HOPER.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN,

" At the place of execution he said he stoor before him who created him; and standing he would yield up his spirit to him." A coin which had been issued during his administration, he de-livered to the corporal, with the charge to bear seitness that, in his host hour, he felt himself bound by every tie of constancy to his poor fatherland. Then he eried Fire !"

I will not kneel to yield my life ; Behold me firmly stand,
As of: I've stood in deadly strife
For my dear fatherland: The cause for which I long have bled I cheriab to the last; God's blessings be upon it shed, When my vain life is part !-

On Nature's ramparts I was born. And o'er them walked state, My retinue the hues of dawn, The mists my robe of state; I will not shame my mountain birth-Slaves only crouck to the : Erect I'll take my leave of earth With clear and dauntless eye.

Thoughts of the engle's lofty home, Of stars that ever skine, The crient's crested arch of foam, The darkly waving pine, The dizzy crag, eternal snow, Echoes that wildly roll, With valor make my bosom glow, And wing my parting soul.

This coin will wake my country's tears, Fresh cast in Freedom's mould; 'Tis dearer to my brave compeers Than all your despot's gold; Oh! let it bear the last farewell Of one free mounts And bid the Tyrol peasants swell Their songs of martial cheer !

I've met ye on a fairer field, And ne'er with tamely bow, Think not with suppliant knee I'll yield To craven vengeance now; Cut short my few and tollsome days, Let loose a tyrent's thrall; I'll die with unaverted gaze, And conquer as I fall,

Above the sense of human woes, Loyal to native land, Unconscious of these enger foes Creator, see me stand ! Free as when first I drew my breath, Though girt with mortal ire; My Country, take a patriot's death My God, his spirit—" Fire!"

JOHN MORTON.

OR THE

RUNAWAY SON.

"John, give me back that book." Ther words spoken in a harsh tone by his tather, caused John Morton to start in affright. " Please, father, was only-"

"No words," interrupted the father, "give me the book."

With tearful eyes and trembling hands John passed the book to his father, who immediately threw it into the fire. "Now, sir, go and finish chopping that

brush, and remember, if you quit it again sefore it is all done. I'll give you a whip-

Mr. Morton was a small farmer, who lived a few miles from the village of M-Massachusetts. A man of no literary taste, himself, he could not endure it in other and for this reason was an unkind and often unjust father towards John, his second son, who loved books better than anything else in the world.

John was not a lazy boy, But as a farmer boys know no such thing as leisure, he was obliged to do his reading at such times as he could steal from his work, when his fatheer was not by. George, his elder brother, was his opposite in every respect; he was a good farmer, but the durce at school,

"I tell you what it is John," he would say, "I wouldn't give a suap of my flagers for all of your book learning; but it you like it, go in, if the old man will let you, but as for me, I am bound to stick to the

time to buy a fine edition of Cooper's works complete, which an acquaintance had bought at auction in a reighboring town, and not caring much for it, had offered it to him for

The night before our story co John had procured the long coveted treasure, and in the morning had commenced to "As for you, sald George, "I do not need read as soon as it was light. From this he was soon called by his father to chop a load that coat speaks for itself. But never in of brush he had just brought in.
Reinctantly John left the book and went

after another load was too much for him, he

had forgotton to give George and returned, knew a book worm yet, who ever torned that made him angrily burn the book. again commenced his work. He "Never mind, father," and John, "go to

George seeing how bad he felt about it, After the old man had left them. John ADVENTURES WITH THE KU-RLUX | WIT AND HUMOR. Jack, I wouldn't care, let it go, and the next lieved be would retire also. time I go to the city, I'll get you another." "And what if you do I" replied John, sadly, "he will not let me read it. I tell you George, it's no use," he continued, "I'm

"Oh, nonsense, Jack," said George, "y will soon get over it. As for my part, I can't see what you can find so interesting in books. I'd rather go into the corn-field and work the hottest day in summer than to have to get one lesson of any kind,"

"I know that, said John, "It's your na-ture, but I can't do the farm work, it isn't in me. I was never meant for it, and there large to-merrow morning I'm going, comwhat may." George tried to change his used for some time, but finding him determined, helped him to get ready to the best of his ability, forcing him to accept all his spare pocket money, telling him that he could repay it when he got rich.

." But one thing, Jack," said he, " what ever you do, be an honest man. You'll make a smarter man than ever I shall, I'm sure of it, but be honest, don't forget that. And remember, I expect to be here as long as I live. So if at any time the world goes hard with you, don't forget home."

The next morning at breakfast, John was missed. An examination of his room showed that he had taken his little bundle of clothes and gave evidence to his father that lie had gone for good. "Never mind," said he, "he'll soon be back."

Thirteen years have passed since John Morton left the old homestead, and contrary to his father's prediction he had not come

In the meantime, things had not gone on smoothly about the farm. Farmer Morton had given up the whole charge of the farm to George, who had married a girl in the neighborhood, and was now the father of five children. Years before, in case of emergency, farmer Morton had mortgaged the farm to a small amount, and ever since the marriage of George, in spite of all his exertions, the mortgage had been gaining ground, until now the place must be sold as he could not meet the terms of agreement,

This was a terrible blow to George and the old man, but there was no help for it off than themselves, and therefore could not

It was a bitter cold night in December, that they were seated around the kitchen fire. It was to be their last night at home, for the next day would be the sale, and then they would be honseless. Farmer Morton sat with his head buried in his hands. At times he would raise it up and gaze upon some cherished article, as if to take a last farewell and then bowing again, would sob

"Come, come, father," said George, "don't be so down-hearted. Cheer up, cheer up. I am young yet; and if I live, and hard work will do it, you shall come back to the

old place yet." "I cannot hope for it, George," returned the old man. It will require years of successful labor; and I am old, and cannot ast long. I had hoped to die in the old nouse, but I am afraid it cannot be. Sixty years I have passed here boy and man, and it is hard to leave now ----

They were interrupted by a knock at the door, and upon opening it, there entered a young man very shabbily dressed. For a moment he stood surveying the group, with tears in his eyes, and then reached forth his hand exclaiming :

" George do you not recognize me? "Pather, it is John !" exclaimed George, joyfully seizing his hand, and leading him towards his father.

The old man arose, and turning toward

" John, my son !" at the same time stretch ing forth his arms then suddenly drawing mself up to his full height, he said, " John. for thirteen years you have been a strange ither where you were, nor what you were, nor what you were doing; can you give us

"I can sir !" replied John, proudly, and the next moment he was folded in his fath-

Next followed inquiries from John as how things had gone in his absence; and he soon learned the whole story.

to ask how the world has gone with you-I have some better clothes up-stairs, and you are welcome to take your pick. But what to the task, but the departure of his father have you been doing, Jack ; trying to get a to rep living by books in

"Yes," replied John, "I have lived en-tirely by books."

"And a poor living you have had, I'll ed some directions he be bound," mid the old man; "I never

there sat John comfortably before the fire, completely lost in his book. It was this "That's very true," answered his father rather testily, "but had you stack to the

worked steadily all day, but spoke not a best now, and George and I will try and Court of Criminal Correction, on its make some pression for the lutter."

good naturedly said to him : " Never mind, said that he was rather fullgreed, and be "But, said George, " your have not in-

ouired as to our future prespects. Do you not wish to know ?" not wish to know ?".
"No," said John, rather shortly, " not to

going away where I can have a chance to night; I don't feel interested." And taking his light, with a yawn, left the coom. Gaorge felt hurt. "After all," he thought, "he has changed. He don't seem to care what becomes of us. Never mind—poor fellow, no doubt he has seen hard times,

until they have hardened his heart," The next morning found John Moeton enfrom his father, for his heartlessness,

ood, that I cannot realize that I am a

At twelve o'clock the auctioneer appeared in company with those who were die to bid for the place. Immediately upon their arrival, John took the auctioneer aside moments. Soon after the auctioneer mounted upon the steps, and said :

"Gentlemen, I have been requested, by the celebrated author, Morten J. Hall, of Boston, to bid upon this place, for him, as high as thirty-five hundred dollars. If any but when we opened our lips to speak, all

As no one seemed disposed to make any The monster looked down upon us, and advance upon that bid, the place was de in a whisper that sounded like a four horse

" Well," said the old man, at dinner, "the worst is over; and I shouldn't wonder if we

seems to be a city man."

"Oh, yes," said John, "I know you can.

He don't care anything about farming. I almost any other gentleman."

"Beware," he, or it, or all of them, repeated more selemnly than before. "I have drank

ruin; but, instead, they have saved me from want."

"You are right, father," said John. "I am worth, to-day, ten thousand dollars, all the next query. the farm, I should have been as poor-yes, evident that I was not born to be a farmer."

41410

The Wrong Woman. Reading the article in Thursday's Chroniels headed, "Shall Women Propose ?" in which Mrs. Oakes Smith relates a story of a woman proposing to the wrong man, reminds me of an occurrence that happened here some twenty years since. A distinguished profes-sor and divine from this neighborhood was on a visit to some friends east of the moun tains, and was introduced to a very respetable family which had two accomplished daughters—one of them very handsome, the ther rather plain. After spending som weeks in the neighborhood, and having frequent opportunities of meeting the ladles he became quite enamered with the younger and prettier of the sisters. He, however, returned home without showing any preference new acquaintances. But the image of one

er, he concluded to commence a correspon dence with the object of his affection. U fortunately, or fortunately, as he afterwards was fixed for the wedding, and the grave and reverend D. D. entered his appearance at the proper time. But what was his consternation to find he was going to marry a lady he had not courted. But, being a sensible a an honorable man, he said nothing about it, believing the hand of Providence was in the anter, and was actually married to the sis

ter of the girl he thought he had won. wor on; she proved to be a most amish intelligent and affectionate wife. Ho ne told the story until after the younger may was happily t seried. He never had reas

name, fought a third at Kokomo, Ind., on.

Tomothy S. Fitch; a pr

INITIATION CEREMONY.

The following exposition is said to have been given by one of the "Klan;" The report having been circulated that we were a member of the mystic clan that is creating some sensation at present, we give our experience and make a full expose of the natter, relying upon the lemence of the rotherhood for exculpation,

A few nights ago, having turned a corner to see a friend," and just as we were about to trace our weary way homeward, we became conscious that we were in a presence, gaged-in a noisy romp with the whole of his brother's children. Indeed, so far did be carry it, that he received a cutting rebuke gling, fiery serpents. Each eye was a skull "I can't belp it, father," he replied, inside of which blazed a horrid light. In everything reminds me so much of child- fact, the towering form appeared to be a hecatomb of skeletons, as if some one had gathered up the bones of all those who fell at Coul Harbor and joined them into one enormous skele on, and clothed the whole in fire,

We had repeatedly thought of the probability of meeting with such an apparition and conversed with him earnestly for a few and had meditated what we should say under the circumstances. We had determined to quote from Milton, thus:

"Whence and what art thou execrable shape That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance Thy miscreated front athwart my way?"

of you feel disposed to bid higher than that, at once our teeth commenced a chattering we will proceed; otherwise there is no that resembled a pint of peas poured into an mpty flour barrell.

clared sold, and soon the family was again power bellows breathed through a stove pipe, said, in measured, ghastly tones: "BE-WARE."

"Mister we answered between chatters, could hire the place from this Mr. Hall, who "if that is your name, we would rather be

the millioneth Hbation. Upon a million "Don't say any more!" cried George, fields have I fought, bled, and died. I was umping up, and seizing both his brother's slain by Sampson when he dispersed the hands, "that one expression betrays you ranks of the Philistines. I died at a rano he don't like farming.' John, you are this pyle. I helped winklered to make way Morton J. Hall! I half suspected it this for liberty. Upon the field of Waterloo I morning; for you never was hardhearted again gave up the ghest. Seventeen times when a boy, and you didn't act the part very have I been killed in duels. At Shiloh, Ma-John," said he, "I did not understand you, pomatics word House, I was among the your slain. Have you drank the libation

We were obliged to confess we hadn't li-

"How have you served your country ?" was earned by my pen; while had I stayed by "We are raising sixteen boys, ten of 'em

twins, for the next war," we responded, seepoorer, than I found you; for you and ing that our interlocutor was evidently a George are good farmers; while I could fighting man. We wanted to please him. never fix my mind upon it; in fact, it is "How did you serve during the late war ?" came next.

"Valiantly," we answered.

"In the Quartermaster's Department,"

"You'll do," was uttered more audibly than had been spoken before. "The black kitten hath mewed. The walperwegitas sings aloud on the night air. High carnivals is held in the sepulchre of Robert Kidd. The grand Cyclop awaits you. The Khankhenwhensteininger is ready to salute you. Evade! Ecumph ! Come along."

Saying this, we were taken by an ample part of our pantaloons, and two steps of our newly formed acquaintance brought us to the top of Stone Mountain, which immediately opened to swallow us up. Immediately we you was strongly opposed to having and ornenced sinking.

The demon Ku-Klux held us firmly,-He was a man of very sedate and studious Down, down we went. Little Ku-Kluxes habits, and soon became absorbed in his were in all the cracks and crevices of the machinery, I would like for thee to have books, and for a time seemed to forget his rocks. Toads and bats, and snakes, and scorpious, all made of brimstone and fire, of them seemed to be continually before his were darting about, flapping their wings and sticking their forked tongues in our face .-After having maturely considered the mat- Down we still went—out of sight of the starlight, into thick darkness, deeper, deeper, darker, darker-down, we went. We tried to count the time we were going down. An stated, he addressed the wrong lady. He hour, a month, a year passed; a thousand had got the names transposed. The correspondence led to an engagement. The day bottom. Finally, we concluded we would years seemed to pass, and we no nearer the ttom. Finally, we concluded we would wer make a land, but if we should at some future time, we will take the first opportunity to inform our readers of the fact, and what transpired down there.-Atlanta. Era

An adjournment of the Southern Pres Association's meeting, from April 20 to May

Admirst Hoff has transferred his flag from om the United States steamers Wampar to the Contoucook.

A heavy frost at Montgomery, Ala,, on Tuesday night, materially affected the young Prof. Wittiam Smith of Bowdoin College was buried in Brunswick, Ma, on the 8th. Prof. Packard delivered the discourse.

The wreck of the ship Autocrat, with argo of coal, &c., lying on Arch Rock, was old in San Francisco for \$10,500.

The late high prices for cotton have ad Tenuesce planters to prepare for put-Genrye W. Guorges of Chacinnati co ted spelds in his room in the Bates House, polls, on Tuesday

A Powerful Patron, the war a young Lieutenant, with

bran new shoulder strap, took his sent with a rather plainly dressed lady in one of our railrway trains. The following conversation took place between them-the shoulder strap leading off thus:

" Madam, have you any relatives in the "Yes, sir, my husband is a soldier in the

indeed? I am an officer in

is his name?"

"Ulysses S. Grant, sir," The young Lieutenant vamoused at the next stopping place, too modest even to wait to be thanked.

Things Unknown. Show us the woman whose waist has eve een encompassed by an arm of the sea.

Who has ever seen the cow that ever had alves on her legs ? Where is the identical nose of the bellows that ever smelt a rat?

Where is the person who was ever felt for by the heart of an oak? Was any barber ever applied to, to shave

the beard of an oyster? What vocalist can lay claim to his having

ever been listened to by an ear of corn? Who has ever been pushed by a shoulde of mutton ? The individual who was ever seer by the

eye of a potato has never been wal Was there ever an indisdual unlucky enough to be abused by the mouth of any

Who ever felt the breath from the lungs of a chest of dawers? Is there a oul living who has heare a sentiment ananating from the breast of a

san't you whip me once for bit Pane scan't your "Yes my dear, you hurt him very much."

"Well then, Papa, you ought to whip siser's music master, too; he bit sister yesterday afternoon right on the mouth, and I know it hurt her, because she put her arms. around his neck and tried to choke him."

The following Part from A. Alice Carey, can be read with a profit every one-saint as well as by sinners. "Do not long for wrong or evil, You will find them if you do;

As you measure to your neighbor, He will measure back to you. Look for goodness, look for gladnes You will meet them all the while If you bring a smiling visage To the glass, you meet a smile." "My son," said the elder Spriggles to his unior, thinking to enlighten the boy on the

propagation of the hen species,-"my son do you know chickens come out of eggs? "Do they!" said Spriggles junior, as he licked his plate; "I thought eggs came out of chickens." A Western editor thus delivers himself We would say to the individual who stole

our shirt off the pole while we were lying in bed waiting for it to dry that we sincere ly hope the collar may cut his throat. A gentleman who has recently lost an eye

begs to intimate that he has now a "vacancy for a pupil." "Friend Mailby, I am pleased that the has got such a fine organ in thy church." "But," said the elergyman, "I thought

gan in church." "So I am," said friend Obedish : " be then if thee would worship the Lord by

Mrs. Partington has been reading the health officer's weekly reports, and thinks that "Total" must be an awful malignant disease, since as many die of it as all the

friend, was asked by the judge if he had an incumbrance on his farm. "Oh, yes," said be, "my old woman."

A husband and wife, while trave through the woods in haste met with a me incholy accident, which is thus recorded.

And while retreating from the woods, And through the tangled fern, He tore his musn't mention em's, And had to put on hern. What length ought a lady's crinoline

A little above two leet. What is that which is full of boles and ye ds water ! A sponge. If all swallows had wings and bills, fluttering and twittering there would be

"Here lies slid twenty per cent;
The more he got the less he spent;
The more he got the more he craved;
If he goes to beaven we'll all be saved." littee has resolved to call a Convention on the first Wednesday in May to not

be U. S. Marchal in Davenport, Iqua, o the 8th, for violating in

MURDER AND PILLAGE ON THE

The Truth Suppressed by Indian Agents-Inc dian Outrages on the Bitter Cotton-Wood-Boys and men Killed, Women Taken Prisoners, Houses Burned, and Stock Stolen.

OMAHA, April 8 .- The extent of the recent depredations by the Indians on the Bitter Cottonwood cannot be ascertained, as the Indian agents and contractors are suppress ing authentic reports as far as lies in their power. A few of the particulars have beer army, Madam, and my influence may acres gathered, as follows: Last week a ranch on your husband if I should meet him. What the Bitter Cottonwood, 20 miles west of the Cheyenne and Fort Filterman roads was at. tacked by Indians, who killed one boy, and carried off the ranchman and his wife. One boy escaped to a neighboring ranch, where seven white men were lodged. The Indians attacked this house, but were repulsed. On the 22d of March a party of 100 Indians at. tacked the Horse Shoe Ranch, 40 miles we

of the read, and occupied by a Mr. werrell, formerly of the 11th Ohio Cavalra his partner, named Thorabury, and name her man.—Having plenty of ammunicated, the whites defended the ranch upon daylight, and then escaped into an underground railroad pas escaped into an understand railroad passage with loop heles, when they kept up the fire, killing two Indians and wounding several. Measure the Indians burned the building, steeles, and out houses, which were valued at \$6,000. The next day Mr. Worrell's party escaped to the Irvin Spring Ranch, three miles east, where four more whites were lodged. The entire party started for

Cottonwood Ranch, 15 miles distant, and after traveling six miles were attacked by band of 50 Indians. A long fight ensued, and Mr. Harper, David Dunpier, and another white man were killed, and Mr. Worrell, was wounded. The Indians lost five killed The combatants then held a conneil, and the Indians agreed that if the whites would return with them to the Irvin Spring Ranch and give up their goods they should go without further molestation. Having no option the whites complied. After stealing everying in the ranch the Indians set fire to the

Mr. Worrell and three others were brought in by a company of troops. The killed were buried where they were found. On the 24th of March a ranch on the road between Cheyenne Creek and Fort Filterman was burned but nothing is known are still stealing stock and commit ting depredations unchecked. The settlers in the neighborhood of forts have all gone to the military posts for protection. A dispatch of March 25 says: "Two settlers living on La Bosta Creek were attacked by 70 In dians, yesterday, and their buildings and farming property were destroyed. The men

escaped to Fort Filterman." -THE INDIAN TREATY—NECESSITY OF REEPING PAITH.

WASHINGTON, April 8 .- The Secretary of he Interior sent to the House to-day a communication from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, referring to the official reports of the 90th and 21st of February last, in which allusion was made to the necessity of certain appropriations being made at an early day so that the faith of the Government and the promises of the Indian Peace Commisioners night be kept good, the Commissioner says "I desire to say that it is evident to my mind, that unless immediate action is had by Congress upon the estimates referred to in said reports, and the necessary funds appropriated to enable the Department to carry out and fulfil the promises made to, and the agreement made with certain tribes, we shall have trouble with them. I am led to believe this from various rumors that have reached this office of the feelings and intentions of certain bands and tribes on the Piaros. If we expect to keep the Indians friendly to the Government and at peace with it, we must fulfill our promises made to them; otherwise we can but expect, as would be the case were we dealing with white men and We are prepared to execute every description of Christians, a renewal of the troubles had with them last Summer, Besides, if our agreements are not faithfully carried out, the Indians will soon lose all confidence in he Government. They will believe nothing hat is told them by its officers, and an almost endless war will be the result, which will cost millions of dollars to suppress, and to avoid which thousands are only asked. This question has become of so grave importance that I deem it my duty to again invite your attention to it. If we are to have another Ind so war this summer I do not wish the country at large to think it was caused or brought about by the management of the affairs of this office, and after the urgest requests that have been made for fuuris, and he statements that have been made in regard to the matter, this bureau certainly connect be held responsible for any nets of heatility or depredations that may be committed by

The Massachusetts Homeopathic Medical Society rejected on the 8th, by 22 to 21 Mrs. Mercy B. Jackson's application for ad-mission into the Society. Mrs. Jackson is a respectable and highly educated Best a physician.

Sergeant Bates waved als flag on the roo d the Richmond capital on the #th Timothy Murphy was accidentally killed The Great Western Bailway station,

THE RALLICH REGISTER.

AWEEKLY

Family and Political Newsr

The Proprietors will app

NEWSPAPER IN THE STATE

Besides ther able writers, we have secured the services Rev. Henry Hardie as Traveling Corservices of Rev. Henry Rache as Traveling Cor-respondent, whose interesting letters, over the respondent of "Itinerant"—which have appeared safomally during the past year in one of our esty, cotemporaries—attracted such universal at-tention throughout the State. The columns of the Rangement will such work by saidled the tention throughout the State. The columns of the REGISTER will each week be enriched by one of his admirable letters, from different parts of the State, startling news, incidents, local matters and reminiscnees, together with facts and prac-tical suggestions concerning the Agriculture and Mechanical interests of the State, which will be alike very entertaining and instructive.

Special attention will be paid to our Local correspondence from every part of the State.

Its Editorials will be devoted to the advocacy of Its Editorsals will be devoted to the suvocacy of sterling UNION REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES, pay-ing special attention to Local, State and National affairs, sustaining the plan of reconstruction proposed by Congress, and opposing every form of Proscription, State or National, but will be fear-less and outspoken in its advocacy of the rights

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