# THE WABASH EXPRESS.

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## The Reckless Action of two of the County Commissioners—Joel Kester appointed Treasurer of Vigo county!

The County Commissioners met in this city on Monday and Tuesday, and appointed Joel H. Kester to fill the unexpired term of County Treasurer, occasioned by the resignation of N. F. Cunningham. Before Mr. C. resigned, he had appointed H. D. Scott his deputy, for as Mr. S. had been elected to fill that office by the people, it was deemed proper that the books and papers should pass into his hands, so that he would become familiar with the duties of the office by the time he, himself would become County Treasurer. Under this arrangement, Mr Scott has been acting as County Treasurer for the last several months. He commenced with the new duplicate, and thus enabled the Auditor and Mr. Cunningham to make their settlement by the old books, that were under the immediate supervision of Mr. C. By this understanding all conflicting settlements were avoided, and the revenue of the county was being collected rapidly, honestly, and cautiously. Mr. Scott was responsible to Mr. Cunningham for only the moneys collected on the new duplicate, and Mr. C. could easily determine the amount due from him to the county by the old, which he had already done.

Thus the business pertaining to the Treasurers office went on smoothly and properly—As Mr. Cunningham had to commence the duties of Treasurer of State on the 9th inst., every intelligent citizen said, in a moment, that what he had done, in relation to the appointment of Mr. Scott, was for the best interest of the county. Under these circumstances the Auditor of the county called together the County Commissioners for the purpose of having them fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr Cunningham. No one thought for a moment, but that Mr. Scott, *the acting deputy of Mr. C., and also Mr. C's successor*, would receive the appointment. Right and justice demanded he should. The common sense of every honorable man said he should. Every thing said so, but party plejudice and individual meanness. The Board of Commissioners came together, and after being informed of all the difficulties that would accrue, if any other than Mr. Scott was appointed, two of that Board cast their votes for JOEL H. KESTER.

Who are those two, what are the incentives that prompted them to this action, and who is the appointee? The Board of County Commissioners is composed of Simpson Starks and Jacob Jumper, two men who have hardly ability enough to attend to the ordinary transactions of home, but who, taken advantage of the disruption of parties which occurred a few years ago, by sheer accident, got into office. They are men who do, just as corrupt partisan leaders tell them to do. Who, having no mind or judgment of their own, are influenced altogether by individual prejudice, and the lowest political feeling. It is needless to say, that those two distinguished officials, who now so disgrace our County Board, are Democrats—Democrats died in the wool. Unlearned and unlettered Democrats. Men who never have a motive higher, than to promote the interest of partisan favorites. The other Commissioner is Clark S. Tuttle, a clear headed, honorable, business man—a Republican, and it is unnecessary to say, that being such; he opposed with all his power, this ruinous action of the majority.

The reasons assigned by those two officials for this action are, that Mr. Cunningham endeavored to "sell them," when he made Mr Scott his Deputy! They admit that Mr. S is the proper person to receive the appointment, but they are determined to let Mr. C know he cannot "sell them"! They know that had Mr. C. consulted them before he appointed Mr. S as his deputy, they now would have continued the appointment, but as he did not, they will not be "sold by him"! They say "Cunningham has endeavored to control the Democratic party long enough, and now they will let him know he cannot control them."

These are some of their reasons—the reasons of boys and ninnies—unworthy of men or of manhood. But yet, such reasons are ample, overwhelming to such men as Stark and Jumper. Without the least capacity for the position which they both disgrace, they are influenced by the only qualification they profess—bitter, unmanly, disreputable partisan hate.

And the appointment they have made is one in every particular unfit to be made. From time immemorial Joel H. Kester has been a candidate in this county, for County Treasurer. And as often as he has been a candidate, so often has he received the stern rebuke of this people, in their unqualified denial to him of the office for which he asked. And even last August, when the Democratic party met in Convention to make their nominations, he had assembled all his friends on that occasion, and when the votes were counted, it was found he had not a corporal's guard for the nomination. A man of ordinary modesty would have retired before this repeated desire of the people to dispose of him, but his persistence is as uncommon as it is singular. Upon every occasion he still manifests his inordinate thirst for office, and for that of County Treasurer he seems indeed to be a monomaniac. Why is it that the voters of Vigo county have, on every occasion refused to give the office of County Treasurer to Joel H. Kester? From the simple fact, that his incompetency for that position is notorious. While we have nothing to say against him, as a man or a citizen, still to discharge the complicated duties of County Treasurer, every one knows he is not suited. The position is out of his range, beyond his reach, above his capacity.

But he has received the appointment, and what are the consequences of it?

The collection of the taxes of the county will have to cease for at least four weeks until Mr. Scott can have his settlement with the Auditor, and until that officer can make out a new Duplicate. The cost of this new Duplicate alone, will be not less than *two hundred and fifty dollars*. To stop the collection of the county revenue at this time, is certainly a public calamity. The people throughout the entire county are coming, daily to the Treasurer's office to pay their taxes, but if some *private* arrangement can not be entered into, they will have to be told, that their taxes can not be received. Mr. Scott of course will not surrender the Duplicate into the hands of Mr. Kester until he has a settlement, and he and his securities are entirely protected from any error that is likely to be committed by the present appointee. Perhaps there would not be any general complaint about not being able to pay taxes now, were it not for the fact, that in a few months the people will be called on to pay, when they are less able and more busy at their homes.

We have now stated the circumstances of this case—the unparalleled action of two of the Commissioners and the unfitness of the appointee. We have not suppressed what we thought it proper to say in relation to his matter. It is an unprecedented case of public officers overlooking the public interests in order they may gratify individual animosity—prostituting their official position to advance partisan ends and losing sight of the general good, and acting from individual and selfish motives alone. We have spoken as we thought it our duty as a Journalist to speak. We have exposed this outrage on this people, in, as we think becoming language, and we intend, now that our hand is in, to write one or two more chapters upon some of the recent actions of these two members of the county board. We are determined the people shall know what kind of men they have disposing of their county affairs, *and how they do it*.

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The following vote was had in the Senate on Tuesday, in relation to the postponement of the bill to repeal the Bank of the State charter.

Beeson renewed his motion for the previous question, which was seconded by the Senate. The main question was put, and the vote on the indefinite postponement of the bill is as follows:

AYES—Anthony, Beeson, Bennett, Blair, Brown, Cobb, Conner, Cooper, Cravens, Craven, Culver, Hamilton, Heffren, Hill, Johnston, Jones, Line, Miller, Murray, Odell, Rice, Slack, Steele, Stevens, Tarkington, Thompson, Turner, Wagner, Williams—29.

NAYS—Bobbs, Carnahan, Connelly, Fisk, Gooding, Hargrove, Hendry, Jennings, Kinley, Lomax, McClure, Marsh, O'Brien, Robinson, Shoemaker, Studebaker, Wallace, Wilson—18.

McLean was paired off with Weir. Green was absent. All other Senators voted.

This settles the question in relation to the Bank of the State. The charter will not be repealed, at least by this Legislature.

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☞ We understand Mr. Tuttle was so outraged by the reckless action of a majority of the County Commissioners, in appointing Mr. Kester to fill the unexpired term of Mr. Cunningham, and thereby stopping the collection of the county revenue for several weeks, and drawing from the Treasury several hundred dollars expenses in making a new duplicate, that he had determined to resign. We hope for the good of the county, he will be persuaded from this, for Mr. T. is certainly the only efficient man on the board.

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☞ An exchange says it has been favored with the following extract, taken from the letter of an Irish emigrant from the country of Mayo, and now residing at Piqua. Its correspondent states that the event is looked forward to with confidence by the lower orders in his locality:

The Irish-Americans are going home next summer to visit their native country, in their American uniform, all armed. What will happen I know not. I would like to be of their number. There will be seven ship loads and they are to land at Galway. It is our opinion you will see Ireland free before twelve months. You will see hot work there next summer. The Irish-Americans will try to free it if possible.

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WHEN TO BEGIN.—"That you may find success," says the Rev. Charles Brooks, in an address to boys, "let me tell you how to proceed. To-night begin your great plan of life to live, and it is immeasurably important that you do not make a mistake. To-night begin carefully. Fix your eye on the fortieth year of your age at forty I will be a temperate man, I will be an industrious man, an economical man, a benevolent man, a well read man, a religious man and a useful man. I will be such an one. I resolve, and I will stand to it. My young friends, let this resolution be firm as adamant; let it stand like the oak, which can not be wind shaken."

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BE GENEROUS TO THE LIVING AS WELL AS JUST TO THE DEAD.—The Montreal Advertiser in reference to the Centennial celebration says:—"Before its eclat dies away, and while admiration for the genius of Scotland's greatest poet is yet intensified by this celebration, we would call attention to the fact that two of his sister's children, the Misses Begg, have witnessed, from a condition of actual indigence, an ovation of their uncle, one hundredth part of the cost of which would have lifted them from bitter proverty; and that a contribution for that purpose would be no unfit memorial to the poet's memory, and especially creditable to the present generation of Scotchmen.

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☞ A letter from Washington in the New York Evening Post says: "Mr. Buchanan is reported to be in a great rage in consequence of the treatment he has received from those he has served so well. He just begins to discover that he has only been used by the South as a tool; and now that they have no further use for him they fling him aside as unceremoniously as they always have all Northern doughfaces who have gone before him. Southern free traders and taxations curse him with as much freedom to-day as they applauded his infamous Lecompton policy last year."

## The County Commissioners and the Treasurer's Office.

In the reply of the editor of the Journal to our article exposing the unparalleled action of the county Commissioners in their refusal to appoint Mr Scott to fill the vacancy in the office of county Treasurer, occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Cunningham, he does not refute the charges we therein made, but justifies the action of the board by saying, "the term belong d to the Democratic party, and a Democrat ought to have it." He makes no reply to the charge, that by this action, the collecting of the taxes of the county will be stopped for several weeks—that the additional expense the county will be put to, will be between two and six hundred dollars—that an entire new duplicate will have to be made out by the Auditor, before Mr. Kester can proceed to the collection of the taxes—that this closing of the Treasurer's office at this time is not only a public calamity, but will very much cripple the financial condition of the county. To these charges the editor of the Journal makes no reply, and we therefore conclude, that he, with us, knows them to be true.

And they are true, and the time is rapidly approaching when a lively public interest will be felt in this matter, and petty officials will not be privileged to thus squander the people's money, and violate their oath of office to gratify a personal and partisan pique We do not thus write expecting to have the least influence on such minds as Starks' and Jumper's,—as well might the African hunter expect his rifle ball to penetrate the impervious hide of the Rhinoceros. Their sense of official duty is as obtuse as the head of a locomotive, and their individual independence as vacillating as a March wind. Their stoical indifference to the public good does, and ever will merit the indignant scorn of every honest citizen. The offices of this county belong to the people. They have been created for their good and are expected to advance their interests. It is no reason, because an individual continually desires an official position, that he should therefore have it. The people themselves are the best judges who shall be their servants, and their desire should be the governing motive of officers in authority.—But when we are cursed with such officers as the majority who now compose the county Board, what can be expected?—nothing, and our sole object now is to awaken the people of Vigo county, that they may see how totally disqualified are those men to discharge a public trust, and we are convinced from the article in the Journal, that the editor of that paper feels the force of our sentiments, and the weight of that public opinion which so universally condemns the partisan meanness which prompts those men, to thus squander the public monies, to give place to political friends.

We deny the Journal's assertion that the Democracy "sanction the action of Jumper and Stark in appointing Kester." We know of scores, of the most reliable and influential Democrats in this county who bitterly disapprobate this action of the county Board, and we defy the editor (outside of the little clique who cluster around his office) to point to one single man, Democrat, Republican or American who does not condemn this thing.

The Board of County Commissioners is a court of record when in session, and the idea of a Judge stating that he decided a case one way or the other, because some particular individual had offended him, or to show that he could not be *sold*, we think might even shake the integrity of the Journal man himself.—But still when those two members of this court, avow, that they appointed Mr. Kester because Mr. Cunningham had displeased them, and when this appointment is in the very teeth of public sentiment—in the open disregard of the public convenience and public expenditure, they find a feeble apologist in this editor. The county Commissioners could have made an appointment that would have been acceptable to this entire community—would have resulted in no expense to the county—no inconvenience to the tax payer.—They knew all this—why did they not do it?

We say again, that the appointment of Joel H. Kester Treasurer of this county, will cost the people *several hundred dollars*—will incommode hundreds who are calling daily to pay their taxes and can not on account of this very appointment. It was made to gratify the "only Democrat" who was an applicant for the office, and we much doubt whether another man in Vigo county would consent to accept an appointment, attended by so many embarrassing circumstances and so detrimental to the public good. And if the appointee was fully conscious of the denunciations that fall from almost every tongue, even he would prefer his present position had been won by popular, rather than partisan favor.

We say to Mr. Jumper and Mr. Stark, that while we have no more interest in this matter than any other citizen, and while we have nothing to do with them as men in the private walks of life, yet as they are the County Commissioners of this county, and we a public journalist, we intend to review their official acts in such a way, that this people shall fully understand them, and they, themselves, have the privilege of looking into a mirror, that reflects their own deformity.

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☞ The French Government is prepared to send magnificent presents to Foet Tsigo, the new Emperor of Japan. These presents consist principally of a collection of fire arms, two cannons of the same model as those offered to the Queen of England, some tabeeb tapestry from the Gobelins, and various articles of a similar nature.

Our government sends telegraph and railroad models—something of utility. This is the difference between France and the United States.

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☞ The Catholics of Boston have contributed $2,861 in the aid of the American College in Rome.

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☞ Lawyers, according to Martail, are men who hire out their words and anger.

### WORDS FOR MUSIC.

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

I.

Fare the well—we part forever!
All regrets are now in vain!
Fate decrees that we must sever,
Ne'er to meet on earth again.
Other skies will bend above thee,
Other hearts may seek thy shrine,
But no other o'er will love thee
With the constancy of mine.
Yet fare well—we part forever!
All regrets are now in vain!
Fate decrees that we must sever,
Ne'er to meet on earth again.
Fare the well!

II.

Like the shadow on the dial
Lingers still our parting kiss!
Life has no severer trial,
Death no pang to equal this,
All the world is now before thee,
Every clime to roam at will,
But within the land that bore thee,
One fond heart will love the still.
Yet fare well—we part forever!
All regrets are now in vain!
Fate decrees that we must sever,
Ne'er to meet on earth again.
Fare thee well!

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## THE HIDDEN HAND.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER I.—THE NOCTURNAL VISIT.

* * Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me when every sound appeals me?
* * * I hear a knocking
In the south entry! Hark!—more knocking!
SHAKESPEARE.

Hurricane Hall is a large old family mansion, built of dark, red sandstone, in one of the lonelliest and wildest of the mountain regions of Virginia.

The estate is surrounded on three sides by a range of steep, gray rocks, spiked with clumps of dark evergreens, and called, from its horseshoe form, the Devil's Hoof.

On the fourth side the ground gradually descends in broken rock and barren soil to the edge of the wild mountain stream known as the Devil's Run.

When storms and floods were high, the loud roaring of the wind through the wild mountain gorges, and the terrific raging of the torrent over its rocky course, gave to this savage locality its ill omened names of Devil's Hoof Devil's Run and Hurricane Hall.

Major Ira Warfield, the lonely proprietor of the Hall, was a a veteran officer, who, in disgust at what he supposed to be ill requited services, had retired from public life to spend the evening of his vigorous age on this his patrimonial estate. Here he lived in seclusion, with his old-fashioned housekeeper, Mrs. Condiment, and his old family servants and his favorite dogs and horses. Here his mornings were usually spent in the chase, in which he excelled, and his afternoons and evenings were occupied in small convivial suppers among his few chosen companions, of the chase or the bottle.

In person Major Warfield was tall and strongly built, reminding one of some old iron-limbed Douglas of the olden time. His features were large and harsh; his complexion dark red, as that of one bronzed by long exposure and flushed with strong drink. His fierce dark gray eyes were surmounted by thick, heavy black brows, that, when gathered into a frown, reminded one of a thunder cloud, as the flashing orbs beneath them did of lightening. His hard, harsh face was surrounded by a thick growth of iron-gray hair and beard that met beneath his chin. His usual habit was a black cloath coat, crimson vest, black leather breches long, black yarn stockings, fastened at the knees, and morocco slippers with silver buttons.

In character Major Warfield was arrogant, domineering and violent—equally loved and feared by his faithful old family servants at home, disliked and dreaded by his neighbors and acquaintances abroad, who, partly from his house and partly from his character, fixed upon him the appropriate nickname of Old Hurricane.

There, was however, other ground of dislike besides that of his arrogant mind, violent temper and domineering habits. Old Hurricane was said to be an old bachelor, yet rumor whispered that there was in some obscure part of the world, hiden away from human sight, a deserted wife and child, poor, forlorn and heartbroken. It was further whispered that the elder brother of Ira Warfield had mysteriously disappeared, and not without some suspicion of foul play on the part of the only person in the world who had a strong interest in his "taking off." However those things might be, it was known for a certainty that Old Hurricane had an only sister, widowed, sick and poor, who with her son dragged on a wretched life of ill-requited toil, severe privation and painful infirmity, in a distant city, troubled, unsought and uncared for by her cruel brother.

It was the night of the last day of October, 1845. The evening had closed in very dark and gloomy. About dusk the wind arose in the northwest, driving up masses of leaden hued clouds, and in a few minutes the ground was covered deep with snow, and the air was filled with driving sleet.

As this was All Hallow Eve, the dreadful inclemency of the weather did not prevent the negroes of Hurricane Hall from availing themselves of their capricious old master's permission, and going off in a body to a banjo breakdown, held in the negro quarters of their next neighbor.

Upon this evening, then, there was left at Hurricane Hall only Major Warfield, Mrs Condiment, his little old housekeeper, and Wool, his body servant.

Early in the evening the old hall was shut up closely, to keep out as much as possible the sound of the storm that roared through the mountain chasms and cannonaded the walls of the house as if determined to force an entrance. As soon as she had seen that all was safe, Mrs. Condiment went to bed and went to sleep.

It was about ten o'clock that night that Old Hurricane, well wrapped up in his quilted flannel dressing gown, sat in his padded easy chair before a warm and bright fire, taking his comfort in his own most comfortable bedroom. This was the hour of the coziest enjoyment to the self-indulgent old Sybarite, who dearly loved his own ease. Very comfortable was Old Hurricane; and as he toasted his feet and sipped his punch, while his black servant, Wool, applied the warming-pan to his cozy couch, he fairly hugged himself for enjoyment and declared that nothing under heaven would or could tempt him to leave that room and that house and go out into that storm on that night. Just as he had come to this emphatic determination he was startled by a violent ringing of the door bell. Ordering Wool to go and see what was the matter, he hastily arrayed himself in his sleeping habiliments and jumped into bed, determined not to be intruded upon, or to be called out of his room on any account whatever.

At this moment Wool reappeared.

"Shut the door, you villian! Do you intend to stand there holding it open on me all night? vociferated the old man.

Wool hastily closed the offending portals, and hurried to his master's side.

"Well, sir who was it rang the bell?"

"Sar de Reverend Mr. Parson Goodwin, and he say how he must see you yousse'f, personally, alone!"

"See me, you villian! Didn't you tell him that I had retired?"

"Yes, Marse, I tell him how you were gone to bed and asleep morne'n an hour ago, and he ordered me to come wake you up, and say how it were a matter o' life and death!"

"Life and death? What have I to do with life and death? I won't stir! If the parson wants to see me he will have to come up here and see me in bed."

"Mas' I fetch him reverence up, sar?"

"Yes, I wouldn't get up and go down to see—Washington—shut the door, you rascal! or I'll throw the bootjack at your wooden head!"

Wool obeyed with alacrity and in time to escape the threatened missile.

After an absence of a few minutes he was heard returning, attending upon the footsteps of another. And the next minute he entered, ushering in the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, the parish minister of Bethlehem St. Mar 's.

"How do you do? How do you do? Glad to see you, sir! glad to see you, though obliged to receive you in bed! Fact is, I caught a cold with this severe change of weather, and took a warm negus and went to bed to sweat it off. You'll excuse me! Wool, draw that easy chair up to my bedside for worthy Mr. Goodwin, and bring him a glass of warm negus. It will do, him good after his cold ride."

"I thank you, Major Warfield! I will take the seat, but not the negus, if you please, to night."

"Not the negus! Oh, come now, you are joking! Why, it will keep you from catching cold, and be a most comfortable nightcap, disposing you to sleep and sweat like a baby! Of course you spend the night with us?"

"I thank you, no! I must take the road again in a few minutes."

"Take the road again to-night? Why, man alive! it is midnight, and the snow driving like all Lapland."

"Sir, I am sorry to refuse your proffered hospitality and leave your comfortable roof to-night, and sorrier still to have to take you with me," said the pastor, gravely."

"Take ME with you! No, no, my good sir! no, no, that is to good a joke—ha! ha!"

"Sir, I fear that you will find it a very serious one! Your servant told you that my errand was one of imminent urgency?"

"Yes, something like life and death——."

"Exactly—down in the cabin, near the Punch Bowl, there is an old woman dying——."

"There, I knew it. I was just saying there might be an old woman dying. But, my dear sir, what's that to me? What can I do?"

"Humanity, sir, would prompt you."

"But, my dear sir, how can I help her? I am not a physician to prescribe——."

"She is far past a physician's help."

"Nor am I a priest to hear her confession——."

"Her confession, God has alreay received."

"Well, and I'm not a lawyer to draw up her will."

"No, sir; but you are recently appointed one of the Justices of the Peace for Alleghany."

"Yes; well, what of that. That does not comprise the duty of my getting up out of my warm bed and going through a snow storm to see an old woman expire."

"Excuse me for insisting, sir; but this is official duty," said the parson, mildly but firmly.

"I'll—I'll throw up my commission to-morrow," growled the old man.

"To-morrow you may do that, but meanwhile, to-night, being still in the commission of the peace, you are bound to get up and go with me to this woman's bedside."

"And what the demon is wanted of me there?"

"To receive her dying deposition."

"To receive a dying deposition," Good Heaven! was she murdered then?" exclaimed the old man, in alarm as he started out of bed and began to draw on his nether garments.

"Be composed—she was not murdered," said the pastor.

"Well, then, what is it? Dying deposition! It must concern a crime," exclaimed the old man, hastily drawing on his coat.

"It does concern a crime."

"What crime, for the love of heaven?"

"I am not at liberty to tell you. She will do that."

"Wool, go down and rouse up Jehu, and tell him to put Parson Goodwin's mule in the stable for the night. And tell him to put the black draught-horses to the close carriage, and light both the front lanterns—for we shall have a dark, stormy road—Shut the door, you infernal!—I beg your pardon, parson, but that villain always leaves the door ajar after him."

The good parson bowed gravely; and the major completed his toilet by the time the servant returned and reported the carriage ready.

"To the Devil's Punch Bowl!"—was the order given by Old Hurricane as he followed the minister into the carriage. "And now, sir," he continued, addressing his companion, "I think you had better repeat that part of the church litany that prays to be delivered from 'battle murder and sudden death.' for if we should be so lucky as to escape Black Donald and his gang, we shall have at least an equal chance of being upset in the darkness of these dreadful mountains."

"A pair of saddle mules would have been a safer conveyance, certaily," said the minister.

Old Hurricane knew that, but though a great sensualist, he was a brave man, and so he had rather risk his life in a close carriage than suffer cild upon a surefooted mule's back.

After many delays and perils, the pastor and Old Hurricane arrived at their destination called the Witch's Hut or Old Hat's Cabin.—In one corner of the hut, on a ragged couch, lay a gray-haired and emaciated woman, evidenly near unto death. On being informed that a magistrate had arrived, she insisted on everybody else leaving the room, as she would speak with him alone. Her request having been complied with, Old Hurricane drew from his pocket a Bible, administered the oath, and then said.

"Now then, my good soul begin—'the truth the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,' you know. But first, your name?"

"Is it possible you don't know me, master?"

"Not I, in faith?"

"For the love of heaven, look at me and try to recollect me, sir! It is necessary some one authority should be able to know me," said the woman, raising her haggard eyes to the face of her visitor.

The old man adjusted his spectacles and gave her a scrutinizing look, exclaiming at intervals.—

"Lord bless my soul! it is! it ain't! it must! it can't be! Granny Grewell—the—the—the—midwife that disappeared from here some twelve or thirteen years ago!"

"Yes, master, I am Nancy Grewell, the ladies' nurse, who vanished from sight so mysteriously some thirteen years ago!" replied the woman.

"Heaven help our hearts! And for what crime was it you run away? Come—make a clean breast of it, woman! You have nothing to fear in doing so, for you are past the arm of earthly law now?"

"I know it, master,"

"And the best way to prepare to meet the Divine Judge is to make all the reparation that you can by a full confession!"

"I know it, sir—if I had committed a crime; but I have committed no crime, neither did I run away."

"What? what? what?—What was it then? Remember, witness, you are on your oath!"

"I know that, sir, and I will tell the truth; but it must be in my own way."

At this moment a violent blast of wind and hail roared down the mountain side and rattled against the walls; shaking the witch's hut as if it would have shaken it about their ears.

It was a proper overture to the tale that was about to be told. Conversation was impossible until the storm raved past and was heard dying in deep reverberating echoes from the depths of the Devil's Punch Bowl.

"It is some thirteen years ago," began Granny Grewell, "upon just such a night of storm as this, that I was mounted on my old mule Molly, with my saddle-bags full of dried yarbs, and stilled waters and sich, as I allus carried when I was out 'tendin' on the sick. I was on my way a going to see a lady as I was sent for to tend."

"Well, master! I am not shamed to say, as I never was afraid of man, beast, nor spirit! and never stopped at going out all hours of the night, through the most lonesomest road, if so be I was called upon so to do. Still I must say that jest as me and Molly, my mule, got into the deep, thick, lonesome woods as stands round the old Hidden House in the hollow, I did feel queerish: 'cause it was the dead hour of night, and it was said how strange things were seen and heard, yes, and done too, in that dark, deep, lonesome place. I seen how even my mule Molly felt quer too, by the way she stuck up her ears, stiff as quills. So, partly to keep up my own spirits, and partly to courage her, says I, 'Molly, says I, 'what are ye afeard on? Be a man Molly!' But Molly stepped out cautious, and pricked up her long ears all the same.

'Well, master, it was so dark I couldn't see a yard past Molly's ears, and the path was so narrow and the bushes so thick we could hardly get along; but just as we came to the little creek as they calls the Spout, cause the water jumps and jets along till it empties into the Punch Bowl, and just as Molly was cautiously putting her fore foot into the water, but starts two men from the bushes and sizes poor Molly's bridle!"

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Major Warfield.

"Well, master, before I could cry out, one of them villians seized me by the scruff of my neck, and with the other hand on my mouth he says;

"Be silent, you old fool, or I'll blow your brains out!"

"And then master, I saw for the first time that their faces were covered over with black crape. I couldn't a screamed if they'd let me, for my breath was gone and my senses were going along with it from the fear that was on me."

"'Don't struggle, come along quietly and you shall not be hurt,' says the man as had spoke before.

"Struggle! I couldn't a struggled to a saved my soul! I couldn't speak! I couldn't breathe! I liked to have a dropped right offen Molly's back. One on 'em says, says he:

"'Give her some brandy!' And t'other takes out a flask and puts it to my lips and says, says he:

"'Here, drink this.'

"Well,' master, as he had me still by the scruff o' the neck I couldn't do no other ways but open my mouth and drink it. And as soon as I took a swallow my breath come back and my speech.

"'And oh, gentlemen,' says I, 'if it's your money or your life' you mean, I haint it about me! 'Deed 'clare to the Lord a mighty I haint! it's wrapped up in an old cotton glove in a hole in the plastering in the chimney corner at home, and if you'll spare my life, you can go there and get it,' says I.

"'You old blockhead,' says they, 'we want neither one nor t'other! Come along quietly and you shall receive no harm. But at the first cry or attempt to escape this shall stop you!' And with that the villian held the muzle of a pistol so nigh to my nose that I smelt brimstone, while t'other one bound a silk handkercher 'round my eyes, and then took poor Molly's bridle and led her along. I couldn't see, in course, and I dissint breathe for fear o' the pistol. But I said my prayers to myself all the time.

"Well, master, they led the mule on down the path, until we comed to a place wide enough to turn, when they turned us 'round and led us back outen the wood, and then round and round, and up and down, and cross ways and length ways, as of they didn't want me to find where they were taking me.

"Well, sir, when they'd walked about in this fused way, leadin' of the mule about a mile, I knew we was in the woods again—the very same woods and the very same path—I knowed by the feel of the place and the sound of the bushes, as we hit up against them each side, and also by the rumbling of the Spout as it tumbled along toward the Punch Bowl. We went down, and down, and down, and lower, and lower, and lower, until we got right down to the bottom of that hollow.

"Then we stopped. A gate was opened. I put up my hand to raise the handkerchief, and see where I was; but, just at that minute, I felt the mizzle o' the pistol like a ring of ice right agin my right temple, and the villian growling into my ear:

"'If you do——'

"But I didn't—I dropped my hand down as if I had been shot, and afore I had seen anything either. So we went through the gate, and up a gravelly walk—I knew it by the crackling of the gravel under Molly's feet—and stopped at a horse block, where one o' them villians lifted me off. I put up my hand again.

"'Do, if you dare,' says t'other one, with the mizzle o' the pistol at my head.

"I dropped my hand like lead. So they lead me on a little way, and then up some steps. I counted them to myself as I went along. They were six. You see, master, I took all this pains to know the house again. Then they opened a door that opened in the middle. They then went along a passage and up more stairs—there was ten and a turn, and then ten more. Then along another passage, and up another flight of stairs, just like the first. Then along another passage, and up a third flight of stairs. They was alike.

"Well, sir, here we was at the top o' the house. One o' them villians opened a door on the left side, and t'other said—

"'There—go in and do your duty!' and pushed me through the door, and shut and locked it on me. 'Good gracious, sir, how scared I was! I slipped off the silk handkercher, and 'feared as I was, I didn't forget to put it in my bosom.

"Then I looked about me. Right afore me on the hearth was a little weny taper burning, that showed I was in a great big garret with sloping walls. At one end two deep dormer windows, and a black walnut bureau standing between them. At t'other end a great tester bedstead with dark curtains. There was a dark carpet on the floor. And with all there were so many dark objects and so many shadows, and the little taper burned so dimly that I could hardly tell t'other from which, of keep from breaking my nose against things as I groped about.

"And what was I in this room to do? I couldn't even form an idee. But presently my blood ran cold to hear a groan from behind the curtains—then another—and another—then a cry as of a child in mortal agony, saying:

"'For the love of Heaven, save me!'

"I ran to the bed and dropped the curtains, and liked to have fainted at what I saw."

"And what did you see?" asked the magistrate.

"Master, behind those dark curtains I saw a young creature tossing about on the bed, flinging her fair and beautiful arms about, and tearing wildly at the fine lace that trimmed her night dress. But, master, that wasn't what almost made me faint—it was that her right hand was sewed up in black crape, and her whole face and head completely covered with black crape drawned down and fasten d securely around her throat, leaving only a small slit at the lips and nose to breath through!"

"What! take care, woman! remember that you are upon your oath!" said the magistrate.

"I know it, master! And as I hope to be forgiven, I am telling you the truth!"

"Go on, then."

"Well, sir, she was a young creature, scarcely past childhood, if one might judge by her small size, and soft, rosy skin. I asked her to let me take that black crape from her face and head, but she threw up her hands and exclaimed—

"'Oh, no, no, no! for my life, no!'

"Well, master, I hardly know how to tell you what followed—" said the old woman, hesitating in embarrassment.

"Go right straight on like a car of Juggernaut, woman! Remember—the whole truth!"

"Well, master, in the next two hours there were twins born in that room—a boy and girl; the boy was dead, the girl living. And all the time I heard the measured tramping of one of them willians up and down the passage outside of that room. Presently the steps stopped, and there was a rap at the door. I went and listened, but did not open it."

"Is it all over?" the voice asked.

"Before I could answer, a cry from the bed caused me to look round. There was the poor masked mother stretching out her white arms toward me in the most imploring way. I hastened back to her.

"Tell him—no—no," she said.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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"And conscience, truth, and honesty are made To rise and fall, like other warrant trade."

We understand that Messrs. Jumper and Stark, in voting for Mr. Kester for County Treasurer, expressed an opinion, that *if they said so*, the appointee would immediately walk into the Treasurer's office, take the books, pay no attention to a settlement and go on collecting the taxes. They, however, were told by competent authority that such could not be done, yet, in their conceit, they thought it could. Just as though Mr. Scott, after having given a bond in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, would suffer the books to go out of his hands until he had a fair and final settlement with the Auditer. He would have placed himself and his securities in a beautiful condition, had he permitted the books to have been touched, until he and his securities were entirely exonerated. This settlement has been in active progress since the appointment of Mr. Kester, but it is a very heavy job, and will require perhaps two or three weeks to complete it. After that, a new duplicate has to be made out by the Auditor, and then the Treasurer's office will again be opened to receive the taxes of the people. When the time of Mr. Kester's appointment expires there will have to be another settlement with him, all of which makes large additional duties for the Auditor and heavy drains on the public Treasury. But this is Democratic policy—Democratic financiering—Democratic partisanship—Democratic *honesty*.

It is impossible for us to say when the the Treasurer's office will again be opened.—Several weeks must however necessarily intervene. Thus has this most important office in the county been closed by the willful act, and inexcusable ignorance of the very men whose sworn duty it is to see that it is kept open, and most especially during this season of the year.

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☞ Mr. Scott and the Auditor are actively engaged in making their settlement, so, that as soon as it is finished and the required new duplicate prepared, the collecting of the taxes will be resumed. Before this can be done, however, the time fixed by the law for returning the delinquent list will have almost, if not quite expired, and as those who are now anxious to pay their taxes and cannot have the opportunity to do so, will, perhaps make no further effort, we may expect to see the largest delinquent list that Vigo county has ever had. The difficulties in relation to this matter, thicken as they are looked into, and this reckless step of those two County Commissioners, will, in all probability, so disarrange the financial condition of the county, that it will require months to again get things in their proper order. The complaint against those members of the Board is general, and we have never heard the action of officials, so universally disapprobated. The countrymen particularly, who come to pay their taxes and cannot do it, are loud in their denunciations.

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☞ Owing to the fact that Mr. Cunningham should have resigned to the Governor and not to the Commissioners, and to the further fact, that his resignation of the office of Treasurer was not made to the Governor in time for the Commissioners to have made the appointment of Mr. Kester, the Board is called together again for Wednesday, to fill the vacancy.—What Jumper and Stark will do, no living mortal can guess, but the worst and most unpolitic thing they can do, we have no doubt they will do. We expect to hear again that they are mad at some individual, or have fears of being sold, and hence they will do that, which will cost the county hundred of dollars. Look out for another exhibition of partisan malice, and individual stubbornness.

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BEAT THIS WHO CAN.—Mr. A. B. DEBRASCH of Paris Township, during the past season, raised sixty bushels of corn upon 36 rods of ground in length, and 2 rods wide, containing ten rows. The same was husked and measured by O. W. Duffy, Reuben Hosler and Mr John son, being at the rate of about 133 bushels to the acre. This corn was planted about the 20th of June, harrowed once and ploughed four times during the season.—*Valley Blade.*