

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 gaunt avenger beside a tree in the yard—the fatal rifle levelled, and waiting till his victim should see him distinctly. He did see him—but it was with his last look! The bullet went crashing through his brain too! Long is said to have told one of his friends that he never in a single instance shot one of these men till he was certain the mansaw and recognized him fully.

All were gone now but Hinch and the two youngest men of the party, Williams and Davis. The two latter were permitted to escape. Whether it was from relenting on the part of the dread avenger,—or that he had observed some trifling thing in their demeanor on the occasion of the outrage resentment had so deeply drank of the bitter delight of atonement,—or that in his anxiety to secure Hinch, he confined his efforts and watchfulness to him alone—I do not know. They made a forced and secret sale of their property, and cleared out during the night. But it was for Hinch he had with passionless calculation reserved the most inconceivable torture. He had passed him by all this time, while one after the other he struck down the tools and companions of his crimes. He doomed him to see them falling around him with the certain knowledge that the avenging hate which slew them burned with ten fold intensity for his life—that it must and would have it! But when would the claim be made? Should he be the next one? No! The next one? No! But then each succeeding death, so sure to take one of their number, drove away every sophistry of hope, and realized to him in bare and sterner horror that his own fate was as fixed as theirs. As each one fell away the circle of doom narrowed—slowly, steadily closing in about him. Soon there would be no one left but him! How could he call an hour his own! When could he feel safe? That relentless subtlety had baffled them all! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, strong men had all gone down before that fearful rifle—EVERY ONE OF THEM SHOT THROUGH THE EYE! God of Heaven!—and the sharp agony would spangle keen points of burning light through a socket! "I too must be shot through the eye!" Horror! It was worse than ten thousand deaths, and he died them in lingering tortures told over day by day.

From the time of Rees's death he looked a changed and stricken man. In a few weeks he had lost a great deal of flesh, and became piteously haggard—his eyes and gait and voice were all humble. His turbulent and fierce animality faded before the harrowing suspense of this fear. The bully and murderous ruffian trembled at the rustling of a leaf. His own imagination became his hell—and hungry remorse grew stronger and stronger with feasting at his heart! He never left his house for weeks, until the escape of Williams and Davis inspired him with some hope. He procured a fine horse and set off one dark night for the Red River! Everybody regretted his escape—for men had looked in quite expectation upon the progress of this affair, and in strong faith that the sense of wild border justice would be gratified in seeing this stern, righteous and unparalleled vengeance consummated by the fall of Hinch—the monster instigator and chief actor in all the grievous outrages which had roused the simple-hearted Long into a demon-executioner of doom.

Hinch reached the bank of the Red River, sprang from his foaming and exhausted horse, after looking cautiously around—and threw himself upon the grass to wait for a steamboat. In two hours he heard one puffing down the stream, and saw the white wreaths of steam curling up behind the tress. How his heart bounded! Freedom, hope, and life!—once more sprang through his shrivelled veins and to his lips. He signalled the vessel; she rounded to and lowered her yawl. His pulse bounded high, and he gazed with absorbing eagerness at the crew as they pulled lustily towards the shore. A click—behind him! He turned with a shudder, and THERE HE WAS! That long rifle was bearing straight upon him—those cold eyes dwelt steadily upon him for a moment—and crash! all was for ever blackness to Hinch the Regulator! The men who witnessed this singular scene landed, and found him SHOT THROUGH THE EYE; and saw the murderer galloping swiftly away over the plain stretched out from the top of the bank! And so the vengeance was consummated, and the stern hunter had wiped out with much blood the stain of stripes on his free limbs; and could now do, what I was told he had never done since the night of those fatal and fatally expiated stripes, look his wife again in the eyes, and receive her form to rest again upon his breast.

It was an awful deed. In view of all its circumstances, the provocation, the character of Long, the deranging influence of the outrage upon his brain, though no other indication appeared of impaired sanity—the mind is lost in uncertainty as to the judgment which should be passed upon it. He did not remain in Shelby county; but in what direction he had intended to go after returning to Arkansas for his wife and children, I could never hear. He is probably living now his old quiet and good natured life in the heart of the green-wilderness; and it is as likely as not that of those two chubby boys who rolled with him about the floor of his log-cabin on that memorable night of which I have above simply related the events and the consequences, will some of these days come to Washington from congressional districts beyond the Rocky Mountains.

From the Knickerbocker.

### THE POOR—GOD HELP THEM.

BY MRS. MARY E. HEWITT.

OLD winter hath come with a stealthy tread,  
O'er the fallen Autumn leaves,  
And shrilly he whistled overhead,  
And pipeth beneath the eaves.  
Let him come! We care not amid our mirth  
For the driving snow or rain;  
For little we reek of the cold, dull hearth,  
Or the broken window pane.

'Tis a stormy night, but our glee shall mock  
At the winds that loudly prate,  
As they echo the moan of the poor that knock  
With their cold hands at our gate.  
The poor! We give them the half picked  
bone,  
And the dried and mildewed bread;  
Ah! they never, God help them! know the  
pain  
Of being over fed.

Fill round again with the cheering wine,  
While the fire grows warm and bright;  
And sing me a song, sweet-heart of mine,  
Ere you whisper the words "Good night!"  
You never will dream, 'neath the covering  
warm  
Of your soft and curtained bed,  
Of the scanty rug and the shivering form,  
And the yawning roof o'erhead.

The poor! God pity them in their need!  
We've a prayer for their every groan;  
They ask us with outstretched hands for bread,  
And we give unto them a stone.

God help them! God help us! for much we  
lack,  
Though lofty and rich we be,  
And open our hearts unto all that knock  
With the cry of CHARITY!

From the "Wives of England"

### COMPANIONSHIP OF WOMAN.

AFTER all, what is it that man seeks in the companionship of woman? An influence like the gentle dew, and the cheering light, more felt throughout the whole of his existence, in its softening, healing, harmonizing power; than acknowledged by any single act, or recognized by any certain rule. It is in fact a being to come home to, in the happiest sense of that expression.

Poetic lays of ancient times were wont to tell, how the bold warrior returning from the fight would doff his plumed helmet, and, reposing from his toils, lay bare his weary limbs, that woman's hand might pour into his wounds the healing balm. But never wearied knight, nor warrior covered with the dust of the battle field, was more in need of woman's soothing power, than are those care-worn sons of toil, who struggle for the bread of life, in our more peaceful and enlightened days. And still, though the romance of the castle, the helmet, the waving plume, and the

"Clarion wild and high," may all have vanished from the scene; the charm of woman's influence lives as brightly in the picture of domestic joy, as when she placed the wreath of victory on the hero's brow. Nay, more so, for there are deeper sensibilities at work, thoughts more profound, and passions more intense, in our great theatre of intellectual and moral strife, than where the contest was for martial fame, and force of arms procured for each competitor his share of glory, or of wealth.

Amongst all the changes which have taken place in the condition of mankind, it is then not the least of woman's privileges, that her influence remains the same, except only as it is deepened and perfected as her own character approaches towards perfection. It is not the least of her privileges, that she can still be all to man what his necessities require; that he can retire from the tumult of the world, and seek her society with a zest which nothing can impair, so long as she receives him with a true and faithful heart—true to the best and kindest impulses of which her nature is capable; and faithful to the sacred trust committed to her care.

And that it is so, how many an English home can witness—how many a fireside welcome—how many a happy meeting after absence painfully prolonged! Yes, there are scenes within the sacred precincts of the household hearth which, not the less because no stranger's eye beholds them, repay, and richly too, dark days of weary conflict, and long nights of anxious care. But who shall paint them? Are they not graven on the hearts of English wives? and those who hold the picture there, in all its beauty, vividness, and truth, would scarcely wish to draw aside the veil, which screens it from the world.

From Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.

### THE MILKY WAY—OUR ASTRAL SYSTEM.

It was first surmised by the ancient philosopher, Democritus, that the faintly white zone which spans the sky under the name of the Milky Way, might be only a dense collection of stars too remote to be distinguished. This conjecture has been verified by the instruments of modern astronomers, and some spe-

culations of a most remarkable kind have been formed in connection with it. By the joint labors of the two Herschels, the sky has been "gauged" in all directions by the telescope, so as to ascertain the conditions of different parts with respect to the frequency of the stars. The result has been a conviction, that as the planets are parts of solar systems, so are solar systems parts of what may be called astral systems; that is, systems composed of a multitude of stars, bearing a certain relation to each other. The astral system to which we belong is conceived to be of an oblong, flattish form, with a space wholly or comparatively vacant in the centre, while the extremity in one direction parts into two. The stars are most thickly sown in the outer parts of this vast ring, and these constitute the Milky Way. Our sun is believed to be placed in the southern portion of the ring, near its inner edge, so that we are represented with many more stars and see the Milky Way much more clearly in that direction than towards the north, in which line our eye has to traverse the vacant central space. Nor is this all. Sir William Herschel, so early as 1783, detected a motion in our solar system with respect to the stars, and announced that it was tending towards the star in the constellation Hercules.

This has been generally verified by recent and more exact calculations, which fix on a point in Hercules, near the star 143 of the 17th hour, according to Piazzi's catalogue, as that towards which our sun is proceeding. It is, therefore, receding from the inner edge of the ring. Motions of this kind, through such vast regions of space, must be long in producing any change sensible to the inhabitants of our planet, and it is not easy to grasp their general character; but grounds have nevertheless been found for supposing that not only our sun, but the other stars of the system pursue a wavy course round the ring from east to west, crossing and recrossing the middle of the annular circle. "Some stars will depart more, others less, from either side of the equilibrium, according to the places in which they are situated, and according to the direction and the velocity with which they are put in motion. Our sun is probably one of those which depart furthest from it, and descend furthest into the empty space within the ring."

According to this view, a time may come when we shall be more in the thick of the stars of our astral system than we are now, and have of course, much more brilliant nocturnal skies, but it may be countless ages before the eyes which are to see this added splendour shall exist.

## The Politician.

New York Albion, March 1.

### NEW-BRUNSWICK POLITICS.

The discussions that have arisen in this loyal province, in consequence of the appointment of Mr Reade to an important office, were at the last accounts at their height, and threatening to produce results highly injurious to the colony.

The brief statement of the case is this. The Governor, Sir William Colebrooke, on the death of Mr Odell, the late Provincial Secretary, appointed Mr Reade, his Excellency's son-in-law, to the vacancy; and this, it is said, was done without consulting the Executive Council, according to the new-fangled notions and doctrines of "Responsible Government." Whereupon four of the Councillors resigned their offices.

It is, however, not exactly clear, from the papers before us, that the Governor omitted to consult his Council; one account states that he consulted all the members that were at the seat of government at the time. At all events, one half of the Council remain with him, and refuse to follow the example of the four who have departed. But the business does not end with this retrograde movement of the retiring quartet, for we find that the matter is straightway mooted in the House of Assembly, where the late Councillors appear, and make their respective statements. Sundry Resolutions and amendments are offered, all of which however, are rejected, except the following, proposed by Partelow.

[Here is inserted the above-mentioned Resolution.]

This resolution was carried by a vote of 19 to 13, and would, it is said, have received a still greater support but for the allusion made to Mr Reade's relationship to the Governor. The other resolutions and amendments we have not inserted, but they have all direct reference to the system of responsible government, which it is assumed has been violated in the manner of making this appointment. We do not say that this reference to an untried system, was the cause of the rejection of the resolutions; but the fact seems probable and we shall be glad of it, if it were so, because it indicates a laudable reluctance of the Assembly to tie up the country to doctrines not yet sufficiently understood by the mass of the people. It does seem to be a wiser and less dangerous course—if the appointment in question were unpopular—to rest the objections to it on the ground of the recipient being a stranger to the colony as Mr Partelow has done. With this expression of its

sentiments, we trust the House will be content until the pleasure of her Majesty the Queen be known. We should indeed be sorry, and sorely disappointed too, if other and more hostile measures be adopted. The history of that loyal colony—the circumstances of its early settlement, and the sufferings and devotion of its first settlers—lead us to hope that its people know how to place confidence in the justice and honour of England.

But after all it does not appear that Mr Reade is so much a stranger to the Province as some persons suppose. He has, according to Mr Simonds, whose able and eloquent speech in the Assembly we have in part copied—resided several years within its bosom—knows its condition, resources, and capabilities, and was one of the persons chosen to proceed on a highly confidential mission to Washington, to meet Lord Ashburton, and give him local information when negotiating the boundary treaty. Mr Reade, moreover, is represented as possessing abilities, official habits, great industry and integrity, qualities which we should suppose eminently fit him for the office he has obtained. It may be, as it is urged, that there are others in the colony equally gifted and having equal claims to promotion; but is this a valid argument for throwing the colony into discord and confusion? Is it of importance to convulse the country for an office worth only £600 a year? A newspaper in this city has given nearly as much to an assistant editor!

If these be the precious fruits of Responsible Government, the country may well pray to be rid of the system; and the House of Assembly did indeed act wisely in not incorporating any thing in reference to that system in the resolution it ultimately adopted.

It is in vain to say that the crown enjoys any prerogative if the exercise of it be forgiven or nullified by the House of Assembly. The Governor in whom is represented the person and authority of the Sovereign, appoints an officer; but this appointment is resisted as being unconstitutional! Suppose Lord Stanley had nominated or recommended Mr. Reade, would that have been set at naught also? Suppose the Queen herself had sent out Mr. Reade to the Governor as a proper person to fill the office, would her Majesty's wishes and orders been disregarded? Yet the principle is the same, for the Governor acts in the name and behalf of the Queen.

If the House of Assembly proceed to pass a vote of want of confidence in the Governor and Council, provided the appointed be not rescinded, the House of Assembly will go further than the House of Commons has gone.—The Commons of England are not in the habit of making an individual appointment the ground for upsetting a Cabinet. If one of the principal Secretariats fall vacant, and the Queen nominated an individual to fill it, as George the Third and George the Fourth often did, no obstruction would be interposed by Parliament, because Parliament knows that, in such a case, the Sovereign has only exercised his or her legitimate rights.

When William the Fourth turned out the Whigs, and put in the Tories, in 1834-5, no body questioned his right to do so. Parliament took no vote on the question, nor passed any censure. The new cabinet was opposed, on the general grounds of its policy, and was finally beaten, and obliged to resign on the appropriation clause of the Irish Church Bill. We cannot suppose then, that the House of Assembly of New Brunswick will go further than to put the Resolution above quoted on its journals, after which we trust the public business will go on without further interruption.

New York Albion, March 8.

Our hopes with regard to the course of this hitherto loyal Province, are blasted. The House of Assembly has passed a vote of confidence in the Executive Council, and followed up that vote by adopting an Address to the Queen, setting forth their grievances. This Address was prepared and adopted with the utmost haste, in order that it might be forwarded by the mail to England, which departed next day. This address is inserted in another column, and its contents will be found important in several points of view. We have also inserted a letter from a correspondent, which goes over the ground of these difficulties with earnestness, but at the same time with impartiality.

In adopting the Resolution, disapproving of the appointment of Mr. Reade, given in our last number, it will be remembered that the House rejected all the Resolutions that were offered having reference to Responsible Government, because that principle has not yet been directly and formally adopted by the Province; but it will be observed that the