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ANDERSON C. H., S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 31, 1871.

VOLUME VII.—NO. 9.

A MASQUERADE.

Listen, friends, to my tale and learn the cause of my cherished prejudice against woman.

On the seventh of October, 1864, Mrs. Frank Talbot's drawing-rooms presented a scene of gaiety that could not have failed to satisfy any devotee of pleasure found within her walls. There were kings and queens, knights and ladies, pretty little peasants, whose picturesque costumes bespoke them from the mountains of Tyrol, but who were strangely wanting in the foreign accent. In one corner stood a young Quakeress, holding an animated conversation with a gray-haired monk; in another the Dawn of Morning and Goddess of Liberty were endeavoring to out rival each other in the good graces of a dashing young top of the sixteenth century. To my right stood Jeanette and Jean-not; to my left, Red-Kidding-Hood, forgetful of cheese, cake and grandma, was lingering to flirt with a bashful minstrel, whose faltering tongue failed to express the sentiments of admiration which inspired within him. As I stood silently observing the scene, and vainly endeavoring to discover one beloved form among the unmasked figures around me, a low, musical voice broke upon my ear; and, turning hastily round, I found myself confronting a queenly-looking nun.

"I beg your pardon for interrupting your reverie, monsieur," she said, in French; "but the message I bear will procure my forgiveness. Miriam Courtney, the Queen of Night, to whom your soul pays willing homage, has arrived, and requests your attendance."

"She paused, and I gazed at her in blank amazement. Who was she? How did she become possessed of a secret I had never whispered to my dearest friend—no, not even to the object of my passion, although my actions must have given her reason to suppose I was not indifferent to her? I ran over the complete list of my lady acquaintances, and as far as my knowledge extended, not one of them could speak French. Puzzled, perplexed, I nevertheless, after a moment's hesitation, resolved to test her knowledge of myself by assuming a nonchalant air, and carelessly observed that she must be mistaken in regard to my identity, as I could not claim the honor of an acquaintance with the Queen of Night; and I was about to add, in an insinuating tone, "I desire no lover who stoops to whom to pay my homage than she who stands before me," when she interrupted the complimentary speech by pointing to the open door, and exclaiming, "See, there she comes."

Involuntarily I glanced in the direction indicated; and a group of fairies, with gauze-like wings and floating drapery, intercepted my view; but a moment, however, they suddenly parted to the right and left, revealing a young girl, whose stately dress and glittering ermine proclaimed her, indeed, Queen of the Night. One glance was sufficient to convince me that I was gazing upon my beautiful Miriam; and, even had I doubted it for a moment, a glimpse which I caught (as she unconsciously raised her hand to her brow) of a pearl bracelet I had frequently seen her wear would have been proof conclusive. I turned to address my companion; she had disappeared. In vain did I search for her through the crowded rooms. I did not, however, lose sight of Miriam. While I still pondered on the words of the nun, she entered a small conservatory opening into the garden, whither I followed her.

I had purchased an exquisite bouquet in the early part of the evening, and now presented it to her, saying, "Will your Majesty deign to accept from the most humble of your slaves this token of his respect and esteem?" "Thank you!" she said, in a strangely affected tone.

"Ah!" thought I; "she imagines that I have not recognized her." After a moment's hesitation, as though she feared her voice might betray her, she continued, "I fear these flowers were not originally intended for me. I noticed you in close conversation with a bewitching man a short time ago, and judging by your manner, supposed you to be offering this same bouquet to her."

"You are mistaken," I replied, with a secret flush of triumph, for I thought I detected a tinge of jealousy in her words. "The flowers were bought expressly for you."

"Ah, indeed?" she said in a gratified manner. "I perceive you are a faithful and loyal subject, and must reward you according to the forms of royalty, by creating you a knight of—"

"Pardon me, dear lady," I interrupted, "not only for declining the kind offer, but also for aspiring so far above it. I must confess, however, that I can accept no post beneath the dignity of the King himself; and this is the honor," I added, in a lower tone, "I most earnestly entreat you to bestow upon me."

"Am I to understand that you desire me to resign my crown in your favor? Truly, your presumption is unsurpassed, in the annals of history."

"No, you mistake me," I returned. "It is not the value of the crown I seek, but the possession of the Queen who wears it."

At this juncture several couples, heated and fatigued by the dance, strolled into the conservatory, which had hitherto been empty save ourselves.

"May I beg your Majesty to step into the garden," I said, offering my arm. "The night is beautiful, and your royal sister, high in the heavens, is impatiently awaiting your coming."

"She took the offered support and we stepped out into the open air."

"Oh, how enchanting!" she observed. "This soft, hazy moonlight throws a charm over everything, softening all defects, heightening all beauties. Does it not remind you of an exquisite dream?"

"Truly, it does," I replied; "for I cannot recall the fact that I am so fortunate as to enjoy the pleasure of walking and conversing with you alone."

"I see that you are well versed in the art of flattery, sir."

"On the contrary, I know not what you call flattery, and desire nothing so much as to give you some convincing evidence of my sincerity."

"Since such is the case," she returned, "prove your words by unmasking."

I instantly loosened and flung aside the domino that had concealed my features, saying, as I did so, "Since you desire it, I obey; though it is wholly unnecessary, as you must have recognized my voice when I first addressed you, as I have yours, although you have taken such pains to disguise it."

dared to hope before this evening that his passion was reciprocated."

"I fear the passion would vanish should I disclose my features."

"Just no longer, by beloved Miriam. Let me see your charming face," I entreated.

"Are you willing to risk the consequences?" she inquired, gaily.

"Certainly," I replied. "I fear no evil," but scarcely had the words escaped my lips, when I found reason to repent them.

She rose from the bench beside me, while affecting to loosen her mask, when, alas! alas! the next moment the glittering dress and expansive cincture fell to the ground, and out of the feminine apparel sprang Miriam Courtney's young brother, whom I always detested for his practical jokes and consummate impudence, and who turned my dislike with compound interest. We stood gazing at each other for a moment, he shaking with convulsive laughter; and, as I turned on my heel, and hastily left the garden, he peeped after me from the corner of the garden, and I saw him peep after me from the corner of the garden, and I saw him peep after me from the corner of the garden.

"Use it at now," I said to myself, deeply humiliated. "The mysterious nun was no other than Miriam herself. Coquette that she is, I did not consider her capable of playing so despicable a trick. She and her brother planned the affair between themselves. Tired of my attentions, she took the surest as well as the most insulting method of dismissing me. No doubt they will entertain their friends with the story, and by tomorrow noon it will be circulated all over town."

This thought decided me. I left in the train the following morning, without bidding one of my friends adieu. I have never shown my face there since, and shun all women, romance and sentiment, as I would a vial of poison.

A Remarkable Story.

People kill themselves every day with quack medicines, but rely after the fashion described by the *New York World*, in the following remarkable narrative:

A Hungarian named Endre Tagete, of Fremont, Iowa, lately closed his variegated career by taking at one dose three bottles of Perry Davis' pain-killer, a most remarkable way. He left a manuscript account of his life, from which it appears that he was of noble birth and well educated. He was engaged in the revolution of 1848, was taken prisoner by the Austrians, and sentenced to be shot; but he escaped and went to Italy, and afterwards to Algeria, where he lost his money by gambling; he entered the French service and fought the Cabsys for two years at the end of which he was captured and reced to slavery, from which he was redeemed by a female servant of the daughter of the chief, who married and converted him to the Miametian faith. Soon she died and he returned to Europe, wandering first through the desert stealing a camel on which to ride, and at last reaching the borders of the Mediterranean, where he took passage on an American ship to Assina.

He joined the army at Assina, and for insubordination was condemned to serve four years in the galleys, soon he escaped and fell into the hands of brigands, but he had no money he was permitted to depart freely. Then he went to Genoa, where a Neapolitan officer recognized him and placed him in irons preparatory to sending him back to the galleys. The captain of the vessel which he conveyed on his way, struck off his irons, and allowed him to jump overboard; but he was not so lucky as he landed, than French patrol clapped him into prison, and was reclaimed by the government at Naples. However, he pretended to be a French deserter, was not given up, and in six months waiting at the Crimea. He served also in the Franco-Italian war, and four years afterwards was fighting in this country in the Federal army. When the war was ended he settled down on the banks of the Wapsinipon, where he fell love with a farmer's daughter living at Fremont; but, although at first she seemed to return his passion, she soon grew cold, and drove the poor devil to frenzy. So he bought three blees of the pain-killer, loaded a gun, and went the house of his beloved while her parents were at church, poured the contents of the three blees into the muzzle of his gun, asked the blees if she would marry him, and when she refused to do so, put the muzzle of the gun into his mouth and fired, killing himself instantly.

GARTERS.—Some New England la. Mrs. Daniels, we believe,—another of the angels come to judgment,—has invented a new garter apparatus for keeping the ladies' stockings up, which is to supersede the time-honored and knightly garter. It may do well enough for those ladies who lack sufficient rounds of limb, but our Virginia women are not content in any of the perfect mould of form, and can keep their garters on and stockings up without resorting to any new inventions. What ill the Yankees ask us to surrender next? Is garter an old and cherished institution; and although the elastic invention with the bug has been adopted by many city belles, the fit born and unconventional country girls stick to twine and tape, and other strings, some even using as a tie the primitive wisp straw. We will have none of this new-fashioned hip-attachment gear. We are true to our ancient ties. It is a direct assault upon our civilization, a blow aimed at our garter rights; and we will resist it while we have a leg to stand upon. Ladies, be true to your stockings. Unfurl the banner of the garter, and inscribe upon it that grand motto of the grand order of knighthood ever established—"Honi soit qui mal y pense"—and there is not a man, young or old, in Virginia but will rally round the flag, and shed his last drop of blood in defence of the garter rights of woman, and cry "Down with the Yankee hip-ocracy!"

Richmond Enquirer.

SUDDEN WEALTH.—A correspondent of the *Central Baptist*, after visiting President Grant's farm, a few miles from St. Louis, says he was received by Mr. Elrod, who is intrusted by Grant with the superintending of property valued at not less than \$300,000. The farm includes, with recent purchases, 869 acres. Referring to this statement of the *Central Baptist*, the *Brooklyn Eagle* says: "President Grant went into the army not worth a cent, and has lived quite freely ever since. His horses, equipages, etc., are the theme of admiring descriptions from correspondents not only at Washington, but at Long Branch and wherever else he takes up his temporary abode. It is, therefore, quite consistent, to find that out of his not excessive salary, first as General and now as President, he is able to keep \$300,000 of land and blooded stock. These two politicians continue to live at the highest point of luxury, and on moderate salaries, and yet to roll up riches."

A colored constable in Savannah wants to know what good the 'mentend is going to do if a nigger can't eat his rations and marry seven wives.

The State Election in 1872.

A correspondent of the *Charleston News* gives the following gossip concerning the State election next year, which may prove interesting to our readers:

Previous to the overwhelming defeat of the Radicals in Charleston your correspondent, who has had opportunities of hearing the views of South Carolinians of all shades in politics, found that little or no thought was taken in regard to the State elections next year. The Democrats or Conservatives, depressed by the defeat of the gubernatorial ticket at the last election, deemed it almost useless to make any further opposition, while the Radicals, relying upon their "thirty thousand majority" to carry the day under any and all circumstances, appeared to be disposed to let matters rest until the last moment, and then elect any persons who may be the favorites of the hour. But with the Charleston election a great change is manifested. The Radicals, disheartened by a defeat so unexpected and so complete in their stronghold, are casting about for the "coming man," or men, who will unite their factions and insure a victory in the gubernatorial election. The Conservatives, elated in a ratio corresponding to the depression of their opponents, are tating hopefully, and recognize the fact that the same self-sacrifice, zeal and determination which the Charlestonians exhibited, will, if exercised by the citizens of the State next year, place as glorious a victory in their grasp.

Republicans, one and all, whether of the Delany black, the DeLarge brown, or the Bowen white, call for a thorough reorganization of "the party." But then arises the difficulty: The native white Republicans, with the majority of the negroes at their backs, clamor for a native party, and a general invitation for the carpet-baggers to take a "back seat," and if they "do not like that to leave" the State. This element speaks favorably of ex-Governor Orr as their nominee for Governor, and F. L. Cardozo, (Secretary of State,) as Lieutenant Governor. It is claimed by many that so far as Orr is concerned his views are known, and "Barkis is willin'." But it is urged by some, that while the ex-Governor has control of the wires for Scott's seat, yet he has other wires in operation for his election to the United States Senate, as soon as elected governor. His supporters for the office of governor urge that his aspirations are a serious objection to his nomination, as if successful it will give the control of the State to Cardozo, whom they are willing to trust with the second but not with the first place in the State. The putting forth of the above ticket will, it is believed, unite all factions. This element speaks favorably of ex-Governor Orr as their nominee for Governor, and F. L. Cardozo, (Secretary of State,) as Lieutenant Governor. It is claimed by many that so far as Orr is concerned his views are known, and "Barkis is willin'." But it is urged by some, that while the ex-Governor has control of the wires for Scott's seat, yet he has other wires in operation for his election to the United States Senate, as soon as elected governor. His supporters for the office of governor urge that his aspirations are a serious objection to his nomination, as if successful it will give the control of the State to Cardozo, whom they are willing to trust with the second but not with the first place in the State. The putting forth of the above ticket will, it is believed, unite all factions.

ALL EUROPE IN ARMS AGAINST AMERICA.

In the meantime the President was doing infinite harm to the country in another way. His handwriting was so fearfully and wonderfully bad that no living man could read it. And so when he sent his first annual message to Congress—the document was devoted wholly to the tariff and agriculture—a sentence appeared which subsequently was ascertained to be "Large cultivation of rutabagas and beets is the only hope of the American nation, I am sure." The printers, not being able to interpret this, put it in the following form, in which it went to the world: "The czar of Russia couldn't keep clean if he washed himself with the whole Atlantic ocean once a day." This perversion of the message was immediately telegraphed to Russia by the Russian minister, and the czar was so indignant that he immediately declared war.

Just at this time President Greeley undertook to write some letters to Prince Bismarck upon the subject of potato rot, and after giving his singular views at great length he concluded with the statement that if the Emperor William said that subsoil ploughing was not good in light soils, or that guano was better than bone dust, he was a "liar, a villain, and a slave!" Of course the Emperor immediately declared war, and became an ally of Russia and of England, against which latter country Mr. Greeley had actually begun hostilities already; because the Queen, in her speech from the throne, had declared the *Tribune's* advocacy of a tariff on pig iron incendiary, and calculated to disturb the peace of nations.

Unhappily this was not the full measure of our disasters. The President had sent to the Emperor of Austria a copy of his book "What I Know," &c., with his autograph upon a fly-leaf. The Emperor mistook the signature for a caricature of the Austrian eagle, and he declared war on France was provoked to the same act by the fact that when the French Minister came to call upon Mr. Greeley to present his credentials, the President, who was writing an editorial at the time, not comprehending the French language, mistook the ambassador for a beggar, and without looking up handed him a quarter and an order for a clean shirt, and said to him, "Go West, young man—go West."

PRESIDENT GREELEY AND CABINET HANGED.

So all these nations joined in making war upon the United States. They swooped down upon our coasts and landed without opposition, for these exposed portions of our unhappy country were absolutely deserted. The President was afraid to call away the army from Kansas at first, for fear the outraged people upon the plains would come East in spite of him. But at last he did summon the army to his aid, and it moved to meet the enemy. It was too late. Before the troops reached Cincinnati the foreigners had seized Washington and all the country east of the Ohio, and had hung the President, the Cabinet, and every member of Congress. The army disbanded in alarm, and the invaders moved to the far West, where they found the population dying of starvation, because they had followed the advice of Greeley's book to "try, for your first crop, to raise limcks, and don't plant more than a bushel of quillkime in a hill." Of course these wretched people were at the mercy of the enemy, who, to his credit be it said, treated them kindly, fed them, and brought them back to their old homes.

THE RUIN OF THE REPUBLIC.

You know what followed,—how Prince Frederick William of Prussia, ascended the American throne, and the other humiliations that ensued. It was a fearful blow to Republicanism—a blow from which it will never recover. It made us, who were free men, a nation of slaves. It was all the result of our blind confidence in a misguided old man who thought himself a philosopher, but who was actually a fool. May Heaven preserve you, my children, from the remorse I feel when I remember that I voted for that bucolic old editor.

As illustrating the humorous, Prof. Lowell mentions an advertisement that caught his eye some time since: Wanted by a boy, a situation in an eating house. He is used to the business.

The Conquest of America.

H. O. IN THE WHITE HOUSE AND AFTERWARDS.

The following capital burlesque is copied from the *Indianapolis News*. It is supposed to have been written in 1892—twenty years hence—by Max Adler, a witness of the terrible scenes enacted at the time of which the story tells. The English satire, "The Battle of Dorking," furnished the suggestion for this prophetic tale.

THE CONQUEST OF AMERICA.

You ask me to tell you, my children, of the events which immediately preceded the destruction of the once great American Union, and the capture of the country by the present European rulers, and to say something also of the cause which led to these deplorable results. I undertake the task with a heavy heart, for when I revert to that terrible time I cannot help contrasting our proud condition up to that fatal year with the humiliating position occupied now by the American people. The story is a short one. In the fall of 1872 Horace Greeley, the editor of a newspaper in New York, was elected President of the United States. The people voted for him because they thought he was an honest man. And so he was. But he was also vain and weak, and he entertained certain fanatical and preposterous notions—about agricultural matters, for instance—which he was determined to force upon the people at all hazards, and despite all opposition. He believed, among other things, that every man ought to go to the West to earn his bread, and long before he was chosen President he used to advise everybody to move to that region, as a cure for all the disasters that could befall the human family.

DRIVING THE SEABOARD POPULATION WEST.

As soon as he reached the Executive Mansion, which we used to call the White House, President Greeley organized an army of 300,000 men, and proceeded to force the entire population of the seaboard States westward at the point of the bayonet. The utmost violence was used. Those who resisted were shot down and their dead bodies were carried off to a national factory which the President had established for making some kind of fantastical fertilizer. All the large cities of the East were depopulated, and the towns were entirely empty. The army swept before it millions of men, women and children, until the vast plains west of Kansas were reached, when the pursuit ceased and the army was drawn up in a continuous line, with orders to shoot any person who attempted to visit the East. Of course, hundreds of thousands of these poor creatures perished from starvation. This seemed to frighten President Greeley, and he sent a message to Congress recommending that 700,000 volumes of a book of his, entitled "What I Know About Farming," should be voted for the relief of the starving sufferers. This was done, and farming implements and seeds were supplied; and then the millions of wretched castaways made an effort to till the ground. Of the result of this I will speak further on.

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A Reminiscence of Aaron Burr.

"Nota Bene," (Colonel John F. H. Claiborne,) contributed to the *Natchez Democrat* the following romance of the early days of Mississippi, a romance in which the eloquent, accomplished and fascinating Aaron Burr played a conspicuous part:

The arrest of Aaron Burr, at the mouth of Cole's creek, by order of Cowles Mead, Acting Governor of Mississippi Territory, and his arraignment in the old town of Washington on the charge of treason, the self-possession, ability, and tact he exhibited, and the favorable impression he made on the community, are all well remembered historical incidents. He was discharged on giving bond for his appearance, and his principal bondsmen was Colonel Benjamin Osmon, a native of New Jersey, and the comrade of Burr in the Revolutionary war. He was an old bachelor, of handsome fortune, a high-toned Federalist in politics, retained his military habits, and was held in great esteem. Colonel Osmon was one of the most practical and successful planters in the Territory—was the first who commenced to improve our breed of horses, and was renowned for his table and his wines. His beautiful estate extended to the Half Way Hill. His lands, on his death, were purchased by the late General Brandon, and were given to his sons-in-law, Colonel James Smith and William Stanton, two of our most valuable citizens now deceased. Here Colonel Burr resided some weeks after his discharge, receiving the visits of influential sympathizers, but passing his afternoons in the woods. The Half Way Hill, then clothed with majestic trees was his favorite resort. But its refreshing shade and charming prospect were not the only attraction. There lived, at that time, near the summit of the hill, in a little vine covered cottage, a widow lady from Virginia, whose small farm and two or three slaves were the only remains of a large fortune. Her husband had converted his property into money, and on his way to this Territory had been robbed and murdered by the notorious Joseph Thompson Hare, a more bloody-thirsty villain even than the celebrated Mason. She had but one child, Madeline, who must still be remembered by a few of our older citizens as a miracle of beauty. In form and feature, in grace and modesty, she was all that the old masters have pictured of the divine Malonna, or that artists ever dreamed of human loveliness. Those that saw her loved her, yet she was never conversant with the sentiment until she listened to Aaron Burr. The family were Catholics, and there Colonel Burr went to meet, by appointment, one of his numerous agents and correspondents, the Abbe Viel, a Jesuit priest of remarkable ability. He was born in New Orleans in 1796, studied at Paris, and became a member of the Congregation of the Oratory. At the dissolution of that body by the French Government he returned to Louisiana, and exercised the priestly function in the parish of Attackapas. He subsequently returned to France. It is probable that Colonel Burr, in his projected invasion of Mexico, contemplated securing the influence of the religious orders, and for this purpose had opened a correspondence with the Abbe, and met him by appointment at this secluded place.

At length, after canvassing his situation, with Colonel Osmon and six other confidential friends, Colonel Burr determined to forfeit his bond and make his way to Pensacola. One stormy night in February, 1807, he set forth, mounted on the favorite horse of his host, and attended by Jerry, a faithful groom, whom had ordered to go as far as Pearl river. Urgent as the necessity for expedition, Colonel Burr halted till daylight at the widow's cottage, pleading with the beautiful Madeline to be the companion of his flight. He promised marriage, fortune, high position, and even hinted at imperial honors, not realizing, even then, a fugitive and branded traitor, the crushing downfall that impended over him. The maiden had given him her heart; she had listened to his wretched night after night, and loved him with all the fervor of her Southern nature. She would have followed him to the end of the earth, and to the scaffold, and her aged mother would freely have given her to this most captivating man—for they looked on him as a demi-god—but as with most of our Southern women, virtue and propriety were stronger than prepossession and passion, and the entreaties of the accomplished libertine were firmly rejected. Baffled and disappointed he was compelled to proceed, but promised to return, and carried with him the covenant and pledge of the beautiful Madeline. She was wooed by many a lover. The young and gallant masters of the large plantations on Second creek and St. Catherine's strove in vain for her hand. Fortunes and the homage of devoted hearts were laid at her feet; but the maid of the Half Way Hill remained true to her absent lover; the more so because of the rumors that reached her of his misfortunes and his guilt. She lived on the recollection of his manly beauty, and the shades he had most affected were her constant haunts. At length, when he fled from the United States, pursued by Mr. Jefferson and the remorseless agents that swam around power and authority—when he had been driven from England—and an outcast in Paris, shivering with cold and starving for bread—he seems to have felt, for the first time, the woe of hopelessness of his fortunes. And then he wrote to Madeline, and in a few formal words, released her from her promise. Stating that he would never return to the United States, he advised her to enter a convent, should she survive her mother. A year or two after this she went to Havana with Mrs. W., a highly respectable lady, who then owned the property where Mrs. St. John Elliott now resides. Her extreme beauty, her grace and elegance, produced the greatest enthusiasm. The hotel where they put up was besieged. If she appeared on the balcony a dozen cavaliers were waiting to salute her. When her vantage was seen on the Pasco or the Plaza de Armas it was escorted by the grandees of the island. She was feted by the Governor General, serenades and balls followed in rapid succession, and the daily homage to her beauty never ceased until the evening bells sounded the Angelus.

Without surrendering her heart, or being carried away by universal admiration, she returned to the cottage on the Half Way Hill. She was followed there by Mr. K., an English gentleman, the head of the largest commercial house in Havana, and to him, on his second visit, she gave her hand.

The vine-covered cottage, its trellis and borders have crumbled into dust. The courtyards and the innocent maiden are long since dead. But the old hill still lifts its aged brow, wrinkled all over with traditions. A favorite lookout of the Natchez in time of war—the scene of a daring conspiracy against the Spanish authority—the rendezvous of lovers—the hiding place of brigands, and a depot for their blood-stained treasure—mute, but faithful witness of the past!

For some unexplained reason a Cairo (Ill.) paper advises young ladies not to climb trees in the day time.

A lady sometimes keeps charms upon her watch-guard, but it is more important that she keep watch and guard upon her charms.

A Cotton Revolution.

In the year 1860 eighty-five per cent. of all the cotton used in the United States was of American growth—but the rebellion put an end to the virtual monopoly long enjoyed by our Southern States, and, as events have proved, began a complete revolution. The English manufacturers, deprived by the war of their usual supplies, cast about for new fields, and under the stimulus of absolute necessity they have caused the lands of the East to become abundantly fruitful. The increasing yield of the new cotton fields, and their brilliant promise for the future, are strikingly set forth in a work just published in Manchester under the title of "The Cotton Supply Association: its Origin and Progress." The author, Mr. Isaac Watts, is the Secretary of the Association, and he has drawn the facts of his interesting narrative from the official records. The Cotton Supply Association was organized in 1867, for the specific purpose of opening up and developing other sources of cotton supply than the Southern States of America; but up to the time of our civil war its operations were limited in extent and comparatively barren in result. The pressure of the cotton famine in 1861 lent new vigor to its undertakings, and India became the theatre of elaborate experiments. The results of these experiments during a period of ten years are now given for the first time in a connected official form.

In 1860 the sum paid to India for cotton was \$17,500,000; but in 1864 it had increased to \$190,000,000, and the average annual amount remitted from England for cotton during the past eight years is stated at \$115,000,000—showing an aggregate increase in the value of the Indian cotton trade, during this period, of about \$750,000,000. This astonishing growth has been followed by a corresponding development of the cotton-producing districts of Turkey, Egypt and Australia. Since 1862 the prominence of Egypt has been a notable fact in the history of cotton culture. Mr. Watts writes that in that year "cotton began to be so much in favor that cereals were almost neglected, and the enormous profits derived from its cultivation during the American war led to the abandonment of the ordinary succession of crops—a result which the late Viceroy, Said Pacha, beheld, with apprehension and alarm." The present Khedive, however, has encouraged the new industry, and during his visit to London in 1867 gave much attention to the selection of cotton seed, and to the measures best calculated to render the crops excellent and abundant. Cotton culture is now firmly established in Egypt, and both the Government and the people are alive to its importance. It is believed that the fertile regions which are watered by the Nile will in time be converted into a vast cotton field, and that India, prolific as it now is, will become a secondary source of supply.

These facts indicate the character of the change which is gradually coming to our Southern States—a change which will deprive the cotton fields of their fancied advantages, and lead the planters to cultivate cereals for home consumption. The altered conditions of labor, the partitions of old estates, the loss of fortune, the necessity of giving larger areas of land to the cultivation of corn and grain, are some of the causes which must produce marked changes in the South, and with the complete explosion of the fallacy that cotton is king, will come a better system of agricultural development, a sounder financial basis, and the encouragement of the working classes, who are the real rulers in a republic. Certain districts in the South, fitted for little else than the culture of cotton, will continue to furnish supplies for the home and foreign demand, but the extraordinary developments of ten years in other fields show that in the granary, rather than in the cotton bale, the elements of future prosperity will exist.—*Baltimore American*.

CHARITY.—We are told in classic history that an old painter was employed to sketch the Macedonian emperor. The emperor had received a severe wound upon the right temple, in one of his famous battles, and a large scar was left. The artist proceeded to the work assigned him, sketched the monarch leaning upon his elbow, with his forehead covering the scar. His ingenuity was universally applauded, and he became more famous than ever. So it is with genuine charity, which covers a multitude of sins. Instead of exposing the faults of others, and holding them up to scorn and ridicule, it covers them with the finger of love, except when truth and justice require them to be openly rebuked. The way of the world is to expose the scars of character, and set them off in more than their real ugliness. They are the subject of gossip and keen satire in the social circle, and the sparks of fire that are struck around often kindle into a flame. How much more beautiful is that spirit which treats the failure of others with forbearance, while it does not excuse iniquity in the earnest friend! That is the secret foundation of all that is good and true. This is the charity which "suffereth long and is kind," and "doth not behave itself unseemly," and thinketh no evil.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF LONG BRANCH.—Long Branch takes its name from a brook, a branch of the Shrewsbury river. In the year 1733 the place was inhabited by Indians, and was styled Land's End. About that time four men, named respectively Parker, Slocum, Wardell and Hewlett came from Rhode Island and established a settlement there. A considerable portion of the land which they obtained continued in the possession of the Slocum until thirty years ago, and some of the land warrants are still in existence. A few years later other hardy settlers from neighboring provinces bought land in Long Branch at twenty shillings an acre, built dwellings, and occupied themselves with farming and fishing. It now embraces a population of four thousand five hundred.

The Liberty Pole is the name given to the village, from a flag staff erected there during the war of 1812, while the coast portions upon which the cottages and hotels are located, is known as the Shore, fronting the ocean. Land purchased at the edge of the village by Mr. Samuel Laird, in 1866, for \$250,000, was sold for \$4,000 in 1870, soon after the Burlington Railway was opened. The first hotel erected at Long Branch was the Ocean House. There are now accommodations for twenty thousand people. Three years ago Blythe Beach, south of the present West End Hotel, comprised only farming lands. To-day it is laid out as a park, with new roads from seventy to one hundred feet wide, and beautiful sites for cottages. Of these there are now two hundred.

After many years of observation, the *Revolution* has discovered that, as a rule, woman is expected to be found fault with and adored; courted, married, quarrelled with, deserted, divorced; played with and planned, and only really venerated when she becomes a mother and goes to heaven.

A correspondent recommends the following as a simple cure for colic in horses: Rub well the large veins on the sides of the neck, and those just behind the fore shoulders with spirits of turpentine.