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[For the Republican.]

ONCE AND AGAIN.

To an ancient oak tree's shade—
A cool sweet place to rest—
A youth and maiden often strayed.
Beneath its spreading branches played—
And mutual love confessed.

The girl's bright hair was a golden crown;
Her eyes were tender blue.
The boy had eyes of deepest brown,
That into the other's soul looked down—
And hair of midnight hue.

And so this childish, happy pair,
Together gaily played.
All around them seemed so fair,
They never dreamed of future care,
As plans of life they laid.

Said the one, with boyish pride,
"I soon shall be a man.
Then I'll roam the world so wide—
Across the distant plains I'll ride,
And reach the golden land.

"Then I'll find the richest mine,
It's hidden wealth I'll own.
And low, beneath a Western pine,
Will Fortune whisper, "I am thine,"
And I shall love the tone.

"I shall be so strong and bold,
I'll hunt the wildest game.
Like some great chief of old,
Whose deeds of valor yet are told,
The earth shall fear my name."

And the maiden fondly heard,
The boy thus proudly speak.
She had deep faith in every word.
For love her bosom gently stirred,
And tinted her bright cheek.

"And I would be a lady fair.
With many courting me.
But I would shake my sunny hair;
For suitors rich I would not care,
For I'd be true to thee."

In after years a man returned,
With care upon his brow.
No more ambition in his bosom burned.
For fortune oft his suit had spurned,
And he seldom sought her now.

He saw a woman 'neath the oak tree stray,
A daughter by her side.
He met her there. With laughter gay
They talked o'er love dreams passed away,
Like leaves upon the tide.

Love's like a floweret fading fast,
Plucked from its native plain.
Enjoy its odors while they last,
For soon its fragrant life is past—
The leaves, like ghosts, remain.

[From the New York Times.]

OLD JOHN RADDLE.

BY COLONEL J. W. DE FOREST.

I.

Not an old man; not more than forty-five at the date of this story; simply "Old John Raddle," because there had been a young John Raddle, his son; bloated in figure, crimson in face, eyes bloodshot, hair long and unkempt, breath always fragrant with whisky; no attire, summer or winter, week day or Sunday, but gray or butternut homespun; such was my hero in the period of his grandeur.

His grandeur consisted in this: that having been born a "low down" white of South Carolina, he had shown a certain degree of intelligence, industry and enterprise, had gained money both in decent and evil fashions, had developed a character which, if not nice, was at least vigorous, and had become, if not a gentleman, at least something far better than a vagrant or a pauper.

He had made his fortune of $10,000 or $15,000 by nocturnal and illegal dickering with pilfering negroes; then by more open but scarcely more praiseworthy dealings across the whisky-stained counter of a cross roads grocery; but he had made it, he had kept it, he had it.

Now, even in the patrician South Carolina of the olden time money was reputable; if it was not "good blood" it was tacitly regarded as the very next noblest species of circulation; and thus John Raddle was considered not so low as he had been. In fact, he had lifted his family as far toward social respectability as the most gifted and fortunate Cracker stock usually could climb in one generation.

One step in his gradual rise had been the conversion of his grocery into a tavern, with accommodations for man and beast. For man there were two bedrooms, small, carpetless, rudely furnished, and as breezy as hencoops; a dining room with a narrow pine table, which proffered fried bacon and eggs, fried chicken, fried corn bread, and sweet potatoes; a barrel flowing with white, crude, fiery whisky, suitable for boozing farmers and Crackers; a private closet containing a barrel of old, mild amber whisky for gentry. For beasts there was a ramshackle barn, showing through countless rents great store of cornhusk fodder, and imperfectly sheltering from the rain some scant piles of maize nubbins.

The tavern consisted of a low, unpainted and even unbarked log shanty, the original grocery; and of a broad-fronted, shallow, two-story, yellow clapboard wing, the modern addition. Puddles in wet weather, and heaps of uncleanness always, made the approach unpleasant. There was no sign; no such ostentation was necessary; the place was widely notorious as Raddle's. Twice a week the up mail, and twice a week the down mail, between Columbia and Greenville, stopped here to change horses, occasionally bringing passengers for dinner, and at long, long intervals, one for the night.

Besides the tavern, Old John had several hundred acres of more or less evil land, a dozen or so of ragged negroes, and some loans with neighboring farmers. The richest man in the "settlement," and one of the richest for five miles around, he was not only beginning to be held respectable, but also to acquire a certain measure of self-respect, notwithstanding his low origin, his regular weekly sprees, his stumbling knowledge of reading, and his total ignorance of writing. A rough, unschooled, intemperate, backwoodish place was Somerville; such a place as you might expect to find in a thinly settled region which fifty years before had not been settled at all; a place which had not yet acquired extravagantly fine notions as to what constitutes morality and gentility; just the place for a prosperous Cracker to try to grow into "a gentleman of the old school."

"He's on a bender, ain't he!" whispered a barefooted, sallow, yellow haired urchin to a solemn, wilted, grizzled negro, who was leaning out of one of the bar-room windows. "Allays gits his money bag out when he's on a bender, don't he!" continued Strawhead; and received an owlish, assenting wink of a bleared eye in response. Although life is short, and many great mysteries remain unconsidered and unrevealed, we must consume one moment in stating that Old Sol was famous in Somerville for his dexterity in winking.

Perceiving a cigar stump on the ground, which had been swept out of the bar-room, Strawhead picked it up with his naked toes and attempted to transfer it slyly to his pockets, with the intention of smoking it at some convenient opportunity. But seeing that the gaze of Old Sol was upon him, he asked, with an humble grin, "Keen't I hev this!" and, obtaining a favorable nod, departed on a joyful canter.

On a day pregnant with future adventure for Old John Raddle, he was reeling up and down before his tavern, his bloodshot blue eyes moist with whisky, his great cushions of cheeks glowing like a pair of sunsets, five or six drops of perspiration rolling down his broad, red forehead, his iron-gray hair towzled toward all points of the universe, his threadbare woolen broad-brim in one hand, and a stout canvas bag in the other. Shaking his bag and violently jingling its metallic contents, was delivering something like a stump speech to three gaunt, seedy, cross roads politicians, who, sitting in a row on a wooden bench under the eaves, listened to him with a "meeching," wheedling grin, knowing that his peroration would be, "Come in, boys, an' licker."

Such was the scene at Raddle's when its fate reached it. There was a rumble of wheels on the wooden bridge over the Saluda, and all present exclaimed: "The stage!" Soon a long yellow wagon, with leather curtains and rattling doors, rolled up to the tavern behind two gaunt, mud-splashed horses. The driver, gnarly Jim Dallaby, who had whipped more men and been whipped oftener than any other being known to Somerville, leaped to the ground and made straight for the barroom. Old Sol opened the finger-stained door of the stage, and bowed obsequiously to the only passenger. He was a tall, well dressed, handsome youth of nineteen or twenty, whom John Raddle at once recognized as a "high-tone gentleman."

"Mornin', stranger," he said, making such rude reverence as a born Cracker owed to a scion of planterdom. "Hev a room, stranger?"

"Yes, I think I may as well take a room," answered the youngster, after a moment of meditation. "I think I had better stay over night with you."

"Best room in the house, stranger," declared old John. "Allays keep it for your style. Yere, Sol, take the gentleman's trunk up to No. 1. An', Sol, see ef everything is all right up thar. An' Sol, call Luce to see ef everything is straight thar—for by——! you won't know."

Followed by the guest, the negro limped up stairs with the trunk, dropped it in the best front chamber, and shuffled away to summon Luce. But he had hardly reached the top of the stairway ere he met the girl ascending, hurried up by the impatient John Raddle.

Luce, or Lucy, the only daughter of Old John, was his trusted housekeeper, the "old woman being sickly and the "niggers" stupid. Eighteen, well grown, and prettily shaped, with features that were well enough; rosy cheeks and merry blue eyes, she was what people call a tempting piece of flesh and blood. That was just Luce. There was nothing spiritual or intellectual about her; there was nothing of that fine charm which we think of when we say "lady," but, as flesh and blood, she was an attractive spectacle. Her checkered home spun frock, cut in the simple fashion of a "baby waist," showed her firm, full figure to advantage. There was a little timidity and more awkwardness in her manner as she entered No. 1. She was not afraid of being left alone with this young gentleman, but she was slightly anxious as to what he might think of her appearance, and she felt ill at ease because of his "store clo'es," so much grander than homespun.

While she straightened the coarse brown counterpane and propped a rickety table against the whitewashed wall, and look to see if the floor had been swept since the exodus of the last lodger, she glanced two or three times at the stranger, and thought that he was "mighty hansum." So he was. A fine, tall, slender shape; a dark, aquiline, spirited and yet gracious face; abundant long black hair curling over his coat collar; on the whole a first class, "high-tone" Southern type. She stood at the window, seeming in a state of abstraction, and Luce did not know that he had surveyed her carefully by stealth.

Turning from her work to leave the room she was puzzled, rather than startled, to find that he had closed the door and was advancing toward her. A little sparkle of injury and amusement danced in her eyes while he took both her hands in his; but she was not scared, nor was there even much of a thrill in her veins as she thought, "Is he going to kiss me?"

Yes, he was going to kiss her; he was bending graciously for that very purpose; he was putting his courtly face close to her rustic one. Luce had often been kissed; for manners were pastorally free in Somerville, and forfeit games were current among the young people, not to mention that she had had a beau or two. She tittered and turned away her head until one cheek touched her shoulder, but in the same agreeable moment the other cheek felt the touch of his lips.

"You dear, good little beauty!" he murmured, in a tone which was full of gratitude and so of flattery.

There was still a smile on her lips when she stole a look at him; but her eyes had suddenly taken an expression of great and tender surprise. Of all the men—or boys, rather—who had hitherto been thus bold with her, not one had uttered such sweet words. They were priceless; they seemed not only to pay his debt, but to make her profoundly his debtor; and when she faced him she meant that he should kiss her lips if he wished. He did so, and whispered other entrancing words in her bewitched ear; then with his hand on her waist, he led her to the door and opened it for her. Had Luce known what a princess was, she would have felt that she was one, and that she had found the true prince.

How she eagerly longed for dinner, when it would be her sweet duty to superintend the table and see that this royal guest was suitably fed. Not that she sat at the head of the board—no, she had no higher part to play than that of upper waiter; she overlooked and scolded the "niggers." It was a pleasure to her to show the young gentleman to his chair, and she was not painfully aware that it was a humble pleasure. There was a little flutter in her heart, and she could not at first raise her eyes to his; but when she did presume to glance at him she found that he was looking at her with an air of interest. Then a happy sparkle shot from under her lashes, and the least flicker of a smile danced about one corner of her mouth. She remembered the two kisses, and she was no more ashamed of them than he. She was only a little more shy, a little more "in a gitabout," as she would have phrased it. Of course she served him with the best of "chicken" that was fried that day at Raddle's, and wished that there had been for him hopping john or some other exceptional delicacy. Meanwhile Old John pumped the guest as to his business and personality. "Never met up with you befo', stranger; what mought your name be?"

"I am from Oakland District, and I am the son of Colonel Mayfield," said the youth, with a rising accent, as if it were a grand thing to be of Oakland District, and a still grander thing to be a Mayfield.

John Raddle looked all the respect that he could through his bloodshot optics, not doubting that he had before him the heir of some great lowland planter.

"After lan' or niggers!" he continued, speaking out of the depths of his dickering spirit.

"No," answered the lordly guest, internally scornful of the query, but calmly civil on the surface; "student at Columbia College, I have been rusticated," he explained, with a laugh.

Old John had heard of college. The parson was a college man, and Squire Somers and Colonel Thornton. He had a vague idea that it was high toned to go to college. But "rusticated" was beyond his tether, and he repeated the word inquiringly.

"I am sent up here as a punishment," said Mayfield, "for playing jokes on the tutors."

"Oh, been raisin' the devil!" guffawed John Raddle, his heart warming at once toward the youngster.

Of course, Mayfield related the cause of his misadventure in full: for what rusticated student is not at first proud of his peccadillo? We have not space for the story, but we can assure the undergraduate public that it was as delicately humorous as such things usually are, in proof of which may be alleged the fact that Old John laughed uproariously.

"Stranger, you're a long suit an' five trumps," he declared in his delight. "I'm durn glad I met up with ye. Come, let's blow a cloud. Luce, bring the bes' cigars an' some closet whisky. Stranger, I've got some whisky as 'll make yer baird grow. Wal, whar you gwine ter stay? Not yere? Not with Old John Raddle? Lor bless ye! we'd raise the devil every day."

"I am to board with a clergyman—a Rev. Mr. Seymour," said Mayfield.

"Oh — Parson Seymour — Presbyterian parson. Wal, I reckon he's middlin' peart at book larnin; folks tell so. He ain't one of my sort; fact is, parsons never be. I don't believe in religion, durned ef I do. Don't know much 'bout it, but what I do know I don't believe. A bag full of dollars an' a yard full of niggers an' a jug full of whisky, that's my religion. What d'ye say to that? Them's what makes a gentleman—them an' fightin'. The' ain't healthy, them pious. Parson Seymour's a little, lean, scrimped, yaller-faced man. He's so narvous he can't stay still a minute. Oneasiest creatur I ever see. He'll set in all the chairs in the room while you're tellin' him a story. I'd as lief talk to a basket of grasshoppers. An' pious! whew! You'll hev mornin' prayers three times a day. Wal, when ye get yer ambition up for a shindy, come round an' see Ole John. He'll take a turn with ye; he'll show ye 'bout the districk. Stranger, ketch another holt o' that whisky. Nothing like whisky, is thar! How d'ye raise high tone gentlemen without it!"

Here, for the third or fourth time, Old John lighted his cigar from that of his listener. He always had a cigar in his mouth, but seldom smoked much of it, for he had a habit of "talking constant." After chewing one end of the luxury to a pulp, and relighting the other until it would no longer take fire satisfactorily, he threw it away half consumed, and commenced the same wasteful process upon another. Those were the days, be it remembered, when Havanas sold at three for a dime. By the way, his smoking and talking did not prevent him from chewing.

Meanwhile he drank copiously. He had not taken his bender out when the young man arrived, and his inflamed stomach now insisted that he should go on with it. Drunk he could not get. For years he had been above the highest tide of whisky; for years he had not been seen to stagger. But at last he fell asleep in his arm chair, snoring, with open mouth and half shut eyes, an object of envy to old Sol. Mayfield was also overcome and took a long nap upon a wooden settee, while Luce sat near and watched him with admiration. When the youth awakened, late in the afternoon, he sent a youth to the Rev. Seymour, with his letter of introduction and a note stating that he would present himself in the morning.

"Ole Sol shall tote ye roun' thar," said John Raddle when his guest was about to depart. "I've got a Yankee wagon an' a little gray to match. I won't charge ye a dime for the ride. Jest you cast yer eye at little grey as ye go along, that's all. Ef ever ever ye git yer head out for a shindy, she's the creetur for ye. Ef ye hev a gal along," he chuckled, "an' want ter go slow through a piece of woods, an' do a little lip sarvice without bein' jolted, she can trot all day in a bar'l. An' ef you want to get clar of any other man's dust, she can haul ye right out of it in no time, I don't keer whose dust it is. Jest take a look at her. Some day you'll want ter hire, or we mought want ter trade."

No one who knows the nature of a Cracker hoyden will suppose that Luce Raddle allowed the handsome young stranger to depart without running the pleasant risk of another tete-a-tete with him. As Mayfield was packing his trunk he heard femine drapery behind him, and, turning at the alluring rustle, he beheld Luce.

"I reckoned you mought want somethin," she said, with a slight stammer and a very deep blush.

With a promptness which showed precocious experience in flirtations, and with an air of benign confidence which was wonderfully winning, he stepped up to her and took both her hands.

"So I did want something," he said, laying his smooth young cheek against hers. "I wanted to see you, my dear little pet."

It was the antique story of ill-matched love making; it was the thread bare European drama of the peasant and the noble. This common-place, half-wild, truly low down adventure would not be worth relating, did it not bring face to face those two immemorial types of humanity, the patrician and the plebian. In our time it seems an anachronism; on the soil of a republic it is an exotic, a monstrosity; and hence the interest of our narrative, if it has any. This girl, who had been made lowly by the breath of slavery, was so happy at receiving a few words of endearment from this boy, who had been made grand by slavery, that she could not speak.

"Do you know what a pet is?" he asked with a smile, holding her out at arm's length.

"Yis, I hev a pet."

"What is it?"

"A pig; a tame pig. She followed me half a mile t'other day."

He could not help laughing at her rusticity, and yet he though it very charming.

"I am much luckier than you," he said. "I have a much nicer pet than a pig. Such a nice pet that I want to kiss it."

Luce did not turn away her cheek any further than would make things perfectly convenient to this wondrous lover; and the frankness, the whole heartedness, with which she presently put up her lips to his was, to a thoughtful eye, nothing less than pitiful. Patrician as he was, and by birthright a despiser of low down people, he was stricken with respect for her confiding simplicity, and treated her with the chivalry of youth.

"Good bye, my dear child," he said, loosing her hands; "I shall see you often while I am here, and I shall never forget you."

Then they walked on tiptoe to the door and parted, both unsatisfied with the interview. Oh, this unappeasable hunger of young hearts for love, and for love, and still more for love.

II.

Parson Seymour soon discovered that his pupil was a person of praiseworthy regular habits. Mayfield studied hard every morning, recited admirably in the hour before dinner, and took a walk every afternoon. The parson admired hard students and persons of regular habits, and consequently he reported favorably of the youth to the college factory.

Meantime Luce Raddle was attaining to a much more thorough knowledge of the rusticated one's character without making any report thereof except to that one confidante whom every love-lorn female must have. Every afternoon she met him in a pine grove near her home, and thence stole with him down the secluded course of the Saluda to a grove of oaks, curtained in from the world by a close edging of underwood. There, seated on the bank of the whispering little river, with no spectators but a wooded and uninhabited slope rising from the opposite shore, they passed the time which Mr. Mayfield was supposed to devote to walking for his health. Was it altogether spent in talking, laughing and throwing pebbles into the swift water! Ah those were the days holding hands and waists—days which, as every ancient maiden lady knows, have long since departed: days which the literature of our time can not treat of without hesitation.

In justice to Luce it must be stated that she did not prefer this clandestine sort of courtship.

"Why don't you come to see me thar at the house?" she repeatedly asked.

"And so I do," he once answered evasively. "I saw you there yesterday."

"Oh! you jest spoke to me—jest as though I was anybody else. You mought set up with me thar. Par and mar wouldn't keer; an' they'd let us hev the big front room."

"I'll come some time," he said. "Don't make up a face at me."

But this promise was not kept, and was not meant to be kept; for Mayfield was thus far advanced in the wickedness of flirtation; he could assent with the sole intent of performing if convenient.

Sometimes he had compunctions as to his conduct toward the girl. But then she was the daughter of a Cracker who had made money by selling whisky to niggers; the granddaughter of another Cracker who had been lower than niggers; the representative of a caste which his caste looked upon as purely noxious or contemptible. Surely he was not bound to be as delicate with such pottery as with the fine porcelain of chivalry. So he let her adore him.

"I wish I was as putty as you be," she often said, gazing straight into his Grecian face.

At other times it was, "I lay awake three hours las' night, studyin' 'bout you." Or again, "I couldn't git to sleep till nigh mornin' for figurin' what you was up to."

"What you was up to" meant "What your intentions are." For Luce, although she knew that there was a great social gulf between her and her beau, would persist in imagining a future of marriage. She sometimes hoped that her father's property would fill up the separating abyss; and she told Mayfield about it more than once, giving him, with piteous insistence, the number of acres and niggers, and the value thereof in dollars; perhaps, indeed, she magnified the "demnition total" a little.

Above the leafy bank which fronted these two adventuring children, as they sat in their love-nest beside the Saluda, there was a little cleared plateau on which the Congregationalists of Somerville had built their tabernacle and laid out their burial ground. In that cemetery one breezy March afternoon Parson Seymour performed the last earthly rites over the remains of Martha Fortner, "the lamented and pious consort" of Gowan Fortner, one of the pillars of his little church. On his way from the house of mourning to the grave the minister had been astonished and pained by a remark of the bereaved husband, which shows how little delicacy of soul one may acquire even under the constant droppings of the sanctuary. Mr. Fortner, a short and stumpy old man, being a little lame with rheumatism and having no adult relative present to lean upon, had taken his pastor's arm in order the more comfortably to lead the solemn procession.

"Yes, Parson, I'm left mightily alone," he sighed in answer to some worldly suggestion. "It's a powerful loppin' off for me. I shall feel the loss of Miss Fortner mightily. "An', Parson, I'd be mighty much obliged to ye ef you'd name somebody that you think fitten to fill her place. Not now, Parson. We orter be thinkin' of other things now. At a fitten time, Parson. At a fitten time."

As the clergyman departed after the concluded service, he meditated sadly upon this strange request, unparalleled even in his large experience of hard and narrow types of humanity. Then he reflected humbly that neither was he free from unworthy thoughts on funeral occasions, calling to mind how, while his mouth was opened in prayer before the grave, his eyes had dwelt with grief on the neglected exterior of his church, and he had longed for some white paint wherewith to cure its weather-stained leprosy. Grieving over such instability of devotional feeling, he felt the solemnity of solitude. Instead, therefore, of walking home by the now babbling highway, he turned aside and descended a lonely path toward the banks of the Saluda.

Imagine him in this serious frame, looking across the black stream as across a Stygian river, and witnessing an exchange of light-minded kisses between his student ward and that wild Luce Raddle. The startled good man felt an hysterical desire to scream aloud over a world which at the moment seemed to him more one of sin than of sorrow. Then he became ashamed for these two, and did not want them to see that they had been discovered in their folly, and reascended hastily the covering shadows of the slope.

But this matter could not go on thus, and how should he arrest it! As is usual with ascetic and unworldly persons who interfere in such passionate complications, be blundered. He should have gone straight at Mayfield; he should have said to him, "You are a gentleman, and you abuse your position; you have been educated under worthy influences, and yet you play the tempter and misleader; you are responsible for this folly, and you must end it."

But he was prejudiced against Lucy, as not being a church member, and as being the daughter of a Cracker and rumseller; he concluded that it was her rustic effrontery which was chiefly responsible for this furtive and indecorous love making; and, as he did not find in himself the hardness to face her with such a charge, he resolved to report her to her father.

By the way, Mayfield nursed similar notions as to Lucy's guilt; he conveniently forgot that he had touched his lips to her cheek before she had ever opened hers to speak to him; he maundered and grumbled after the fashion of over lucky lovers, about "a woman throwing herself at a fellow's head." And yet, if Parson Seymour had boldly said to him, "Thou art the criminal," he would have admitted it.

As the minister approached Raddle's he saw a chance of lightening his dreaded task. In front of the tavern, just about to mount his tall and bony bay, stood the father of sickly Mrs. John Raddle, a leathery, sinewy, round-shouldered old farmer of eighty, popularly styled old Zeke Seffris. This man being, for some undiscoverable reasons, famous in Somerville, we must not bring him into our narrative without a word of description. As a philosophical artist defined a lion to be "a pair of jaws mounted on four legs," so I may portray old Zeke Jeffris as a nose on two legs. The protuberance of his bowed shoulders seemed barely sufficient to balance his enormous aquiline proboscis. Children were terrified at it, and in their manhood never forgot it.

His claim to antiquity was unquestioned; he was not obliged to insist upon it, after the egotistic fashion of John Raddle; time out of mind everybody who knew him had called him Old Zeke Jeffris. To the imaginations of the students of American history in the Methodist Seminary it seemed possible that he might have been clearing up land about Somerville before the advent of Columbus. Men who have measured the monuments of the mound-builders of the West have confessed that they never beheld anything which had to them such an air of forgotten ages as Old Zeke Jeffris.

It is, however, difficult to account for his reputation as a "character." He was called "a keen old chap," "a dry old chap," "a severe old chap;" and yet he never seemed to do or say anything to justify these epithets. He simply minded his own business and held his tongue. If you made a remark to him his usual comment was a noiseless laugh, a round-shouldered lurch, and two steps to the right or left, by way of recovering his equilibrum. But people who knew him felt that the laugh and lurch were very significant, being always on the lookout for keenness, or dryness, or severity, in Old Zeke Jeffris.

When the Seymour family horse ran away with Mrs. Seymour and two children, and the ancient husbandman galloped after the escapade hallooing like a fox hunter, thereby scaring the family horse into twice the speed he had contemplated, all Somerville was agreeably conscious that he had vindicated his reputation for being something out of the common way. Poynt Hendrux's Chloe, the lame laundress, related from house to house how "Ole Mars Jeffris went a poundin down de holler;" and John Raddle triumphantly observed several times a day for a week afterward, "I told ye the old man had it in him."

To this incarnation of mysterious keenness, dryness and severity, Mr. Seymour gently broke the information that his granddaughter was carrying on a flirtation in Oak Grove. Old Zeke received the announcement as he received most communications which did not refer strictly to his farming affairs. He gave one of his laughs and made one of his lurches; then, with a strenuous pinch of his leathery lips, he mounted the bony bay and rode off at a gallop; all this without saying a word to the anxious clergyman or to anybody else. What he thought of Mr. Seymour's revelation he never told, and no merely human being could guess. Nothing could be inferred from his going off at a gallop, for he was continually departing from people in that fashion. If an angel had come to him with a message, he was capable of going off at a gallop.

Thus the minister found himself obliged, as he clumsily concluded, to report Lucy's misdoing directly to her parents. John Raddle had come out of his front door just as his father-in-law thundered away, and now stood looking after the venerable cavalier with a tobacco stained smile of admiration. He touched his hat as Mr. Seymour approached, for he recognized the fact that the parson was a gentleman, although not of course so chivalrous as the 'Squire and Colonel Thornton. But his reception of the news of Luce's misdemeanor was as distressingly hardened as that of Old Zeke Jeffris had been mysterious.

"Kissin', hey!" he answered, with a broad, easy, and somewhat puzzled laugh. "No great harm in that, Parson, I reckon."

Seeing that plain dealing was necessary, Mr. Seymour said firmly, "I am afraid so, Mr. Raddle. You must take into consideration the fact that this young man never can marry Lucy."

"Who wants him to marry her?" returned Old John, hotly; then, gathering pride, "What's to hender him from marryin' her!"

"He is one of the Mayfields of Oakland District," pursued the clergyman, "and such people as they think a great deal of wealth and blood and position."

Of a sudden John Raddle remembered that he had been born a low-downer, and that, with all his acquired acres and negroes, he was still not a gentleman. The great gulf between the two castes opened wide before him; he saw his daughter on one side and this high-toned youngster on the other; no union between them possible except to her depreciation and injury. In spite of the pint of whisky which he had drank since "sun up" he became humble and tractable in a moment.

"Wal, Parson," I'll tend to this," he said. "I'm powerful obleeged to ye."

Thus it happened that Luce Raddle came home from an afternoon of rosy-cheeked happiness to an evening of sorrow.

"Whar ye been, Luce!" was her father's grim greeting, as she slyly entered the back door of the tavern.

"Out 'n the pine woods," she mumbled, telling a little of the truth, after the fashion of people who have much to conceal.

"Come in yere," he said, pushing her into that very front room which she had repeatedly recommended to her beau as a proper place for sparking. "You've been down to Oak Grove with that student feller."

"Wal, an' what ef I hev!" retorted Luce, who inferred at once that she had been watched, and that it would be useless to deny the meeting.

"You've been thar every day for this long time," continued the father, remembering afternoon absences which had hitherto excited no suspicion.

"I know it, I've been thar to see him. I love him an' he loves me."

"Now, I jest want ye to quit these capers," he said, drawing a cowhide from his sleeve. "Will ye promise to quit?"

"No! I won't! I won't!" answered Luce in a scream of rage and misery and despair.

John Raddle reasoned in the block, without drawing fine distinctions or looking at both sides. He did not pause to consider whether it was not his fault that his daughter had grown up a foolish hoyden; he simply made it clear to his mind that she was one, and that she must be broken of it; then he took her in hand and flogged her unmercifully.

An old bachelor friend of mine often pleases himself with declaring that a "good cowhiding will bring any woman to her senses." When the first blow stung through Lucy's homespun frock she shouted defiance, but in a minute more she was on her knees, holding up her hands and wailing, "Oh, don't par!"

"Will ye quit it!" repeated John Raddle, his broad face glowing like a bonfire with anger and exercise.

"Oh! yes, yes," sobbed Lucy, willing to say anything that would keep that uplifted scourge from descending.

Then she was led, whispering and writhing and crouching, to her room, her shoulders in a flame of stings, and her heart, as it seemed to her, broken. To make sure that she she should not escape she was forced to go to bed, her shoes were taken away, and the door was fastened on the outside. Her father's last words were, "Git yer nose pinted to start for Uncle Jim's in the mornin'."

This was the culmination of calamity: this was worse than her fiercest throbbings. Uncle Jim Jeffris lived thirty-five miles or so "up Saludy," and before she could return to Somerville her hero would be gone. Lucy cried, twisted, rubbed her tingling arms, tried to see their discolorations, muttered threats of vengeance, concocted plans of escape, and then went on with her crying all that evening. They brought her no supper, and she was furious at that, for she had meant to break the plate and upset the jug of milk. But amid all pain and grief and wrath she remembered Frederick Mayfield with a pluckiness of affection which disposes a man to lift his hat to her memory. Hungry, sore and shoeless, she was resolved to see him once more. Throughout the evening she watched for a chance to escape from the house; and it seemed to her as if the hated world had never sat up so late before. Finally there came an hour when doors ceased slamming, and no more clumsy feet blustered along the creaking passages, and no more laughter or whistling of belated idlers resounded from the street.

After trying vainly to force her lock she had recourse to the window. Knotting the sheets and blankets together she made a ladder long enough to take her to earth and set off for the clerical residence. Stones, sticks and burs wounded her bare feet in the darkness, but she only cringed and never uttered a cry or slackened her speed. She threaded the pine grove, ran swiftly by a door yard or two in fear of dogs, crept under cover of a fence up a short alley and was beneath the catalpas which embowered the parsonage.

The little wooden "half house" was as pitilessly quiet as a tomb. Had Frederick Mayfield actually been asleep and never known of the shivering girl who was blubbering her passionate grief under his window because she should see his face no more, it would have been a ferocity of destiny which even an austere-minded man might be tempted to grumble at. Things happened better than that, and worse. Lucy detected a glimmer behind the boy's curtain; she tossed a pebble or two against a window pane; in another minute he was beside her. She clung to him, told her woful story, made him touch the welts on her arms, and cried over the approaching separation, hoping that he would somehow prevent it.

Low down girls, take warning. If unwisdom is not its own reward, it has none. The suitor who can not worship, can not love. Although Mayfield was sorry for Luce, although he was indignant at the savage punishment which she had received, although he knew himself to be mainly responsible for her griefs, he still wished that he had never seen her, and he longed to get rid of her. Of course he petted her; of course he tried to quiet her tiresome crying; but, of course, too, he urged her to return home. They were whispering a parting when they heard a whistle, followed by a stealthy, menacing rush of approaching footsteps.

III.

A discovery which transforms this story from a doleful comedy into a downright tragedy had been made by John Raddle. After whipping Luce, his blood up and his hand in, he sought a new victim. This victim was Luce's confidante, and this confidante was a negro girl of fifteen, John Raddle's purchased property. Holding her in some way responsible for his daughter's hoydenisms, he plied her so fiercely with the cowhide that under the torture the chattel made a woful revelation.

The born low-downer, the illegal trader with negroes, the coarse, ignorant drunkard and ruffian had crept so far up toward respectability that when he heard the tale of his child's misconduct he felt injured and dishonored. He dropped his cowhide and drew his revolver; he reeled about the room, threatening the life of the negress, stamping and swearing. At last he rushed out, called for his horse, and rode at full galop to Old Zeke Jeffris.

The Jeffrises, although plain and illiterate people, had for many years been well-to-do farmers, and were not classed in the district as Crackers. Conscious that his marriage into the family had been his longest stride toward social consideration, John Raddle was proud of his wife's relatives, sensitive to their criticisms, and subservient to their counsel. A sob or two of shame mingled with his oaths as he now told them what he had to tell, and asked them what should be done. They, too (Old Zeke, his wife, and his two grown grandsons, Scott and Harris), were sullenly, if not acutely, conscious of injury and insult.

"I s'pose he thinks, 'cause he's a great gentleman's son, he can do what he likes," growled Scott Jeffris, the eldest of the grandsons. "I say let's git after him, an' if he won't do what's right, kill him. By——, that's what I say."

The grandfather, who had not hitherto spoken, now lurched toward the mantelpiece, took down his always loaded rifle and led the way to the stable, followed in silence by the others. In ten minutes four armed men were riding through the six miles of dim starlight which lay between the farm house and Somerville. Reaching the tavern, they drank largely of whisky; then they repaired to Luce's room to obtain a confirmation of the negro girl's story. They found it empty, the window open and the string of blankets hanging.

"She's run away," exclaimed John Raddle, bewildered.

The old man, equally perplexed, laughed in his strange, mechanical way, and said nothing.

"She's gone for him," broke out Scott Jeffris; and they started on foot for the parsonage. A stealthy, rapid walk; a glimpse of the couple under the catalpas; a whispered consultation behind a thicket of roses; a gliding of two shadows around the rear of the house; then a whistle, and they were all together.

"Oh, par!" gasped Luce. She sprang away from her lover with instinctive fright and shame; but in the next instant she saw the revolver in her father's hand, and, leaping at him, she caught his wrist.

"You git away!" cried John Raddle, flinging her violently aside, while Harris Jeffris seized her arm. "Look yere, Mr. Mayfield, don't you stir. Stand thar whar ye be till I've done talking."

A ghostly moon came out at this moment, and showed the young man standing with his back to the house, his face apparently pale in the dim light, but his manner cool and even defiant, and his hand grasping a revolver.

"Now, Mr. Mayfield, you know what this means," continued Old John. "Yes, you know. I want you to marry that gal."

Even as he made this demand it seemed to him absurd presumption, and his voice sank and quivered doubtfully over the last syllables. Never before, to his knowledge, had a man of his class laid such an injunction upon a man of the class of Frederick Mayfield.

"I s'pose you know why you oughter marry her," he continued, with a gasp; "I s'pose you know it."

"I suppose I understand you," answered the youth, with a frank haughtiness which showed great pride and great courage.

"Wall, will you do it!"

"No."

Both men raised their pistols simultaneously, but Luce prevented them from firing; she broke away from Harris Jeffris, flung herself upon her lover, and covered him with her body. "You shan't go to make him marry me," she screamed. "He needn't marry me."

Her cousin jerked her violently from her hold, and dragged her, struggling, to some distance.

"That's right—take her away," said the hard, resolute, pugnacious boy, for whom she had sacrificed her happiness, and would have sacrificed her life. He looked as sternly and imperiously in the faces of the four threatening men who stood around him as a Roman patrician might have stood at brawling plebians, or a Polish noble at insolent serfs. "And you, the rest of you, be off!" he went on, gathering anger. "Another word of this bullying, and I'll send some of you to ——. Those that I miss I'll follow up. I'll hunt you out of the country. I'll teach you to insult and threaten a gentleman."

So prodigious at that date was the terrorism of old planting families in the South, and so greatly were even the well-to-do farmers under their influence, that the three Jeffrises quailed before these threats, looked doubtfully into each other's shrinking faces, and slouched slowly away. John Raddle alone stood his ground. His wrong was far deeper than theirs, and what was more, he was hot with whisky. Yes, whisky was the predominant spirit in this, as in most Southern tragedies. Without it he could not have nerved himself to raise a deadly weapon against the son of a wealthy and influential planter.

There were more angry words; another demand, and another refusal; than two detonations in rapid succession. John Raddle, with a ball in his thigh, the shot of a dropping pistol, saw Frederick Mayfield fall forward on his face. There was a ghastly group in the moonlight; a corpse wetting the dark turf with its blood; a girl rolling and shrieking beside it; four men, white and staring.

"He's done for," whispered Scott Jeffris. "Git up and git, uncle. Find your hoss and travel for the swamp."

As John Raddle and his relatives disappeared, Mr. Seymour came upon the scene. He had been awakened by the altercation; had looked out of the window at the moment when the three Jeffrises were retiring before Mayfield; had dressed as rapidly as possible, and arrived too late. All that he could do for his pupil was to carry his body into the house.

Next day there was a prodigious excitement in the district. As first public opinion was somewhat divided as to the guilt of John Raddle, many persons sympathizing with him when they learned the provocation under which he had acted. But when the judge of the Circuit Court, old Squire Somers, Colonel Thornton, and in general the lofty and wealthy citizens, took the ground that murder was murder, the commanalty assented to the proposition, and agreed that the fugitive must be brought to trial. His low origin, his generally evil life, and especially his crime of selling whisky to negroes, also worked to his prejudice. Perhaps, too, his pecuniary success was now an injury to him, for envy abounds in backwoodish regions, and is a good hater.

The feeling against the homicide was heightened by the exertions of Colonel Mayfield, who, on receiving news of his son's death, hurried post haste to Somerville, attended by several martial connections, as a Highland chief of the olden time traveled with his duihnwassal. The Colonel was a man of forty-five, swarthy, small, lithe and graceful; a planter of unusual wealth, a leading politician in the State and a thorough aristocrat in feeling; but smoothly condescending with the masses, persuasive, fascinating and eloquent. Full of grief, but full of vindictiveness, he was determined that John Raddle should die, and he labored for that end very much as he would have labored for an election to Congress. It must be admitted, I suppose, that verdicts in South Carolina did not at that period follow strictly in the footsteps of law. To secure a favorable result in court it was often necessary to secure a favorable public opinion.

"My son did perfectly right," declared Colonel Mayfield to Colonel Thornton, as to other high-toned personages. "He did just what I would have advised him to do, and just what you would have advised him to do. Marry the daughter of a Cracker!—of the keeper of a cross roads grocery! Impossible! It was a most insolent demand, and urged with illegal, insulting violence. What will our class come to if such demands can be made on it? The boy did perfectly right; as I might have known he would. As fine a boy—as gentlemanly a boy"—here the Colonel's voice quivered a little—"yes, sir, as noble and honorable a boy as your own."

Thornton grasped his hand in silence and Mrs. Thornton burst into tears. The sorrows of the degraded Raddles were crowded out of sight by the sorrows of this fine gentleman—their associate and equal.

To commoner spirits the colonel insinuated that the whole adventure had been a matrimonial plot of the Raddles; that they had put out their girl as a bait, with the hope of thereby deluding or bullying a rich youth into marriage, and that, finding their game fruitless, they had murdered him in coarse anger or mere savagery.

"I'm glad I met with you, colonel," said more than one convinced farmer. "I never got at the full rights of the case afore now."

It is a picture of justice in its simpler and more popular stages. One is reminded of Lucius Quintius imploring the Quirites in favor of his son Ceso; of Virginius declaiming with sobs in the Forum, in preparation for the trial of Appius Claudius; of accused Athenians exhibiting their tears and their mourning garments to their judges.

Old Zeke Jeffris and his two grandsons were committed to jail, but the actual homicide remained hid in unknown fastnesses. There were scores of rumors; he had escaped to Texas; he had been seen in the neighborhood; he was going to give himself up; he had joined a gang of horse thieves. There is little doubt that he was fed by his negroes, or by some of his Cracker adherents. In former days the criminal at the South was rarely considered an outcast by those two classes, the poor whites and the slaves. They were an all pervading barbarism, surrounding every courthouse with a backwoods.

John Raddle was repeatedly "hunted after" by the sheriff's posse; Colonel Mayfield, armed to the teeth, was always of the party. At last, in a swamp on the Sulda, ten miles from Somerville, the assassin was tracked to the ruinous hovel, once the shelter of a runaway slave, which served him for a lair. Returning from a long expedition after food, he had fallen asleep, and when he awoke at the sound of footsteps it was to look into the eyes of his pursuers. Six armed men were ambuscaded in front of the cabin, and as many more were on its flanks and rear. Planting himself, rifle in hand and revolver in belt, behind the doorpost, he called out, "Stop whar you be."

"Steady, Old John!" responded Kin Chertain, the sheriff. "No use quarrelin' about it. We're all round ye."

"Stand right whar ye be, Kin," said Raddle, "I'm not gwine to be taken alive."

There was a pause and a muttered consultation among the besiegers, Colonel Mayfield saying: "I can hit him from here," and the sheriff answering, "No, no! let's coax him."

John Raddle took advantage of the momentary quiet to ask, "How's my daa'ter?"

"She's been mighty sick, but she's better!" replied Chertain, who was himself a father, and felt his heart at that moment stir to meet Raddle. "Come, John, don't let's have any nonsense now. Come out here, and obey the laws."

"See here, Kin, I want you to b'ar witness of one thing. You've got the Jeffrises in jail. They ain't guilty. They was gwine away when it happened; they didn't so much's see it till t'was done. I want you to let the court know that, Kin."

"I'll do all I can for 'em, Raddle. Come now, come out."

As the homicide made no response further than to glance at the darkening horizon, and as he was evidently revolving the small chance which remained to him of escaping in the approaching night, Colonel Mayfield's hate burst forth violently, and he shouted, "Surrender, you scoundrel!"

"Who be you?" demanded Raddle, bringing his rifle to a level, and glancing along the barrel at the strange face, half hidden by the pine tree which served it for an ambuscade.

"I am Colonel Mayfield, replied the unflinching planter, coolly watching the one eye that was upon him.

At these words the murderer shrank back and slightly raised his weapon.

"Don't come no nearer," he said in hoarse voice. "I don't want ter hurt ye. What I done to yer boy is enough—an' more'n enough. But thar's one thing I didn't do—I didn't lay traps to catch him for my da'ater. You've said so. John Raddle never thought of sech a thing. He never thought of talkin' marridge till marridge was jestice. He knowd whar he b'longs, and whar the like of you b'longs. No, I never put my gal in his way. I'm clar of sech meanness as that. But when he——wal, no use talkin'——"

"Yes, John, you've talked enough," said the Sheriff. "Now come out an' surrender. If you've done right, leave it to the jury, an' let's see if 'twas right."

"No," was the answer. "I've no use for juries. I know how law goes in this country. A common man don't b'long in court. Thar's no show for a low down man like me when high-tone gentlemen git after him."

As he said this Colonel Mayfield sprang forward to the shelter of a tree which stood within ten feet of the door, yet not so promptly but that a rifle ball passed through his right arm, causing him to drop his pistol. As quick as lightning he picked it up with his left hand, presented and fired. A shriek resounded in the cabin; the sheriff and his men rushed through the doorway; there lay John Raddle with a bullet in his brain.

"The beast!" muttered Colonel Mayfield, turning the soiled and bloody corpse upon its back with his foot, and gazing with disgust and hate upon the coarse, flabby features, crimson even in death with years of drunkenness.

Old Zeke Jeffris and his two grandsons were tried for manslaughter, but acquitted, in spite of the efforts of the Colonel to secure their condemnation.

The Raddles soon moved away from Somerville, and were subsequently heard of vaguely in Texas.

Southern Sentiment.

A Democratic convention, which met recently at Alexandria, Virginia, renominated General Eppa Hutton, a Virginian soldier of the secession war, as a candidate for the place of Representative in the national Congress; and the delegate who moved that the nomination should be made unanimous, frankly proceeded to say, "The candidate ought to come from London, and General Hutton is as much ours as Gauquers. He made himself ours when he met the invaders on our borders, and dyed the Potomac red with the blood of the men of Massachusetts." In thus speaking, the delegate gave expression to the common sentiment of the South, where the men most held in honor are those who did their utmost to complete, by action in the field, that work which the politicians began long before—the work, we mean, which had for its end and aim the destruction of the American nation, and the establishment of slavery over a vast extent of free territory. The more zealous was a Southron in the civil war, and the more successful he was in fighting against the national armies, the more is he esteemed in the "reconstructed" South. Had Stonewall Jackson lived, he would have been an object of perfect adoration to the millions who yet maintain "the lost cause," which would not have been lost through any lack of repeated exertion on his part, and whose name was connected with so many brilliant actions won by Southern soldiers fighting for slavery. It is a most suggestive fact, that the "claims" to office which are most plainly and successfully put forward in the South are based on the treasonable conduct of men who aspire to place, and who are the most sure of success, both in nominating conventions and at the polls, when it can be made clear that they did great things for the rebellion. Nothing like this ever has been known in the histories of other nations. Imagine a candidate for a seat in the British Parliament, in (say) 1755, basing his "claims" to the support of a constituency on what he had done toward destroying British soldiers at Gladsmuir, at Clifton, and at Falkirk!—and expressing his deep regret that he had not been equally successful at Culloden. A man who should thus have spoken would have been arrested and tried, and punished, for treason was treason in those days, and it was not the easy and meritorious thing then that it is now to engage in causeless rebellion. Now it is a whole plume of feathers in a man's cap, throughout at least a third a third of the Union, that he was eminent as a rebel, and that he dyed a river red with the blood of men belonging to the national service!—and such a man would receive the votes of the entire Democracy of the North were he to be nominated for the Presidency. The votes of full two-fifths of our population would be given as readily for him as the votes of the other three fifths might be given for the best of the commanders of the Union's armies. This state of things shows in how dangerous a condition we live, always on the border land of war, with conflict sure to come should the country's enemy—that is to say the Democratic party—succeed in getting the ascendency. That the language used in the Alexandria convention exactly expresses the sentiment of the South is certain, because of the time when and the circumstances under which it was uttered. When a man rises in a convention to move that a candidate's nomination shall be made unanimous, he is on his best behavior toward that candidate, as toward the convention and its constituencies. He makes use of words that will be pleasing to them all. Such was the case when the delegate referred to moved to make General Hutton's nomination unanimous. He spoke of that which he knew it would be most pleasing for the delegates and their principals to hear—and that was the exploits of the General in actions that caused the shedding of much patriotic blood. Thus speaking, he carried the convention with him, and commended the Democratic nominee most successfully to those upon whose votes he must depend for success. The South never has given up the contest that we are accustomed to consider as having been decided forever in 1865. It adjourned the bloody debate to a more convenient season, because then it was in a condition of exhaustion, and further resistance might provoke a powerful foe to the adoption of extreme measures of punishment. It never supposed that the victors would place the colored population of the country on the platform which theretofore had been occupied only by white men, and it meant to utilize the freedmen in preparing for another conflict in arms. When the freedmen were made citizens, its condition, and that of the Democratic party, did not admit of a hopeful resort to force, and so it submitted to that which it was impossible to resist; but it entertained the firm determination to attempt the overthrow of the new state of things as soon as such an attempt could be made with promise. Apparently it thinks that the time for action has come, because of the Democrats having achieved some successes in the last eight months. Hence the boldness of its language, and the bloodiness of its deeds. But it has, with characteristic impatience, spoken and moved too soon. Its purpose is clear, and we are not so far removed from the time of the war as not to be able to understand what that purpose is; or to be cold and indifferent in regard to it. Good Republican victories will tame the South—and in a few weeks those victories will be won.—*Boston Traveller.*

Among the many Queens of Spain now living, we hear of Maria Christina, the old Reina Gobernabora, who is out of style and not used, and her daughter Isabella, also Queen, but expelled from her country, now residing in Paris; another Queen, the third, resides in Italy, after trying to live a Madrid; the fourth Queen is a regular Spanish olive; she is nearer the throne, and communicates with the Marseilles royalists. Poor, unhappy Spain.