THE WEEKLY CAUCASIAN.

VOLUME 1. LEXINGTON, LAFAYETTE COUNTY, MISSOURI, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1866. NUMBER 30.

Business Cards.

H. C. WALLACE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Office on Main Street, up stairs, over the store of H. T. Wilson. sep 12 6m

Dr. T. L. BOLTON
HAS removed his residence from near Mrs. Pomeroy's, South street, to the McFadden place on west South st., between Pine and Laurel. oct 10

DENTISTRY.
J. F. HASSELL will insert a full upper set, or lower set of teeth on Rich. Pink, Brown or White Rubber, for the same price, and as CHEAP as the CHEAPEST. GAS Administered when called for. apr25 1y

ROBERT AULL,
BANKER,
OLD BANKING HOUSE, Main st., Lexington, Mo. ☞Exchange bought and sold. apr25

GARLAND J. BLEWETT,
Attorney at Law.
LEXINGTON, MISSOURI.
Office over G. Hoar's Store.

MORRIS R. LOCKE.
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND REAL ESTATE Agent, Waverly, Mo., will attend the several Courts in Lafayette, Saline and Carroll counties, and give prompt attention to Collections and Conveyancing.
References: C. Patterson, Rev. Jas R. Bennett, Waverly; Winsor & Russell, R. C. Vaughan, H. C. Wallace, Lexington; A. W. Slayback, W. S. Field, St. Louis; Sam'l L. Sawyer, Independence; W. Ridenbaugh, St. Joseph. nov7tf

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN.
I AM NOW prepared to administer the NITROUS OXIDE GAS, for the extraction of teeth without pain, and to insert artificial teeth as cheap as it can be done in the city. Office over A. J. Graham's Tin Shop, opposite the Courthouse.
may 30 1y DR. C. M. STEWART.

JOEL G. HARPER, BERNARD BRYAN.
HARPER & BRYAN.
REAL ESTATE AGENTS, No. 508 Pine Street, between Fifth and Sixth, Saint Louis, Missouri. Real Estate Bought and Sold, Rents collected, &c. The patronage of our friends and the public generally is respectfully solicited. July 25 1y

BERNARD BRYAN,
WITH HARPER & BRYAN, No. 508 Pine street, between Fifth and Sixth, Saint Louis, Mo., will give his personal attention to the purchase and sale of all kinds of Pine, Poplar and Walnut Lumber, Laths, Shingles, Doors, Sash, Blinds, &c.
My facilities are such as to make it to the interest of my patrons, in the city and country, to purchase through me. july 25 1y

O. F. BENICK, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
WELLINGTON, MISSOURI.
CONTINUES to practice his profession in all its departments. All professional calls will be promptly attended, night or day. Office and residence on Main street, east of the public square. may 9 1y

TILTON DAVIS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Especial attention given to the collection of debts, Investigation and Perfection of Land Titles, and to Examination and Sale of Real Estate throughout Lafayette and adjoining counties. Office at Sawyer's old stand, corner of Main and Broadway streets. July 11 6m

G. D. SAWYER. WM. CHRISMAN.
SAWYER & CHRISMAN,
Attorneys at Law,
Independence, Missouri.
WILL regularly attend the Courts in Jackson, Lafayette, Johnson and Law counties. Mr. Sawyer will spend a part of his time in Lexington, and when there, may be found at his old stand. Previous notice will be given of the time he will be in Lexington.

MOODY, MICHEL & CO.,
WHOLESALE Dealers in Staple and Fancy
Groceries.
No. 76 Second street, corner of Olive street, ad 1y ST. LOUIS.

WM. LIMRICK,
BANKER,
HAS resumed business at his old Banking House, and solicits the patronage of the public. ☞Deposits received; Exchange bought and sold. apr5

GEO. S. RATHBUN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Wellington, Mo. Will practice in the courts of Lafayette and adjoining counties. Particular attention given to collections and conveyancing.
REFERENCES.—Gen. John S. Marmaduke, Col. Frank Gordon, Henderson, Rickey & Co., St. Louis; Gen Frank Cockrill, Col Jas. McCown, Warrensburg; A. W. Kidings, Alex. Mitchell & Co. Lexington; Col Jno. Reid, Wellington. june 6 tf

D. R. WITT. E. M. SLOAN. J. A. THACKER
WITT, SLOAN & CO.,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, DEALERS IN COTTON AND TOBACCO FACTORS, No. 411 North Second st., between Vine st. and Washington avenue, St. Louis.
☞Prompt personal attention given to Forwarding Goods and Filling Orders for all kinds of Merchandise. apr25 1y

VIRGINIA HOTEL.
Laurel Street. : : : : : Lexington, Mo.
H. J. COMER, Proprietor.
FIRST class hotel. Coaches run regularly to and from the house, to connect with all boats. And also, stages leave from this hotel every morning, connecting with the various railroads. Good Stables connected with the house. may 9 1y

A. W. SLAYBACK.
Attorney at Law,
No. 212 North Third street, Mitchell Building, Next Door to the Post-office.
HAVING permanently located in St. Louis, and resumed the practice of law, respectfully requests the renewal of correspondence with his acquaintances throughout the country. apr 5 1y

A. W. RIDINGS. JAMES WARD
A. W. RIDINGS & CO.,
EXCHANGE AND BANKING HOUSE,
WARRENSBURG, MO.
EXCHANGE on Boston, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and other cities, BOUGHT AND SOLD. COLLECTIONS MADE, and proceeds promptly reported at current rate of exchange. GOLD, United States and other stocks bought and sold on commission.
Union Military Bonds bought and sold. ap 21y

DRESS MAKING — STAMPING —
BRAIDING & EMBROIDERING.
THE UNDERSIGNED take this method to inform their friends, and the Ladies of this vicinity, that they have commenced the business of Dress-Making, Stamping, Braiding and Embroidery, and will be happy to wait on all those who may favor them with a call in the above line. Perfect satisfaction given in all cases.
☞House on Franklin Street, four doors west of the Market.
oct 19 3m Mrs J. B. & W. M. JORDAN.

C. P. Allen, S. W. Hyatt, W. W. Hyatt, J. W. Booker.
HYATT, ALLEN & CO.,
DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS and GROCERIES,
HATS AND CAPS, Boots and Shoes, Furs, Skins, Hides, Queensware, Flour, Salt, Fish, &c. Lime, Hair, and Cement. Also Forwarding and Commission Merchants, No. 27, near Depot, Warrensburg, Mo. Country Produce taken in exchange for goods. oct 19 1y

NOTICE.
THE COPARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between Drs. Spencer & Major, is now dissolved.
DR. MAJOR has opened an office on Main street, over G. M. Jacques' dry goods store, where he is prepared to perform all operations pertaining to Dentistry.
Teeth Inserted as Cheap as at any Office in the City.
NITROUS OXIDE GAS will be administered for Extracting Teeth Without Pain. Persons who have had their Teeth Extracted at the office of Drs. Spencer & Major, preparatory to having Teeth inserted, and paid the usual price for extracting, and wishing to have their teeth inserted at Dr Major's office, will have the amount paid for extracting, deducted from the price of the job when completed. sep 26 1y

NEW
AND ELEGANT MILLINERY!!
MRS. E. A. WHITE would respectfully announce that she is in receipt of her
Fall and Winter Millinery Goods,
selected with care, for this market, consisting of—
BONNETS, all shapes, styles and quality,
HATS, all shapes and styles,
Flowers and Feathers,
Ribbons and Ornaments,
and all else found in a number one millinery store, to which she invites the attention of her friends and the public in general.
Her stock is so large and varied that all must be pleased and suited. Dispatch, low prices, with taste and elegance.
☞Bridal Outfits furnished.
E. A. WHITE,
oct 3 3m Opposite Courthouse.

McGREW & CO.,
PAUL REINHARD, Clerk,
Steamboat Agents,
Commission Receiving & Forwarding Merchants AND
Dealers in Coal and Boat Stores,
WATER STREET, LEXINGTON.
OCCUPYING the Large and Commodious Brick Warehouse in front of the Steamboat Landing. Prompt and close attention will be given to any business entrusted to our care. McGREW & CO.
PAUL REINHARD, Clerk. july 4 5m

Alex. Mitchell. S. G. Wentworth Wm. Morrison.
EXCHANGE & BANKING HOUSE
OF
ALEX. MITCHELL & Co.,
LEXINGTON, MO.
EXCHANGE on BOSTON, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, ST. LOUIS, and other cities bought and sold. Collections made and proceeds promptly remitted at current rate of exchange.
United States and other Stocks bought and sold on commission, and real estate paper negotiated on favorable terms.
Union Military Bonds bought and sold. ap 21y

The Weekly Caucasian.

By JULIAN, ALLEN & Co.
J. M. JULIAN. E. ALLEN. W. G. MUSGROVE.
Office Hours, from 7 to 12, M.; from 1 to 6 P. M.

TERMS:
☞One year, in advance, $2.50; six months, in advance, $1.25; single copies, 10c. Subscriptions discontinued at end of term unless renewed.

CASH RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1 Sq.	2 Sq.	3 Sq.	4 Sq.	5 Sq.	¼ Col.	½ Col.	1 Col.
1 Week,	1 00	2 00	3 00	4 00	5 00	7 50	15 00	20 00
2 "	1 50	3 00	4 50	6 00	7 50	11 00	20 00	25 00
3 "	2 00	4 00	6 00	7 00	9 00	15 00	22 50	27 50
1 Month,	2 50	5 00	6 00	8 00	12 00	18 00	25 00	30 00
2 "	4 00	6 00	8 00	12 00	15 00	22 00	35 00	45 00
3 "	5 00	8 00	10 00	15 00	18 00	25 00	40 00	60 00
6 "	7 00	12 00	15 00	20 00	25 00	33 00	45 00	60 00
1 Year,	10 00	15 00	20 00	25 00	30 00	40 00	50 00	100 00

☞Estray Notices, $2 00, where one animal only is described, and $1 00 for each additional animal in the same notice.
☞Administrators' Notices, $3 50. Final Settlement Notices, $5 50.
☞Local Notices, 20 cents per line for first insertion, and 10 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.
☞Special Notices, 15 cents per line. Ten lines of solid nonpareil, (this size,) or its equivalent in space, make one square.
☞All advertisements for a less time than three months, must be paid in advance, unless by special arrangement otherwise.
☞For marriage notices, no charge. Obituary notices from lines in length, or under, six seventy-five words, published free; over that space, $1 for each line. Religious notices free.
☞Job Work of all kinds done in best style, on Lexington new type, at lowest cash rates. Orders solicited, and promptly attended to.

Business Cards.

SAFE FOR SALE.
A MEDIUM-SIZED IRON SAFE for sale. Apply to JOHN CRAIG. WM. McGRUDER.

SOUTHERN GENERALS.
SOUTHERN WOMEN! Stonewall Jackson! Morgan and his Men! at REDUCED PRICES, at
PIGOTT'S.

BOOTS AND SHOES AT COST.
M. LEUBLE will close his stock of Boots and Shoes at and BELOW COST, in good faith. apr11

FOR RENT.
A DESIRABLE FARM of sixty Acres, with Comfortable House, two miles southeast of Lexington, near the Salt Peter road, containing about 40 acres. The farm is susceptible of division, is suitable for the growth of either stock or grain. The improvements are fair and extensive. Abundance of water on the farm for all purposes. Thos. G. Young, residing on the farm will show it to any one wishing to purchase. EVAN YOUNG,
aug 8 tf Agent for Geo. Young.

FARM FOR SALE.
I OFFER FOR SALE my farm, lying 18 miles southeast of Lexington, and 8 miles southwest of Waverly, containing 207 acres of the best quality of land—200 acres in cultivation. The improvements consist of a one-story frame house, containing three rooms, a first-rate barn, built of oak and pine lumber, and all other outbuildings. Also an abundance of never failing water. The crops will be sold with the farm, if desired. aug 18 tf EVAN YOUNG.

Stray Notice.
TAKEN UP by A. L. Fulton, living in Washington township, in Lafayette county, Missouri, and posted before the undersigned, Justice of the Peace of Lexington township, aforesaid, in Lafayette county, on the 24 day of November, 1866, a stray MULE, described as follows, to wit: A dark bay mare Mule, two years old, branded somewhat, no other marks or brands, about 11 hands high, and appraised to fifty dollars.
nov 7 w3 G. CLAYTON, J. P.

FOR SALE at a GREAT BARGAIN.
A FARM of One Hundred and Sixty-Six Acres, lying one and a half miles of Lexington, is offered for sale. The farm is in a high state of cultivation, very conveniently divided in Meadows, Fields and Pasture. The buildings consist of a Good Brick Dwelling House, Smoke House, Carriage House, and a large Barn, with all other necessary outbuildings. There are also Two large Orchards of the finest kinds of Fruit on the place. For particulars of sale, apply to Levi Vancamp, near the premises, or to
THOS. J. PORTER, Trustee,
oct17tf Richmond, Mo.

NEW AND FINE MILLINERY.
MRS. J. A. MELSON is in receipt of her FALL Stock of New and Fashionable Millinery, embracing every article found in her line, and as the season is growing late, she is offering them at reduced prices. Her stock consists in part of
Bonnets of all kinds,
Hats, all the Fashionables,
Flowers and Feathers,
Ribbons and Ornaments,
and, in short, all desirable and Fashionable Goods in the Millinery line. She invites the public to call and examine her Stock, satisfied that she will be able to see, both as to quality and price. tf
H. J. ARMSTRONG. G. S. BELLES.
ARMSTRONG & BELLES,
ARE now receiving a large stock of
CHINA,
Glass and Queensware,
At their old stand (two doors east of the City Hotel) which will give the LARGEST and BEST ASSORTMENT west of Saint Louis.
We solicit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed upon us heretofore and shall give our best attention to the wants and interests of all our patrons. In
VARIETY AND CHEAPNESS
our stock will be unequalled by any other house, and we shall make it an object for customers to buy their goods of us. ARMSTRONG & BELLES.
apr25 tf

WM. CHRISMAN,
Under the Bourbon House, Commercial Row,
LEXINGTON, MO.,
DEALER in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods. Having just received and opened my stock of
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
Which is Large, Varied and Couple, I am determined to sell them as cheap, or cheaper, than can be sold by any other house in the city. Having been engaged in the Dry Goods business in this city for a length of time, I flatter myself that I can suit the taste of all. Do not forget the place.
sept 19 1y WM. CHRISMAN.

W. V. CROMWELL,
Merchant Tailor,
LEXINGTON, MO.,
HAS REMOVED opposite his old stand, up stairs, over the store of O. Hoar, on Main street. Has just received his stock of
NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
FINE FRENCH CLOTHS,
CASSIMERES AND DOESKINS,
VESTINGS,
TAILOR'S TRIMMINGS, &c.
He respectfully invites his old customers, and the public generally, to give him a call.
ed oct 3 ap 25 6m

AMOS GREEN & G. S. RATHBUN.
CLAIM AGENTS,
LEXINGTON, MO.
ARE Prepared to prosecute successfully claims under the acts of Congress of February 24th, 1861, and July 28th, 1866, providing compensation to owners of slaves enlisted in the service of the United States. Those having such claims should use prompt action in their preparation for allowance. Claims solicited from this and adjoining counties. Office over John Aull & Co.'s Store, Main Street. oct 24 1y

FALL OF 1866.
MILLINERY AND DRESS MAKING
MRS. CARPENTER & McGREW, at their old stand, on Main street, in Limrick's Banking house, up stairs. They are prepared to
Cut and Fit Dresses and Cut Patterns,
of the latest styles, as they receive them new monthly. Always ready.
Mrs. Carpenter is an old hand at Millinery and Dress Making.
Ladies of Lexington and vicinity will do well to look at their goods before buying elsewhere. Give us a call. oct 3 3m

ELEGANT MILLINERY GOODS.
MRS. M. F. PRICE, Main Street, near the Courthouse, would announce the arrival of her new and elegant MILLINERY GOODS, for the Fall Trade, consisting in part of—
BONNETS, EVERY STYLE AND SHAPE.
HATS, " " "
Turbins and Gladiators,
Head Dresses, of all Fashionable styles,
Dress Trimmings in Great Variety,
Cloak Trimmings " "
PLUMES, of all colors,
LACES AND RIBBONS,
and all articles usually found in a similar Establishment.
Dress and Cloak-Making, Stamping, Braiding, and Embroidering done at short notice.
☞Mrs. Price asks the attention of her friends and the public to her stock, feeling sure that it will please all. oct 24 1y

BRYANT, STRATTON & CARPENTER'S
Business COLLEGE.
Cor. Fifth and Olive sts., St. Louis, Mo.
SEND FOR COLLEGE MONTHLY and Specimen of Penmanship. sep 26 6m

LINES.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER.

"Go to the grave of buried love and meditate."—W. Irving.

For the Caucasian.

I HAD a father ONCE, tender and kind,
Who on his feelings was affectionate too,
Was gentle as a woman, true and pure
A mellow radiance beamed ever forth
From his soul-lit eye, pure as our native skies,
Speaking the language of a generous heart
That throbbed within his breast. No stranger passed
Unnoticed by his hospitable board.
His hand was ever ready to bestow
Blessings and alms upon the suffering poor;
And thus, by generous deeds and noble acts,
He won the love and praise of every heart.
My pen would prove too weak and frail a thing
To picture all the virtues of his soul,
The purity and honor that was his.
But DEATH, the tyrant monarch, claimed the prize;
He set the icy signet on his brow;
And thus he marked and claimed him for his own.
The love-light faded from his eye of blue—
The beauteous smile that ever played around
The rosy lips—had vanished at Death's bonds.
The heart that beat within that manly breast—
Whose every throb but counted some good deed—
Whose impulses were great and noble—all
Was stilled and STILLED FOREVER.
Remorseless Death! thy hand hath crushed the hopes
Of many hearts, like fair and fragile flowers,
Beneath the feet of the great spoiler Time.
Dear father, at thy lowly, humble grave
I've bowed me down and wept, in secret oft,
And prayed that I might live and die like thee.
THEN have been born NEW hopes and new resolves.
Weak human nature crushes all my hopes—
Mocks at my high resolves to live like thee,
And drives each holy aspiration out
From my poor heart—then calls me frail and weak!
My father! oh, what sunny memories cling
Around thy spotless name
Yes, golden memories of my father dear
Will ever linger in this wayward heart,
Breaking like sunbeams, through the clouds of life.
The recollections of thy name are shrined
In sacredness, and kept from the world's gaze,
And ever linked with my sublimest thought,
Wakening sweet music in my midnight heart,
Which steals upon the air in cadence soft,
Soothing sweet melody like some lost strain
In wantonness had wandered off from heaven.
November 5th, 1866. CLAIRE.

Hard on the Frute.

MR. PRATT, editor of a paper in Wisconsin, and a democrat, says himself and Brute Butler were delegates to the Charleston convention; that they went there instructed for Mr. DOUGLAS; but that for two weeks Butler voted for JEFF. DAVIS; that he brought about or assisted to bring about, secession; that he sold out the Douglas party, and got his pay; that he assured the Southern members, in private caucus, that if the war came, thousands of men like him would fight for the South, &c. The editor further says the last speech he ever heard the Brute make was at Charleston, and it will be the last, until he makes his farewell address from the gallows. He wishes to see the old Brute brought to grief.

That Butler deserves to be hanged, no decent man, or decent woman, will deny; that his acts of brutality entitle him to dance between mid-air without benefit of foothold, and unshroven, is equally patent. Still, we desire not his hanging. We would rather he would live to repent, even if it carried him to the age of Methusalah, so the work were thorough, and so that there might be "more rejoicing over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just men." The Brute is a terrible grizly old scoundrel, it is true; but the worst punishment that ought to be desired for him, or inflicted, would be long life, that his uncanniness might haunt him by day and by night, and his withdrawal from public life. As a mere Brute roaring about the farm he has fought with stolen money, he would be quite harmless, but to turn him into Congress is several degrees worse than turning a mad bull into a china shop.

Constitutional Amendment.

Many of the Northern newspapers are discussing the question,—"Ought the South to ratify it?" The New York World speaks to the question as follows, and we utter a hearty plaudit to its wise and honest counsellings:

"A point of considerable interest to the South, on which the "World" can speak with more authority than any other Northern journal, is the position of the Northern Democracy in relation to the amendment. If the Democratic party of the North should commit itself to the amendment, thereby making the North unanimous in demanding its ratification, such unanimity could not be disregarded by the South in determining its own course."

"Within the last few weeks we have, with much pains and no small solicitude, attempted to gauge the sentiment of the party on this point. The result is a conviction that the Northern Democracy will never indorse the amendment as a condition of restoration. If we might take it upon us to advise our Southern fellow-citizens, we would counsel them to reject the proposed amendment, to yield quiet obedience to all constitutional laws, to maintain order, to protet and encourage the freedmen by equal laws, and to abstain carefully from the agitation of questions of Federal politics as if they had no concern in them."

"Their only hope of redress is in Northern justice. When it becomes evident that they are determined to await this with dignified reserve; that they will neither humiliate themselves nor disturb the peace of the country; that they will furnish no food to agitation, but quietly demean themselves as law-abiding citizens and patiently await the result, and that nothing will shake their resolution not to be parties to their further humiliation."

Colored Jurymen in Boston.

The Boston Commonwealth says: "It is an interesting fact, and an evidence of the progress of the age toward equal rights for all, white and black, that in the Superior court for criminal business there is, this term, one colored juryman, and in the Superior court for civil business, first session, one and in the second session of the same court there are two. No objection is made to them; but, on the contrary, it is said they are are an improvement on many white persons heretofore drafted for this purpose. This is the first term of these courts where colored men have been put on the juries, although in a recent term of the Supreme court, in a trial for murder, as we have recorded, there was one who served."

Of course, if they made no better jurymen than the whites, it would be useless to put them on.

Hon. James M. Mason, who was our Minister to England, is now a resident of Toronto, Canada.

For making ice creams: Pick out the prettiest girl you can see, stir gently into the corner, and ask her to give you a kiss; you soon have a nice scream.

THREE NIGHTS IN A ROBBERS' DEN

BY ARGUE ANCUM.

I had left Rocky Steep behind me, and we proceeded at a rapid rate in the direction of Rathstone, which place I expected to reach at nightfall, when turning a bend in the road, I came upon a weary looking and gray old man. He was plodding slowly along a bundle hanging on a stick slung over his shoulder, a slouched, weather stained, felt hat covered his grey head, and tattered garments clinging mercifully around his shrunken and attenuated body.

As I approached he turned his head and cast a sharp and grey eye upon me, ran it quickly over my hosre and person, and then, as if fearing his scrutiny would be noticed, he turned away his eyes and plodded slowly on. In a moment I had reached his side, and looking down as I checked my steed to a walk, I saluted him with:

"A good day my friend. Have traveled far?"

"Near a score of miles since sunrise, a good step for an old man like me to do, stranger," and he looked up at me frankly with a peculiar smile on his dark and withered face.

"You must have moved at a sharper gate than that to cover so much ground," I answered.

"Neither slower nor faster, stanger; steady walking makes its mark. Why don't you buckle your girth, stranger?"

I looked down as he spoke, but from my position could not see the deficiency he mentioned.

"Wait a bit an' I'll fix it."

I drew up my horse, and he, laying down his stick and bundle in the road, approached my animal, and grasping my girth proceeded to fumble around it. Suddenly he grasped me by the ankle, and with a mad wrench and a heave, hurled me from the saddle; then springing upon my breast, he grasped me by the throat and sought to throttle me. I now knew he was not the character he pretended to be.

Though terribly surprised, I did not for a moment lose my presence of mind. I gathered all my power for a struggle, which, to me, was for life or death, for well I knew that the villian with whom I was engaged, was one of the many assassins that frequented the deserted back roads with which the outskirts of Jersy then abounded.

I had in my saddle bags and about my person a large amount of bank notes and gold placed in my hands as collector of the house of Stenworth & Co. I was likewise well armed, but for the present my arms were useless. I therefore held out plenty of inducements to robbers, and one, at lest seemed determined to profit by it.

Our struggle for a few moments was fierce and wild. The robber seemed possessed with demon strength, and he used it with reckless ferocity; but the assassin fought for gain—I for life. He was overmatched, for with herculean force I hurled him over, and forced my neck with a mad effort from his clinched hands. I placed my hand upon his face, planted my knee upon his breast, and then seizing him by the neck-cloth, I drew up his head and jammed it down upon the hard, rocky road, stunning him instantly.

In a few moments I had him securely bound, and slinging him across the saddle, I mounted behind, and rode as rapidly as my burden would permit, in the direction of Rathstone. I was anxious to reach that place, for there I had agreed to meet a few friends—gay boys—with whom I promised to spend a portion of my time before I should return to New York.

I had proceeded, however, but a few miles when the sky grew dark and I heard the low rumbling of the distant thunder. In a few moments large drops of rain came pattering down, and the trees that lined the roadside swayed heavily in the breeze. A great storm was coming on. I looked round for a place of shelter, and began to debate within myself whether or not I should give liberty to my prisoner, when upon arriving at the top of an eminence, I descried, standing from the road a quarter of a mile distant, a very straggling looking dwelling, and in that direction I turned my weary beast.

The storm was now at its height, and the rain was pouring fiercely down as my horse splashed his way through the fast increasing rivulets. In a few moments I had arrived near the house, the appearance of which nearly induced me to continue my journey. The coming darkness, however, determined me; so turning to the door I dismounted, and lifting my prisoner to the ground—the rain had now revived him—I knocked lustily for admittance.

While waiting I looked about me at the bleak and dismal prospect. The house, or tavern as it proved to be, was old and weather stained, some distance from the road, half surrounded by broken and rotten trees. On one side a steep ledge of rock, which cast a deep gloomy shadow over the tavern, on the other dark lonesome woods. Ere I could notice more the door opened, and a most villainous looking personage appeared. When he looked upon my prisoner he started and turned deadly pale; and as I turned to the robber and looked into his face, I found him gazing at the man in the doorway and talking with his eyes. No tongue spoke plainer. A shudder passed through me. I was firmly convinced that the robber and landlord both understood and knew each other. However I gave no sign to indicate my suspicion, but turned to the man in the tavern and said:

"I desire accommodations here until the storm is over, and secure quarters for this man, who sought my life but a short time since. He is a robber, and I demand your assistance in securing him."

"All right, stranger; ye can have it, and shelter, too, if you pay for it."

That I intend to do," said I, entering the tavern, leading my prisoner.

The room in which I found myself was long and narrow, with a counter at one end, behind which were a few black bottles which I supposed contained liquor of different kinds.

There was likewise a good fire blazing on the open hearth, fed by shrubs and rotten branches, around which were seated three men each holding a tin cup, two of which contained rum. The third, having disposed of his was now proceeding to the bar. These men all seemed to have been gambling, for the cards still lay upon the table, which was drawn in close proximity to the fire.

They gave a start of surprise as I appeared in company with the robber, but soon recovered themselves, looked at each other and grinned broadly. Again I gazed at the robber, and I found the same talking expression of his eye. It now struck me for the first time that I was in a robber's den.

As this conviction came upon me, I felt for a moment like retreating to the door, mounting my horse and making the best of my way from the place. But this action I felt, on reflection, would tend to precipitate matters for I felt if the robbers knew my suspicions, they would not allow me to leave the place alive. So putting as good a face upon the affair as I could, I pulled up a chair to the fire, and ordering supper for both myself and prisoner, proceeded to dry my saturated garments by the cheerful blaze.

In a few minutes it was ready—a coarse and homely meal, yet tempting to a hungry man. Having disposed of the edibles, I demanded to be shown to a room. The landlord led the way, and leaving the prisoner in charge of the men below I quickly followed. I now felt firmly convinced that by a strange accident, he was in the hands of his comrades, and would soon be at liberty and ready to take summary vengeance on me for the treatment he had received.

The rascally looking landlord, having pointed to my room, lit a bit of candle, and proceeded back to the tap room.

I entered the chamber, and after closing the door and carefully locking it set down my candle upon a wretched table standing in one corner of the room.

The room was very poor. The walls were bare, aiso the floor. An old rickety bedstead occupied one corner of the chamber, on which was a flat, hard looking bed, with a dirty counterpane. A cracked glass hung above the table, and that with the articles above mentioned, was all that the room contained.

I looked around the apartment in vain for a chair. Not finding one I sat down upon my bedside to meditate upon my position. My first action was to examine my weapons, consisting of a revolver, bowie knife and a small pistol—highly valued as a present—which was very useful, and was never known to miss fire. These I found to be all right and then returned them to my pockets.

I was about to throw myself upon the bed as I had no intention of undressing, when my attention was attracted by a quick flash of a lamp before my window. I looked out and beheld two men entering the stable and in a moment more they appeared leading my faithful animal. One of the parties holding the horse was the robber whom I had just captured.

My suspicions were thus practically demonstrated.

The time for action had now come.—What course should I pursue? In a moment my mind was made up. I could not get to my horse without detection, and could not leave my room except by dropping from the window, or passing from it into the tap-room below—both of which places of egress would render my detection certain. I determined therefore, to remain, and holding, as I did, the lives of seven men in my hands, made up my mind to sell my own as dearly as I could. The first thing I did was to barricade the door. For this purpose I used the bed, which was easily and silently wheeled from its corner.—Having fixed it as firmly in that position as I could, I secured the windows, and then cast myself down upon my hard couch to await the issue of events.

The night crept rapidly on. Soon the full round face of the moon came up gradually in the sky, peeped in at the window, and cast its broad white reflection upon the floor, the walls and everything around. It was a propitious sign, for my candle was flickering in the socket, and as the moonligt appeared it fell sputtering from its place. My room was light as day, and I thanked God that if I must fight to defend myself, I could at least see the persons whom I had to contend with.

One, two, and three hours passed away, and no noise broke the heavy, burdensome stillness of that night of terror. I lay restless and weary upon the bed; I felt that it was verging into midnight, and knew if I was attacked at all it would be at that time.

I was about to rise from my bed and walk about the floor, when, I heard the stairs creaking beneath heavy steps; then came a pause; then suppressed whispering; then the walking was resumed. In a few minutes it had reached the door—a hand was laid gently on the latch—it was turned—a pressure was made against it—it resisted—the hand was taken away and the whispering resumed. After a short time I heard another noise—the inserting of a key in the lock but it was opposed by the key inside. They pulled it out and inserted something else. In an instant the lock flew back with a loud noise, and the door was pushed in. It opened about a quarter of an inch, and then struck the bed; it was pressed again—the bed still resisted. Disguise was useless. With loud curses the robbers threw themselves against the door and forced it open several inches.

Now or never was the time for action, I sprang on my knees to the side of the bed next the door and presented my revolver to the opening and cried:

"Budge another inch this way and you die!"

I spoke in a cool determined tone; and the robbers knew that death was in it, for they retreated from the door and paused a little way off in whispered conversation. They seemed at last to arrive at some conclusion, for I heard one of them run rapidly down stairs. In a little while he returned, and I wondered what they were about to do.

In a moment I received a most practical answer, for, with one swift and furious blow from an axe, or other hammer-like instrument, the door was battered in, the splinters flying in all directions.

My position on the bed was now rendered insecure. I sprang to the floor just in time to avoid the axe, flung madly at me by one of the enraged robbers, and in return I let fly the hammer of my revolver and brained him on the spot. The battle now commenced in earnest, and I well knew it was my life or theirs. I therefore dropped upon my knees, that I might not be made a target of by the robbers, and thus shielded partly by the bed, I waited for further action.

I eyed keenly the place made in the broken door, determined to fire at the first that made his appearance; at the same time to exercise the greatest care with my shots which if I expended uselessly would render my capture sure, as I had no more ammunition. I had in one great advantage and that was, if the robbers were bold enough to attack me in the room, they must climb over the bed, doing which they would place their lives in imminent if not certain danger. This the robbers seemed to understand, for they hesitated a long time before proceeding further.

At last they moved away, and seemed to have wisely concluded to let me alone for the time, for, after a whispered conversation, they went slowly down the stairs, and in a little while all was still. I waited patiently to see if the attack would be resumed. An hour passed—then, two and three; and at last the grey streaks of dawn appeared, and the warm sun arose in all its bright glory, finding me pale, haggard, and worn from my terrible vigil.

Two hours dragged on. I waited, every minute expecting the appearance of the robbers. They came not, and I began to wonder what were their intentions regarding me. It was noon, still no one came; it was past the noon hour, and still all was as silent as before. At times I could hear a low talking, which came from the yard. What in the name of heaven, did they intend doing? Ha! The thought passed through my brain like a bullet of fire—*they were going to starve me out!* The fearful thought nearly unnerved me. I leaned for a moment against the wall as the idea came upon me. Now for the first time, I experienced the pangs of hunger. I had eaten but little the previous day; it was now verging into night, and I had tasted nothing, and another night of terror was approaching. I stood looking from the window, thus thinking and noticing the growing darkness. A great storm was rising, for the sky was growing very dark, and masses on masses of great clouds began gathering in the northwest, and a strong wind was blowing. Soon the rain began falling; it made my heart heavy and slow for I was alone and nearly helpless. My room was very dark, for I had no moon to cheer me as on the last night. All was darkness and apprehension. At times the lightning would flash in the window, illuminating for a time around; then again all would be dark and still. I stood at the window listening, straining my senses of hearing to catch; above the din of the storm, the sound of approaching footsteps—for I thgoubt that, at times, I could discern amid the thickness the forms of my enemies, crouched beneath the bedsteads or climbing over it upon me.

It was a night of horror. Certain death staring me in the face—a dreadful death, for I know they would fearfully avenge their slaughtered comrade who fell before my revolver at the second attack upon the door. And I stood trembling and thinking upon the fate in store for me.

At last, overcome by my loneliness, exhausted and hungry, I determined to sell my life as dearly as possible, and rather than be starved out I would meet them boldly—die fighting or make my escape. In furtherance of this idea, I slowly raised my window and looked out upon the storm and darkdess. One look convinced me that by the window escape was hopeless, for on the threshold of the stable were seated two men, with a lantern before them, carefully shielded from the storm. From the small red fire that would glimmer every second. I knew they were smoking. The other two then, must be sleeping while these two remained on watch.

I was fast growing reckless and desperate, I knew that by another day that I would be an easy captive; I therefore looked down on the men for a moment, raised my revolver, took deliberate aim at one of the robbers, and fired. He bound from his seat and fell down a corpse. Then the door of the tavern opened, and the landlord and two other robbers rushed confusedly out, I could hardly see them in the darkness, but I had still four shots in my revolver, not counting my pocket pistol and bowie knife, and I determined to try another. Straining my eyes and pointing my revolver, I fired—a low cry, curses and execrations, and all was still. I would now have dropped from the window, but I well knew they stood in the doorway of the tavern, and if I did I would be killed. I paused. The night passed slowly away; the storm began to subside. I stood at the window, my face burning hot, my limbs cold and shivering. The morning peeped in to cheer me, and again I thanked God. Bang! the window glass fell in my face with a crash—a bullet whistled past me. My shadow had been seen, but I was unharmed. I retreated to another corner of the apartment and crouched down, for I was weak and sinking fast. I waited the approach of morning.

Morning at last dragged itself in; the sun arose and pointed its beams through my broken window. I crept forward to warm myself in its reflections, still crouching down with my hands clasped about my knees. My lips parched and dry, and I shook as though with an ague fit; my revolver dropped from my hand for they were hot and trembling. I crawled to the window. Raising myself I looked out and saw some thimblesfull of water in the worm creases of the window ledge; I sucked it in and once more crawled to my "sunny reflection." I had that day a presentiment that night would end my suffering—whether by death or escape I could not tell—but I felt it was so.

Did I before have any doubt as to the intentions of the robbers, it was no longer questionable that they had determined to starve me out now, certain. Nearly the whole day I heard nothing, now and then the closing of a door, or the loud tone, of parties in conversation; but even this incidental noise soon ceased, and all was still as the grave. All this time I felt myself growing weaker. Hunger gnawed unceasingly at my bowels, and my thirst unslacked for nearly three days, became so intense that my tongue rattled against my teeth and the roof of my mouth like a dried bone.

My agony was fearful, but I bore up against it with all my powers of mind and body; still I felt myself failing fast and I knew that my end was near.

Noon had long passed, and night—the third night—was again approaching. Oh what agony I experienced as I saw the sun sinking fast from my sight! I arose from my crouched position, and moved noiselessly to the window to wet my dry lips and tongue on the damp board. While there I looked out, and away off to the long road leading to the tavern I beheld two horsemen. On, on they came at a rapid pace, facing directly for the robbers' den. I pulled out my handkerchief and waved it wildly in the air. The horsemen saw it, while I, like the condemned wife of Bluebeard, still waved my flag, and felt that deliverance was near.

The clattering of iron shoes in front of the tavern brought forth the landlord, and he held the horses while the riders leaped to the ground—the very men I promised to meet at Rathstone—the "gay dogs" mentioned in the early part of my narrative.

I shouted from the window—they looked up, darted into the tavern pistol in hand, and were soon in the room. I fell back faint and weak. They clasped me in their arms, and brought me down stairs