

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'NEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Monday Morning, February 23, 1880.

A CHANT FOR ELLIOTT.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Stand off, thou tybe-fat plunderer! play
No trick of priestcraft here;
Back, pony lording, dar'nt thou lay
A hand on Elliott's beer!
Alive your rank and pomp as dust
Beneath his feet be trod!
He took the locust swarm that cursed
The harvest fields of God.
On these pale lips the smothered thought
Which England's millions feel,
A fierce and fearful splendor caught
As from his force, the steel,
Long armed as Thor! a shower of fire
His smitten arm avenged;
He gave them all a tongue!
Let the poor man's horny hands
Bear up the mighty dead,
And labor's awart and stalwart bands
Behold, as mourners, tread,
The cant and craft their baptism bounds,
Large rank the minister door,
For England's great and daisied grounds
The poet of her poor!
Down upon his Sheaf's green verge
That brave old heart of oak,
His fitting dirge from sounding forge,
Forewhirls the stone its daisy rounds,
His axe and sledge are swung,
Of himing to their stormy sounds,
His stormy lays are sung.
Over the peasant's step be heard,
The grunder chant his rhyme:
Patron's praise nor dainty word
Be the man or time.
Soft lament nor dreamer's sigh
For him whose words were bread—
No Rhine rhyme and spell whereby
The loodless poor were fed!
On the tombs of rank and pride,
Oh, England! as thou wilt,
A pomp to nameless worth denied,
Fashioned guilt!
Part not lot in this claim,
But, for the sounding wave,
Common right to Elliott's name,
A freehold in his grave.

THE CARNIVAL BALL:

OR,

THE PRIEST OF SAN-AUGUSTIN.

BY WILLIAM D. TOBEY.

Carnival was at its height of riot and dissipation in the Aztec capital. Wherever one turned, there were full of gaily-dressed people, who were full of restraint and given themselves up to every imaginable species of enjoyment for the time left before Lent. People in dominoes filled the thoroughfares at making the air burdensome with shouts and while rockets blazed in all directions and crackers admonished pedestrians that there was as much as it was polite to expect. During the day these demonstrations were not neglected, and with each hour came new pastimes.
At two in the afternoon when I left a party of friends at the Palacio Nacional and started for the Plaza de Toros, where the performers promised something rather more than ordinary attractive, through the medium of large posters, set up at the corners of the large squares and in the doors of the Cathedral. A sense of humanity was running in the same direction with myself, and in a few moments all indignity was lost and I formed but a drop in the sea that had for its determination the grand object—the enjoyment of a bull-fight.
Half an hour before the time published for commencement of the performances when we were seated in the arena, and yet it was crowded in every class was represented; the noble in his sable robes and great ugly hat, the broker, the artisan and the leproser, were more women present than I had seen at a public life in the city. And there were lovely women there. Dark, yet beauteously habited by the richest costumes furnished by the voluptuous east. There was a woman in a seat when I entered the circus, and she one that invited an occupant was along the orchestra, I concluded to bear the burden of the drums and the crash of opifidities rather than lose a good opportunity of the whole assemblage; for in such a crowd, it is not often that one cannot pick out a readable sketch.
Performances began with the usual flourish of music, and as the picadores and matadores were the usual number, and the bulls of a rank to those generally employed, the excitement to a degree. It seemed as if the immense audience was fairly drunk with excitement. Nothing but the highest order of performances would satisfy them, and a pair of lungs could be heard at one end of the ring. The clowns were pelted for their stupidity, and a noble bull was another day, the audience exclaiming that too fine a fellow to be killed, as he had the bowels of one horse, broken the leg of another and nearly killed the rider, who fell and was carried off stunned and dead and the general uproar.
This had taken their chances in the ring, determination of a quarter of an hour was allowed to allow a pyrotechnist to send up a shower of rockets and a balloon. The confes-

soners sitting upon the benches to read their dreams, jellies and honours, and immediately as he had boys and girls were threatening their way among the vast crowd that eagerly presented anything that was offered. As I had no job to talk to I sat looking around at the audience, musingly, when suddenly a man next me put his hand lightly on my shoulder, and quietly whispered:—
"Buenos dias, amigo Don Carlos."
I turned round and saw a young gentleman, perhaps thirty, with a fine sparkling eye and handsome features, dressed in the richest costume of the capital. I had seen him before, and saw that he knew me; but where we had met or who he was, could not form the least idea. He did not allow a muscle of his face to change half a shade, nor did he withdraw the piercing gaze, or the cold, staring look that met my first glance.
"How do you do?" asked he, with singular gravity, hesitating between each word as if to be certain that he spoke correctly; and then, smiling very good naturedly, continued in a whisper,—"Padre Lopez, Convento Santa Ana, Puebla!"
An electric shock would not have about through every nerve of my frame with more effect than the words whispered audibly in my ear by the young priest. There could be no doubt that he was what he said; for there was the high, classic forehead, the manly face and form, and the piercing sparkling black eyes, that I had many a time seen in the tribune in the church of San A—. But the disguise was so complete that had I passed him in the street he would have gone by unrecognized. The dress alone, was enough to deceive one better acquainted him, and then instead of the shaven crown and closely clipped hair in which I had always seen him, was a skillfully made wig of black, silken hair, that fell in waving clusters to the collar of his rich Spanish cloak.
"What does this mean?" asked I, after my surprise had abated sufficiently to allow the use of words instead of eyes.
"Why that I am enjoying the Carnival, senior," answered he in respectable English. "I was sent here by the bishop, on church duty, and so accomplished, but farewell to the brethren of El Convento de Santa Domingo, where I lodged, and concluded to see and participate in the Carnival, like a Christian"—and the priest laughed heartily at the conceit.
"But are you not fearful of being discovered?"
"Not at all. No one would recognize me in this disguise. I have never been in the city before the day before yesterday, and know nobody in it. How then can the monks of Santa Domingo recognize me while you could not, who lodged in the same monastery with me three months, and saw and conversed with me—aye taught me to speak your language, almost every hour each day?"
"True enough," said I; "you are as safe as a thief in a mill. But how do you propose to employ yourself—you know nothing of the town."
"But you do, and you shall be my chaplain. I am loaded with money and we may as well squander it rationally, as to run the risk of having it borrowed by the society of Santa A—!"
"Well, Lopez," said I, "I am at your enjoyment, like yourself, and we will see what is to be seen in the two days left us before Lent—no matter what!"
"Lent be damned! as you Yankees say. I tell you we must sink the church. But who have you here! By Saint Dominus! a rare blossom!"
I looked in the direction he intimated, and saw certainly one of the most lovely creatures ever shone upon. It was a girl of rather less than ordinary height, slightly formed, and as graceful as a lawn. Her dress was that of the middle class, a white waist with a pink and blue skirt, and she had upon her head a light white sombrero, ornamented after the fashion of those worn by the rancheros of the tierra caliente. Her face wore a bewitching simplicity, that called to mind the ideal Power Girl of Pompeii, and her dark, lustrous eyes fell quickly to the ground as she caught the look of admiration that I involuntarily intruded upon her.
A little gold cross and a rosary, suspended by a thread-like chain of the same material around her neck, might have challenged the envy of an anchorite, while a tiny satin slipper, of a scarlet color, modestly told that it imprisoned a foot which would be more at home upon a Brussels carpet than the rough planks that formed the passage ways between the boxes of the Plaza de Toros.
"Approach, my nymph of the nevada," said Lopez, addressing the girl in her own tongue. "If your eyes are as sweet as I'll warrant your lips are, I will purchase them all."
"You flatter, senior," said the girl, blushing at the warmth of the priest's praise of her beauty—though she had no reason for it, for I never saw lips more tempting. "But," added she, with a smile that said she was not exactly displeased, "you are welcome to buy all my wares, for the demand is rather dull to-day. The people seem to choose arguments instead of wares; and—and—my mother is not rich, senior."
"That is a pity," said Lopez, choosing two cups of cream; "for your mother should be a queen, and you a princess. But where does your mother live, my angel?"
"In the calle Espiritu Santo, senior; but that does not interest you. Will you choose any more of my wares?"
"Presently, my dear; but it does interest me very much. Such beauty as yours has did not be wasted in a nevada in the calle Espiritu Santo. You should be the bride of a prince," added he, warmly—his fine brilliant eyes sparkling like a diamond when it is kissed by a sun-ray.
"But—are you a prince?" asked the girl, with an expression of flattered vanity and puzzling doubt.
"No, my beauty, I am not a prince; but I have the loveliest hacienda in the valley of Orizaba, and could make you as happy as a prince could. Would you like to live in such a glorious country?"
"You must not ask such abrupt questions of me,

senior," said the girl, blushing deeply, until her pure white forehead was bedewed in crimson that would have charmed the sweetest tactician that ever drank life from a dew-drop. "I know that you are rich, senior, and that you are jesting with me."
And her pretty lip curled with a gesture of impatience, though her eyes were still gazing with light of rapture into his, and the crimson still being upon her cheek.
"By my soul, I am not!" exclaimed the enamored priest, with a warmth that made the girl shrink back and avert her gaze. "By the Virgin, it is thy soul that speaks to you, faint, and could I see you alone, you should be convinced that I alone—will marry you."
The animation with which the priest spoke, and the conviction of sincerity that his words conveyed, completely bewildered the young girl, and she stood fixed to the ground, and looked into his eyes with an expression of bewitchment and admiration that was beautiful to behold. To be loved by one so much above her in rank, one who was so handsome and so eloquent, was a thing she had never dreamed of, and her sensitive heart throbbled violently and her brain was filled with a thousand delirious fancies, that almost overthrew her reason. A man had left the place next to the priest, and he gently threw her, undecided, yet unresisting, to the seat, and continued to pour his impassioned words into her ear, unheard and unheeded by the clamorous people around them, who saw nothing but the fight in the arena.
The performances were finally concluded, all too quickly for the lovers, and as the crowd poured out under the archway of the principal passage, the priest stole a kiss from the rasy lips of the girl, and passed rapidly by me, and mingled with the crowd in the street. It was not without difficulty I got alongside of him, after a struggle of five minutes through the mob of lepers who were rushing out of the circus; and when I accomplished the perilous feat, he was so bored in his thoughts that it took a smart slap upon the shoulder to make him recognize me at all.
"Ah! is it you?" he inquired, as I took his arm, his face still flushed with excitement and his eyes sparkling with passion.
"It is, indeed; but you seem so enchanted by this new beauty that I fear you will be a poor companion for the remainder of the day."
"Not so, by my word. We will have a jolly time of it, or my name is not Lopez Caravanta!—Where shall we dine?"
"Wherever you choose—but I forgot; you do not know the town. What say you to the Progresso or the Belle Union, or the Gran Sociedad? They are all good fondas."
"Either you please—I'm content to give you the reins. But are all these Mexican fondas?"
"Yes."
"There might be some Poblano."
"Well, to Laurent's then. That is an English house, and we will meet none but English and American there."
"To Laurent's be it then," said the priest, and we wended our way across the Grand Plaza to the second calle Platero, No. 1. Here we had a lunch, washed down with a bottle of glorious Burgundy, and ordering dinner at eight; started out to see the lights.
It was half an hour after sunset when we left Laurent's, and, in that climate night falls upon the earth almost as quick as the drop curtain at the opera, light was already to be seen in the streets and houses.
"Do you know the location of the calle Espiritu Santo?" asked Lopez.
"Well; it is the next street, as we go towards the Plaza."
"Let us go there," said Lopez, musing. "I would like to see the house."
"Do you know the number?" asked I.
"No, but she described it so minutely that I cannot miss it. I am to call at ten to-night, when her mother will be away. To-morrow I marry her. You understand?"
At this moment Lopez looked like a fiend. In a few minutes we were in the street named, and in a little while my companion pulled me by the arm, and pointed to an unpretending cafe opposite, exclaiming:
"That must be the place!"
We crossed the street quickly, and looked through the glass door. Sure enough, it was the house we were looking for, and there were the pretty girl and her mother, waiting upon two priests, who were enjoying a cup of chocolate. We waited but a few minutes, and then entering, passed into a saloon in the rear of the shop, and called for coffee. The girl recognized us immediately at our entrance, but turned away, and I could see the deep red tincture to her forehead.
"Wait upon the gentlemen, Dolores," said the old lady. "Are you afraid of a barbarian, child?"
"No," said the girl.
And in a few minutes our coffee was brought—more in the saloon than in the cafe; for the poor girl was violently agitated, and her hands trembled as though she had been struck by a lightning bolt. Depositing the coffee upon the table, she quickly withdrew, and stood gazing into the street from the little curtained window.
"Lopez," said I, "what are you going to do with that poor girl? You have perfectly enchanted her. Did you note how she reeled and trembled?"
"Did I not? My boy, I have an eye as quick as your own for beauty, and I know what may befall me in mine to-night."
"You cannot marry her?"
"But I can't have her for all that. I should not be the first priest in Puebla that has had a divorce."
"Yes, a priest?"
"Yes, a priest. Think what the law of the Pope would do for me! Think of the shame that you will cast upon her."

"My dear fellow you know nothing of our conventionalities. Why, the woman that has the love and protection of Padre Lopez will be the envy of every pretty girl in Puebla."
"But—this girl. She loves you passionately, although you have never met till to-day."
"And she will love me just as much when she knows who I really am, as she does now."
"I am incredulous."
"Well, you shall see. I know the female heart better than you do. Why, you are a mere novice. The snows of Orizaba are not more passionately loved than you are."
At this moment our conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Dolores, who, blushing and agitated, and said in a whisper—
"My mother will not go out to-night. When she is asleep I will escape and join you at the ball in the Teatro Nuevo de Mexico. At eleven o'clock you will see me. I shall wear a mask and a white domino." Then, gliding quietly back to her stand at the little window, she remained there until we left the fondas.
Lopez and myself returned to our hotel, where dinner was waiting, and when we rose from the table two more bottles of Burgundy had disappeared from the cellar of the host. The priest began to show evidence of a too intimate acquaintance with the treacherous "friend," and his naturally vivacious spirits were made still more so by his frequent potations. It was nine o'clock as we left the hotel, and Lopez proposed that we should take a stroll among the different ball-rooms, previous to visiting the place appointed by the girl of the nevada. The Belle Union balls were at this time in their zenith. Hundreds of both sexes nightly congregated there, and passed the hours in dissipation and riot until daylight. On the night in question, the Belle Union presented a picture that would have staggered wiser sinners than either Lopez or his companion; but Laurent's Burgundy, with the aid of some potent drops of brandy, had driven away all chance for moral reflection, and we plunged into the revel as wildly as any.
A description of the scenes enacted at this famous house of dissipation, truthfully told, would not be believed by one in every five who read this sketch. The hotel is one of the largest in the capital, and besides the ball-room, contained two large saloons filled with gaming tables. These were crowded to excess, and one might see seated around the monte banks, the fallen angels who had but the half hour previous unseated themselves to get the money they were then foolishly playing away. Here were officers of the army, common soldiers and teamsters, all for the time upon a level, gambling, dancing with abandoned women, or drinking at the long bar that stood between the gaming rooms and that where the dance was going on, amid every imaginable noise and confusion. After dropping a few ounces at the monte bank, Lopez entered the ball-room and joined in the orgies there. It was all one to him who he danced with. He was looking after pleasure, and fancied that he had found all that could exist except the possession of the lovely Dolores. Finally, a general fight between some Texan rangers and a party of teamsters put an end to the dancing for the present, and we left for other scenes.
After visiting a dozen places of amusement we stood before the Teatro Nuevo, just as the chimes tolled the hour of eleven. Herrying on, Lopez hunted everywhere for the ice cream girl. There were hundreds of dominos in the hall, but none that hid the sylph-like form of the girl he sought. Half an hour passed by and still no white domino was seen. Lopez began to despair meeting the fair object of his passion, and cursed bitterly the chance that prevented him from the consummation of his first assignation. He drank still deeper in his disappointment, swallowing glass after glass of the coarse rino into so much used by the middle and lower classes, and seemed determined to forget in drunkenness the wounds his pride had received for he had almost given up all hope of seeing the girl that night.
"By the bones of Saint Peter!" exclaimed the enraged priest, as he swallowed at once draught a tumbler charged to the brim with brandy; "By the bones of Saint Peter, she shall not fool me again, if I catch her out from under the wing of that old hag of the nevada."
"Shaw, man," said I, affecting to think light of the matter; "there are fifty prettier beauties in your quadrilla. Make love to the first one you meet. I will do the same."
"I can't do it!" exclaimed Lopez. "My heart and soul are for her. I will have this pretty fellow if I have to forsake the church for her."
"You will marry her, then, Lopez?"
"You are a fool, Don Carlos. No, not a fool; but—Carlos, did you ever know a man to go mad in an hour from the love of a woman?"
"Never, that I recollect—why?"
"If I see, not this pretty Dolores to-night you may look for a mad-house to-morrow, that is all. She is here, in my hand; here, in my hand. She will be there ever; walking, or sleeping. Let us go to her house; burst in the door and carry her off. We can have horses ready at the Garcia de Pinos by ten; and by daylight reach the mountains."
"Now you are mad, or else drunker than I take you to be; but who is that?"
"At this moment a white domino glided quickly into the grand ball room and passed rapidly through the throng of dancers, as if in search for some one.
"It is she, by heaven!" shouted the priest, and in a moment he had clasped the space and clasped her in his arms.
"The terrified girl trembled as he yielded to his hot embraces; her mask dropped from her face, and the lovely Dolores seemed bewildered; yet delighted, without knowing that the eyes of half the room were upon her, and that she was recognized by many to whom she had sold her kiss at the Plaza de Toros. In an instant Lopez had wrenched the mask and hurried her, ascending to an above at the end of the saloon. A waiter followed them, but they did not hear it.

"I must return immediately," said the girl as they reached the above. "My mother will wake and miss me from her side, and she will go crazy about me; for she loves me as she does the blessed virgin."
"But she cannot love you as I do, dearest," exclaimed Lopez, with a passion that seemed to shake his very soul. "She would not die for you as I would," and he pressed her slight form in his arms and impainted a burning kiss upon her forehead.
"Be mine to-night, love. To-morrow we will be wedded at the holy altar, and your mother will be proud of her child; for she is rich—and will I not make her happy, also?"
At this moment a man passed me, dressed like a monk. There was nothing strange in that, for there were several in the room similarly attired; but as he passed I saw him cast a glance at Lopez that seemed as though it must have been the offspring of the devil himself, so much of malice was there in it. He withdrew a short distance, and stopped and gazed at the two lovers like one who was plotting some infernal project. I thought I knew the man, but if I had ever seen him he looked not thus.
I glanced at Lopez, and he was warmly urging the girl to leave the ball-room with him. She resisted slightly, but he pressed her with impassioned speech, and, though a tear dimmed her eye, she seemed to yield, and making her face allow Lopez to lead her away.
It is impossible to express my feelings at this moment. That Lopez was a libertine, I knew. That the poor girl, his cheated victim, was entirely at his mercy, was equally true. Though half stupefied by the liquor I had drunk, I could not but feel that I was in some measure a participant in the guilty deception, and felt constrained to tell her everything. But something held me back, and I watched their receding forms as they passed through the crowd towards the corridor that connected with the rooms of the actors, with a feeling that it would be impossible to give a name.
They had reached the corridor and I still stood looking after them, when the man I had before noticed suddenly sprang directly before them. As quick as thought I was up with them. It seemed to me that I fairly flew, for I did not breathe from the time I started till I was at the other end of the room. The two men were in high words when I arrived—the stranger masked.
"Stand aside, villain!" shouted Lopez, his face flushed, and his eyes fairly starting from their sockets. "Stand aside, monk or devil, or I will split you down like a struck bull!" and he loomed like a madman, and his teeth gnashed furiously.
The poor terrified girl, half swooning, hung distracted upon the left arm of Lopez while his right clutched a small dagger, that glittered in the light.
"Stand aside!" again screamed the priest, and with the words he aimed a blow at the mysterious stranger. The latter, by a quick movement, caught the hand of the unfortunate Lopez, and wrenched the weapon from him, uttering at the same time a hoarse low-lung that I fancied could belong to no one but Satan the older.
By this time two men had seized Lopez by both arms, and the affrighted girl turned to me for protection.
"You are his friend, senior," cried she; "and yet you see these men tear him from me—him, my affianced husband." Then, suddenly turning to the stranger, she cried out in a voice almost choked with agony:
"Who are you, devil? What want you of my husband?"
The stranger uttered another low, chilling laugh, and quickly extending his hand, plucked the hat and wig from the head of the helpless priest!
A shriek— that came from and went to the heart, and the poor Dolores lay upon the ground, as lifeless as though the death-angel had smitten her.
The morning sun rose bright and gloriously upon the last day of the carnival, just as two young men separated at the Garcia de San Cosme.
"Whither go you, Lopez?"
"I know not, nor do I care. The world is all the same to me now. At twelve to-day I shall be denounced from the tribune of the cathedral, and Dolores, O Heaven! this morning entered the fatal gates of the Convent of Mercy! Adieu!"
The following is a literal translation from *El Correo de Guadalupe*, published about three months after the occurrence above narrated.
"MEXICAN DISCOVERY.—On the 12th ultimo, a party of citizens of Durango, on their way to El Dorado, in crossing the Rio Gila, found the body of a man dressed in the robes of a monk. From appearances, it must have been several days in the water, but the features were still distinct, and the person must have been possessed of great beauty. Around his neck was a coarse cord, to which were attached a rosary and a wooden cross. On the latter was carved in rough letters the word, 'Excusator.' There was nothing upon the body by which any clue could be gained as to the name of the suicide."
Marriage in Different Nations.
In Ceylon, one of the principal ceremonies consists in tying together the clothing of the bridegroom and bride, to signify that they are bound together for life. This ceremony is performed in the presence of their friends, and with such festivities as the means of the parties will admit.
In Java there are three kinds of marriages. The first and most common is, where the parties are of equal condition, or the bridegroom is the superior of the bride; the second is, when the wife's station is much higher than that of the husband; and the third is a kind of half marriage, the offspring of which are not admitted to an equality with other children. This marriage is quite unceremonious, but the two other ones are celebrated with some display. The first wife is always the head of the family.
Cuba is now the married is to keep up a single woman of twenty-two is almost unheard

A price is always paid by the bridegroom. The groom, splendidly mounted, accompanied by his friends, with music, goes to salute his bride. She comes out and meets them with a low obeisance. They sit together on an elevated seat, and eat, out of the same dish, after which they go to the mosque, and the nuptials are celebrated according to the Mohammedan ritual. Then ensues a wedding procession through the village, a wedding feast, and at the end of five days another procession, in which the bride is conducted to the presence of her husband. In some places the spinning wheel, loom, and kitchen utensils are carried in the bridal procession. By others the bride washes the bridegroom's feet, in token of subjection.
In Siam, the Batta have as many wives as they please, generally five or six; who all live in the same apartment with their common husband, but each has a separate fire-place. Husbands purchase their wives of their father-in-law, and gamble them away, or sell them whenever they please.
Among the Kojangs, another tribe, besides the purchase of a wife, a man is sometimes adopted by the girl's father as a son-in-law and both are subject to the parent; and there is another marriage, where both men and women pay an equal price; and are on perfect equality. The ceremonies are very simple.
In Borneo, no man is allowed to solicit a dame in marriage until he has cut off the head of an enemy. When this condition is fulfilled, the lover makes presents to his mistress; if they are accepted, an entertainment is given by her parents, and on the ensuing day by his parents. After the least the bridegroom is conducted home to the house of the bride. At the door a friend sprinkles him with the blood of a cock, and her with the blood of a hen; and the parties then give each other their bloody hands, and from that time they live together. If a man loses his wife, he cannot marry a second, until he cuts off the head of another enemy.
In Celebes, the husband receives no other dowry with his wife than the presents she obtains before the ceremony. As soon as the young couple are married, they are shut up in an apartment by themselves for three days; a servant brings them the necessary food, while their friends are entertained with great merriment by the bride's father. At the end of this time they are liberated, receive the congratulations of their friends, and are conducted home.
The marriage customs of the natives of New Holland are rather more curious than agreeable. Before a girl is given to her husband, her two front teeth are knocked out. The lover then throws a kangaroo skin over her shoulder, spits in her face several times, marks her with printed stripes of different colors, and orders her to march to his hut with the provision bag; if she does not walk fast enough to please him, he administers a few kicks by the way. These savages generally steal wives from the tribe with whom they are at enmity. As soon as they perceive a girl without any protector, they rush upon her, strip her with blows of a club, and drag her through the woods with the utmost violence. Her tribe retaliates merely by committing a similar outrage. There are no other wedding ceremonies among these savages.
The Moors marry at a very early age; wives are always purchased; and the father of the girl cannot refuse an offer, unless there is some stain upon the young man's character. The bride is adorned with a small white flag, and the bridegroom's brow is encircled with a fillet of the same color. The bride is conducted to the tent of her parents, where the lover presents her with garments and jewels according to his wealth. A grand entertainment is given, and the women dance all night to the sound of musical instruments, while the spectators regulate their motions by clapping their hands. These dances are not very decorous. The marriages among the negro tribes are conducted with but very little ceremony, except an abundance of postures and dancing.
Among the Jeters, when the lover secured the consent of relations, he summoned his friends to assist him in carrying off his bride, who shuts herself up in a hut with her companions, where they maintain an obstinate siege before they conclude to surrender.
In Brambuk, the bride comes to the hut of her husband with a calabash of water, with which she washes his feet, and wipes them with her mantle.
In Congo, the negroes take their wives for a year or trial; if at the end of that time they are satisfied, the wedding is celebrated with a feast. The missionaries endeavor to abolish this custom without success; the mothers declaring they would not risk the happiness of their daughters by urging them into an indissoluble union with persons with whose tempers and habits they were unacquainted.
In Abyssinia, there is no form of marriage ceremony. Parties live together as long as they choose, and these connections are dissolved and renewed as often as the parties may think proper.
African princes have an unpleasant way of furnishing dowries for their daughters. When the Sultan of Madagascari married his daughter to an Arab Sheikh, the nuptials were celebrated by a great drive hunt among the mountains, when after a dreadful struggle, three thousand captives by their tears and bondage, furnished out the materials of a magnificent marriage festival.
In Dalmatia, all the unmarried female; through out the kingdom are considered the property of the sovereign. Once a year they are brought before him; he selects the most engaging for himself, and sells the rest at high prices to his subjects. No choice is allowed the purchaser. He pays twenty thousand dollars, and receives each a wife as the king chooses to award him; being obliged to appear satisfied with the selection, whatever may be her aspect or condition. This monarch has three wives; but the king of Abyssinia has seventy-three thousand three hundred and thirty wives, and the safety of his country is supposed to depend on his keeping up this mystical number.