bride was a Miss Warbington.—[East Mississippian.

What shall we Teach our Girls.

Once recognize the fact that a sound mind in a sound body is a main desideratum for the foundation of a useful education, and it is of little moment what branches a girl pursues. Taking it for granted that she shall first thoroughly master at least the rudiments of all essential branches—which, it must be confessed, is taking a great deal for granted, considering how many girls fail to do this—she may build thereon any superstructure of accomplishments that does not interfere with her well-being (we are not here concerned about the question of expense); with the proviso that she shall always recognize its special use in every thing she studies.

It surely is not necessary to dwell upon the fact sometimes urged as an objection to the study of mathematics, that they are of no practical use to a woman through life; their use is accomplished in the discipline they have given to the youthful mind, and the study of those branches may safely be dismissed when the school-room door closes behind the girl-graduate. But there are other studies of which this can not be said; the moment she steps into the world from which the school-room doors had barred her she is called upon to make good her claim to those accomplishments which, are generally considered necessary to the "finish" of a young lady's education. But we shall never appreciate the true value of accomplishments until we desire them rather for use than for show. To take a single example out of many: music is the universal accomplishment of girls; that is, instruction on the piano is bestowed whenever it can be afforded. We will say nothing about the many instances where its pursuit is but loss of time; we will say nothing about the many instances where its study comes to naught; it is quite enough to say that when once girls are made to understand that a knowledge of piano-playing is to be acquired for the use it will be to herself and her friends there will be less time wasted over the key-board, and fewer vain attempts at performances above their powers. When once its use in enhancing the pleasures of home is thoroughly tested, women will not so readily abandon the labor of years for any light excuse. Not that any girl with a talent for music should be dissuaded from its pursuit by any consideration of the time and labor that it costs, for talent has a right to culture, and it is always well to make the most of it at any cost, except the sacrifice of health or principle; but let her who has talent of any kind take care to cultivate it for a life-long joy, and not for the brief triumph of her spring-time, if she would not be guilty of desecrating God's good gift.—[From August "Home and School," Louisville, Ky.]

"De Dog Ish Howlin'."

An old gentleman whose style was German-ized was asked what he thought of signs and omens.

"Vell, I dont't dinks mooch of dem dings, und I don't believe everydings; but I dells you somedimes dere ish somedings ash dose dings. Now, de oder night I sits und reads mine newspaper, und my frau she speak und say:

"'Fritz, de dog ish howlin'!'

"Vell, I don't tinks mooch of dem dings, und I goes on und reads mine paper, und my frau she say:

"'Fritz, dere is somedings pad is happen; de dog ish howlin'."

Und den I gets oop mit mineself, und looks out troo de wines on de porch, und de moon was shinin,' und mine leetle dog he choomp right up and down like everydings, und he perk at de moon, dat what shine so bright as never was.

Und ash I hauled mine het in de winder, de ole woman she say:

"'Mind, Fritz, I dells you dere ish some bad ish happen. De dog ish howling'."

"Vell, I goes to pet und I sleeps, und all night long ven I vakes up dere vas dat dog howlin' outside, und ven I dream I hear dat howlin' vorser ash nevers. Und in de morning I gets oop unk kit. mine breakfast, und my frau she looked at me und say werry solemn:

"'Fritz, dere ish somedings ish happen. De dog was howl all night.'

"Und shoost den de newspaper come in, und I opens him, und, my shings, vot you dinks! Dere was a man died in Philadelphia."

A Brave Little Girl.

A gentleman who was on the ill-fated Pat. Rodgers states that while he was standing on the foward part of the boat, making ready to spring into the water, he heard one of the officers of the boat tell a lady, who was standing near him with a little girl, that the time had come when she must trust herself to the water. The lady, turning to her little daughter, inquired if she could summon the courage to jump into the water. The little girl glanced at the approaching flames, then at the water, and responded in a firm voice that she would jump if her mother would follow her. The mother assured her that she would leap in after her. The officer threw a mattress overboard and told the little girl to jump towards it. Without a moment's hesitation the heroic child leaped into the dark and swiftly gliding water, the mother instantly followed, but both at once sunk to rise no more. There were grown women and even strong men who shrank back from the whirling waters, almost preferring to perish in the flames to trusting themselves to its treacheous embrace. But this brave child saw the situation, and, appreciating the only means of escape presented, bade her mother follow and boldly flung herself into the raging flood. Such heroic resolution is not often exhibited, and the world has lost a courageous woman in this dead child.—[Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Saratoga Wife Traffic.

Others, besides Morrissey, drive a profitable trade at Saratoga. Fast horses are trotted up and down Broadway before the eyes of the guests upon the hotel piazzas, and many on both sides are "sold." But by far the most speculative and frequently the most profitable business is what may be termed a modification of the Georgian or Circassian slave trade. How many daughters are every season adorned with gay apparel, and made to parade on the hotel piazzas and in the parlors of these great marts of fashion and sold—sold to dissipated youth or hoary age—no matter to whom, provided the buyer is rich! What a melancholy sight is the old stock on hand!,—the girls who did not find a market five four, three or two years ago, and who are still on exhibition in the feeble hope that a purchaser may yet come. Alas, he comes not! and if the *blase* belle does not retire to a quiet old maiden-hood at home—an estate as honorable as any in the world—if you come here years hence you may see her in her sere and yellow leaf, fastened as a flower against the wall, looking on with despair at a succeeding generation!

TRAGEDY IN INDIANAPOLIS.

Mr. Harding's Tribute to His Daughter's Memory.

[From the Indianapolis Herald.

DIED—At the residence of her father, No. 20 Pratt street, on Wednesday last, Miss Flora K. Harding, daughter of Geo. C. Harding, aged nineteen years.

A noble life, full of promise, has gone out in shame. She loved much and she suffered much. Her sorrowful soul, released from earth-burdens, has gone to meet its God, to lay before Him the cruel wrongs for which earth has no redress. Poor, fond heart! ill-starred from birth, your tempestuous beatings are stilled, your restless longings will trouble no more! Hers was a joyless childhood, warped and distorted by relentless circumstances. Her womanhood is blasted in the bud. Despite unfortunate traits and unhappy moods, in which she seemed to move and act as if under some weird spell, her underlying nature was noble, generous, unselfish, self-sacrificing, with an honest pride which would scorn to do a mean action. The unhappy circumstances attending her childhood had impressed her nature with an ineffacable tinge of melancholy. She was despondent always, rather than sanguine. "Papa," she said to me, once, when a cherished desire was thwarted, and I was endeavoring to console her, "don't distress yourself about me. My entire life has been a disappointment." Notwithstanding the sombre tints in her nature, she was at times almost unnaturally vivacious. But even in her most cheery moments an apparent consciousness of the falseness and hollowness of earthly things could not be noted. Her deepest and profoundest feelings, the one which was ever present and was never overshadowed by doubts, or obscured by less worthy sentiments, was love for her unhappy father. This love had taken root in her infantile mind, at an age when impressions are easily effaced, but it grew without nurture, and seemed to strike deeper its roots, and grow more luxuriant in leaf and bloom, the more it was deprived of light and air. It survived absence, apparent neglect, hostile influences; and so soon as she was of age, she came to the father whose love she had never doubted.

n her religious nature she was peculiar. She had the profoundest veneration for Deity, and a sublime confidence in His justness, but she had no sympathy with creeds or the forms of religion. She believed in the law of compensation, and having known but little save unhappiness, she believed that the future, either on earth or in Heaven, had recompense in store for her. She often jested on the subject of suicide, and on one occasion, being reproved, and told that God frowned on self-murder, she said, "Papa, I am not afraid of God."

There were few brighter intellects than Flora's, and her future was full of promise. She had a remarkable felicitous command of language, and was exceedingly versatile. While she knew nothing of politics, her familiarity with recondite subjects was wonderful. In reasoning she was subtile, and in thought she was powerful and searching. She had determined on literature as a profession, and, had she lived, would have made her mark in the world of letters.

The cruelest reflection in this hour of bitterest agony is that her father might have been less stern and more sympathetic in his intercourse with her, though he could not have loved her more. With two such natures an estrangement is apt to raise up an invisible but impassable barrier, and while there may be no spoken work of unkindness, the reserve is infinitely more cruel and cutting than words could be. The unhappy secret—the first withholdings of confidence—caused such a feeling, and this was only broken down the night before her death, when, on her father's breast, with her arms about his neck, in heart-broken sobs she told him the dreadful story, and pleaded for his forgiveness, not so much for her sin as for want of confidence in him. All was forgiven, and father and daughter once more reconciled. Even then she had determined on suicide, and that last, heart-breaking interview, so sweet to remember, and yet so sad, must be invested with all the sanctity of a death-bed revelation.

Through that long, last day of suffering I watched with her, alternately cheered by hope and torn with the anguish of despair, and with the last gasp, as the suffering soul took its tremulous flight, two great tears came from the filmy eyes and rolled over the face, across which was stealing the shadow of the Death Angel. She has gone to her God, who will judge her not by the iron rule which brings all natures to a common measurement, but according to her deserts. God could not be God without being just, and with Him I leave my daughter. But it does seem as if he should have some thunderbolt, red with uncommon wrath, to strike the wretch who pursues his victim, with foul and venomous tongue, into the grave itself.

Oh, loving heart—daughter—soul scarred with suffering—sinful, yet pure and white—farewell!

G. C. H.

CARD FROM MR. HARDING.

Under the advice of my attorneys, I have concluded to make no detailed statement in regard to the shooting affair of last Thursday, or the cause which led to it. Believing, however, that the public will expect something, I will say this much: The ruin of my daughter was accomplished under circumstances of unusual atrocity, showing unparalleled baseness and treachery. A knowedge of the circumstances was conveyed to me in a confession, the night before the shooting, which confession subsequent events have invested with all the sanctity and solemnity of a death-bed revelation. I met the person who had done this foul wrong to my daughter, a few moments after learning that she would inevitably die from the effects of a deadly drug, taken by her while temporarily crazed by regrets for the past, shame for the present and despair for the future. I met him by the merest chance. No, it was not chance. It was fate. The public knows the result. When the case comes to trial they will know more of the causes.

One of the best things about the Grange movement is the effort to make the American farmer remember that his house is not a tent in the desert, but a home, and should have all those surroundings which make home agreeable. It is a strange fact that the nearer one comes to a city the more delightful he finds the gardens. The fact is that the denizen of the city appreciates the pleasure afforded by ivy and shade tree and flower, while the farmer does not. He looks upon his land as something to scrape a living from, and chops down the growing shade tree for cord-wood. With a very few days extra trouble each year, our farmers could live in houses embowered by roses and spreading evergreens, and surrounded by flower gardens.—Exchange.

HEEL AND TOE.

SOMETHING ABOUT DANCES, OLD AND NEW.

The Socials of the Ancients, and the Graceful Pastimes of All Nations.

A writer for the San Francisco Chronicle has been investigating the subject, and says:

However much people may differ regarding the propriety of dancing, there can be no dispute as to its antiquity. In fact, it is a matter of history that the earliest people of whom we have any record are known to have resorted to dancing as a means of pleasure, and, in some instances, devoutly tripped the light fantastic in their religious worship. The most popular dances of the present, in many instances, had origin years ago with some half-civilized or barbarous people. A communication in a Boston contemporary presents some interesting historical facts about dancing and dances. Originally, he says, dancing was hardly more than a saltatory of waving motion.—a sort of cadence promenade, which was introduced into every religious rite.

AMONG THE HEBREWS.

The Levites were divided into two bands or companies—one of singers and the other of dancers—and, when rejoicings were held in honor of any important event, the priests performed solemn dances in token of their joy and gratitude. Frequent allusions are made in David's Psalms to this mode of thanksgiving.

In Egypt the priests of the god Osiris performed astronomical dances, symbolical of the motions of the heavenly bodies, and which were quite similar to those instituted by the Chinese and Hindoos in honor of their gods.

The ancient Greeks almost invariably combined dancing with music in the worship of their numerous divinities. One of the most celebrated of these dances was the Guossian, said to have been imported from the island of Crete by Theseus. It was a circular dance, like most of those performed around the sacrifical altars. With the exception of the dance of Bacchus, nearly all the sacred dances were rather simple. The Phrygian dance or the Corybantes was, however, somewhat ferocious and wild in its character, the dancers being all armed with lances and shields, and displaying a warrior-like spirit in the principal figures. Gradually, and almost imperceptibly, the nature of all these dances was modified and became more theatrical.

THE ROMANS

performed only sacred dances at first, and regarded all others as degrading. Romulus is said to have invented the first war-dance, and Numa instituted the order of the Salii, whose occupation it was to dance around the altars of the god Mars. A time came, however, when the Romans departed from their primitive rigorousness, and, running into the extreme, they honored dancing as one of the most ennobling arts. They even treated favorite public dancers in a manner befitting great men or sovereigns only. Two mimic dancers, Pylades and Bathyllus, created so great an enthusiasm that the people went so far as to select them for arbiters in public matters. This temporary excitement—aberration, we were going to say—soon died away.

The first converts to Christianity, being still imbued with their Pagan customs, introduced dancing into their new forms of worship. Large companies of men and women were in the habit of going out into the desert to participate in the religious ceremonies, which mainly consisted in mild fantastic dances. These having in time become rather too licentious, were prohibited by the ecclesiastical authorities, and dancing once more fell into disrepute. The exact date of its revival is not known, but it seemed to have come into favor at the time of the marriage of Isabel of Arragon to Galeazzo, the Duke of Milan. Catharine de Medici was the first to

BRING BALLETS AND BALLS INTO FASHION,

and henceforth their popularity steadily increased, and dancing became a refined pastime. In 1661 Louis XIV. founded an academy of dancing, the members of which, thirteen in number, were selected from the best dancers in the kingdom. Until 1772 ballet-dancers never appeared on the stage without being masked. After leave had been given them once or twice to appear, on special occasions, without their masks, they were finally allowed to discard them entirely. In connection with this it may not be amiss to state that women were, for a long while, excluded from the ballet, and the first who ventured upon the stage in the capacity of dancers were regarded with contempt. The dancers of the various nations of the civilized world are generally typical of the predominating trait of character and emotional disposition of the natives. More particularly is this noticeable in Southern countries, where pantomime is so frequently the eloquent language of the passions. In Spain the dances are both

SPIRITED AND VOLUPTUOUS.

They are seldom subjected to the rules of the art, and are more impulsive than studied. Each province—we might almost say each town—has its local and favorite dance. In Catalonia and Arragon it is the jota; in Andalusia, a lively and sprightly dance called the Andalusian; at Cordova, it is a sort of Moorish dance, than which nothing can be more graceful, performed as it is in the midst of luxuriant groves of laurel and orange trees. The national dance of Spain is, however, the fandango, which is, in a measure, a combination of all the others. At one time a consistory of the Church of Rome had assembled with the intention of prohibiting and censuring this dance, but the clerical gentleman appointed as judges and arbitrators were so fascinated and electrified by the various figures that they unconsciously begged permission to dance themselves, and were therefore unable to pronounce against it. Dancing is no less popular in Italy. The celebrated tarantula is essentially Neapolitan, and its name was derived, it is said, from the tarantula, the people generally believing that the venomous sting of this spider was cured by this lively dance. The saltarello and Sicilian predominates in the environs of Rome.

WARM CLIMATES

seem to be naturally productive of and the most favorable to the best singers and dancers. There alone can be found that glow, and vivacity, that impetuousness and enthusiasm which can hardly ever be equaled in Northern climates. In Russia, for instance, dancing is quite as common a pastime as in Spain or Italy. But how vast the difference! The Russian peasant's dance is heavy, listless, and oftentimes devoid of gracefulness. He merely sways to and fro to the monotonous music of the *balaleica*, a long guitar, whose notes are frequently drowned by the shouts and songs of the bystanders. The dance of the Cossacks is nothing but a noisy tramp, or condensed stamping of the feet, dignified with the euphonious names of koppak, tropak, and kastchok. But the Court dance is the polonaise, of Polish origin, as indicated by the name. It is merely a measured promenade or Miarch, affording the very best opportunity for conversation, and is at once graceful and unconstrained, while the strictest etiquette may be maintained. The redowa, mazurka, and varsovienne are all Polish dances.

GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE AND GERMANY

have each been the birth-place of quite a number of special or fancy dances, but at the present day there is really no national dancing, and the same style prevails in all countries, at least in good society. The jig and country dance are purely English, while the reel is unmistakably of Scotch origin. The minuet—so called because of the short step (menus pas) taken in the different figures—originated in the old French Province of Poitou, and was afterwards introduced by the Marquis de Flammarens into England, where it long remained in great favor and deservedly for it was a dignified and graceful dance. The gavotte, which has recently come into fashion here as a fancy dance, was tripped centuries ago, by the peasant girls in the gavot's country—a small mountain country in the neighborhood of Gap in the South of France.

THE EVER-DELIGHTFUL WALTZ,

contrary to general belief, is not of German origin. It was extremely popular in France toward the thirteenth and fourteen centuries, and became known in Germany only after that period. Its popularity was soon established in all countries, despite the prejudices and objections raised against it. The polka was brought from the fforests of Hungary in 1840, and created quite a sensation. Everything was done in polka fashion. There were polka hats and dress goods, polka jewelry and polka trimmings. Shortly after the polka became popular here, or about the same time, Mr. Polk was elected to the Presidency of the United States, and, owing to this somewhat singular coincidence, many persons supposed that the new dance had been named after him, or in his honor. The schottische and mazurka next came in vogue, and from that time fancy dances multiplied rapidly, many of them going out of fashion before the end of a month. Not a few of the modern dances were first brought out on the stage.

THE COTILLON

introduced here under the name of the German—is a very old dance, which has been but slightly modified, for most of its figures were well known more than 100 years ago in several of