

For the Deseret News.

Delicacy of Taste.

Delicacy of taste is a very desirable qualification. It shows a pure and exalted nature, and should be one of the most earnestly sought for virtues. Some might say that taste is not a virtue, but I call all principles virtues that tend to elevate and happily mankind. That man who can cause two spears of grass to spring from where one had formerly grown, is called a benefactor of his species; but, to my mind, ten times more noble is the man who can cause two virtues to increase and flourish, where only one had before been. Inasmuch as the intellect is above the physical organization of man; as much as the soul is superior to the body, so much is that man advanced in the principles of progression.

Delicacy of taste should be an object desired, and should govern us in all our relations of life; for, by its dictation we become farther advanced in purity, intellectual improvement, and more appreciative of the beauties of nature and her Creator. Intellectual advancement is always superior, and more rapid than physical, for the reason that mind is more perfect in its organization. Could man cast away the desires of the flesh he would have no impediments to overcome, and consequently no victories to achieve; but by a combination of both he is possessed of intellectual strength and physical restraints, the latter of which his pride wills, or determines to overcome. Were he without those earthly desires he would be slothful and inefficient, for it is only when encountering and conquering difficulties that the real strength and nobility of man appears.

Delicacy of taste will act as a restraint upon sin, and the inordinate desires which disturb the current of the most peaceful life are held in check, while the indignity put upon vulgar associations, will forever prohibit such intercourse. Vice is vulgar in all its aspects, though immoral training, and physical desire may drape in a sensuous charm many of its most heinous deformities. Vice is often practiced for its very similarity to virtue; the uneducated mind being unable, except by instinct, to judge their various bearings and relationship.

There is a great similarity between refinement of mind and delicacy of taste, and a casual observer might mistake and class them together; but a deep, penetrating review of their various phases, and characteristics, will destroy this similitude and show their differences. Delicacy of taste in the sense I wish to employ it, implies a removal from sight of a sinful or sensuous nature, and is ingrafted with that platonic, or disinterested principle which constitutes that higher organization called soul. Mind and soul are separate and independent, one being the machine through which the other acts, and the other being the immortal, or ever enduring portion of our nature—in fact, life itself. It is, in the mutations of life, possible for the channel of communication with the external world, to become impure, and if long continued even to deteriorate the source itself. In the sense generally employed, refinement can even exist in vice, but delicacy never. Delicacy of taste, in such an instance, would refine both the source and the channel of communication, and thus be the means of superior gratification and enjoyment.

As happiness is the only pursuit of a rational being, everything that will promote such a consummation, is to be heartily desired and eagerly sought after. Delicacy of intercourse—a proper application of the rights, privileges, and inclinations of others, and a total abstinence from ought of an offensive, disgusting, or brutalizing nature would prove the most invaluable and certain panacea for all the ills and miseries of life.

Taste enters largely into all the ramifications, and actions of life, and governs our movements in everything we undertake: certainly a proper delicacy, or knowledge of what is such, would be productive of benefit, and would do away with much strife and contention.

There is, assuredly, a difference of inclinations and natures. Judgements are various; profound, mediocre, and superficial. The governing qualifications are matured differently, and are of different powers; yet, in spite of all this dissimilarity—or all this vanity, egotism, and pretentious accomplishments, these are principles upon which all can concentrate their thoughts and agree.

Anything that would injure, or lacerate the feelings of the most pure, when governed by real modesty, is contrary to the delicacy, and refined organization of true taste. Many delight in shocking the sensibilities of others, thinking it originates in independence of character, when it in fact, springs from ill-nature and unkindness of heart.

Prudery, vanity, and pride are the terms applied to the feelings which often cause us to turn away from an associate, when it really is uncongeniality of disposition, and a dislike to listen to the endless mutterings of nothingness. Every person is not qualified to give instruction, nor is every one qualified to receive it. Indeed, there is such a vast dissimilarity in humankind that the harmony otherwise observable, is the more remarkable. Nor can we say that sameness is desirable, for then, in what consists our contrast, beauty and sublimity.

Delicacy of organization, in the first instance, may account for much refinement, and diversity of taste; but education, which commences at the birth of the child, certainly has a great, and powerful bearing upon its after career of usefulness. It is even now a

disputed point whether nature, or education, is the more responsible for man's acts, and all will agree where both causes unite, and aid development, that there is the greatest perfection attained.

We all have qualifications of some kind, and when we do not aid their proper development they are likely to be useless, if not injurious. To be formed for a genius is very desirable, but where it exists with a proportionate degree of presumption, there all self-improvement is retarded, and a person with talents of mediocrity, oftentimes becomes the most useful and energetic of the two.

Delicacy of taste requires you to look into your soul's depths, and to view mirrored there the impression of its own purity. It is an harmonious commingling of the graces, a proper appreciation of the sublime, and an awe for the terrific in nature. It may see beauties in the most ugly of created matter, and it judges not so much the form as the fitness of things.

Delicacy of taste is opposed to both infidelity and to libertinism; for we cannot look upon the universe and think not of its Creator, nor can we view the graces of woman, and count her but the means of passionate and sensual indulgence. Even the most depraved have some lingering of this delicacy left, and although the blush of shame may be hid, yet they seek the night, rather than the day, for the perpetration of sin.

ORION.

Blue Laws of Connecticut.

The following are some of the famous Blue Laws of Connecticut:

Whoever publishes a lie to the prejudice of his neighbor, shall sit in the stocks and be whipped fifteen stripes.

To pick an ear of corn in a neighbor's garden shall be deemed theft.

Man-stealers shall suffer death.

Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold or bone lace above two shillings by the yard, shall be presented to the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the offenders at £300 estate.

A debtor in prison, swearing he has no estate, shall be let out and sold to make satisfaction.

A drunkard shall have a master appointed by the selectmen, who are to debar him of the liberty of buying or selling.

Whoever sets a fire in the woods and burns a house, shall suffer death, and persons suspected of this crime shall be imprisoned without benefit of bail.

Whoever brings dice or cards into the dominion shall pay a fine of £5.

No food or lodging shall be afforded to a Quaker, Adamite or Heretic.

No priest shall abide in the dominion; he shall be banished, and suffer death on his return. Priests may be seized by any one without a warrant.

The selectmen, on finding children ignorant, may take them away from their parents, and put them in better hands, at the expense of their parents.

No man to cross a river but with an authorized ferryman.

No man shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath day.

No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day.

When parents refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrates shall determine the point.

No minister shall keep a school.

A man that strikes his wife shall be punished as the court directs.

A wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband.

Married persons must live together, or be imprisoned.

Every male shall have his hair cut according to cap.

No one shall read Common Prayer, keep Christmas or Saint days, make pies, play cards, or play upon any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet and jewsharp.

No gospel minister shall join people in marriage: the magistrates only shall join in marriage, as they only may do it with much less scandal to Christ's church.

SILENCE AT HOME.—Let parents talk much and well at home. A father who is habitually silent in his own house, may in many respects be a wise man, but he is not wise in his silence. We sometimes see parents, who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent and uninteresting at home among the children. If they have not mental stores sufficient for both, let them first provide for their own household. It is better to instruct children and make them happy at home, than it is to charm strangers or amuse friends. A silent house is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. They will talk or think of being shut up there, and the youth who does not love home is in danger. Make home, then, a cheerful and pleasant spot. Light it up with cheerful, instructive conversation. Father, mother, talk your best at home.

—Sir Archibald Alison, the historian, has written a letter approving the views of Professor Smith, of Oxford University, to the effect that it would be for the interest of both England and Canada, that the latter should be formed into an independent kingdom.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

During the French Revolution of 1793 there lived in the city of Caen, France, a young lady, Charlotte Corday d'Armont, a granddaughter of the celebrated Cornelle. Though born of gentle blood, she had been nurtured in the school of adversity, her father being too aristocratic to work, and too poor to live without work. In early life she was placed in a monastery in Caen, where her whole future destiny was influenced by the peculiar discipline to which she was exposed; and the ideas of duty which were inculcated. In the dreams of the cloister her ardent soul became fired with the ambition of exalted deeds, which should render her a benefactress to her race.

After thus living for six years, the Jacobin government suppressed the convent, and she took up her residence with an elderly relative in Caen, where she remained until she was nearly twenty-five years of age. Living amidst the terrible scenes of the revolution, where the guillotine was in constant exercise, and the mob daily demanding the blood of new victims, her thoughts naturally turned to the possibility of stopping these horrors. She mingled as much as possible with the Girondists, to ascertain who were the principal agents in these woes which were desolating her native land.

Though Danton and Robespierre were then in their ascendancy, the sanguinary delirium of Murat rendered him more conspicuous to the mass of the people, who saw "tyranny and freedom in one man's hands only." To Murat, then, the eyes of Charlotte Corday were directed, as the one who was deluging the republic in blood. She thought that his death would arrest this flood and save the lives of thousands. It had been announced that he had proscribed twenty-five hundred victims in Lyons, three thousand in Marseilles, twenty-eight thousand in Paris, and three hundred thousand in Brittany. Conspiracies were being organized all over the republic for the overthrow of this blood-thirsty tyrant. The lover of Charlotte Corday, whom she idolized with all the purity and fervor of her impassioned nature, was engaged in one of these conspiracies, which, if successful, would cost the lives of thousands, and if unsuccessful, would only consolidate the power of the tyrant. Charlotte resolved to free France of the monster at the certain sacrifice of her own life.

All the energies of her being were now a-rouned for the accomplishment of this object. It was no easy matter for an obscure young lady to get access to the tyrant as to be able to assassinate him. She, however, formed her plans so cautiously as to guard against every conceivable cause of failure. Not an individual was admitted to her confidence. Religious enthusiasm contributed its strength to her enterprise, for she doubted not that she was engaged in a holy undertaking. Her well read Bible contained a pencil mark around the passage:

"Judith went forth from the city, adorned with marvelous beauty, which the Lord had bestowed on her to deliver Israel."

Having made all her arrangements, she informed her friends that she was going to England to seek that asylum which France no longer afforded. A few trifling mementoes were conferred upon her intimate acquaintances, and on the 9th of July, 1793, she took the diligence for Paris. Her whole worldly possessions consisted of a small parcel of clothes and a volume of Plutarch's Lives.

Charlotte was tall and dignified, with profuse black hair and long eyelashes, which, seeming even darker than her auburn ringlets, gave great depth to her piercing eyes. Her cheeks were well filled, and had the freshness and the health of youth, and were often crimsoned with the blush of excitement and modesty. Her dazzling beauty, winning manners and vivacity in conversation, quite won the hearts of her fellow travelers, who strove unsuccessfully to draw from her the object of her journey, and her address. One young gentleman became so enamored that he begged permission to solicit of her relatives her hand in marriage. She pleasantly repelled the honor, but promised that he should know more of her ere long.

After a two day's ride, she arrived at Paris, and went to a hotel, where she allowed herself a day's rest, that her faculties might be in the best condition. She had no desire to figure as a heroine. It was not for fame that she desired to sacrifice her life. In the cloister she had learned the lesson of self-abnegation and rather desired oblivion than notoriety, as more pleasing to God. She also wished the act of assassination to be a sacred solemn scene, which should strike terror into the hearts of all tyrants. She wished it to be public, that many might witness the just retribution of fiendish cruelty.

Her first plan was to kill Murat in the Champ de Mars, at a great celebration, which was to occur on the 14th of July. The adjournment of the ceremony necessitated a change of theatre; and she decided to strike him in the midst of the convention, surrounded by his satellites. She had no doubt that the result to herself would be that her body would be torn limb from limb. This plan was frustrated, as Murat, for some reason, no longer attended the convention.

Her only chance of meeting him was at his own house; and it was by no means easy to obtain access to him there. Fearing, as all tyrants do, the dagger of assassination, he was carefully guarded. Dissimulation was necessary to accomplish her purpose, and she receded from this more than she hesitated to

strike the blow. Her frank, honest nature was pained by the necessity of resorting to artifice, but in no other manner could her end be gained. She therefore wrote two letters to Murat, requesting an audience, so worded as to induce him to believe her one of his admirers, yet capable of a different interpretation.

About half-past seven in the evening of the 15th of July, she attired herself in the most attractive manner, and proceeded to the house of Murat. It was an antique, somewhat dilapidated mansion, where the blood-stained tyrant, crowned by the mob, affected the display of the utmost democratic simplicity. He was in his bath, penning inflammatory appeals and inveighing against his enemies. It was not unusual in that day occasionally to receive visitors in the bath, and Charlotte, after encountering considerable opposition, was conducted to his room.

Murat was wrapped in a soiled bathing robe, his matted hair bound in a dirty handkerchief. His receding forehead protruding eyes, prominent cheek-bones, and sneering mouth, presented but little to cause woman's tenderness to withhold the meditated blow. He excited such a loathing in Charlotte that she feared to cast a second glance, lest he should notice her horror and suspect her errand.

With downcast eyes she awaited his question. He inquired as to the state of Normandy, and asked the names of the deputies in Caen. She gave him some. He wrote them down, exclaiming, in a voice of exultation:

"Well, before they are a week older they shall have the guillotine."

At this Charlotte, with all the strength which excitement and the intensest enthusiasm could inspire, plunged adagger to the hilt into his heart. With one piercing shriek for help, the miserable man fell dead. Charlotte was immediately arrested, tried and condemned to the guillotine. A few days after, all Paris was drawn to her execution, attracted alike by the magnitude of the crime, and her youth and wonderful beauty. She ascended the scaffold with a cheerful and elastic step, and was bound to the block. She was dressed in the red robe of a murderer. A cold rain which was then falling drenched her to the skin. A vast crowd surrounded the guillotine, assailing her with oaths and execrations. She looked around upon them with a smile as if it were an hour of triumph, and they were friends chanting her praises. The plank slowly descended to its place. The ax glided swiftly through the groove, and her head dropped into the basket. The executioner seized it by the hair, and holding it up, smote it violently upon the cheek. The observers report that those cheeks were instantly suffused with a crimson blush, as though dignity and modesty had lasted longer even than life.—*Amor.*

Singular Detection of a Thief.

A musician employed at one of the London theaters possessed an ebony flute with silver keys. He seldom used it however, in consequence of one of the upper notes being defective. The musician had for a lodger a young man, a theatrical tailor, and between the two there existed a considerable friendship. Well, one night, while the musician was away at his business, some one stole the flute with the silver keys, and suspicions fell on an old charwoman who used to come to do the housework. However, nothing tended to show that the old lady really was guilty. In a few months the tailor left the house of the musician, and went to live in a town a few miles off; but as the friendship between the two men still existed, they occasionally visited each other. Nearly a year afterwards the musician paid the tailor a visit, and was pleased to find him in possession of a beautiful bullfinch, who could distinctly whistle three tunes. The performance was perfect, with this exception—whenever he came to a certain high note he invariably skipped it, and went on to the next. A very little reflection convinced the musician that the note in which the bullfinch was imperfect was the very one that was deficient on his flute. So convinced was he that he at once questioned his ex-lodger on the subject, who at once tremblingly confessed his guilt, and that all the bird knew had been taught him on the stolen flute.—[Beeton's Home Pets.

A REMARKABLE FEAT.—At an immense cavalry review, near Vienna, not long since, a little child in the front row of the spectators, becoming frightened, rushed forward just as a squadron of Hussars were charging at full tilt—swooping down with maddening velocity. Terror paralyzed the spectators. The lovely Empress almost fainted with horror, for the child's destruction seemed inevitable. The little one was almost under the horses' feet—another instant would have sealed its doom—when a Hussar, without lessening or loosening his hold, threw himself along his horse's neck, and seizing the child, placed it in safety in front of his saddle, without as much as changing his pace or breaking the alignment in the least. A hundred thousand voices hailed with pride and joy the deed, and the Emperor, taking the enameled cross of merit, attached it to the soldier's breast.

SIMPLICITY OF GREAT MEN.—A great man commonly disappoints those who visit him. They are on the look out for his thunder and lightning, and he speaks about common things much like other people; nay, sometimes he may even be seen laughing.