CARLISLE HERALD

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Wm. M. PORTER, Editor.

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION

The CARLISLE HERALD is published weekly on a large sheet containing twenty eight columns, and furnished to subscribers at $1.50 if paid strictly in advance; $1.75 if paid within the year; or $2 in all cases when payment is delayed until after the expiration of the year. No subscriptions received for a less period than six months, and none discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. Papers sent to subscribers living out of Cumberland county must be paid for in advance, or the payment assumed by some responsible person living in Cumberland county. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Advertisements will be charged $1.00 per square of twelve lines for three insertions, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than twelve lines considered as a square.

Advertisements inserted before Marriages and deaths 8 cents per line for first insertion, and 4 cents per line for subsequent insertions. Communications on subjects of limited or individual interest will be charged 5 cents per line. The Proprietor will not be responsible in damages for errors in advertisements. Obituary notices or Marriages not exceeding five lines, will be inserted without charge.

JOB PRINTING.

The Carlisle Herald JOB PRINTING OFFICE is the largest and most complete establishment in the county. Four good Presses, and a general variety of material suited for plain and Fancy work of every kind, enables us to do Job Printing at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. Persons in want of Bills, Blanks or anything in the Jobbing line, will find it to their interest to give us a call.

General and Local Information.

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Secretary of War—SIMON CAMERON.
Secretary of Navy—GIDEON WELLES.
Post Master General—MONTGOMERY BLAIR.
Attorney General—EDWARD BATES.
Chief Justice of the United States—R. B. TANEY.

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Recorder—Jno. Loyd.
Register—E. A. Brady.
High Sheriff—Robt. McCartney; Deputy, S. Keepers
County Treasurer—Alfred L. Sponsler.
Coroner—John A. Dunlap.
County Commissioners—Nathaniel H. Eckels, James H. Weakley, Geo. Miller. Clerk to Commissioners, James Armstrong.
Directors of the Poor—Jno. Trimble, Abraham Bosler, John Miller. Superintendent of Poor House—Henry Snyder.

BOROUGH OFFICERS.

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Assistant Burgess—Adam Souseman.
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Clerk to Council.—Jas. C. Masonhelmer.
High Constables—Geo. Bently, Joseph Stuart. Ward Constables—Jacob Bretz, Andrew Martin.
Justices of the Peace—A. L. Sponsler, David Smith Michael Holcomb, Abm DohnER.

CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian Church, Northwest angle of Centre Square. Rev. Conway P. Wing Pastor.—Services every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

Second Presbyterian Church, corner of South Hanover and Pomfret streets. Rev. Mr Eells, Pastor. Services commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

St. John's Church (Prot. Episcopal) northeast angle of Centre Square. Rev. Francis J. Clerc, Rector. Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 3 o'clock. P. M.

English Lutheran Church, Bedford between Main and Louther streets. Rev. Jacob Fry, Pastor. Service at 11 o'clock A. M., and 6½ o'clock P. M.

German Reformed Church, Louther, between Hanover and Pitt streets. Rev. Samuel Phillips, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock A. M. and 6½ o'clock P. M

Methodist E. Church, (first charge) corner of Main and Pitt streets. Rev. Joseph A. Ross, Pastor. Services at 10½ o'clock A. M. and 8 o'clock P. M

Methodist E. Church, (second charge.) Rev. Herman M. Johnson Pastor. Services in Emory M. E. Church at 11 o'clock A. M. and 6 P. M.

St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Pomfret near East st. Rev. James Kelley, Pastor. Services every other sabbath at 10 o'clock. Vespers at 3.

German Lutheran Church corner of Pomfret and Bedford streets. Rev. G. A. Strauss Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 6½ o'clock, P. M.

☞ When changes in the above are necessary the proper persons are requested to notify us.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

Rev. H. M. Johnson, D. D., President and Professor of Moral Science.
James W. Marshall, ——
William C. Wilson, A. M., Professor of Natural Science and Curator of the Museum.
Rev. Wm. L. Boswell, A. M., Professor of Greek Language and Literature.
Samuel D. Hillman, A. M., Professor of Mathematics.
John K. Stayman, A. M., Professor of Latin Languages and Literature.
A. F. Mullin, A. B., Principal of the Grammar School.

BOARD OF SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

Andrew Blair, President. H. Saxton, P. Quigley, E Cornman, C. P. Humorich, J. Hamilton, Secretary, Jason W. Eby, Treasurer. John Sphar, Messenger. Meet on the 1st Monday of each Month at 8 o'clock A. M. at Education Hall.

CORPORATIONS.

CARLISLE DEPOSIT BANK.—President, R. M. Henderson, Cashier, W. M. Beetem; Asst. Cashier, J. P. Hasler; Teller, Jas. Rouey,; Clerk, C. B Pfahler; Messenger, John Underwood; Directors, R. M. Henderson, John Zug, Samuel Wherry, J. D. Gorgas, Skiles Woodburn, R. C. Woodward, Col. Henry Logan, Hugh Stuart, and James Anderson.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY RAIL ROAD COMPANY.—President, Frederick Watts; Secretary and Treasurer, Edward M. Biddle; Superintendent, G. N. Lull. Passenger trains twice a day. Eastward leaving Carlisle at 10.10 o'clock A. M. and 2.44 o'clock P. M. Two trains every day Westward, leaving Carlisle at 9.27 o'clock A, M., and 3.30 P. M.

CARLISLE GAS AND WATER COMPANY.—President, Lemuel Todd; Treasurer, A. L. Sponsler; Superintendent, George Wise; Directors, F. Watts, Wm. M. Beetem, E. M. Biddle, Henry Saxton, R. C. Woodward, John B. Bratton, F. Gardner, and John Campbell.

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SOCIETIES.

Cumberland Star Lodge No. 197, A. Y. M. meets at Marion Hall on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of every Month.

St. Johns Lodge No 269 A. Y. M. Meets 3d Thursday of each month, at Marion Hall.

Carlisle Lodge No 91 I. O. of O. F. Meets Monday evening, at Trouts building.

FIRE COMPANIES.

The Union Fire Company was organized in 1789. President, E. Cornman; Vice President, Samuel Wetzel; Secretary, J. D. Hampton; Treasurer, F. Moyer. Company meets the first Saturday in March, June, September, and December.

The Cumberland Fire Company was instituted February 18, 1899. President, Thos. Thompson; Secretary Philip Quigley; Treasurer, E. D. Quigley The company meets on the third Saturday of January, April, July, and October.

The Good Will Hose Company was instituted in March, 1855. President, H. A. Sturgeon; Vice President, C. P. Humrich; Secretary, William D. Halbert; Treasurer, Joseph W. Ogilby. The company meets the second Thursday of January, April, July, and October.

The Empire Hook and Ladder Company was instituted in 1850. President, Wm. M. Porter; Vice President, John O. Amos; Treasurer, John Campbell; Secretary, John W. Paris. The company meets on the first Friday in January, April, July and October.

Y. M. C. A.

Room—MARION HALL.
Regular monthly meeting—Third Tuesday Evening.
Prayer meeting—Sunday Afternoon at 4 o'clock.
Reading Room and Library—Admission free, open every evening (Sundays excepted) from 6 to 10 o'clock.
Strangers especially welcome.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Postage on all letters of one-half ounce weight or under, 3 cents pre paid, except to California or Oregon, which is 10 cents prepaid.

Postage on the "Herald"—within the County, free Within the State 13 cents per year. To any part of the United States 26 cents. Postage on all transient paper under 3 ounces in weight, 1 cent pre-paid or two cents unpaid. Advertised letters, to be charged with the cost advertising

Selected Poetry.

DUTCH PICTURES.

BY WALLER THORNBURY.

Never thoughtful, wise, or sainted,
This is how the Dutchman painted.—
Glossy satin, all a shine;
Amber rich, as bright as wine.

Red-nosed rascal, cap awry,
Holding flagon to his eye,
Every word a curse or lie.

Utrecht feasts and Zealand dances,
Drunken skips, and reeling prances,
Troopers with red drums and lances.

Gallants robed in purple cloak,
Orange scarfed, who drink and smoke,
Careless what boor's head is broke.

Ladies trim in scarlet bodice,
Swans down edged, each one a goddess;
But laughing at an ape—which odd is.

Knaves in steeple hats, who lean,
Over door-hatch—vine leaved green—
Gadding round the window screen.

Brutal boors, who strum a lute—
Screw their faces to a flute—
Gray and scarlet each man's suit.

Pipers maddening at a fair;
Mountebanks who make fools stare;
Drunken fights, with lugging hair.

Cavaliers in silver gray,
Looking, in a sodden way,
At a skittle player's fray.

Tranquil groups of dappled kine;
Yellow, red, or dark of wine.
Willows standing in a line.

Long canal's 'mid sunny grass,
Where the barges drag and pass,
Stared at by the milking lass.

Cuyp's rich mellow gold I see;
Tonnier's silver purity;
Potter's broad serenity.—

Jewel color, clear of dye;
Chrystal—tender to the eye;
Subtle in each harmony.

Glossy satin's rolling shine—
Amber silk, as bright as wine—
Never thoughtful wise or sainted—
This is how the Dutchman painted.

LOVE IN KENTUCKY.

Waiting for clients is not the most agreeable employment in life. If you have a good digestion you can take your quantum suff. of Chitty & Smith's leading cases, with an occasional quid of Coke upon Littleton; and having read yourself into a state of torpor, you can take a walk or gallop on horseback; or, if disposed to waste your time, you can do so by devoting an hour to some pretty maid or charming widow, taking care not to commit yourself unnecessarily. In this way I worried through my first year in Barrington, a large town in Kentucky, where I chanced to settle. For the first week, I turned my head sharply when the door of my office opened, expecting to see a client. My nerves had ample time to become tranquil, however; and after a few months I was so accustomed to solitude, that I should have regarded an actual litigant, fee in hand, as a being for whom the sexton would presently come with a habeas corpus. The only person who commiserated me was the faithful Jake, who attended to my rooms. Being naturally social, he thought a man shut up at work all day the most wretched of creatures.

"Massa Bill," (African for William Tompkins, attorney and counsellor,) "it seems to me you powerful lonesome here in Barrington. Little white, too, 'bout the chops" (I had not then the handsomely grizzled beard which now adorns my face.) "Lor, don't I wish you knew my old massas Barr'l, (Barwell.) Jest to be dar 'bout hog-killin' time, scare up a fox or two at night, drive a deer down from the knobs in the mornin', den cavort roun' the country on horseback, see turkey shootin' an' de scrub races, an', maybe, do a little courtin' when it come handy."

It was a tempting picture which Jake presented. I did know his master, tho' not intimately. I meditated.

"I should like to have a crack at a deer, Jake."

"Gor-a-mighty, massa, I'se nigger, and some folks tink dey don't know noffin.—But, let Jake alone. I go Sunday to Massa Barr'l's, caze ole Sally she looks for me. Hi! Chasin' arter the dogs at sun up through the black jacks is better'n loafin' in dis dead-an'-live town."

It was Saturday; that night, armed with a pass against molestation by the patrol, Jake went home. I thought no more of the hunting, but amused myself next day as well as I could, making a synopsis of Brother Banger's sermon. I had many times wandered after him thro' the tangled shrubbery of his periods, but I thought I would this time set down logically his premises, major and minor, with the conclusions, mathematically speaking, to reduce his vulgar fractions, with swelling denominators, to lowest terms. But, did you ever wait for the settling of the froth of new ale?

I have heard some startling sermons in my time. Think of a man with cropped hair, groveling look, *no* manners, the action of a wood sawyer, and the tone of a bull, getting up, pulling his coat off, loosening his cravat, and then "going in" after this fashion: "Brethren an' siter'n, I'm all the way from *Indi*anny—ah, where I left my wife'n six children—ah, to come over here an' preach to you the Gospel!—ah! I ain't got no larnin', an' I don't want any. I'm proud to be as ign'rant as my lord an' master—ah, an' his disciples an' his apostles—ah! If God wanted me to have larnin'—ah, he'd a gin me larnin'." And so on for an hour. I (William Tompkins, counsellor, &c.,) am ready to make affidavit, having heard this exercise—the *ahs* exploded like a lumberer's when felling an oak—one fine day in the woods, where, from a safe distance on horseback, I beheld the motley crowd that gathers on such occasions.

I do *not* believe, however, the story which my friend James tells of a young preacher, who, in the midst of the long prayer before sermon, casting his eyes furtively upon his watch on the pulpit cushion, and seeing that a considerable portion of the customary fifteen minutes remained to be filled, went through every form of petition he had ever heard, including the restoration of the Jews to Palestine and the coming of the millenium; and at last, thinking of an expedient which had sometimes served him in eking out an unsatisfactory exhortation, exclaimed, "And now, O Lord, I will relate an anecdote!"

I repeat, I do not believe this story, although it has some features of probability.

To return. On Monday, Jake appeared with a knowing face. Presently the cause of his knowing expression came out.—Col. Barwell called. It was county court day, when every farmer of substance (and some without) came to town to do business. The Colonel was, in many respects, a very remarkable man. He was tall, (six feet two,) broad-shouldered, and not too corpulent. His leonine hair fell backward from a fair brow, while the lower part of his face was browned, and his solid chin thickly set with stumps of blue black beard. A more commanding person one would seldom see. Two things you would be certain of: first, that Col. Barwell had the most flourishing farm in the country; second, that his family (in his own opinion) was, beyond comparison, the first and bluest blooded that ever sprang from old Virginia. His courtesy was overwhelming in its stateliness. He had come to ask me to make him a visit. Jake's intervention was politely kept in the background. His daughter, attending school in Barrington, was going to return with him that day, having a vacation of a few weeks. My business was not troublesome, and nothing stood in the way of acceptance. In the afternoon, Colonel Barwell called for me, and, having mounted our horses, we rode to the seminary. The daughter was already at the door in a riding suit. A young fellow came out, and, as I thought, exchanged a significant glance with her. The Colonel bent his scowling regards upon the youngster as he walked away, but neither spoke or recognized the other.

"Come, my daughter," said Col. Barwell, "Jake is holding your horse."

As we rode away, I took my place at her right, being beckoned there by her father. It was really a new sensation to me, to come in contact with such a fresh and spontaneous nature Very handsome, animated, vivacious, and natural, I really think she spoke just as she thought, and without a particle of policy or reserve.—Nevertheless, she did not once allude to the youth who had departed with the reflection of her smile on his face; and I suspected that her rapid and even brilliant talk was the result of effort.

In due time we traversed the sixteen miles which constituted our journey to Col. Barwell's estate. Our ride through the prairie land, covered here and there with stunted, scraggy black jacks, does not require any special mention; neither shall I describe the house, the negro quarters, the kennels, and stables. Are there not tourists who do this? Nor shall I dwell upon the sumptuous entertainments, the old-fashioned Virginia dances, the morning dances, the exhilarating life in the open air, the freedom from restraint, which makes a Kentucky farmer's house the most delightful place to visit in the (western) world. Miss Celia was my constant companion, and Jake was our faithful squire. But I could not forget that youngster, and I felt sure that Miss Barwell did not forget him either. I am not the hero of my own story: the youth had been before hand with me.

Jake drew conclusions rapidly.

"Powerful good girl, Miss Cely, caze I knows her from a picaninny. Carried her in my arms; reckon couldn't do it now, nohow." And Jake laughed, but continued: "Dere's only two of 'em to sheer the property, Miss Cely and Miss Anny: short division, hi! a big farm an' lots o' niggers. Couldn't do better, noways. And, Massa Bill," (meaning me,) "I sh'd like to b'long to you, I should *so*."

Nothing could be more touching than the pride and affection Col. Barwell felt in his daughter. He watched her sparkling face at the table, and followed her steps across the floor with all a father's fondness in his eyes. His wife was dead; he had no son; and his second daughter, Anne, was plainer, and of a quiet turn.

I remained a week, and the hunting was successful. On one occasion Colonel Barwell gave a proof of his astonishing skill with the rifle. Jake had come home, carrying the carcase of a buck, and the Colonel, and I sauntered through the woods. It was a heavy gun—not the one he used for birds and squirrels; but nothing escaped him Squirrels, which I could not see, came tumbling down from the trees; partridges and quails dropped among the low bushes; in every case the ball touched only the head.

"Do you never hit in the body?" I asked.

Never in this kind of game. If I should kill a bird or a squirrel with a ball in his crop, I should leave it in the bushes."

I mentally determined not to become a target for Col. Barwell as long as there was any other for him to shoot at.

On the morning when I was to return home, my host expressed the customary satisfaction at the visit, in which I heartily joined; and he assured me that he would remember me in any legal business he might have.

Miss Celia (the prefix is universal in Kentucky) came to the stile, and kindly bade me good-bye. I afterwards remembered that I saw her slip something into into Jake's hand.

I resumed my former mode of life. A fortnight passed, when one evening, going to the hotel for tea, I heard that Colonel Barwell's daughter had eloped with young Manly—for a Gretna Green marriage in Tennessee, it was supposed—and that the father was in hot pursuit. *Then* I remembered the letter given to Jake, and the significant glances between Miss Celia and the unknown young man. The news startled me. I saw the father with his pride, self-will, and energy, thundering along in the track of the fugitives. I hardly knew whether to wish for their escape or not. I feared for the young man, howsoever it fell out.

Manly was the son of a wagon-maker in Barrington, "poor but honest," who had brought up a numerous family, feared God, and obeyed the laws. The eldest son was of medium height, but looking puny beside the tall men who are reared in Kentucky. He was shapely and even graceful, but slender in figure and retiring in manner. While other young men hunted and revelled, he read and studied, until his complexion became singularly delicate for that scorching climate. When he was described to me, I well remembered his large blue eyes, full of intelligence and sensibility, and so shy withal, that no one had more than a passing glance from them. This was the man who had fascinated the stately and self-assured girl; this fellow as timid as a deer with his horns in the velvet, had succeeded while a score of vigorous gallants were waiting for an opportunity.

Next day, towards evening, young Manly, with a companion named Cockburn, came back to Parrington without the young lady. As the town was full of a thousand flying stories about the elopement, the disappointed hero was overwhelmed with questions. This was the explanation:

Colonel Barwell had pushed on to the last inn on the border of Tennessee, and had there learned that the lovers had preceded him at least an hour, and that they were at that time, probably, man and wife. The innkeeper added, that he expected them to return and pass the night at his house. There was no alternative; the baffled father sent his foaming horse to the stable and waited for them.

Meanwhile the fugitives found the magistrate who generally tied the hurried knots for couples from Kentucky: unfortunately, he had no blank licenses required by law, and to serve the present purpose he took one which had been used, erasing the old names and filling in the new. The ceremony performed in this irregular way, the young couple returned in high spirits, and soon reached the inn. A bountiful supper awaited them, and when it was finished the bride was shown to her chamber. Miss Celia was humming a song as she opened the door, but the notes froze in her throat when the light she carried fell upon stern features of her father. He stood before her just within the room, and silent rebukes in his silent face.

"Father!" it was all she could say.

"Daughter!" And he stood with folded arms. "So, you ran away," he went on at length—"ran away, like one of the 'poor trash.' *My* daughter, who can marry whom she likes! I am not angry, but I am ashamed of you"

She did not speak. Proud and resolute as she was, she knew her master.

"Are you married?"

She bowed silently.

"According to law? Oh, you don't know! We'll see about that. Now, my daughter, you haven't but one life to live, and we can't have it wasted in experiments. When it is a proper time for you to marry, I shall allow you a free choice; but you are a foolish child now, and nothing more. You thought it would be funny or romantic to do this, as though it were something that could be undone! I shall take you home with me, and you can then reflect. I don't believe you will disgrace yourself by choosing any such low-flung people. But, first of all, whose notion was it, this running away, yours or his?"

"Mine," she answered, tremblingly, perhaps not truly, for her father's eyes shone as he put the last question; and, knowing the violence of his wrath, she saw that a tempest was about to break on the unlucky bridegroom.

"I shall see you again, presently," said the father. He walked to the door, and, taking the key, went out and locked her in. He had not far to go. Manley had heard voices, and was coming up, when he encountered the man whom, of all men living, he dreaded to meet.

"Are you the fellow that has stolen my daughter?" asked the Colonel.

Now, whatever bravery Manley had, it did not nerve him to look calmly on threatening muzzles, or to be cheerful in anticipation of having his bones broken. He had a theoretical or sentimental courage, very well in its way, inasmuch as it has sustained some very trembling knees on their way to the stake; but it was not of the kind needful in a "scrimmage," when, after natural means are exhausted, the bowie-knife comes in to settle the affair. So Manly, feeling an uncertainty in his legs, and a prodigious thumping at his heart, answered, in words that seemed to have the palsy.

"Yes, sir—that is, I married her—by her consent. She was—was not stolen."

"Oh, not stolen! Now, sir, I want to know about the ceremony. Tell me what was done—all about it"

Mr. Manley was not a man with a legal education, or he would have known better than to admit away his case. In fact, he had a foolish sort of frankness that is highly commended in story books, but is very bad policy, especially in dealing with an antagonist like Colonel Barwell. So he told what had happened, not omitting the mending of the second-hand license. A gleam of delight lighted up the colonel's iron face when he heard that.

"Caught in your own trap, you fool!" he exclaimed. "The marriage is not legal; not worth so much as Continental currency; void from the beginning. My daughter is not your wife. Go home, you fool! Perhaps you can make a wagon wheel Think yourself lucky that I leave you with a whole skin."

Manley was roused by the taunts, and said something about appealing to the daughter.

The Colonel unlocked the door, and, standing on the threshold to keep the unmarried couple apart, said:

"My daughter, you have been imposed upon, deceived, betrayed. The marriage was a sham—it gives you neither the rights nor the protection of a wife. Now go home with me. I only ask you to stay three weeks. If at the end of that time you wish to marry this man, you shall have an honorable wedding at my house. But I don't believe that, possessing your senses, you will ever marry such a mean-spirited fellow as he has shown himself."

Here Cockburn interrupted from the stairway, "If you are fool enough to agree to that, Manley, then you are a mean-spirited fellow, and you don't deserve to have her."

"Who is this pitching in with his cock-a-doodle-doo?" inquired the Colonel. "Come here, you, if you want your comb cut." And he took out a keen glittering bowie-knife, and felt the edge with his thumb. Manley could not repress a shudder as he saw this unconcerned handling of the fearful weapon. He spoke, however, more calmly than before.

"Cockburn, I don't want any blood shed on my account—your blood least of all. As I said before, I did not steal the young lady, and to prove that I have no wish to control her against her will, I will leave it for her to decide. If she loves me, she will not leave me for her father's threats. If we are not lawfully married, it will be easy to have the ceremony lawfully performed. I shall not answer Colonel Barwell's flings at my father's business. Some people, whom the world considers great, have not been ashamed of the labor of their hands. And there are many rich men whom I would not exchange places with, if I had to take their ignorance, their animal habits, and brutal temper."

A few minutes earlier, this retort would have cost the young man his life. As it was, Celia turned pale, while she watched the play of passion in her father's face. But he, feeling pretty sure of triumph, was willing to let the youth talk, and preferred on the whole not to have the trouble and scandal of a fight.

"Come, daughter, you have heard the young spark. He can talk, though he hasn't the pluck to do anything else." (Still feeling the edge of the knife, and showing his teeth to Manley with an expressive smile) "Will you go home with me? I tell you in three weeks you shall have your choice."

She wavered. She looked towards her lover with tearful eyes. Perhaps one word from him would have brought him to her side. But that foolish uprightness of his held him silent. He said what he had to say. If she came to him, he thought, she must come of her own free will. He would not lift a finger to induce her.

"Decide," said the Colonel. "If you leave me, leave your name behind you; for I swear I will never own you, nor shall you ever have a crust from me to save you from starving!"

She moved a step towards her father. He opened his arms.

"Can you forgive me, George?" she said. "It is only for a little while. I swear I will never marry any but you. But to please my father—and you know what he has promised—will you not let me go? Then we'll have a wedding with our relations and friends I can't bear to go off with father's curse on my head. *Won't* you forgive me, George? I will be true to you."

What the father thought, he kept in his own breast. He clasped his daughter in his arms, and throwing a cold glance over his shoulder to Manley, said with ironical courtesy, "You can go, young man, And you may as well order your horse to be fed for an early start."

"I am obliged to you," said Manley. "You can keep your advice for another. As for you, Celia, I must abide by your decision. Something within tells me that we part forever. But the die is cast by your hand. Farewell!"

Next day Colonel Barwell and his daughter started homeward. Manley and Cockburn sat at the door, but no words were interchanged. An hour or two later the young men followed, reaching Barrington in the evening. The most disappointed and enraged man of the party was Cockburn. Thoughtless stalwart and muscular than the Colonel, he was full of reckless impetuosity, and was keenly sensitive to the imputation of cowardice. It chafed him to see his friend's tame acquiescence in Colonel Barwell's insolent dictatation, and he would have been glad to have a brush if his principal had shown the least disposition to sustain him.

"We shall be laughed out of the world for this," was his hundred times repeated consolation to the downcast bridegroom on the way home. "Two young men to let one old fellow bully them, ride over them roughshod, and carry off the girl when they had her sure! You and I could have chawed him up in three minutes."

"But he was too well armed."

"Never mind his butcher knife! That isn't worth shucks when you close in.—Give a regular bear's hug, and a man can't carve you up."

"But I don't want a fight."

"Then what on earth did you go in for? Don't grip with the devil unless you mean to use your nails. We go home like a couple of dogs with their tails between their legs. You can jump into Green River, or take lodgings in the Mammoth Cave, but you can't hold up your head in Barrington. What made you tell him about that license?"

"Why, you said it was legal."

"So I say now; the girl is your wife. But you might have kept your mouth shut."

The nearer they got to the town the more the dread of ridicule weighed upon Cockburn. Again and again he repeated:

"We are disgraced—cowed like spaniels—not worth the powder to blow us up"

"Well, what could I have done?"

"Stood up for your rights, demanded your wife, showed fight. The old man wouldn't care to have a ball through his body any more than you or I. Besides, your wife had nobody to go to. You didn't show her that you would protect her, and so you made her give up to him."

"But it's over now, and I have agreed to wait three weeks."

"Don't be a spooney and let the wool be pulled over your eyes in that way. I tell you she is your wife, and she showed her disposition plain enough. Go out to her father's place and take her."

Poor Manly was in a sad dilemma.—The shame and mortification of the affair were quite enough without the stinging taunts of his companion. He saw how he had been bullied and swindled, and, but for his word, he would have risked his life in the attempt to recover his bride. No man becomes so recklessly brave as a man of a delicate, sensitive, cowardly nature, stung into madness, or turned to bay in despair.

In every town of Kentucky there is a set of gentlemanly loafers, who, in pleasant weather, sit on chairs a-tilt at the street corners under the trees, moving round with the shadow the whole day.—When it is cool they congregate in lawyers' offices, groceries, bar-rooms, the clerk's office, or wherever their company is welcome. Quids of tabacco and home-made cigars are their solace, whittling cedar sticks is their ostensible employment, and telling stories and playing practical jokes their diversion. Woe to the unlucy wight whose short-comings or mistakes bring him under their notice.—Dante never dreamed of worse refinement of torture than they know how to apply. Their laughter is worse than a volley, their jibes are more to be dreaded than a thrust from a two-inch blade. It is useless for a man to say he don't care. They give the cue to the town, and every face is wreathed in smiles, every finger is pointed, every voice says, "Aha!"

No man can face a whole community long. Into such a nest of hornets came Manly and Cockburn. Everywhere the ludicrous end of the elopement was the theme of jeering conversation. Verses were extemporized upon it, and were sung by all the idle rascals in town, black and white. Manly was treated to a mock serenade; horns were blown, kettles were beaten; one of the serenaders had a tame crow which cawed in concert; another led a venerable goat that bleated when his beard was pulled; for Manly it was Pandemonium let loose. The company had thoughts of bestowing similar delicate attentions on Cockburn; but the more prudent remembered his revolver, and thought it best not to run the risk of being peppered.

Cockburn met Manly next day, and was surprised to see the change in his face. Though still pale and thin, his bloodless lips were sharply compressed, and his eyes, no longer humid and womanly, shone with a cold, steady lustre.

"You see now," said Cockburn, "we might as well be in the infernal regions. Something must be done. We can't kill all three fellows; they are too many.—You have nothing left but your choice between three things—to run away, cut your throat, or go and get your wife."

"I will go and get my wife!"

"Good!" exclaimed Cockburn. "I begin to believe you."

Their plan was speedily arranged.—Cockburn undertook to engage two or three men to accompany them. They thought the display of force would intimidate the Colonel into submission.

Strange that any persons could have been found to go on so desperate an errand. Perhaps. But what enterprise, however, foolhardy, has ever failed to draw followers from among the fearless spirits of Kentucky? If Molino del Rey is to be stormed, Kentuckians are the first to scale the walls. If Buoena Vista is to be won against sevenfold odds, Kentucky rifles and cavalry are ready.

Preparations were speedily and silently made, and next morning at daylight, Manly and Cockburn, with three friends, all armed to the teeth, set out for Colonel Barwell's estate. All of them wore cloaks or loose coats, to conceal their weapons; and as they had kept their intention secret, they expected to take the enemy completely by surprise.

But the proverbial "little bird" carried the news; in this case it was a black bird—namely Jake. In some mysterious way he heard what was going on, and at once came to me.

"Massa Bill, dere's trouble a brewin' for ole Massa Barr'l. Dat yer Manly an' Cockburn is goin' to-morror to fetch away Miss Cely, an' to shoot the ole man if he gets in de way."

Jake in common with all his race, had a mortal contempt for "po'r white trash," and he was rejoiced beyond measure when his master came home victorious. "I 'spected he was done shet of dât po'r white-livered chap, an' dat Miss Cely 'd be 'shamed of stoopin' to de low-flung people for a man. Gor-a-mighty, I hope ole massa 'il gib de whole crowd some lead to fetch back wid 'em! Don't you, Massa Bill?"

I had not made up my mind.

"But, Massa Bill, wouldn't you now be a frien' to ole massa, and jest ride over an' let him know, so's they shan't jump on him onawarea?"

"Me! Go sixteen miles at night! I think I shall not interfere in the quarrel. Why don't you go yourself? Mind, I don't tell you to do it, nor advise you."

"Oh, massa, you'se sartin lawyer enough to know dat nigger's word ain't good for nothing in court; and if dere's any trouble, ole massa may be 'ill want to show th t he knowed de rascals was a comin'."

The astute Jake! To think that he was more far-seeing than I, in my own field!

Notwithstanding, I kept my ground. I did not see any reason why I should desire that Manly, or even the bare-brained Cockburn should be shot. But Jake was bent on his errand, and, after borrowing a dollar from me, set out and found some white man to accompany him. I neither helped nor hindered. A little after sunrise Miss Celia was making her toilette, when she heard the tramp of horses; she looked out of the window and recognized her lover and Cockburn. What she felt, I don't pretend to say. For afterwards, when it became a matter of importance to know, she kept her counsel. A remarkable, intelligent and self-possessed person she proved to be. But, at all events, she started up and ran down stairs in a great fright to—to inform her father! I did not say so. For anything I know, she may have intended to run to her lover's arms. But in the hall her father was ready: his rifle on his arm, a double-barreled deer-gun in the corner: powder, balls, buckshot, patches, and percussion-caps in a chair at his knee. She had not time to speak before he stepped forward, raised the rifle and said, "Keep off!—Don't open my gate, or I shall fire!"

"Don't shoot! Keep cool!" some one answered.

The party were close together, and Manley, in the advance, was just opening the gate, a hundred yards or so from the porch where the colonel stood. The gate swung open, and the party coolly came on.

"Once more!" shouted the colonel, "I warn you!"

At the same instant the sharp crack of the rifle was heard, and Manley fell off his horse. His party responded with pistol-shots, but their fire fell short and only enraged their antagonist. Quick as lightning he discharged a load of buckshot from the other gun, and winged two of them; one was Cockburn, whose right arm fell powerless at his side.

The horsemen now halted for parley.—These movements took place within ten seconds from the time when Celia came down. It was not until Colonel Barwell had set down the second gun, still smoking, by the door, that he became aware of his daughter's presence. She had fallen to the floor and was grasping his knees with cries and supplications. She did not obey his stern order to go to her room, but still clung to him, weeping convulsively.

The two unwounded members of the expedition now dismounted and picked up the body of their unfortunate chief.

"Bring him in," said the colonel.—"Is it peace or war?" he continued, as he rammed down a ball in his rifle.—"Let us understand each other."

"Peace!" was the reply.

Cockburn meanwhile, and his wounded companion, got off their horses with difficulty, and fainted from pain and loss of blood before they had gone ten steps. (I may as well state here that amputation became necessary in both cases.)

Manley was brought into the hall and laid on his cloak for a pillow. The colonel stood by unflinchingly; not a muscle moved. His daughter bent over the body in a paroxysm of grief, and, I dare say, remorse. Manley breathed feebly, but his eyes were shut in insensibiliay.—Presently he gave a groan, which shook his whole frame; his eyes slowly unclosed. "I told you!—we part—I die for you! Farewell!" He was dead.

The colonel drew a deep breath.—"This is a sorry business, gentlemen," said he, "and I hope you are satisfied with your share in it."

No one ventured to answer. Celia still sat by the dead body, weeping and moaning.

The master of the house then called his servants, and gave orders for the care of the dead body. He dispatched one for a surgeon, and ordered another to have his carriage ready. The wounded men were brought in to receive medical treatment.

Then turning to one of the unfortunate party, he said:

"Of course this affair will require a legal investigation. My carriage is prepared. Please ride over to 'Squire Hemenway, the coroner; and say that I and the witnesses are ready."

While waiting for the coroner, Colonel Barwell took his daughter aside and said:

"You must not blame me Celia. I had information last night of their coming, in violation of agreement, to tear you from me by force. You are my child, and the law gives me the right to protect you and to defend my house from violence. You were not his wife, and he had no claim upon you, even if he had come with an officer instead of a party of armed desperadoes And remember—for possibly I may not allowed to give bail, but may have to be imprisoned until the trial comes on—remember, I say, that you saw Manley's hand on a revolver under his cloak as he came through the gate."

What she saw, or what she remembered or said, rests with her. I only give the facts that were brought out at the trial.—Miss Celia, in a very distinct voice, then testified as her father wished, and, upon cross-examination, she admitted the conversation I have just recorded.

The coroner sat. A magistrate to whom the homicide surrendered himself, bound him over to the next term of court. The colonel gave bail and went at large, as stately in his carriage, as proud and defiant, or as gracious and agreeable, as he had ever been. The day he was admitted to bail, he came to Barrington, and engaged counsel for the defense; among them, myself. It was my first important case, and I threw all my energies into its preparation. Of course I saw much of the colonel and of his daughter. The conflict in her mind was over Her lover was in his grave; her father was in danger; and she was more drawn to the living than the dead. Perhaps in some little nook of her heart (if she had one,) she preserved a recollection of the man who had paid for his love with his life; but, for all that I could discern, Manley was as dead to her as though he had never existed.

I shall not report the trial, nor the speeches (two for the prosecution and four for the defence). My own speech, carefully written out, and rehearsed to an attentive audience of black-jacks half a mile out of town, is still on my files, endorsed.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY,
vs
JAMES BARWELL.
Under Indictment for Murder.
Argument of W. T. for Defence.

Of course our client was acquitted.—Who ever knew a Kentucky Jury to convict where they believed there was "a fair fight?"

Cockburn and the Manley's railed at the jury, as might have been expected; but a one-armed man might talk as much as he chose, since he could not take up the quarrel; and as for the Manleys, what matter was it what a set of poor, "no-account" wagon-makers said?

"And Miss Celia?" She is married to a thriving planter in Tennessee. "Her father?" Lives on his estate, comfortable and respected. "No poetical justice, then?" Not a particle.

THE reward of a thing well done is to have done it.

If you do good, forget it; if evil, remember and repent of it.

Why is Virginia sure to come right? Because she keeps Wheeling for the Union.

THE most mischievous liars are those who keep just on the verge of truth.

FOLLOW the fashion; you had better display other people's follies than your own.