

Original Poetry

For the Southern Home. The Valley of Nacoochee.

Evening Star. (In honor of one returning thither after a long and honorable career.)

Child of our Chattahoochee! Hid in the hills afar; Oh! Beautiful Nacoochee—Light of the Evening-Star!

F. O. TICKNOR.

Selected Story.

THE HOUSE BY THE THREE CROSS-ROADS.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

The trustiness and fidelity of man's faithful companion, the dog, is so much commended by good authors, that in the book entitled "Sir Philip Sidney's Uremia" it is advised that those who desire to find a real friend should make search among dogs and spaniels for him.

The few dreary hours of a misty December's day were fast veiling and darkening into the shrouding and moonless obscurity of nightfall, and the threatening aspect of the sky indicated a coming storm, as two weary and road-stained travelers passed slowly on foot down the steep, long hill that crests part of the village of Geissenheim.

The houseless and desolate appearance of the vine-clad mountains over which they had journeyed, then lying fallow and dormant beneath the freezing breath of winter, increased the cheerfulness and comfort of the clustering buildings of Geissenheim; and it was, therefore, with feelings of delight that our weary wayfarers beheld the inviting looking village which nestled at the foot of the mountain.

There was a marked difference between the two travelers. One was tall, with a dignified, aristocratic bearing. At first glance, it was easy to perceive that he belonged to the upper-ten thousand; his dress and carriage at once betokened that he followed the calling of a soldier.

"As you please, sir," returned his companion, in a respectful tone. "A gentleman like yourself will have no difficulty in meeting with accommodation; but, as you are a stranger to the neighborhood, I thought you might like to know of a quiet, respectable inn."

"You are wonderfully considerate, and appear to take a great interest in all my movements," observed his companion, with something like sarcasm in his tone; "and, of course, I ought to be grateful, but I have been accustomed to shift for myself. It must be evident enough to you, from my accent, that I am not a native of this country."

"Peace!" interrupted the soldier. "I need no apology. You are so monstrously pertinacious. Do you take me for a simpleton, or what?"

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have gladly accepted, seeing that any company is better than none, to make use of an old adage; and you have wormed out of me the secret that I have concealed about my person all my little stock of wealth."

"You do not for a moment imagine, I hope, that I covet other men's goods?" said his companion, in a depreciatory and injured tone.

"Your pardon—forgive me. Nothing was further from my thoughts," was the quick response.

A fountain, which may be stepped across, is the source of the tide; the actions that color the course of our lives are often dictated by the merest trifle, or the most insignificant circumstance.

"I must tell you, my friend," said the Earl, turning towards his fellow-traveler, "that I am jaded and weary, and, therefore, shall be both grateful and pleased to find some place wherein I may rest my aching limbs. How much further have we to go? Methinks, if I am not mistaken, we are leaving the village to our right."

"We are," returned the guide. "The house to which I am about to take you stands by itself at the corner of the three cross-roads. We are already within sight of it. If you cast your eyes over this moor, you will be able to discern the ruddy light gleaming from its windows."

In a few minutes after this the two reached the hostelry, at the entrance of which the Earl's dog sniffed in a most suspicious manner, and then looked anxiously in the face of his master. A well-served meal, and a few glasses of hot spiced wine, revived the drooping spirits of the weary travelers.

The Earl's guide very shortly took his leave, and the English nobleman remained in the public room, chatting familiarly with its occupants. He spoke the language of the country with a fluency which was rare in those days, and seemed tolerably well pleased with his company.

"I desire, his company," returned the English nobleman. "He is always accustomed to sleep under his master's bed; therefore, be pleased to let him remain."

The man did not make any further allusion to the subject, but quietly withdrew.

He rose to his feet, and cast a hasty glance at the opening in the floor, expecting to see some midnight intruder suddenly present himself. A noise of shuffling feet was heard, and several heavy blows were given at the door, which those on the outside were endeavoring to force open.

The Earl leveled his pistol, and fired through one of the panels of the door. A deep groan, and a sound as of some one falling, told him that his shot had taken effect.

"I am armed!" exclaimed Lord Crawford. "Of this I have given proof. If you persist in striving to effect an entrance, it will be at the risk of your own lives."

No reply was given to this speech; but those of the outside renewed their efforts to break open the door. The contents of his other pistol went crashing through the shattered panel, and an impious oath from one in the passage proved that the weapon had not been discharged in vain.

The pistols were reloaded by their owner, who deemed it advisable to reserve them for the final assault, which he momentarily expected.

"Cowardly miscreants!" exclaimed the Earl. "I tell ye, midnight robbers and assassins as ye doubtless are, that you have to deal with an old soldier, who is prepared to defend himself against any odds."

While all this had been taking place, Bruno had never for a moment ceased barking, which added, in no small degree, to the uproar and confusion.

There was no further attempt on the part of those in the passage to effect an entrance, and, much to the surprise of Lord Crawford, there was a sudden cessation of the hostile movements of the attacking party. He stood for several minutes keeping watch and ward over the entrance to his bed-chamber, his pistols ready for immediate use.

He very soon came to the conclusion that those on the outside had beaten a retreat; nevertheless, he could not conceal from himself that he was in imminent danger, as he had no means of ascertaining what aggressive movement his enemies would have recourse to.

As a natural consequence, Bruno became the lion of the day. People flocked from all parts to catch sight of the sagacious animal whose wondrous instincts had been the occasion of a discovery at which the village folk gazed pale with fright. It was incontestably proved, beyond a shadow of doubt, that the infamous practice of entrapping and murdering unsuspecting travelers must have been carried on for many years.

Two days after the flight of the landlord and his accomplices, some peasants found near Geissenheim, in a shed which was used to store away grain, the body of a man, beneath some straw, very much stained with blood, which had evidently proceeded from a wound in the chest.

It was identified as the remains of Hantz Mayer, Earl Crawford's traveling companion, who, after having been mortally wounded by one of the shots through the door, had crept into the shed and died, it is supposed, from loss of blood, as no vital organ had been injured.

The officers of justice were on his track, that he committed suicide in an hotel at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Two of his accomplices were, however, captured, and put upon their trial, and suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

The house by the three cross-roads was in such bad odor that no one had the temerity to become its occupant; and for years it was tenanted, and sunk into decay. Ultimately, the son of its proprietor caused it to be demolished.

The youngest elopement on record took place at Hudson, Michigan, last week. Master Frederick Tubbs, of that town, aged five years, took Miss Schermerhorn, aged three years, combed her hair, put the doll's things in a box, and proceeded with her to the depot, where they got on the rear platform of the western bound train without being noticed.

The Griffin (Ga.) Star says: "The colored population all through this section are dying off at an alarming rate; not, however, with any contagion or epidemic, but solely in consequence of voluntary exposure, imtemperate hours, consequent sickness, and then, for the want of the attention they received while they were slaves, die for want of medicine and proper attention."

The Census shows a decrease in the population of New Hampshire of from six to ten thousand. There will be an increase now that the carpet-baggers are leaving the South.

A negro member of the Georgia House of Representatives, named Claiborne, was killed by the negro door-keeper, and the usual honors were paid to the deceased brother. A resolution to pay his per diem to his widow was referred to the Finance Committee, who reported Saturday last, begging to be discharged from its further consideration, as the deceased had so many wives and the applicants were so numerous, that the subject was one to be determined by the courts.

THE CARPET-BAGGERS.—The New York Journal of Commerce, one of the wisest and most moderate of American papers, is really gleeful over the prospect of a carpet-bag Waterloo.

The indignation, if not the blood, of the South is now up, and the carpet-bagger hereafter will have to move on with the almost ceaseless march of the Wandering Jew.

The clerks in the departments at Washington, owing their daily bread to their political patrons, have been notified that, unless they contribute one per cent of their salaries toward defraying the expenses of the campaign, or go home and vote the Republican ticket, they will be discharged forthwith.

When the Radicals were agitating the question of conferring upon the negroes the right of suffrage, we asserted that, by granting them political equality, the door was being thrown open to social communion.

Ex-President Johnson has not much opinion of moderate and third party men. In a recent speech at Rogersville, Tennessee, he made use of the following language: "Efforts were being made in this State to organize a third party, and that this movement was understood and appreciated at Washington, where it was known the third party must go eventually with the Radicals."

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A Radical paper describes and denounces the Klux outrages in the North—such as tar-and-feathering, No. 10, &c. It says that in the Southern States, as well as in the Northern States, such outrages would be vigorously repressed.

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