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SARDIS, MISS., Oct. 11, 1879.

EDITORS CLARION: A few weeks ago, I clipped the article appended from THE CLARION and laid it away. Last night I came upon it among other clippings and wrote the lines below which I send to THE CLARION because from its columns I clipped the article which suggested them. Very respectfully,

J. F. SIMMONS.

Going to Meet Her Brother.

Evansville Journal.]

A sad and touching incident of the scarlet fever epidemic occurred on Thursday. A little sister and brother lay sick, and on Wednesday night the little boy died. The next morning the little sister was informed of it, and at her request was carried into the adjoining chamber to look for the last time at her brother.

"Has he gone to heaven?" she asked.

"Yes," answered the mother, with a sob.

"Well, then, remarked the little sufferer with a deep sign, "I guess I will go to see him to-night."

She prattled on for a few minutes longer, and suddenly cried, "No, I guess I won't wait till to-night; I feel like I was going now."

She laid her head against her mother's shoulder, told her good-bye, and died in her arms.

MAMMA'S TWO LITTLE ANGELS.

BY JUDGE J. F. SIMMONS.

"Mamma, you have told me often,
In your teachings, day by day,
When my feelings you would soften,
Of a Heaven far away.
'Tis the home—you told me, mamma—
Of the angels pure and fair,
Tell me, now, has little brother,
Gone to be an angel there?"

"Yes, my darling, Jesus took him,
He who ever loved him here,
And through sickness ne'er forsook him,
Now has taken him up there.
Little brother is an angel,
Free from sickness and from pain,
Neither these, nor care nor sorrow,
He will ever know again."

"Mamma, I will go to see him,
In the shadows of to-night,
And I shall not fear the darkness,
For you said the way was bright.
No, I will not wait for evening,
But while daylight lumes my brow,
Kiss me good-bye, darling mamma,
I will go to see him now.

'Twill be sweet with little brother,
Whom we both so fondly love—
Where there will be no scarlet fever—
Through the flow'ry vales to rove.
We shall give the Lord no trouble;
But will have his loving care,
And you'll have two little angels,
Waiting, mamma, for you there."

SARDIS, MISS., Oct. 11, 1879.

"Lorena."

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

The words of the old song of "Lorena," once so popular, are said to have been written by the Rev. M. D. L. Webster of Neenah, Wisconsin. Mr. Webster in his young days, so the story goes, fell very much in love with a young lady of Zanesville, Ohio, who reciprocated his passion, but whose family strongly objected to her choice. The result was a separation, painful but final. The lady wrote him a letter, in which she used the words, "If we try we may forget," afterward employed in the song, coming in at the close of a stanza:

For "If we try we may forget,"
Were words of thine long years ago.

The last verse is as follows:

Yes, these were words of thine, Lorena,
They burn within my memory yet,
They touch some tender cords, Lorena,
Which thrill and tremble with regret.
There is a future. Oh! thank God,
Of life this is so small a part;
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

Both parties are married now, and no doubt happy; but the curious story of one of the most popular songs ever published in this country will interest thousands to whom it was once so familiar.

Disappearance of a Lake of Lava.

From the San Francisco Bulletin.]

One feature of the last eruption of the remarkable volcano in the Sandwich Islands is the fact that the great molten lake of lava, occupying a huge caldron nearly a mile in length, and known as the "South Lake," was drawn off subterraneously, giving no warning of its movement, and leaving no visible indication of its pathway or the place of its final deposit. "Other eruptions," writes Dr. Coan to Professor Dean in a letter dated June 20, "have blazed their way on the surface to the sea, or while on their subterranean way have rent the superincumbent beds, throwing out jets of steam or of sulphurous gases, with here and there small patches or broad areas of lava. But as yet no surface marks of this kind reveal the silent, solemn course of this burning river. One theory is that it flowed deep in subterranean fissures, and finally disembogued during those days, and we had what might be called a tidal wave of moderate magnitude." The old process of replenishment which had gone on since the last eruption of 1868 is reported to have begun again, and after another decade another disgorgement may take place.

Curious Way of Choosing a Husband.

From the India Times.]

The Wagaris of India are distinguished for truthfulness, and apparently great kindness to the weaker sex. A woman of the Wagari tribe, it is said, is not required to labor, and she possesses, moreover, the curious right, by long-established usage, of choosing a man for her husband. The choice is exercised by her in a novel manner. She sends a hair-pin to the man on whom she has set her affections, with the request that he will pin a handkerchief to his cap. Should he reciprocate her attachment, he is only too pleased to carry out her wishes, and when doing so names the woman who has sent the pin, whom he is obliged to marry forthwith.

Richelieu's Relaxation.

From Chambers' Journal.]

Cardinal Richelieu, we are told, spent his hour of relaxation in leaping over the furniture, and on one occasion he was discovered jumping with his servant, to try which could reach the high side of a wall. De Grammont, knowing the cardinal to be jealous of his powers, offered to jump him for a wager—a proposal which shows the courage, as much as the event showed the diplomacy, of the courtier. The offer was accepted, but De Grammont took care that his leaps should never quite reach those of his eminence, and thus he lost a few louis, but gained speedy and high promotion by the favor of his triumphant and gratified opponent.

A WITTY chap across the way wants to know why newspapers are not called the Moon just as well as Stars and Suns? It is doubtless because that while the moon turns on its axis it is without journals. Logic therefore requires that since the moon has no journals the journals shall have no moons. This act of retaliation was passed unanimously at the last Editorial Convention.

SHE held firmly on to the ropes and gayly warbled, "Oh, George, isn't this just nice? Now, really, I think this just too exquisite for anything, with the cool breezes blowing silvery foam around in little fairy goblets, and——," The dash denotes the moment she swallowed the billow.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM.

CENTRAL TEXAS, Oct. 16, 1879.

EDITORS CLARION: Early rising is one of the best things known to man, but is not generally appreciated. I am compelled to rise every morning at 6 o'clock. Fearing to miss, I get up any time between five and six o'clock as I may wake. Thinking to allay mental anxiety and to insure punctuality in my business, I went to the expense of getting me an alarm clock. In order that I might have no mistake about it, I went to T. R. Clark, formerly of Canton, Miss., and told him my programme. He proposed to sell me a cuckoo clock, a wooden arrangement with a very long pendulum, and I rather liked its looks. I asked him to make it cuckoo, and he did so, whereupon I decided that the cuckoo was too mild. I told Mr. Clark I wished an ALARM clock—none of your rattlers, but one that was a regular alarm, sure enough. He said he would send me one in about a week, and, in order that there might be no mistake, he promised to set it. He directed me not to start the clock to running, when I got it, until I was ready to lie down—say nine o'clock, and he would set the hands at nine, and the alarm at 5:40 A. M. The clock came and regulations were observed. Clark is a Mississippi man; and I thought all was right. Nine o'clock came; I started my clock and went to bed, sure that I should be aroused at the proper time, without having to get up and look. Just ten minutes after one o'clock, I was waked by a terrible noise, filling the entire house. I have been in John Holmes' factory at the Skillet, in Winston county; I have been in many saw mills; I have heard brass bands in halls, but all put together, they did not make such a noise as I heard. There was a German servant girl in the house. She began to cry fire. Every lady under the roof began to scream and run hither and thither. The gentlemen of the house began to throw out trunks, when suddenly the whole noise was stopped. I knew what caused the fuss, and ran to the clock and stopped the pendulum, but not the noise. I was very coolly notified next morning, that any more jokes of that kind would be resented. Truly, although no joke was intended, I find that the ladies refuse to speak to me, and something serious may result. The whole trouble occurred by the alarm clock's going off at the wrong time, and by there being more of the alarm than I wanted. I wish now that I had taken the Cuckoo clock. If it had gone off at the wrong time, no harm would have resulted.

Mr. Jones has often spoken to me on this very subject, and has warned me of the evil results. When I have been enthusiastic about any thing, he has said, "William, take care that you are not previous." This advice has often been of advantage to me, and, at times, I have seen the best men injured by going off before the time. Almost every man is charged with an alarm, and all through life, he is setting it. A majority of men set their alarms to go off too early, and many set them right, but something is wrong, and the noise comes before it is needed.

Mr. Jones has given this subject much thought, and has decided that, although alarms are good things, when they work right, yet so much depends on their operation, he recommends every man to get rid of his alarm, altogether. I knew this was the opinion of Mr. Jones, but thought an alarm clock was a different thing; I understood him to speak figuratively, but figuratively or not, alarms are dangerous. The other view of the subject, touching the cuckoo clock, is this: things are often overdone, as Bro. Smith says: "We put in too much powder." I put in too much, speaking figuratively, and I am a sufferer. By unanimous consent, I am ordered to put my clock out of the house. Whether Mr. Clark will take it back and give me a cuckoo clock, is to be determined. It may be that I must fall back on first principles, and lose my money.

The scriptures contains many admonitions on the points submitted; and I have read the book of Job through for comfort. I am more reconciled since my reading, but am inclined to think that a precise application of Job's principles and those of his friends, cannot be made to cases growing out of alarm clocks. These instruments are a new thing, under the sun.

The beautiful rain has fallen in most places, and the grass is making the prairies look green and fresh. This circumstance offers a promise of good fat beef during the approaching winter. In no country in the world, can you get a better beef steak than you can in Texas. At Hempstead, in the hotels, the steak is brought to the guest in a little frying pan, broiling hot.

I will be brief in speaking of Texas: I do not wish to appear as an immigrant agent, but as a genuine chronicler of the times, for the CLARION, I offer the opinion, that, after taking out all the recognized disadvantages and draw-backs, Texas is the best country for the agriculturist—one who works—that the sun shines on to-day. The more I see of it, the more I wonder at the marvelous fertility of soil to be found and appropriated by men of small means. In a conversation a few days age with a planter in the southern part of Austin and the northern part of Fort Bend counties, I was told that he will sell lands, at two dollars per acre, that will produce one bale of cotton or fifty bushels of corn per acre. I remarked to the gentleman that so near the Brazos and San Bernard, there must be sickness. His reply was: "I have lived there for twenty years and never paid one dollar to a physician, for myself." He told me, also, that he was raised in Henderson county Kentucky. The Gulf Colorado and Santa Fee Railroad passes through his plantation. The gentleman's name is Col. W. Guyler, and his P. O. is Bovine Bend, Austin county. Col. Albert Harrison, formerly of Noxubee county, Mississippi, is his neighbor.

I know Mississippi is a great State. Its people are great, etc. etc., but Texas land is better. I hope in saying this, I have not forgotten the lesson of my alarm clock.

WILLIAM.

At the Bath.

From Travels in Japan.]

It was with some curiosity (says a traveler) that we first entered a Japanese bathhouse. We entered a low porch, first putting aside a hanging screen of matting, and passed into a spacious room divided into three compartments. On the right was a dark division, with benches around for resting or smoking upon. A youth sat upon a small table with a cash-box before him for the receipt of bath-money, the price for each bath being five copper cash. On the left the apartment retired far back, the floor gradually inclining downward for about six feet, and again ascending toward a screen, behind which some good people were enjoying the luxury of a warm bath. A channel passed through the room to carry off the water. Near the screened apartment, but exposed to public view, was a broad and shallow path of cold water in the angle of the double inclined floor. Here men, women and children squatted down on issuing from the hot bath, and splashed the cold water over their bodies; they use it unsparingly. They were perfectly naked, but not at all abashed by the presence of strangers. On leaving the baths they scrub themselves with dry, coarse towels, then dress, and leave the establishment, or retire to a small room, where they can be provided with a refreshing cup of tea.

DUTCH girls make the best wives. King William has been married fifty years, and he is not as bald-headed as some Americans who have been wedded only that many months.

The Vale of Cashmere.

THE HOME OF BLEAR-EYED CHILDREN AND CASHMERE SHAWLS.

Hartford Courant.]

If there was a paradise on earth, believed in by the poets, it was the vale of Cashmere. Here was the abode of a handsome, industrious and happy race, whose skill and refinement was attested by the marvelous product of its looms. In the most luxurious oriental harem and the boudoir of the western beauty, the possession of the finest shawl of Cashmere was a distinction of wealth and favor as high as could be paid. Dwelling high up in the sheltering gigantic Himalays, in a valley itself over 5,000 feet above the sea level, the people of Cashmere enjoyed a fortunate climate and possessed a soil of almost unequalled fertility. Fruits grew in abundance, and their cultivation was so early a science that we are said to have obtained our knowledge of grafting and budding from the people of Cashmere.

This once beautiful and happy region is now the scene of wretchedness. During this year a grievous famine had stricken the land. The infrequent travels there report the most heart-rending scenes and the sight of a desolate land. Great tracts of land are uncultivated, villages are in decay; many have made their way out of the valleys through the high passes into Afghanistan, in a wretched plight, and those who remain exhibit every sign of wretchedness.

The cause of this famine and decay is believed to be simply cruel, oppressive and bad government, and to this fact the attention of the English people is now being urgently called. For the English Government, if not exactly responsible for the sad state of affairs, is a titular guardian of Cashmere, and has the power of exacting justice and decent government there. Indeed, England sold Cashmere to the oppressors, and received her pay in cash. The story is briefly this:

At the treaty signed at Lahore in 1846, which concluded the first Sikh war, Lord Hardinge, in lieu of a money indemnity, offered a large cession of territory, included in which was the province of Cashmere. There was at that time a soldier of fortune, named Gholab Singh, who had raised himself to the principality of Jumboo, and in a short time annexed important adjacent territory. By a treaty subsequent to the one just named, it was arranged that Gholab should purchase back a portion of the territory ceded to the English, to be held by him and his heirs as an independent possession. In this way he became owner and ruler of Cashmere, under the English protection. He paid for this in cash £800,000, and assumed certain obligations to help the English in war and to take no other Europeans into his service. The English would protect him from his external enemies, and he paid annually in token of his allegiance "one horse, twelve perfect shawl goats of approved breed, six males and six females, and three pairs of Cashmere shawls." He had a good bargain. He ruled over 1,500,000 people, had an army of 27,000 men and a revenue of £1,000,000. In 1837 Gholab died and his son Runbeer ruled as Maharajah in his stead. Since then the relations between Cashmere and India have been of the ordinary kind, and a considerable trade has sprung up, which has lately fallen away owing to the disturbed condition of Eastern Turkenstan and the suffering in Cashmere.

It now appears, by the reports of British officers and travelers, that the famine and suffering in Cashmere are due almost wholly to the rapacity, corruption and cruelty of the maharajah. He and his rapacious tax collectors have litterally sucked the life out of the fair land. As long ago as 1872 the degredation of the people had become almost absolute under these cruel tax masters. This was attested by the half-deserted villages, the neglected lands, and the groups of listless men and blear-eyed children clustered before the village shawl-loom, toiling out their spiritless lives for the gain of the rajah. It is no object for the wretched tillers of the soil to raise anything, for they are despoiled of all their crops by the extortionate tribute collectors. The same thing happened here that happened on the Upper Nile; the extortion was so excessive that it did not pay to raise crops; the people were not allowed to retain enough of their own crops to sustain life.

This is the state of affairs of one of the fairest of the Indian provinces, in the land of sentiment and song. The poor, half-starved remnants of the people cry for English rule. Just now the finances of India are in no condition to buy back Cashmere, but the interest of humanity will not permit the English people to be indifferent to the misery of this once prosperous land. The responsibilities of England are widening year by year in the East.

Cleopatra's Needle.

N. Y. World.]

The gigantic frame work which is to be used to raise the obelisk of Alexandria from its present vertical position, throw it into a horizontal position and carry it down to the vessel which is to bring it to its new site, was yesterday shipped for Liverpool on board the Guion steamer Nevada. The total weight of the whole construction is 128,000 pounds, but it is in such heavy parcels that great trouble was met with in the efforts to ship it. By great efforts, however, the last parcel was deposited in the hold of the steamer in time for her regular departure. bills of lading were signed and the voyage began. When the Nevada reaches Liverpool the construction will be transhipped to Alexandria, in Egypt, where work will be begun under the supervision of Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe, U. S. N., for the removal of the monolith.

The description of the obelisk as used by Mr. Roebling to make his calculation is as follows: 67 feet 2 inches high, 8 feet 2¼ inches by 7 feet 9¾ inches wide at base, 5 feet 2 inches by 5 feet wide at top. Substance, granite; centre of gravity distant from base, 26 feet; surrounding (character of) soil—sand.

A Colored Barber's Trouble.

From the Boston Transcript.]

We were in the tonsorial establishment of an American citizen of African descent the other day, when there presently entered another American citizen, likewise of African descent, having with him his little boy. Raising his razor from the face that it had been scarifying, said the barber to his raceman, "What d'ye want, sah?" "I want to hev der chile's har cut," was the reply. Said the Knight of the lather-brush, decapitating a pimple on the helpless face before him, "We don't cut cullud folkses har, sah! As the bewildered man and brother passed out with his boy, the barber continued, confidently, "Der fax am dat we's trubbled ter def wid dese brack peoples. Our customers don't want ter 'sochate wid 'em, and, tell der trut', dey are disrumgreeable."

THE individual who called tight boots comfortable defended his position by saying they made a man forget all his other miseries.

ODE TO A CONFEDERATE BILL.

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the waters below it—
As a pledge of a nation that is dead and gone—
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.
Showing it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale that this paper can tell—
Of liberty born of a patriot's dream,
Of the storm-cradled nation that fell,
Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issue to-day our promise to pay,
And hope to redeem on the morrow.
The days rolled on, and the weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so rare that the treasury quaked
If a dollar should drop in the till.
But the faith that was in us was so strong, indeed,
And our poverty well we discerned;
And those little checks representing the pay
That our suffering volunteers earned,
We knew it had scarcely a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And each patriot soldier believed it;
But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or of the bills that were over due,
We knew, if it bought our bread to-day,
It was the best our poor country could do.
Keep it; it tells our history all over,
From the birth of its dreams to the last;
Modest and born of the angel of hope,
Like the hope of success it passed.

THE NATCHEZ TRIBE OF INDIANS.

(Extract from Claiborne's History of Mississippi, now in press by Power & Barksdale.)

1700. Iberville, Bienville and Tonti ascended the river to the Natchez villages, where they arrived February 11th. They were charmed with the country. It was determined to post a garrison there, and lay out a town which should be called "La Ville de Rosalie aux Natchez." They found here Father St. Cosme, recently arrived from Africa.

The great chief, or "Sun," with a train of six hundred followers, received the visitors. They had been, according to their own account, a numerous and powerful people, holding in subjection many other tribes. Father Le Petit, Superior of the Jesuits, who was a long time stationed in New Orleans, says:

"They inhabited a beautiful country, and were the only tribe that seemed to have an established worship. They had a temple filled with idols, rudely carved. This temple resembled an earthen oven, or the back of a tortoise, and was one hundred feet in circumference. They entered it by one small door, and there was no window. Above, on the outside of the roof, were three wooden eagles, painted red, yellow and white. In front of the door was a shed where the guardian of the temple kept watch. All around was a circle of pointed pickets, capped with the skulls of their enemies who had fallen in battle. The interior was lined with shelves on which were baskets holding the bones of their most renowned chiefs, while beneath these were piled the bones of their favorite followers, who had been strangled, to attend their masters in the spirit world. In the temple they kept a small, but perpetual fire, made of bark, provided by the patriarchs of the tribe. No woman, except the mother and sisters of the Great Sun, were allowed to enter the sacred edifice. The common people dared only approach the threshhold. The sun was their deity; their great chief was called by the same name, and he in turn called the sun his brother. Every morning at dawn, attended by his retinue, the chief ascended a mound to converse with his celestial brother. As soon as the sun appeared in the heavens, the chief saluted with a long howl, and then waved his hand from east to west, and directed what course he should traverse!"

Chateaubriand, in his charming romances, and some of the early French writers, who often drew upon their fancy for their facts, have thrown an interest around the Natchez as a semi-civilized and noble race, that has, passed into history. We find no traces of civilization in their architecture, or in their social life and customs. Their religion was brutal and bloody, indicating an Aztec origin. They were perfidious and cruel, and if they were at all superior to the neighboring tribes it was probably due to the district they occupied—the most beautiful, healthy and productive in the valley of the Mississippi—and the influence of its attractions in substituting permanent for temporary occupation.

The residence of the grand chief was merely a spacious cabin, of one apartment, with a mat of basket work for his bed and a log for his pillow. In the middle of the room was a square stone. Those of his courtiers who entered to pay their compliments, made the circuit of this stone three times before they dared to look towards the royal couch. Then they saluted by howling three times. The chief responded with a grunt, and the degree of his favor was measured by the emphasis of his response. The gratified courtier acknowledged the royal courtesy by another prolonged howl. Whenever the chief condescended to ask a question, the etiquette was to howl before answering. When retiring the visitor howled at every step, until he crossed the royal threshhold. From this "linked sweetness long drawn out," Campbell, many years afterwards, probably derived his musical line, "the wolf's long howl on Oonalaska's shore." He who howled longest and loudest stood highest in the favor of the great chief of the Natchez!

"When this personage dies," says Father Petit, "they demolish his house and throw up a mound, and on that they build a dwelling for the new brother of the sun."

Their notion of a future life—one of the best tests of civilization—was as low as the rest of the barbarian tribes. They believed that the good would enjoy a perpetual feast of green corn, venison and melons, and the bad be condemned to a diet of aligators and spoiled fish. What their notion was as to the distinction between the bad and the good, does not appear.

Their government was an absolute despotism. The supreme chief was master of their labor, their property, and their lives. He never labored, and when he needed provisions he issued invitations for a feast, and all the principal inhabitants were required to attend, and to bring supplies sufficient for the entertainment and for the support of the royal family, until he chose to proclaim another festival. He selected his servants from the highest circles, and when he came to die, they felt it an honor to be strangled by their nearest relatives, to howl for him in the other world.

When an heir presumptive was born, each family that had a new born infant appeared in the royal presence, and a certain number were selected to be his attendants. When this heir died, whether in infancy or in manhood, the persons thus selected were strangled. The same ceremony was observed in the families of the brothers and sisters of the chief. The government was hereditary, with, however, this remarkable peculiarity. It was not the son of the supreme chief who got the succession, but the son of his eldest sister, or, in default of a sister, the son of the nearest female relative of the blood royal. This custom implies a rooted want of confidence in the virtue of the royal ladies. The most rational custom among them—one peculiar to the Natchez—was one prohibiting a princess from inter-marrying with a member of the blood royal. No mingling of kindred blood, no husband brought up in indolence and effeminacy, but one chosen from the ranks of the people for his vigor and courage. The princeses were thus restricted in their choice from motives of state, but they had the right to dismiss him and choose another as often as they pleased. If the husband, poor fellow, had indulged a *penchant* for one fairer and fonder, the noble dame very cooly ordered his head cut off! She herself, however—in this the Natchez, perhaps, exhibited the nearest approach to civilization—was not subject to the same retribution. She might have as many lovers as he fancied, and the husband had no right to complain. In the presence of his wife, and even of her lovers, he was required to exhibit the most profound respect and satisfaction, never dared appear at her table, and howled with all his might when ever he met her! Penicault, whom we have already quoted, was at Natchez, in 1703, when the Great Female Sun died!

"She was really the Great Sun, in her own right. Her husband, who was not of the blood royal, was strangled by their eldest son, so that in death, as in life, he might be her submissive attendant, and howl to her ghost! On the outside of her house they placed all her effects on a scaffold, and on these they deposited the two corpses. They likewise put there the bodies of twelve children whom they had just strangled. These children had been brought by their parents, by order of the eldest son of the deceased, who had the right, as her successor, to put to death as many as he thought necessary to wait on her in the land of spirits. Fourteen other scaffolds were erected decorated with vines and rude paintings. These were intended for the bodies of the victims, whose nearest relatives, dressed in festive robes, surrounded them, with looks and gestures expressive of satisfaction. They then in procession marched to the great square in front of the temple and began to dance. Four days thereafter they again formed in procession and began what is called the "March of Death," from the square to the house of the deceased. The fathers and mothers of the strangled children held the bodies in their arms. The oldest of these did not appear to be over three years. The relatives of these infants, with their hair closely shaven, began to how in the most frightful manner. But the adults, who were about to die, danced around the house of the dead princess, until finally it was set on fire by her eldest son and successor. All then marched to the great temple. The parents who carried their strangled infants, then threw them on the ground and began to dance. When the body of the deceased princess was deposited in the temple, the intended victims were undressed and seated on the ground. A cord with a noose was passed around each of their necks, and deer skins thrown over their heads. The relatives who were the executioners, then stood to the right and left of each victim, and at a given signal all were strangled. The bodies were placed on scaffolds, and the bones when dry were deposited in baskets in the temple, and this constituted a sort of patent of nobility. It was a privilege and an honor to die with the Sun."

The Natchez consisted exclusively of two classes—the Blood Royal and its connexions, and the common people, the Mich-i-mioki-quipe or Stinkards. The two classes understood each other, but spoke a different dialect.

Their customs of war, their treatment of prisoners, their ceremonies of marriage, their feasts and fasts, their sorceries and witchcraft, differed very little from other savages. Father Charlevoix, who visited Natchez in 1721, saw no evidences of civilization. Their villages consisted of a few cabins, or rather ovens, without windows and roofed with matting. The house of the Sun was larger, plastered with mud, and a narrow bench for a seat and bed. No other furniture in the mansion of this grand dignatary, who has been described by imaginative writers as the peer of Montezuma! The people were all off at a feast, and the door of the palace was open. There was no fear of thieves, since there was nothing to steal. No chimneys and no windows to any of the dwellings. Even the temple itself was without a guardian. He had thrown aside his bark, and put three substantial logs, end to end, and gone off, doubtless, to the feast. The 'boasted temple' was a rude structure; the eagles looking like rough weather-cocks—no ornaments, only a few baskets of bones. In one corner was a rickety board table which romance writers had called an altar. A dirtier place the reverend father had never seen. In their outward appearance, dress and manner, there was nothing, says this shrewd observer, to distinguish them from other barbarians.

1700. February 13th, Iberville and his party left Natchez for the villages of the Tensas, near lake St. Joseph, in the present parish of Tensas, Louisiana, an offshoot of the Natchez, with the same customs and faith. They had been visited by La Salle and Tonti twenty-eight years before. During this second visit, as though foreshadowing the doom the pale-faces were to bring upon the red-men, their temple was struck by lightning and consumed. To appease the Sun God the women threw their infants into the flames. Penicaut, who was of the party, thus describes this horrible incident:

"We left the Natchez and coasted along to the right, where the river is bordered with high gravelly banks for a distance of twelve leagues; at the extremity of these bluffs is a place we called Petit Gulf on account of the whirlpool formed by the river for the distance of a quarter of a league. Eight leagues higher up we came to Grand Gulf, which we passed a short distance above on the right hand side. We landed to visit a village four leagues in the interior. These Indians are called the Tensas. (They were a portion of the Natchez nation, were never converted by the Catholic Fathers, but scrupulously observed all the religious ceremonies of the Natchez). We were well received, but I never saw a more sad, frightful and revolting spectacle than that which happened the second day, 16th April, after our arrival in the village. A sudden storm burst upon us. The lightning struck the temple, burned all their idols and reduced the whole to ashes. Quickly the Indians assembled around, making horrible cries, tearing out their hair, elevating their hands to heaven, their tawny visages turned towards the burning temple, invoking their Great Spirit, with the howling of devils possessed, to come down and extinguish the flames. They took up mud, with which they besmeared their bodies and faces. The fathers and mothers then brought their children, *and after having strangled them threw them into the flames.* M. d'Iberville was horrified at seeing such a cruel spectacle, and gave orders to stop it, by forcibly taking from them the little innocents; but with all all our efforts seventeen perished in this manner, and had we not restrained them, the number would have been over two hundred."

The Key to Success.

There is only one way to success and that is by a thorough mastery of one's business in all its details. This is well illustrated in the following extract:

One of Wellington's chief sources of success was his thorough master of details. While in Spain he gave precise directions how the soldiers should prepare their food; in India, the miles per day the bullocks should be driven that were provided for the army. The equipments of his troops were cared for in all their minuti. The same exactness he introduced into his administration of civil affairs. From his earliest school days, in every transaction, the trait of thoroughness appears. The confidence and unfaltering devotion he thus inspired unquestionably secured him his many and decisive victories. No great commander leaves anything to chance, but seeks to anticipate every emergency and to provide for it. Gray spent seven years perfecting his "Elegy," which you can readily read in seven minutes. Into it he generously poured the very ripest scholarship, an intimate acquaintance with the rules of rhythmn, and an exhaustive study of the varied excellences of English and Latin classes. Every syllable was submitted to closest scrutiny, the cadence of the voice was suited to the character of the thought, every outline was vivid, every tint toned, every picture perfect before he suffered his poem to pass into print. This palace of thought was no single night's work of slave-genii obeying the behest of one holding some magical lamp of *Aladdin*, but was built up like a coral reef, particle by particle, and this complete mastery of detail was secured only by the most protracted concentration of efforts. By resolutely chaining his thoughts to his theme, completely surrendering himself to its guidance, the inexorable laws of suggestion irresistibly led him back through the past's faded and forgotten scenes in the humble lives of the sleeping cottagers until the scenery and personages of every picture at last brightened and breathed before his mental vision with all the sharply outlined vividness of real iife.

A NEW ORLEANS man about to fail in business was asked: "How many cents do you intend to pay on the dollar?" "Just as many as I can borrow," was the reply.

ONE of the disagreeable features about being near-sighted is that a man is in danger of mistaking his wife for another woman, and being polite to her.

A BOOK agent was knocked down by a street car the other day, and two wheels passed over his cheek. The car is laid up pending repairs.

FINE FEATHERS.

How the Birds Contribute to the Adornment of Ducks of Bonnets.

From the New York Tribune.]

Mr. Tupper warned society some ten years ago of a robin famine in consequence of the fashionable demand for red-breasts. Now the caprice of fashion leads toward the extermination of parrots and owls, with a tendency toward pigeons. Little humming birds are seen by the hundreds, as well as all the larger birds of the tropic. The plain house swallow is not disregarded; in fact, swallows and sparrows die so easily that they form no slight array among the plain-colored and variegated birds. The small feathers of the humblest barnyard fowl are purchased in enormous quantities, dyed black or in brilliant colors, and sewed, one by one, to yards of netting and then made into costly feather bonnets. Ostrich plumes are dyed in patches of gorgeous tints to match the irridescent beads and Persian silks that skimmer and glitter like a fairy spectacle in the milliner's show rooms. The change in bonnets and hats consists more in their colors and trimmings than in their shapes. The graceful little Fanchon has returned after long oblivion. Beads are used in enormous quantities. In addition to the passion for jet, there is a great display of rainbow-tinted beads of the most startling contrast, copying the rich stuffs of Persia and Egypt.

An olive-green velvet poke-bonnet is trimmed with wide bias twilled drab satin surrounding the crown, fastened on the sides and extending in very long strings. Over the satin is placed a broad band of passementerie embroidered with beads of every imaginable color. An ostrich plume, embodying all the brightest hues, is placed near the front and held by the head and breast of an orange-colored cockatoo. The inside of the brim is lined with shirred olive velvet, nd a gold c ord finishes the edge. A bonnet from the Parisian house of Tirvee is extremely large, with square crown and raised front, and is made of a mixture of satin and plush; shirred cardinal velvet lines the brim and contrasts in an unlovely manner with wide gold-colored satin strings, and a yellow parrot stretched across one side. The fashionable red bonnet reappears this season in a cardinal red Fanchon of satin antique laid on the frame in a loose puff and covered with black lace embroidered with jets; a cluster of tiny birds having the same colors of red and black is placed on top, and are set singly on the sides and back. The long red satin strings and covered with corresponding lace. Another little Fanchon of olive Ottoman velvet has the brim and edge covered with bronze Brazilian bugs; a branch of three black and olive ostrich feathers droops over the front, and a band of bias olive satin passing over the crown serves also for long strings.

The absence of face trimming is noticeable, all brims being simply lined with plain or shirred satin or velvet mostly edged with gold braid. Some of the strings of Indian blue or dusky olive twilled silk have stripes down the centre of the brilliant cashmere ribbon, and are finished on the ends with narrow plaitings *point d'esprit*. A Marie Stuart bonnet of the close shape has a new soft crown of Japanese blue crackle velvet; the front is satin closely shirred, and superb *merle bronze*—a blue and black Brazilian bird—is perched on the side. The brim is edged with a narrow galloon of cashmere beads and lined with yellow shirred satin. A bonnet of the modified Carmen shape has a crown made of the gorgeous breast feathers of some tropical bird; the front is maroon velvet embroidered around the edge in a floral pattern with beads suiting the colors of the feathers. A similarly shaded ostrich plume droops around one side, held by a parrot's head and breast; the broad twilled satin strings are fastened at the sides by little clasps of irridescent steel. A black bonnet is made entirely of small black feathers edged with dull, oval beads and trimmed with a blackbird resting on a cluster of feather tips. The strings are wide black lace trimmed on one side with black crimped fringe. A second black cottage bonnet, made of tiny feathers laid flat, as on a bird's breast, has two blackbirds perched on the top in bows of black jet-embroidered lace. Each tiny feather is tipped with a little jet. Narrow jet fringe edges the front. The square crown has a plaited embroidered lace flounce falling behind. The strings are of finest Chantilly lace.

ELECTRICAL JEWELRY.

A Power that May be Concealed in the Hair.

Galignani's Messenger.]

Every one is more or less acquainted with the advance made in the use of electricity, particularly in the way of lightning and as a motive power, but few would ever have suspected that it was likely to be applied to purposes of personal adornment. Such however, is the case, for M. Trouve has found the means of applying it in a most ingenious manner to certain articles of jewelry. The applications of it are comparatively unlimited, but a description of a few articles will suffice to give the reader an idea of this invention. Take, first of all, a breastpin, consisting of a death's head enameled, with movable eyes of diamonds or rubies, and the lower jaw articulated. At the pleasure of the wearer, by means to be described presently. it can be made to roll its eyes and chatter its gumless teeth. Another pin is surmounted by a small golden drum, on which is seated on its tail a little rabbit holding in its fore paws two drumsticks, with which it beats a tattoo when the electric current is applied. A third is an ornament for a lady's hair consisting of a bird covered all over with diamond points, which on completing the circuit, flutters its wings and produces a curious effect. One of these was made for the Princess de Metternich. But the curious part of the invention is the battery by which these objects are put in motion. Each of them is attacked to an invisible wire, easily concealed in the garments or the hair, the other end of which is connected with a minure battery. This apparatus is not bigger than a pencil case, and can be easily carried unseen in the waistcoat pocket. It consists of a tube hermetically sealed, containing in the upper half a pile composed of zinc and carbon inclosed in a case of hardened india-rubber (ebonite). The zinc and the carbon only occupy the upper portion of the tube, the lower containing the exciting liquid. So long as the tube is kept in a perpendicular position, the pile is not reached by the liquid, and consequently no action takes place. But the moment it is placed horizontally, the acid acts on the pile, and a circuit is established which sets the movable parts in action. Thus the wearer has only to vary the position of the tube to produce the motion or stop it at pleasure.

A FRENCH newspaper, the other day, had the following heading in its police intelligence: "Suicide of two persons; statement of the one that survived."

LOVE'S LIGHT.

On western hills the day declines,
The sun sinks low beneath the pines,
And where the last ray lingering shines
'Tis softly fading into night.
The tender gloaming, shade on shade,
Comes darkling down, on glen and glade,
What time, in beauty bright arrayed,
The stars bloom into sight;
Then love takes up the evening song,
And memory, kindling warm and strong,
Recalls dead hopes in thickening throng,
And paints the past in mellow light.

On eastern slopes the sunbeams wake,
The soft rays, lighting lawn and lake,
On kindling earth and heaven break
In radiance touched with morning's dew;
The dawn's young beauties, fresh and sweet,
In blissful union move and meet,
What time the passing shadows fleet,
Of night depart from view.
And love sings soft the matin song,
And hope surveys, on pinions strong,
The future's blessings, rich and long,
And paints their dawn with prescience true.

Morning and noon and set of sun,
Through all the hours of the day that run,
The light from heaven at dawn begun,
The waiting earth with beauty fills,
And nature smiles, in all her moods,
Through lawn and lake and wilds and woods,
What time the heavenly lustre floods,
And all her pulses thrills;
And love takes up her joyous song,
And hope and memory, true and strong,
Present and past with raptures throng,
And light which heaven's own love distills.

—E. S. Gregory.

The Finest Sapphire in the World.

DESCRIPTION OF A SPLENDID RUSSIAN JEWEL.

Paris Letter in Philadelphia Telegraph.]

I have recently been favored with the sight of one of the famous jewels of the world—a stone that has its history and its pedigree, and is celebrated in the annals of the noted gems of Europe; I have held in my hand and admired beneath the rays of the sunlight the finest sapphire that is known to exist. This beautiful and well-nigh priceless stone combines in a singularly perfect degree the leading qualifications of size, shape, color and water. In form it is a flat oval, being about two inches long by an inch and a half wide. It is cut slightly *en cabochon* on top and into a multitude of small facets beneath. Its hue is perfect, being a warm, lustrous Marie Louise blue, not so dark as to show black beneath the gaslight, but having all the velvety softness and purity of tint that is required in a really fine gem of this description. Its weight is 300 carats, and it belongs to a noble and wealthy Russian family, in whose possession it has been for the past two centuries; and it has been placed by its owner in the hands of one of the great diamond merchants of Paris for safe-keeping. One of the Rothschild family has offered for it no less a sum than $300,000, but the offer has been refused. I asked the courteous gentleman in whose care it has been left as to the actual value of the stone. He told me that, being as it was, perfectly unique, no precise valuation could be set upon it, but that he was inclined to estimate it at some $400,000. He also showed me a string of enormous graduated pearls of extreme purity and fineness (the center one was as large as a small cherry) and he told me that the necklace belonging to the noble Russian was composed of six similar strings of equal beauty and exceptional size. The great sapphire was mounted to be worn as a brooch, being surmounted with large diamonds of some twenty carats each. Its guardian informed me that the pendant belonging to this brooch was composed of a large pear-shaped sapphire, weighing sixty carats, and set in diamonds. The whole collection of jewels belonging to this one family is worth over $2,000,000. "There is no such sapphire as that largest one," continued my informant, "even among the crown jewels of Russia. I furnished myself two very fine ones to the Empress, each weighing six carats, but they do not compare with this magnificent gem." The gentleman who spoke was well qualified to give an opinion, as he is one of the few diamond merchants of the world, and is, morever, a noted expert. He it was who was recently sent for by the Russian Government to go to St. Petersburg to make a full estimate of the value of crown jewels, and he furnishes whatever ornaments in precious stones are purchased by the members of the imperial family.

Chinese Printing.

In printing the Chinese do not use a press as we do; the delicate nature of their paper would not admit of it; when once the blocks are engraved, the paper is cut, and the ink is ready, one man with his brush will print a large number of sheets in a day.

The block to be printed must be placed perfectly level, and secured firmly. The printer has two brushes; one of them a stiffer kind, which he can hold in his hand, and use at either end. He dips it into the ink, and rubs the block with it, taking care not to wet it too much; if it were wetted too much the characters would be slurred; if too little, they would not print. When the block is once got into a proper state, he can print three or four impressions without dipping his brush into ink.

The second brush is used to rub over the paper, with a small degree of pressure, that it may take the impression; this it does easily, for, not being sized with alum, it receives the ink the instant it comes in contact with it. It is only necessary that the brush should be passed over every part of the sheet with a greater or smaller degree of pressure, and repeated in proportion as the printer finds there is more or less ink upon the block. This brush is soft and of an oblong form.

According to Chinese chronology, the art of printing was discovered in China about fifty years before the Christian era, under the reign of Wing Fong 1., the second emperor of the Tartarian dynasty; the art of paper making about 145 years afterward, before which period they had been accustomed to transcribe, or print, their writings, in volumes of silk or cloth cut into the form of leaves.

Fifteen Missionaries for India.

Services preliminary to the departure of fifteen missionaries to India, sent out to-day by the American Baptist Missionary Union, were held last evening at the Central Baptist Church in Forty-second street. The exercises were conducted by the Rev. Dr. J. D. Herr, pastor of the Central Church. Among others on the platform were the Rev. Dr. Armitage, the Rev. Dr. Murdock, of Boston, and the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon of England. There were short addresses by several of the missionaries. Two of the number, Miss E. E. Mitchell and Miss A. M. Barkley, are going to open a hospital in the town of Manulmain. This is considered a "new departure" for the Union, but it was necessary to open the way for spiritual work, Dr. Murdock said, by taking care of the body, and by breaking up the superstitions connected with the science of medicine in heathen countries. The Rev. Dr. Armitage warned the missionaries against discouragement. The Rev. J. A. Spurgeon said that they should always have the greatest hope of winning those who offered the greatest resistance at first. The man who said yes to everything never could be reached; but the man who swore at you showed he had heart enough to get angry.—N. Y. Times.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE.	1w.	2w.	3w.	4w.	3m.	6 m.	1 Yr.
One inch	1 00	2 00	3 00	4 00	9 00	15 00	20 00
Two in.	2 00	3 00	4 00	6 00	12 00	20 00	30 00
Three in.	3 00	5 00	7 00	9 00	15 00	25 00	40 00
Four in.	4 00	6 00	9 00	12 00	20 00	35 00	50 00
Five in.	5 00	7 50	12 00	15 00	30 00	50 00	75 00

☞ Special, or local notices, 20 cents per line each insertion.

A Plump Partridge.

Partridges, plump and nice, are plenty in market, and retain at $1 25 per pair. Doubtless the dealers pay $1. The birds are very fine, this year. Most of them, probably, are trapped in snares—the common "twitchups" fixed in the artificially made hedges so often found by the explorers of the Connecticut woods, and familiar to almost every country lad; but a good many of these proverbially plump birds are also obtained by the sportsman's gun—as the shot, found in the bird, sufficiently attest. "Partridges," so called in New England and New York, are miscalled "quail" in Pennsylvania and some of the Southern States, where, also, the real quail is in popular language turned into a partridge. The partridge (*Ortyx Virginianus*) is the "ruffed grouse" of the ornithologists, and closely akin to the western pinnated grouse, or prairie hen; but its meat is white and extremely sweet and toothsome. It is a much larger bird than a quail—but not more delicious eating. The quail, the well-known "bob white" of the country lanes, wood-borders and fields of buckwheat stubble, makes one of the sweetest and most delicate tidbits imaginable. It is a fortunate circumstance that both quails and partridges are such prolific birds; were it otherwise, both would have been long since exterminated. Even as it is, their numbers do not, in this part of the country, tend to increase. The wonder is, that even with their broods of a dozen to fifteen (the quail rarely or never lays fewer than fifteen, sometimes more, and the partridge never fewer than a dozen or fourteen eggs), these fine game birds have not already been exterminated, in these older-settled parts of the country. What with the ceaseless pursuit of them in every piece of woods by men and boys with dog and gun, the trapping of cart-loads of them in every woodland, and the death-dealing work of four out of every five of our Northern winters, the partridges have a hard time of it, and a double chance, in the struggle for life. It is the deep snows, more than either the degree or the duration of the winter cold, that are fatal to both partridges and quail. The fatality is especially sweeping when in addition to the deep snow there comes, as there sometimes will come, a winter rain, which freezes hard on the top of the snow, forming a solid icy crust, through which the partridge cannot break, to get in or out, and he thus perishes by starvation. Our occasional mild and "open" winters are always followed by a great abundance of quails and partridges in the succeeding summer and autumn. In the milder climate of Virginia the winters are not usually severe enough to kill off these birds, and the result is that they are always abundant there. Here, where they have at best a hard battle of it for life, they should be so far protected, by a sharp and unceasing enforcement of the game laws, that the shooting of them in winter, at least, would be prohibited. In fact the birds are not, usually, fit to be eaten after New Year's; they have to live then on certain kinds of berries in the woods which render their flesh positively poisonous.—Hartford (Conn.) Times.

Northern Morals.

Louisville Courier Journal.]

The altogether startling state of society in Ohio may well call forth the censure of the world. There seems to be no improvement whatever in the morals of the Ohioans, notwithstanding the great outlay every year for churches and schools. An Ohio paper, which reached the Courier Journal office yesterday, publishes the following startling report from the little village of Vandalia, Ohio:

"A young and respectable-looking couple, brother and sister, named Fred. and Louisa Ranakmann, son and daughter of quite a respectable farmer, residing in Lone Grove township, about twenty miles from this city boarded the train a few days ago, went to St. Louis and were made husband and wife. They remained in the city a day or two, then returned homeward, getting off the train at Brownstown, a station eight miles from this place, and, for fear of being detected, wandered out in the woods near the town, and remained there until found and arrested to-day by Constable Joseph Copeland. The man is about twenty-one years of age, and of good appearance, and his sister nineteen, and rather gook looking. When asked why he was induced to commit such an act he said: 'My sister loved me so well we thought the best thing we could do would be to get married.' He was further asked if he did not know it was wrong and against the law to do so, and also why they hid themselves in the woods and kept away from their parents. This he answered by saying: 'We did not know it was wrong, and only hid in the woods for fear of being discovered by our folks, as they were very much opposed to our marrying.' Their parents are very respectable people, and are sadly grieved over the unparalleled act of their children. They were tried this afternoon, found guilty and bound over, the man's bond being fixed at $500 and the woman's at $300, in default of which they were committed to the county jail. The affair has created great excitement in this city."

That such barbarism can exist in a State which has furnished the country a President, General of the army, Secretary of the Treasury, etc., is truly astonishing, not to mention that this is the Nineteenth century.

Wild Cat Money.

LESSONS FROM THE PAST.

From the Port Gibson Reveille.]

Forty odd years ago Mississippi had a hundred banks, and the South and West were full of banks: money (paper money) was as cheap as printed posters, and as abundant as dog fennel, property had a fabulous value, fortunes a mushroom growth, and flush times was written everywhere, and abounded universally. But, the crash came. Prudent men first foresaw the impending crisis, and gradually furled sails to meet the storm, but, in 1837 all the banks of the United States simultaneously suspended, one morning in the merry month of May, and universal consternation was depicted on the face of commerce, and each man reiterated the words of Bonaparte at Waterloo—*sauve qui peaur*—save himself who can.

In 1841 Congress passed a bankrupt law—the States passed stay laws—valuation laws—redemption laws—and all the other legal artifices for evading and delaying the payment of kebts.

Rag money was like withered leaves and gave place to a sound currency, the ruined went under the surging billows, and after the storm came a great calm. The rich found themselves poor—the prudent had yet their possessions, but reduced in value—and the poor were only a little worse off.

The history of 1837, and the few succeeding years, has just repeated itself from 1873 to this day, and now we behold the world paying us in coin for our excess of exports over imports, money, glittering gold, and, with the musical ring, comes by every ship, and the era never existed when interest was so cheap.

Are these not signs of a beautiful dawning of prosperity? Breadstuffs cheap—cotton high—labor remunerative—what more can we want? And we ask, parenthetically, why an "exodus?"

Captain Kidd's Treasure Once More.

From the Augusta (Me.) Journal.]

It is reported that on Saturday the workmen employed in digging a reservoir on the east side of the river unearthed an iron chest about three feet long, eighteen inches high, and about the same depth. It is reported also that the chest contained a large sum of money. The treasure is supposed to belong to Mr. Charles V. D. Granger, formerly of Augusta. Mr. Granger claims that his grandfather and Captain Robert Kidd, he of piratical fame, were great cronies, and says that when Captain Robert died he left with Grandpa Granger maps, charts, &c., telling him where several millions of treasure were buried. Mr. Granger still holds these papers in his possession, and without doubt the treasure found belongs to him.

The Army.

St. Louis Republican.]

The Atlanta Constitution wants to know why so much of the army is kept east of the Mississippi where it isn't wanted, and so little out West where it is all the time needed. It is not so very hard a conundrum; suppose the political wing of the war department takes a guess at it.