

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

E. VARIS SUMMUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

[\$2.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.]

Vol 31

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1864.

No 16.

POETRY.

THE MUSICAL WHISTLE.

We remember (says the Home Journal) the man in Boston who whistled so exquisitely well that the boys would turn and follow him through the streets in the summer evenings, and we fancy that the two following verses were intended as a description of him:

Supper was over—the boy went out;
He passed through the yard and over the stile;
The big dog barked as he went along by,
And followed him near a mile.
And he sat him down on a hickory log,
And whistled a lively tune, this boy,
Which took the ear of the barking dog,
And he wagged his tail for joy.

The beetle stopped from pinching the fly,
The toad in his hole stood still,
And the tom-tit heard, with a tear in his eye,
And a fishing worm in his bill;
And the grasshopper said, "Know that air,
But I cannot whistle it so—
The tune of the man with no hair on his head,
Where hair ever ought to grow."

Miscellany.

THE SHOT IN THE EYE.

A True Story of Texas Border Life.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

So jumping up, Jack left the little folks peering wistfully as they looked after him from the door, and started. The stream was only about a hundred yards from the house, and the path leading to it was through a dense high thicket. It was against Jack's religion ever to leave his house without his gun; but his wife, whom he loved beyond all the universe of sentiment and everything else, was in a hurry for the water, and the distance was so short, so he sprang gaily out with the vessel in his hand, leaving the rifle behind. The water had been dipped up, and he was returning along the narrow path closely bordered by brush when he felt a light tap on his shoulder, and his career strangely impeded. He had just time to perceive that a lasso had been thrown over him, which would confine his arms, when he saw himself surrounded, and was rushed upon by a number of men. He instantly recognized the voice of Hinch, shouting, "Down with him!—drag him down!" as the men who had hold of the lasso about his body jerked at it violently in the effort to throw him. All his tremendous strength was put forth in one convulsive effort which would have freed him, but that the infernal noose had fallen true, and bound his arms. As it was, he dragged the six stout men who held it after his frantic bounds nearly to his own door, before he was prostrated, and then it was by a heavy blow dealt him with the butt of a gun. The last objects which met his eye as he sank down, were the horrified faces of his wife and two children looking out upon him.

The blow deprived him of his senses for some time, and before he recovered he found himself half-stripped, and lashed to a tree a short distance from the house. Hinch in front of him, with a knotted rope in his hand, his wife on the ground, wailing and clinging with piteous entreaty round the monster's knees, his children weeping by her, and outside this group a circle of men with their guns in their hands. That fearful awakening was a new birth to Jack Long! His eyes took in everything at one glance. A shudder like that of an oak rifling to its core, sprang along his nerves and seemed to pass out his feet, and through his fingers, leaving him as rigid as marble; and when the blows of the hideous mocking devil came upon his white flesh, making it wait in purple ridges, or spout dull black currents, he felt no more than the tintle of his door would have done; and the agony of that poor wife shrieking a frantic echo to every harsh, slashing sound, seemed to have no more effect upon him than it had upon the trees above them, which shook its green leaves to the self-same cadence they had held yesterday in the breeze. His wide-open eyes were glancing calmly and scrutinizingly into the faces of the men who stood around—those features are never to be forgotten!—for while Hinch lays on the stripes with all his furious strength, blaspheming as they fall, that glance dwells on each face with a cold, keen, searching intensity, as if marking them to be remembered in hell! The man's air was awful—so concentrated—so still—so enduring! He never spoke, or groaned, or writhed, but those intense eyes of his!—the wretches could not stand them, and began to shuffle and get behind each other. But it was too late; he had them all—ten men! They were registered.

We drop the curtain over this horrible scene. Suffice it to say, that after lashing him until he fainted, the Regulators left him; telling his wife that if they were not

out of the country in ten days, he should be shot. He did go within the specified time; and as it was said, returned where his wife's father lived. The incident was soon forgotten in Shelby county amidst the constant recurrence of similar scenes.

About four months after this affair, in company with an adventurous friend I was traversing Western Texas. Our objects were to see the country, and amuse ourselves in hunting for a time over any district we found well adapted for a particular sport—as for bear-hunting, deer-hunting, buffalo-hunting, &c. Either of these animals is to be found in great abundance, and of course pursued to greater advantage in peculiar regions; and as we were anxious to make ourselves familiar with all the modes of life in the country, we made it a point in passing through to stop wherever the promise of anything specially interesting offered itself. Prairies, timber and water were better distributed in Shelby than in any county we had passed through—the timber predominating over the prairie, though interlarded by it in every direction. The diversity of surface attracted a greater variety and quantity of game, as well as afforded more perfect facilities to the sportsman. Indeed, it struck us as a perfect hunter's paradise; and my friend happening to remember a man of some wealth who had removed from his native country, and settled, as he had understood, in Shelby, we inquired for him, and very readily found him.

Whatever else may be said or thought of the Texans, they are unquestionably most generously hospitable. We were frankly and kindly received, and horses, servants, guns and dogs, and whatever else was necessary to ensure our enjoyment of the sports of the country, as well as the time of our host himself, were forthwith at our disposal, and we were soon, to our hearts' content, engaged in every character of exciting chase.

One day we had all turned out for a deer drive. This hunt, in which the 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 get 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, and 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 in a slightly flurried manner, addressed our host.

"Squire, this is a strange country of yours! Do you let crazy people range in it with guns in their hands?"

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

"Well, I think I've 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 the right hand side of the bottom timber, and I accompanied me to my stand, and where we parted; he to go on to his; and I have not seen 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 gain 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 slying of my horse caused me to raise my eyes. And, by George! it was enough to have 'stampeded' a regiment of horses! On the left of the trail stood a very 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 seizing my gun, my eyes met those of this strange figure; and such eyes! Surprised at their cold, unnatural expression I suspended my action; burning with a chill, singular brilliancy, in deep sunken sockets, they looked as though 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 shoulder; and plucking at a long, grizzled 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 at this curious dumbshow 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, 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. 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 the 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 colour 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 the direction the horse took, and soon found myself here, and expected to find it here too!"

"No! Stoner is beyond here," said the squire. "That wagon trail you were turning and twisting about in, is a road I had opened to a number of board trees we cut and piled out there; you might have followed it for hours and not been more than a mile 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, 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-lauging discussion followed as to the probability 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 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 what has struck me from the first," said the squire after a pause. "It is that 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! That's my opinion of it."

"No doubt of it," said several.

"But it is 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 bloodhound! He can hardly escape him crazy or not crazy."

This seemed to be a satisfactory solution to 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 raging as I afterwards understood about Henry; calling his story about 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 sort of civility. He was a thick-set, broad-shouldered burly looking wretch, with blood-shot eyes and face bearing all the marks of debauchery. Our search was for several hours entirely unsuccessful, till Henry by accident found the place where 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 general course for some distance further, we at last found 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 all 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 of a short distance off, of the trail of a shod horse. Now, there was perhaps not a horse in Shelby county that wore shoes, and certainly not one in our party. Shooting 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 turnout 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 a 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 headquarters at the store, one of them, Winter, missed a portion of his horse 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 till some time the next day when his family, alarmed by the return of his horse with an empty saddle, sent to enquire after him. This sort of inquiries had come to be so significant of late, that they were instantly sobered, and mourning, rode back on their trail. Very soon a swarm of buzzards and wolves, near a line of thickets 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 bloodied 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 ghastly story of Henry's and the tracks, which only served to tantalize them!

It must be some dread, supernatural visitor 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 universally 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 sympathy with the popular association of a supernatural agency in their perpetration. Henry laughed at all this, but insisted that it was a mania; and to account for the peculiar dexterity of his escapes and whole management, related many anecdotes of the proverbial cunning of the madman. The wildest, most absurd, and incredible stories were now 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 other, 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 wind over the prairie. The people were amazed and those who were getting weary of the iron rule of the Regulators thought in their inmost hearts that every one of those engaged in lynching Jack Long deserved a dozen times over 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 more 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 unnerfed 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 purpose in every way in their power; furnishing him with fresh horses when the noble animal he rode back from the State became fatigued; assisting his flight and concealments, and assisting him with information, as well as spreading the exaggerated stories about him. One bluff old fellow remarked:

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

Jack was now frequently seen, but it was very generally 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 rely in the efforts 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 soper, with all his terror could not resist his inclination for liquor, and after a confinement 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, till near the mouth of the lane, a log had been placed on one 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 sprang up with his head out of the cover to curse the boy for his carelessness, and that moment a rifle was discharged. He fell back dead—shot through the eye. The boy said that his master suddenly cut short his oath, and exclaimed "There he is!"—at that moment the gun fired.

He saw a tall man with a beard hanging down on his breast and dressed in skins, walking off through the bush with his rifle on his shoulder.

The next man named Garnet about two weeks after this, got up one morning about sunrise and in his shirt sleeves stepped to his door and threw it open to breathe the fresh air. He was rubbing his eyes, being about half asleep; and when he got them fairly open, there stood the giant scowling beside a tree in the yard—the fatal rifle levelled, and waiting till his victim should