

KU KLUX POETRY.

The following is good poetry, but sounds rather grave-yardish.

DEATH'S BRIGADE.

The wolf is in the desert, And the panther in the brake; The fox is on his rambles, And the owl is wide awake; For now it is noon of darkness, And the world is all asleep, And some shall wake to glory, And some shall wake to weep.

Ku-Klux.

A river black is running To a blacker sea afar, And by its bank is waving A flag without a star; There move the ghostly columns Of the swift Brigade of Death, And every villain sleeping To gasping now for breath.

Ku-Klux.

Thrice has the lone owl hooted, And thrice the panther orled, And swifter through the darkness The pale Brigade shall ride; No trumpet sounds its coming, And no drum-beat stirs the air, But noiseless in their vengeance, They wreak it everywhere.

Ku-Klux.

Fly, fly ye dastard bandit, Who are bleeding all the land, The dread brigade is coming, With viewless sword and brand; Nor think that from its vengeance You in deepest dens may hide, For through the darkest caverns The death brigade will ride.

Ku-Klux.

The muty gray is hanging On the tresses of the East, And morn shall tell the story Of the revol and the least. The ghostly troop shall vanish Like the light in constant cloud, But where they rove shall gather The coffin and the shroud.

Ku-Klux.

[For the WATCHMAN The Chronicles of Tattletown.

BY VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER XII.

The excitement at Compton Hall, occasioned by the arrival and departure of Colonel Bell and his fellow-officers had subsided, and each member of the household had resumed their customary round of duties, when the buggy which had been sent to town for Miss Nancy Peak arrived, and that self-important personage was immediately shown to the sitting room, where Mrs. Compton was superintending the two seamstresses, to whom the advent of Miss Nancy as a gossip, was a welcome relief after Mrs. Compton's dignified uncommunicative presence.

Miss Nancy was at home in a few moments, and revealed in the display of dry goods piled promiscuously around, in addition to Augusta's bridal outfit, the spring sewing for the plantation hands had accumulated, which fact may account for Miss Nancy being engaged as assistant.

Mrs. Compton, after a few directions to her workwomen, left the room, and proceeded to the discharge of other household duties. She looked in the library where Augusta sat, but she did not tarry here, as she was searching for Daisy, whose study hour had arrived without that young lady making her appearance in the library, where Augusta sat awaiting her. For the last year, Mrs. Compton, assisted by her eldest daughter, had superintended Daisy's studies, while Claudia gave her music lessons.

Daisy had been tempted by the beautiful spring morning, to forget her studies, and had gone off in search of wild flowers, keeping in sight of the house, and accompanied by two of her pets, one a sleek grey hound, the other an immense newfoundland. The grey hound frolicked about her, or darting off in the low undergrowth of the woods, returned to place at her feet some trophy, such as an unfortunate field mouse, or hapless young partridge. The newfoundland looked gravely on these gambols of his companion, but took no share in them, and walked soberly beside his mistress, whose soft white hand would nestle in his shaggy coat, like a pearl in a rough setting of jet. She had gone some distance from the house, and had reached the limits of the enclosure, beyond which was the grove, so closely associated with the happiest evening of her life. Here she had wandered on her first evening at Compton Hall with Eugene, and every tree, every flower seemed to speak of those happy days. She took her hat off, and seating herself on the stile that crossed the fence, arranged in a bouquet the wild flowers she had gathered in her walk. From a chaos of perfume, and beauty, the skillful fingers had created a marvel of floral grace. The delicate and graceful lily of the valley, the modest blue-eyed violet, the fragrant honey-suckle and sweet wild rose, lay side by side with the bright buttercup and dandelion, and the graceful and festy ash, the rich, dark purple of the juniper, each held its appropriate place in her admiring eyes, and combined to make a marvel of loveliness.

Daisy looked lovingly and admiringly at her treasures, and coveting her broad brimmed garden hat into an impromptu basket, placed her flowers in it, and looping the blue strings together as a handle, swung it on her arm and prepared to return home. She called to her dogs, but elicited no response. Then puckering her sweet mouth she gave the most comical little

whistle in the world; the mocking bird in the grove near her recognized it, as one of its own notes, and taking up the strain, responded, yet not more sweetly. Daisy was becoming impatient, and mouthing the rifle, she called again, and was answered from a distance by a low, quick bark of delight, and she was wondering who it could be that the dogs had recognized, when Bugby, the large newfoundland, sprang from the grove and whined about her for a moment, then was off again. Daisy waited for a few moments, when the newfoundland returned, but not with his companion, the hound. She stooped and patted the shaggy head.

"What is it Bugby? What is it old fellow? Come, we must go home. It is late, and Missy will be late for lessons! Come!" and again the rosy lips puckered into a soft, musical whistle, and she started off for the house, when the sound of footsteps near her caused her to look around. She almost screamed as she recognized Alfred, around whom the dogs frisked joyously. "My brother, Alfred!" was her first question. "Surely he's with you?"

"No, Miss, I'm sorry to say he is not." Daisy stood trembling before him, not daring to ask the question that quivered on her lips. Alfred noticed her looks, and how pale she was. "I feared I've skinned you Missy."

"No, no, for pity's sake tell me—he is—he is not—oh! he is not dead—anything but that!" "De Lord bless you heart, Missy! He's as well as I is dis minute, and spruce to see you 'n' party soon I reckon!"

"You're a letter there," said Daisy, perceiving the note which Alfred had carried between his finger and thumb, as between a vice the entire distance from the camp. "It is from brother Charlie, to tell us when we may look for him. Give it to me."

"No, Missis, it's from Colonel Bell to your Mamma, Miss. It's the pass he gin me to come through de lines wif."

Daisy looked disappointed, and Alfred recalled by the mention of the note, to his duties, hurried on, after telling her it was important that his mistress should have it as soon as possible.

She walked leisurely on towards the house, wondering what matter of importance the note from Colonel Bell could contain for her mother. She had forgotten that Alfred had said it was a pass to take him through the lines, or perhaps, she would have wondered less, at what he considered such a matter of importance.

When she reached home, she went immediately to her own room, there to deposit her spoils, and brushing out the curls that the wind had tossed about, she coquettishly placed a few flowers among them.

"They shall be field daisies," she said softly. "For Eugene's sake. They were his favorites and, of course, mine. Ah! me, but what's the need of it, he is not here to see it?" and she finished off with a little sigh, and fastened another flower in her brooch. But the sigh and the flowers were alike forgotten by the time she reached the library, and opening the door she found, not the patient Augusta alone, but also Mrs. Compton and Claudia. Mrs. Compton held a letter in her hand, and as Daisy glanced at it, then at the face of those around, her heart sank within her, and she could barely reach, without falling, the seat on the sofa beside her mother.

"Your letter, mamma! I met Alfred, but he said it was a note from Colonel Bell. Did he deceive me? Is it from brother Charlie, and does it contain ill tidings?" and she looked imploringly into her mother's face for a denial of her questions.

"No, darling, it is truly from Colonel Bell, and he gives us news of Eugene."

"Mamma! mamma! pity me! do not keep me in suspense! He's a prisoner—I know it, without any words from you—how else should Colonel Bell know of him?"

"But, my child, suppose Colonel Bell should be kind enough to parole him, and there should be a prospect of seeing him very soon?"

"Yes, mamma, I shall try and be very patient," but the sad, weary look distressed Mrs. Compton. She had never seen Daisy so much grieved, and she feared the consequences, should Colonel Bell's fears be realized.

"I have other news to tell, my child, Charlie is in the neighborhood but is afraid to venture here; the Hall being so near headquarters. Eugene more rashly ventured, and was captured. If you should wish to see him you can accompany Augusta and Claudia to the old Church, where he is concealed. I need not say the fact of his being in the neighborhood renders secrecy necessary, or he may share Eugene's fate, and not being sick, may not be so kindly treated."

Daisy remained in the library after her mother and the girls had left it, and shortly after she thought she heard some one in a closet, used as a cloak room, situated between the library and dining room, and opening into the hall. She paid but little heed to it, although it served to arouse her from a painful reverie, and she gathered her books from the table, and prepared to leave the room. As she opened the door she met Miss Nancy at the foot of the stairs.

"Oh, is that you?" asked Miss Peek in a surprised flutter. "Why what's the matter—you look as though you had heard bad news?"

"I think, Miss Nancy, the fact of the Federals being so near us, and destroying what little we have left is very bad news."

"Laws! That ain't enough to make your face as long as my arm! You 'n' been crying because the Yankee has been killin' sheep and hogs, I know! I kinder reckons your Ma's been scolding you for going off when you should have been at your books! She was as mad as fire, when she found you had gone off trespassing!"

Daisy drew herself up haughtily. To a curious observer, this assumption of dignity, would have been quite amusing, for Daisy had never laid any claims to this virtue. To Miss Nancy it appeared quite formidable, and sufficed to place her in her proper place as an inferior, and she found her opinion of Daisy's character considerably increased as the little woman replied:

"You certainly forget yourself, Miss Nancy! My mother never scolded—it is vulgar, and what may the cause of my tears may not concern you! You will please return to the sewing room!"

"Praps I knows morn' she thinks for!" muttered Miss Nancy as she obeyed reluctantly Daisy's command, and ascended the stairs to the sewing room. What she was doing in the cloak room remains to be seen; for it was she Daisy heard in there.

When, after luncheon, the carriage drew up before the door to take Mrs. Compton to Colonel Bell's headquarters, Daisy did not ask to accompany her. The innate delicacy of her sensitive nature shrank from meeting him she loved before strangers, and she dare not trust herself. She would fain content herself with a long, long letter to him, which she entrusted to her mother. Mrs. Compton sighed as she took the tear-stained letter, and thought, with a sigh, that perhaps the eyes, for whose perusal it was alone destined, might, ere long be closed upon the joys and sorrows of earth, and that the heart throbs of her darling, which her son had so faithfully pictured, might meet no more an answering throb; but she said nothing, and straining the tearful Daisy to her breast, she left her to weep and hope for his coming.

When her mother had gone, Augusta proceeded to make some provision for her brother's comfort, knowing the task of this, in his uncomfortable quarters in the old church. Claudia went to her own room. She had promised to accompany Augusta that night to the church, but how willingly would she have relinquished the visit! Two years had passed,

and she had flattered herself that she had taught her heart forgetfulness, but now she knew it to throbb with a deeper intensity of feeling at the possibility of meeting him, than she had ever felt. Was there no help for her? Must the battle between love and pride again be fought, to leave her heart sore, and stricken nigh unto death?

Then she thought of Colonel Bell. Why would she not believe, and trust that the love he professed her would fill the void in her heart?

But should she trust her tiny barque of happiness on the vast ocean of uncertainty, anchorless, and tempest tossed as it was?

These were vain longings; not for what she knew could never be, but what might be—one faint silvery gleam to dispel the cloud of her life, to reveal the safe and true path. She shrank from the probing of the wounded heart, that cried, "My Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Joah Billingsham.

It strains a man's philosophy 'till he wust kink to luff when he gits beat.

Awl ov us koplain of the shortness ov life, yet we awl waste more time than we use.

Don't mistake arrigance for wisdom, many peple that tha was wise when tha yux on a widdy.

The man who kant git ahead without pullin others bak, is a limited cuss.

The principle differance between a luxury and a necessary, is the price.

Whenever the soul is in grief, it is taking root, and when it is in smiles, it is taking wing.

"Give the devil his due," but be careful there ain't much due him.

After a man has rode fast onst he never wants to go slow again.

Faith that is founded on an earnest and a truthful conviction, is beautiful to behold; but, faith that is founded simple on courage, ain't ennything more than good grit.

Evry sorrow has its twin joy, the fun ov scratching almost pays for having the each.

Those families who are really fast class never are afraid that the shall git cheated out of their respectability, while cod-fish families ar always servent led th'rmite.

It wouldn't stir up a man when he is thinking, enny more that it will a pan ov milk when the orem is raising.

It is easy enuff to raise the devil, but he's a hard proy to reap.

The odds shure respicee tew govern mankind with is the rod; you may festoon it with flowers and ease it with velvet, if you please, but it is the rod after awl that dux the business.

We are told that a contented man is happy, and we might have been told at the same time that a mud turtle could fly if it only had wings.

Loose Management of the National Banks.

Under the above caption the New York Herald has the following well timed pertinent article relative to these institutions, breaking a note of warning to the people that, should not be suffered to pass unheeded. The Herald says: The National banks are beginning to show their contempt of law and to display a high-handed, independent conduct. It appears that the Comptroller of the Currency has been compelled to call upon the bank officers to perform their duty according to the twenty-fifth section of the National Bank act, which requires an examination of their securities in the hands of the United States Treasurer. Hundreds of the banks have neglected this duty, and it appears they had some cause for the neglect in the insufficiency of their securities.—They begin to fear close scrutiny on supervision. These are some of the first symptoms of rottenness which indicate a general smash whenever they may be called upon for specie payments. Like all great monopolies with vast privileges and profits, these banks become, extravagant, speculative and reckless.—They will soon demand an expansion of their currency, and, considering their immense power, will no doubt obtain it. This may float them along on the high tide of inflation for a time, the bubble will burst in a few years at farthest.—The sooner Congress repeals the law creating the famous monopolies the better for the country.—Knock the props of Treasury support from under them, which they have no right to receive, and they will fall back by their own rottenness.

COME HOME.

O brothers and sisters, growing old, Do you remember yet That home in the shade of the rustling trees, "Where once our household met?"

Do you know how we used to come from school Through the summer's pleasant heat; With the yellow fennel's golden dust On our tired little feet?

And now sometimes in an idle mood We loitered by the way, And stepped in the woods to gather dowers, And in the field to play.

'Till warned by the deep'ning shadow's fall, That told of the coming night, We climbed to the top of the last long hill, And saw our home in sight!

And, brothers and sisters, older now Than they whose life is o'er, Do you think of the mother's loving face, That looked from the open door?

Alas for the changing things of time; That home in the dust is low; And that loving smile is hid from us; In the darkness, long ago!

And we have come to life's last hill, From which our weary eyes Can almost look on that home that shines Eternal in the skies.

So, brothers and sisters, as we go, Still let us move as one, Always together keeping step, 'Till the march of life is done.

For that mother, who waited for us here, Wearing a smile so sweet, Now waits on the hills of paradise, For her children's coming feet!

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

—Another Radical vote busted.—One of Brownlow's niggers, while robbing a hen roost, was shot dead.

—Two of Brownlow's police recently outraged a negro woman at Memphis, Tenn! Who can beat that?

—Yates says he will resign if Grant and Chandler, and Wade and those other drunken fellows lead off.

—A funny thing occurred in New York. A man was married and in a few hours was confined—in the State prison.

—Friends are a good deal of a nuisance in prosperity you don't want them; in adversity you don't have them.

—When Wade becomes President he won't need the Chief Justice to administer the oath—He can swear himself in.

—Forney proposes to declare war if the President is acquitted. If he has to fight there won't be much of a row.

—The difference between a plowholder and a bondholder is, one sows the other reaps: one pays taxes, the other takes taxes.

—The Connecticut Congos are of the opinion that Grant ought not to run for the Presidency. They say he don't run worth "shook."

—Grants picture adorned the Radical ticket in Connecticut, and many of the Jacobins before voting disfigured it in a ludicrous manner.

—The Jacobins will have to get another candidate than Grant. The metropolis of his own State repudiates him by a Democratic gain of 5,000!

—An exchange proposes the name of John Morrissey for President, "not because he is the most fit, but because he has 'st' the most."

—Grant's name in the elections don't seem to be any more of a success than his "biography" by his father, and it should be withdrawn as that was!

—A young lay, in Hartford, recently poisoned her face badly by the use of some red paint, to color her cheeks, "just for fun."

—"Briek" Pomeroy announces that a branch office of the La Crosse Democrat will be opened in New York city in a few weeks.

—Mrs. Langdon, sister of Wm. R. Asst. is reported, has commenced a suit against her brother for the recovery of property valued at several millions.

—An election for municipal officers in Nebraska City, on the fourth inst., resulted in a clean sweep for the Democratic party. The average majority is about 150.

—A horse recently jumped over the chain of one of the Boston ferry boats. The wagon to which he was attached caught in the chain, and he hung over the head of the boat, his head in the water, until he was drowned.

—A man in Detroit last week returned home from the workhouse where he had been serving a term of ninety days. His wife refused to let him in, and he had to seek upon an officer to restate him.

—Divorces are being granted by the quantity in Massachusetts again. Twenty three dissolutions of the marriage tie in Worcester last week, and seven more which may be reconsidered if the divorced parties like. Puritanism and purity do not always seem to be compatible.

—An editor out West, who had served four days as a jurymen, says: "I am so full of law; that it is with great difficulty I refrain from cheating somebody."

A Dreadful Affair in Pitt County N. C.

On the morning of Sunday last one of the most awful and heart rendering scenes transpired in our neighboring county, that we have ever seen recorded, and which has thrown the entire county into a state of the wildest excitement and alarm.

The facts so far as we have been able to ascertain from all sources, are as follows:

More than two years since a Yankee Lieutenant was killed in Pitt, while forcibly attempting to enter the house of Redick Carney of that county, and since that time many attempts have been made to capture Carney, who was directly charged with the killing, but without success, and for many months the parties said to be implicated, have been at large and unmolested.

Just before the recent election a company of negro soldiers, under the command of Major N. Lyman, of the U. S. Army, had been sent from Goldsboro, a portion of whom remained at Greenville and the others were sent to Washington.

Just before day on the morning alluded to above Major L. with fourteen negro soldiers accompanied by Sheriff Foley and some negro pilots, surrounded the house of Redick Carney and demanded a surrender.

At the time only six grown persons were in the house, consisting of the old man Redick and his wife, his son George (two daughters and a young man named Whitehurst, his son-in-law.

On being refused admittance and entrance was forcibly effected and the party rushed in the house, headed by Major L. who attempting to go up stairs was fired upon from above and seriously wounded in the arm.

They immediately fell back to the porch, when Whitehurst accompanied by the women come down and surrendered himself. Soon after another attempt was made to go up, and in so doing a negro soldier fell dead from the deadly aim of those above. Another retreat followed, the party rushing to one end of the porch, Whitehurst supposing it safest to remain as near as possible to his captors, followed them and was fired upon by several, being wounded in four places, most dangerously.

The house was then set on fire and was soon blazing furiously; when George made an attempt to escape from the burning structure. He was confronted by a sergeant whom he shot dead at the same instant fell a corpse himself pierced by many bullets. He fell back into the flames but was dragged out by the soldiers, much burned and mutilated.

The old man with a heroism worthy of a better end obstinately refused to surrender, preferring to die an awful death under the shadow of his own roof.

Fighting and defiant to the last, he met his fate, with the bravery of despair and was entirely consumed in the flames of his own dwelling. A few charred bones were all that ever found of the heroic old man. He died as he had lived, an utter stranger to fear and cowardice.

The house and all its contents were entirely consumed, the women saving only the clothes they had on when they escaped. Before it was destroyed it was completely pillaged by the negroes and everything of value they could reach carried off. The treatment of these unprotected and bereaved women by those soldiers of the United States is said to have been brutal in the extreme, one of them throwing an axe at Mrs. Carney, as she endeavored to escape from the scene of the bloody and heartrending tragedy.

Foley, the sheriff, was not be out done in brutality and is said to have most grossly insulted Mrs. Whitehurst, act throughout the whole dreadful affair with the most heartless inhumanity.

The soldiers returned on the "Cotton Plant" to Tarboro on Monday evening and immediately took the train for Goldsboro accompanied by the bodies of the two who had been killed—Tarboro's Southerner.

As a physician and his friend were walking down one of the principal streets the other day, the doctor, said to his companion: "Let us avoid that pretty little woman you see there on the left! She knows me, and casts on me looks of indignation. I attended her husband!"

"Ah I understand; you had the misfortune to dispatch him. "On the contrary" replied the doctor, "I saved him!"

Be always frank and true, spurn every sort of affection and disguise. Have the courage to confess your ignorance and awkwardness. Count's you faults and follies but to few.

The only victories achieved by the Radicals, during the past year, are those won for them by the Southern negroes pushed to the ballot-box at the point of the bayonet. What's only white men vote, the Reds, are awfully in the vogue. — Exchange.

Husband, I wish you would buy me some pretty feathers. "Indeed my dear little wife, you look better without them." "Oh, no," she said coaxingly, "you always call me your little bird, and pray how does a bird look without feathers?"