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VOL. 1. HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., MARCH 17, 1875. NO. 11.

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WAITING.

"Five years to wait!" Don't do it,
My innocent blue-eyed maid;
For the years may last a lifetime,
While your youthful roses fade!
While your eyes are red with weeping,
And watching the tuberous sea;
Till you sing the song of the lone one,
"He never came back to me."

Five years to wait, while others
Are dancing the dance of youth,
And the one, perhaps, you are trusting
Is breaking his vows, forsooth!
"I shall wait for my love, my darling;
Who has sailed far over the sea,
Five years, or ten, or twenty,"
Said the blue-eyed maid to me.

So she wrote her love-letters,
Or tended her garden flowers,
Or watched the restless billows
On the beetling cliff for hours;
While she turned her suitors pining
Away from the cottage door,
And waited, patiently waited,
One long year or more.

* * * * * * *

"'Tis very weary waiting,"
Said the blue-eyed maid to me,
And she glanced at her last new suitor
And then at the restless sea;
And she glanced at the roses fading
In her garden fair and bright,
Twice come, twice gone since he left her,
Two years before that night.

And she married her last new suitor
Before the winter sped;
And she wrote to her absent lover
On the day that she was wed,
"She hoped he would not suffer,
That the shock would soon be o'er,"
And the answer soon informed her
He had married a year before.

LED ASTRAY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF OCTAVE FEUILLET.

V.

28TH SEPTEMBER.

I had the satisfaction of discovering in the library of the marquis the historical documents I needed. They form, indeed, a part of the ancient archives of the Abbey, and have a special interest for the family of Malouet It was one William Malouet, a very noble man and a knight, who, about the middle of the twelfth century, with the consent of Messieurs his sons, Hughes, Foulgues, John, and Thomas, restored the church and founded the Abbey in favor of the order of the Benedictine monks, and for the salvation of his soul and of the souls of his ancestors, granting unto the congregation, among other dues and privileges, the fee-simple of the lands of the Abbey, the tithe of all its revenues, half the wool of its flocks, three loads of wax to be received every year at Mount Saint-Michel-on-the-sea; then the river, the moors, the woods, and the mill, et molendinum in eodeum situ. I took pleasure in following through the wretched latin of the time the description of this familiar landscpe. It has not changed.

The foundation charter bears date 1145. Subsequent charters show that the Abbey of Rozel was in possession, in the thirteenth century, of a sort of patriarchate over all the institutions of the order of Saint Benedict that were then in existence in the province of Normandy A general chapter of the order was held there every year presided over by the Abbot of Rozel, and at which some ten or a dozen other convents were represented by their highest dignitaries. The discipline, the labors, the temporal and spiritual management of all the Benedictines of the province were here controlled and reformed with a severity which the minutes of these little councils attest in the noblest terms. These scenes, replete with dignity, took place in that Capitulary Hall now so shamefully defiled.

Aside from the archives, this library is very rich, and this is apt to divert attention. Moreover the vortex of worldly dissipation that rages in the chateau is not without occasionally doing some prejudice to my independence. Finally my worthy hosts frequently take away with one hand the liberty they have granted me with the other: like many persons of the world, they have not a very clear idea of the degree of connected occupation which deserves the name of work, and an hour or two of reading appears to them the utmost extent of labor that a man can bear in a day.

"Consider yourself wholly free," Monsieur de Malouet tells me every morning; "go up to your hermitage; work at your ease."

An hour later he is knocking at my door:

"Well! are we hard at work?"

"Why, yes, I am beginning to get into it."

"What! the deuce! You have been at it more than two hours! You are killing yourself, my friend. However, you are free. By the way, my wife is in the parlor; when you have done you'll go and keep her company, won't you?"

"Most undoubtedly I will."

"But only when you have entirely done, of course."

And he goes off for a hunt or a ride by the seaside. As to myself, preoccupied with the idea that I am expected, and satisfied that I shall be unable to do any further work of value, I soon resolve to go and join Madame de Malouet, whom I find deeply engaged in conversation with the parish priest, or with Jacquemart (of Bordeaux). She has disturbed me, I am in her way, and we smile pleasantly to each other.

Such is the manner in which the middle of the day usually passes off.

In the morning, I ride on horseback with the marquis, who is kind enough to spare me the crowd and tumult of the general riding parties. In the evening, I take a hand at whist, then I chat awhile with the ladies, and I try my best to cast off at their feet my bear's skin and reputation; for I dislike to display any eccentricity of my own, this one rather more so than any other. There is a grave disposition, when carried to the point of stiffness and ill-grace toward women, something coarsely pedantic, that is unbecoming in great talents and ridiculous in lesser ones. I retire afterward, and work rather late in the library. That's the best of my duty.

The society at the chateau is usually made up of the marquis' guests, who are always numerous at this season, and a few persons of the neighborhood. The object of these entertainments on a grand scale is, above all, to celebrate the visit of Monsieur de Malouet's only daughter, who comes every year to spend the autumn with her family. She is a person of statuesque beauty, who amuses herself with queenly dignity, and who communicates with ordinary mortals by means of contemptuous monosyllables uttered in a deep bass voice. She married some twelve years ago, an Englishman, a member of the diplomatic corps, Lord A——, a personage equally handsome and impassive as herself He addresses at intervals to his wife an English monosyllable, to which the latter replies imperturbably with a French monosyllable. Nevertheless, three little lords, worthy the pencil of Lawrence, who strut majestically around this Olympian couple, attest between the two natures a secret intelligence which escapes the vulgar observer.

A scarcely less remarkable couple comes over to us daily from a neighboring chateau. The husband is one Monsieur de Breuilly, formerly an officer in King Charles X.'s body-guards, and a bosom friend of the marquis. He is a very lively old man, still quite fine-looking, and wearing over close-cropped gray hair, a hat too small for his head. He has an odd, though perhaps natural, way of scanning his words, and of speaking with a degree of deliberation that seems affected. He would be quite pleasant, however, were it not that his mind is constantly tortured by an ardent jealousy, and by no less ardent apprehension of betraying his weakness, which, nevertheless is a glaring and obvious fact to every one It is difficult to understand how, with such a disposition and a great deal of common sense, he has committed the signal error of marrying, at the age of fifty-five, a young and pretty woman, and a creole, I believe, in the bargain.

"Monsieur de Breuilly!" said the Marquis, as he presented me to the punctilious gentleman, "my best friend, who will infallibly become yours also, and who, quite as infallibly, will cut your throat if you attempt to show any attention to his wife."

"Mon Dieu! my dear friend," replied Monsieur de Breuilly, with a laugh that was anything but joyful, and accentuating each word in his peculiar style, "why represent me to this gentleman as a Norman Othello? Monsieur may surely * * Monsieur is perfectly free to * * besides he knows and can observe the proper limits of things. At any rate, sir, here is Madame de Breuilly; suffer me to recommend her myself to your kind attentions."

Somewhat surprised at this language, I had the simplicity, or perhaps the innocent malice, of interpreting it literally I sat down squarely by the side of Madame de Breuilly and I began paying her marked attention, while, however, "observing the proper limits of things." In the meantime, Monsieur de Breuilly was watching us from a distance, with an extraordinary countenance. I could see his little gray eyes sparkling like glowing ashes; he was laughing loud, grinning, stamping, and fairly disjointing his fingers with sinister cracks. Monsieur de Malouet came suddenly to me, handed me a whist card, and taking me aside:

"What the deuce has got into you?" he said.

"Into me? why, nothing"

"Have I not warned you? It's quite a serious matter. Look at Breuilly! It is the only weakness of that gallant man: every one respects it here. Do likewise, I beg of you."

From the weakness of that gallant man, it results that his wife is condemned in society to perpetual quarantine. The fighting propensities of a husband are often but an additional attraction for the lightning, but men hesitate to risk their lives without any prospect of possible compensation, and we have here a man who threatens you at least with a public scandal, not only before harvest, as they say, but even before the seed has been fairly sown. Such a state of affairs manifestly discourages the most enterprising, and it is quite rare Madame de Breuilly has not two vacant seats on her right and on her left, despite her *nonchalante* grace, despite her plaintive and beseeching looks, that seem to be ever saying, "Mon Dieu! will no one ever lead me into temptation?"

You would doubtless think that the evident neglect in which the poor wife lives ought to be, for her husband, a motive of security. Not at all! His ingenious mania manages to discover in that fact a fresh motive of perplexity.

"My friend," he was saying yesterday to Monsieur de Malouet, "you know that I am not more jealous than any one else; but without being Orosmane, I do not pretend to be George Dandin. Well! one thing troubles me, my friend; have you noticed that apparently no one pays any attention to my wife?"

"Parbleu! if that's what troubles you—"

"Of course it is; you must admit that it is not natural. My wife is pretty; why don't they pay attention to her as well as to the other ladies? There is something suspicious there!"

Fortunately, and to the great advantage of the social question, all the young women who reside in turn at the chateau are not guarded by dragons of that caliber. A few even, and among them two or three Parisians out for a holiday, display a freedom of manner, a love of pleasure, and an exaggerated elegance that certainly pass the bounds of discretion. You are aware that I have not the highest opinion of that sort of behavior, which does not answer my idea of the duties of a woman of the world; nevertheless, I take side without hesitation with these giddy ones; and their conduct even appears to me the very ideal of truth and sincerity, when I hear nightly certain pious matrons distilling against them, amid low and vulgar gossip, the venom of the basest envy that can swell a rural heart. Moreover, it is not always necessary to leave Paris in order to have the ugly spectacle of these provincials let loose against what they call vice, namely, youth, elegance, distinction, charm—in a word, all the qualities which the worthy ladies possess no more, or have perhaps never possessed. Nevertheless, with whatever disgust these chaste vixens inspire me for the virtue they pretended to uphold (O virtue! how many crimes are committed in thy name!), I am compelled, to my great regret, to agree with them on one point, and to admit that one of their victims at least gives an appearance of justice to their reprobation and to their calumnies. The Angel of Kindness himself would hide his face in presence of this complete specimen of dissipation, of turbulence, of futility, and finally of worldly extravagance that bears the name of Countess de Palme, and the nickname of the Little Countess: a rather ill-fitting nickname, by the way, for the lady is not small, but simply slender and lithe. Madame de Palme is twenty-five years of age; she is a widow; she spends the winter in Paris with her sister, and the summer in an old Norman manor-house, with her aunt, Madame de Pontbrian.—Let me get rid of the aunt first.

This aunt, who is of very ancient nobility, is particularly noted for the fervor of her hereditary opinions, and for her strict devotion. Those are both claims to consideration which I admit fully, so far as I am concerned. Every solid principle and every sincere sentiment command in these days a peculiar respect. Unfortunately, Madame de Pontbrian seems to be one of those intensely devout persons who are but indifferent Christians. She is one of those who, reducing to a few minor observances, of which they are ridiculously proud, all the duties of their religious or political faith, impart to both a harsh and hateful appearance, the effect of which is not exactly to attract proselytes. The outer forms, in all things, are sufficient for her conscience; otherwise, no trace of humility. Her genealogy, her assiduity to church, and her annual pilgrimages to the shrine of an illustrious exile (who would probably be glad to dispense with the sight of her countenance), inspire to this lad such a lofty idea of herself and such a profound contempt for her neighbor, that they make her positively unsociable. She remains forever absorbed in the latrain worship which she believes due to herself. She deigns to speak but to God, and He must indeed be a kind and merciful God if He listens to her.

Under the nominal patronage of this mystic duenna, the Little Countess enjoys an absolute independence, which she uses to excess. After spending the winter in Paris, where she kills off regularly two horses and a coachman every month for the sole gratification of waiting ten minutes every night in half a dozen different balls, Madame de Palme feels the necessity of seeking rest in the peace of rural life. She arrives at he aunt's, she jumps upon a horse, and she starts at full gallop. It matters not which way she goes, provided she keeps going. Most generally she comes to the chateau de Malouet, where the kind-hearted mistress of the house manifests for her an amount of predelection which I can hardly understand. Familiar with men, impertinent with women, the Little Countess offers a broad mark to the most indescreet homage of the former, and to the jealous hostility of the latter. Indifferent to the outrages of public opinion, she seems ready to aspire to the coarsest incense of gallantry; but what she requires above all things is noise, movement, a whirl, wordly pleasure carried to its most extreme and most extravagant fury; what she requires every morning, every evening, and every night, is a break neck-chase, which she conducts with frenzy; a reckless game, in which she may break the bank; an unbridled German, which she leads until dawn. A stoppage of a single minute, a moment of rest, of meditation and reflection, would kill her. Never was an existence so busy and so idle; never a more unceasing and more sterile activity.

Thus she goes through life hurriedly and without a halt, graceful, careless, busy and ignorant as the horse she rides. When she reaches the fatal goal, that woman will fall from the nothingness of her agitation into the nothingness of eternal rest, without the shadow of a serious idea, the faintest notion of duty, the lightest cloud of a thought wortyy a human being, having ever grazed, even in a dream, the narrow brain that is sheltered behind her pure, smiling and stupid brow. It might be said that death, at whatever age it may overtake her, will find the Little Countess just as she left the cradle, if it were possible to suppose that she has preserved its innocence as well as she retained its profound peurility.

Has the madcap a soul? The word nothingness has escaped me. It is indeed difficult for me to conceive what might survive that body when it has once lost the vain fever and frivolous breath that seem alone to animate it.

I know too well the miserable ways of the world, to take to the letter the accusations of immorality of which Madame de Palme is here the object on the part of the witches, as also on the part of some of her rivals who are silly enough to envy her social success. It is not in that respect as you may understand, that I treat her with so much severity. Men, when they show themseves unmerciful for certain errors, are too apt to forget that they have all, more or less, spent part of their lives seeking to bring them about for their own benefit. But there is in the feminine type which I have just sketched something more shocking than immorality itself, which, however, it is rather difficult to separate from it. And so, notwithstanding my desire of not making myself conspicuous in anything, I have been unable to take upon myself to join the throng of admirers whom Madame de Palme drags after her triumphal car. I know not whither.

"Le tyran dans sa cour remarqua mon absence."

I am sometimes tempted to believe it, from the glances of astonishment and scorn with which I am overwhelmed when we meet; but it is more simple to attribute these hostile symptoms to the natural antipathy that separates two creatures as dissimilar as we are. I look at her at times, myself, with gaping surprise which must be excited in the mind of any thinking being by the monstrosity of such a psychological phenomenon. In that way we are even.

I ought rather to say we *were* even, for we are really no longer so, since a rather cruel little adventure that happened to me last night, and which constitutes in my account-current with Madame de Palme a considerable advance, which she will find it difficult to make up. I have told you that Madame de Malouet, through I know not what refinement of Christian charity, manifested a genuine prediliction for the Little Countess. I was talking with the marquise last evening in a corner of the drawing-room. I took the liberty of telling her that this prediliction, coming from a woman like her, was a bad example; that I had never very well understood, for my part, that passage of the Holy Scriptures in which the return of a single sinner is celebrated above the constant merit of a thousand just, and that this had always appeared to me very discouraging for the just.

"In the first place," answered Madame de Malouet, "the just do not get discouraged, and, in the next place, there are none. Do you fancy yourself one, by chance?"

"Certainly not; I am perfectly well aware of the contrary."

"Well, then, where do you get the right of judging your neighbors so severely?"

"I do not acknowledge Madame de Palme as my neighbor."

"That's convenient! Madame de Palme, sir, has been badly brought up, badly married, and always spoilt; but, believe me, she is a genuine rough diamond."

"I only see the roughness."

"And rest assured that it only requires a skillful workman—I mean a good husband—to cut and polish it."

"Allow me to pity that future lapidary."

Madame de Malouet tapped the carpet with her foot, and manifested other signs of impatience, which I knew not at first how to interpret, for she is never out of humor; but suddenly a thought, which I took for a luminous one, occurred in my mind. I had no doubt that I had at last discovered the weak side and only failing in that charming old woman. She was possessed with the mania of match-making, and, in her Christian anxiety to snatch the Little Countess from the abyss of perdition, she was secretly meditating to hurl me into it with her, unworthy though I be. Penetrated with this modest conviction, I kept upon a defensive tha t seems to me, at the present moment, perfectly ridiculous.

"Mon Dieu!" said Madame de Malouet, "because you doubt her learning! * * *."

"I do not doubt her learning," I said; "I doubt whether she knows how to read."

"But, in short, what fault do you find with her?" rejoined Madame de Malouet in a singularly agitated tone of voice.

I determined to demolish, at a single stroke, the matrimonial dream with which I supposed the Marchioness to be deluding herself.

"I find fault with her," I replied, "for giving to the world the spectacle, supremely irritating even for a profane like me, of triumphant nullity and haughty vice. I am not worth much, it is true, and I have no right to judge, but there is in me, as well as in any theatrical audience, a certain sentimeut of reason and morality that rises indignation in presence of personages wholly devoid of common sense or virtue, and that protests against their triumph."

The old lady's indignation seemed to increase.

"Do you think that I would receive her, if she deserved all the stones which slander casts at her?"

"I think it impossible for you to believe any evil."

"Bah! I assure you that you do not show in this case any evidence of penetration. These love-stories which are attributed to her are so little like her! She is a child who does not even know what it is to love!"

"I am convinced of that, madame. Her common-place coquetry is sufficient evidence of that. I am even ready to swear that the allurements of the imagination or the impulse of passion are wholly foreign to her errors, which thus remain without excuse."

"Oh! mon Dieu!" exclaimed Madame de Malouet, clasping her hands, "do hush! she is a poor, forsaken child! I know her better than you do. I assure you that beneath her appearance-most too frivolous, I admit—she possesses in fact as much heart as she does sense."

"That is precisely what I think, madame; as much of one as the other."

"Ah! that is really intolerable!" murmured Madame de Malouet, dropping her arms in a disconsolate manner.

At the same moment I saw the curtains that half covered the door by the side of which we sat shake violently, and the Little Countess, leaving the hiding place where she had been confined by the exegencies of I know not what game, showed herself to us for a moment in the aperture of the door, and returned to join the group of players that stood in the adjoining parlor. I looked at Madame de Malouet:

"What! she was there!"

"Of course she was. She heard us, and, what's more, she could see us. I made all the signs I could, but you were off!"

I remained somewhat embarrassed. I regretted the harshness of my words; for, in attacking so violently this young person, I had yielded to the excitement of controversy much more than to a sentiment of serious animadversion. In point of fact she is indifferent to me, but it's a little too much to hear her praised.

"And now what am I to do?" I said to Madame de Malouet.

She reflected for a moment, and replied with a slight shrug of the shoulders:

"*Ma foi!* nothing; that's the best thing you can do."

The least breath causes a full cup to overflow; thus the little unpleasantness of this scene seems to have intensified this feeling of ennui which has scarce left me since my advent into this abode of joy. This continuous gayety, this restless agitation, this racing and dancing and dining, this ceaseless merrymaking and the eternal round of festivity importune me to the point of disgust. I regret bitterly the time I have wasted in reading and investigations which in no wise concern my official mission, and have but little advanced its termination; I regret the engagements which the kind entreaties of my hosts have extorted from my weakness; I regret my vale of Tempe; above all, Paul, I regret you. There are certainly in this little social center a sufficient number of superior and kindly disposed minds to form the elements of the pleasantest and even the most elevated relations; but these elements are fairly submerged in the worldly and vulgar throng, and can only be eliminated from it with much trouble and difficulty, and never without admixture. Monsieur and Madame de Malouet, Monsieur de Breuilly even, when his insane jealousy does not deprive him of the use of his faculties, certainly possess choice minds and hearts; but the mere difference of age opens an abyss between us. As to the young men and men of my own age whom I meet here, they all march with more or less eager step in Madame de Palme's wake. It is enough that I should decline to follow them in that path, to cause them to manifest towards me a coolness akin to apathy. My pride does not attempt to break that ice, though two or three among them appear well gifted, and reveal instincts superior to the life they have adopted.

There is one question I sometimes ask of myself on that subject: are we any better, you and I, youthful Paul, than this crowd of joyous companions and pleasant *vivcurs*, or are we simply different from them? Like ourselves, they possess honesty and honor; like ourselves, they have neither virtue nor religion properly so-called. So far, we are equal. Our tastes alone and our pleasures differ; and all their preoccupations turn to the lighter ways of the world, to the cares of gallantry and material activity: ours are almost exclusively given up to the exercise of thought, to the talents of the mind, to the works, good or evil, of the intellect. In the light of human truth, and according to common estimation, it is doubtful whether the difference in this particular is wholly in our favor; but in a more elevated order, in the moral order, and, so to speak, in the presence of God, does that superiority hold good? Are we merely yielding, as they do, to an inclination that leads us rather more to one side than to another? What is in the eyes of God the merit of intellectual life? It seems to me sometimes that we possess for thought a species of pagan worship to which He attaches no value, and which perhaps even offends Him. More frequently, however, I think that He wishes us to make use of thoughts, were it even to be turned against Him, and that he accepts an homage all the quiverings of that noble instrument of joy and torture which He has placed within us Is not sadness, in periods of doubt and anxiety, a species of religion? I trust so. We are, you and I, somewhat like those poor dreaming sphinxes who have been asking in vain for so many centuries, from the solitudes of the desert, the solution of the eternal riddle. Would it be a greater and more guilty folly than the happy carelessnes of the Little Coustess? We shall see. In the meantime, retain, for my sake, that groundwork of melancholly upon which you weave your own gentle mirth; for, thank God! you are not a pedant; you can live, you can laugh, and even laugh aloud; but thy soul is sad unto death, and that is only why I love unto death thy fraternal soul.

Continued next week.

MURDER AT GLASGOW.

Killing of A. L. Hawkins and Attempted Suicide of J. M. Basham.

From the Glasgow Times, 11th.

One of the most appalling and unexpected tragedies occurred in this place day before yesterday, about four and a half o'clock, p. m., that has ever stained the record of our county's history, resulting in the almost immediate killing of Mr. A. L. Hawkins, of Glasgow Junction, by a pistol shot inflicted at the hands of Mr. John M. Basham, of this place, and the subsequent immediate attempt of Basham to commit suicide.

The origin of the deplorable calamity is traced to Basham's conduct as sheriff during the past two or three years, during which time he has been defaulter to the State and to individuals, in his official capacity, to an amount variously estimated from twenty-five to forty thousand dollars. His securities, comprising a number of the most substantial and best citizens of this county, have recently been reduced to almost penury by the sacrifice of their property as security for Basham. Mr. Hawkins, who was one of the sufferers, had become so outraged over the calamity that had befallen him in his old age, that he had taken legal steps to have Basham prosecuted for embezzlement, and on Tuesday was here for the purpose of looking after the settlement of the matter if possible, or to insist on the prosecution in case of failure to obtain satisfaction. Basham failing to adjust the matter satisfactorily, he was arrested by our town marshal, Mr. James Murrell, and he, Basham and Hawkins were resting for some purpose in the portico of the county clerk's office. Basham and Hawkins were engaged in a quiet conversation about the matter, and were apparently entirely free from unusual excitement. Mr. Hawkins sat down on the bench on the outer edge of the portico and was leaning forward without a suspicion of harm or violence, and Mr. Murrell had turned with his face momentarily away from the parties, and hearing the sharp click of a pistol, whirled around only in time to see Basham fire, the ball striking Hawkins a little above and behind the left ear.—Hawkins without a murmur fell slowly forward and without an effort sank to the floor. The report of the pistol attracted the attention of our people at once, and a great crowd rushed for the court-house from every direction. Basham after firing the fatal shot, immediately made a demonstration of warning to Murrell, and leaped off the end of the portico to the ground, a distance of five or six feet, and began to make frantic efforts to shoot himself, but made several failures to discharge his pistol. He continued to run in the direction of his home at the Shirley House, and on reaching the pavement almost immediately in front of the lower portion of the Shirley House, on Washington street, he again put his pistol to his head and fired, falling heavily on the pavement. He was picked up and carried into his bed-room and medical aid summoned, but he persistently refused to allow a minute examination, and the extent of the injury was unknown. A shot-hole was discovered penetrating the scalp, but further than that nothing was known.

Mr. Hawkins was carried to the Glasgow House, and expired in about an hour, remaining in a perfectly unconscious state until he died. The nature of Basham's wounds being unknown, a guard was placed at his house, and up to nine o'clock he was resting quietly enough, with no evidence of serious injury, farther than was manifest, in the obscurity of the diagnosis, from his continual refusal to have his wound examined.

Early yesterday morning one of his attending physicians called professionally a little after sunrise, and discovered that he had eluded the vigilance of his guard and had escaped. He immediately informed Sheriff Pace, who was at the Shirley House, of Basham's absence, and without delay parties were summoned and dispatched in all directions to secure Basham's arrest. It is not within our province to forestall public opinion by invoking vengeance or adverting to the legal consequences. We have discharged our duty in a simple recital of the terrible affair.

Mr. Hawkins, who was so suddenly hurled into eternity, was about sixty years of age, and one of the best citizens of our county. He was quite unobtrusive and honest, and was universally esteemed by all who knew him.

THE COURT-HOUSE TAX.

Pertinent and Timely Suggestions for the Consideration of the Taxpayers of Ohio County.

EDITOR HERALD:—I ask the people of Ohio county if they have not paid the court-house tax long enough? There has been collected from them, up to last January, the sum of $51,824 11 for court-house purposes, under a special tax law. The court has assessed a tax for this year of 15 cents on the $100 worth of property, and 50 cents on the head, which will bring in about $7,000 or $8,000. This will bring the aggregate up to near $60,000; and even then our court-house debt will not be paid, for the county has bonds outstanding to the amount of near $17,000 A part of these bonds, however, is for the road and bridge debt; but a tax is also levied under a special tax law for roads and bridges, and this is 10 cents on the $100 in addition to the court-house tax.

The duty of the county court was to appoint a Commissioner and establish a sinking fund, and require the Sheriff every year to pay the court house tax money into his hands, and let him either redeem the bonds or put the money at interest; but instead of doing this, they would let large amounts lay over in the Sheriff's hands from one year to another, without interest. For instance, $1,176 21 laid from January, 1868, to January, 1869, without interest; the next year, $2,052 42, the next, $4,649 75; the next, $8,282 43; and the next, $11,439 17—thus losing to the county, $1,655 84 interest at 6 per cent., and the result is the county has now outstanding bonds on which she is paying interest at the usurious, ruinous rate of 10 per cent.

I ask the people of Ohio county, in all earnestness, to turn their attention to their county finances, and elect such men Justices of the Peace as will endeavor to bring up the credit of the county, so that, if she has to borrow money, she can get it for 6 per cent., and not be compelled to resort to the infamous 10 per cent. conventional interest law, which is ruining the country.

McH.

Soap and Water.

If all deadly fevers were called by that old-fashioned name, "the plague," we should more readily realize the danger arising from the neglect of sanitary preventions. In the middle of the last century, London was alarmed by the rumor that the plague had broken out in a certain hospital. Physicians immediately published a denial of the report, but, in the meantime, Londoners had provided themselves with disinfectants, and the demand for rue and wormwood in Covent-garden market on one morning advanced the prices of those articles almost fifty per cent., and the gardeners' servants were employed all the day in carrying those commodities to market. A similar panic with regard to fever and diptheria, at the present time, might not come amiss here in the New World. A like rush for soap and scrubbing brushes would probably prove, in the end, a very wholesome "scare." Panics, of course, are at all times to be deplored, but a moderate panic that will alarm the people into greater cleanliness, a more stringent sanitary law, and a closer regard to sanitary measures, is at all times beneficial and advantageous.

A Scarlet Bat.

Says the Richmoud (Va.) *Whig*: "Yesterday morning, early, as Mr. Page, city gas inspector, was going into his office at the city hall, he was surprised to see what looked at first like a red bird. Upon catching it the creature gave him a severe bite upon the hand, which caused him to drop it with a feeling akin to disgust. It proved to be a crimson-colored bat, something which no man in this part of the world ever saw before. The color of the bat excited surprise, but upon closer examination Mr. Page was astonished to discover that it had but one eye, and that in the center of the forehead. He placed it in a box, and, strange to say, it does not appear to be frightened in its new home. Many persons called to see it yesterday, among them several gentlemen well versed in ornithology, and all averred that they had never seen or heard of anything like this bat. It is the intention of Mr. Page to send it to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington."

Noble Boy!

This is the latest schoolboy composition: "I go to school to learn to read and rite and siphor to slide on the ice and traid off an old nife if I have one, in summer to pick wild flours and strawberrys and to get out of work hot days, some boys has to go to school to get out their mother's road, but I would rather stay in winter than to go too miles and set by a cold stove and freze my toes. I like to go to school to see the teacher scold the big girls when they cut up. Some goes to school to fool but I go to study when we are old we can't go to school and then we feel sorry that we fooled when we was young and went to school. I don't get no time to fool anyway for I have enough to do when it comes to my geography."

Hon. J. B. McCreary, who is seeking the Democratic nomination for Governor spent a few days in this place Tuesday looking up friends and forming new acquaintances. He is the shrewdest electioneerer of any of the gubenatorial candidates. Gen. Williams is too outspoken; and Col. Johnston is carrying the "press," whilst McCreary is quietly going over the field knocking the persimmons.—*Gallatin News.*

A Rome (N. Y.) girl worked over two hours digging a path through the snow to the parlor door from the gate, and then her chap did not come. She keeps a kettle of water boiling on the kitchen stove now, proposing to give him a warmer reception than usual when he does come.

American astronomers state, as a result of the observations made at the late transit of Venus, that the sun is 88,443,726 miles from the earth, or 6,926,274 miles less than previously estimated.

At Palermo, Sicily, recently, just after the execution of a man for murder, a quarrel broke out between a father and son who had put up the scaffold, and the son stabbed his father to the heart.

A young man who knew all about it states that his experience has taught him that a flirt is a fool who delights in fooling fools, and the fool who is fooled by such a fool is the foolishest kind of a fool.

For the Hartford Herald.

DANCING.

The Other Side of the Question.

MR. EDITOR: In the last issue of the HERALD (March 3) there is a "Short practical sermon," which we wish to call your attention to. The text is true, it is a lamentable truth that there are men, and women too, who are guilty of the sin of bickering and strife; and I look on them as almost the chief of sinners.

The thrust against bigotry in that discourse is well timed and suits our latitude as well as some other places we know of. As to the animal referred to, we are not well enough acquainted with it to know of its claim to superiority over other quadrupeds, but we would suppose that if the claim exists, it is owing to the beautiful noise which it makes in singing rather than to the length of his ears.

But the next paragraph, "In dancing *per se*, there is no harm under heaven. No where in his word does God denounce it as sin. The war upon it is a silly and senseless war." To this we object. It is true that nowhere in the lids of the Bible is it written, "*Thou shalt not dance*," yet we claim that modern dancing is antagonistic to the teachings of that blessed book. Such dancing was not known in those times, and we think is harmful and leads to harm. Dancing is not now most assuredly what it was when Solomon wrote—"A time to dance." There was a time then to dance. David danced then "with all his might" when he brought up the ark of God from the house of Obed Edom; it is not presumable though that he performed the silly curveting, bowing, scraping and attitudizing of the modern dances. Dancing was also performed at funerals. If the light-footed dancers of the present day will dance as they did then, there will be no harm in it. But will they do it? Let's see. When the Lord had brought the Israelites through the Red sea, Moses and the children of Israel sang a song unto the Lord saying: "I will sing unto the Lord, &c." and by the time they had sung a stanza and were ready for the chorus, the spirit of the Lord came upon Miriam and she "Took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels, and with dances." No promiscuous dancing here. And so it was in all the dancing which I now remember having noticed in the bible, the men danced by themselves and so did the women. There is, certainly, one case of dancing mentioned in the book of God which resulted in harm. I refer to the dance of the wicked Salome, daughter of the still more wicked Herodias. It was her *dancing* which caused the *beheading* of John the Baptist, of whom Christ said "There has not risen a greater than he."

But "Sensational clergymen use it as a scapegoat at which to hurl anathemas coined of indignation, etc." As I am not a clergyman, I will not attempt to clean them of the charge, if they do so it is very ugly in them; I am, however, not acquainted with any of that class. I think, that as a rule, clergymen are as pure, even as dancers: and we should not fall out with them for saying that sin is sin; nor think because some other sins are blacker than that of dancing that therefore they should say nothing against it. These flings at ministers, Mr. Editor, whether editorially or in lectures, are, to say the least of it, in bad taste; indeed we think they smack considerably of the very sin others are charged with in this same short sermon. But to proceed, "The men and women who dance, *never* (the italics are mine) trample the life, the happiness, the very soul of their neighbors to eternal destruction, by the figures of the dance and to the cadence of merry music." There it is. Members of the church are the ones held up to our view as slanderers, originaters and perpetraters of church bickerings and quarrels, peddlers of liquid poison, murderers of character, etc; but the dancers, Oh! the dancers are the pure minded of earth, they are never guilty of such crimes, they are the ones who, by their godly lives, conversation, and acts are lifting high the banner of the cross above the heads of poor church members and saying "Follow me, as I follow Christ." Do they? I have not seen it. We think in fact that when "The fiddle squeaks, and the dancers trip their merry rounds," they do "offend God," especially if the merry rounds are made up of the waltz and kindred dances.

But I am making this article too long and will close by concurring heartily with one sentiment found in the last paragraph of the above mentioned sermon. "Let us, each and all, guard our tonges (may we not add our pen?) from evil and damaging speech.

M. M. C.

HARTFORD, KY, March 6.

Youthful Diplomacy.

A little six-year-old girl in Monroe went into a store where her father was the other day, and slyly approaching him, said: "Papa, won't you buy me a new dress?" "What, buy you a new dress, Susie?" "Yes, papa, won't you?" "Well, I'll see; I'll speak to your mother about it." Elongation to an alarming extent rapidly spread over that little countenance, but a thought suddenly struck her, and with a smile she looked up into her father's face and said, "Well, papa, if you do speak to mamma about it, do it easy, or she may want the new dress herself!" The father at once saw the point, and the new dress was purchased.—*Littleton (Mass.) Republic.*

"Mr. Smithers, how can you sleep so? The sun has been up these two hours." "Well, what if he has?" said Smithers. "He goes to bed at dark, while I'm up till after midnight."

A happy father at Woonsocket, Rhode Island, is described as having been presented with "twenty-seven pounds of twins."

Francis Guerin found a diamond valued at 7,000,000 francs in an abandoned mine at Devil's Table, in Africa, and has taken it to Paris.

Greatness stands upon a precipice, and if prosperity carries a man ever so little over his poise it overbears and dashes him to pieces.

A man and a woman at Hartford, Conn., have just finished a series of 1,000 games of cribbage, begun in October, and the woman won 502 of them.

A petrified butterfly was found in a Dubque quarry the other day, and all the delicate outlines were as perfect as in life.