



## LITERATURE.

## THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER

Stretch forth! stretch forth! from the south to the north,  
From the east to the west,—stretch forth! stretch forth!  
Strengthen thy stakes and lengthen thy cords,—  
The world is a tent for the world's true lords!  
Break forth and spread over every place,  
The world is a world for the Saxon Race!

England sowed the glorious seed,  
In her wise old laws, and her pure old creed,  
And her stout old heart, and her plain old tongue,  
And her resolute energies, ever young,  
And her free bold hand, and her frank fair face,  
And her faith in the rules of the Saxon Race!

Feebly dwindling day by day  
All other races are fading away,  
The sensual south and the servile east,  
And the tottering throne of the treacherous priest,  
And every land is in evil case  
But the wide-scattered realm of the Saxon Race!

Englishmen every where! brethren all!  
By one great name on your millions I call,—  
Norman, American, Gael, and Celt,  
Into this fine mixed brass ye melt,  
And all the best of your best I trace  
In the golden brass of the Saxon Race!

Englishmen every where! faithful and free,  
Lords of the land and kings of the sea,—  
Anglo-Saxons! honest and true,  
By hundreds of millions my word is to you,—  
Love one another! as brothers embrace!  
That the world may be blest in the Saxon Race!

## Heroic Conduct of a Missouri Girl.

## THE CASE OF MARY SILMORE.

The Sunday Times has lately given a sort of romantic history of an event which occurred in South Western Missouri not many years ago. The facts are gleaned from a report of the trial of Mary Silmore for murder.—The writer of the article says he was himself counsel for the heroine, on her trial, and that the principal events related are on record in the archives of the Circuit Court of Jasper County, Missouri.

On the 4th of July, 1840, the lynchers of Jasper were all in motion. The Captain of the band had made a requisition for their whole force, and accordingly, full two hundred completely armed and equipped, assembled at the court house, as the point of departure on their desperate expedition. They were well dressed, mounted on strong, serviceable horses, and might be termed a respectable looking set of men for the backwoods. Their captain, John Mays, in particular, was a splendid fellow, at least in physical appearance. Tall, graceful, and commanding, he was fitted to adorn the drawing-room as well as the battle field. One of those changeable beings, so numerous in the far west, where any profession may be assumed at will without preliminary training. He had been first a bee-hunter, then a Methodist preacher, then a doctor, then a lawyer. He was now "a fighter," and on account of his astonishing prowess in his new occupation, had recently been elected to the captaincy of the lynchers, in the place of a predecessor killed.

The company left the court-house, which, on the frontier, is the public hall for all sorts of meetings, and set out on their campaign at ten in the morning. It was a fine sight to see them skinning away over the green sward of the level prairie, their hunting shirts streaming in the wind, and their guns glittering in the sunshine.—Many spectators collected to celebrate the glorious day, witnessed their departure, and many predicted that they would not return as they went.

As for the lynchers themselves, they seemed to labour under no gloomy apprehensions, as the following conversation (sworn to afterwards in open court) will show:

Tom Barker—Well, captain, do you think old Silmore will stand up to the sticking point this bout?

Captain—No, by J— and General Jackson! (His favourite oath.) Have we not whipped him three times already, until there is not an inch of his hide, from the neck to the heels, that does not bear the deep scars of our hickories?

Barker—Very true, captain; but then they say that he now keeps twelve loaded guns, and as many pistols, always by his head, and swears he will never be taken any more alive.

Captain—I don't care if he had fifty cannon. The old rogue is a coward, and a coward would not fight if he could be armed with thunder.

Barker—Yes; but they also say that pretty Mary, his youngest daughter, has been practising lately, and can shoot nearly as well as her father. May be she will take it into her head to give a pop of powder and lead.

At this singular intelligence Captain Mays turned pale, and drawing a long breath which sounded very similar to a love sigh, answered, in a softer and a sadder tone—  
"What a pity that such a beautiful creature as Mary should be the child of the thief and counterfeiter."

Barker—(with a smile.)—I am told that she used to be your sweetheart.

Captain—I loved her as my own soul, and am satisfied that she loved me until I joined the lynchers, and then she never would speak to me again. But that must have been the work of her infernal father, and I'll have his scalp for it yet.

Barker—They say that she can cut off the head of a hawk with a pistol at ten paces.

Captain—That may all be as they say, but yet she will never do harm to any human being. She is the most tender hearted woman ever God created. I wish you could have seen her weep at the death of her little spotted fawn, torn to pieces by the dogs, through mistake.

Barker—That's no sign. Parson Brady, you remember, cried out one day over his dead horse, and the next day killed Jack Coulter for calling him "Old Snuffler." Tears are as great a humbug as smiles, and I wouldn't trust either farther than I could throw a blacksmith's anvil.—But tell me, captain, what shall we do with Silmore if we catch him this time? We have ordered him off, and he won't go; we have whipped him till he has no skin on his back, and yet he hedges not. What are we to do?

Captain—Hang him to a limb of the magnolia in his own yard.

While the lynchers are on the way, let us anticipate their goal, and view the position of their enemy.

Immediately on a Southern bank of Spring River, embowered in the shade of a clump of grand magnolias—the only speck of timber visible in a large prairie—might be seen the log cabin of Lewis Silmore. The spot was surrounded by palings, enclosing some half an acre or more, to which the approach led through a whitewashed gate. Both above and below, by the rich bottom along the stream, bloomed fields and gardens, with other evidences of comparative wealth, and among the number half a dozen African slaves, who were busily employed with the plough and weeding-hoe.

The owner of the farm was a Yankee, at all events, such was the general belief. He had emigrated three years previously, was poor at the period of his arrival, and acquired his property since by dishonest practices. In fine, he was a counterfeiter, whose ingenuity and caution were alike so remarkable that it was impossible to procure his conviction in a regular court of justice. A striking example may serve to illustrate his extraordinary cunning.

Silmore was arrested about a year before the date of the visit by the lynchers soon to be described, and brought to trial for passing spurious money to the amount of five thousand dollars, which he had given in payment for a drove of slaves. The proofs on the part of the State were positive against him, and there seemed no chance for his escape. But, to the astonishment of everybody, he introduced, as a witness of his innocence, one of the most reputable men in the country, who swore "that some months anterior, the prisoner at the bar had staid over night at his house, and that, in the morning, when they both walked out to the gate, Silmore exclaimed, looking towards the public road, 'Yonder some traveller has lost his pocket-book,' and running to the place, picked it up, when it was found to contain five thousand dollars in bank bills—the same then produced in court. That the numbers were taken down by witness at the prisoner's request, and an advertisement in the Springfield newspaper, with an account of finding." This was conclusive, and the accused accordingly received an acquittal. What a rogue's ruse was here—what fertility of invention!—to lose his own counterfeit money, and then find it in the presence of a credible witness, so as to have proof of any contingency.

The log cabin of Silmore, on that bright 4th of July before specified, presented indubitable preparation for some expected danger. The door was shut and fastened with strong wooden bars on the inside. Several port holes, with the black muzzles of guns bristling through their apertures, might be noticed in the walls as well as doors. Within the scene was worthy of a painter. Intently watching towards the south, through a small crevice left between the logs, sat the counterfeiter—a slight, well favored, grey-haired man, with restless, rolling, and very bright black eyes, and a disagreeable puckered expression about the corners of the mouth. Close beside him were his wife and elder daughter, Eliza, both in tears. But that creature of grace and beauty, the sylph-like Mary, whose charms formed the topic of wonder and admiration for the whole country around, although not yet sixteen, neither trembled nor wept, but constantly examined the guns, saw that their breeches were properly supported on chairs and tables, and that their deadly dark muzzles were pointed directly at the gate. She looked at the priming in the pans, fixed fresh caps on the tubes of the pistols, and laid bowie-knife and hatchet in places to be handy for sudden use. All this was proved on the subsequent trial. And yet still there was no appearance of unusual emotion perceptible on her countenance, which was mild, calm, and sweet as ever.

Near noon a column of horsemen became visible in the south, moving rapidly forward over the even prairie. The vision of ominous peril affected the inmates of the log cabin in different ways. The features of the counterfeiter grew pale as marble. The mother and Eliza uttered suppressed cries, and entreated him to seek safety in flight across the river.

"Never!" exclaimed the lovely Mary. "Never run for such a band of murderers. No, dear father, defend your own house, or die! I will help you defend it, and die with you."

In a few moments their foes were at the gate. They alighted, hitched their horses to the palings, and were in the act of entering. The gate was fifty paces from the house.

"Now, father, is the time to fire. Let us shoot sure and quick," said Mary, in a low and calm voice.

But Silmore was in no state of mind to heed such excellent advice. His courage had vanished in the exact ratio of the enemy's approach, until he stood pale, trembling and powerless as an infant.

"Why do you not shoot, father?" asked Mary, with

flashing eyes, as the lynchers rushed through the gate and hurried on towards the cabin, and the mother and eldest daughter screamed outright with terror.

The father could not even answer; but sunk down, quaking on the floor.

"Then let me shoot," cried the young heroine, springing to a gun, as the savage men advanced half way from the gate to the door.

"No! no!" articulated Silmore in trembling tones, so faint as to be scarcely an audible whisper; and at the same instant the mother and Eliza caught Mary, and by main strength, with considerable difficulty prevented her from firing—an act that, under the circumstances, would have looked like madness; for what might the despairing bravery of a girl avail against two hundred of the most desperate lynchers in all the woods?

Little time, however, was allowed for action.

In a moment the door was beaten from its hinges. The avengers entered and dragged the quivering counterfeiter forth, his wife and Eliza followed after, and calling out in the most piteous tones for mercy. The prayer was offered in vain—offered to ears as deaf to entreaty as the adder's to the charms of music.

"Let us hang the wretch to the first limb!" shouted Captain Mays.

"Hang him to the first limb!" echoed two hundred voices.

"Here is a rope," said the captain, drawing a strong cord from his pocket.

"Mercy! mercy!"

"Climb up into that magnolia, and tie one end of this to yonder swinging limb, while I taster the other end in a noose round the villain's neck; and then, when I give the word, pull him up six feet. Let him go off high and dry," ordered the chief lyncher.

Bob Mays, a brother of the captain, and another man ascended the old tree in the yard, as directed, one of them holding the rope between his teeth, while their leader proceeded to adjust the noose on the fainting victim's throat.

"Mercy! mercy!" still arose that wailing cry, in shrieks dreadfully loud and shrill.

"Take away these yelling women," said the captain, as the two females fell on their faces before him, and clasped their arms closely about their knees.

The command was executed, and as the rude murderers bore them off, they both still screamed "mercy!" and Eliza added, "Come, come, sister Mary, and beg the captain for mercy. He once loved you so well, perhaps he will hear you."

Mays turned pale, and glanced his eyes towards the cabin. No one, however, was to be seen there, and the door itself was again shut.

"Are you ready?" inquired the chief, looking into the tree above him.

"Mercy!" cried the mother and Eliza, several rots instant from the awful spot.

"All ready!" said the executioner perched in the magnolia, tightening the fatal cord.

"Then —" but the captain's voice was drowned in those screams for "mercy," and by a sudden shock of air more terrible still, and far more difficult to withstand.

"Boom! boom!" loud and heavy, two reports, that roared almost together, pealed from the door of the log cabin. The girl Mary had begun her work.

The commencing sentence died on the captain's livid lip. He fell to the earth a ghastly corpse, his head torn to pieces with bullets and buckshot, for the heroine had taken aim with a double-barrelled gun, and had given the enemy both loads at once.

"Boom! boom!" sounded two others, as the panic-stricken lynchers fled away in the most hopeless consternation, leaving on the bloody field, besides their dead captain, several others badly wounded, and many of their weapons cast behind them in their flight. Indeed, so thorough was their alarm, that they dared not return to their horses, or to bear off their slain, until they had first sent back a committee of neighbouring females to crave permission in the humblest terms.

In the meantime, the short, sharp cracks of several rifles were heard. Mary was endeavoring to bring down the two lynchers in the magnolia, who had hastily ascended higher up, and hidden deeper in the thick foliage—themselves crying for "mercy" in their turn.

Through the interposition of the counterfeiter, his wife, and the elder daughter, the backwoods "*Minerva*" was finally induced to spare the rest.

The news of this tragely created, as may well be conceived, a tremendous excitement, and led to the abolition of lynching forever, in the prairie land of Jasper: for the people, every where, are always certain to take sides with extraordinary bravery, and, although, the friends of the old regime of violence managed to have an indictment returned by the grand jury against Mary Silmore for the murder of Mays, she was acquitted afterwards on trial, amidst the acclamations of five hundred spectators. Much greater interest was manifested in her favour, owing to the general belief that she was not apprised of her father's felonious practices. The female members of the family had been popular all the while, even when the counterfeiter himself was universally execrated.

As we are not dealing in fiction, but naked unadorned truth, proved and sworn in a court of justice, we cannot gratify the reader's curiosity by additional particulars as to the subsequent history of Mary Silmore. The writer shortly afterwards emigrated to Texas, and has not heard aught from one whose beautiful image rises up often before the eye of memory.

Why is "truth stranger than fiction?" Because truth is from the wild passionate, living heart, while fiction is forged in the cold, crafty intellect. The one is wrought in figures of fire; the other in embroidery of frost work.

Cimon, said Bob, what are you doing now a days for a living?

Nothin', particular. I'm owner of a ship, now.

Owner of a ship! What ship?

Stewardship, at Sam Johnsing's cellar.