# White Cloud Kansas Chief.

AD ASTRA PER ASPERA

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## Choice Poetry.

### THE UNION.

BY CAPT. G. W. CUTTER.

["I may be asked, as I have been asked, when I am for the dissolution of the Union? I answer, never, never, never!"—HENRY CLAY.]

You ask me when I'd rend the scroll
Our fathers' names are written o'er;
When I would see our flag unroll
Its mingled stars and stripes no more!
When, with a worse than felon hand,
Or felon counsels, I would sever
The UNION of this glorious land!—
I answer—never, never, NEVER!

Think ye that I could brook to see
The banner I have loved so long,
Borne piece-meal o'er the distant sea—
Torn, trampled by a frenzied throng—
Divided, measured, parceled out—
Tamely surrendered up forever,
To gratify a soulless rout
Of Traitors!—Never, never, NEVER!

Give up this land to lawless might,
To selfish fraud, and villain's sway!—
Obscure those hopes with endless night,
That now are rising like the day!—
Write one more page of burning shame,
To prove the useless, vain endeavor,
Our race from ruin to reclaim,
And close the volume!—Never, never!

On yonder lone and lovely steep,
The sculptor's art, the builder's power,
A landmark o'er the soldier's sleep,
Have reared a lofty funeral tower.
There it will stand, until the river
That rolls beneath shall cease to flow—
Ay, 'till that hill itself shall quiver
With nature's last convulsive throe!

Upon that column's marble base,
That shaft that soars into the sky,
There still is room enough to trace
The countless millions yet to die:
And I would cover all its height,
And breadth, before that hour of shame,
'Till space should fail whereon to write
Even the initials of a name!*

Dissolve the Union! mar, remove
The last asylum that is known,
Where patriots find a brother's love,
And truth may shelter from a throne!—
Give up the hopes of high renown,
The legacy our fathers willed!—
Tear our victorious eagles down,
Before their mission is fulfilled!—

Dissolve the UNION! while the earth
Has yet a tyrant to be slain!—
Destroy our freedom in its birth,
And give the world to bonds again!—
Dissolve the Union!—God of Heaven!
We know too well how much it cost—
A million bosoms shall be riven,
Before one golden link is lost!

Nay, spread aloft our banner folds,
High as the heavens they resemble,
That every race this planet holds,
Beneath their shadow may assemble;
And with the rainbow's dazzling pride,
Or clouds that burn along the skies,
Inscribe upon its margin wide—
HOPE, FREEDOM, UNION, COMPROMISE!

* Mr. Clay's very words, as he pointed to the monument that stands upon the height near Frankfort, above the slain of Buena Vista, including the remains of his own son.

## Select Story.

# JACK LONG;
## —OR,—
# THE SHOT IN THE EYE!

### A TALE OF CRUEL WRONG AND WILD REVENGE.

BY COL. CRIS. FORREST.

(CONTINUED.)

### CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE SHADOWS.

Away down on the little island in the swamp that afternoon, a different scene was being enacted.

The simple labors of so rude and quiet a housekeeping having been attended to, Jenny Long sat in the door of old Joe Parsley's hut, stroking the golden hair of little Moll, and talking with the queer old hunter to whose rude hospitality she and her children were indebted for shelter.

"Yes, Joe," said she, "I know how much he has suffered, but why need he feel so about it? Why can't he come back to me and the children?"

"Why, Jenny, he says as how he can't look you in the face until he has wiped out the disgrace they have put upon him. When he is all square with them, he will be the same man that ever he was, and I think he's right."

"Yes, but I don't think any the less of him for what he has suffered—tell him to come back."

"No use!—he won't come!"

Poor Jenny covered her face and sobbed bitterly:—her whole heart had been wrapped up in her peerless hunter, and she knew, only too well, what must be the mental suffering that kept him away from her and his children.

Meantime, Billy, with a gravity of countenance, what is called "an old look," that might have belonged to a man of middle age, was practicing all sorts of difficult shots with an old rifle of Joe Parsley's, and growling in his young heart at the luck which brought him into the world so young that he could not, as yet, aid his father in taking vengeance on his foes.

Billy wondered where his father could be, and was of half a mind to steal one of the dug-outs and go in search of him.

* * * * * *

Not more than a couple of miles from where Billy was at work, improving his young skill in the use of his weapons—and under the shadow of an ancient live-oak whose sweeping drapery of Spanish moss enshrouded all under its shadow in a perpetual twilight, sitting in silent gloom upon a decayed log, and gazing vacantly out into the summer forest, sat a figure, the like of which no painter ever put upon the canvas, no sculptor ever developed from the yielding stone.

Seeming of a height more than human, and clad in a rough and most uncivilized garb, yet with a world of nobility in the strongly marked features and the bold outline of the head, the form was almost that of a living skeleton, and, as he glared around him, the sunken black eyes seemed to send forth gleams of supernatural fire.

"One!" he muttered to himself, in a low tone, but with a fierce and bitter emphasis.

"One, only—and there are nine more!—Who shall be the next? Let me see!—Never mind—whoever comes handy, so it isn't Hinch or Winter. Catch me? Catch last year's frost! I'll regulate that gang before I'm done with them!—Poor Jenny!—Well, not yet—*her* husband must not be a disgraced man!—They struck her! Ah! —*agh!*"

And with a groan of ungovernable rage, the fearful looking figure arose and strode up and down in the shadow of the patriarchal oak.

"Flog a free hunter!—Lynch an innocent man because he could outshoot them!—The infernal dogs!—I'll larn 'em a thing or two before they forget that afternoon in that bottom."

Not an oath, not a coarse word, escaped him, but the veins on his rugged face swelled like cords, and his gaunt, gigantic frame seemed to increase momentarily in its almost unnatural height, as he went on with his fierce soliloquy.

An hour went by, and still he strode up and down, as if he found in the ceaseless motion the same relieving safety-valve that a caged panther does in its perpetual promenade.

Then there came a low rustle among the bushes, the hanging roof was pushed aside, and the bronzed visage of old Joe Parsley came in among the other shadows.

"What brought you here now? I don't want anything!"

"Yes, you do," coolly replied the cracked voice of old Joe. "I know what I'm about. Yer name hain't been mentioned yit, but they're gwine to turn out strong to-morrer, an' scour the timber arter anything or anybody they kin find."

"Maybe they may find something. I do not know."

"Mebbe they will! Thar's a fresh lot of ammunition, and some other traps that *she* wanted me to fetch over. Billy an' little Moll ar' all right."

The reply to this was hardly as rough in tone as the previous speeches, but old Joe seemed really to know just exactly what he was about, and he did not stay to wear out what could be called a welcome, but speedily disappeared as silently as he had come, leaving his spectral friend to his own reflections, among the rapidly deepening shadows under the patriarchal oak tree.

There we must leave him for the present, and return to the actors in our tragedy.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

THE REGULATORS ON FOOT.

Captain Hinch, an unusual thing for him, went to bed sober the night after the discovery of Stoner's clean picked bones. The affair, to his whiskey muddled perceptions, wore an air of impenetrable mystery, and he had already sent out orders for a special muster of his most trusty men for a grand hunt on the morrow.

It was impossible to suspect either of the Grovers, but the planters, and his dreaded enemies, the free hunters, had been out in strong force the day of the murder, and he knew, only too well, how many of them had quite sufficient reason for sending a safe ball after a solitary Regulator.

It would not do to let the matter quietly fall to the ground—no, the measures taken must be of a nature to intimidate the next man who should be tempted to take his cause into his own hands, or what would become of the Regulators and their patriotic endeavors to keep the peace?—their kind of peace. When morning came, his own view of the case was only the more clear to his mental vision, and, after sundry preliminary applications at his special demijohn of "red-eye," he put himself at the head of his mustered miscreants, and once more sought out the trail which had thus far baffled their keenest search.

They well knew that they had a long day's work before them, and they went at it in a most business-like and determined style.

It is not to be supposed, however, that our friend Charlie Grover allowed himself to remain in ignorance of their movements: scarcely had they finally departed on their bloodhound errand, before the impish little mulatto, whom we have met before, made his appearance at Squire Grover's, and inquired after "Young Massa."

The effect of his communication was, that in five minutes "young massa" was in the saddle, riding as if for life and death, and rejoicing that, for the first time in many days, the coast was clear before him.

When, however, he reached the accustomed trysting place, there having been no previous appointment, he found it vacant, and not even a note rewarded his anxious researches in the hollow tree.

He did not care to go directly to the house, for he had not yet completed the plans he had in preparation for the final consummation of his somewhat dangerous love affair.

Hour after hour went by, and in vain he scouted through the scattered timber, gradually drawing nearer and nearer to the house.

At last his patient waiting was rewarded by a glance at a fluttering white dress that seemed to be promenading as aimlessly as himself.

Drawing himself well under cover, he put his fingers to his lips and blew a long, shrill, peculiar whistle, a faint echo of which startled the very house-dog on the door-step of Hinch's house.

There was no one there, however, to take alarm at the mysterious signal, and the only individual who did comprehend it was soon on the way to find the man who gave it.

Little of importance was there to communicate, except the same old story of threats and espionage, and the same tenderly uttered entreaties and warnings as to his own safety.

When, at last, the lengthening shadows warned them that their interview had already lasted too long, and Charlie remounted his horse to find his way homeward, he had hardly ridden a mile before the faithful animal almost sprung out from under him, with a loud snort of surprise and fear.

A thought of Ferris's mad ghost flashed through the mind of the young planter, as he turned to ascertain the cause of his steed's alarm, and, sure enough, there he was.

There was the gigantic skeleton frame, the garments of skins, the long rifle, though not levelled at him, and there were the deep-sunk, cavernous, blazing black eyes.

There was nothing threatening in the demeanor of the apparition, and Charlie almost imagined something familiar in the tones of the deep, solemn voice, that uttered only these words:—

"Two, now! Wait for the rest!"

There was no opportunity given for questioning, for no sooner had the figure delivered its singular and ominous message than it disappeared, as if the shades of the forest had swallowed it up, and Charlie was left to pursue his journey alone, pondering who and what manner of being his singular acquaintance might happen to be. Not, however, that strange surmises of the possible truth did not mingle with his cogitations.

Charlie Grover reached home in safety, and frankly told his father what he had been about during his day's ride. But when, at about the same time, Captain Hinch and his "scouting party" assembled for a carouse, after a weary and fruitless day's ride, they waited in vain for their expected number to be made complete. Nor were their cups any the sweeter, that, before they had sat over them long, a breathless and excited negro, regardless of all respect or servile ceremony, rushed in to announce that,

"Massa's hoss come home jist now widout him!"

"Any mark on the hoss?"

"Dar's blood on de saddle, and no mistake!—Golly!"

The Regulators looked at one another in blank dismay. There could be no going home that night, and they all determined to "bunk in" together at Captain Hinch's, and renew their hunt at daylight.

Little good it did them.

Again the turkey buzzards acted as their unerring guides, when, after hours of vain search, they were about to give up in despair, and again they were destined to find only the clean picked bones which the scavenger *coyotes* had left, to tell them what had become of their missing comrade. There, as before, was the rifle and the hat, and, as before, the tell-tale round hole in the *back of the head.*

The Regulators buried the bones, and rode back to the Captain's, full of wonder, fear, and breathing bitter oaths of vengeance to be taken.

There was quite a sufficient number of them together, to act as a quorum of their "honorable body," and before they separated they had devised a programme of repression and retalitory measures, adequate, in their opinion, to impress the whole rebellious community of Shelby County with a sense of the exceeding power and vindictiveness of Captain Hinch and his faithful preservers of the peace.

### CHAPTER XIX.

THE CONSULTATION.

Meantime, on his bed of suffering, in an upper room of Captain Hinch's comfortless plantation-house, lay the mangled form of the handsome Dr. Dufour.

There seemed to be but little hope of his ultimate recovery, but, disabled as he was, he did not seem to have given up his ascendancy, however it had been acquired, over the Captain and his men, for no sooner had the latter mounted their horses and taken themselves off, than the Regulator chief made his way to the bedside of his wounded guest.

"Well, Dufour, there's one more of 'em wiped out."

"What do I care?—If you had kept your word with me in the first place, I never would have been lying here like a stuck pig, and if you would take my advice now, you would be all right and safe in a week."

"Well, what do you advise?"

"Why, the only smart thing you've done this ever so long, was the lynching of that miserable hunter. If you only had heart to serve a dozen in the same way, the country would be as safe to you as your own house."

"Well, that's what we think of doing."

"I know, but you're going to waste all your powder on a lot of poor deer-killers and trash, when the real danger is among these overgrown, cotton-raising, bloated aristocrats of planters. I tell you, they are at the bottom of it all. They are better organized than you are. Charlie Grover had a whole company to see him home, the day he put these balls into me."

"We must have him attended to."

"Attended to? That's what you've been saying ever since I came here, and here he is, riding about the country, a good deal safer than you are, and he may run off with your soft-hearted niece any day, and then where will you go to—tell me that?"

The Captain winced, but he had a dim idea of his own, that "a living dog is better than a dead lion;" and Charlie Grover had also exhibited some of the distinguishing characteristics of the lion.

So he answered, guardedly: "Never you worry about that. He'd have done it long ago, if it was possible to be done. She'll be all safe for you when you get up. Meantime, I agree with you that we must make sharp work. I only wish we could begin with old Joe Parsley, but, as the cute old snake can't be got at every day, we must take whatever stuff turns up readiest. Don't you be afraid—we won't botch this job, no more than we did Jack Long's."

That was the first time that Captain Hinch had mentioned the hunter's name aloud, since the day of the lynching. He and his myrmidons were as good as their word, however, and then began a reign of terror, such as had never been known before in the blood-stained records of the Red Lands.

Nothing more seemed to be thought or said about Ferris' "mad ghost," but one and all combined to attribute the two mysterious murders to the revenge of the free hunters.

These latter seemed, for the time, almost to have vanished, keeping in the close retirement of their lonely huts, or only making their appearance at the County store at odd times, when it happened to be sufficiently deserted to enable them to sneak in for a supply of ammunition without attracting particular notice and inquiry.

The Regulators had it all their own way for a fortnight, and held more than one congratulatory assemblage at the "bear's-nest oak," besides their furious orgies at the Captain's.

Charlie Grover was by no means ignorant of their doings, and exercised a commendable prudence as to his own movements, especially as his shadow on his own window curtains had been twice shot at after he had retired to his room.

He said nothing, however, for he had received another hint from old Joe Parsley, and experience had taught him that the sayings of the ugly and solitary old veteran, were by no means to be lightly disregarded. He had met him, as usual, in the woods.

"I say, young feller, you just be a trifle less brash about ridin' down to Hinch's in broad daylight—or, for that matter, arter dark, either—and don't do anythin' resky about yer gal. She's safe enough for a few weeks, any way, an' I reckon you kin wait an' see what'll turn up."

Charlie tried to ask some questions, but the imperturbable hunter put on a sulky look, and after listening to him in dogged silence, turned on his heel and dove into the thickest cane-brake in the neighborhood, where it would have been in vain to follow him.

That day, however, as Charlie learned on his return home, the Regulators had enacted one of the meanest and most cruel scenes in all their tragedy, at the house of a small planter, or "five bale man," as they were called, not many miles away.

They had not killed him, to be sure, but they had flogged him, and then half hung him, until the poor, nearly insensible sufferer, had confessed almost anything and everything they wanted, implicating men whom he had never seen or heard of, in a wide spread and secret conspiracy for the extermination or the wholesale plunder of everybody else.

Armed with this, in addition to their array of other facts, real and invented, the miscreants had little difficulty in keeping "public opinion" up to a point of fear and anger which would insure them impunity in carrying out all their infernal designs.

### CHAPTER XX.

JOE PARSLEY'S CITADEL.

The succeeding night, there was a wild and singular gathering in a secluded ravine, not many miles from the edge of the swamp where Joe Parsley had made his "citadel."

There was a blazing fire, for there could be small danger of any interruption, and around it were gathered nearly a dozen roughly dressed and rudely spoken men, whose gloomy faces and low-toned conversation betokened that they had some subject of more than usual importance under discussion.

"I tell ye what," said one old hunter, "I can't stand it no longer. I'm about ready to take to the brush now."

"And so am I," said another, "only I ain't gwine to quit without gettin' some kind o' satisfaction out of them infernal cusses for all the trouble they've gin me. They've been arter me twicet, an' I daren't sleep to hum o' night's, no how."

"Thar's two on 'em sarved out by somebody, of late, least ways, an' that may not be the end on it," said another.

"Jest you keep shet about that!" said the voice of Joe Parsley. "Thar's the wust kind of a ghost in these yer woods about these days."

"It's a ghost that kin kerry a rifle, then; I seed him oncet."

"An' so did I," said another.

"Did he stop to speak to you?" asked Joe.

"No, but he *looked* at at me, out o' them eyes of his'n, an' I didn't keer about much conversation."

"Wall, then, mind what yer about, and jist you let him alone. He is tendin' to his own business, and mebbe it's our business, too. D'ye hear?"

There seemed to be a general disposition to acquiesce in old Joe's advice, and, after a somewhat lengthened statement and discussion of their manifold dangers and damages, the hunters' meeting broke up, and the several members took their way to their homes or their bivouacs, as their convenience or sense of security suggested.

Others, besides themselves, were in conclave that night, and one of their number, whose love of home or recklessness of danger had led him to his own rooftree, and whose long night tramp through the woods had over wearied him, slept late into the forenoon of the following day, only to find, on awakening from his profound repose, that his cabin was surrounded by the emissaries of Captain Hinch.

In vain the poor wretch declared his innocence of any unlawful practices, and in vain his terror-stricken wife begged and pleaded:—The scene of Jack Long's assassination was re-enacted, with all its original enormity, and the luckless hunter was left suspended to a limb of the branching elm under which his children were accustomed to play.

On leaving the scene of their cold-blooded atrocity, the Regulators became, unavoidably, somewhat separated. Indeed, what had they to fear, after such an evidence of their power and determination?

As they rode along, however, Winter became aware that he had dropped his whip, a rather handsome one, and turned back to pick it up.

A few hundred yards he strolled leisurely, looking down among the hoof-tracks for his missing trifle, when the ears of his companions were suddenly saluted by the crack of a rifle.

At any other time it would hardly have attracted any attention, but just then they thought it better to ascertain the cause of any unexpected use of firearms so near them.

Hardly, however, had they turned in their tracks, before a frightened and riderless horse came galloping past them.

There could be no mistake—it was Winter's horse, and they all struck spurs to their own.

It needed but a moment, and then they were gathered in an awe-struck, but still blaspheming ring around a bleeding mass in the middle of the path, which was all that remained of the comrade which had just parted from them so cheerily.

"Turn him over, Rees," said Hinch; "let's see where he was hit."

The behest was obeyed, and a single glance was enough—Winter had been *shot in the eye!*

For a moment Captain Hinch gazed at the bloody face, and then, as memories of the past—the shooting match, the strange stories of almost supernatural skill, and of that bloody scene in the little "opening"—came back upon him, he turned deadly pale, and fairly reeled in his saddle as he exclaimed, with a husky oath—

"Jack Long!—Jack Long! *The shot in the eye!*"

It did not take long to convince men so experienced in all sorts of "signs," that the two other men had been shot in the same way, the ball coming out at the back of the head, as it had also done in this case.

The simple boast of the hunter as to the manner in which he habitually killed his game; his mysterious disappearance; Ferris' mad ghost;—a host of corroborative circumstances flashed at once upon their minds, producing a strong conviction that now at last the mystery was explained.

There was no more straggling among them, as they rode moodily along towards Captain Hinch's, and, the more they discussed the matter, the more they became assured of the policy of keeping their suspicions a secret, for the present, while at the same time they organized the most vigorous kind of a hunt after the avenging hunter.

Winter's body was promptly sent for, and buried as quietly as could be, but the body itself told its own story.

Other eyes than their own were unavoidably permitted to gaze upon the face of the dead, nor was it many days before the whole country was aware, not only of the manner in which Winter came to his death, but of the peculiar nature of the wound.

Other men besides themselves, could remember and could talk, and while, as yet, few dared say much, for fear of summary vengeance, there were not a few who secretly exulted over such a meting out of justice, in return for so much unprovoked violence.

Charlie Grover had been one of the first to study out and comprehend the fearful problem, but only to his own father did he breathe his conclusions.

"Then you think he is not dead, Charlie?"

"Think? I know it! Why, father, I was one of the very men who carried him away from his cabin, on the night of the lynching."

"And you never told me!"

"I kept it from you, for your own safety, father, in case of any inquiry."

"You did right, Charlie, my boy; you almost always do. But what is coming? Is the man crazy?"

"That, I don't know; but if he is, and his madness rids us of the Regulators, I hope he may stay crazy for a little while longer."

"So do I! But will this make any more trouble for you and Carrie?"

"I can't tell! I'm afraid it may, in some way."

"Well, Charlie, if you make up your mind to do anything, don't forget that your old father is a *Justice of the Peace*, and that his certificate of marriage is as good as that of any minister in all Texas."

Charlie blushed and smiled, but he wrung his father's hand in silence, for the old gentleman had hinted at an idea which had visited his own busy brain more than once.

Neither father or son did any great amount of sleeping that night—nor did some others.

### CHAPTER XXI.

AN EMERGENCY.

When Captain Hinch found himself once more by the side of Dr. Dufour's bed, he told the story of his misfortunes and day's mishap with a degree of crest-fallen reluctance which almost amounted to fear and trembling.

Nor was the reply he received in any way consoling or reassuring. In spite of his wounds, the invalid retained energy enough for bitter, sarcastic upbraiding and reviling, and hardly resembling his usual boastful and swaggering self, the Captain sat and took it all like a whipped schoolboy.

At last the Dr. said,

"I see how it is,—you cowardly coyotes will ride around the woods until you are all picked off, one by one,—*shot in the eye*, and yourself among them, but I don't intend to be cheated in that way. After you're wiped out, I won't have any chance with your niece, and I'm going to make sure of her at once. There's some kind of a white chokered scoundrel among our men, and I want you to have him and her here to-morrow. We'll just have that affair over done with."

"Not to-morrow," said Hinch.

"And why not to-morrow?"

"We're all going out for a hunt after the madman to-morrow, but we can fix it for next day."

"So be it, then; I warn you that there mustn't be any blunder about it. My mind's made up."

It must have been indeed a strong bond of fear or subordination which compelled that brawny ruffian to sit and listen uncomplainingly to such presumptory and overbearing dictation from the pale sufferer whom he could have strangled with one hand, but listen he did, and quailed and cowered before the feverish glances of the glittering eyes as if they had been those of the mad ghost himself.

It is needless to say that the grand hunt was a failure. Almost to their own relief, the Regulators could find no traces of their enemy, although they followed the trail of the *shod horse* for miles from the place where Winter had fallen.

Perhaps, too, it was with a feeling akin to surprise, that, when they assembled in the evening at Captain Hinch's, they looked around and discovered that none was missing. For that day, at least, their fearful foeman had allowed his vengeance to rest, or else he had not been well assured that it could be accomplished in safety.

It could have been,—there is not a doubt but that one glance at his deerskin would have scattered half-a-dozen of them in the wildest panic, if he had chosen to show himself.

Before Hinch retired to a bed whereon he did *not* obtain any rest, he had been compelled to renew his promise to Dr. Dufour, and this time he intended to keep it.

One thing, however, he did not know:—asleep, or seeming to be asleep, on an old rug in an adjoining room, lay the little mulatto imp, whose devotion to his young mistress and to the half dollars of Charlie Grover had already been so often exemplified, and his quick ears caught quite enough of the conversation whose urguarded sentences found their way through the chinks in the rude partition.

Poney, as he was called, was ugly enough, and, for most purposes, as useless a little darkey as it would have been easy to find, but he was no fool where his own interests were at stake, and he was sincerely attached to Carrie Burns, for she had ever been kind to him. Still, he was puzzled which way to turn, and, with tolerable sagacity, he left it to chance,—that is, he played "odd and even" with the queer collection in his pocket, whether he should go first to Charlie Grover or his mistress; Charlie was odd, and odd won it.

That important matter settled, it was by no means easy to determine how he should get to him, for a chap of his color found out at night, or at any time on the road without a pass, was safe to get a taste of horsewhip, or something even less agreeable.

Here was a desperate emergency, however, and with a remarkable courage and devotion, the youngster decided to "chance it," and go at once.

So, with a beating heart, he stole out among the scattered shanties. The dogs were his playmates, and paid no other attention than a passing growl or a wag of the tail, and, after no little skulking and creeping, he was fairly on his way. His troubles were now only begun, nor was it until after hiding in the bush for the passage of more than one horseman, that he finally approached Squire Grover's.

As he did so, he became aware that the dogs of this plantation were by no means well acquainted with him, and he fairly ran the risk of being throttled before the noise they made summoned a more familiar voice to quiet the faithful guardians, and take him down from the top of the high rail fence where he had taken refuge.

His story was soon told, thus, and Charlie Grover was warned of the danger that menaced his darling Carrie.

The Squire was taken into council, and a dubious affair it seemed to be, as any sort of interference would be useless in the face of such a superior force.

At last an idea came to Charlie's relief—

"Father, will you wait for me at the forks of the road?"

"Indeed, I will."

"Well, then, that's a dear old fellow! You wait there till Carrie and I come, and we will see what they dare do after she is safely *my wife!*"

The idea struck the old gentleman in the right spot, precisely, and, by early dawn, Charlie Grover, on his best horse, had already passed unobserved by the Regulator Captain, and was beginning to wonder at what time Carrie would make her appearance.

He knew that she had been sent for, on some false pretext or other, and was sure to come, but who might come with her he could not tell.

The sun had been up two hours before any sign of life rewarded his anxious glances down the road, but then his eyes were gladdened by the flutter of a riding habit among the trees, and in a few moments he leaned over in the saddled to catch a lover's kiss from lips that were no longer shy.

"We must ride on, Charlie; Mr. Rees came after me, and I ran away from him. I hate him,—and he cannot be far behind us."

"Quick, then, for I have something to say!"—and as they galloped forward, Charles rapidly explained that the decisive hour had come, and that his plans were complete.

A moment only Carrie hesitated, and then, pale but smiling, she held out her hand and said—

"Lead on, Charlie, I will go with you any where!"

"Into the woods, then! No one must know that we are gone until it is too late!"

Into the woods they reined their steeds, but it was even then a trifle too late, for Rees, more than a little angry at having the mitten given him, had ridden fast, and had come in sight of them as they made their way in among the trees.

Rees was astonished, but, though one of Hinch's chosen few, he was not a brave man, and Charlie Grover's reputation was a pretty good one.

He determined, therefore, to ride on for assistance at the Captain's, and try to head off the fugitives before they could reach the Squire's.

So, urging his horse to his best, on he rode, while the two lovers were doing the same, on better and swifter animals, but sadly impeded by the rough and winding route which they were compelled to take.

Little was said by either of them, for they had too much to think of, and were riding too fast to make talking easy.

Great was the rage and consternation of Captain Hinch, as Rees incoherently poured forth his story, but there was no time to lose, and he bade the messenger to ride on, while he and the rest were saddling their horses.

That did not take long, and in a few minutes they were thundering along behind him.

Truth to tell, he did not care too ride to fast on such as errand, and after such a man.

Charlie and Carrie had pushed their fleet horses perseveringly, and, passing Captain Hinch's by a safe detour, at last came out in the open road beyond.

"My father is waiting for us at the cross roads," said Charlie.

Carrie already knew what that meant, and she only bowed her blushing face almost to her horse's mane.

There was no one in their way, and before long they could see the old Squire, sitting motionless on his horse, with his rifle across the pommel of his saddle.

Almost breathless with their exhausting ride, they reined in before him, and, as if he had only waited for their coming, without a single question, the gallant old Squire commenced the recital of the marriage ceremonial.

Just then, however, they caught the sound of fast falling horse-hoofs behind them, and instinctively recommenced their flight, accompanied by the Squire.

"Don't stop, father!" shouted Charlie, as he leaned over and caught the willing hand of Carrie. "Go on with it!—it's just as good on horseback as if it was in church!"

The Squire came near laughing, but he put spurs to his horse, shouting the well known formula, and receiving breathless answers, until, with a vigorous hurrah, he pronounced them "man and wife."

It was a bold stroke, but not all of that day's romance had been of as pacific a character.

If the ears of the little bridal party had not been otherwise occupied, they would certainly have caught the sound of a sharp report not many hundred yards behind them.

The horse-hoofs they had heard had been those of the charger of the luckless Rees.

He was coming along at a tolerable gallop, when suddenly a singular figure stepped out into the road a few rods in advance of him, and he almost mechanically reined in, casting a half startled look at the intruder.

One look, and that was all, for his shrinking gaze was met by a pair of coal black, fixed, piercing, relentless eyes, that seemed to look him through.

Only one look,—as the long barrel rose swiftly to its level, and, as the fire poured from its muzzle, Rees pitched forward heavily into the road, *shot in the eye.*

The bride and bride-groom rode rapidly onwards, little imagining how fearful a tragedy had marked the very hour of their equestrain nuptials, nor did they again draw rein until they halted their panting coursers before the very door of the plantation house that was to be Carrie's future home.

Her father-in-law lifted her from her saddle and kissed her, and then, with characteristic impetnosity, rushed into the house to write the marriage certificate. He was bound to have no mistake about it.

Meantime, the perpetrator of the terrible deed seemed to be in no hurry, but stopped a moment to gaze in the face of the dead man, muttering hoarsely—

"Wall, that's *four!*" and then wheeled in his tracks and disappeared in the underbrush, just before Captain Hinch and three or four men came thundering down the road.

Of course, they halted at the sight of this fresh victim.

"Killed!—By—!" roared one of the party, as he sprang from his horse.

"Some of Charlie Grover's work, I reckon!"

said Hinch.

"No, it ain't," said his comrade, who had stooped to look at the corpse; "that ain't no work of Charlie Grover's. Jack Rees has been *shot in the eye!*"

Had a thunderbolt fallen among them, it would hardly have had the effect of those few words. Not for worlds would they now have continued the pursuit, and the care of the body gave them a good enough excuse for abandoning it, though Captain Hinch felt by no means comfortable as he looked forward to a meeting with Dr. Dufour.

"I don't know that I care so much, though," he muttered to himself; "I always did hate the Grovers, but they're not a bad lot, and if Dufour would only die, I could get on with them very well."

And a dark look came over his face at the idea of Dufour dying,—was he not already mortally wounded? Why should he not die?—Why not, indeed!

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

## Miscellany.

### "HE IS NOT FALLEN."

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[This poem was written about the year 1831, and was suggested by an editorial in the Louisville *Journal*, entitled "He is Not Fallen!" written by George D. Prentice, in answer to a newspaper article in which Mr. Clay had been characterized as "the fallen statesman."]

NOT FALLEN! No! as well the tall
And pillared Alleghany fall—
As well Ohio's giant tide
Roll backward on its mighty track,
As he, Columbia's hope and pride,
The slandered and the sorely tried,
In his triumphant course turn back.

HE IS NOT FALLEN! Seek to bind
The chainless and unbidden wind;
Oppose the torrent's headlong course,
And turn aside the whirlwind's force;
But deem not that the mighty mind
Will cower before the blast of hate,
Or quail at dark and causeless ill!
For, though all else be desolate,
It stoops not from its high estate;
A Marius 'mid the ruins still.

HE IS NOT FALLEN! Every breeze
That wanders o'er Columbia's bosom,
From wild Penobscot's forest trees,
From ocean shore, from inland seas,
Or where the rich Magnolia's blossom
Floats, snow-like, on the sultry wind,
Is booming onward to his ear,
A homage to his lofty mind—
A meed the falling never find—
A praise which Patriots only hear.

STAR OF THE WEST! A million eyes
Are turning gladly unto him;
The shrine of old idolatries
Before his kindling light grows dim!
And men awake as from a dream,
Or meteors dazzling to betray,
And bow before his purer beam,
The earnest of a better day.

ALL HAIL! the hour is hastening on,
When, vainly tried by Slander's flame,
Columbia shall behold her son
Unharmed, without a laurel gone,
As from the flames of Babylon
The angel-guarded triad came!
The slanderer shall be silent then;
His spell shall leave the minds of men,
And higher glory wait upon
The WESTERN PATRIOT's future fame.

IN a criticism on her works, the Westminster *Review* says: "No American woman has ever evinced in prose or poetry, anything like the genius of Alice Cary."

VIRTUE will catch as well as vice by contacts; and the public stock of honest, manly principle will daily accumulate.—*Burke.*

### "NEW JERSEY OUT OF THE UNION."

The following correspondence from the proceedings of the Historical Society explains, probably, the origin of the phrase of "New Jersey out of the Union:"

LETTER FROM MR. EDWARD SLATER.

WASHINGTON, October 7, 1871.

*W. A. Whitehead, Esq.:*

DEAR SIR—Seeing an item going the rounds of the papers referring to New Jersey as "a foreign State," I thought it opportune to give what I believe to be the origin of the phrase. About thirty years ago I left Newark and went to Philadelphia, where I resided four or five years. In common with other Jerseymen, I was frequently called a Spaniard or a foreigner. Some of the old merchants of the city, who well remembered Joseph Bonaparte, and the circumstances relating to his settlement at Bordentown, gave the version which I have published in the *National Republican*. As some of them were among those who first used and relished applying these epithets to Jerseymen, I am convinced of its correctness. Have you ever heard any different version? Yours, truly,

EDWARD SLATER.

"WHY NEW JERSEY IS CALLED A FOREIGN COUNTRY.

"It may interest many to know what gave birth to such jokes at the expense of New Jersey as the following, which we find in an exchange:

"'The proposal to make foreign-born persons eligible for the Presidential chair, we understand, is advocated with the view that the people of New Jersey should enjoy the privileges accorded to the native born.'

"The origin of the allusions to New Jersry as a foreign country is said to be as follows: After the downfall of the first Napoleon, his brother Joseph, who had been King of Spain, and his nephew, Prince Murat, son of the King of Italy, sought refuge in this country, and brought much wealth with them. Joseph Bonaparte wished to build a palatial residence here, but did not desire to become a citizen, as he hoped to return to Europe. To enable him as an alien to hold real estate required a special act of the Legislature. He tried to get one passed for his benefit in several States, but failed. He was much chagrined, especially because Pennsylvania refused. After this he applied to the New Jersey Legislature, which body granted both him and Murat the privilege of purchasing land. They bought a tract at Bordentown, and built magnificent dwellings, and fitted them up in the most costly manner. Rare paintings, statuary, &c., were profuse and selected with care, and the grounds laid out with exquisite taste.

"Joseph Bonaparte's residence was perhaps the finest in America. Thousands of people visited it from all parts of the country, and were always treated courteously. He was profuse with his money, and gave a great impetus to business in the little town. The Philadelphians, finding that he had apparently no end of money, and that he used it to benefit business generally, regretted, when it was too late, that they had refused to let them locate among themselves; and, to make up for their mortification, would always taunt Jerseymen with having a king—with importing the King of Spain to rule over them; they were called Spaniards and foreigners on this account. But these taunts harmed no one, as the Jerseymen lost nothing by their allowing him to settle among them. The term 'foreigner,' jokingly applied to Jerseymen, has come down to us long after its origin has been forgotten except by a few men of the past generation. Many years ago, during the reign of Louis Phillippe, we believe, both Bonaparte and Murat found they could safely return to Europe, so they sold out and returned."

### How Erastus Corning Began.

Arthur Pember, writing from Troy, tells the following incident of the early life of Erastus Corning:

The manufacture of merchant iron at Troy dates back as far as 1819. In that year John Brinckerhoff, an enterprising iron merchant of Albany, erected a small foundry and rolling mill on the Hudson river, at its junction with the Wynantskill creek. The foundry was then surrounded by woods; to-day it is the centre of the Sixth ward of the city. Mr. Brinckerhoff's business consisted in converting Russian and Swedish iron bars into plates, which were afterward cut by machinery and headed by hand into nails. A few years latter, a young man, engaged in the hardware business in Albany on a small scale, was informed by a friend, whom he met on the street, that "the little foundry and mill in the woods near Troy," were at that moment being sold at auction close at hand. They sauntered into the salesroom. The auctioneer had been for some time trying to get an advance on a bid of $2,250. With hardly a moment's consideration of what he was doing, the young hardware trader bid $5,500 and down came the auctioneer's hammer. The young man, who had to hurry out to raise the deposit on his purchase, was Erastus Corning. Such was Mr. Corning's modest beginning as a manufacturer of iron, a business from which he has realized millions. That little foundry and rolling mill in the woods have been gradually enlarged to what the Albany Iron Works now are, at a cost of one and a half millions of dollars. But that is not all. Mr. Corning has probably more money invested in the manufacture of iron than any other capitalist in the United States. In addition to being proprietor of the Albany iron works, he is a partner with John A. Griswold in the Bessemer steel works. He is partner in the Corning Iron Company, of Albany; he owns the Mount Savage Works in Virginia, and is a holder of a large amount of stock in the Port Henry mines at Lake Champlain, and in many other iron mines. He also holds a third share in the Fall Creek bituminous coal mines, for the supply of his works at Troy.

### Murder of a Nun—Fearful Disclosures in a Monastery.

A terrible scene has taken place at a monastery in Palermo. The facts as they have reached us are as follows: For some months past rumors have been flying about to the effect that a nun, (a young lady of great expectations and exquisite beauty) had been attached to her father professor, he being one of the brethren of the monastery. Thither, it would appear, she was secretly conveyed, and kept in close confinement for a long period. She gave birth to a child, the result of her illicit intercourse with the monk. The child was quickly disposed of, and the unhappy mother was even more cruelly treated. Not knowing very well how to hush up the scandal, several of the monks determined upon destroying her during the temporary absence of her paramour. They passed a cord round her neck, and dragged her along the floor until she was strangled. Her screaming, however, attracted the attention of some Greek sailors, who affected an entrance into the monastery. Three of the holy fathers paid the penalty of their crime. One received a death wound from the sword of the first sailor, another was shot through the lungs, and the third received several wounds on the head, while he was in the act of retreating, from which he has since died.

BUFFALO GRASS.—From the British Possessions on the north, to Texas on the south, and covering an area from 200 to 400 miles from east to west, buffalo is the principal prairie grass. Insignificant in appearance, and time and again pronounced worthless, by the flippant journalist, it sustains countless herds of our largest quadrupeds, and indirectly, numerous tribes of Indians. The turf is very hard, and thickly interlaced with long fibrous roots; the leaves are narrow, and except in growing seasons, are curled and twisted into a dense mat. Instead of being dead and worthless, it is found to furnish valuable pasturage for immense herds of cattle and sheep, and this vast region will, in time, be largely occupied for grazing purposes.

COL. THROPE, in a very interesting paper, on the "United States Treasury," in *Harper's Magazine*, has a note of Alexander Hamilton, written while he was head of the department, which presents food for reflection concerning the then and now "perquisites" of office: "Dear sir: If you can conveniently, let me have twenty dollars for a few days; send by bearer. A. H."

TWO old Bibles have recently been brought to light at the east end of Long Island; one at Sag Harbor, bearing date of 1023, and one at Greenport, dated 1599.

MANKIND are split into companies which follow their captains, but see little of their generals.

### ASHLAND.

BY WILLIAM JAMES LISLE.

Plant the fair column o'er the hero's grave,
A hero's honors let a hero have.—*Odyssey.*

The giant man has fallen, and the tears
Of the world's millions speak the homage due
To him, who, weary with the weight of years,
Fell like a martyr to his country true.

So falls the mountain-ash, which long has stood
The winds of Winter beating 'gainst its form—
The haughty monarch of the kindred wood,
Rising majestic o'er each raging storm.

Oh! he has fallen now, and the bright star
Of his proud destiny has fled from heaven,
Leaving its light still beaming from afar,
Like gold upon the radiant brow of even.

Come to his grave, ye mighty ones of earth,
And muse where rests the sleeper's noble breast—
Come catch the inspiration of his worth,
And learn the virtues of a nation's blest.

Here rear to heaven the venerable shaft,
The Parian marble and the sculptured bust;
In distant ages, time along will waft
His fame, when these shall crumble in the dust.

Where stands his proudest monument? away
Upon the classic soil of fettered Greece,
Where tyranny held her despotic sway,
And civil night had darked the sun of peace.

Go to the sunny South, where Bolivar
Upon the banks of Orellana bled;
Hear ye his voice in the fierce cry of war,
A shout for freedom when all hope had fled.

Come, stranger, to his native land, and read
His epitaph o'er all; and, traveller, thou
Here learn the virtue of each glorious deed
That twined the immortal laurel on his brow.

Write ye his epitaph! A nobler one
Is traced upon the banners of the world,
Where'er the genius of liberty has gone,
Where'er the flag of freedom is unfurled.

Long will we cherish the great hero's worth;
Long will his memory be green with us—
Long after that loved form is closed in earth,
And mingled lowly with its kindred dust.

### A DEAD CITY IN CALIFORNIA.

Meadow Lake City, in California, which was once called Summit City, boasted in days gone by of a population of 3,000 or 4,000 souls. In its day of prosperity, says the Grass Valley *Union*, it had fine stores, good hotels, theatres, saloons in number, and an exchange at which mining stocks were sold. Meadow Lake City was a second Virginia City, and attempted to revive the good days of Washoe, the flush times of Comstock lead. In 1865, we think it was, some persons found gold-bearing rock in some ledges around Meadow Lake, and these being assayed and the assays being talked about, the city of Summit or Meadow Lake was born. It sprung up like Jonah's gourd, in a night, and it has withered. In the excitement which followed the discovery of quartz specimens near Meadow Lake, fine houses were erected, and business promised to be brisk. The ledges, however, failed to yield of their treasurers "by mill process," and people became disheartened. The sanguine held on in hopes that chemistry would get the gold out of the rock, where mechanism had failed. The ores were rebellious, it is said, and the ordinary appliances of stamps and quicksilver would not save the gold of those rich ledges. Chemistry would find a way to get the richness out of the rock. "Old people saw signs and young people dreamed dreams" in efforts to save that gold. The Burns process was invented, in a dream, to save gold, and for a time Meadow Lake City continued to hold its own in the hope of the success of Burns' dream. It failed, and the doubters began to intimate that the gold was not in the rock, and the assayers were wrong or had been imposed upon. Mills, chemicals, and even dreams failed to make mining there a success. Science, mechanics, and the black art had each failed in its turn to turn the rock into gold. So the city went down, and is now deserted.

A few days ago a friend of ours visited Meadow Lake City. He went up on snow shoes, and took a look at the deserted and snow covered place. The houses which were only one story in height, were covered to their roofs with snow. The two-story houses were surrounded with snow to the height of the second story. Not a living being was seen by our friend. He was monarch of that snowy desolation. Signs swung in the cold wind, and just grazed in their swinging the surface of the snow. Prominent among the signs was that of a broker's office, just opposite the old hall of the Board of Brokers. The large hotel there was yet furnished, and bed and bedding remained there. Our friend, standing in his snow-shoes, gazed into the hotel while he stood on the snow surface level with the second story, and he saw clean linen on the deserted beds. He wanted to take a rest in the comfortable-looking quarters, but there was no food nor fuel in sight, and he had to go down lower, to a ditch-tender's cabin, to get fire and appease his hunger. Many of the houses have this winter been broken down by the weight of snow on their roofs, but many more remain just as they were when their owners left. The property deserted is safe, as cold and snow have locked all against the depredations of burglars. Meadow Lake is a winter residence no more.

### Ancient Troy.

The latest effort to determine the exact spot where once stood the great city of Troy—the Ilion of Homer's Iliad—is being made by Dr. Henrich Schliemann, a German *savant*, whose name is familiar for his scientific travels in Nicaragua. The Doctor commenced his investigations of the basin of the Scamander River in 1871, and selected the site of New Ilion, a city built in the sixth or seventh century, B. C., on the supposed location of Troy, but which no longer exists. The great disadvantage connected with this most interesting research is, that nothing absolutely certain survives to indicate, to begin with, that Troy, even in the days of Homer, was anything more than a fable and a tradition. Dr. Schliemann, however, steadfastly upholds the opinion that a city called Troy once existed, but that its remains have not yet been discovered. If these ruins can be discovered, he says, they can be found only on the spot where New Ilion stood. He has pursued his investigations on Mount Hisarlik, a lofty hill bordering on the alluvial plain of the Scamander. He has dug to a depth of thirty-three feet below the surface of the hill, and has discovered many iteresting remains of human handiwork in the shape of stone implements of rough manufacture; bronze and copper articles; wide earthern burial vases; urns, tripods, drinking vases, hand-mills of stone cemented by mud; idols of a priap-like exterior, and also rough drawings of owl-heads. In the layers nearer the surface, he found a great number of articles made of terra-cotta, and resembling boy's tops. One of these contained a nicely engraved inscription in Phœnician characters, consisting of six letters. Dr. Schliemann does not, however, connect these discoveries with Troy, but, on the contrary, is of the opinon these mounds are much older than the Trojan war—probably by a thousand years or more. An interesting archæological fact in these discoveries is, that implements of the stone period are found in layers above that of the bronze or copper period.

TRANSIT OF VENUS.—In 1874 there is to be a transit of Venus, an event which several European governments have not thought it unworth while to have fully examined, as it is expected to be an extremely favorable one. The United States have, as yet, paid no attention to the affair, notwithstanding the fact that it is really of much importance, in fact, is second only to the necessity of Ku-Kluxing in the South. Germany will send out four expeditions; England is provided for five observing stations; Russia will do her part, and France will carry out the plans made under the Empire for this purpose. The United States is the only great power which seems disinclined to do its duty in this direction.—*New York World.*

IT appears that since 1645 not fewer than thirty-one physicians and thirteen surgeons have been created baronets in England. The first medical baronetcy, that of Sir E. Greaves in 1645, is disputed; but of the second, that of Sir Hans Sloane, practically the founder of the British Museum, there can be no doubt. It is remarkable that not only has no medical man ever attained the peerage, although it is well known that the late Sir Benjamin Brode was offered that dignity, but that there is no peerage which springs out of medical baronetcy.

BISHOP ASBURY is said to have established the first Sunday school in the United States. It was organized somewhere between 1785 and 1790, in Hanover County, Virginia.