

Bradford Reporter.

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

Regardless of Denunciation from any Quarter.—Gov. PORTER.

BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

TOL. V.

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[From the Democratic Review.]
Gone!

BY J. C. WHITTIER.

"Gone before
To that unseem and silent shore,
Shall we not meet as heretofore
Some summer morning!"—LAMB.

Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with Angel-steps
The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend whose smile
Made brighter summer hours,
Amidst the frosts of autumn time
Has left us, with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
Forewarned us of decay;
No shadow from the Silent Land
Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down
As sinks behind the hill,
The glory of a setting star,
Clear, suddenly and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed
Eternal as the sky,
And like the brook's low song, her voice
A sound which could not die.

And half we dreamt she needed not,
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a shining One,
Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts where her footsteps fell,
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look;
We read her face as one who reads
A true and holy book.

The measure of a blessed hymn,
To which our hearts could move,
The breathing of an inward psalm,
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
And by the hearth-fire's light;
We pause beside her door to hear
"Once more her sweet "Good night!"

There seems a shadow on the day
Her smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled;
That He whose love exceeded ours
Has taken home His child.

Fold her, oh Father! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in Godness strong.

And, grant that she who, trembling here
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well-beloved of ours.

Printing Office Melody.

Pull up my boys, turn quick the ROUSCE,
And let the world begin;
The world is pressing on without,
And we must pass within.

And we who guide the public mind,
Have influence far and wide,
And all our deeds are good, although
The Devil's at our side.

Let fly the FRISKEET now my boys!
Who are more proud than we?—
While wait the anxious crowd without,
The force of power we see.

So pull away—none are so great
As those who run the CAR;
And who have dignity like those,
Who practice at the BAR.

And you who twirl the ROLLER there,
Be quick, you inky man!
Old time is rolling on himself,
So beat him if you can.

Be careful of the LIGHT and SHADE,
Nor let the sheet grow pale!
Be careful of the MONKEY looks
Of every HEAD and TAIL.

Though rich in OFFICE is our STAND,
And STOUTS is our CASE,
We should not cast a SLIP on those
Who fill a lower place.

Pull on my boys, turn quick the ROUSCE,
And thus the CASE we'll join,
We have deposited in the BANK,
Our drawers full of QUORN.

And who should more genteelly cut
A FIGURE and a DASS!
In sometimes we who PRESS so much
Ourselves are PRESSED for CASE!

[From the Democratic Review.]
The Shot in the Eye.

A Story of Texas Border Life.

BY C. WILKINS EIML.

[CONCLUDED.]

One day we had all turned out for a deer-drive. This hunt, in which dogs are used for driving the game out of the timber, scatters the hunters very much; they are stationed at the different stands which are sometimes miles apart, to watch for the deer passing out; for this reason the party seldom gets together again until night. We divided in the morning, and skirted up opposite sides of a wide belt of bottom timber, while the "drivers" and dogs penetrated it, to rouse the deer, which ran out on either side by the stands, which were known to the hunters. We were unusually successful, and returned to a late dinner at our host's the planter's house. By dusk all had come in, except my friend whose name was Henry, and a man named Stoner, one of the neighbors, who had joined our hunt. Dinner was ready, and we sat down to it, supposing they would be in, in a few moments. The meal was nearly over, when Henry, who was a gay voluble fellow came bustling into the room and, with a slightly flurried manner, addressed our host:—"Squire, this is a strange country of yours! Do you let crazy people range it with guns in their hands?"

"Not when we know it. Why?—What about crazy people? You look excited."

"Well, I think I have had enough to make me feel a little curious."

"What is it? What is it?" exclaimed everybody eagerly.

"Why, I have met with either the Old Harry himself—a ghost—or a madman; and which it is, I am confoundedly puzzled to tell!"

"Where? How?"

He threw himself into a chair, wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and continued:—"You know, Stoner and myself, when we parted from you all this morning, took up the right-hand side of the bottom timber. Well, Stoner accompanied me to my 'stand,' where we parted; he to go to his; and I have seen nothing of him since. Soon after he left me, a deer passed out—I shot it—wounded it—and jumped on my horse to pursue it. The deer had staggered at my fire, but was not so badly wounded as I supposed, and led me off, until it suddenly occurred to me that I might get lost and I reined up; but I soon found that this sober second thought had come too late, and that I was already out of my latitude. I wandered about nearly all day, though taking care not to go very far in any one direction, before I came across anything which promised to set me right again. I at last came upon a wagon trail and felt relieved, for I knew it must take me to some point where I could get information. The trail was narrow, leading through scrubby thickets; and I was riding along slowly, looking down, in the hope of detecting the tracks of some of your horses, when the violent shying of my horse caused me to raise my eyes. And, by George! it was enough to have 'stampeded' a regiment of horse! On the left of the trail stood a very tall skeleton-like figure dressed in skins; one foot advanced, as if he had stopped in the act of stepping across it, and a long heavy gun, just swinging down to the level bearing on me. Of course my heart leaped into my throat, and my flesh shrank and crept. Before I could think of raising my gun, my eyes met those of this strange figure; and such eyes! Surprise at their cold, unnatural expression, suspended my action; burning with a chill of singular brilliancy, in deep-sunken sockets, they looked as if they never had winked. Dwelling steadily upon my face for a moment, they seemed to be satisfied, and the gun was slowly thrown back upon his shoulders; and plucking at a long grisly beard, with an impatient gesture of his bony hands, the figure made a stride across the trail, and without speaking a word plunged into the thicket. I was so confounded by this dumb show, that he was nearly concealed in the brush before I found my tongue to shout to him to stop; but he kept on not even turning his head. I was provoked, and spurred my horse in after him, as far as I could penetrate, but he kept on, and I lost sight of him in a moment, and whether he can talk at all or not is more than I can tell."

"Did you look at his feet, Henry?" interrupted one of the party. "I expect it was old—"

"Never mind what you expect—hear me out," he continued. "I followed the trail, which wound about, it seemed to me towards all the points of the compass, for an hour or more; when at last it led me out into a prairie, which I thought I recognized. I stopped, and was looking around to make out the landmarks, when a horse, with a saddle on burst from the woods, behind me, and tore off across the prairie as if he too had seen the devil."

"What color was he?" exclaimed half a dozen voices in a breath.

"He was too far off for me to distinguish more than that he was a dark horse—say about as much so as mine. I could distinguish the pommel of the saddle and the stirrups flying!"

"Stoner's horse was a dark bay," was buzzed around the table, in low tones, every one looking seriously in his neighbor's face.

"Yes!" said the Squire, rising and stepping uneasily to the window.—"Stoner's horse was a good deal like yours; he must have got away from him, and that is what detains him. But then the nag was a very kind creature; and well trained. I wonder it should have behaved so!"

"Don't believe 'bay' would have done it, Squire," said one of the men. "Something's gone wrong, I think!—Was the bridle down, Mr. Henry?"

"It was too far off for me to tell. I followed in the direction the horse took, and soon found myself here, and expected to find it here too!"

"No! Stoner's is beyond here," said the Squire. "The wagon trail you were turning and twisting about in, is a road I had opened to a number of board roads we had, and rived out there, you might have followed it for hours and not been more than a mile or so from the place you started from. That ghost of yours, by the way, may be some crazy fellow, who has wandered off into these parts, with mischief in him. Did you hear no gun?"

"I thought I did—about an hour after parting with that man, or devil, or whatever he was—but the sound was so faint and distant, that for fear I might be mistaken, I did not go to it; and the road had turned so frequently, I could not tell whether it was in the direction he went off or not."

"Here the 'driver' interposed saying, that he had heard a rifle about that time on the right, but, supposing it to be Henry or Stoner, he thought nothing of it. And a half-laughing discussion followed as to the probable character of the wood-ghost Henry had reported of, some asserting that he was quizzing us—for these men were too much accustomed to the exigencies of a hunter's life to be for more than a moment seriously affected by the circumstances of Stoner's non arrival. In the midst of this, a horse's feet were heard galloping up to the door, and a loud 'Hilloa!' followed. The Squire rose hastily and went out. In a moment after he entered, looking pale and excited.

"Tom Dix (one of Stoner's neighbors) says that his horse has come home without a rider, the reins upon its neck, and a clot of blood upon the pommel of the saddle! Boys! he's been shot! Just as I suspected from the first!"

Everybody rose at this announcement—looking in the face of him opposite with a blank, pallid stare.

"The crazy man!" ejaculated several. "Strange!"

"Very mysterious business!" said others.

"I tell you what," said the Squire, after a pause, "has struck me from the first. It is that this strange looking fellow Henry saw, mistook him for Stoner, until he looked into his face, for Henry's horse and general appearance are not unlike his,—and when he found that he was wrong, got out of the way and went on till he met Stoner, himself, and has shot him?"

"No doubt of it!" said several.

"But it's a very mysterious affair," continued he—"I know of no such looking man in this region as Henry describes; but at any rate he will be hunted down to-morrow, for Stoner was one of the Regulators, and Hinch is a perfect blood-hound! He can hardly escape him—crazy or not crazy!"

"This seemed to be the most satisfactory solution of the difficulty, and as it was too dark for us to do anything that night we resumed our seats to discuss over and over again these details; while the Squire sent off a messenger summoning Hinch and the Regulators to be on the ground early in the morning."

Before sunrise in the morning, Hinch arrived with six men. I was waked by his loud blustering and swearing.—

He was raving, as I afterwards understood, about Henry; calling his story about the meeting with the remarkable personage—all humbug—and asserting his belief that if a murder had been committed, Henry was its author. Our host quieted him in some way, and when we came out to join them he greeted us with a snarling sort of civility. He was a thick set, broad shouldered, bully-looking wretch, with blood-shot eyes, and face bearing all the marks of riotous debauchery. Our search was for several hours entirely unsuccessful, until Henry by accident found the place he had encountered the Bearded Ghost, as some one christened him. Here one of the keen eyed hunters found the traces of a large moccasined foot. These were pursued for several miles and lost, but on spreading our line and continuing the same general course for some distance further, we at last found indeed the body of Stoner! It had been so much mutilated by the wolves and ravens that little examination was made of the bones. We gathered them together to carry them home to his family, and in doing this I noticed the fracture of a bullet through the back of the skull. It had been stripped bare of flesh, and both eyes plucked out by the birds, and was too shocking an object for close examination. But what puzzled all parties most was the discovery, a short distance off, the trail of a shod horse.—Now there was not a horse in Shelby county that wore shoes, and certainly not one in our party. Shoeing is never thought of, being unnecessary where there are no stones. This was as perfect a poser as even Henry's story, and threw yet a greater air of inexplicability around the affair! It was thought that this track might be easily traced to any distance—but after worrying about it for several days, it was given up in despair, and the Regulators, fatigued and disheartened, scattered for their respective homes.

But one of their number never reached his. Being missed for two days, there was a general turn-out to look for him; and as had been the case with Stoner, his body was found torn to pieces by the wolves. The report was, that he too had been shot through the back of the head.

These murders, and the singular circumstances accompanying them, created great sensation. Hinch and his troops scoured the country, in every direction, arresting and lynching suspicious persons, as they called them. One poor inoffensive fellow they hung and cut down four or five times to make him confess; but nothing was elicited; and they left him with barely a spark of life.

That evening, as they were returning to their head-quarters at the store, one of them named Winter, missed a portion of his house furniture, which had become accidentally detached. He said he had observed it in its place a mile back,—that he would return to get it, and rejoin them at the store, by the time they should be ready to commence the spree they had determined on going into that night. He left them, and never returned. They soon got drunk, and did not particularly notice his absence until some time the next day, when his family, alarmed by the return of his horse with an empty saddle, sent to inquire after him. This sort of inquiries had come to be so significant of late, that they were instantly sobered, and mounting rode back on their trail. Very soon a swarm of buzzards and wolves, near a line of thicket ahead designated the whereabouts of the object of their search; and there they found his fleshless bones scattered on every side. They were appalled. The reddest-bloated cheek among them blanched! It was terrible! They seemed to be doomed! Three of their number dead and torn to pieces within ten days, and yet not the slightest clue to the relentless and invisible foe, but that ghostly story of Henry's, and the tracks which only served to tantalize them! It must be some dread supernatural visitation of their hideous crimes! They shivered, while the great drops started, from their foreheads, and without thinking of looking for any trail, or even gathering up the bones, they started back at full speed, spreading the alarm everywhere. The excitement now became universal and tremendous. Nearly the whole country turned out for the purpose of unravelling this alarming mystery; and the superstitious frenzy was in no small degree heightened by the report, that this man had been shot in the same way as the others,—in the back of the head!

These incidents were all so unaccountable, that I own I felt no little sympa-

thy with the popular association of a supernatural agency in their perpetration. Henry laughed at all this, but insisted that it was a maniac; and to account for the peculiar dexterity of his escapes and whole management, related many anecdotes of the proverbial cunning of madmen. The wildest, most absurd, and incredible stories were set afloat among the people concerning this deadly and subtle foe of the Regulators; for it was now universally believed and remarked, that it was against them alone that his enmity was directed. The story of Henry was greatly improved upon and added to, and, as some reports had it, the Madman,—as others, the Bearded Ghost, was seen in half a dozen places at the same time; now on foot, stalking with enormous strides across some open glade from thicket to thicket—passing out of sight again before the observer could recover from his surprise—then mounted, he was seen flying like the shadow of a summer cloud over the prairies, or beneath the gloom of forests, always haggard and lean, dressed in skins with the hair on, and that long, heavy, terrible rifle on his shoulder! I noticed that there was only one class of men who ventured to assert that they had actually seen with their own eyes these wonderful sights, and that was constituted of those who either had suffered, or from their characters and pursuits, were most likely to suffer persecution from the Regulators—the class of hunter emigrants. These men were most industrious in embellishing all the circumstances of character, feats, and relentless hatred to the Regulators, as highly as the excited credulity of the public would bear.—They never saw him except in the vicinity of the homes of some one of these hated tyrants? In their versions this being was for ever hovering around them, waiting the moment to strike while they were alone and far from any help.

They carried this thing so far as to attract attention to it, and arouse in the cunning mind of Hinch the same suspicion which had occurred to Henry and myself, namely, that all this was the result of a profoundly acute and well organized scheme of this class, headed by some man of peculiar personalities and consummate skill, with the object of exterminating or driving off the Regulators. It seemed impossible, that, without collusion with many others, the murderer should have been able to so baffle all pursuit. Hinch and his band had been thoroughly cowed and awed; but the moment this idea occurred to them, the reaction of their base fears was savage exultation. He was something tangible; their open and united force could easily exterminate an enemy who had acknowledged their weakness in resorting to secret combinations and assassination from "the bush!" They forthwith proclaimed "war to the knife," with the whole class; and during the next week several outrages, so revolting that I will not detail them, were perpetrated upon these men in different parts of the county; and the fact, that during this general tumult, nothing was seen or heard of the mysterious rifleman, encouraged them with the belief that they had succeeded in getting rid of him through the intimidation of his confederates.

They had now been for nearly a fortnight in the saddle,—had glutted themselves with vengeance, and as they conceived, broken down this dangerous conspiracy against their power; and if they had not succeeded in detecting and punishing, had at least frightened off their singular foe. They now concluded they might safely disband. That day, after they separated, one of their number, named Rees—almost as bad and savage a man as Hinch himself—was riding past a thicket, in sight of his own house, when he was shot from it. His negroes heard the gun, and seeing his horse galloping up to the house riderless, and snorting wildly, they ran down and found him stretched in the road, dead. He was shot in the eye! and the ball passed out at the back of his head.

When Hinch heard of this, he turned perfectly livid, his knees smote together, and with a horrible oath, he exclaimed—"It's Jack Long, or his ghost, by G—d! come back for vengeance!" It was now perceived for the first time, that all the men had been shot through the eye, instead of the back of the head where the ball had passed out after entering at the socket. The other heads had been too unpleasantly mutilated for examination, and this fact had not been before observed. Of course, every body was satisfied now, that this terrible being was in one way or another identified with Jack Long; for the no-

toriety of his favorite mark and his matchless skill instantly occurred to all, as accounting for much that was unaccountable in these occurrences. This produced a great change in public feeling. The better sort began to conceive that they understood the whole matter. The lynching Jack had received was fresh in their memories, and they supposed that its severity had shaken its mental balance and made him a monomaniac, and that the disease had endowed him with the marvellous cunning—the staunch, murderous hate—and the unnatural appearance which had created such sensation. They could not understand how a being so simple hearted and sluggish as he was reputed to have been, could have been roused or stung to such deeds by the mere depth and power of his natural passions; but monomaniac or not, such a vengeance and the conduct of the whole affair, were very imposing to their associations and prepossessions, and they sympathized heartily with him. It was only while the general uncertainty left every man in doubt whether his own person might not be next the object of this murderous aim, that the public were disposed to back the Rangers in whatever violent measures they might choose to resort to, to drag the secret to light, and the actor to punishment; but now that it was apparent his whole hate was levelled against the Rangers, and all that uncertainty was confined to them, he he the devil, ghost, madman or Jack Long, the public had no intention of interfering again. It was a personal issue between him and them—they might settle it between themselves! Indeed, men felt in their inmost hearts that every man of the ten engaged in the lynching of Jack Long, deserved a dozen times to be shot; and now they looked on coolly, rather enjoying the thing, and earnestly hoping that Jack might have the best of it.

And of this there seemed to be a strong probability; for the regulators made only one attempt to get together; but another of their number being killed on his way to the rendezvous, his body bearing that well known and fearful signature of skill, the remaining five, perfectly unnerved and overwhelmed with terror, retreated to their houses, and scarcely dared for several weeks to put their heads outside their own doors.

The class to which Jack had belonged, at least those of them who had managed to keep a footing during the relentless proscription of the Regulators, now began to look up, and hinted that they had known of Jack's return from the time of Stoner's murder, and had aided and abetted his purposes in every way in their power; furnishing him with fresh horses when the noble animal he rode back from the States became fatigued; assisting his flights and concealments, and furnishing him with information, as well as spreading the exaggerated stories about him.—One bluff old fellow remarked:

"You are fools who talk about Jack's being crazy! He's as calm and cold as a frosty morning up in old Kentuck; and his head's as clear as a bell! He's just got his Indian-fighting and Tory hatin' blood waked up in him by them stripes; that's a blood you know that's dangerouser than a catamount when it once gets riz!"

Jack was now frequently seen, but it was known that his work was only half done, and that he meant to finish it, and he was regarded with great curiosity and awe. The five wretched men were entirely unstrung and panic-stricken. They made no attempt at retaliation, but all their hopes seemed to lie in the effort to get out of his reach.—That long, heavy rifle haunted them day and night. They saw its dark muzzle bearing on them from every bush, and through the chinks of their own cabins!

One of them, named White, who was an inveterate toper, with all his terror could not resist his inclination for liquor, and after a confinement in his house of nearly three weeks, determined to risk all and go to the store and buy him a barrel. He went in a covered wagon, driven by a negro, while he lay stretched on the bottom in the straw. The barrel of liquor was obtained—he got into the wagon—lay down beside it, and started for home. All the way he never raised his head, until near the mouth of his lane, a log had been placed on the side of the road which tilted up the wagon in passing over it, so as to roll the barrel on him. He forgot his caution, and sprung up with his head out of the cover to curse the boy for his carelessness, and at that moment

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