

ASSASSINS OF ARKANSAS.

A TRUE AND AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF THE CELEBRATED FAYETTEVILLE WAR.

Fayetteville, in Washington County, Arkansas, is beautifully situated on an immense plateau of the Ozark mountains. With its purring streams, delicious climate, pure air, and brilliant sky, one would suppose it a village fitted to inspire feelings of devotion, visions of poetry, and dreams of innocence and Eden.

Let me daguerreotype the clique of legalized banditti! Let me paint them to the life, not in rest, but in action, as I saw them on that dreadful sabbath in July, 1839—a day that will long be remembered by the people of Arkansas, under the awful name of the "Sabbath of Murders."

It is eleven o'clock; the sky is cloudless; the sunlight looks divine; and a gentle breeze from the northern prairies fans the bosom of the atmosphere, bringing balm on its wings, and delicious coolness. Almost the whole population of the country seems to have turned out to-day; for yonder vast court-house, in the centre of the public square, is crowded from floor to gallery.

That portly mass of flesh and bones—heof the small gray eyes, lit with a cunning twinkle, like two coals of fire on the oily ground of his fat face—is William McK. Bull, cashier of the Fayetteville Bank.

His name was affixed as a signer of the Constitution, and prefixed as compiler to the first code of laws, for digesting which he received five thousand dollars.

Behold that tall, slender man, dressed in the extreme foppishness of the fashion. You see the ivory hilt of his bowie knife gleaming through the snowy ruffles of his shirt bosom; he is busily engaged rummaging home a double charge into the barrel of a superb Deringer pistol; his fingers, glittering with gold rings, tremble nervously—it may be with fear, or perhaps, it is from pain—for, as you observe, his face is considerably lacerated.

That handsome gentleman, leaning against the counter, with such a sleepy look, is the District Judge, the Hon. Joseph Hoge. He remarks lazily, in a thick, half-drunken voice—

"Boys, I don't think it will do for me to be seen among you. You know I'll have to preside on your trial."

"Very true," said Bull. "You had better go into the back room, and take a comfortable nap. The sound of pistols will wake you in time for dinner."

"You notice the small, hook-nosed youth in the corner, with that hang-dog countenance. He is fixing fresh caps on the tubes of his revolver."

"That is Mr. Pleasant, a mere boy in years, but a thousand years old in perjury and murder. Hark! he speaks in tones of piping treble—

"Gentlemen, as I am a sworn peace officer I'll hang back at the outset, but help you if you get in a hard pinch."

"That is right," said Bull. Behold another of these twelve apostles and missionaries of murder, a perfect mountain of horse-like muscles, his brow stamped with the impress of drunkenness and desperation, as with a die. He reels and swaggers across the floor with a brandy bottle in one hand and a double-barrelled shot gun in the other, swearing through a storm of hiccups his favorite oath.

"H— and forty injins, ill make their tails fly up." This is Sam Sanders, Major-General of all the Arkansas militia, a very dangerous man when drunk—that is to say always.

But who is that tall, hungry looking personification of famine, with the corpse-like face, and all his nerves quaking with the imagination of the peril about to be incurred. That is the Clerk of the District court, B. H. Smithson, an ardent coward, but a very supple tool, notwithstanding.

Let us turn next to the three brothers—the Shelleys, Bill, Alf, and Ripley. These are owners of the grocery, and the most famous fighters of the clique. Bill, the eldest has already slain his three victims; Alf, the second brother, has killed two; and Ripley, the youngest, though scarcely eighteen, has earched one. They are all choice specimens of mere physical organization, and one may read the word horn-

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icide in the lurid light of their eyes.—They literally bristle with weapons of death. See how silent and stern they stand, basking as it were on visions of blood.

The last three of the dozen need but a brief description. They are also three brothers, the Coulters, sheer tools, ruffians, and common stabbers—the bullies of the grocery.

Suddenly a new face appeared in the circle, and Bill hastily asked— "Well, Tuttle, did you find Tom Wagon, and ask him in Leeper's name to come and drink friends?"

"Hush! he's coming," said the emissary, in a whisper. Immediately a thumping footstep was heard approaching, and a young man of gigantic form entered the door, and saluted the company with a bold yet frank courtesy. A genuine model of the back-woods, as generous as brave, he turned to Leeper and said—

"Matthew, Sol Tuttle tells me you want to drink friends. I'm willing provided you own you treated the girl shabbily; but 'may be you didn't know he was my sweetheart."

And the big buffalo hunter, as he was generally called, held out his hairy hand. "Come to the counter," said Leeper, in a hollow voice, "come to the counter, and we'll all drink."

They advanced to the bar, and Ripley Shelley filled their glasses. Tom Wagon, unsuspecting, did not observe that Bill and the Coulters took their stations directly behind him.

Leeper raised his glass, and fairly hissed through his teeth— "Here's a funeral toast to those that deserve it."

At the same instant Wagon found his arms pinioned in the hug of Bull and the three Coulters, while Alf Shelley, stooping down, grasped him by the legs. Leeper pushed the muzzle of his pistol against his victim's head, and pulled the trigger; but for the first time it failed to fire.

"Ho! for another cap!" shouted the baffled assassin, furiously. And Mr. Sheriff Pleasant coolly felt in his pocket, and presented the murderer with a fresh one.

In the meantime, Wagon, seeing a thousand chances against him, put his immense strength into one mighty effort, and shaking off his foes, sprang out of the door, and truly ran for his life.

He was the fleetest foot-racer in the valley of the Mississippi; but he outdid himself that day. It was more like flying than running, while the dozen enemies gave mad chase in the rear. Twenty pistols were fired at his back. The Sheriff emptied a six-barrelled revolver, and General Sanders let off his double-barrelled shot gun. For several seconds it was one continuous roar. Bullets and leaden slugs flew like hail. One shot killed a colored woman drawing water at the public well; another pierced the glass window of the court house, and broke a man's arm within three feet of the minister, just reading his text; and a third put out the eye of a babe on the bosom of its mother, at the distance of two hundred yards. But Tom Wagon still escaped unhurt, and left his pursuers far behind.

"Never mind, I'll catch him," cried Bill Shelley, as, pistol in hand, he unhitched a horse that happened to be in the way and thrust his foot in the stirrup to mount.

But that moment, John Curry, a brother-in-law of Wagon's, rushed from the court house, and, seizing the horse's bridle, he said: "For God's sake, Shelley, spare Tom's life."

Shelley thrust his pistol against Curry's side, and discharged its load of lead and fire into his heart!

The latter, without a groan dropped to the earth a corpse. "You have killed him," cried Lorenzo D. Pollock, one of Curry's friends, in a voice of despair.

"Yes and I will kill you," exclaimed Shelley, with the distorted countenance of a demon, as he unsheathed his bowie-knife, and assaulted the unarmed man, whom he instantly hewed down in his tracks.

Wagon, also, in his flight, had recognized the imploring voice of Curry, and turned in time to see him fall. Then, either distracted by the horrors of his situation, or supposing that the tiger-men were already sufficiently gorged with blood, he ventured to come back and throw himself on his knees by the dead body of his sister's husband.

Fatal to him was the act. Ripley Shelley knocked him down with a fragment of stone; and the human-devil, Bill, deliberately lifted up his arm, as he lay unconscious on the ground, and plunged the long glittering blade up to the hilt in the seat of life.

Then suddenly broke upon the Sabbath air two shrieks—two wild wailing cries of unutterable anguish—as the young wife of Curry and the beautiful betrothed of Wagon hurried from the court house, where they had been attending divine service, and fell swooning on the corpses of husband and lover.

The sorrow and frenzied despair of the bereaved females heightened to madness

the horrors of the drama. That dark-eyed girl of the raven tresses, and the oriental style of beauty, clung, as it were, in dying convulsions to the bosom of her lover, kissed his cold lips, and strove to staunch the red current that was issuing from his side. She spoke not, she uttered not even a low moan, but gazed on with stony eyes, like one oppressed with a spectral dream.

Alas, to night she was to have been his bride! Poor Irene Mills!

Far different was the action of the other—that queenly woman with the magnificent bust, the cheek of radiant roses, and the large orbed eyes, blue as the tints of the Southern summer—Margaret Curry.

Recovering from her sudden swoon, she knelt for a moment with one hand on the breast of the husband, and the other on the neck of her brother; then raising her streaming face with a look of unutterable despair, and shrieked the wild cry of the atheist into the vault of Heaven—

"Hope is a delusion, and faith a lie." Then she bounded to her feet, gave a frantic leap towards the triple murderer, fell prostrate before him, and exclaimed in tones of terrible entreaty, inexpressibly mournful, like the wail of a lost soul—

"O, man of blood! Shelley! Shelley! Give me back my husband and brother; give me faith and hope once more, and I will believe there is a God!"

Then I said mentally, "I would not be that assassin for the dominion of all the planets, the diadem of the stars."

But he, the unfeeling, fiend laughed a low, sneering chuckle in his face, and wiping his gory knife on his sleeve, shouted: "Come, boys, let's go to the grocery and drink! Three rascals are dead, and our counter shall be free for a week!"

And the clique and their satellites all joined in a mad spree that lasted till the next morning.

CONCLUSION IN NEXT NO.

A SPICY DECLARATION.

John W. Boyd, Esq., formerly Editor of the Chambersburg Whig, having been recommended for the Mayoralty in Hagers-town publishes the following spicy declaration in the last Chronicle. It is certainly to the point:

Messrs. Editors: In your last paper some kind but verdant friend was pleased to nominate me as a candidate for the office of Mayor. Without feeling at all inclined to gratitude at what might or might not have been intended as a compliment, I hesitate not to say that, in my opinion (which in this instance is paramount to all others) the position don't suit me.

First—With the most ample opportunity to form a correct conclusion, I am seriously inclined to the opinion, that to preside over this particular community, would be a position without honor, and what is still worse, without honor.

Second—I have neither the conscience nor the constitution requisite for the whole-sale whiskey business necessary in this day of time to secure an election to any public office.

Third—I have not the courage to place myself under obligations to every Tom, Dick and Harry, or shake hands with every scaly backguard, at the imminent risk of catching more than I bargained for.

Fourth—I have not the patience to inquire into the state of every man's health believing that to attain a position of prominence through a knowledge of the condition of the public bowels would be traveling to distinction through a very disagreeable channel.

Therefore, Messrs. Editors, you will perceive that, having neither the inclination, nor the conscience, nor the constitution, nor the courage, nor the patience requisite for the contest, I would not be likely to get enough votes. If I could serve my fellow-citizens in some position that might be attained honorably, I am frank to admit that, without regard to profit it would afford me pleasure to do so. But to put myself in a position in which every wretch entitled to a vote would feel himself privileged to hold me under special obligations, would be giving rather "to much pork for a shilling." I therefore most emphatically decline the intended dishonor.

Yours truly, JOHN W. BOYD.

A bashful fellow who was about to get married by a minister who required responses, resolved to make himself perfect in the responses of the marriage service; but by mistake, committed to memory the answers on baptism; so when the clergyman asked him "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wife, &c.,—the bridegroom answered in a very solemn tone: "I renounce them all."

The astonished minister said, "I think you are a fool."

"To which he replied:—"All this I stand fastly believeo."

PENN'A. PUBLIC WORKS.—Messrs. Bingham & Dock have proposed to the Pennsylvania Senate to lease the main line of the public works, and to pay six millions of dollars for the use of it for ten years.

Always do as the sun does, look at the bright side of things! For while it is just as cheap, it is three times as good for digestion. The melancholy man don't even relish wedlock.

The Farmers' Column.

INDIAN CORN.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman, planted five acres of corn on land, on different portions of which different crops had been cultivated the year previous. He says:

"The corn on that part planted with potatoes the previous season, was the best, strongest, and most luxuriant in appearance, at all stages of its growth. That on the sward plowed in the spring ranked next, and although of smaller growth, was nearly as heavily cured. That part plowed the corn of the previous season, was next in quantity per acre, but falling considerably short of the two plots already mentioned, and nearly equalled by the piece sowed to oats the previous year."

That on the ground plowed in the fall was next in order, badly eaten by worms, and in no respect to be compared with that plowed in the spring. Lastly, that on the buckwheat ground, which was so situated that the crops of the previous year along-side it were on one side grass, and on one side potatoes, and the third side corn, yet from the time the corn came up on this plot to the time of the harvest the corn was a pale sickly yellow color, and very small size, while on the three sides afore-said, the corn was dark green, rank and luxuriant. The yield from this plot was twenty bushels of shubbins per acre.

Hence I contend, that of all common crops the worst to precede corn, is buckwheat.

SOWING CORN FOR FODDER.—Last spring, I sowed about three acres of corn intending to cut it green for feeding, but owing to the favorableness of the season for grass, but one acre was cut—the other two were cured for fodder. I have no doubt the produce from the one acre was equal to ten acres of ordinary grass made into hay. The best way to raise it, is to plow and harrow the ground as if for corn or potatoes; then start the plow and let a man or boy follow and drop every other furrow until the piece of ground is completed; then run the roller over it and it needs no more attention. We put three and a half bushels to the acre. I would prefer putting it on a piece of ground that was not to be seeded, in order to save labor for the curing. All that would be necessary is to cut and shock, as other corn, and let it stand until dry, then bind it in sheaves and haul it to the barn on sled, and salt it. Cattle eat it with great avidity, and milk better than when fed on hay.

We propose putting down ten or fifteen acres this spring and calculate to save two fold by the operation. First, in curing hay there is almost always difficulty in procuring men, even at the highest wages. Second instead of mowing forty or fifty acres, we will have them for pasture, which does not impoverish the land like mowing. I think there is no crop which will pay better than sowed corn.—Delaware Republican.

POTATO ROT.—Our agricultural exchanges abound in articles on the cultivation of potatoes, and the prevention of the rot. But these recommendations are no sounder than the potatoes themselves. All that we perceive of a positive character on the subject, consists in the refutation, by the production of some stubborn facts, of every theory of the disease, and of every remedy yet proposed. One writer says that he treated a field in a certain manner with specific remedies, of the efficacy of which he would have been fully convinced—as nothing of the rot appeared—but for the fact that another field, cultivated entirely different, turned out just as sound and free from disease.

The truth is that the whole theory is a mystery—nothing is really known for a certainty about the disease except its existence and its destructiveness—nothing whatever of its causes or remedies.

People will continue to experiment and the true cause of the rot may some time be discovered. Meanwhile, instead of leading our readers to depend upon preventatives which are liable to prove completely inefficient, we would rather advise them to substitute, as far as practicable, other vegetables for the uncertain potato. For the purpose of feeding to animals, this will be found altogether expedient. Except for the table and market crops that will not rot, are far more profitable. New York Evening Post.

When a returned ambassador introduced to King James a Spanish noble of mean intellect, but covered with jewelry, Jamie exclaimed: "Hoot mon, and ye mind me of Solomon's imporation—gold, peacocks and asses."

The title "Czar" is a corruption of the word "Caesar," which was originally assumed as a title of honor by the grand dukes and recently assumed by the emperors of Russia.

If you don't wish to get angry, never argue with a blockhead. Remember the duller the razor, the more you cut yourself and swear.

The telegraph reports that the New York Senate has failed to pass the prohibitory liquor law over the Governor's veto, and the bill is therefore effectually killed.

WORK! WORK!

I have seen and heard of people who thought it beneath them to work—to employ themselves industriously at some useful labor. Beneath them to work! Why, work is the great motto of life; and he who accomplishes the most, by his industry is the most truly great man—aye, and is the most distinguished man among his fellows, too.

And the man who forgets his duty to himself, his fellow creatures, and his God—who so far forgets the great blessing of life, as to allow his energies to stagnate in inactivity and uselessness, had better die; for, says Holy Writ, "He that will not work, neither shall he eat."

An idler is a lumberer of the ground—a weary curse to himself, as well as to those around him. Beneath human beings to work! Why, what but the continued history that brings forth the improvement that never allows him to be contented with any attainment he may have made—of work that he may have effected—what but this raises man above the brute creation, and, under Providence surrounds him with comforts, luxuries and refinements, physical, moral and intellectual blessings? The great orator, the great poet, and the great scholar, are great workers. Their vocation is infinitely more laborious than that of a handicraftsman; and the student's life has more anxiety than that of any other man. And all, without the perseverance, the attention to real industry, can never succeed. Hence the number of mere pretensions to scholarship, or those who have not the strength and industry to be real scholars, but stop half way, and are smatterers—a shame to the profession.

Beneath human beings to work! Look in the artist's studio, the poet's garret, where the genius of immortality stands ready to seal his work with an unfeignable signet, and then you will only see industry standing by his side.

Beneath human beings to work! Why, I had rather that a child of mine should labor regularly at the lowest, meanest employment, than waste its time, its body, mind and soul, in folly, idleness and uselessness. Better to wear out in a year than to rust out in a century.

Beneath human beings to work! Why, what but work has tilled our fields, clothed our bodies, built our houses, raised our churches, printed our books, cultivated our minds and souls? "Work out your salvation," says the inspired Apostle of the Gentiles.

INCREASE IN THE PRICE OF NEWSPAPERS.—The Philadelphia Bulletin in speaking of the prospect of an increase in the price of newspapers, says that for more than a year the price of paper has been steadily increasing, and instead of exhibiting any symptoms of decline, threatens a still future rise. In part, this is attributed to the enormous consumption, which has increased the demand beyond the capacity of the supply, but in part also to the difficulty in obtaining rags, in fact tatters are at premium. Old clothes grow scarcer every day, a strange phenomenon, especially these times of prosperity, when every body buys twice as many garments as they were accustomed to formerly. Without old clothes there are no rags; and without rags, alas! no paper. What will be the result, it would take a second Solomon to tell. Certainly, if the price of paper continues to advance, newspaperdom will find itself in a tight corner. People by some strange perversity, expect to get their journals at the old price, no matter how much wages will advance, or the price of paper rise. Yet if the increase continues much longer, a point will be reached with many newspapers, where the cost of paper alone will consume nearly the entire net receipts; and in such a crisis, they must either advance their prices or stop altogether.

It was examination day in our school; we had 'read, spelt,'—told the sounds of all the letters that had sounds—said the 'abbreviations and mortification table' without missing a word—and then were ranged on the floor in front of 'visitors' to be looked at and to answer such questions as they or the teachers saw fit to ask. Where was John Rodgers burnt to death? said the teacher to me in a commanding voice. I couldn't tell—to the next—no answer—'Joshua knows,' said a little girl at the foot of the class. 'Well,' said the teacher, 'Joshua knows he may tell.' In the fiercer, said Joshua, looking very solemn and wise. That was the last question. We had liberty to make all the noise we pleased for five minutes, and go home.

Slang phrases and cant terms, in the mouth of any one, are, to say the least, exceedingly bad taste; but when they fall from the beautiful lips of an apparent lady, they deal a death blow to pre-conceived ideas of that lady's refinement, and create a discord in the listener's ear which it requires many 'low trusting voices of love' to restore to its originally delicate condition.

Two Irishmen were in prison—one for stealing a cow, and the other for stealing a watch.

"Mike," said the cow stealer, one day "what o'clock is it?"

"Och, Pat, I haven't my watch handy, but I think it is milking time."

ENGLISH HUMANITY.

The Chincha Islands, it is well known, contain large deposits of Guano. British vessels, chartered by English subjects, have for months past been engaged in transporting, by the cargo, the Chinese Coolies to these islands, and assigning them over to the Peruvian government, as bonded slaves for the period of five years, during which time they are employed in getting out Guano for the foreign market. The abolitionists of our country, and those who are banded with English prejudices against the institution of slavery in the South, may find in the succeeding account something to cool the fervor of their laudations, of English humanity. A letter written from these Islands says:

"The Guano is dug by Chinese coolies or laborers, who are brought here by English ships from the free ports of their native coasts. The poor fellows are made to believe that they are going to do well by engaging to serve as laborers for five years at a rial (York shilling) per day, and a scanty allowance of rice. They fancy, it is said, they are going to labor in the gold mines of California. However this may be, it is certain they are shipped here in English vessels, and transferred or assigned to the Peruvian government. I have known Englishmen who spoke of having engaged in the traffic. The government places them on the Islands; avowedly under the original contract to labor for five years; but who is to know how far this contract, if such it may be called is adhered to? The fact is, the poor Chinamen are sold into absolute slavery—the worst and most cruel, perhaps, in the world. Here are about eight hundred of the unfortunate creatures at work on these islands, at a time; as fast as death thins them out, the number is increased by importation. The labor is severe, much more so than that of our negroes on our southern plantations. They are kept hard at work in the hot sun throughout the day. Each one, strong and weak, alike, to dig from a hill and wheel to the mangue-ras five tons of guano each, per diem. Guano is compact, like hard clay-like loam, and as dusty when dug as ashes—On the north island it has to be blasted for the steam paddy. It has to be wheeled from a hundred yards to a quarter of a mile; the nature of the labor may be conceived. The Chinese work almost naked under a tropical sun, where it never rains. They are slender figures, and do not look strong. Negro drivers—like most ugly looking blacks I ever saw, are stationed among them, with heavy whongs, which I have seen them use. The poor coolies have no hope of reward, no days of rest. The smoke of their torment goes up on Sundays as well as on week days. That I do not exaggerate this account, any one who has been here will readily bear witness. The fact that some of the Chinese almost every week commit suicide to escape their fate, shows the true state of the case. I was told that more than fifty had killed themselves during the year. They are buried as they live, like so many dogs. On the North Islands they carry heavy water casks slung on poles, between two, up the steep hill; they can in this way, as well as in barrows, take weights altogether disproportionate to their slender forms. They look unhappy, as well they may.—We know that the Chinese are strongly attached to their native soil. Wretched and half-barbarous as they may be, dark as may be their soul, they still have human feelings, and I am not so constituted that I can witness the injustice of their sufferings without compassion—without indignation. It ought to be made known your English law prevails, that these poor creatures are deceived and sold into servitude from which they almost daily seek escape thro' death, by Englishmen. It is not domestic slavery in which they are placed; they were not born slaves; they are not protected by any laws; there are no women among them; their condition is worse than that of the criminals, exiles or prisoners in any civilized nation. It ought to be everywhere known. Americans, who have to bear reproaches of the English for institutions entailed upon them, and which they could not avoid have a right to exclaim, that the worst slavery that exists among the civilized nations of the earth is maintained by British subjects, who transport coolies to the Chincha Islands.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—The beautiful extract below is from the pen of the Hon. George S. Hillard:—"I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who have not succeeded in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven is said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill-success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves—from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that 'the world knows nothing of its greatest men,' but there are forms of greatness, or at least of excellence, which die and make no sign; there are martyrs that miss the palm, but not the stake; there are heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph."

Though nothing can be more gallant to a generous spirit than to be placed under obligation by meanness, it is purely delightful to be beholden to one of its own calibre. Charity is, then, twice blessed, when the giver and the receiver are equal, elevated above the selfish and sordid feelings of vulgar humanity.

Lord Holland told of a man remarkable for absence of mind, who, dining once on a shabby repast, with a friend, fancied himself in his own house, and began to apologise for the wretchedness of the dinner.