

Ghosts that will not Down at Bidding.

SCENE.

Bondholder's Parlor.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A gouty Bondholder in his easy chair, sitting by a table drinking wine. Enter poor man with tattered garments and bare feet, preceded by a little boy and girl.

Poor man.—Good afternoon, Mr. Bondholder. I have brought you a present. Here are two little children, your slaves for life. I give them to you, if you please, for no fault of theirs, except they are white! But, sir, I could not help it—their father and mother, both dead, were white. These are my little innocent grandchildren—all you and your party have left me—and the bonds you hold are mortgages on them as upon myself. I cannot pay the debt—take the little ones.

Bondholder.—Be off—get out—take the dirty brats away from me!

Poor man.—Please, sir, don't speak so harshly. It frightens the little girl. The boy does not seem to start much at your angry tones, else he would not double up his fists, but the girl is timid.

Bondholder.—Get out—be off with your brats, or I'll ring the bell for a servant to put you out, you impudent scoundrel!

Poor man.—You needn't ring, Mr. Bondholder. The day of ringing little bells has passed away. And you needn't ring for a servant! And as you have no chair for servants, I will stand here a moment before I go, and have a little talk with you. And you will listen. And you will not speak cross or interrupt me.

Once, when you were afraid of the draft, you were the kindest smile. And you patted me on the back and said I was a dear, good, patriotic man. I listened to you then, and, by the Eternal, you shall listen to me now!

Do you remember those days?—There was a war. You, with your oily tongue, helped to bring it about. It was more of a war than you thought it would be. You were a coward, a great big coward. Don't look ugly, for I don't scare worth a cent! And you were afraid to go to war. You made long speeches about saving the Union, protecting the Constitution, honoring the laws and helping the poor man.

You said the war was to restore the country to peace and prosperity. You said the object of the war was not to coerce States, nor to deprive any people of liberty.

You said those who would not fight were cowards. I was no coward, Mr. Bondholder, so I went to war. You were a coward—you dare not go, so you hired me to go. I took your money and went. And now, when I have returned, I find that I owe you more than you gave me, and that I must now work to pay myself for being shot at, and to pay you big interest on the money you let me have.

And I find that you are exempt from taxation, that you hold the wealth of the nation in your pockets, and that I am your slave.

In short, Mr. Bondholder, you are a coward, a cheat, a swindler, a tyrant, a robber, a great bloated aristocrat. When the war came on I was a poor but honest man. I knew but little of your tricks and financial plans. I had a wife and I loved her very dearly. She wore no silks, for I could not buy them. We had no grand home as you now have. We drank milk—you drink wine and I pay for it. Our home was a poor man's home, but it was a very happy one.

Do you know, Mr. Bondholder, how you whined and begged of me to go to war? You said the country was in danger. You promised to care for my family, and to look out for my interests, if I would go and fight for you. You promised well, you did, and you lied to me all the while. While I was fighting you were speculating. I bade my wife good bye, and went to war. My son went to war.

You made war speeches. You promised great things to the soldiers. You lied to them, you did, and you know it! Don't look mad—I am not afraid of cowards—I don't scare worth a d—ime.

I was wounded in the battle and half starved in the hospital. My son was killed by the Confederates while on a cotton expedition to enrich your loyal cousin in the army as a general. I had a hard time of it and at last came home.

My wife died from neglect. You never cared for her. My son was killed by the Confederates while helping on the crusade after cotton and negroes—I came home to find you rich and me poor. My farm was covered with weeds and mortgages. My wife lies in the churchyard for your benefit. My boy sleeps by a cotton field for his General's benefit.

These are his children. They are not left to me—they are left to you. You stole my son. You lied to me. You starved my wife and my son's wife.

You and your party lied to all the soldiers—you robbed them in the field—you gave away our blood to protect your dollars.

While we fought to save the country, you said that a national debt was a national blessing, and you made the blessing great; but a blessing only to your selves and the other cowardly thieves and aristocrats of the country.

The soldiers should have been exempt, but they are not. Only the aristocrats are now exempt, and able to live at ease.

Take the little children. I have no

# THE ELK ADVOCATE

RIDGEWAY, PENNA., OCTOBER 24, 1867.

JOHN F. MOORE, Editor & Proprietor.

VOLUME SEVEN—NUMBER 33.

## THE VIOLET OF THE VALLEY.

BY M. B. BARRY.

The zephyr's breath sweeps lightly by,  
And swells in gentle strength again,  
Breathes softly o'er the roses high  
But stirs the daisies of the plain—  
In pity for the lily's bell,  
It wraps her in a dreary spell.

Bound by the hillside, in the shade,  
Young vernal blossoms spring to life—  
A violet in a green arcade  
Is seen to mingle in the strife;  
E'er from its glittering virgin cup,  
Sweet zephyr waits its fragrance up.

Veiled like an Oriental bride—  
Enshrined within its bowers of peace—  
Mirrored afloat the brook beside,  
It bids the flowerets' murmur cease  
Lily, and rose, and daisy pale,  
Obey the violet of the vale.

Sweet type of love—of modest worth!  
What chaplet shall we weave for thee?  
The fairest flower that stars the earth  
Should grace the violet of the sea:  
Then, choose among Queen Flora's train,  
The brightest bud that gems the plain.

Take magnonette and lily fair,  
The eglantine and daisy white;  
Call oleanders, flushing there,  
And snowdrops, flashing in the light—  
Choose all, and bid the loveliest hail!  
Thyself queen regent of the veil.

ALLEGANY, N. Y.

## SIX LOVE-LETTERS.

'Are there any more of these letters?'

When her father asked this question, in an awful tone, Lucilla Richmond could not say 'no,' and dared not say 'yes,' but as an intermediate course burst into tears, and sobbed behind her handkerchief.

'Bring them to me, Lucilla,' said her father, as if she had answered him, as, indeed, she had; and the girl, trembling and weeping, arose to obey him.

Then Mrs. Richmond, her daughter's very self grown older, came behind her husband's chair and patted him on the shoulder.

'Please don't be hard with her, my dear,' she said coaxingly. 'He's a nice young man, and it is our fault, after all, as much as her's, and you won't break her young heart I'm sure.'

'Perhaps you approve of the whole affair, ma'am,' said Mr. Richmond.

'I—no—that is, I only gasped the little woman; and, hearing Lucilla coming, she sank into a chair, blaming herself dreadfully for not having been present at her daughter's music lessons during the past year.

For all this disturbance arose from a music teacher who had given lessons to Miss Lucilla for twelve months, and who had taken the liberty to fall in love with her, knowing well that she was the daughter of one of the richest men in Yorkshire.

'It was inexcusable in a poor music teacher, who should have known his place,' Mr. Richmond declared, and he clutched the little perfumed billet which had fallen into his hand as he might a scorpion, and waited for the others with a look upon his face which told of no softening. They came at last, six little white envelopes, tied together with blue ribbon, and were laid at his elbow by his despairing daughter.

'Lock these up until I return home this evening,' he said to his wife; 'I will read them then. Meanwhile, Lucilla is not to see this music master on any pretence.'

And then Miss Lucilla went down upon her knees:

'Oh, dear papa!' she cried, 'dearest papa, please don't say I must never see him again. I couldn't bear it. In deed I could not. He's poor, I know, but he is a gentleman, and I—I like him so much, papa.'

'No more of this absurdity, my dear,' said Mr. Richmond. 'He has been artful enough to make you think him perfect, I suppose. Your parents know what is best for your happiness. A music teacher is not a match for Miss Richmond.'

With which Mr. Richmond put on his hat and overcoat, and departed. Then Miss Lucilla and her mother took the opportunity of falling into each other's arms.

'It's so naughty of you,' said Mrs. Richmond. 'But oh, dear, I can't blame you. It was exactly so with me. I ran away with your papa, you know, and my parents objected because of his poverty. I feel the greatest sympathy for you, and Frederick has such fine eyes, and is so pleasing. I wish I could soften your papa.'

'When he has seen the letters there will be no hope, I'm very much afraid,' sobbed Lucilla. 'Fred is so romantic, and papa hates romance.'

'He used to be very romantic himself in those old times,' said Mrs. Richmond. 'Such letters as he wrote me. I have them in my desk yet. He said he should die if I refused him.'

'So does Fred,' said Lucilla. 'And that life would be worthless without me; and about my being beautiful (he thought so, you know.) I'm sure he ought to sympathize a little,' said Mrs. Richmond.

But she dared not promise her that he would.

She coaxed her darling to stop crying, and made her lie down; then went up into her own room to put the letters into her desk; and, as she placed them in one pigeon-hole, she saw in another a bundle, tied exactly as those were, and drew them out.

These letters were to a Lucilla also. One who had received them twenty years before—and she was now a matron old enough to have a daughter who had heart troubles—unfolded them one by one, wondering how it came to pass that lover's letters were all so much alike.

Half a dozen—just the same number, and much more romantic than those the music master had written to her daughter Lucilla. A strange idea came into Mrs. Richmond's mind. She dared not oppose her husband; by look or a word she had never attempted such a thing.

But she was very fond of her daughter. When she left the desk she looked guilty and frightened, and something in her pocket rustled as she moved. But she said nothing to any one on the subject until the dinner hour arrived, and with it came her husband, angrier and more determined than ever. The meal passed in silence; then, having adjourned to the parlor, Mr. Richmond seated himself in a great arm chair, and demanded:

'The letters, in a voice of thunder. Mrs. Richmond put her hand into her pocket, and pulled it out again with a frightened look.

Mr. Richmond again repeated, still more sternly:

'Those absurd letters, if you please my dear ma'am.' And then the little woman faltered: 'I—that is—I believe—yes, dear—I believe I have them,' and gave him a white pile of envelopes, encircled with blue ribbon, with a hand that trembled like an aspen leaf.

As for Lucilla, she began to weep as though the end of all things had come at last, and felt sure that if papa should prove cruel she should die.

'Six letters—six shameful pieces of deception, Lucilla,' said the indignant parent. 'I am shocked that a child of mine could practice such duplicity. How! let me see. No, gone, I believe. June, and this is December. Half a year you have deceived us then, Lucilla. Let me see—ah! From the first moment he adored you, eh? Nonsense. People don't fall in love in that absurd manner. It takes years of acquaintance and respect and attachment. With your smiles for his goal, he would win both fame and fortune, poor as he is! Fiddlesticks, Lucilla! A man who has common sense would always wait until he had a fair commencement before he proposes to any girl. Praise of your beauty. The loveliest creature I ever saw! Exaggerating, my dear. You are not plain, but such flattery is absurd. Must hear from you or die! Dear, dear—how absurd!'

And Mr. Richmond dropped the first letter and took up another.

'The same stuff,' he commented. 'I hope you don't believe a word he says. A plain, earnest, upright sort of a man would never go into rhapsodies, I am sure. Ah! now, in number three he calls you an angel! He is romantic, upon my word. And what is all this?'

'Those who would forbid me to see you can find no fault with me but my poverty. I am honest—I am earnest in my efforts. I am by birth a gentle man, and I love you from my soul. Do not let them sell you for gold, Lucilla.'

'Great heavens, what impertinence to your parents!'

'I don't remember of Fred's saying anything of that kind,' said poor Lucilla. 'He never knew you would object.'

Mr. Richmond shook his head, frowned, and read on in silence until the last sheet lay under his hand. Then, with an ejaculation of rage, he started to his feet.

'Infamous!' he cried, 'I'll go to him this instant—I'll worship him!—I'll—I'll murder him! As for you, by Jove, I'll send you to a convent. Elope, elope with a music teacher! I'm ashamed to call you my daughter. Where's my hat? Give me my boots. Here, John, call a cab!—I—'

But here Lucilla caught one arm and Mrs. Richmond the other.

'Oh, papa, are you crazy?' said Lucilla. 'Frederick never proposed such a thing. Let me see the letter. Oh,

papa, this is not Fred's—upon my word it is not. Do look, papa; it is dated twenty years back, and Frederick's name is not Charles! Papa, these are your love letters to mamma, written long ago. Her name is Lucilla, you know!'

Mr. Richmond sat down in his arm chair in silence, very red in the face.

'How did this occur?' he said sternly; and little Mrs. Richmond, retreating into a corner, with a handkerchief to her eyes, sobbed;

'I did it on purpose!' and paused, as though she expected a judgment. But hearing nothing, she dared at last to rise and creep up to her husband timidly.

'You know, Charles,' she said, 'it's so long ago since, and I thought you might not exactly remember—how you fell in love with me at first sight, how papa and mamma objected, and how at last we ran away together; and it seemed to me if we could bring it back plainly to you as it was then, we might let dear Lucilla marry the man she likes, who is good if he is not rich. I did not need it to be brought back any plainer myself; women have more time to remember, you know. And we've been very happy, have we not?'

And certainly Mr. Richmond could not deny that. So Lucilla, feeling that her interests might be safely left in her mother's keeping, slipped out of the room, and heard the result of the little ruse in the morning. It was favorable for the young music teacher, who had really only been sentimental, and had not gone half so far as an elopement; and in due course of time the two were married with all the pomp and grandeur befitting the nuptials of a wealthy merchant's daughter, with the perfect approbation of Lucilla's father, and to the great joy of her mamma, who justly believed that her little ruse had brought about all her daughter's happiness.

For the Advocate.

Died Yesterday.

BY VIOLET.

How often in common conversation do we hear those few but expressive words, "Died Yesterday?" We scarcely ever read a newspaper or journal without seeing them; we merely glance at them, and never think of the dreadful import which is conveyed thro' them to the desolate ones who have lost some dear and cherished friend.

To the bereaved parents this phrase is replete with silent grief. A few days ago their house was a scene of joy and gladness, but a grim visitor entered and snatched one of the loved ones away and now all is mourning and grief.

To the lone husband or wife, what unutterable anguish do they not feel! The hour of death with all its stillness; the last testimonies of expiring love; the feeble pressure of the hand; the faint, faltering accents struggling even in death, to give one more assurance of affection.

"Died yesterday," ah, yes, poor orphan, you are truly here, never again will your mother smile on you, no more will you hear her gentle voice, for she has left this vale of tears, and joined your father in the land of bliss. Never perhaps have you known that father's care, but a mother's never failing love amply compensated for the loss. Your heart is nearly broken, the only hope that sustains you, is a blessed reunion in Heaven. Life without the hope of eternity is no boon, for it is wrenched from the young bride in her early joy, and snatched from youth and beauty, when everything looks gay and smiling.

Indeed there is scarcely one household where the shadow of death has not fallen, no familiar place from which we do not miss some friend. If thou art a child, and hast ever added a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent, if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom, that ventured its whole happiness into thy keeping, to doubt the kindness and truth, if thou art a friend, and hast ever wringed the heart that confided in thee, then be sure that every unkind look, and ungenerous action will come thronging back upon thy memory, causing thee many a bitter unavailing tear.

We should always bear in mind, that sooner or later will also be said of us, "Died yesterday." Happy then for us if we led a virtuous life, so that we do not fear death, inasmuch as it paves the way to a bright and immortal country, where we will be united to the loved ones, whose loss we now deeply mourn.

—A large class of people in England object to the sailing of the Abyssinian fleet, on the grounds that it is done without sanction of parliament; but the more liberal minded are of opinion that formalities of law should always be postponed, when the issue is the life or death of a British subject,

The rebels in China are meeting with success, and seriously threaten the city of Peking.

The arrangements are said to be completed for a meeting between Napoleon and the King of Prussia at an early day in Baden.

The Secretary of War has been prevented from selling the government property at Harper's Ferry, the heirs of those who sold the property to the government claiming that the deed expressly provides that the lands conveyed to the United States should be used by the government only.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has decided that ground rent deeds should be stamped the same as other conveyances of real estate sold, at the rate of 40 cents for each \$500 or fractional part over \$500 of the consideration or value.