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# Anderson Intelligencer.

## Original Story.

### BERKLEY HALL.

BY "LA CAROLINE."

#### CHAPTER XXI.

COHUTTAH.—The sun had sunk behind darkly massing storm clouds, which had obscured the radiance of his departing glory. Day had set in impenetrable darkness upon Cohuttah's vales and mountains. The harvest moon had refused its chastened light, and the stars had withdrawn their shining. In sudden, wild and unrestrained fury the tempest broke over the so recently peaceful valley. The wind shrieked and howled through the dense woods of Cohuttah's forest, bending, creaking and uprooping gigantic trees in its frantic rage, and shaking to their foundations the frail wigwams of the Indian village. Koo'ko'ko' in fair Pleasant Valley. Peal after peal of loud rattling thunder in reverberating grandeur robed Cohuttah's mountains with no motherly lullaby, and the fierce, red flashes of the lightning, so terrible in its sublime and dazzling beauty, only showed more plainly the appalling darkness of the night, and caused the boldest heart to stand still with awe under the influence of that autumnal gale!

At midnight the storm wrath was hushed, and naught was heard of it save the low hoarse mutterings of the exhausted anemone/kee, (thunder.) At that gloomy hour, in the deep stilling of the tempest, the plaintive cry of a new born babe, mingling with the Indians' wild wabon'win (lamentation) penetrated with grief and terror the hearts of the villagers. The shadow of the dreaded pauguk (death) had darkened the doorway of Connisnaga's wigwam and robbed it of its light and beauty. A child had been born to the home of the Chief, his bride, his loved and cherished wife had taken his light to the beautiful land of the Hereafter.

The morning after the tempest dawned brightly fair, and beneath the wondrous touches of the life-awakening gheezis (sun), even the storm-wrecks were robed in glittering beauty; but the wrecked heart of the noble Connisnaga was bowed in dark and hopeless grief.

Under the ferns and mosses of Cohuttah's vale, they dug a grave, and there they laid to rest the warrior's love. Days and weeks sped by, and still the Chief sat apart from his braves in a gloomy silence which none dared disturb, until the grief-stricken mother of the lamented dead, ventured gently and timidly to approach the Chief, and lying at his feet the innocent and unconscious cause of all his woe, in trembling questioning accents said: "Is the babe Owaisa's?"

The loved, familiar name only brought a darker shade to the Indian's brow. For one moment he gazed sternly upon his child, then turning abruptly aside, spoke in a voice of touching sadness:

"The child shall be called Cohuttah, for as yonder mountains are Cohuttah, because of the mist wreaths which shadow their lofty summits, so with the coming of this babe has the gloom of guskewau' (darkness) shrouded my spirit in sorrow clouds, and robbed of its pride and its lovèdness the home of the warrior. But showain' mame shin, showain' mame shin! (alas, alas for me!) no more again can the warm light of love penetrate the darkness of Connisnaga's soul!"

Thus spake the savage Chief in his heart's deep anguish, for his ears had never heard the echoes of that sweet voice, which "spake as never man spake" on Gallie's far distant shore, in the stricken home of Bethany, in dark Gethsemane, or on cruel, cruel Calvary.

The gentle call, "Come unto me and I will give you rest," had never gladdened those forest homes.

Days, months and years had passed away, but none had been found to fill the place of the loved Owaisa's in the wigwam or the heart of her faithful brave. More stern and gloomy grew each day the Chief's brow, until the little Cohuttah, growing from infancy into childhood's beauty, in childhood's frolic moods could sometimes lure a smile into the dark, sad warrior's face. But when the child, maturing into girlish charms, began to wear the tender grace and loveliness of the lost Owaisa, the father's heart grew fond and proud; the light of parental love pierced through the gloom of Connisnaga's soul, and on his care-lined brow, and from his dark eyes beamed the mellow light in soft and reflected beauty. Once again in the Chief's home there was joy and gladness. Garlanded with flowers, or autumn leaves lent their gracing beauty to the forest home. The walls of the royal wigwam tapestried with feathers of varied and brilliant hues, the couches of softest, richest furs spread smoothly and deftly by a daughter's gentle hands, gave to the warrior's rude but an aspect of home beauty and home life which refreshed his weary heart; and sweet upon his ear as an echo from the beautiful Islands of the Blessed fell the gay song and girlish laugh of his darling child, Cohuttah, the child of gloom and darkness, had become a crown of light and beauty—a well spring of joy in the home and heart of the Cherokee brave.

When only twelve years old Cohuttah was affianced to her kinsman, Ahmeek, who was thereforward regarded and acknowledged the heir and successor of the noble Connisnaga, the favored brave whose voice should be first heard in the councils of the nation, the skillful warrior to lead in glorious and successful

battle, when death should deprive the people of their much-loved Chief.

It was just here beneath this old beech tree's shade, and gazing up the precipitous acclivity of the "lover's leap," one bright morning in the "moon of leaves," (May), while the dew drops were yet diamonds on the grass, and decking with glittering beauty the trees and flowers of Cohuttah's forest bowers, that the Princess Cohuttah was first seen by Don Pedro, the youngest and best loved of the brave Cavaliers who had followed the fortunes of De Soto to the New World.

From the cloud-capped summits of Cohuttah's mountains, the snows of winter had melted away beneath the warm influences of the Indian gheezis, filling almost to overflowing the bosom of little Sunac Creek, which danced and laughed in rippling beauty and joy. The lark caroled high in air, the little sparrow chirped his grateful praise, the partridge in the bush responded to his mate, the squirrel leaped from tree to tree in wild-wild freedom and delight, and the mocking-bird—the bird of the sunny South—catching the universal gladness, trilled his sweetest, gayest songs.

Glad and gay, too, was the heart of the maiden, Cohuttah, as she listened to the music of the woods, and felt her cheek fanned by the frequent breath of the perfumed spring. Her rich, dark beauty and her picturesque costume was in graceful keeping with the spring-time splendor. Her little feet, which tread lightly and tenderly the delicate ferns and mosses of the valley, were clad in richly embroidered moccasins; she wore a short kirtle of crimson cashmere, and a jewel-hilted pinaud was secured to her side by a yellow scarf, which girdled her slender waist. Her dark beauty and the crimson and gold of her dress combining the colors of Spain, she might very well have been mistaken for a Moorish maiden. Her arms were ornamented with bracelets of beads and shells; her head and shoulders were adorned with garlands of the mountain laurel and other wild flowers, and by her side gambolled a gentle fawn, whose shy eyes with loving, wistful glance, sought ever and anon the bright, dark orbs of his mistress.

"Sancta Maria! I have surely met the beautiful enchantress of this New World!" exclaimed a voice in accents strange to the maiden's ear. She looked up, and high above her, overlooking the precipice, she distinguished a young brave, whose pale face and long beard marked him a follower of her father's friend, the brave and generous De Soto.

The heart of Connisnaga's child knew no such word as fear; beside, although she understood not the meaning of the words she had heard, Cohuttah's was a woman's heart; she possessed, too, a woman's quick eye, and could read and comprehend quite well the language of admiration. She gazed with innocent and girlish delight upon the graceful youth, who was making his way down the steep mountain side, with an agility which equalled that of her own light-footed braves. The youth assisted his descent by catching and clinging from bough to bough of the grand forest trees which almost arched the little creek, and finally using the tangled vines of a muscadine as a ladder, he scaled the trunk of a kingly walnut, and stood within fifty yards of the admiring Indian girl.

Holding his plumed hat in his hand, his bare head, with its long waves of silky hair, showed to advantage the beauty of his radiant face. Approaching her deferentially, the knight made low obeisance to the forest Princess in acknowledgment of the power of woman's beauty wherever found—whether in princely halls, in the peasant's cot, or in the Indian's forest home.

The Princess acknowledged with grave dignity the knight's homage, but quickly exclaimed: "Mush'ka! mush'ka!" (look! look!) with the *naive* of the untutored savage, as a beautiful greyhound, bounding through the woods, stood beside his master.

"Give, give!" cried the excited girl, using one of the few Spanish words she had learned from her father's braves. Don Pedro led the dog to the maiden's feet, and taking her hand, gently placed it upon Carlos' head, in token of the gift bestowed; then, in soft Spanish accents, he addressed the dog: "We have been friends, Carlos, poor fellow, dear and tried friends, but this gentle Senora will be more care to you than the rover Don Pedro, for already our devoted band number only half as many as when we left the olive and pomegranate groves of our loved Spain." Then, addressing the maiden in half-framed Indian sentences, he begged her to be kind "to Carlos, poor Carlos, good dog, bravo dog!" He made her repeat the name "Carlos" until she had quite caught the soft-flowing accent of his Spanish tongue.

With a gracious dignity which will become a Chief's daughter, Cohuttah invited the knight to return with her to her father's wigwam. There he was kindly welcomed by the noble Connisnaga, who was as much charmed as his daughter by Carlos' beauty and his master's liberality.

Thus commenced the wooing of Don Pedro and the Princess Cohuttah. Each dewy morning found the Spanish knight and the Indian girl holding their tryst beneath the beech tree where they had first met. Cohuttah, with girlish quickness, learning the musical, swift-flowing vocabularies of the Spanish tongue, or Don Pedro more slowly murmuring the guttural tones of the Indian language, which were so soft and sweet when Cohuttah spoke. A Spanish girl had been one of the many gifts bestowed by the Spanish knight upon his Indian love; and Cohuttah very soon, he thought, could equal the fair ones of Spain in her graceful execution, soft touch and melodious voice. How sweet to his ear were the melodies of his native land, as borne upon the breeze they echoed through

she would learn to regret his absence, and hail his return with gladness.

As Don Pedro's love grew stronger and truer, it became also purer, and with it mingled visions of a childhood spent by a mother's knee, harkening to the story of the pure Virgin Mother and her holy babe, whose lowly birth heralded salvation to a fallen world.

With loving reverence, he related the wonderful story of divine love, which fell tenderly upon and sank deeply into Cohuttah's heart, already prepared by human love for all gentle and kindly influences. A glittering cross, which he had worn upon his heart from earliest childhood, Don Pedro, with solemn ceremonial, placed upon Cohuttah's breast, and fervently implored for her the peculiar favor and protection of the Virgin Mother and her heavenly babe. It was thus in earnest but guileless wooing passed away the "Moon of Leaves."

One bright, blue, cloudless day in June, Don Pedro told his love, and begged Cohuttah to be his wife, but in accents of pain the girl only murmured, "Ahmeek! Ahmeek!" It was the first time she had ever spoken the name of Ahmeek to Don Pedro, and yet Cohuttah's was a truthful heart, she had simply forgotten the existence of the absent Ahmeek, and the now galling chains which bound her to him.

It was a long time before Don Pedro could gather from the maiden the meaning of her anguish cry of the words "Ahmeek! Ahmeek!" but when he did comprehend that the Princess was the sworn bride of another, his grief and indignation knew no bounds. He threw his arms around her, pressed her closely to his heart, declaring that Cohuttah, his beautiful Cohuttah, should be Don Pedro's bride; for to him only was she bound by the strong cords of love. Don Pedro urged Cohuttah to fly with him, to the princely halls of his noble father, he said, would proudly welcome as daughter the Princess Cohuttah. But the maiden only murmured: "No's, no's! (my father, my father!) Cohuttah is the sun, moon and stars of Connisnaga's wigwam!"

"Then, I will beg him to give me my beautiful Cohuttah, and the proud Spaniard Don Pedro will dwell on a spot where the Cherokee brave for the great love he bears for his darling Cohuttah!" said Don Pedro, passionately.

"Ahmeek! Ahmeek!" hoarsely murmured the girl, "will kill Cohuttah's love." Then, passing her hands with childish simplicity and tenderness through the soft rings of her lover's hair, Cohuttah wept as she softly whispered: "Pretty scalp, pretty scalp!"

Don Pedro read the thoughts of the artless child of the forest, and, lifting himself haughtily and scornfully, he said: "A Spanish cavalier fears no false-hearted warrior of your savage race!" A look, not of resentment, but of patient sorrow, crossed the girl's face, she understood but too well the scorn expressed for her people; but Cohuttah's was a woman's love—a love which endureth all things!

Don Pedro saw the pain he had given, and taking her tenderly in his arms, he whispered softly: "Don Pedro lives only in the light of Cohuttah's eyes! Don Pedro loves only Connisnaga's child!"

The lovers continued to meet a few days longer, but Cohuttah's once bright face grew each day more sadly sad. At last the great day of sorrow came, and Don Pedro kept his tryst alone. Just as he was leaving his place of rendezvous, a little Indian girl brought a message from Cohuttah and the cherished cross as a pledge of her truthfulness. The message ran thus: "There is danger to the pale-faced brave. Come no more to the warrior's wigwam. Linger not under the beech tree's shade. Await Cohuttah where the big poplar droops over the lover's leap."

For three days Don Pedro watched and waited vainly by the poplar tree. On the fourth morning Cohuttah came, but her step was timid, her eye was sad and heavy, and she started at every rustling leaf.

"Ahmeek has come! Ahmeek is angry and jealous! Ahmeek has killed poor Carlos! We are watched! We are betrayed!" and the poor girl wept piteously. "Ahmeek," she continued, "has gone this morning with a party to fish in the Coosawatee, and Cohuttah has come to say good-bye forever to Don Pedro and happiness." Scarcely had the words passed her lips when she uttered a shrill cry of fear, and throwing herself in front of her love, with one arm clasped around his neck, she shielded his heart, and received in her own arm an arrow aimed at him. She tottered and would have fallen but for the strong arm of protecting love thrown around her. Her last conscious glance was to her Pedro's face, and her last words in soft Spanish were murmured: "Don Pedro, my only love!"

Rapidly another arrow was aimed at Don Pedro's heart, but missed. Then followed a wild yell, and Ahmeek, with uplifted tomahawk, stood before the Spaniard. The knight drew his glittering Toledo from his belt, and for a brief while a fierce struggle ensued, but the lifeless form of the beloved Cohuttah clasped so firmly and fondly in one of Don Pedro's arms gave Ahmeek the advantage over his foe, and alertly seizing his opportunity, Ahmeek wrested the Spaniard's sword from his grasp, and with it pierced him through the heart. In the hand to hand conflict, Don Pedro had given back until he had reached the verge of the precipice; there, as Ahmeek struck the fatal blow, the brave Spaniard staggered and fell, and still clasping in his arms his loved Cohuttah, was dashed upon the rocks below the lover's leap. Ahmeek ground his teeth in fiendish rage, for Cohuttah was Don Pedro's bride! In death they were not divided! De Soto prepared to avenge the murder of his favorite cavalier, but when he beheld the grief and anger of Connis-

Cohuttah's woodland vales, none but an exiles' heart can ever know.

As Don Pedro's love grew stronger and truer, it became also purer, and with it mingled visions of a childhood spent by a mother's knee, harkening to the story of the pure Virgin Mother and her holy babe, whose lowly birth heralded salvation to a fallen world.

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ga and his tribe for the death of the beloved Princess and the Spanish brave, De Soto restrained his wrath, and the Church's "dies ire" mingled with the Indian's wabon'win over the graves of Don Pedro and Cohuttah.

With jibes and jeers, Ahmeek was driven as a second Cain from the face of his people. He joined a predatory tribe of Indians in the far Northwest, and was ever after distinguished only for cruelty and cunning.

A dark, dark cloud again shadowed Connisnaga's brow, and no warm sunlight was ever more reflected there. In the grave of Cohuttah, the warrior buried the joy and gladness of his life. He lived many years, governing his people firmly and wisely, and long after he had joined his loved ones in the Spirit Land, was spoken of as the good and noble Connisnaga—the "Father of his People."

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

### CONGRESSIONAL MIRROR.

The Democratic President Must Have Music From the Band.

During the debate on the naval appropriation bill, in the House of Representatives, Thursday last, Mr. Lewis, Democrat of Alabama, offered an amendment to reduce the strength of the Marine Corps and abolish the Marine Band; the latter part of the proposition afforded Mr. Harrison, Democrat, of Illinois, the opportunity for delivering a most amusing speech, and one that was much enjoyed and applauded by both sides of the House.

He drew down a picture of President Grant enjoying the music of the Marine Band in the grounds of the White House, while his friends sat around with their feet on the balustrade smoking his Partagas, and he spoke of himself (Mr. Harrison) moving through a crowd of Republicans in the grounds, with one hand on his purse and the other on his watch fob. Next year, with a Democratic occupant of the White House, the scene would be different.

A Republican member. Then we will have our hands on our purses and watch fobs. [Laughter.]

Mr. Harrison. Very good; but we will be enjoying the music. I want to see a Democratic President there listening to the music, and I hope to be one of his friends, with my feet on the balustrade and one of his Partagas between my lips. I am opposed to the abolition of the Marine Band, but I want the Democrats who want to get into the White House, there is a son of the great Empire State, (Tilden), greater than Alexander. Alexander cut the Gordian knot with his sword—but the knot was only a ring of hemp; but this man has cut a ring of steel. A Canal Ring—this is the Marine Band there to give him music; and if he should lead a bride to the White House we will play the Wedding March and furnish sweet music beneath her chamber window. [Laughter.] We have other men for that position, any one of whom would grace the Presidential chair as it were never before in our history. I want to deny him the music of the Marine Band! Never! never! never [Laughter.] We may have one from Ohio [Mr. Kelley—Bill Allen] who never speaks in the Senate without uttering words of wisdom, [meaning Senator Thurman.] Are we to have no music for him? No, sir, never! never! never! I want to laugh much at the style and manner of the speaker as at the evident blunder of his last remark. We have, a little west of the Hoosier State, a great Democratic war horse, [alluding to Mr. Hendricks of Indiana], a man who, they say, is a little of a trimmer. He is a trimmer, because his mind is so round that he sees both sides of a question, and does not grow wild on any sound. He may be in that position, and I may be his friend in the White House, and shall he have no music from the Marine Band? Never, sir, by my vote—never! never! never! [Great laughter.] We may have in that seat, Mr. Chairman, a man who will fill the chair as never before filled before [alluding to Judge Davis of the Supreme Court]—not a single dash of it that will not be filled [Laughter]—a man great in law as in politics, one against whom not a word can be said. Am I to come here from Illinois to attend his inauguration, House and Senate, and not let him in to trip up the light fantastic toe? Never, sir—never with my consent—never! [Continued laughter.] There is still another one from your own State, Mr. Chairman: great in arms, great as a civilian [alluding to Gen. Hancock of Pennsylvania]—a man who, if he had been present at the battle of Gettysburg, he would have been there. He will wish to have some memories of the past brought to his mind by martial music. Is it to be denied to him? Shall a marine band be refused to him? By my vote, sir, never, never. [Laughter.] Then, sir, there is still another, "The Great Unknown." He is coming to this house from a strange foreign part of the Union.

Mr. Hardenburg (Dem., N. Y.) Parker. Mr. Harrison. I will call no names. He is all around. The Democratic party is full of "The Great Unknown." [Great laughter.] When that "Great Unknown" comes there, shall he have no music? Shall no tones come out from those silver instruments, blown by those gentlemen in scarlet coats, to welcome and introduce that "Great Unknown" to his fellow-citizens? Not by my vote, sir, never! never! never!

As Mr. Harrison sat down, he was greeted with roars of laughter and rounds of applause from both sides of the House. The speech and the ridicule proved too much for the amendment offered by Mr. Lewis, which was voted down by a very large majority.

A HINT FOR MR. DARWIN.—It was a young philosopher of seven years of age, who had not got far enough to hear the Holy Scriptures disputed by science. He listened attentively in his father's parlor the other evening to a warm discussion on the Darwinian theory, and, after the guests had departed, somewhat surprised the paternal will.—

"Father, I don't believe Mr. Darwin is right."

"What!" said the parent, looking down at this unexpected reasoner, who stood before him with a little Bible in his hand; "you do not, and why?"

"Because, papa, my Bible says 'God created man in His own image,' and I don't believe it was a monkey."

### THE EDGEFIELD TRAGEDY.

The Lynching of the Harmon Executions—Full Particulars of the Murder.

From the Abbeville Free and Banner, May 31st.

The annals of crime will scarcely furnish a parallel to the atrocity of the murder of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Harmon at their home in Winter Seat, in Edgefield County, twenty-two miles from Edgefield Court House and nineteen miles from Abbeville Court House, on the night of Wednesday, the 17th inst.

These people lived alone on the public road between Abbeville to Edgefield Court House, and were entirely ignorant of any evil design upon them. Being unprotected the negroes had several times robbed Harmon of his bacon and other provisions, and in the Spring he, by due course of law, had the house of a suspected negro searched. As no traces were detected, and being prompted by a desire for further plunder and revenge concocted and executed their diabolical plan of the murder and robbery of their former victims.

The cold-blooded murder and the willful attempt at arson shocked the whole community, and many of the best citizens of both counties assembled at the house the next day (Thursday) when a jury of inquest was organized, which, although they took a recess in the meantime of two or three days, did not render their verdict and adjourn until noon of the following Wednesday.

A full proof of the guilt of those who were accused, was not required. None doubted. Besides the full confessions of two of their number, who implicated their confederates, circumstantial evidence pointed unerringly to them as the perpetrators of the crime. The probability of their not being punished, and many of the best citizens, gathered at Edgefield, it was their fear with an insecure jail, the law's delay, a poor Solicitor, the shrewdness of lawyers in detecting flaws in indictments, the possibility of executive clemency, that some gap would be left down for their escape from punishment, and so forth resolved that both offenders should suffer for their crime on the spot. When the Sheriff was kidnapped and carried off there seemed to be no particular leader—all were leaders—and moved to their deed of retribution by common consent.

When the Jury of Inquest upon the bodies of Mr. John L. Harmon and Mrs. Catherine A. Harmon assembled at Edgefield, on the morning of the 23rd inst., the foreman of the jury asked the Coroner that Stephen Lake, who had been committed to jail subject to further order of the inquest, be produced to give further evidence.

The Sheriff of the county was then present and remained in attendance until the morning of the 24th inst. A demand (Tilden), greater than Alexander. Alexander cut the Gordian knot with his sword—but the knot was only a ring of hemp; but this man has cut a ring of steel. A Canal Ring—this is the Marine Band there to give him music; and if he should lead a bride to the White House we will play the Wedding March and furnish sweet music beneath her chamber window. [Laughter.] We have other men for that position, any one of whom would grace the Presidential chair as it were never before in our history. I want to deny him the music of the Marine Band! Never! never! never [Laughter.] We may have one from Ohio [Mr. Kelley—Bill Allen] who never speaks in the Senate without uttering words of wisdom, [meaning Senator Thurman.] Are we to have no music for him? No, sir, never! never! never! I want to laugh much at the style and manner of the speaker as at the evident blunder of his last remark. We have, a little west of the Hoosier State, a great Democratic war horse, [alluding to Mr. Hendricks of Indiana], a man who, they say, is a little of a trimmer. He is a trimmer, because his mind is so round that he sees both sides of a question, and does not grow wild on any sound. He may be in that position, and I may be his friend in the White House, and shall he have no music from the Marine Band? Never, sir, by my vote—never! never! never! [Great laughter.] We may have in that seat, Mr. Chairman, a man who will fill the chair as never before filled before [alluding to Judge Davis of the Supreme Court]—not a single dash of it that will not be filled [Laughter]—a man great in law as in politics, one against whom not a word can be said. Am I to come here from Illinois to attend his inauguration, House and Senate, and not let him in to trip up the light fantastic toe? Never, sir—never with my consent—never! [Continued laughter.] There is still another one from your own State, Mr. Chairman: great in arms, great as a civilian [alluding to Gen. Hancock of Pennsylvania]—a man who, if he had been present at the battle of Gettysburg, he would have been there. He will wish to have some memories of the past brought to his mind by martial music. Is it to be denied to him? Shall a marine band be refused to him? By my vote, sir, never, never. [Laughter.] Then, sir, there is still another, "The Great Unknown." He is coming to this house from a strange foreign part of the Union.

Mr. Hardenburg (Dem., N. Y.) Parker. Mr. Harrison. I will call no names. He is all around. The Democratic party is full of "The Great Unknown." [Great laughter.] When that "Great Unknown" comes there, shall he have no music? Shall no tones come out from those silver instruments, blown by those gentlemen in scarlet coats, to welcome and introduce that "Great Unknown" to his fellow-citizens? Not by my vote, sir, never! never! never!

As Mr. Harrison sat down, he was greeted with roars of laughter and rounds of applause from both sides of the House. The speech and the ridicule proved too much for the amendment offered by Mr. Lewis, which was voted down by a very large majority.

A HINT FOR MR. DARWIN.—It was a young philosopher of seven years of age, who had not got far enough to hear the Holy Scriptures disputed by science. He listened attentively in his father's parlor the other evening to a warm discussion on the Darwinian theory, and, after the guests had departed, somewhat surprised the paternal will.—

"Father, I don't believe Mr. Darwin is right."

"What!" said the parent, looking down at this unexpected reasoner, who stood before him with a little Bible in his hand; "you do not, and why?"

"Because, papa, my Bible says 'God created man in His own image,' and I don't believe it was a monkey."

of their crime, and was wide enough for three to lie in the bottom side by side. Their feet were put together, and the heads of the other three were put in the opposite end of the grave—their legs and feet being on top of the three first put in. The dirt was thrown upon them, and a mound now stands where those beneath so lately stood in life.

The whole proceeding was conducted in a most quiet way. The crowd returning from the shooting made no effort at concealment—returned in a body and slaked their thirst at the well, and in an hour after the shooting, had quietly dispersed. No exultation, no songs, no threats being heard. Only one loud expression was heard. One man with a musket in his hand said to a crowd of negroes standing some distance off, "you niggers can go and

BURY THEM DAMN NIGGERS."

The two women, Betty Perrin and Tilda Holloway, who were implicated by the verdict as accessories were then turned loose without as much as a word of warning—showing, we think, a wonderful leniency on the part of the out-crowd. It has the general feeling of the crowd assembled that the verdict of the jury indicated a determination on their part to give others who had been implicated by the evidence the benefit of every doubt.

THE FIRST BURIAL PARTY.

Who went to the place of the tragedy on Thursday morning, removed the bodies some twenty steps to the shade of some trees and commenced to dig a very grave in which they were finally buried. But while digging a messenger, who had been to trial Justice Keller, returned stating that if they buried these men without first having had an inquest, they would become liable to the severest penalties of the law. The work was stopped at once and the place ascertained. The friends and relatives of the dead seemed to care very little about them. Many of whom never went near the bodies of the deceased, and to all appearances feel as little concerned about their dead as they could do for dead Indians on the Black Hills.

BEFORE THEY WERE BURIED, the birds of prey had begun their work of despoliation, and had eaten their flesh from the faces, necks and craniums of the brothers Stephen and John, and Jesse Lake, and when the burying party came the despoilers on wing, who were the only witnesses of this burial, sought refuge in the tops of the trees near by, and stood in their elevated positions quietly looking at the work of interment, which was not completed until dark. They moved off to the west, and announced their readiness to cut off. As soon as the Court was convened, Stephen was recalled to testify. His testimony and confession corroborated in the main the confession of Austin Davis given the day before. It is proper to add that Stephen made his confession to the Sheriff, and not to a Justice, that Austin had confessed. Stephen acknowledged that he struck Mr. Harmon the first blow with the dogwood club, and implicated as present Austin Davis, Larkin Holloway, Jeff. Settles, his cousin Marshall