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BY HOYT & CO. ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1876. VOL. XII---NO. 21.

LOST ROSIE;

OR,

KOUNTZ THE CONJURER.

BY MARY E. BRYAN.

From the Sunny South.

It was a mud-daubed cabin, but so overgrown with the dark green foliage and crimson, yellow-throated blossoms of the Trumpet vine, that it seemed a part of the wild, beautiful nature around it. Out of its low door stepped a slender girl, with the olive skin, the black eyes and black-waved hair of the native Louisianian. Over the luxuriance of the hair was thrown a red-barred kerchief, and the girl farther shaded her eyes with her hand as she stood and looked first around the yard, then over into the fields and across to the grand open woods that surrounded the clearing, all the time calling "Rosie," in a shrill but not unmusical voice. She stood still a moment, and then leaping the low fence as lightly as a fawn, ran down to the tiny runlet at the foot of the little rise on which the house stood, and searched among the bushes, whose greenness betrayed the water's course. A noisy crow mocked her call overhead, and scattered a handful of pecan nuts upon her from the boughs he was robbing; an oriole flew out from a scarlet haw bush and flashed away, startled by her cry of "Rosie," but no pretty treble pipped, "Here I am, sister," in answer to her call.

Returning to the cabin, she took a horn from over the door and blew a blast upon it that set half a dozen dogs to yelping, and after the lapse of a few minutes, brought her brother, a boy of fifteen, from the field.

"Have you seen Rosie?" was her question as he stood before her, his homespun clothes spotted with cotton flakes, and further ornamented by two or three striped caterpillars, which were industriously measuring the length of his pantaloons.

"Seen Rosie? No, not since she brought me my canteen of fresh water this morning. She came back home though. I saw her runnin' a race with Wolf clear up to the turnip patch."

"She did come back, but she slipped away awhile ago when I was talking to some one, and I haven't seen her since."

"Talkin' to Zumy Karlse, I 'spose. I saw him comin' this way, riding that mustang like the mad devil he is."

"It's no matter whom I was talking to; Rosie is gone, and she must be found right away. We must go and hunt her. Take Wolf with you, he will help us find her."

"Where is Wolf? He must be with the child. He always follows her, you know. Oh, she is safe enough; if anything had happened to her, you'd have Wolf back here howling like a pack of his namesakes."

"I cannot trust to that; I feel as if something was wrong with her. She never does go farther than her little grapevine swing there in the bottom, and always comes when I call. You remember little Pierre Verne, who was missing last year and never found, and the couple of little darkies that disappeared the year before and nobody ever saw hair or hide of them afterwards."

"They went down the throat of the Black Devil," Jules said, referring to an overgrown alligator that was known to haunt a neighboring bayou, but whose scaly hide, mossed and thickened by many winters, seemed bullet-proof, since frequent shots from rifle and musket had no other effect than to render him more cunning and more rarely to be seen. "But Rosie would never go so far as the bayou; more likely she's dropped asleep over her play under some pecan tree," the boy added hastily, seeing the ghastly terror that overspread his sister's face at the mention of the alligator.

In an hour they had searched the open woods for half a mile around, making them echo with the child's name, and looking carefully for little tracks, which they found in plenty around the house and in the patches, but the freshest were near the bank of the little stream close to the child's grapevine swing. But the tiny thread of water was too shallow to drown even five-year-old Rosie, who often waded in it ankle deep. The brother and sister now carefully followed its course for several hundred yards up and down, but could not see no further sign of the little bare feet they were in search of.

The nearest neighbors lived a mile away, but Maline had a faint hope that the child had gone to the house of one of these—a hope that was disappointed when they reached the first cabin, where the cows were being milked for the evening, and the children and dogs were fighting over the former's supper of clabber and bread poured into a cotton-wood trough in the yard, to be scooped up with wooden spoons and dirty palms.

But if these people had rough exteriors, their hearts were tender, and they roused at once with keen interest and pity at the story that orphan Rosie was missing. Remembering their own little Pierre, who went out last year to gather dewberries and never was heard of afterward, the Vernes turned out their whole capable force, male and female, to hunt for the lost child, followed by a small army of dogs, and intending to collect pine knots, as soon as it became dusk, and continue the search until the lost was found.

They went at once to the bayou, and divided so as to search both its soft, muddy banks up and down for foot-prints or other signs. In a little while they were joined by other neighbors and formed themselves into a cordon, searching the woods in every direction within a circuit of several miles around Rosie's home. No wild beasts other than harmless raccoons and opossums were known to lurk in the neighborhood, but the party of searchers stopped long and held their flaming torches of resinous pine over the deep, black water-hole under a steep, overhanging bank, where the alligator they called the Black Devil was known to have his hiding-place. As the day approached, the cordon gradually narrowed until, as the sun rose, they stood before the lost child's cabin home, still and smokeless, and with no sign of life about it. Again the woods rang with the name they had echoed so often during the night, and Maline went up to the cabin, scarcely daring to hope that the child might have returned during the night and laid down to sleep in her own little bed.

But the bed was untouched, the little room empty, and Rosie's wooden doll lying on the floor, brought a fresh pang to the girl, who had been mother and sister both to the little one since their parents died.

The searching party went to their homes to refresh themselves hastily with food before setting out again upon their hunt. Jules went with them, but Maline shook her head in answer to their invitation, and was left alone at the cabin. Unable to be quiet, she went again to all the favorite resorts of Rosie, and carefully went over every foot of ground around her little home. Then, wretched and worn out with fatigue, she threw herself down upon a log by the road-side spring, and listened for a torturing hour for the signal of horns that would announce the finding of her sister. Listened in vain, till at last her head dropped hopelessly upon her hands, and she sat in this attitude until the sound of quick hoof-strokes made her look up to meet the keen blue eyes of young Karlse, the Texan, galloping by on his wiry mustang. He reined in when he saw her, and lifted his broad-brimmed sombrero.

"What's the trouble, little Maline?" he asked, the tenderness of his voice belying the savage aspect of his long beard, his fierce moustache and sword-like eye.

"Rosie has been gone since yesterday noon, and we cannot find her." Then she lifted her head and suddenly pierced him with a look. "*You*, Zumy Karlse, *you* know what has become of my sister," she cried.

His swarthy skin turned livid.

"I, Maline? What should I know of your sister? What have I had to do with her?"

"You cursed her yesterday; you said but for 'that brat' that you knew I would marry you and go with you to the Indian Nation, where you meant to make a fortune."

"I was angry; I said what I did without a minute's thought. Maline, do you think so mean of me as to suspect I would hurt a child? Folks have called me wild, reckless, outlaw, and all that, but I swear none ever slandered me as bad as this girl that I've asked to be my wife. Good-bye, Maline; if you can think such a thing of me it's best I never see your face again."

He drove the spurs in his horse's sides and dashed on, but at a little distance he stopped and looked back to say:

"I'll find the child, if she's above ground or beneath it. Don't be fretting yourself to death."

An hour after he left, Maline had shut up her little home and was on her way to seek supernatural aid in the search for her sister.

"I had a dream night before last, she thought. "It must have meant something, for I waked up scared and wild-like, and never slept any more. I dreamed we were walking on the old log bridge over the bayou, and on a sudden I missed Rosie from my side. I looked down and saw a big black hand held up through the logs. Maybe that means a negro will help me, and who but old Kountz, the conjurer doctor, that lives down on the bayou? I'll go to him and get him to tell me where Rosie is. They say he can find lost things, as well as take the charm off of conjured and poisoned people."

Hope buoyed her weary steps, and she walked rapidly to the conjurer's hut, two miles away. Hid under great live-oak boughs and trailing moss, the mud hut was scarcely to be discovered. Over the closed door was festooned an enormous stuffed rattlesnake, the mouth wide open and the hooked fangs looking frightfully life-like. Old Kountz was long in opening the door, and when at last he drew it cautiously back on its wooden hinges and stood before her, Maline shrank at the sight of the hideous apparition. The heavy, squat figure, partly enveloped in an old torn garment of shaggy gray cloth, like the coat of a dog or a wild beast, the legs bare and mangy-looking, the great splay feet bare and covered with warty excrescences. The head was of the ape type, with a low forehead, small, dull, red eyes, ponderous lower jaw, and a double row of yellow, animal-looking teeth. His woolly hair was, however, gray with age, his face seamed with wrinkles, and his manners humble and insinuating. Around his neck was a string of snake-bones and alligator-teeth, and a stuffed bat, with wings extended and grinning teeth, encircled his head by way of a crown, while from his ears hung the rattles of the snake. The hut would have been of cavernous darkness, but though it was warm weather, there were lighted pine-knots on the yawning mud hearth. Around it Maline saw two other negroes squatted as if enjoying the heat, a man and woman, who had come to consult the conjurer-master with reference to some relative that had been "hurted" by being "pizened" or "conjured." The African wizard put a square bottle into their hands as Maline stood waiting, her terror of these disgusting figures held in check by the purpose for which she had come.

"Don' be gibben dis, now, before I come to-morrow," he said. "When I'm standin' by to gib it its right effeck, it'll bring up de pizen or de conjure-hurt, arry one, from de stomach, for all de world like spiders and scorpions. Now, where's your silber?"

The woman fumbled at a greasy string around her neck, untied it and took off of it four pieces of silver money, black with dirt and constant wear. The ape-like paw of the conjurer closed over them eagerly. "To-morrow," he said, and waved the visitors out. Then he turned to Maline, the twinkle of his small, red eye, under the gray, shaggy eye-brows, making her shiver with dread, but she at once told the object of her visit. He eyed her sharply a minute, his wrinkled face worked and changed, then he lit his short, black pipe, stirred the fire and sat before it, smoking and looking into the coals. After awhile he rose, took down a live screech-owl from a shelf among the bottles and boxes, and held its hideous head to his ear as one would a watch, and sat silent, looking into the embers. At last he spoke in a gutteral mutter without turning his eyes upon Maline.

"Down by de bayou—by de big double ash and de old mill-wheel—look *dere*. Tracks—boot tracks wid Texas spurs. Poor *petite*—poor Rosie!" and he shook his head and was silent.

"Is she dead?" Maline cried, starting up and coming to his side. But not a sound would he utter except to repeat his former words:

"Down by de bayou—by de double ash and de old mill wheel. Tracks wid Texas spurs. Poor child!"

Maline turned to run from the hut, but he laid a black paw upon her wrist, peered into her face with his sleepily-cunning alligator eyes, and said:

"De silber; you forgit dat."

She thought an instant, then snatched the gay rings from her ears, dropped them into his hand and fled from the horrible den, not stopping until she had reached the part of the bayou he had spoken of, where a double-trunked ash overhung the water, and an old mill-wheel, washed away in some past freshet, lay stranded in mud and drift-wood near the bank. Far down as was the place, the searching party had been here, but apparently their examination had not been thorough; for there, close to the naked roots of the old tree, and half hid in leaves and mud, lay a tiny pink sun-bonnet, that Maline recognized and caught up with a cry of anguish. Another glance showed her no child's track, but the print of a man's boot in the mud and the impress of a Texas spur.

"He did it!" she cried, clenching her hands. "He drowned her to put her out of the way, thinking I would go with him if I was free of the charge my mother left me on her death-bed. Oh, cruel-hearted villain! Oh, my darling, my baby!"

Half frantic she ran towards home, hugging the little bonnet to her breast; but when she heard the gallop of a horse, she stopped still and met her Texas lover with the stern, white face of the accuser.

"This is her bonnet. I found it at the bayou and your tracks by it. You drowned her. God's curses upon you!"

"Maline, are you crazy? What do you mean? Where did you find that?"

"Down at the bayou, where you drowned my darling, by the double ash tree and the old mill-wheel. I saw your tracks there."

"I fished there two days ago, and waited for the alligator to rise. I've never been there since, I swear, and I've never set eyes on the child since I saw her standing at your side yesterday. I told you what I said about her was nothing but idle breath. I didn't mean a word of it. I was mad because you refused to go with me and said your duty was to the children; but God knows I wouldn't have hurt a hair of the little one's head for my own life. Tell me, how came you to go to the big ash just now?"

"Black Kountz, the conjurer-master, told me to go there, and that I should find signs."

The Texan gave a low whistle.

"I'll speak to that old rascal myself," he said, and then I'll ride back to where I left the searching party, and bring them to drag the bayou where the bonnet was found."

Maline shuddered and walked on without speaking.

Karlse rode to the hut of the conjurer, and, dismounting, thundered upon the closed door with his heavy whip. The shuffling feet of the African were slow to answer the summons, and when he opened the door his wrinkled features exhibited some sign of perturbation, which the bold, fierce look of the drover and the sight of the pistol and bowie-knife in his belt might have well excused.

There was nothing suspicious in the answers he gave to the keen cross-questioning of the Texan. He said, in his broken gutteral, that he had seen in his dream the bonnet lying by the ash tree—the Great Man showed him things in his dreams.

Karlse left him, after a keen survey of his wretched hut, with his black-smoked, cob-webbed walls, hung with the skins and teeth of vermin and reptiles, its rag pallet and greasy old chest and table.

The bayou was dragged, but without result.

"The alligator," was the thought that was in the minds of all, though nobody spoke it, out of compassion for the brother and sister. Night set in with gathering clouds, lightning and the promise of a storm, and the weary party retraced their steps.

Karlse alone lingered. Maline had not told the others her suspicion that he was Rosie's murderer, but he knew by the look she gave him when she turned away that she harbored it still. He stood by his horse's head in deep thought a moment, then he mounted and rode back towards the conjurer's cabin. Before it was in sight, he stopped in the midst of a dense thicket, got down from his horse and fastened him securely, and then waited while the twilight deepened fast into dark night, the clouds obscuring the sky, the lightning flashing at intervals, and the rain coming in fitful gusts.

"Now for spying the camp," he said. "Awful cautious I shall have to be. That conjuring rascal is a gray old coon. I shall have to slip up on him like sneakin' up on an old buck at day-break; and first thing to be done, off must come these boots." Suiting the action to the word, he pulled off his boots and deposited them by the tree where his horse was fastened.

Then he set out for Kountz's hut, steering his course through the darkness with the judgment of a trained backwoodsman that almost amounts to instinct. No gleam of light came from the hut to guide him. When he had crept cautiously close to it, and gone stealthily around it, he saw that there was no crack through which could be seen the light of the fire that was sure to be burning inside. Winter or summer the fire was never suffered to die out on the African's hearth; but except the smoke from the low chimney, no sign of it was to be seen outside the windowless hut, whose smallest crack and cranny the African hastened to stop with rags or cotton and plaster over with mud. Hid behind the moss-hung limbs of the oak, Karlse saw the negro come to the door, look out, and mutter to himself.

"Black night; good, jolly night—rain 'torm, maybe; jolly night."

With a sinister chuckle, he closed the door and fastened it, rattling the heavy chain in which the padlock was hooked. Karlse crept around to the rear of the cabin, and taking out his knife, knelt down and began to cut into the clay that was chinked between the logs of the wall, and was now somewhat softened by the recent rain. Noiselessly, cautiously he worked until he had cut through a section of the clay several inches square. This plug he gradually drew out, using the utmost care to prevent attracting the attention of the black doctor. In this he was abetted by the noise of the wind that blew fiercely at intervals, and made the limbs of the live-oak creak and sway against the roof of the cabin. The plug was removed, and still kneeling, Karlse applied his eye to the aperture and saw the wizard smoking his pipe and muttering to himself before the fire. Presently he rose, walked to the door, bent down and listened attentively.

"Wind blowin' hard—mighty dark—torch can't live a minit—white fools gone home, gone to bed—good, jolly night for good supper—ugh!"

He chuckled and smacked his lips; then, walking up to the screech-owl, he touched its muffled head, when, fluttering its feathers with a shivering motion, the creature uttered its weird, ghostly cry, whereat the black wizard nodded and laughed hideously, showing his double row of teeth. Then, turning round to the greasy old chest, he proceeded to draw it from its place, and from the part of the dirt floor where it had stood, to turn up a square board that seemed to be a trap-door; for the conjuror let himself down into the hole it had covered, and when he again emerged, scrambling up with difficulty what seemed steep, ladder-like steps, he had something thrown over his shoulder that made the Texan's heart leap and his breath come quick. It was the body of a child—the dead body, as Karlse thought at first, but when the negro placed his burden on a seat against the wall, she sat there propped by her support and he saw that it was Rosie. Her little, delicate face was white as that of a corpse, her eyes were dilated and staring like a sleep-walker's, and were fixed, as if under a spell, upon the face of the negro.

"Don't you dar to hollow or speak one word," he said, thrusting his hideous features close to her. "Ef you do dis snake will jump right on you and twist hisself round your neck and bite you right in de eyes. You see him, eh?"

As he spoke he lifted the head of the large, stuffed rattle-snake that had hung by the door, and which was now coiled on a stool in front of the child.

Her gaze of fascinated terror turned upon the horrible reptile, whose scaly folds and open jaws were horribly life-like.

"Why you no eat de pap I carry down to you?" demanded the negro in his gutteral utterance; "nice pap, wid good hog-grease in it; and I carry down light for you, and all. You guine to eat now? Come."

He took a teacup from the shelf and tried to force a spoonful of the soft mess it contained into the child's mouth.

"Eat; it'll be de bess for you. Well, you won't, and dat's de eend of it. Neb-ber'll fatten sure. Ef dat been 'possum I cotch now, an' put in barrel an' feed dat way, he done fatten pound or two in dis time; but white chile too 'tubborn. He won't eat; get poorer, tiddy fatter. Well, ef dey wou't eat, dey'll have to *be* eat all de sooner—dat's all. Dis one's in pretty good order. Lemme see agin."

With his great, black claws he felt of the child's legs and arms, pinching her so hard that an involuntary exclamation of pain escaped her lips.

"Hush!" he hissed, with a horrible grimace. "Hab snake round your neck in no time."

Once more he shuffled to the door, stopped and listened. Then, muttering "Yas, yas; good night for good supper," he proceeded to throw more pine-knots on the fire, and to hang over it a pot he had filled with water. Then he took a large knife from the shelf and began to sharpen it. Every now and then he turned to glare at the child, who followed his movements with a stupid stare in her dilated eyes like that of a bird or a squirrel charmed by a snake. He tried the edge of the knife, and seemed satisfied that it was sharp; then, thrusting it in his bosom, he took up the snake, wound it around his neck, and struck up a chant and a shuffling step, with which he moved in a circle before the child with his eyes fixed upon her, and drawing gradually nearer until he paused and stretched out one hand, while with the other he drew out the knife from his breast.

The poor victim sat like a charmed bird or a lamb beneath the butcher, her wide eyes fastened on that terrible face, now full of the carniverous ferocity and eagerness of the beast that scents blood. But before the blow descended, the murderer was startled from his anticipated feast by a heavy crash upon the door from the axe that Karsle had caught sight of on the ground in a gleam of lightning. Another heavy blow and the door was burst open and the Texan leaped in and darted for the conjuror, who, with his back braced against the wall, stood at bay, the big knife brandished in his hand, a dull, desperate glare in his reptile eye. He sprange at Karlse as the latter advanced upon him, and made a lunge at his breast; but the Texan caught the knife by a dexterous movement, and twisting it from the black's clutch sent it whirling to the other end of the hut. The next instant the cannibal felt the cold muzzle of a revolver at his head, and he dropped on his knees gibbering for mercy.

With his teeth clenched and breathing hard with disgust and indignation, Karlse drew a stout halter from his pocket and tied the wretch securely, fastening his feet and hands together. When this was done, he turned to the child, who sat where she had been placed rigid and moveless as a corpse. He took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Are you hurt anywhere, Rosie?—are you scared out of your wits, poor little one? You are safe now; you shall go home to Jules and Maline."

A long shiver passed over the child; she clasped her deliverer's neck convulsively, then burst out crying and sobbing.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the Texan, for he knew those tears had saved the reason, perhaps the life of the child.

When he had seen her sitting with dilated eyes and ghastly face, he believed that terror had paralyzed her senses into hopeless idiocy. Still, as yet she had not spoken. He soothed her as tenderly as Maline could have done.

"The black man," she whispered at last, as she lay upon his shoulder. "He had a knife; he sharpened it to kill me."

"He'll never harm you now, Rosie. You see where he lies tied on the floor. He'll never have a chance to lay a finger upon you or any other child—the black, inhuman devil!"

"And the snake—the dreadful snake," sobbed the child.

"It was dead; it couldn't bite you. See."

He picked up the voodoo symbol from the floor, and threw its great coils on the blazing wood coals.

"You want me to take you home now, little Rosie? They'll be so glad to see you; they hunted for you everywhere."

"I heard them," whispered the child. "I heard them once calling my name. It was Maline's voice, and I wanted to answer, but he said if I did the snake would jump at me and bite me, and then he put me in that black hole in the ground."

"Don't think of it any more. Come, let me carry you home to Maline, before she cries her eyes out. Then I'll come and attend to that lump of African devilitry here, and give him a part of his deserts."

He stooped and carefully examined the knots that secured the cord around the wrists and ankles of the conjuror, and then, carrying Rosie in his arms, he made his way with some little difficulty to the thicket where his horse was tied, and mounted, placing the child before him. A rising moon, nearly full, had now begun to struggle with the clouds and shed a faint light on the path along which Karles' wiry mustang went, with his steady, regular gallop, that soon brought them to Rosie's home.

Maline was walking the little porch, unable to be still, or to listen to the well-meant consolation of some of the neighbors inside, who had come back from their vain search for the lost child, and stopped with Jules and Maline to comfort them by their company.

She stopped short as Karlse rode up; in the dim light she did not see his burden.

"You have no news, I know," she began, then checked herself with a cry as Karles laid her sister in her arms.

"It is Rosie—warm and living. Never call me a murderer again, Maline."

"I will call you my saint—my good angel!" cried the girl, seizing his hand and pressing it to her lips, while with the other arm she hugged Rosie to her breast.

"The lost is found!" was the shout that went up from the sturdy throats of the kind-hearted Rosie, kissing her and shaking her hands till she hid her face in Maline's bosom. Then they turned to Karlse, and their joyful utterances changed to exclamations of horror and deep threats of vengeance when they heard his story, briefly and graphically told.

"Deal with him to-night; never let him live to see morning; hang him at once," was the verdict.

"Burn him at the stake, rather," cried the father of little Pierre Verne. "It was that black devil that murdered my child. Come, men, we are wasting time."

All, with be exception of the women, started at once for the conjuror's hut. When within a quarter of a mile of the house, they saw that it was on fire. As they drew nearer, they saw the flames bursting from the roof, and catching the old live oak and the long festoons of moss that waved in the wind like garlands of fire. Either the African, knowing his doom, had managed to roll near the hearth and set fire to the house, or else it had caught accidentally from the wood that was left burning in the fire-place.

Before the house was quite consumed, the flames were quenched by a heavy rain, and next morning the charred logs were rolled aside, and the half-consumed body of old Kountz dragged out. The hole in the dirt-floor of the hut being examined, showed that it led by a short ladder into a kind of cellar ten feet square. Here, among other things, was an old barrel, whose contents being turned out on the wet ground, proved to be human bones, cleaned-picked and white—the bones of little children—among them three little skulls. The men stood and looked at them in speechless horror, and the father of Pierre Verne turned livid and staggered against a tree. The bones were buried, but the remains of the black conjuror were thrown out to feed the dogs and vultures. A native of Africa brought to the Louisiana coast when full grown, the wretch had retained his cannibal appetite, and gratified it when he could at the risk of his life. Wading up the stream near Rosie's house, he had come upon the child swinging in her grape-vine swing near the bank of the stream, and had decoyed her a little way where the bushes were thicker with the promise of a red bird, when suddenly he threw a sack over her head, stifled her cries, and ran with her down the stream, which washed away his tracks, till he reached the point where the little rivulet emptied into the bayou, and where he put Rosie into his boat, that was moored there, and carried her to his hut. He several times attempted to make her eat, wishing to fatten her as he would an opossum before killing and eating her.

The dog Wolf, the child's faithful attendant, who had followed close at the abductor's heels, growling and threatening an attack, Kountz had knocked on the head and sunk in the bayou with a rock-weight attached to his neck, and he had thrown the child's bonnet at the foot of the double ash nearly a mile before reaching his cabin, remembering to have seen the Texan standing there fishing the day before, and knowing from his negro *confreres* that Karlse was Maline's lover, whom she had refused because she did no wish to desert her little sister.

That night's good work, the saving of the child, the clasp of her little arms about his neck had made Rosie so dear to her deliverer that he would have left her no sooner than Maline would, and when the girl went with him as his wife to the Indian Territory, they were accompanied by Jules and Rosie, and the child was the life of the party, enjoying the travel and the camping out, and liking well her new home, where, as a trader, Karlse soon achieved the fortune he had hoped for, and returned a comparatively rich man to a more civilized part of the country, where Rosie is now growing up a bright school-girl, with the promise of becoming the village belle.

THE TRI-PARTITE LEGISLATURE.

High-Handed Usurpation Attempted.

INTERESTING PROCEEDINGS IN BOTH HOUSES.

The Senate Investigating the Claim of the Two Houses.

Both the Legal House and the Bogus Body in Session in the same Room.

The Louisiana Programme not to be carried out except by direct Orders from Washington.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 29.

THE SENATE.—The Senate assembled at 12 m. in the Senate Chamber.

The House sent to the Senate a concurrent resolution relative to the canvass of votes of Governor and Lieutenant Governor, to be made at 2 p. m. yesterday. The resolution was amended in the second paragraph by striking out the words, "and upon any such question there shall be no debate in either house," and by striking out the words and figures "Wednesday, November 29," and inserting the words and figures "Friday, December 1." These amendments were adopted by a party vote, Mr. Cochran voting with the Democrats.

Mr. Meetze presented a communication stating that the House of Representatives were organized in Carolina Hall, with sixty-six members sworn in—more than a quorum—and that they were ready for the transaction of business. The President ruled the paper out of order and said that it could not be received unless so ordered by a vote of the Senate. Mr. Meetze appealed from the decision of the Chair. On the question of sustaining the decision of the Chair, the yeas and nays were taken, and, by a party vote as before, the decision of the Chair was sustained.

Swails presented the protest of Y. J. P. Owens against the admission of R. P. Todd to a seat in the Senate; which was referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections.

Mr. Cochran introduced the following resolution, which was ordered for consideration on Friday:

Whereas there exist grave doubts in the minds of many Senators as to the fact of a legal quorum existing in the House of Representatives as reported to this body yesterday; and whereas the determination of this question is of the highest importance to our future proceedings:

Resolved, That a committee of four be appointed by the President of the Senate, composed of equal numbers from each of the two political parties, to inquire into this fact, and report as speedily as possible to the Senate all the facts necessary to settle this question.

Mr. Bowen presented the following protest, to be entered on the journal:

In accordance with notice given yesterday, we, the undersigned Senators of the State of South Carolina, beg leave to place upon record this our solemn protest against all proceedings by this body, which, in any degree, recognize the legality of a body calling itself the House of Representatives of South Carolina, over which E. W. M. Mackey claims to preside as Speaker, and which met on the 28th instant, and claimed to organize in the hall of the House of Representatives. The constitution of South Carolina makes each House the judge of the election return, and qualifications of its own members." The Supreme Court of this State has, by formal judgment, decided that members from the counties of Edgefield and Laurens, who received the highest number of votes, were entitled to seats. These members have been refused admission to the hall and all participation in its organization by the armed soldiers of the United States, who barred with bayonets the door of the hall of the House of Representatives, and acted as judges of the "election returns and qualifications of its members."

We have seen armed forces of the United States overriding the plain declaration of the constitution of the State. We have witnessed the solemn mockery of the corporal of the guard reviewing and reversing the judgment of the highest court. We have seen the spectacle, humiliating in the last degree to every right-minded American, of the halls of Legislature occupied at the hour of midnight, and holding them against the ingress of the law-making power; and this at a time of the profoundest peace, and when not a single act of violence furnished the slightest pretext for the usurpation. We have seen the still more humiliating spectacle of United States troops having been placed under the immediate control, and receiving orders from, a citizen, without authority, and a partisan of the present administration. We have seen this citizen assuming absolute control over the capitol of a commonwealth, and admitting through the lines of armed sentinels his own partisans, upon his own edict or written pass from another citizen who was selected by his partisans to organize a House of Representatives. We have seen this body of partisans thus admitted claiming to organize the House, but without a quorum, in violation of law, in defiance of the Supreme Court and under the protection of the United States troops.

We, therefore, enter this our protest against any recognition of the said body pretending to be the House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, and for the following reasons:

1. The said body having organized without a constitutional quorum, there being but 59 members present, as shown by its own journal, whereas a majority of the entire representation is requisite to a quorum, to wit: sixty-three members, as set forth in the journals of the House during the past eight years, and as confirmed by the immemorial practice of legislative bodies in every American State; and we do further allege, on our responsibility as Senators, that the said body is still without a constitutional quorum, and therefore wanting in the organic character of the House of Representatives of South Carolina, and ought not to be recognized as such.

2. That said resolution was adopted by the Senate before any announcement was made of an organization by any House of Representatives.

3. That in fact, and in truth, no legal and effectual organization of a House of Representatives was at that time made.

4. that the body of men claiming to be a House of Representatives, and from which the announcement of said organization came, has not and cannot organize, by reason of the non-existence of a quorum.

5. We further and finally protest against the adoption of the said resolution, for this reason: That we have since received official notification of the organization of the House of Representatives, now sitting in Carolina Hall, where a quorum of legally constituted members does exist, and of which body Hon. William H. Wallace has been elected Speaker, and John T. Sloan Clerk.

G. CANNON,
T. B. JETER,
W. A. EVANS,
R. E. BOWEN,
A. P. BUTLER,
J. M. WILLIAMS,
S. S. CRITTENDEN,
W. L. BUCK,
H. A. MEETZE,
R. G. HOWARD,
J. W LIVINGSTON,
I. D. WITHERSPOON.

Mr. Cochran submitted the following protest, to be entered on the journal:

As Senator, I do solemnly protest against any further communication with the House of Representatives, sitting in the other end of this building, until it be ascertained whether or not the said body is composed of a lawful quorum, as well as the causes preventing the same.

THE LEGAL HOUSE.—The legal House, which is composed of sixty-four Democrats and two Republicans, met in Carolina Hall, with Speaker Wallace in the chair, and occupied the time of its session in discussing the situation. The following notice was served upon the Abbeville delegation:

IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY,
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
COLUMBIA, S. C., November 18, 1876.

To Messrs. R. R. Hemphill, W. K. Bradley, T. L. Moore, F. A. Conner and Wm. Hood, Democratic Contesteer of Abbeville, S. C.:

Take notice, that Messrs. W. H. Heard, Wm. Pope, H. A. Wideman, B. F. Porter and Isaac White have filed notice of protest and contest in the matter of the election of members of the General Assembly and against your admission as members of the said House of Representatives from the said county of Abbeville.

The matter will be considered by the Committee on Privileges and Elections at 3 p. m. the 29th instant, at which time you will appear and answer, without fail.

WILL H. THOMAS,
Chairman Committee.

As this paper originated in the bogus House, which has no authority under the laws of this State, no attention was paid to it, and there the matter ended. The legal House adjourned until 10 o'clock a. m. to-morrow.

THE BOGUS HOUSE.—This body met in the State House with pretended Speaker Mackey in the chair. According to its own figures there was no quorum present, and the Sergeant-at-arms went out in quest of Tom Hamilton, colored, of Beaufort. When he returned with him, Hamilton made a strong speech against the right of this body to organize, and was followed by Fritter, colored, from Sumter, upon the same side of the question. The Radical delegation from Barnwell was admitted to membership by a vote of 45 to 14 in the bogus House and were sworn in, after which this body adjourned to meet at 12 m. to-morrow.

THURSDAY, Nov. 30.

There was no session of the Senate today.

THE HOUSES.—We give below the proceedings of the two Houses as made up principally from the *Register's* report:

About 10 o'clock, the lawful House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina filed out of Carolina Hall and marched to the State House. Upon reaching the door, the two sentinels paced their beats, and when the Democrats applied for admission, they were permitted to pass unmolested. The soldiers had evidently received a new set of instructions, and had nothing to say about anybody going in the building who might wear the appearance of a civilized human being.

The lawful Legislature ascended in a solid body—Mr. James L. Orr being in the lead. (Mr. Orr had said, upon one occasion, that although a *small* man, he did not want to hurt anybody, but he thought it likely he would go in.) At the door were a Deputy United States Marshal and the Assistant Radical Sergeant-at-Arms. As the members approached the door, they were armed with their certificates of election. The door-keepers, hardly suspecting what was up, were completely nonplussed. The door was opened to pass the first members at the head of the procession, and as soon as they passed the threshold they threw open the doors, and the whole Democratic body marched in. All was done perfectly in order, no unseemly haste being observable. They then took their seats. The whole business was managed so perfectly that nobody connected with the bogus House had time to ask "Why things were thusly?"

About forty negro members inside looked perfectly dumb-founded, and the manner in which they began to wall their eyes around created the impression upon the minds of the reporters that they thought judgment day had come, and that the devil had broke loose from some quarter.

Gen. Wallace, the Speaker of the lawful Legislature, walked up to the Speaker's stand and took the chair. Col. Sloan, the Clerk, took his position, while the Sergeant-at-Arms remained at the door with the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Radical body.

Gen. Hampton, about this time, approached the door, and asked to be permitted to enter, but was refused by the Radical Sergeant-at-Arms. This came very near bringing about a row, perceiving which, Gen. Hampton declined to press the matter, and went away.

Almost immediately after this scene, and before anybody had time to take a second thought, Mackey and his Clerk, A. O. Jones, with United States Detective Hubbard and several others, were seen to pass the door.

Gen. Wallace called the House to order, and Mackey ascended the Speaker's stand. Mackey, trembling like an aspen leaf with excitement, with blanched face, and gasping as if for breath, approached Gen. Wallace, and said:

"Gen. Wallace, you will please vacate this chair."

Gen. Wallace remained seated, and replied:

"I have been elected by a majority of the House of Representatives of South Carolina, and was duly sworn in, in Carolina Hall, on Tuesday, the 28th of November instant. The constitution provides that the Legislature shall meet in the city of Columbia, on the fourth Tuesday in November. It makes no provision that the House shall be organized in this hall. On Tuesday last, a majority of the members of the House of Representatives, with certificates of election, were refused admission. They then retired to Carolina Hall and organized, with a membership of sixty six, who, according to the constitution, were duly sworn in and officers elected. We are here in pursuance of our rights under the constitution of the State of South Carolina. We desire to oppress no man; to deprive no man of his rights on this floor. We desire to claim only the rights that belong to us, and those rights we intend to have."

Mackey then said: "I claim that I was elected Speaker of this House by a legal quorum of members, legally sworn in. We do not recognize that any other than those sworn in here on Tuesday last are members of this House, and these men who are visiting this hall without consent must keep order. I must again demand that you, General Wallace, leave this chair."

General Wallace replied: "I have already declared that I am the legally elected Speaker of this House, and must request you to retire."

Mackey—The Sergeant-at-Arms will please step forward and enforce my order.

General Wallace—The Sergeant-at-Arms will please step forward and enforce my order.

The two Sergeants-at-Arms marched up the aisle together, and each obeyed the orders given them so far as making their appearance on the stand was concerned.

Several Democrats and Radicals ascended the stand and stood behind their respective leaders. Neither Mackey nor General Wallace moved, and there was a general crowding toward the Speaker's stand, as if all parties anticipated a row—but no row occurred, both parties holding firm, and the two Sergeants-at-Arms stood looking at each other like two chicken cocks when pitted for a fight.

A Democratic member then moved that a committee of six be appointed to adjust the matter.

General Wallace thereupon appointed Messrs. Simpson, Allen, Shaw, Gibson, Hamilton and Grant the committee.

Mackey bawled out to his crowd to take no notice of General Wallace, and ordered Jones, to call the roll, which none but Radicals answered.

Mackey asked for somebody to pray.

Thomas, a mulatto, from Newberry, then made a prayer.

Mr. Gray, of Greenville, moved that the proper authorities be informed, that a baud of insurgeants were interrupting the lawful House of Representatives of South Carolina, and that they be removed from the hall.

General Wallace appointed the committee of three.

Mackey here called out for all the delegates to come forward and be sworn.

General Wallace did the same.

Nobody came forward.

Several Democrats were recognized by General Wallace when they arose to speak while Mackey recognized Radicals in the same way. In a few moments a half dozen were on the floor, all at one time and all speaking, addressing their respective Speakers.

At this stage Mackey consulted Gen. Dennis, who had been the chief cook and bottle-washer of the organization of Mackey's Radical House, and sent him with a message to Chamberlain that he was disturbed by men not members of the House, and called upon him to send troops to eject them.

Dennis departed smiling, which seemed to indicate that all would be fixed to suit him in short order.

Mackey then turned