The American Volunteer.

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Dec. 1, 1865

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Dec. 1, 1865.

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May 28, 1868.

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Office in 2d Story of Inhoff's Building, No. 3 South Hanover Street, Carlisle, Cumberland county, Penna.
Pensions, Bounties, Back Pay, &c., promptly collected.
Applications by mail, will receive immediate attention.
Particular attention given to the selling or renting of Real Estate, in town or country. In all letters of inquiry, please enclose postage stamp.
July 11, 1867—tf

Hats and Caps

FRESH SUMMER ARRIVAL
OF ALL THE
NEW STYLES
OF
HATS AND CAPS.

The subscriber has just opened at *No. 15 North Hanover Street,* a few doors North of the Carlisle Deposit Bank, one of the largest and best Stocks of HATS and CAPS ever offered in Carlisle.
Silk Hats, Cassimere of all styles and qualities, Stiff Brims, different colors, and every description of Soft Hats now made.
The Dunkard and Old Fashioned Brush, constantly on hand and made to order, all warranted to give satisfaction.
A full assortment of
MEN'S,
BOY'S, AND
CHILDREN'S,
HATS.
I have also added to my Stock, notions of different kinds, consisting of
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S STOCKINGS,
Neck Ties, Suspenders, Collars, Gloves, Pencils, Thread, Sewing Silk, Umbrellas, &c
PRIME SEGARS AND TOBACCO
ALWAYS ON HAND.
Give me a call, and examine my stock as I feel confident of pleasing all, besides saving you money.
JOHN A. KELLER, *Agent,*
No. 15 North Hanover Street.
May, 1869.

HATS AND CAPS!
DO YOU WANT A NICE HAT OR CAP?
IF SO, DON'T FAIL TO CALL ON
J. G. CALLIO,
NO. 29, WEST MAIN STREET,
Where can be seen the finest assortment of
HATS AND CAPS
ever brought to Carlisle. He takes great pleasure in inviting his old friends and customers, and all new ones, to his splendid stock just received from New York and Philadelphia, consisting in part of fine
SILK AND CASSIMERE HATS,
besides an endless variety of Hats and Caps of the latest style, all of which he will sell at the *Lowest Cash Prices.* Also, his own manufacture of Hats always on hand, and
HATS MANUFACTURED TO ORDER.
He has the best arrangement for coloring Hats and all kinds of Woolen Goods, Overcoats, &c., at the shortest notice (as he colors every week) and on the [illegible] terms. Also, a fine lot of choice brands of
TOBACCO AND CIGARS
always on hand. He desires to call the attention of persons who have
COUNTRY FURS
to sell, as he pays the highest cash prices for the same.
Give him a call, at the above number, his old stand, as he feels confident of giving entire satisfaction.
May, 1869.

Boots and Shoes.

DAVID STROHM,
W. D. SPONSLER,
JOHN W. STROHM,
NEW AND POPULA[R]
BOOT, SHOE, TRUNK AND HAT STORE.
NO. 13, SOUTH HANOVER STREET,
CARLISLE, PENN'A.
A few doors South of Inhoff's building.
We have just opened the largest and best stock of
BOOTS AND SHOES
ever offered in Carlisle, and continue almost daily to receive such goods in our line as everybody wants. Our stock consists in all kinds and varieties of
Womens', Misses and Childrens' strong Leather Shoes; Womens' Misses and Childrens' Lasting Gaiters; Womens' Glove Kid, Turkey and French Morocco; Mens' and Boys' Calf, Buff and Kid Boots; Mens' and Boys' Calf and Buff Congress Gaiters; Mens' and Boys' Lasting Gaiters and Brogans; Mens' and Boys' Calf and Buff Oxford Ties; Gum Sandals, Buskins and Overshoes; Men and Womens' Goat, Welt and Carpet Slippers; Mens', Boys' and Childrens' Fur and Saxony Hats.
TRUNKS of all sizes and prices; Traveling Bags, Satchels and Valises, together with a fine lot of goods, which we will sell to suit the times.
QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS," is our motto. Therefore, in issuing our card, it is intended as a personal invitation to all in need to call and look through our stock without feeling under obligations to buy unless suited in quality and price. We shall always try to deal with every one in a straight forward manner, and give every customer a full equivalant for his money. We hope all will avail themselves of their first opportunity to call and see us.
April 8, 1869—1y
STROHM & SPONSLER.

THE CARLISLE SHOE COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
BOOTS AND SHOES,
NO. 5, EAST MAIN STREET,
CARLISLE, PENN'A.
Having commenced the manufacture of Boots and Shoes, the attention of the trade is invited to the large assortment of
LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDRENS' SHOES,
now in store and especially adapted to the wants of the Retail Trade. We shall at all times have on hand a complete assortment of all the
POPULAR STYLES,
made by workmen of the greatest experience and skill. Members of the trade who may favor us with their custom are assured that no effort on our part will be spared to furnish good goods at
THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.
Orders by mail shall receive the same attention that buyers would in person, and distant parties can rely on getting their goods on equally as good terms by sending their orders, as by personally visiting us.
SHOE UPPRS FOR SALE.
April 22, 1869—3m.
JOHN IRVIN, *Treasurer.*

Miscellaneous.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.

We clip the following from the Providence *Advertiser*: "At this season of the year, when cholera, cholera morbus, dysentery, and other kindred complaints are sure to prevail, everybody should be liberally supplied with Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer. Persons leaving home, whether it be for a day's excursion or a trip to Europe, should be in a condition to place their hands on it at a moment's warning. Many diseases incident to the Summer months, which will prove fatal if not immediately checked, can be promptly cured by one or two doses of the Pain Killer. On more than one occasion have we been relieved of intense suffering by the timely use of the above named preparation. Sold by all druggists, grocers, and medicine dealers.
August 5, 1869—4w

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE best Book of the period. WOMEN OF NEW YORK; or, The Under World of the Great City. The most startling revelation of modern times. New York Society Unmasked. "The Aristocracy," "Women of Pleasure," "Married Women," and all classes thoroughly ventilated. 50 Illustrations. Address at once.
The New York Book Co., 145 Nassau St., New York.
August 5, 1869—8w

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, Asthma and Catarrh, cured by inhalation. Abbott's Inhaling Fluid is the only remedy known that operates on the lungs—dissolves the tubercles, which are thrown off, the cavities heal, and a cure is effected. Treatment by letter or in person can be had only of
G. VAN HUMMELL, M. D., 15 West 14th St., New York.
August 5, 1869—10m

Poetical.

THE SADDEST SOLDIER POEM IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The following poem was written by an Irish officer in the English service while on duty in a city in East India, in which the plague was doing its terrible work. The inhabitants, particularly the foreign residents, were dying every day by hundreds, when twenty officers of the English army, without the shadow of a hope of ever seeing their country or friends, formed a club and sought to drown their senses in the wine cup, and by jest and song divert their thoughts from the terrible and irrevocable fate which each one knew awaited him. The author of this poem died almost before the echoes of "Hurrah for the next that dies!" had ceased to reverberate; and in less than a week every member of the club had crossed the "sable shore."

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare;
As they echo our peals of laughter,
It seems that the dead are there.

But stand by your glasses steady;
We drink to our comrades' eyes;
Quaff a cup to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here in the goblets glowing;
Not here in the vintage sweet;
'Tis cold as our hearts are flowing,
And dark as the doom we must meet.

But stand to your glasses steady,
And soon shall our pulses rise;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We fall midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
And mute as the wine we drink.

So stand to your glasses steady;
'Tis this that the respite buys;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we frowned on others;
We thought we were wiser then;
Ha! ha! let them think of their mothers
Who expect to see them again!

No! stand to your glasses steady!
The thoughtless are here to be wise:
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking;
There's many a heart that's sunk;
But soon, through our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.

So stand to your glasses steady!
'Tis here the revival lies!
A cup for the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's mist on the glass congealing—
'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath;
And thus dies the warmth of feeling—
Turns to ice the grasp of death!

Ho! stand to your glasses steady!
For a moment the vapor flies;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore?
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul shall sting no more.

So stand to your glasses steady!
This world is a world of lies!
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that loves us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
When the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remains behind.

So stand by your glasses steady!
'Tis all we have to prize;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Miscellaneous.

[From the Philadelphia Sunday Mercury.

AMONG THE KU-KLUX.

'Phil, what under the sun could have induced you to 'throw off' on that charming creature for whom you manifested so much devotion during our stay at the Cape last season? I, in common with everybody, thought it would surely terminate, as such affairs have a tendency to do, in wedding cake and cards.'

Philip Lennard and Mark Bates, brother reporters and particular chums, had come south to spend a short vacation, and at this particular time were smoking their cigars and indulging in a confidential chat on a Richmond hotel balcony.

'I did not throw off on her, Mark. The fact is, I am the one who suffered in that way.'

'Oh, no, Phil. I can't believe that unless you gave her some good cause to treat you so. If appearances go for anything, she was too deeply devoted to you to trifle with you.'

'Admitting even as much as that, the fact that my attentions were considered entirely superfluous remains unchanged.'

'You may have been too diffident, though it is not a common fault of yours, my dear fellow. Why, in the name of courage didn't you propose?'

'Precisely what I did, my boy; and for my trouble I received a polite refusal.'

'Ah! Were there no explanation—no grounds for hope?'

'There was a sort of an explanation.—In his reply he said——'

'*His* reply! What in the deuce had *he* to do with your proposal to her? And who is he?'

'Her guardian, Uriah Brown, senior partner of the widely celebrated firm of Brown, Smith & Jones, shoe-peg manufacturers in Massachusetts. You see, my dear little Bessie's father was the founder of the business, and when he died leaving her an orphan, he placed her and her fortune under the charge of his partner, Brown, until she should complete her twenty-first year. Bessie, like ourselves, was only on a visit to the Cape, and returned home before I made up my mind to risk a proposal.'

'You did it by letter, eh—and made it to the guardian instead of to the girl direct? Egad! I like the spirit of the girl in refusing you when you hadn't courage to make your advances to herself.'

'Not so fast in your conclusions, Mark, if you please. My proposal *was* addressed to Bessie, and in due time a letter came from the guardian acknowledging the receipt of my favor, and, for self and ward declining the proposal expressed therein, on the ground that my worldly possessions were inadequate; and, further, that a certain nephew of his own, also of the name of Brown, had been chosen for her life companion. To all of which he signed himself my obedient servant to command.'

So, ho, you have a rival, and of course you have relinquished all hope in that quarter.'

'I did not at once, on the receipt of this letter from Bessie's guardian, for I could not believe that it expressed her wishes, and I was sure that she had no attachment for young Brown. I have written frequently to her since, but have never received any reply, and I am at last almost inclined to believe that she is Mrs. Brown ere this, or has forgotten all about the friendship formed at the Cape.'

'Or, most probably, that your letters went into the pocket of old Brown, of shoe-peg fame, and were never seen by Bessie Norris. Put the whole affair down, Phil, as one of life's romances ended, and prepare for the next one.'

'Mark, I cannot forget Bessie so easily as that. The fact is, I love the girl, and I wish to heavens I had gone up to Massachusetts in search of her instead of taking this objectless trip to here.'

'In which case, my dear fellow, you would have been running adverse to fate; for, as I am a sinner, that incomparable creature stepping into yonder barouche, is none other than your Bessie Norris!'

'Miss Norris here, in Richmond! Impossible, Mark—your imagination is leading you wild.'

'Here, Phil, look for yourself; it is Miss Norris, surely.'

'By heavens, Mark, you are right!' And the excited young man sprang over the intervening chairs, through the reading room, and down the stairs, reaching the pavement in time to witness the carriage containing the young lady disappear around the nearest corner.

When Phil Lennard returned to his particular friend and traveling chum, Mark Bates, who continued to occupy the balcony, and smoke his cigar in unruffled peace, he had more to tell him about the young lady, Miss Norris. She was stopping in the same house, he had learned from the clerk, and was accompanied by a maiden sister of her guardian, Brown, and the nephew Brown referred to as her chosen husband. The maiden lady, who acknowledged to thirty years, and hence it may be correctly inferred was fifty, had been quite communicative about their affairs. It appeared that her brother Brown, of shoe-peg fame, had purchased a landed estate away down in Georgia, and, having a gnawing desire to win new fame by learning the benighted people down there how their domestic institutions should be managed, he determined to take up his residence on this property. He relinquished the active management of the shoe-peg business, and prepared to move his entire establishment, including Miss Norris, his ward, and the aforesaid nephew, Brown, to this Georgia plantation that he had bought, not from personal inspection, but simply from such representations as were made to him about it.

'Old Brown has gone on in advance to prepare the place for the proper reception of the ladies, and Bessie and her companions will continue their journey on the morning train,' Phil said in conclusion to the attentive Mark.

'And the girl; is she single yet?' Mark questioned.

'Not only single, Mark, but singularly adverse to the poor nephew's devotions. She snubs him terribly, if all that the clerk has told me can be relied upon. I am inclined now to believe with you that my letters have been withheld from Bessie by her guardian, and that she may not be quite indifferent to me.'

Much more the two friends had to say to each other relative to this particular heart affair of Phil's, and before the announcement of supper interrupted them, it was unanimously agreed by Mark that it was incumbent on himself and all other members of the reportorial corps, at whatever place stationed, collectively and individually, to give all possible aid and assistance to Philip Lennard in defeating the plans and purposes of all persons of the name of Brown, or of any other name or denomination whatever, to the end that he might peaceably marry a certain described Bessie Norris.'

II.

The Brown party, to wit: Miss Miranda Brown, sister; Mr. Nathan Brown, nephew; and Miss Bessie Norris, ward of Uriah Brown, of shoe-peg fame, and more recently landed proprietor in Georgia, had secured comfortable seats in the train bound South. Mr. Nathan shared Miss Norris' seat until he tired her with his silly prattle and sickened her by his efforts to play the devoted, when she extended an invitation to him that he could not fail to understand, to join his aunt, who occupied a seat forward, and leave her in peace. So, while the old lady expatiated with her nephew upon the grandeur of the 'Burning Ford,' their new home in Georgia, and of the additional dignity they must assume in conversation and manner, to give their Southern neighbors a just conception of the importance of the Browns, the young lady seemed interested in nothing in particular but her own thoughts.

'How little Charlie became an angel.' It is the title of this very interesting tract, Miss. May I beg to recommend it for your perusal?'

She was startled from her thoughtfulness by these words, and, looking up, she saw bending over her a clerical looking individual, with white cravat and spectacles. She mechanically took the tract, and at the same moment the clerical gentleman raised his spectacles.

'Philip Lennard!' she exclaimed, dropping the tract in the extremity of her surprise.

His only answer was to drop into the seat beside her, and tenderly take her hand.

'Can this be real?' she said. What purpose can actuate you in assuming this disguise?'

'A desire, Bessie to avoid the evident vigilance of your friends, the Browns, over your movements. 'Ah! Bessie, can you have forgotten those days at the Cape so soon?'

'Forgetfulness seems to have existed on more sides than one,' she said dropping her eyes.

'Forgetfulness! Good heavens, Bessie, have I not written you letter upon letter, believing that some one of them 'woul i win an answer from you? But your silence remained unbroken.'

'I never received a line from you,' she uttered with pleading anxiety.'

'Then you did not dictate that letter of refusal which your guardian sent me? Tell me, dear Bessie, that you did not,' he demanded in excited tones.

'I—I don't understand what you have reference to,' she stammered forth.

'Shortly after your departure from the Cape, Bessie, I addressed you a letter revealing to you the love that had grown up in my heart for you, and begging that you would become my wife.'

'Oh, Philip, I never received it. I—' but here she checked herself, and hung her head in confusion.

It was at this moment that the old lady, who was in the midst of a dissertation on the ignorance and barbarity of those Southern people, and the immense civilizing and christianizing influence of the presence of the Browns would have upon them, that she bethought herself to see how Bessie was engaged, and was terribly alarmed to find a strange gentleman beside her, earnestly conversing with her.

'Bessie, how can you forget propriety so far as to converse with an entire stranger, and without consulting my judgment, too?' the aged maiden whispered in her ear in a voice that could not avoid being audible to the gentleman.

'I beg your pardon, madam,' he said, 'I am an humble dispenser of the rich fruits of the Gospel to the benighted people of this portion of the Lord's vineyard. Ah, if we found such noble, intelligent, superior people as the Browns, for instance, of that seat of all excellencies, Massachusetts, settled here, we would find less needs for the gifts we bring.—Perhaps, madam, you will be interested in this little tract, that you will find to be a compendium of all the wisdom contained in Holy Writ. It is entitled 'Wendell Phillips' Last Utterance.' Again I beg your pardon for having thought you married. One so young, beautiful, and piquant as yourself cannot be wedded so early in life, I should think.'

Miss Miranda forgot everything but the agreeable words of the nice, pious young man, and she bowed very condescendingly to him while she took his tract.

'You mentioned the Browns,' she said to him. 'Are you acquainted with them?'

'Yes; as all of polite society are; that is, I am acquainted with their high reputation. I had just been mentioning to this other young lady, your friend, I presume, some news about them that deeply distresses me.'

'Distressing news! Oh, dear me! please tell us all about it, sir.'

'Well, you see, when down in Georgia dispensing to the persecuted such Gospel views on their domestic relations as owe their origin to New England brains, I learned that millionaire Brown had purchased the 'Burning Ford' plantation, and was intending to take up his residence there with his young and charming sister. The dreadful Ku-Klux have heard of his coming among them, and are preparing to take a terrible revenge upon him.'

'My gracious! I have heard of the awful things they do on their enemies. But Mr. Brown is a stranger to them, and has never done them any harm. Surely they will not injure him.'

'The chief of the Ku-Klux has discovered that the pegs in the shoes of the Federal soldier who killed his brother, were made at Mr. Brown's manufactory, and he has sworn to have revenge.'

Oh, sir, what will they do with him?'

'They will probably either take a slice of flesh off him every day to feed their dogs upon, or tie him up in a sack and hunt him to death with bloodhounds, unless, indeed, his beautiful sister shall be made the victim.'

'Mercy! what will they do with her?'

'The chief may take a notion to make her his wife. Please, Miss, do not speak very loud, or manifest any excitement, for I am sure some of these people around us are spies of the Ku-Klux, and the least word of alarm might bring death upon us.'

'Gracious! I feel like fainting. Is this chief of Ku-Klux very old?' Miss Miranda whispered, with utmost intensity of attention.

'He has not seen more than thirty years I should think.

'Dear me! I am Mr. Brown's sister, just going to meet him. I fear it is my Christian duty to offer myself a victim and be married to this chief, so that my poor brother's life will be spared. Is he good looking?'

'Passably so. Report says that he has twenty wives living, and he always treats the last one kindly until he gets another. I am very sorry indeed that you must be the victim of the cruel and blood-thirsty Ku-Klux, and the twenty-first wife of their chief.'

'Twenty wives and only thirty years old! Oh, he is a monster! I—I never shall be his wife. O, Bessie, I am killed, murdered, and I shall make brother Uriah leave this barbarous country at once. My poor brother fed to dogs and my poor self made the twenty-first wife of an assassin chief! It is too dreadful to think of, and I shan't ever submit to it!'

The veracious clerical gentleman withdrew, having arrived at his destination, while Miss Miranda indulged in smothered lamentations that would have risen to a higher pitch had she not been in terror of the Ku-Klux spies around her.

III.

Uriah Brown, of shoe-peg fame, had been delayed by bad roads and accidents to his conveyance in reaching his new home, Burning Ford plantation. What he saw of the country adjoining in his journey over it, leading, as his course did, through a section devastated by Sherman, or amid lonely, desolate swamp and forest, did not prepossess him favorably with it.

His first view of his new home was not more satisfactory. Burning Ford mansion was a low, straggling mass of building that must have presented a very picturesque appearance at one time, when the building itself was cared for, and the grounds surrounding it kept in condition. It had been used for a barracks during some months of the war, and, as a consequence, its lawns and shrubbery were trampled down, its trees and fences used for fuel, its chimnies blown down, and many of its rooms windowless. It presented a most cheerless prospect to one appearing before it with as exaggerated views as its grandeur, beauty and high state of preservation and sumptuousness as its new owner had been led to entertain.

'Dear, dear me!' he exclaimed, 'there has been a mistake. I fear I have allowed myself to be deluded in this purchase, for, if I may credit what is before me, Burning Ford is not the paradise I pictured it; but an inside view may prove more palatable.'

He went upon the portico and hammered away at the door until almost in despair. A voice coming along the hall at last answered him.

'Gor a mighty, don't knock de door in; how fast d'ye 'spect a chile to come?' the voice said, impatiently.

'Who be you? What does you want?' the stout negro wench, who had opened the door and now stood before him, questioned.

'I am Mr. Brown, your new master,' he said.

'De new massa! You be de new massa? Yah, yah, ho.'

He could not understand why the black woman should laugh so uproariously that she had to hold her sides, unless it was occasioned by delight at seeing him.

'What is your name, eh?' he continued.

'Dinah.'

'Well, Dinah, I want you to call all the people on the plantation together, so that I may introduce myself to them as their master. Some members of my family will arrive to-morrow, and the house must be thoroughly cleaned and prepared for their reception—so you had better begin it at once, Dinah. You can show me to the parlor now.'

'He, he, ho, ho,' continued Dinah, in her loud mirth.

'Come, come, woman, why don't you obey me at once?' angrily demanded the new master.

'Ca'se why, dere's no peoples about de place only my ole man an' de childer an' myself. All de rooms *air* occupied 'cept de cellar an' kitchen; an dis nigger don't do nothin' for common white trash from de Norf; I spec not, as I knows on!'

'Gracious! what do you mean? All the rooms occupied by whom? Demme! you black wench, clear out of my way—get out of my house, too, if you can't talk respectful to your superior.'

'Superior! he, he, ho, yah. Don't de laws ob de land declare dat you are our brudder and sister, an' no better'n we?' Then she checked her mirth and set her arms a-kimbo in a very decided manner, while she continued:

'See hea, sar, don't you dar to swar at a 'spectable colored woman like me.—When my dear ole marster lef dis heah place he sez: 'Dinah, jes you go inter de parlor, an' de dinin' room, an' all dem nice sleepin' rooms, and jes you make dem yer home, an take yer ole man an your childer wid you, too; and if any Norfern white trash comes a bossin' around heah, jes you send 'em to de kitchen, an' if dey grumble at dat, pitch 'em out of doors;' yes, sah, he said 'Pitch 'em out a doors.'

And the black wench, in her excitement, drew herself closer to the terrified, Brown, and swung her arms so vigorously that he really feared she would begin the pitching out at once

"Come, come, Dinah, my good woman," she said, with an attempt at a laugh that ended in a groan, "please don't get excited, for I didn't mean all I said, you know. I wouldn't offend such respectable people as you and your family, for all the world. But you were joking just now, weren't you, when you talked of making me live in the kitchen? Come you're a funny soul, he, he, oh-h!"

"Wall, now, I do kind o' pity you," Dinah said, considerably mollified. "If you will promise to conduct yerself like a quality nigger, an not 'sociate wid dem common niggers o Grubbins," I spect as how mayba my ole man won't object to yer occupying de parlor wid us."

"My gracious! these people are heathen and savages," Mr. Brown groaned as he hurried off in his terror to find the location of and examine the kitchen. 'Dear me! I fear I have been mistaken in believing these colored people harmless, docile, inoffensive creatures, who would be ready to worship me as one of their deliverers, who fought and bled for them through my substitute. They will surely murder me, the wretches! and I do wish sister Marinda and nephew Nathan were here to help protect me. Nephew is a stout fellow, and maybe he can turn this saucy negress out of the house."

IV.

They were long, fearful hours that stretched before the new master of the Burning Ford plantation until he could hope to see his sister and her companions. But they were not less fearful to Miss Miranda and Nathan; for the young lady seemed to be quite unmoved by aught of a startling nature that she saw or heard.

After arriving at their railroad destination it became necessary for the Browns to continue their journey in a carriage, and at nightfall they were obliged to seek entertainment for the night at a desolate looking habitation that stood in solitary loneliness. The apartments furnished the ladies were, however, very comfortable, and even the young man, Nathan, thought better of the place as he roamed around it, and found the landlord so attentive as to accompany him.

'My God! is that your footmark?' the landlord suddenly startled the young man by exclaiming, while he fell upon his knees to more closely scrutinize an imprint in the soft loam.

'It is very probable that it is,' the young man replied.

'Your boots are pegged; for here, by examining closely, you may see the marks of the pegs. O, unfortunate young man, those pegs doom your soul to destruction!'

'You are mistaken, sir,' the young man exultingly exclaimed. 'We can produce numberless certificates from eminent statesmen and others showing that a sole will last much longer with these pegs than they will do with any other make of pegs.'

'You misunderstand me,' impatiently exclaimed the landlord. 'Your days of power are few; the sturdy oak will be uprooted!'

'There, sir, you are misinformed again. Uncle has just got his patent extended, and the oak may be uprooted for all we care, for we make our pegs out of hickory.'

'Alas for such blind ignorance!' the landlord moaned. 'Do you not know that the Ku-Klux have sworn to be revenged on all who wear those pegs about them, or in any way countenance the manufacturers of them? Come with me.'

He dragged the terror-stricken youth to an apartment at the back of the house, within which he saw a number of armed, desperate looking ruffians brandishing their arms, carousing and conversing together in an excited manner.

'They're Ku-Klux,' whispered the landlord to the terrified Nathan. 'Listen, and you will learn their purposes.'

'This man Brown has dared to come among us to live,' he, who seemed to be chief of the Ku-Klux, said. 'The pegs in the shoes of the Northern hordes that trampled upon our rights and the lives of our brethren were furnished by him! What shall be done with the monster?'

'Hunt him to death with bloodhounds!' was the cry from all the ruffians.

'And this nephew of his, who accompanied him here, and is his aider and abettor—what shall be his fate?'

'Tie him to the tail of a horse, and drag him to death!' was the answer from the Ku-Klux.

'O, Lord! that's me. I'm dead and buried. I wish I was home; I wish I'd never come south,' moaned poor Nathan, as he dashed away to tell his aunt Miranda all the fearful things he had overheard.

That lady was in a terrible stew of fright, and, with Nathan, desired to leave the place at once, but the driver would not consent to move a step before morning. The landlord somewhat pacified their alarm by assuring them that the Ku-Klux should not learn of their presence, but the night was passed in moanings over their sad fate, and tirades of abuse at the heartlessness of Bessie going to her bed and giving herself up to peaceful slumber in the midst of such danger to her friends.

They did succeed in getting started early the next morning, and they arrived in good time at Burning Ford, but there was no one to receive them, and Nathan was obliged to rouse Dinah by rattling at the front entrance.

'Go roun' to de kitchen,' Dinah directed angrily. 'De colored gentry occupies de parlor.'

'Good gracious! What can the black thing mean?' demanded Miss Miranda.

Before she could receive an answer, Mr. Brown appeared from the kitchen and advised them to seek shelter with him in it.

'Oh, Uriah! Uriah!' blurted forth his sister; 'is this your great plantation, where we were to live in luxury and rule like princes and other noble people?—The master is in the kitchen and those nasty niggers living in the parlor! O! I shall die of shame!'

'Come, come, now, Miranda, don't grieve so,' Mr. Brown said, soothingly.—'We will have everything right now, since Nathan is here. That nigger wench wouldn't leave the parlor for me, and I was afraid that if I insisted on it, she might murder me. But you wont be afraid to go right off and turn her out will you, Nathan? there's a good fellow.'

'I shouldn't dare to touch her,' Nathan bleated. 'She looks as if she wanted to eat me up; and then there are the Ku-Klux that are going to tie me to a horse's tail and drag me to death! Oh, I want to go home; I can't stay here.'

'And, brother Uriah, you're to be eaten by dogs, and I'm to be the twenty-first living wife of that awful monster, the chief of the Ku-Klux. Tell him all, Nathan; tell him how we are doomed to awful destruction.'

Whereupon Nathan related all that he had seen and heard the evening previous, and Miss Miranda added the knowledge she had received from the polite clerical gentleman they had met in the cars.

'My heavens!' exclaimed the alarmed, trembling Mr. Brown, 'this is a terrible conspiracy to murder us all. We must escape at once—we must fly from this barbarous country. Nathan, you see to Bessie, and I will help Miranda at once to the carriage.'

They were too late. The clanking of an armed force resounded through the house. Dinah and her half dozen children dashed through the kitchen and across the fields, the very personification of terror, shouting: 'Lord sabe us; the Ku-Llux hez come!' and following close after them, came half a dozen armed ruffian-looking men, bearing with them a banner representing a skull and cross-bones over a coffin, and other strange devices.

A couple of the men pointed their weapons at the throat of the shoe-peg manufacturer; a couple more did the same office for poor Nathan, while their chief took charge of the ladies.

'Prepare the punishments,' the chief commanded. 'If the prisoners have anything to say, five minutes shall be given to them.'

'I—I do not understand what my offence is,' the alarmed proprietor stammered out.

'The shoe-pegs you made,' the chief thundered out, 'were used as instruments in trampling down the liberties of the South. Our slain brethren call for revenge—for your blood.'

'Indeed, sir, I assure you that had I known my shoe-pegs were doing you any injury I would at once have stopped manufacturing them. Is there no reparation, no sacrifice that I can make, and thereby save my life?'

'There is one. You have a sister; let her become my wife and you shall not be molested further.'

'He is a real nice man after all,' Miss Miranda commented to herself, 'and if he hadn't those twenty other wives, I might consent to make a martyr of myself by marrying him. But I will have a whole man or none, I'm determined.'

'Mr. Chief,' Miss Miranda spoke up, 'wouldn't you just as soon have this other little girl. She is ever so nice and good, and you are quite welcome to her. I am sure, after all our kind treatment of you, Bessie dear, that you won't refuse to save us all from this awful fate.—It won't make so much difference, you know, as to what becomes of you.'

'What has the young lady herself to say,' questioned the chief.

'If it is the wish of my dear guardian, I will gladly make this sacrifice to save him,' Bessie said, strangely blushing.

'Heaven ever bless you, my dear girl,' the delighted Mr. Brown cried. 'Mr. Chief, as her guardian, I gladly give her to you, and beg to wish you both all the happiness in the world. If you should ever make a visit to Massachusetts, I will be glad to show you through the shoe-peg manufactory of Brown, Smith & Jones, of which, sir, I am the senior partner. About Bessie's fortune, I will account to her for it at any time she may desire, and I shall ever remain yours, very truly. Come, Nathan and Miranda, let us be off.'

'Will not you and your friend remain, Mr. Brown, and witness the marriage of Miss Norris and myself, which, with the lady's consent, will take place this evening, at the residence of my friend, Colonel Bascom, of the neighboring plantation? You will there have an opportunity, before your departure North, of enjoying Southern hospitality," the chief politely said.

'Indeed you must excuse us,' Mr. Brown said, hurriedly, as he backed out of the room. 'I would accept your kind invitation, but—but my business North requires my immediate attention.'

'Mrs. Bascom and other ladies are waiting in the grove, just back of the house, for a signal from us to make their appearance,' one of the Ku-Klux whispered to Bessie. She recognized in him none other than her old time friend, Mark Bates. She had, also, on his first appearance, discovered the Ku-Klux chief and Phillip Lennard to be one and the same individual.

Bessie, therefore, was well satisfied to remain behind, and neither herself nor her husband, Phillip Lennard, in the happy months of married life that have followed, have ever recalled their stratagem, whereby the Browns were deceived, with any but liveliest emotions of satisfaction.

Mr Brown has only quite recently discovered the hoax played upon him; but, to avoid the ridicule of his friends, he will remain quiet about it. Miss Miranda still delights in telling wondrous tales of the lawlessness of the Ku-Klux, and of their vindictiveness in thirting after the blood of those even who furnished shoe pegs for the shoes worn by Federal soldiers. Her statements, it is probable, will find a place in history.

A Fearful Legend.

There is a legend among the peasants of Dalamatia, of a fell and malicious spirit which, at certain periods of great prosperity, emerges from its lair within the earth, to blast the crops, perturb the minds of rulers, and descend to individual and petty malice. The legend goes, that this demon who always is as first unseen, decoys the victim who wanders near his neighborhood, with a voice of such wondrous sweetness, and accents so musically toned, that the hearer is unable to resist its spell, and walks insensibly towards his ruin. Step by step it leads him from the true road into the mazes of the forest; and finally, when night has overtaken him, and he is exhausted by his efforts, leaves him alarmed and trembling at the dead sea of silence which wells darkly all around him. While he stands thus mute with terror, he feels an icy hand press upon his forehead, then pass down his cheek, and finally it is thrust into his bosom and laid upon his heart, with a touch so cold as to almost freeze it in his body. As he is thus transfixed, the unseen hand is gradually withdrawn and the stricken victim beholds before him the pale demon of the clime, with his finger leveled, and its strong eyes riveted consumingly within his own, until he sinks insensibly before the unearthly gaze.—From the moment he is smitten with a hateful atrophy; his youthful bloom gives place to a consumptive palor, and hopeless, nerveless, speechless, he is soon carried to the tomb.

Image of a soul left of God to become the victim of the evil one! Its deadly touch has been stealthily laid upon the heart! The stricken victim lives, but it is yet dead! Nothing will arouse him and recover him! He has sunken into a fatal insensibility.

Boy Love.

One of the queerest and funniest things to think of in after life, is boy-love. No sooner does a boy acquire a tolerable stature than he begins to imagine himself a man, and to ape manish ways. He casts side glances at all the tall girls he may meet, becomes a regular attendant at church, carries a cane, holds his head erect, and struts a little in his walk. Presently and very soon, he *falls* in love; yes, *falls* is the proper word, because it best indicates his happy delirious self-abasement. He lives now in a fairy region, somewhat collateral to the world, and yet blended somehow with it. He perfumes his hair with fragrant oils, scatters essences over his handkerchief and desperately shaves and annoints for a beard. He quotes poetry in which "love" and "dove," "heart" and "dart," peculiarly predominate; and he plunges deeper into the delicious labyrinth, fancies himself filled with the divine afflatus, and suddenly breaks into a scarlet rash—or rhyme. He feeds upon the looks of his beloved; is raised to the seventh heaven if she speaks a pleasant word; is betrayed into the most astonishing ecstacies by a smile; and is plunged into gloomiest regions of misanthropy by a frown. He believes himself the most devoted lover in the world. There never was such another. There never will be. He is the one great idolator! he despises the groveling thought. Poverty, with the adorable beloved, he rapturously apostrophizes as the first of all earthly blessings; and "love in a cottage, with water and crust, is his beau-idea Paradise of dainty delights.

MARKED CHANGES AT NIAGARA FALLS.—The Utica *Observer*, says: Various accounts agree that there has been a marked change in the appearance of the falls since last year. The theory in regard to the caving in or wearing away of Niagara has never had stronger confirmation before. The Horse Shoe has evidently given way some thirty feet in that part of the cone where the "green water" is seen, so that the horse shoe appearance is metamorphosed to that of a triangular shape. It is thought that about one hundred tons of rock must have fallen in on the Horse Shoe alone, and old habitues are taking land marks, to notice the recession that may take place before another year.

The American fall has evidently given way at points to a considerable extent. There is no doubt but that Niagara is always crumbling away and falling back, but the present recession is probably the greatest ever witnessed by any one generation. The heavy ice fields which pass over in the spring, the strong currents and ceaseless wear and tear of them, and the mighty, thundering cataract, must inevitably tell heavily upon the rocky crest of the grand old shrine; but of course its falling away must be so slow as not to be observable to the eye, except when, from time to time, some of the immense boulders are torn from their place.

☞ A gentleman was one day arranging music for a lady, to whom he was paying his attention. "Pray, Miss D.," said he, "what time do you prefer?" "Oh," she replied, carelessly, "any time will do—but the quicker the better."

☞ A down-east girl being bantered one day by some of her female friends in regard to her lover who has the misfortune to have but one leg, replied: "Pooh, I wouldn't have a man with two legs—they are too common!"

☞ A cranky bachelor says that there are not half so many self-made men, now-a-days, as there are "self-made" women.

Rates for Advertising.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at Ten Cent per line for the first insertion, and five cent per line for each subsequent insertion. Quarterly half-yearly, and yearly advertisements inserted at a liberal reduction on the above rates. Advertisements should be accompanied by the CASH. When sent without any length of time specified for publication, they will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

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PARSON KENDALL'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

Here is one of the humorous touches of "Oldtown Folks." Sam Lawson, the village ne're-de-well, tells the story:

Wal, ye see, you 'member old Parson Jeduthum Kendall, that lives up in Stony Point; he lost his wife a year ago last Thanksgiving, and he thought 'twas about time he had another; so he comes down and consults our Parson Lothrop. Says he, "I want a good, smart, neat, economical woman, with a good property. I don't care nothin about her bein' handsom. In fact, I ain't particular about anything else," says he. "Wal," Parson Lonthrop, says he, "I think if that's the case, I know just the woman to suit ye. She owns a clear, handsom property, and she's neat and economical; but she's no beauty." "Oh, beauty is nothin' to me," says Parson Kendall; and so he took the direction. Wal, one day he hitched up his old one-hoss shay, and kind o' brushed up, and started off a courtin." Wal, the Parson he come to the house, and was tickled to pieces with the looks o' things outside, 'cause the house is all well shingled and painted, and there ain't a picket loose nor a nail watin' nowhere. "This 'ere's the woman for me," says Parson Kendall. So he goes up and raps hard on the front door with his whip-handle. Wal, you see, Miss Sphyxy, she was just goin' out to help get in her hay. She had on a pair clompin' cow-hide boots, and a pitchfork in her hand, just goin' out when she heard the rap. So she come just as she was to the front door. Now you know Parson Kendall's a little midget of a man; but he stood there on the step o' smilin' and genteel, lickin' his lips and lookin' so agreeable! Wal, the front door kind o' stuck—front doors gen'rally do, ye know 'cause they ain't opened very often—and Miss Sphyxy she had to pull and haul and put to all her strength and finally it come open with a bang, and, and she 'peared to the Parson, pitchfork and all, sort o' frownin' like.

"What do you want?" says she; for you see Miss Sphyxy ain't no way tender to the men.

"I want to see Miss Asphyxy Smith," says he very civil, thinkin' she was the hired gal.

"I'm Miss Asphyxy Smith," says she. "What do you want o' me?"

Parson Kendall, he jest took one good look on her, from top to toe. "Nothing," says he, turned right round and went down the steps like lightnin.

"The way she banged that 'ere door, Sol said was lively. He jumped into his shay, and I tell you his old hoss was wakened up for once. The way that 'ere old shay spun and bounced was a sight. And when he came to Oldtown, Parson Lothrop was walkin' out in his wig and cocked hat and ruffles, as serene as a pictur', and he took off his hat to him as handsome as a gentlemen could; but Parson Kendall, he driv right by and never bowed. He was awful riled, Parson Kendall was; but he couldn't say nothing,' 'cause he'd got all he'd asked for.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—We have never read a more touching, beautiful incident than the following, which occurred a short time since in one of the French courts. The natural nobility of the brother and the affectionate faith of the sister, are examples to be followed by the unfortunate youth of our own or any country, and an evidence, however dark the day, an honest heart and a firm resolve will overcome the greatest obstacles.

A French paper says that Lucille Rouen, a pretty girl, with blue eyes and fair hair poorly but neatly clad, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction, under the charge of vagrancy.

'Does any one claim you?' asked the magistrate.

'Oh! my good sir,' said she, 'I have no longer any friends; my father and mother are dead, and I have only my brother James; but he is as young as I am. O, sir what can he do for me?'

'The court must send you to the house of correction.'

'Here I am, sister; here I am, do not fear,' cried a childish voice from the other end of the court, and at the same instant a little boy, with a lively countenance, started forth from amid the crowd and stood before the judge.

'Who are you?' said he.

'James Rouen, the brother of this poor little girl.'

'Your age?'

'Thirteen.'

'And what do you want?'

'I come to claim my Lucille.'

'But have you the means of providing for her?'

'Yesterday I had none; but I now have. Don't be afraid.'

'Oh! how good you are, James.'

'Well, let us see, my boy," said the magistrate; 'the court is disposed to do all that it can for your sister; but you must give us some explanation.' 'About a fortnight ago, sir,' exclaimed the boy, 'my poor mother died of a bad cough, for it was cold at home. We were in great trouble. Then I said to myself, I will become an artisan, and when I know a good trade, I will support my sister. I went apprentice to a brush-maker. Every day I used to carry her half of my dinner, and at night I took her secretly to my room, and she slept on my bed while I slept on the floor. But it appears that she had not enough to eat. One day she begged on the Boulevard and was taken up. When I heard that, I said to myself, 'Come, my boy, things cannot last so; you must find something better.' I soon found a good place, where I am fed and clothed and have twenty francs a month. I have also found a good woman, who, for these twenty francs, will take care of Lucille, and teach her needlework. I claim my sister.'

'My boy,' said the judge, 'your conduct is very honorable. However, your sister cannot be set at liberty till to-morrow.'

'Never mind, Lucille,' said the boy, 'I will come and fetch you early to-morrow,' then turning to the magistrate he said, 'I may kiss her, may I not, sir?' He then threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both wept fond tears of affection.

MUCH ON THE MILITARY.—We have seldom if ever heard the peculiar idiom of a drunkard's conversation so strikingly described as by John G. Saxe, during a late visit that we had from that gentleman. We were speaking of the multiplicity of ideas of the inebriate, and of his inability to connect or arrange them in proper order, when Saxe, related the following by way of illustration:

Returning home late one night, after being on a "bender," and receiving a Caudelizing from his better and sober half, the toper suddenly threatened to revenge himself by enlisting in the Mexican army. The wife now relented, and told her staggering husband that if he joined the Mexicans would kill him. Leaning against the half-opened door, the the husband replied:

"W-u r-l, I guess, Molly, there's two that can (hiccup) play at that game, I ain't afraid of 'em let 'em kill! I kin kill as many of them as they can of me!"

A YOUNG LADY'S opinion of the bonnet of the season: "Oh, the bonnets of my girlhood—the kind I wore at school! I really thought them pretty; I must have been a fool. And yet I used to think myself on hats a jaunty miss. Perhaps I was, as fashion went; but what was that to this? Oh, the lovely little pancake—the charming little mat! It makes my head so level, and so very, very, flat!"

☞ A darkey gives the following reason why the colored race is superior to the white race. He reasons thusly:—"That all men are made of clay, and like the mearschaum pipe, they are more valuable when highly colored."

☞ Rising with the lark—getting a tipsy person up stairs.