

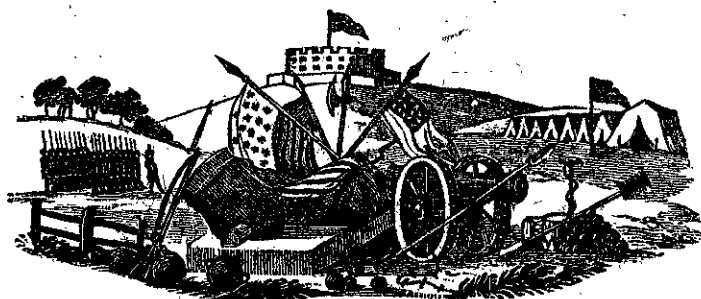
# MARION'S BRIGADE:

—OR,—

## THE LIGHT DRAGOONS.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

~~~~~  
BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.  
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# Marion's Brigade. MARION'S BRIGADE.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE BRIGADE.

**C**HARLESTON had fallen, and English partisan officers were devastating South Carolina with fire and sword. It was a season when *might* seemed to have achieved a final victory over *right*. The most hopeful of the patriots began to despond, and to feel that their cause was lost forever in that portion of the country. Toryism prevailed unchecked. Peaceable citizens were slain without mercy; their wives and daughters were insulted, and their substance wasted. South Carolina was literally trodden under foot by a remorseless foe; and the sun arose daily upon burning homes and houseless fugitives. Despair was written upon the weaker hearts, and defiance upon the stronger. Many accepted royal protection, and as many rejected it with ineffable scorn.

Though dark and discouraging the period, opposition had not yet ceased; a few daring souls still contended for liberty and justice. At Williamsburg a small party of horsemen were

collected. No two were dressed alike, if we except the covering for the head, there being a degree of uniformity in that particular—each wearing a round leathern cap, more substantial than ornamental. If there was but little similarity observable in the article of dress, there was still less to be discovered in regard to arms and equipments. A few had rifles, some had fowling-pieces, others had rude but heavy sabres fashioned by the skill of the neighboring blacksmith; and there were others who were armed with swords of the ordinary kind.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

However shabby their apparel, and however indifferently they were armed, it was very certain that they were without exception well mounted, and men of high and stern determination, whom wrong and oppression had driven to arms as a last resort. This little band of horsemen was commanded by Francis Marion—a man whose military career proved successful and

brilliant, and whose well-earned laurels will remain green through the mutations of coming centuries.

The party fell into line. A man of commanding figure now rode forward, and addressed the men. It was Colonel Horry, the friend and able supporter of General Marion.

"Friends, neighbors, and fellow-soldiers," said the colonel, "I have a proposition to make; and it is this—that you hereafter be distinguished as a body of men, by the name of MARION'S BRIGADE. As many as are in favor of this proposition, will ride three paces to the front."

Without hesitation every horseman moved to the front, and the line remained unbroken. Six hearty cheers were immediately given for General Marion and his "brigade."

"Here comes the general," said Ben Rowan, a man famous for his personal strength and daring.

"He's rather small in stature," remarked a recruit who had joined the brigade that morning.

"He is quite large enough to unite in his own person great generalship, undaunted courage, and indomitable perseverance," replied a young man whose name was Forstall, and who will frequently be mentioned in the following pages.

"He's all of that," added Rowan, approvingly; "and he rides one of the best horses in the State. It's my opinion that Tarleton's cavalry can't keep in sight of him."

"So far as I am able to judge in the premises, we are all pretty well mounted," said Forstall, glancing at his companions with evident pride.

"So we are," rejoined Ben Rowan; "and so we ought to be, for the *brunt* of the battle is coming upon us. We are almost alone in the field."

"Verily, I love not the sound of the trumpet, and the lifting up of the spear!" exclaimed Job Dawson, an athletic Quaker, on the right of Rowan.

"Then what are you here for?" asked the latter, quickly, and somewhat contemptuously. "For one, I came here to fight, and I'll follow that lion-hearted little man (pointing to Marion)

as long as I can set on a horse, and wield any kind of a weapon."

"I came hither, friend Rowan," replied Dawson, quietly, "to prevent wanton cruelty and the shedding of blood. Verily, my soul hateth the neighing of steeds, and the preparations of war."

"You'd better go home then," answered Rowan, gruffly.

"Hush! the general is going to address us," said Forstall. Francis Marion, mounted upon his renowned horse, rode leisurely to the front of the brigade, and every eye was fixed earnestly upon him.

"Men and soldiers, I have been sent by General Gates to be your leader. I shall endeavor to discharge my duty; if I fail, it will be because I lack ability and address, and not because I do not love my country as dearly as any other man. I have heard that you are all tried men and true, and I rejoice that it is so; for it has been and shall be my highest ambition to lead such against our haughty enemies. I have adopted for my motto, 'Liberty or Death,' and I solemnly assure you that I mean to abide by it. I ask no man to follow me who has not trained all his energies to this high determination. It is my firm and unalterable purpose never to abandon the field, so long as there is one true soldier in South Carolina to go with me to battle. Our numbers are increasing hourly, and if you are brave, resolute, and prudent, the whole country shall hear of your achievements. Your sweethearts shall blush with pleasure when they hear your names spoken; your wives will weep pearly tears of joy and gratitude; and your children in after years will strive to emulate your noble deeds. I feel within me an assurance that this brigade will yet become the terror of British hirelings, and a word to make the tory tremble even while the bayonets of Cornwallis gleam over his dastardly head. We will surprise our foes by sudden sallies; we will awe them with the exploits of men resolved to conquer or die; we will appear to them in unexpected places; we will cut off communication with their different military posts;

we will, in short, harass them at all times, until they can feel no sense of security on the soil of South Carolina. You are now poorly armed, but I will soon lead you to victory, when all your wants in this respect will be supplied; and you shall have the pleasure of fighting them with their own weapons."

The general ceased, and the brigade cheered him to the echo.

"That's what I call the right kind of talk!" exclaimed Ben, enthusiastically.

"It may suit thee, friend Benjamin," retorted Job Dawson, calmly.

Rowan looked disdainfully at the Quaker, but did not deign to reply.

"The general wishes to see you," said Colonel Horry, in a low voice to Dawson. "Follow me."

Job Dawson obeyed the summons, and in a few minutes his gigantic figure was seen towering up beside the smaller person of the brigadier, at a short distance from the encampment.

"I have been informed by one of my men," said Marion, "that you can tell me something about the movements of Major Gainey, the tory leader, who has done so much mischief of late? Now what have you to communicate on the subject?"

"As thou seest, friend Francis, I belong to that peculiar sect called Quakers; a people who love peace, and abhor contention. Verily, I cannot fight with carnal weapons; neither will I encourage war and cruelties; but this much I will say; that man of Belial, whom they call Gainey, and who leadeth the disaffected of our countrymen to battle, and vexeth this unhappy land not a little, is now resting from the work of slaughter on the banks of the Pedee, at a place called 'Britton's Neck.'"

Dawson paused an instant, as if to give his words time to have their proper effect, and then added in the same mild and quiet way:

"Hence, friend Francis, I would advise thee to keep out of the way of that man of blood, lest he should fall upon thee and smite thee with the edge of the sword."

"I thank you," said the general, with a smile.

"It was my duty to tell thee this, to prevent the effusion of blood," resumed Dawson.

Marion did not reply immediately, but fixed his penetrating eyes searchingly upon the singular personage before him.

"There are men, friend Francis," continued Dawson, "bad enough to fall upon this Major Gainey in the night time, and slay him, and those that are with him, without mercy; but I hope that thou art a man of peace."

"I fight to procure peace, friend Dawson," returned the general; "and I shall certainly surprise Major Gainey to-night, if it be in my power to do so. His enormities are but too well known to me; he has filled to the brim the measure of his sins, and I will punish him if heaven will kindly endow my arm with accustomed strength for a few hours longer. I have earnestly desired an opportunity to meet that tory leader, and I trust my prayer is now granted. As you appear to be well acquainted with the localities referred to, you must be my guide to the spot."

"You forget, friend Francis, that my conscience protests against such proceedings," replied Dawson.

"Your conscience is wrongly educated," answered the general.

"I cannot comply with thy demand," said the Quaker.

"Then I must use my authority," returned Marion, decidedly.

"Verily, thou hast the power, and I cannot resist thee," rejoined Job. "But if I go up with thee to battle, I can only look and see the slaughter go on. As I have said, I cannot fight."

"Do as you please about fighting; all I require is that you will conduct me to the camp of Major Gainey by the shortest route. When there, you shall be at liberty to fight, or run away, just which your conscience may incline to dictate."

"Be it so; I have no power to gainsay thee," returned Dawson, meekly.

"I observe that you are not armed, Mr. Dawson. I advise you to wear some kind of a weapon to secure your own personal safety, as one is liable to meet an enemy when least expected," added the general.

"If it is thy command, I must even obey," returned Job.

"I have no more to say at present; let us return to the camp."

The general and Job Dawson rode slowly back towards the encampment. Suddenly Marion drew up his horse and asked, abruptly:

"Is there a woman in this case, Mr. Dawson?"

The young Quaker's calm and handsome face was instantly suffused with a deeper red.

"There is a certain damsel," he answered, recovering partially from his embarrassment; "who is indeed somewhat interested in these matters."

"And you are doubtless, judging by your confusion, interested in the 'damsel'?"

"I like not thy trade," said Dawson, evasively.

General Marion motioned to Rowan, and he approached.

"I do not wish Mr. Dawson to leave the camp," he said. "I confide him to your care until night. See that he has good treatment, and a weapon, if he desires one."

"You don't strike me as being just the right kind of a chap for these parts," remarked Ben, as soon as the general had left them.

"Why not, friend Benjamin?" asked Job, in those peculiarly gentle tones which were in such strange contrast with the excited voices which arose on every side.

"Because there's no fight in you!" retorted Rowan, energetically.

"All men are not alike," was the patient reply.

"And it's a good thing for the country that they aint. Who would defend the women and children, if there was nobody that would fight?"

"Friend Benjamin, your leader commanded

me to wear a weapon, but I would fain be excused."

"But you can't be excused!" exclaimed Ben, glad of this opportunity to do violence to Dawson's feelings. "If the general has said so, you must come to it, and there's no use in hanging back. You must wear a sword, and no mistake. So turn out your horse, and come with me."

"I cannot use a sword, friend Benjamin; but I have no power to resist. Do with me as seemeth good unto thee."

Full of the idea of having a little innocent sport at the expense of the unostentatious and honest Job Dawson, Ben Rowan conducted him to a shop not far from the camp, where two or three stout men were engaged in fashioning sabres to be used by the brigade.\*

"You can now select a weapon," said Rowan, pointing to several rudely made sabres, at the same time favoring the sooty workmen with a significant glance.

"If I must indeed be armed, good Benjamin, I will have such an implement of warfare as shall best suit my fancy."

"Well, what fault do you find with these?"

"They are not heavy enough. I would fain have one six inches longer, and several pounds heavier."

"That's rather rich!" exclaimed Rowan.

"I suppose a common broomstick would answer just as well for all practical purposes?"

"I dare say thou art right, but I will, if it please all parties, have the weapon that those honest men are now smiting upon the anvil."

"Shall we cut off the end, or will you have it the whole length?" asked one of the workmen, with a smile.

"Verily, friend Vulcan, I will not have it any shorter. Fashion it according to thy best skill, and I will wear it in obedience to the com-

\* Swords were at first wanting, but they stripped all the saw-mills of the neighborhood, and the saws were converted by rude blacksmiths into sabres for the men; and we are informed by a cotemporary that their rude swords were so efficient that a strong trooper never failed to cut down an adversary at a single blow.—*Washington and his Generals.*

mands of Francis, the leader of this warlike people."

The sabre was made according to the instructions of Dawson, and occasioned no little merriment; for it was of such weight and length, that it seemed to rival the famous weapon used by Wallace himself, when he led the plaided warriors to battle. We will not attempt to enumerate the number of gibes and jests of which the quiet Quaker was the subject during the day. Wherever he appeared with the ponderous "utensil of war," as he quaintly styled it, there was sure to be an outburst of mirth, and a shower of ridiculous remarks; for Ben Rowan did not fail to call attention to his patient and uncomplaining friend.

But one thing could not be overlooked or denied by the most facetious and fun-loving among the dragoons; and that was, that the

figure of Job Dawson was a fine model of manly beauty and strength. Larger than any man in the brigade, of a pleasing countenance, and still young (for he was on the sunny side of thirty), despite all the disadvantages under which he labored in other respects, his personal appearance excited admiration and some envy. All agreed that "it was a pity such a noble-looking fellow could not fight." He moved about among the men, apparently unconscious that he was a subject of ridicule. When addressed, his answers were mild, and yet characterized by quiet dignity; and his calm voice never for a moment lost its tones of strange gentleness. Although the monstrous weapon hung at his side, no warlike fires gleamed from his eyes; they were soft as a woman's in their expression, and a wondrous serenity seemed written in the singular repose of every feature.

## CHAPTER II.

GAINNEY AND CUNNINGHAM.

**T**HERE was one in Marion's brigade who was deeply interested in the contemplated movement against Major Gainney. The individual referred to was Frank Forstall, a young man whose name has been casually mentioned. His home was on the Pedee River, not far from Britton's Neck; consequently his nearest and dearest friends were there—his parents and his fair and gentle sister Rose. Nor was this all; Ruth Strickland, a young and interesting maiden, who had awakened in his bosom the tenderest sentiments of friendship, resided in that vicinity, giving it, by her presence, an additional charm.

Mr. Strickland, Ruth's father, was at that time in the army of General Gates, marching towards Camden. Major Gainney, the notorious tory leader, had heard of the rare beauty and accomplishments of Ruth, and naturally felt a desire to see her; but the admiration was all on his side; for she had no sympathy with his cause, and shrunk with horror from the rehearsal of his deeds. She knew that he was not the friend of liberty; that his hands were stained with the blood of true patriots, and she felt to-

wards him all that repugnance which the virtuous instinctively feel for the vicious and unprincipled.

Although they had met only by accident, the major had been very free in the expression of his admiration, and evidently desired to cultivate her acquaintance; but Ruth treated him with such coldness, that he quickly perceived he had little or nothing to hope in that direction. He embraced various opportunities that chance threw in his way, to endeavor to convince her of the justness of his cause; also to excite her fears, and awe her into something like a reverence for himself and his authority.

He succeeded in exciting her fears and increasing her aversion, but in no other respect. The meetings referred to, had taken place near Camden, while Ruth was there visiting a relative who was only but too partial to the tory interest.

This state of things was not unknown to Frank Forstall, and he had hoped, with Ruth, that her persecutions would cease after her return home. His anxiety may in some measure be imagined when he heard that Gainney and his



A DETACHMENT OF MARION'S BRIGADE.—See Chapter I.

ruffianly followers were encamped at Britton's Neck. Who would protect Ruth Strickland from insult; and who would punish the offender as he deserved?

As young Forstall reflected upon this subject, his fears increased, and he waited with obvious impatience for the time to come when the brigade should be put in motion. It is not necessary that we should give a long description of Frank Forstall. He was twenty years of age, bold, active, and good-looking. He had been compelled to the field by the stern necessity of the times. His innate love of truth and justice had induced him to side with the patriots, and he had joined Marion's Brigade only the day before. The reader will recognize in Forstall, a young man actuated by the noblest motives, impatient to distinguish himself by brave and notable deeds.

While the dragoons under Marion were waiting so anxiously for the approach of night, Major Gainey and his men were making themselves quite at home at Britton's Neck. They were slaughtering the choicest beeves that they could find, without taking the trouble to consult owners; they plundered granaries, they entered peaceful dwellings, the only inmates of which were helpless women, and robbed them of their plate, money, and watehes; and when these were not to be obtained, contented themselves by depriving them of their personal ornaments, such as rings, chains, bracelets, etc.

Transactions of this kind were not limited, however, to that particular locality; they were of common occurrence all over the country, and excited general indignation among the injured inhabitants.

Of all the enemies with whom the patriots had to contend, none were so eminently distinguished for cruelty and meanness, as the tories; there were no atrocities of which they were not guilty. To despoil and slay their whig neighbors, it would seem, appeared to them a most agreeable employment; consequently there existed between the two parties feelings of animosity the most implacable. The royal cause being now in the ascendant in South Carolina,

the numerous tory bands that were sweeping through the country, loved, when occasion offered, to show their power in acts of which no honorable foe would have been guilty. Major Gainey revelled in plenty at Britton's Neck, at the expense of the inhabitants. He triumphed over old men and defenceless women and children, and he meant that they should feel that he could have everything as he wished.

Perhaps we cannot show to better advantage the particular position of affairs at the tory camp, than by giving the substance of a conversation that transpired at that time between the major and Colonel Cunningham, an officer who afterwards commanded a body of tories distinguished by the not very pleasing name of the "Bloody Scout,"\* which title was bestowed upon them on account of their unparalleled barbarities, and of whom we shall have more to say as we proceed.

"I have given orders not to have Strickland's house plundered," said Gainey to Cunningham.

"On account of the pretty Ruth, no doubt?" replied the latter.

"Of course. I have just been up there."

"What luck?"

"None at all. The little beauty is proud as a queen, and cold as an iceberg. She said if I had come for the purpose of *plunder*, the sooner I accomplished the business and left the premises, the more agreeable it would be to her and the rest of the family. I told her I had come to offer her my friendship and protection; to which she answered, that neither herself nor friends desired the friendship of a man who had committed so many enormities."

"You couldn't help understanding what she meant, major," remarked Cunningham, with a sinister smile.

"No; there was nothing ambiguous in her

\* It was about this time that the "Bloody Scout," under the notorious Colonel Cunningham, was committing unprecedented cruelties on the inhabitants of Union and Spartanburg districts. This tory acted a prominent part also in the partisan warfare of Laurens, Newberry, and Edgefield districts. He was commonly called "Bloody Bill Cunningham." Plundering and murder were his vocation, and his ruthless band were the terror of the country.—*American Revolution*.



speech," returned Gainey. "With some sternness I pointed towards our camp, and begged her to remember that a more humble demeanor might be more compatible with her present situation. Her mother now came to the rescue; a very fine-looking, but a very impertinent woman. She assured me that South Carolina was not yet conquered, and though we might triumph for a time, our overthrow ultimately was certain. As for my 'protection,' she cared nothing about it; being willing to suffer the same hardships that her neighbors did, for the cause of liberty; I was provoked, but governed my temper as well as I could, resolving to have a sweet revenge."

"There's a great deal of spirit in these whig women," observed Cunningham.

"They are worse than the men," retorted Gainey, with an oath. "Although they do not wield the sword with their own hands, they stimulate their lovers, husbands and sons to greater exertion, and thus keep the spirit of rebellion alive throughout the country."

"No one has had a better opportunity than myself of knowing that fact," answered Cunningham. "I consider it about as lawful to make war upon *them* as upon their husbands, sons and lovers. As a general thing, I am inclined to show them but little mercy; for while the whig women remain unsubdued, the country can never be wholly conquered. It is true that we are masters now, but we are obliged to ride rapidly from place to place to fight those whom we suppose already awed into submission. As for myself, I am in favor of a warfare of extermination. Let the sword, the halter, and fire do their work without a too nice regard to the particular circumstance of each individual case. We have hitherto done the work but imperfectly. We must terrify by the promptness and severity of our punishments."

"I am entirely of your mode of thinking," said Gainey. "But to return to Ruth Strickland. I confess I admire the girl. I shall envy the man who is so fortunate as to win her esteem."

"Your words remind me, major, of my own

rustic beauty," replied the colonel. "While I was out yesterday with some of our fellows collecting beeves, levying contributions on granaries, etc., I discovered a fine dwelling, romantically situated on the banks of the river, about two miles above here. I galloped up to the house, followed by my merry men, and learned by inquiry, that it was owned by a Mr. Adair, a rank rebel. We dismounted and as we entered the yard, a young man rushed out and made a desperate attempt to escape; but we succeeded in securing him. He was just making preparations to join the ragged fellows that (it seems) are collecting somewhere near Lynch's Creek on the Santee. I ordered the men to hang him up on the spot, when a girl of about seventeen, I should judge, threw herself at my feet and plead most eloquently that the order might be revoked. Her earnestness attracted my attention, and I perceived that she was endowed by nature with a more than ordinary share of beauty. The soft, dark blue eyes, the rosy little mouth, the delicate lily of the cheeks, and the charming symmetry of her whole person, had more effect upon me than any sense of pity or mercy which I might have been expected to feel."

"After enjoying her distress a few moments, I recalled my order, resolving to spare the young fellow, in hopes that he might be the means of acquiring an influence over the fair sister. While this scene was transpiring, some of the men had entered the cellar, rather unceremoniously, rolled out a barrel of currant wine and were making themselves merry by generous potations. I commanded them to desist, and after complimenting Miss Adair upon her rare beauty, rode off without carrying away a dollar's worth of property. Young Adair is now a prisoner, and I expect to purchase the friendship of the party in whom I am interested, by sparing his life."

"What if that should fail, colonel?" asked the major, with a smile,

"Then I will hang him!" exclaimed Cunningham, with a savage oath.

"You certainly do not wish to be understood

that you feel any real affection for the girl?" continued Gainey.

"I mean *exactly* that," replied Cunningham, decidedly.

"You'll propose marriage to her next, I dare say," said the major, with an ironical laugh.

"I have made up my mind to take that step, and you cannot laugh me out of it. If she refuses, young Adair dies."

"Some people would call that rather a strange way of wooing," remarked Gainey; and then immediately added: "I hear that Marion has collected a lot of *scarecrows* in leathern caps, at some place on the Santee. We must learn their precise whereabouts, and make a *dash* at them soon. They are poorly armed, it is said, and it will require but little enterprise and courage to surprise and cut them to pieces."

"I have also heard of the fellow you allude to. At the head of a handful of rebels, he has been destroying boats on the Santee, by the order of General Gates. I fear he will prove but a contemptible foe, and there will be but

little glory achieved in vanquishing him. For my part, I like an enemy who will fight somewhat before he runs away."

"I think we had better go and hunt him up to-morrow, and make an example of him; after which we will turn our thoughts towards beauty and booty," replied the major.

Both of the tory leaders walked towards the encampment, conversing earnestly about Ruth Strickland, Mary Adair, and the rebels in general. Secure in their own supposed strength, and deaf to the appeals of conscience, they took no thought for the morrow, and neither knew nor suspected what it might bring forth. While devising plans for the injury and overthrow of others, they remained unconscious that heaven in its impartial dispensations of justice, was preparing its vials of retribution to pour upon their heads. When Major Gainey laid down in his marquee that night, and closed his eyes in sleep, his dreams were not disturbed by a thought of danger.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE NIGHT MARCH, AND THE SURPRISE.

It was night, and Marion's men were in the saddle. At the word "forward," the brigade moved towards Britton's Neck at a rapid pace. All were anxious to meet the foe, and to punish miscreants who had proved traitors to their brethren, and deaf to the calls of common humanity. There was not one among the devoted band who had not been a personal sufferer, during the war, from the malice and cupidity of the Tories. Each had lost some dear friend, or been despoiled in property, or both. They were men of deep thought and tried energies. They had not taken the field merely because they had been roused, and wished to make reprisals; but they were influenced also by the purest and most exalted patriotism. In short, they were men resolved upon liberty or death; feeling that death would be far more glorious than slavery.

Marion's Brigade was not composed of adventurers, hirelings, and vagabonds, although they were ill clad and poorly armed, and their enemies affected to regard them with unmitigated contempt.

We shall see, as we proceed, whether they

were able to fight; whether they had courage to do, as well as to threaten; whether they had the address to make brilliant sallies, as well as to plan them; whether they were really men of exalted qualities, or not.

As they swept onward, the moon and the fitful stars revealed stern faces, and hard hands grasping strange implements of warfare. Young Forstall rode beside Ben Rowan, and next to the latter was visible the gigantic figure of Job Dawson.

"This looks like doing something," said Ben to Forstall.

"I believe that every one is satisfied with this movement," replied the latter. "It is easy to perceive that all are impatient for the onset. Those heavy sabres, though hammered into shape by our own rough artisans, will soon, I imagine, be fleshed in the hearts of our relentless foes."

"That's what I hope," returned Rowan; "and may the man who runs from the conflict, perish in some miserable way, condemned by his own conscience, and by his fellow-men."

"Thou art wrong, good Benjamin; thou

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should'st wish no evil to thy brethren," said Dawson.

"Cowards are no brethren of mine," retorted Rowan.

"All men are brethren, good Benjamin," said Dawson, mildly.

"Don't 'good Benjamin' me any more!" cried Rowan, angrily.

"We are the children of one great Father," resumed Job.

"I don't care nothing about it," answered Ben, sullenly.

"Mr. Dawson means well, I believe," said Forstall, soothingly; for he perceived that Rowan's temper was getting the better of his judgment.

"He's a sneaking coward, and can't fight!" exclaimed Rowan.

"Do you not see that he's well armed?" added Forstall, with a smile.

"He might as well carry a lady's penknife as that tremendous thing," replied Ben, pointing to Dawson's weapon. "What in the name of common sense can he do with it! The fact is, he can't do nothing with it, and don't intend to; that's the long and short of it."

"Be calm, good Benjamin," said Dawson.

Rowan cast a fierce look at the Quaker, and seemed at first inclined to strike him; but something about Job's placid countenance appeared to prevent him; and he contented himself by saying, in an ominous voice:

"I tell you not to 'good Benjamin' me any more!"

"I love quietness and order," added Dawson, unmoved; "strife and discord are repugnant to my nature."

"Look here, my little giant," returned Ben, wrathfully. "The queer notion has entered my head that you must fight, conscience or no conscience. What say you to that, son of Anak?"

"Verily, I have fallen into the hands of the Philistines," said Dawson, without the least sign of being disturbed in temper, or betraying any kind of emotion.

"Do not press the matter," remonstrated Forstall.

"But I will though!" cried Rowan. "If he attempts to run, I will shoot him, as true as my name is what it is."

"I think you are carrying the joke too far, Rowan," added Forstall.

"It's no joke at all; and everybody that knows me, knows that when I say a thing, I abide by it. The fact is, I hate his stupidity and his senseless cant about peace and all that kind of thing, when in these times every strong arm is needed."

"Thou art heating thy blood, friend," observed Dawson.

"Only hear him!" cried Rowan, emphatically.

Forstall and several others laughed heartily.

"I'm disgusted; I can't stand this no how. I wish the brigade would stop a little while; just long enough for me to pulverize him out of his cowhide shoes; it's a duty I owe to the country!" said Ben, sentimentally.

He then bent over his saddle towards Dawson, and added in a suppressed, but meaning voice:

"If you attempt to leave the ranks, my fine fellow, I swear by Mount Vesuvius, and other celebrated institutions, that I will shoot you through the body before you have gone ten paces. That's all I've got to say."

"Act according to thy highest convictions of right," returned Job, just as calmly as he had hitherto spoken.

The horsemen swept on, increasing their cautiousness as they approached the Tory camps. It was nearly morning when they halted about a mile from Britton's Neck. General Marion, Major James, Colonel [unclear], and Captain Logan, then held a brief consultation. They conversed earnestly for a few moments, and then took their respective positions according to rank. Marion then made a short and spirited address to his men; he entreated them to remember that they were fighting for liberty, for their homes and those they loved most dearly. He referred them to the many wrongs they had suffered, and the wanton cruelties practised by the loyalists generally. He spoke of innocent



blood poured out like water upon the sacred altars of liberty; of happy homes made desolate; of beauty insulted; and the holiest human relations desecrated and trampled upon. He begged of every man to bear these things in mind, and to strike home.

"We will strike deep and sure," said Forstall.

A murmur of approbation ran along the lines, and the men cried out in stern voices:

"Lead us on!"

"This is as it *should* be!" exclaimed Marion, proudly. "Your deep enthusiasm assures me that victory is already ours. It only remains for us to put to flight these heartless miscreants, whose souls were never warmed by the pulsations of pity, and whose better feelings are not touched by the pleadings of lovely woman in distress."

Marion now put himself at the head of the brigade, and the party again moved forward. Forstall thought of Ruth Strickland, and earnestly hoped that he might meet Gainey face to face. Job Dawson was still in the ranks next to Ben Rowan. His great sabre hung at his side, and his demeanor was characterized by the same tranquillity that had distinguished him from the first. Ben Rowan appeared rather surly, and occasionally cast threatening glances at Job.

"Now comes the rub of this game," he said to the latter; "and it won't be exactly whole-some for you to show your back to the enemy. If you play us any of your Quaker tricks, I'll send something after you that will bring you to your bearings of olden."

"If thine enemy be on one cheek, turn to him the other also," said Dawson.

"You're a humbug!" retorted Rowan.

"Be silent!" said Captain Logan. "Yonder are the camp fires of the Tories. Softly, men, softly! Hold on to your weapons—don't let them jingle too much. Be ready to charge when the general gives the word. Try and do your best, my boys. Give those heavy downward cuts that saves the surgeon any further trouble."

"Halt!" said Marion, in a low voice. "Mr. Forstall," he added, "go forward cautiously and reconnoitre a little. Be prudent, and don't keep us waiting long."

Forstall threw his bridle rein to Ben Rowan, dismounted, and proceeded to obey orders.

He advanced silently about three hundred yards, when the Tory encampment appeared in full view. It was now near daylight, and some of the enemy were already astir. In one place a group was sitting upon the earth, conversing in low tones, making themselves comfortable over some kind of stimulating beverage. A half dozen were stretched out at full length upon the ground beside a smouldering fire, also engaged in conversation. In another place two or three were standing, and as many more reclining. Others were preparing to cook breakfast. The sentinels had neglected their duty; one was asleep on his post at a little distance from him, another was talking with some of the men. In the rear of the encampment, Forstall saw a few early risers looking after their horses, and rubbing them down.

Our hero hastened back, related what he had seen, and received the thanks of the general for his services. Preparations were instantly made to charge into the Tory camp. At that crisis, the accidental discharge of a pistol produced a sudden tumult in the enemy's quarters, and warned them of the approach of armed men.

Before a minute had elapsed, many of the Tories were in the saddle, and the voice of Gainey was heard calling on them to make a bold stand, and acquit themselves like men.

"Charge, my brave fellows, and be merciful to those who ask quarters!" cried Marion, and spurring his high mettled horse, with drawn sword, he dashed into the half-formed ranks of the royalists, followed by the brigade.

"Come on!" exclaimed Ben Rowan, darting a threatening look at Job Dawson. "Lay hold of your war-scythe, and keep your face in the right direction—none of the *white feather* here."

Frank Forstall glanced at Job. He observed that he was calm and placid as usual; but

the large horse which he bestrode, was rearing and plunging and champing the steel bit as if animated and maddened with the spirit of battle that prevailed among the warriors.

The brigade bore down like a resistless avalanche upon the foe. A discharge of pistols and carbines did not stagger them, or do any mischief; and in an instant the sabres of the dragoons were doing their fearful work.

Forstall resolved to keep his eyes on poor Job Dawson as much as possible, and hasten to his assistance should his conscientious scruples prevent him from attempting to defend himself. Our hero felt quite sure that were he ever so much disposed to fight, he could not wield the extraordinary weapon with which he had provided himself. Notwithstanding all the excitement of battle, he reproached himself that he had not interfered to prevent Rowan from forcing him into danger.

But it was now too late to indulge in regrets; and Job for a moment was shut out from his sight by a cloud of smoke. Forstall had now enough to occupy his attention, and as he laid about him with all the strength and ardor which the justness of his cause and aspirations for military renown could inspire, he had no time to look after his Quaker friend.

The Tories fell back and made another stand, encouraged by their comrades who had turned out and rallied in the rear. At that juncture Forstall saw Ben Rowan in a most critical position. He had, in his impetuosity, advanced beyond his division, and was surrounded by the enemy.

Forstall pressed the spurs into his horse's sides, and endeavored to reach his friend; but the Tories had rallied, and he now found himself in an exposed and dangerous position; and he gave up Ben Rowan for lost. Glancing towards him a second time, he saw Job Dawson's mammoth horse plunging forward with irresistible fury, bearing down all in his way until he was half his length in advance of Rowan.

But what surprised our hero most of all was to see Job Dawson grasp his tremendous sabre and swing it in the air as though it were but a

flimsy lath. Forstall held his breath with astonishment and expectation. He saw the ponderous weapon descend with terrible velocity, sweeping two of Ben's adversaries from their saddles. Making no pause, he dashed on and was obscured from view by a cloud of smoke; but Forstall plainly heard the ringing of his sabre as it met some opposing weapon.

In a short time the shout of victory was heard from Marion's brigade. The Tories threw down their arms and begged for quarters. Those who were not slain were made prisoners.

Forstall had singled out Major Gainey, fully resolved to punish him for his impertinence to the fair Ruth Strickland; but he had not been able during the brief contest to cross swords with him, although he had the satisfaction of seeing him captured by Colonel Horry. After the prisoners were secured, Job Dawson was discovered sitting by one of the Tory fires, very thoughtful, yet very placid.

Young Adair who had been made a prisoner by Cunningham, was at liberty, and standing near the Quaker; and the latter's horse stood beside his master, as quiet, apparently, as he was.

"Verily, I hate contention," said Dawson.

"You have done yourself immortal honor!" exclaimed Rowan, running up to him and grasping his hand.

"I don't understand thee, good Benjamin," replied Dawson, gently disengaging his hand.

"You fought like Samson among the Philistines," said Ben.

"Thou art mistaken, friend. I cannot fight with carnal weapons. Verily, I am not a man of war," added Dawson.

"Do you mean to say that you didn't fight?" asked Ben Rowan, impatiently.

"I do," said Job.

"And that you didn't save my life?" continued Ben, with increasing emphasis.

"Even so," replied Dawson.

"Well, that's cool!" exclaimed Rowan.

"Look at your sabre," said Forstall.

Dawson looked calmly at his bloody weapon.

"Truly, there is blood upon this utensil of war," he remarked.

"And the question is, how did it come there?" resumed Ben.

"I cannot tell, verily," said Job, gravely.

"Come, none of that *humbug stuff*; because I won't bear it. You did fight, and saved me from being cut fine enough for mince pies; and if you don't own up to it, I'll pulverize you as

soon as the general's back is turned; confound me, if I don't!"

Forstall turned from this scene with a smile, and with a singular feeling of uncertainty in regard to the true character of Job Dawson.

In this affair not one of the brigade was slain, and but few wounded, although the loss on the tory side was considerable. A guard was set over the prisoners, and the victors breakfasted at the loyalist encampment.

## CHAPTER IV.

### CAPTAIN HAWES, AND THE INDEPENDENT FIRE EATERS.

THERE was quite a number of persons collected at Rocky Creek-on the Catawba River. They were men used to toil and hardship; they could wield the implements of agricultural industry, or level the rifle with deadly precision. They could force the rugged soil to yield them a subsistence, or live by hunting the game with which that section abounded. Those hardy pioneers had met to be initiated into warlike arts. They had heard of the villainies of Wemyss, Cunningham, Huck, Gainey and Ferguson, and, in fact, some of them had already been despoiled by tory cupidity.

The men of Rocky Creek were now drawn up in line, armed with muskets, rifles and fowling-pieces. A tall, thin-looking man, with sharp features, and long light colored hair, was in the act of drilling them. This individual was no less a personage than Captain Nicodemus Hawes; who had been unanimously chosen to command the "Independent Fire Eaters," because he had seen some service. This officer was familiarly called by the men, "Captain Nick," which familiarity he usually permitted without rebuke.

The company numbered thirty persons. Like Marion's Brigade, they wore no uniform, and exhibited a curious variety of dresses, which

taken altogether, gave them rather a unique appearance.

The "Independent Fire Eaters," as they were pleased to be called, were men learned only in the school of nature. Though possessed of good practical sense, they had but a limited knowledge of polite literature, or drawing-room conventionalities. With these prefatory words, we will, with the reader's consent, allow the captain to proceed with the *drill*, hoping that his peculiarities of style will be considered in a charitable spirit.

"Corporal Higgins, straighten up yer file. Tom Jones, turn yer toes out, and look more soldier-like. Attention the *hull*—heads up! Joe Sawyer, which way are you lookin'?"

"I'm cross-eyed, cap'en," said Joe.

Nicodemus Hawes fell back a few paces, and contemplated his company with obvious admiration; then deliberately unsheathing a sword which had doubtless been long in the Hawes family, for it was antique and rusty, he went on with the exercise.

"*Rear rank—take distance—march.*"

The evolution was performed with tolerable accuracy.

"I reckon ye'll git the hang on't arter a while. In it ere pertickerler evolution, you

must remember to step back four paces, and dress to the right; the sergeants take their places in the front rank, and the non-commissioned officers who are in the rear, *stick* where they are. Now I'm goin' to put ye through another operation. *Rear rank—close to the front.* March! Corporal Higgins, what on airth are ye dewin'—straighten 'em up. Tom Jones, you hold yer shootin' stick as though you's afeared on't. Toe out, yer tarnal critters—lean for'ard more and make yer *chists* more promernent. You can't stand the British *bag-anets* without you stand bent a little to the front. Lieutenant Anderson will now shove you through some o' the mancooal exercises, arter which, I'll make you an all-killin' speech, which'll raise all the military sperit you happen to have about you."

Lieutenant Anderson proceeded with the drill, while Captain Nick observed them from a little distance. While matters were progressing in this manner, a horseman suddenly appeared upon the river road, approaching at a headlong speed.

"I wonder what's in the wind now?" said the captain, approaching the lieutenant.

"Something uncommon, I should think," replied the latter. "He rides as though he didn't value his neck very highly."

No more was said by the parties until the horseman dashed up in front of the company, covered with dust, and much excited.

"The tories," he cried, in a loud, clear voice, "have discovered what you are about, and will soon be upon you. You must fight, or save yourselves by flight."

"If they've found out what we're at so soon as this, there must be some sneakin' *informers* amongst us!" exclaimed the captain. "And if there is, and we can discover him, he needn't expect no mercy. Such traitors are the worst enemies of the country. How many of the tory villains do you think'll be upon us?"

"About forty, armed and mounted," replied the man who had brought the news.

"You hear what he says, feller-soldiers; what do you feel disposed to do, *fight*, or *run*?" asked Captain Nick.

"Fight it out!" exclaimed several in the ranks.

"That's what I say. Nick Hawes will never run as long as he can stand up and use a *weepon* o' war. Load your pieces with *balls*, and 'tarnal destruction to the feller that tries to *shirk* out, and not do his duty. It shan't never be said by commin' generations, that the Independent Fire Eaters ever turned their backs on their enemies."

"*Right—right!*" ran along the ranks of the men of Rocky Creek.

"I admire your spirit," said the horseman, who still sat upon his panting steed an interested listener. "I shall be most happy to take part in the fray."

"You appear to be a pretty game sort of a chap yerself, stranger, and the Fire Eaters'll be glad of your help," replied Captain Hawes, warmly.

He then turned and addressed his men.

"Feller-soldiers! there's a heap o' the real grit in you, and I know it. I'll fix things in sich a way that we'll give the tories a lesson they won't never entirely disremember. I shall station ten of you right here where you are now, and ten in the thicket on that side of us, and the other ten in this on the left. When the tories appear, they that remain here must retreat until the enemy are between the two thickets, when they will receive the fire of them in ambush, after which every man must follow my example, and fight as long as I do. When I run, the rest of ye can begin to think about it. Arter we've licked the 'tarnal critters, we'll go *hum* and git some dinner. I promised you an almighty smart 'sprinklin' of a speech; but I reckon as how, I haven't got much time to spend in nateral extemporeous outbursts of elegance, such as this ere occasion would be apt to bring out of a *human* of my native abilities. I jest want to remind you that you've all been *stepped on* by the sneakin' tories; and it's high time for you to rise in your might and give 'em pertickerler death. Or, in other words, it's time to take arter the critters like several streaks of greased lightnin', and as many claps

of everlastin' thunder. I've jest hearn that Marion has done the handsome thing at Britton's Neck. A *hull* body of the murderin' rascals has been scared e'enamost out o' their seven nateral senses and made prisoners. I like to hear sich good tidin's. Sich *exphites* fill my physical corporosity with a blaze of glory that threatens to burst up my constitution, and consume my *hull* being. General Sumter is up and dewin'. The next *squall* that strikes us, will bring news of some all-fired tussle. Feller-soldiers! the eyes of unborn generations is fixed upon us with awful intensity. This is an ostentatious moment, and big with the destines of nations yet to bust into life. Don't be afeared of powder and lead, and sich trifles. Brave men don't fear to knock under when their time comes. You can't die but once no how you can fix it; and if you die here, you'll never be called upon to die anywhere else. Independent Fire Eaters! straighten up—*toe out*—keep a stiff upper lip—handle your fire-locks and baganets like true men—emulate the deeds of Washington, Hannibal, and other great leaders. Remember you are divided into three sections, beginning at the right. The sections will now *break off*, and take the places assigned them."

The orders of Captain Hawes were immediately obeyed; and in a few minutes only ten of the company occupied the plateau where they had exercised. Lieutenant Anderson and Sergeant Davis commanded those who were concealed in the thicket, and the captain remained with those left to decoy the enemy.

While the men of Rocky Creek are waiting for the approach of the tories, we will solicit the reader's attention for a short time to the individual who had brought intelligence respecting the contemplated onslaught of the loyalists.

During the captain's patriotic, and somewhat original speech, he had dismounted and now stood beside his reeking horse, with his arms laid across the pommel of the saddle. He was nearly thirty years of age, apparently, and of a large and sinewy frame. His face, though somewhat stern in its expression, was nevertheless

quite handsome, and calculated to prepossess one in his favor. It was evident, at the first glance, that he was a man of firmness and resolution, and well adapted to the times in which he lived. He was armed with pistols and a short carbine, and presented a very bold and soldier-like appearance. Without farther preliminary remarks, we will take the liberty to introduce him; his name was John Henderson; trusting that he will ultimately prove an agreeable acquaintance.

"This is a dark picture in the history of South Carolina," he observed to the captain.

"I reckon you're about right, stranger," replied the latter. "Satan seems to be let loose for a season to turn things upside down in these parts."

"We must fight, and there's no honorable alternative. The sword only can decide this great question of right and wrong. There are men enough in this State to achieve a glorious victory, if they will only concentrate and organize under efficient leaders. See what General Marion has done within a few days; he has infused new courage into the hearts of the people, notwithstanding the defeat of General Gates at Camden."

"Tarnal destruction, stranger! You don't mean to say that Gates has been whipped at Camden?" exclaimed Hawes.

"It is too true; he has sustained a total defeat, and the remnant of the American army is flying panic-stricken from the successful legions of Cornwallis; but Marion and Sumter are destined to revive the courage of the patriots and cheek British presumption and tory outrages," replied Henderson.

"I feel as if you had given me a heavy blow in the region of the stomach," said Captain Nick, sorrowfully.

"Never despond, sir, while you are able to bear arms against the enemy," added Henderson.

"Hark!" said Hawes. "I hear the tramp of horses' feet. The tories are at hand. Now, stranger, if you can *do*, as well as *say*, there'll be a chance for you mighty soon. For my part,

my blood begins to bile up tremendous. If my brave fellows take good aim, we'll pay 'em off for some of their old tricks and wanton cruelties."

While Hawes was speaking, the advance of the tory band swept round a point into sight, and presently the whole party was visible.

As soon as the advancing horsemen perceived the captain's little party of ten, they spurred forward more furiously, with loud shouts of exultation. It was very obvious that they felt sure of cutting the men of Rocky Creek to pieces, without losing a man; for it seemed to them like sheer madness for so small a party to resist.

John Henderson sprang into the saddle, and Captain Hawes hurried his men from the approaching enemy, at a double quick step. When he had retreated about an hundred yards, he gave the order to "halt," and "right about face;" and the parties stood boldly with their front to the foe.

"Here I mean to stay!" exclaimed the captain, energetically, "until some of them saddles are empty. Straighten up, my lads, and stand firm; and if they try to ride you down, fire, and then let 'em ride on to the pints of your baganets, if they want to. Here they are; now we'll see what our fellows in ambush 'll do."

The tories came on unconscious of danger; but the bold bearing of the handful of men under Hawes caused them to abate their speed, when they had reached the plateau between the thickets. The moment was auspicious for the patriots; a well-directed fire blazed from the ambushed Americans; the effect was, to put many of the tories *hors du combat*, and to throw the rest into confusion.

Hawes improved the time and poured in his fire, which effectually checked their advance. The voice of the leader was heard trying to rally the astonished tories; but they could not be easily rallied; for their enemies were concealed from view, and their fears magnified their numbers greatly. The tory officers shouted and threatened in vain; those who could do so, turned and fled, and the officers were obliged to follow their example.

When once fairly in motion, their terror seemed to lend them wings, and they spurred on without regard to order, glory, or superiors, until they were far beyond the reach of the rifles of the men of Rocky Creek.

"If your men were only mounted!" exclaimed Henderson.

"They *must* be mounted," replied Hawes. "We can never do what we want to without horses. I've been thinkin' on't for some time. Horses are scarce; for the Britishers and tories have stolen the best ones; but where there's a will there's a way. Men, catch them animals that are runnin' about yonder, without riders."

Several of the loyalists were found dead, and half-a-dozen severely wounded. The dead were buried on the spot, and the wounded suitably cared for.

"They didn't make much by that movement," said Hawes, thoughtfully; "and we are in duty bound to thank you for it, stranger;" he added, turning to Henderson. The latter bowed without reply, and the captain resumed, in a lower tone of voice:

"That there is an informer among my men, I am fully convinced. The tories couldn't have come down upon us so sudden, and with so much certainty, if they hadn't been well informed about us. We've all been uncommon secret in regard to our meetin's, and intentions; and if there hadn't been a traitor among us, things couldn't have leaked out so soon. If I can discover the infamous rascal, I reckon it'll go hard with him!"

"Do you suspect any one?" asked Henderson.

"Yes," replied Hawes; "and I shall keep my eye on him mighty sharp. Come, stranger, go with us up to the settlement; I should like to have your advice, as you appear to be well acquainted with the state of the country. I have got a scheme in my head to provide my fellers with horses and arms, and I dare say you are both able and willin' to assist me; providin' you aint otherwise engaged."

The Independent Fire Eaters were then faced for the settlement, and marched away.

## CHAPTER V.

THE INFORMER. KATE MARTIN.

OUR next scene opens at Rocky Creek, and relates also to some of the actors in the last chapter.

It was the dim hour of twilight. Captain Hawes was seated beside a man who had been mortally wounded in the affray of that very morning. The apartment which the parties occupied was one of those small, rough, and low rooms found in the cabins of the early settlers of a new country.

A single candle was burning upon a side-board, and threw out a pale and sickly light which rendered the wounded person's bloodless face still more ghastly.

The expression of Captain Hawes was serious, but not stern; yet far more dignified than usual.

"The surgeon thinks there's no hope for me," said the dying tory, faintly.

"Not in *this* world," replied Hawes.

"Then I must try and make the best improvement of what little time remains," added the tory, speaking with much difficulty.

"I'm sorry, neighbor, that you're dyin' in a bad cause," said the captain, sorrowfully. "We

are brethren, and citizens of one common country; and if you had been called on to give up airtly things while fightin' side by side with me, I shouldn't have felt so bad about it, because I have an idee that death under such circumstances wouldn't have been disgr'ful, but glorious."

"I begin to feel, that my life is approaching its close, that you are engaged in a more honorable cause than that in which I received this mortal wound," returned the tory, sadly.

"I haven't come here to reproach you, by no means whatever, friend Simpson; but there is one thing I want to know before you shut your eyes forever on the changin' consarns of this present world. Our plans have been betrayed by some vile traitor, who eats bread with us daily; I want to find out the name of the villain, and I hope you'll feel free to tell me. You probably can't hold out more than an hour or two at most, and perhaps gettin' sich a thing as that off from your conscience, may kind of straighten you up for the change, and make you stand firmer, and with a bolder front, before the great Commander-in-chief of all the armies of the airth."

Simpson shuddered, and for a moment was so much convulsed that he was unable to reply. When he became easier and calmer, he turned his glassy eyes towards the captain with an expression truly mournful.

"I know, Captain Hawes, that an informer and traitor is the most despicable of all characters," he said, slowly, pausing often to recover breath and strength; "but I can foresee the consequences of making such a disclosure; the traitor will be punished without mercy; and perhaps that would be best in the end, for all parties. If it hadn't been for him, I should now be as strong and well as you are; but he and others persuaded me into the fatal movement that resulted in this terrible wound which is bearing my body to the grave, and my immortal part to the unknown country."

The tory paused, and a sharper twinge extorted a cry of agony.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "these dreadful pains are hurrying me away; it can't last long in this manner. I hope you will see me decently buried; and if you should ever meet my poor wife and children, say to them all you can that is comforting; and tell the oldest boy when he gets old enough to bear arms, not to fight against his own country where he first drew breath, and from whose soil he has received food and drink?"

"Yes, I'll do it—I won't forget—but the name of the traitor—speak while you have strength, for the drummer of death is beating the *reveille* to the parade ground of eternity."

Simpson hesitated a moment, as if not quite decided, and then motioned for Hawes to give him his ear. The captain bent over the dying man eagerly, and he whispered a name.

"It is well," said Hawes. "I reckon the accoutrements of your conscience will be in better order for inspection, when you answer the last roll-call. I am myself rather a hard, sinful man, and not qualified to advise a feller-critter in sich an emergency as this; but I should think it would be well for you to *ground your arms* at the feet of the Everlasting Commander, and humbly beg for *quarters*. I have

hearn say that he is very merciful and considerate like, and who knows, but even at this eleventh hour, you may be marched away to eternal rest."

"I thank you, I'm sure, for your well-meant kindness," said Simpson, while a tear moistened his dim eye. "I hadn't supposed that you were so kind and so manly. I hope we shall meet in the ranks of heaven, where all is concord and peace. As you go along, I wish you would be good enough to ask Elder Martin to step in and see me."

"I will; it's a good idee, for he knows better than I do what you will need on the long march," said Hawes.

"I hope you'll forgive me, neighbor," added Simpson, stretching out his cold hand.

"God knows how freely," said the captain, in a subdued voice. "Good-by, Simpson, till I jine the army above," he added.

"Farewell, captain. If I could recover, I would gladly fight under you. Farewell, for the drummer of death is indeed beating the *reveille*," said Simpson, feebly; and a moment after Hawes was proceeding towards home in a very thoughtful mood. He met Henderson on the way, and the two walked away together, conversing in a friendly manner until they were opposite the dwelling of Rev. William Martin.

"I must call here," said the captain. "Come, go in with me, for Mr. Martin is a man of the right sort."

"With pleasure," replied Henderson. "I have often heard Mr. Martin's name mentioned, and I should be pleased to see a preacher who does not shrink from his duty in times like these, when one scarcely knows friend from foe—the true from the false."

"He aint by no means afeared to speak out," rejoined Hawes. "Last Sabbath he preached a sermon that made every patriot that heard him willin' to lay down his life for the cause of liberty."

Hawes knocked at the door, and both were immediately admitted by the pastor in person. The former introduced Mr. Henderson, and they were soon on excellent terms. The min-

ister was truly a man of sense and courage whose name will long be remembered by the country for which he labored and suffered. While he was engaged in an animated discussion with Henderson, the door was opened and a young lady entered the room. Mr. Martin, with characteristic politeness, instantly introduced her to his new acquaintance as his daughter Kate.

Mr. Henderson arose, bowed, and said he scarcely knew what; for the sudden and unexpected appearance of such a female as he now beheld disconcerted him not a little.

Kate Martin was exceedingly fair of face, and of a figure exquisitely formed for grace and symmetry. And when we have passed these encomiums upon her, we have not said all that the case allows of; for she possessed good sense, and energy of character; two traits that serve greatly to enhance the charms of personal beauty. Kate, though gentle and modest, might also be called a brilliant girl; inasmuch as she was liberally endowed with those high qualities which are calculated to make every legitimate effort more or less brilliant.

Mr. Henderson prolonged his visit until a late hour in the evening, for he felt the power of Kate Martin's attractions like the spell of some agreeable enchantment, the witchery of which it was not easy to shake off, and he left the residence of the worthy pastor, a devoted admirer of his daughter. Her fair idea had taken undisputed possession of his thoughts, and he did not wish to dispel it, or break the soft charm which she had unwittingly cast over his spirit.

We will not in this place dilate farther upon the state of Mr. Henderson's feelings, but follow the course of events in the order that they transpired at Rocky Creek.

Upon the following morning at an early hour Hawes's company was paraded. It was observed by all that the captain's manner was more stern and dignified than at the previous drill; but what it portended, few or none of them could tell.

"We shan't go through the marchin's and

finin's this mornin' in the uspal manner," said Hawes. "There is some business to be attended to, that can't very well be put off. I trust, feller-soldiers, that not one on us is afeared to meet an enemy in the field knowin' him to be an enemy; but all on us is afeared of informers and traitors, who steal in among us to betray us to the merciless tories, whose way over our country is marked with blood and fire. Yes, the snake-like, creeping traitor we all despise, by whatever name he may be called. Neighbors and feller-soldiers, there's one on 'em among us."

Captain Hawes paused an instant, and each man looked anxiously at his comrades.

"If there's any sich chap in our ranks, let's find him out!" exclaimed Sergeant Davis and several others.

"That's our business this mornin'," added the captain.

"Who is he—*who is he?*" ran from mouth to mouth, along the ranks.

"That's a question that's very nateral to ask, feller-soldiers; but it is a question I can answer. *I know the villain;* he stands here afore us, tremblin' with the consciousness of his guilt," continued the captain.

"Speak his name—speak his name!" cried several voices.

"What ought to be the reward of sich a scoundrel, who sells his neighbors to a band of murderin' ruffians?" asked the captain, sternly.

"*Death!*" exclaimed twenty voices.

"You are right, feller-soldiers," answered the captain; "sich a wretch richly merits death, and before yonder bright sun is one hour older, he'll be summoned to that muster-ground where nobody can practise deception—where nobody can carry concealed weapons to strike at his feller-critter's life in the dark, when he aint suspectin' no danger. The informer shall die."

Again the men glanced from one to another, to see whose countenance indicated guilt, or fear, or both.

"I will now pronounce the traitor's name," added the captain, slowly and impressively.

There was a moment of silence and intense suspense. Every man held his breath and clutched his weapon more firmly.

"Yes, I will speak his name," repeated the captain, with thrilling energy. He paused the second time, and all eyes were fixed with indescribable eagerness upon him.

"His name," added Hawes, in the same slow, measured voice, dwelling upon each word as though he never intended to quite utter it—"*his name is Joe Sawyer!*"

An exclamation of surprise and deep indignation arose from the ranks. The features of Joe Sawyer, which had before been exceedingly pale, grew absolutely ghastly in their whiteness. For an instant he appeared completely paralyzed and rooted to the spot; his ashy lips vainly essayed to form some words, and his eyes stared fixedly into vacancy.

"Take away his arms," said the captain.

Joe Sawyer was disarmed, and his equipments torn from him by indignant hands, before he had recovered from the stupor which the terrible *denouement* had produced. These energetic and significant movements brought back the faculties of speech and volition.

He wildly protested his innocence, and abjectly entreated for mercy in the same breath.

"I've always been true to you, and I hate an informer. For heaven's sake, spare me, and I'll tell you all I know about the tories!" he exclaimed, wringing his hands, and exhibiting a degree of bodily fear that was truly pitiable and yet revolting.

"*Bind him!*" said the captain, waving his hand.

Instantly the order was obeyed; although the culprit writhed and struggled desperately, and shrieked incessantly for mercy.

"Are we not neighbors and friends?" he exclaimed. "Have ye no pity. This is murder—this is butchery—this is horrible—mercy, mercy!"

"Sergeant Davis, take a file of men and march the traitor fifteen paces to the front," added the captain, firmly.

The struggling, despairing mortal was dragged to the position indicated.

"Joe Sawyer," added Hawes; "your time has come. We are about to give you an eternal discharge from the armies of the airth. You know very well that you aint fit to die; and that a human critter wasn't never more onprepared for the dead march than you are. But we can't help it; it isn't our fault, but yours. A crime like yours, can't be forgiven in this world, although I can't say but it may be in the next. It's no use for you to try and git out of the scrape, for there isn't a man here that want's you to live any longer. Many of these men have got wives and children; but yet you was villain enough to sell them, and their innocent ones, to an enemy that had no pity for helpless babes, or defenceless beauty. We will show you the mercy of *shootin'*, instead of *hangin'*; which is more than *we* should have received, had your villany been successful. I shall now allow you about five minutes to *equip* yourself for another world. So you had better straighten up, and make the most on't."

The time allotted to Sawyer to make preparation for death, was spent in petitioning for mercy from his earthly judges, instead of asking it of one who does not despise the prayers of a contrite spirit.

"Lieutenant Anderson," said Hawes, "take three or four men and load all the muskets; putting a *blank* cartridge in every other one; then return them to the company indiscriminately."

This order was also obeyed.

"Joe Sawyer, your time is up; stand up like a man, and meet the reward of your treachery; though I reckon it's difficult to show much courage in a bad cause. If one of my fellers should be taken by the tories, he wouldn't flinch like that; he'd straighten right up, stand stiff on his pegs, toe out, just as if he was on parade, and dress boldly to the front; that's the way brave men knock under, when worst comes to worst."

"The knave wont stand up," said Sergeant Davis.

"Let him kneel down, then," replied the captain.



"He wont do that," rejoined the sergeant.

"Let him sit down," said the captain.

"He wont do that either," remarked the sergeant.

"Well, let him lay on the ground, then, if he wants to; it wont make no great odds," returned the captain.

"He hasn't courage enough to do one thing or the other," added the sergeant.

"Tie him to that little sapling!" exclaimed the captain, impatiently.

We will not endeavor to depict the agony of fear that convulsed poor Sawyer, and made him continue his frantic efforts, and to cry out for mercy, even after he was lashed firmly to a tree. Feeling that his doom was just, no man interfered in his behalf; not because they were cruel or vindictive, but because they believed the times demanded such an example; for it might deter others from the same practices, and thus result in incalculable good to their beloved country.

The terrible tragedy was about to be brought to a close, when the proceedings were unexpectedly interrupted. Kate Martin suddenly appeared, mounted upon a fleet horse, which she had evidently ridden at his greatest speed. She reined up gracefully and fearlessly between the soldiers and the pleading culprit, although the captain had given the order to "present arms."

"I have come to prevent this terrible retribution!" she exclaimed. "I entreat that this unhappy man's life may be spared."

"Do not interrupt the course of justice, Miss Martin," said the captain. "Move to the right."

"No, no! I will remain where I am," replied Kate, firmly.

"It is necessary, Miss Martin, that this execution should take place," added the captain.

"I know he is guilty," returned Kate, "but

in the name of mercy, and in my father's name, spare him."

"We all respect and love you, Kate Martin," rejoined Hawes; but you will oblige us by moving to the right. Not one of my men will present a musket to fire while you remain there."

"I add my entreaties to hers," said Mr. Henderson, who had been a silent spectator of the exciting scene from the beginning.

"Ask in your own name, Miss Martin," said one of the men, in a low voice.

"Yes, ask in your own name," repeated many others.

"I will, I do ask in my own name, that this awful scene may end without the shedding of blood!" cried Kate, earnestly.

"Your request is granted," replied the captain; "though it's altogether contrary to the rules and regulations of the service; but as brave men, we can't find it in our hearts to resist the pleading of woman, when she straightens up afore us in her beauty, and speaks on the side of mercy. Sargeant Davis, untie the prisoner, and he may hear his sentence from the fair lips of Kate Martin."

"I am very grateful for this mark of esteem," said Kate; "and I thank you all sincerely."

Joe Sawyer, as soon as he was released, sank upon his knees and poured out his emotions of gratitude in tears, incoherent thanks, and blessings.

"Go," exclaimed Kate, waving her white hand; "go, and be an honest man; and let the future atone for the past."

"Cheers for Kate Martin, the fairest of South Carolinian girls!" cried Lieutenant Anderson, enthusiastically.

"Three times three!" added the captain.

The cheers were given with hearty emphasis; and Kate Martin bowed and smiled bewitchingly to the bold men of Rocky Creek.

## CHAPTER VI.

RUTH STRICKLAND.

AN hour after the capture of Gainey by Marion's Brigade, young Forstall mounted his horse and rode up to Mr. Strickland's. That the fair Ruth was the principal object of his visit we shall admit without cavilling. In order that there may be no misunderstanding in regard to the real relations which existed between the young lady referred to and our hero, we shall here state that no verbal avowal of his sentiments had yet been made by him; but that he had expressed his admiration in numberless other ways.

Ruth Strickland knew that she was beloved, but we cannot aver that Frank Forstall had the same comforting assurance so far as the former was concerned. Various emotions agitated his mind when he entered the dwelling and stood in the presence of the maiden dearer than all others. He was conscious of feeling some pride and considerable confusion. Ruth received him with her usual modesty, and that dignity which was natural to her.

Though dignity, in a maiden, often chills the hopes of her admirer, it must be remembered that it also secures his respect, and shields her from impertinence. But dignity and modesty are not incompatible with cordiality, as our hero discovered, much to his satisfaction.

"We have heard of your gallant exploits at Britton's Neck this morning," said Miss Strickland, earnestly.

Frank Forstall colored and replied, "that the credit was due principally to the gallantry and prudence of General Marion, who had planned the expedition."

"Major Gainey and his confederates have distressed the peaceable inhabitants not a little during their brief stay here, and every heart will be rejoiced that they have been thus checked in their career of crime," added Ruth, with increased enthusiasm.

"Your words fall most agreeably upon my ears," said Frank, warmly. "To hear you discourse thus more than rewards me for any peril I may possibly have incurred, or any agency I may have exercised in securing the welcome result."

"Indeed, Mr. Forstall, I express but feebly and imperfectly the joy which this unexpected event has produced among us. I am sure that



the news of this victory of right over wrong, will cause hope to revive in every patriotic heart. Our good neighbors say that hundreds who were about to take royal protection, will, when they hear of this victory, be induced to change their determination, and hasten to swell the ranks of Marion and Sumter," returned Ruth, with still greater earnestness.

"It is pleasant to be thus cheered on and stimulated to heroic deeds by the gentle voice of woman," replied the young man, feelingly, and in a voice somewhat agitated; "but, Miss Strickland, it would be more pleasant if—"

Although Frank had felt no fear when he met the swords of Gainey's dragoons, he now quailed and trembled before the soft eyes of Ruth Strickland. The sentence was left unsaid, and Ruth was confused past description. What might have next ensued, it is impossible to tell; for while Forstall was stammering, and coloring to his eyebrows, a man rushed into the room, bringing the news of the battle of Camden, and the disastrous defeat of General Gates.

"The army is annihilated!" he cried; "our troops are flying in every direction, and South Carolina is lost."

"My father was there!" exclaimed Ruth, pale with fear.

"Lost! lost!" exclaimed the man, wildly. "Murder and spoliation will now be the order of the day."

"This is indeed dreadful news," said Forstall.

"And what of my father? Can you tell me anything of him?" added Ruth, painfully wrought upon.

"Speak and tell us all, if you know," said Mrs. Strickland, who entered the apartment at that moment.

"Excuse me, friends," he rejoined; "I had nearly lost sight of the details, in contemplation of the general disaster. I regret to be obliged to inform you that Mr. Strickland is a prisoner. He was captured, with hundreds of others, while fighting nobly for the common cause."

The shock of this intelligence was too great

to be borne calmly by either mother or daughter. For a few moment they abandoned themselves to that grief which such sad tidings would naturally inspire. Mrs. Strickland was the first to regain a degree of firmness.

"This is not a time for tears and despondency," she said, wiping her eyes with wonderful self-control and calmness. "Let us rather strive to rise above grief and sorrow, and strengthen each other for the trials yet in reserve for us. We should remember that it is no worse for us who remain at home, than for those who go forth, to suffer (in our defence) wounds and imprisonments. If they can bear these things for our sakes, ought we not to submit patiently to our lot whatever it may be?"

The individual who had brought such melancholy news to Britton's Neck, was a surgeon attached to Dixon's regiment of North Carolinians. He had witnessed the battle at Camden, and the defeat of General Gates.

To Mrs. Strickland's remarks, he replied, "that such sentiments were worthy of American women, and he was happy to be able to add that they were generally prevalent among her sex; and that very fact would contribute to make heroes of all who were capable of bearing arms."

"As you were an eye-witness of the battle, you will greatly oblige and interest us by giving some description of it; for we are anxious to know who fought and who fled; who gave their bosoms manfully to the foe, and who sought safety in shameful retreat," said Forstall.

"I can give you but an imperfect idea of the terrible encounter," returned the surgeon. "The battle commenced with the first blush of morning. The rising sun threw his earliest beams upon the embattled lines of the two hostile armies. The thunder of artillery announced that the work of death had commenced; and then General Gates's left moved forward, under General Stevens, preceded by a skirmishing party of volunteers commanded by Colonel Williams. These demonstrations were promptly met by the enemy. General Stevens's brigade gave way before the veteran troops of Cornwal-

lis, and despite all the efforts of their leader, fled the field, followed by the North Carolina brigade; but the day was not entirely lost. The continentals, under the noble Baron de Kalph, still stood firm and unappalled, supported by Dixon and his gallant regiment. It was in vain that the infantry of Rawdon bore down upon them in their might; and that Tarleton's dragoons were hurled against them in awful fury. Their gleaming bayonets met them with fearful slaughter; while high over the red field arose the mighty battle-shout of the undaunted de Kalph. Rank after rank were swept away by the fiery bolts of pitiless war; men and horses and nodding plumes went down, and the conflict raged with tenfold violence over the trampled and mangled bodies of man and beast.

"Cornwallis concentrated his forces for a grand effort; and Tarleton and Rawdon shook the field with the impetuosity of their charges. The enemy's artillery shot forth their hot lightnings, and made bloody roads through the continental troops; but when the brave fellows fell, others closed in, and filled up the pathways made by the engines of death. Never was a man more sublime in his courage than Baron de Kalph on that eventful day. His noble figure towered up like a rock of granite before the mad efforts of charging squadrons, and despite the accumulated horrors of the indescribable scene. He fell at last; the brave heart fell, pierced with many wounds, and the legions of Cornwallis swept in triumph and carnage, in smoke and in flame, over the plain.

While de Kalph lay with his face to the foe, still grasping his blunted blade, General Gates was being borne ingloriously from the scene by the headlong haste of rushing hundreds seeking safety in flight. It was in vain that he endeavored to stem the retreating tide; it was in vain that he shook his sword wrathfully; it was in vain that he entreated them for heaven's sake to make a stand, and retrieve the fortunes of the day. Threats and entreaties were alike unheeded; fear reigned predominant among the broken and flying ranks."

The surgeon ceased, and for a moment the

lips of the listeners were silent with sorrow. Mrs. Strickland was the first to speak.

"You have not spoken particularly of my husband," she remarked.

"I can only tell you that he stood firm with those who remained on the field, and was taken about the time Baron de Kalph fell," replied the surgeon.

"Captivity is far better than disgrace," said Mrs. Strickland. "I should have grieved more deeply had he been with those who fled the fight."

"Right, madam, right!" exclaimed the surgeon. "Cowardice is more to be deplored than imprisonment, wounds, or death."

The surgeon soon after took leave, and Forstall and Miss Strickland were again left together. The former would have renewed the conversation which had been interrupted by the entrance of the surgeon, but he had not the presence of mind to do so; he therefore endeavored to comfort his fair companion by holding out every hope of her father's release that the circumstances of the case would possibly admit.

"I presume," said Frank, "that this news affects you deeply; and it is but natural that it should; but I am inclined to the belief that his exchange can be effected without much difficulty."

"American prisoners, you are aware, are not treated with common humanity," replied Ruth. "Many sink under the rigors of their condition, and perish more miserably than if they had died on the field of battle."

"I feel the truth of your last remark," returned Forstall; "but I wish you to understand that I shall make every effort to free him from captivity."

"Do so, Mr. Forstall, and whether you succeed or not, be assured that I shall not be unmindful of your exertions," rejoined Ruth.

"I know of no peril that I would not dare in order to win your good opinion," replied Frank, with considerable warmth.

"You shall have my constant prayers for your safety and success," added Ruth, timidly.

"If your lips pray for me, Ruth, I shall indeed be safe and successful!" exclaimed Forstall.

"Hark! what do I hear!" cried Ruth, with some agitation of manner.

"The bugles of Marion's Brigade," said Frank, proudly. "They are coming this way; it is the signal for me to leave you."

The parties went to the door to obtain a view of the brigade.

"Which is General Marion?" asked Ruth.

"That small man at the head of the brigade," was the reply.

"Who is that large man in the centre of the first rank?" continued Miss Strickland.

"That is Job Dawson, a very singular personage indeed," replied Forstall, with a smile.

"Is he a Quaker?"

"He is, and talks much about loving peace and hating contention."

"I have heard of him," said Ruth. "His name has been mentioned in connection with a certain young lady who lives farther up the

river. So far as I am able to judge from vague reports that have recently reached me, he is a most extraordinary character."

"I do not remember of ever having heard of him until yesterday, when I saw him in the ranks of the brigade," answered Forstall.

The brigade made a short halt, and Frank gave Miss Strickland a hurried account of what he knew and had seen, in relation to Job Dawson, to which she listened with evident interest.

"The dragoons are in motion again," he added, as the brigade moved on. "I will remember my promise, and if your father does not regain his liberty, I trust it will not be any fault of mine. If I should fall in battle, and we should never meet again, I—I—"

"Fall in! Mr. Forstall, fall in!" cried Captain Logan, pleasantly.

"Farewell, Ruth," stammered Frank, and vaulting into the saddle, fell into his place, leaving the fair Ruth with an unwonted moisture in her soft, blue eyes.

## CHAPTER VII.

### CAPTAIN HAWES JOINS MARION'S BRIGADE.

THE bugles gave a merry blast, the sabres jingled, and the brigade swept forward.

"I shall have to pulverize this fellow yet," said Ben Rowan.

"What's the trouble now?" asked Frank.

"He's a humbug!"

"Didst thou address me, good Benjamin?" said Dawson.

"Do you hear that?" exclaimed Ben.

"Verily, thou art irascible," added Job.

"I shall want you to hold my coat, hat, and other fixin's," continued Rowan to Frank.

"What for?" inquired the latter.

"While I pulverize him."

"I think that will be ungrateful; he saved your life," remonstrated Forstall.

"That's the very thing," said Rowan; "he saved my life and wont own it. I don't like to be fooled and have the wool pulled over my eyes. There's nothing like pulverizing such chaps; it does 'em a monstrous sight of good; it deepens their religious convictions, and keeps 'em in their place."

"Thou art in the gall of bitterness, friend Benjamin," observed Dawson.

"If I was a regerler saint I couldn't bear it," said Ben, in the tone of a person conscious that he was practising the sublimest forbearance.

"And in the strong bonds of iniquity," added Job, mildly.

"To think that such a humbug should dare to save my life! it makes me mad enough to eat my own sabre," continued Ben, sentimentally.

Passing over the details of Ben Rowan's wranglings, and reflections against the conduct and character of the quiet Dawson, we will state that the brigade encamped at its former position on the Santee. At that place General Marion spent several days drilling his men, while many hastened to join his ranks. One morning the general was informed that a man from Rocky Creek wished to see him; and in a few moments after, Captain Nicodemus Hawes was ushered into his presence.

"I'm cap'en of the Independent Fire Eaters," said Hawes. "I've hearn of your gallant exploits, and have come down to jine you with my fellers; and they're 'tarnal critters for a tussle as any you can find anywhere in these diggin's."

"Just such fellows as I want!" exclaimed the general, with a smile. "How many have you brought?"

"We number about thirty-five now, more nor less, big and little, great and small, take 'em as they stand, on an average," said Captain Nick.

"You think they're made of the right kind of material?" remarked Marion, musingly.

"Warrant 'em to *whip* in all cases," rejoined Hawes, laconically.

"Right, sir, right!" said the general. "Are they mounted?"

"None to speak on; because horses are mighty scarce up our way; but we can soon take some away from the Britishers, general; for as I said afore, we're onspeakable at a rough and tumble tussle. I've got 'em straightened up in line jest out yender, and if you'll step out, I'll put 'em through the *gamut* a few times, to show you what they can do."

To this proposition Marion assented willingly, and accompanied Captain Hawes to the spot indicated.

The Independent Fire Eaters were paraded, and Hawes proceeded to exercise them in his own peculiar manner.

"Attention the *hull*! Straighten up, you tarnal critters. Dress to the front, and no squintin'. If any on ye haint been to breakfast, say so. This man that you see here, is General Marion; and, as you all know, he's arter the Britishers with a sharp stick; and he means to foller 'em like the ceaseless footsteps of everlastin' death. He's a brave man, and has been gifted with a better education, and can make a smarter speech, perhaps, than I can; but I can feel in my heart all that he knows to express in words; and it swells within me *inexpressible*, until it e'en almost alarms me for the safety of my nateral constitution, and threatens a universal collapse of my ideas. The star of our liberties has riz, and shines down upon us to-day right smart; and it wont never set until everything has *busted* up that's combustible. When we're beat from the field, there'll be a gineral smash in the universe, and *chaos*, and

other unmitigated *nusances* will prevail quite extensively. When we're put down and conquered, there wont be men enough left at *hum* to call the rest to dinner. The dragon of war is ridin' like a *spread eagle* through our land, robbin' hen-roosts and granaries, devastating widows, and other branches of industry, which have caused our heretofore happy *sile* to bud and blossom like the roses of Lebanon."

The captain paused a moment and then went on:

"Toe out, you tarnal critters. Endeavor to rise with the subject, and feel that each on ye has enough of the real grit to make a dozen heroes, and a good dog, besides, leavin' a small remnant at that. Stand firm—hold up—throw out your chists! Corporal Higgins, there's a kink in your section—John Smith, try to look an inch and a half taller. *Shoulder—firelock*. Very well; dew it agin. Work a little faster, boys. Perkins, you aint quite orthodox yet—your toad sticker is on hind side afore. All eyes to the front. *Present—arms*. Let the muzzles fall a little more; that'll do. *Charge—baganets*. Be brisk, my lads, and imagine the enemy is right afore you. Very well done—perwidin' you all had baganets. *Shoulder 'em up agin*. Lieutenant Anderson will now shove you through the *firin's*, *marchin's*, and *wheelin's*."

The captain ceased, and General Marion expressed himself pleased with the performances.

"To-night," he added, "I intend to surprise a company of tories, under Captain Barfield, who are posted not far from here, between us and the Pedee. If I am successful, I shall have horses enough to mount you all to-morrow. You have heard of Cunningham's escape, I suppose?"

"Yes; and he's collectin' men in the neighborhood of Rocky Creek. You may depend on't, he means to do mischief," replied Hawes.

"He cannot do more than equal the enormities of Tarleton and Wemyss," said the general.

"I should like to have a hand in this Barfield affair," added Captain Nick.

"I shall be glad to have your company, captain, with what men you can mount," answered Marion.

It is only necessary to add, in this place, that the contemplated movement was carried into effect successfully. Frank Forstall took an active part in the engagement, and attracted the particular attention of General Marion; he was promised a lieutenantcy as soon as a vacancy should occur. This was very gratifying to Frank's laudable ambition, and he wondered whether Miss Kate Strickland would feel any pleasure when she received the news that he had conducted himself in a soldier-like and becoming manner. Such a favorable commencement of his military career stimulated him to greater efforts; and his manly bearing and straight forward deportment secured him the respect of all who made his acquaintance.

No one watched the progress of events with deeper interest than Forstall. General Marion's high qualities as a leader, had inspired him with confidence, and he looked forward with hope to new and more brilliant achievements.

During the engagement with Barfield's band of tories, Job Dawson had again been seen to ride furiously into the ranks of the foe; but he affirmed that his horse was unruly, and he had been carried into danger against his will.

This version of the affair, Ben Rowan would by no means accept; for he stoutly and perseveringly asserted that he had seen him spur his horse into the teeth of the enemy, overturn two tory horsemen, and cleave a third with his huge sabre. When honest Job assured his somewhat choleric friend Ben, that there must be some illusion about what he professed to have witnessed, he flew at once into a violent passion, and if Forstall had not interfered, he would doubtless have proceeded to extremities, as he was greatly in favor of the *pulverizing* system in all cases of "*humbug*," and obstinacy, or what he chose to consider as such.

There was evidently some mystery about the character of Job Dawson, which neither Frank Forstall nor any of his new acquaintances could solve. The peculiarities of the Quaker had at-

tracted the attention of not only the men, but of the officers; and even Marion himself regarded him with much curiosity.

It seemed singular, to Frank, and others, that Dawson should linger after he had concluded the ostensible object of his appearance among them. If he really "*hated bloodshed*," why did he not leave the brigade as soon as he was at liberty to do so? Did he stay with the dragoons because he believed he should be safer with them than anywhere else? Had his horse borne him into the conflict against his wishes? Had he wielded his sabre deliberately, or in a moment of excitement, when half demented by an excessive fear? These were questions which very few felt competent to answer. Ben Rowan was the most confident of any, in the premises, and was apparently fully resolved that Job should prove a *humbug* in some way or another. Nor was this quite all; he resolved, furthermore, to flagellate him soundly, whenever, a favorable opportunity should offer. This determination was not a passing whim, but a fixed and deliberately formed purpose; for he had conceived the extraordinary idea that his honor required it; but how it required it, would have been, perhaps, a difficult matter for Ben himself to explain. But Job Dawson kept on the even tenor of his way without appearing in any manner disturbed by what others thought or said of him. If there was anything about him that they could not understand at first, the same mystery hung over him now. So the Quaker moved among them a continual wonder, and a continual subject of remark and ridicule.

Mr. Henderson, whose name is already somewhat familiar to the reader, had accompanied Captain Hawes to Marion's camp; and he was often observed in conversation with Dawson; the nature of those conversations no one knew; but they seemed to be confidential in character, so far as they could judge. When together in the presence of others, it was seldom that a word passed between them, and they might have been supposed utter strangers to each other.

We must add, in this connection, that young Adair, who had been released from his danger-

ous position at Britton's Neck, had joined the brigade; and as Dawson had been the most active in setting him at liberty, the query naturally arose whether any previous acquaintance had existed between the parties. If the affirmative of this was true, how long had such acquaintance existed, and under what circumstances had it commenced? But these inquiries were as unanswerable as the others. Frank Forstall, though well acquainted with the inhabitants in the vicinity of Britton's Neck, did not remember of ever hearing the name of Job Dawson. Whether there were any persons, in that particular section, who knew him, the sequel will perhaps show. For the present we must let matters take their course, and follow our principal characters in the order that may seem most natural.

The one engrossing idea that now occupied and agitated the mind of Forstall, was the captivity of Mr. Strickland. There were several good reasons why he wished to achieve his liberation. He was an old and respected neighbor, and he (Frank) loved his handsome daugh-

ter. But we must not forget to state distinctly, that our hero was not an especial favorite with Mr. Strickland; and if the truth must be told in plain terms, he was somewhat prejudiced against him. Mr. Strickland's reasons for not liking young Forstall are unknown to us, but he doubtless had real or imaginary ones—most probably the latter. It is very certain that we poor human beings sometimes conceive prejudices and antipathies, without being able to define distinctly the cause or causes of the same; but we are not disposed to say that this was, or was not the case, with Ruth's father. The very idea that Mr. Strickland did not feel very friendly towards him made our hero still more anxious to serve him; for he very naturally wished to prove that his (Strickland's) antipathy (if it really amounted to antipathy) was entirely unfounded.

Forstall cogitated deeply on the subject of Strickland's captivity, and many were the plans he formed to effect his release; and we may safely add that many of his schemes were wholly impracticable, and all of them full of danger.

## CHAPTER VIII.

DIX AND KATE MARTIN.

THE course of events now takes us to Rocky Creek. The news that Colonel Ferguson was approaching with a large body of dragoons, marking his footsteps with blood and fire, produced general consternation among the inhabitants (consisting mostly of females and men too far advanced in years to bear arms) who remained at home.

There was quite a number at Rocky Creek favorable to the royal cause; and they resolved to organize and choose a leader, as their tory brethren had done in adjoining towns, and districts. The tidings of Ferguson's proximity served to quicken their zeal, and hasten their movements.

A young man by the name of Dix was very active in the contemplated organization. Having provided himself with a list of those who were friendly to the royal cause, he rode up and down the country, inviting them to assemble at a designated place in the vicinage of Rocky Creek. The whigs who had not yet taken arms, or had returned to arrange their domestic affairs, were also sounded in regard to their constancy to a cause, which appeared, to most people, en-

tirely lost and hopeless. Such were invited to join them, and threatened with severe penalties if they refused.

Cyrus Dix lived not far from Rev. William Martin's, and knew well that he was a staunch patriot. The former felt an earnest desire to change the latter's mode of thinking, and his reasons for this we will speedily unfold.

Dix was well acquainted with Kate Martin, knew her worth, and had felt the power of her dazzling beauty. He had ardently sought her society for many months, and flattered himself that he had made a favorable impression.

It will be seen then, that Dix would naturally wish to secure Mr. Martin's esteem, which he felt assured he could not do, while they differed so widely in sentiment; hence he improved every opportunity to reason most earnestly, and with all the power of insinuating arts, and eloquence that he could possibly bring into exercise, on the subject of their differences.

Dix was at heart a bad man, but he took the best of care to disguise his true character, and to appear to Martin's eyes like one who honestly and conscientiously differed with him in

opinion. While he seemed to sustain this assumed position, the good father could not find it in his heart to treat him otherwise than an honorable and high-minded, though mistaken young man. The day before the royalists of that and adjoining districts were to assemble, with a view to an armed and permanent organization, Dix walked over to Mr. Martin's, in order to make a final effort to shake his patriotism to its foundation.

Nor was this the sole object of his visit; after he had done all that he could in that particular direction, he had determined to make a full declaration of his sentiments to the peerless Kate. We shall be obliged to give the reader the purport of the conversation that ensued between the pastor and Cyrus Dix.

"I have come to converse with you once more on the subject of our honest differences of opinion. I would to heaven that you could see as I do, in this matter," said Dix, with much emphasis.

"I respect your friendly earnestness, young man," replied the pastor; "but pardon me, when I say that I do thoroughly detest your cause. I have not only *wished* that you might discover the errors into which you have unwittingly fallen, but I have *prayed* that our common Father would mercifully open your eyes, and quicken your understanding."

"I much regret your infatuation," returned Dix, earnestly; "and perhaps I might say *hallucination*, instead of the milder term I have employed. Your sacred profession prevents you from fighting with the ordinary weapons of human warfare. You are well-known among the royalists as having incited the hitherto peaceable inhabitants to arms, and they feel justly indignant against you; who then will protect yourself, your wife and fair daughter from the vengeance of those marauding parties who are sweeping like lightning through the country?"

"I have served the God of heaven many years, and I have never yet been forsaken," replied Martin, devoutly.

"Once more I appeal to you, sir; will you not at least, *in appearance*, favor the royal

cause? Your own safety and that of your family require this much of you."

"Go, young man!" exclaimed Martin, sternly. "You forget the respect which is due one so much your senior. I never was a *hypocrite*; and the God of battles being my helper, I never *will* be. It is useless to prolong this conversation. To persist in such language would soon rob you of the respect which I have hitherto entertained for you. Go, and let this subject never be renewed between us, unless you are led to see the fatal error into which you have been led."

"I am sorry for this," resumed Dix, artfully affecting some emotion. "I have esteemed you highly, and earnestly wish to see you shielded from the evil which is surely determined against you."

"Blessed are they who suffer for righteousness' sake," responded Mr. Martin, fervently.

Dix despaired (as he well might) of shaking the constancy of such a man as the worthy pastor; he accordingly sought Kate, to learn how matters stood in that direction. As it happened, a very favorable opportunity presented itself, and he entered into the subject of his call without circumlocution.

"I have been conversing with your father this morning, in regard to his unfortunate political sentiments," said Dix.

"Have you succeeded in convincing him of his *heresy*?" asked Kate, calmly.

"I am sorry to say that I have not," was the reply.

"Will you be kind enough to inform me why you regret the circumstance?" added Miss Martin.

"For several reasons, my fair neighbor," rejoined Dix, blandly. "First; because such a worthy man should be so blinded in his judgment; second—because such sentiments endanger his personal safety; third—on your own account; for it naturally follows, if your father suffers for the active part he has taken in this rebellion, you also will suffer by *his* punishment. These are among the numerous reasons that make me regret Mr. Martin's obstinacy."

While he was speaking, Kate was quietly studying his character, and arriving at a very accurate conclusion in regard to the object of his apparently disinterested efforts.

"Perhaps, Mr. Dix," she said, with much seeming simplicity of manner, "it is in your power to aid us in this unhappy dilemma into which we have fallen."

"You speak to the point, my dear Kate," added the loyalist, in tones still more confidential and patronizing. "This conversation, as I shall show, is very opportune, as far as your father's safety is concerned. Rocky Creek, at the present time, is left entirely to the mercy of the royalists."

"But are they not too noble to make war upon defenceless females, and old men?" inquired Kate, in the same confiding, and apparently artless manner.

"Our troops," added Dix, coloring slightly, "cannot always be restrained on account of the cruelties practised by the whigs. It is my solemn conviction that the first party of British dragoons that sweeps through the settlement, will make a terrible example of William Martin."

"Unless," added Kate, "you should possess sufficient *influence* to stay their sanguinary proceedings!"

"Just so, Miss Martin. I am pleased beyond expression that you have the penetration and forethought to see through this somewhat obscure and very painful subject. I trust, dear young lady, that I have ever been a friend to you and the family!" returned Dix, sentimentally.

"And I embrace this occasion to express my thanks," said Miss Martin.

"I think I am not mistaken in you," resumed the royalist, in a more tender and confiding tone, encouraged greatly by the kindness of the maiden. "I feel assured that we *understand* each other."

"Yes," added Kate, averting her eyes, timidly.

"There are moments when *soul* speaks to *soul*, and all the heart's precious secrets are suddenly and intuitively revealed."

Kate looked at the floor, and made no answer.

"Your condescension makes me extremely happy. Your heightened color assures me that I need not be more explicit on this particular theme. I will lay to my soul the flattering unctious, that I have awakened a gentle interest in your bosom."

Cyrus Dix took Kate's hand, which she gently withdrew.

"I thought, by your manner, that you were about to communicate something of importance," said Kate, evasively, and with the least possible shadow of a smile, which being observed by Dix, gratified him very much.

"I was about to confide to your safe keeping a secret, which will transpire sooner or later. I do this as a proof of that strong yet tender friendship which I have cherished for you for many months. For the last few days I have not been idle. True to the great cause which I have espoused, I have been constantly in the saddle, warning all the royalists in this and the adjoining settlements, to meet at an old field near the cross roads. I found them wide awake for the enterprise, and to-morrow they will begin to assemble."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Miss Martin, with considerable emphasis.

"It is true," added the tory; "and I have been promised a captain's commission. If you really feel that friendship for me that your glowing cheek and timid manner would seem to indicate, I trust you will keep this little piece of gossip a profound secret, until we make ourselves known and feared by our deeds."

"Why should you doubt my discretion?" said Kate.

"I do not, Miss Martin; but it is always well to be guarded about matters of this kind. One of our first movements, after getting fairly organized, will be to hunt up General Marion and his ragamuffin crew, and rid the country of such vagabonds."

"Think you can accomplish that matter easily, Captain Dix?" asked Kate, *naively*.

"Without doubt we can," was the confident rejoinder.



"Answer me one more question, sir, and be sure that you do not deceive a simple-minded girl," resumed Kate, earnestly. "Are you quite certain that you are right?"

Cyrus Dix seemed startled at this home question, and looked steadily at Miss Martin. There was evidently some doubt in his mind in regard to the manner in which he should shape his answer.

"It is perfectly evident," he said, hesitatingly, "that I am on the *safest* side of the question, and the safest side is always the *right* side! Do you comprehend, Miss Martin?"

"I think I do," returned Kate.

"Policy, my fair friend, *policy* is everything, in this world."

"Doubtless. Do you suppose you can gather much of a company, Captain Dix?"

"About sixty resolute fellows as ever drew a sword; all mounted, too."

"It will be in your power to throw a strong protection around my father," said Kate.

"If his fair daughter proves *kind* and *considerate*, he shall suffer no harm in person or property," was the reply.

"And if she should not prove 'kind and considerate,' what *then*?" asked the maiden.

"I will not be answerable for his safety a single day; no, not for a *single hour*!" exclaimed Dix, striking the table emphatically.

"O dear, don't look so stern, Mr. Dix!" cried Kate.

"I made my last remark, gentle neighbor, that you might know precisely how the case stands. I wish you to look at the subject in a plain, reasonable, and matter of fact way, and act accordingly. You must endeavor to influence your father."

"Must I?" added Kate.

"I have said it, my dear, and pardon me if I insist upon compliance."

"Certainly, captain; you're so much deeper than I am, and know so much more about these things!"

"You are the most sensible and reasonable of girls, and I shall always adore you. You do not think me positively hateful, do you?" added Dix, in a coaxing voice.

"I will express my sentiments more freely at our next interview, perhaps," was the playful rejoinder.

"You are on the non-committal system, I perceive."

Farther conversation of this nature was prevented by the entrance of Mr. Martin.

Dix arose to go, and Kate attended him to the door. He paused on the threshold and whispered in her ear:

"All, so far as your *quiet* and *safety* are concerned, depends upon your *good sense* and *discretion*! Should you prove *capricious* and *wayward*, as maidens sometimes do, I have a power which you will unwillingly *compel me to exercise*!"

Dix departed, and left Kate mistress of his secret, and greatly his superior in shrewdness. She had experienced considerable difficulty in controlling her virtuous indignation during the interview; but feeling that much good might result from the practice of some self-control, and a little dissimulation, she had passed through the scene triumphantly. Her noble and ingenuous mind, at first, revolted against the idea of deception in any case whatever; but as she looked into Dix's character, and perceived what he was trying to accomplish, she conquered her aversion, gained a still deeper insight into his nature, and overcame him in the skillful playing of that game at which he imagined himself an adept.

The unutterable contempt, the ineffable repugnance which she felt in her pure soul, when he departed, must be left solely to the imagination.

Her father soon after remarked in her hearing, "that it was greatly to be regretted that a young man, who appeared so honorable, and honest in intention, should embrace so bad a cause."

"Do you refer to Mr. Dix, father?" asked Kate.

Mr. Martin replied in the affirmative.

"Then I am sorry to be forced to say, that you are most egregiously mistaken in his character. A more unprincipled person it has never

been my fortune to be acquainted with," replied Kate.

"Your words greatly astonish me!" exclaimed the pastor. "You should not condemn Mr. Dix so severely on account of his political sentiments."

"You shall judge for yourself," answered Kate; and she rehearsed the conversation in detail, which had transpired between herself and the party referred to.

Mr. Martin was exceedingly surprised at the unexpected relation, and felt that it was indeed difficult to judge of character by the outward seeming.

"Things have now assumed an aspect entirely unexpected," he added. "I am pained, embarrassed, and indignant. We are placed in a most unenviable position; I have long known that the jealous eyes of our enemies are fixed upon me; and that I am not secure from personal harm for a day, or an hour; but I had trusted that the hand of villany would fall on me alone, and not involve you, Kate. It seems that I have been mistaken; and have more to fear for you than for myself."

"Do not think of me, father, I fear nothing; on the contrary, it is for you alone that I tremble."

"Let not my danger distress you; for it is glorious to die for one's country. But there is that, you are aware, Kate, which is worse than the change which we call death; it is *dishonor*. Whatever situation I may be placed in, let it never influence your conduct, so far as Cyrus Dix is concerned. Pursue a high and truthful course, never violating your best convictions of right, or going counter to the still, small voice of that divinity which presides in every virtuous bosom. A young man like the party referred to, can never be congenial to a nature like yours; hence no duty which you owe to me or to God, can ever force you into any nearer relationship with him. I make these remarks in order that you may not be coerced to take a step at which your whole soul revolts. The time may come when these words will be recalled, and strengthen you in the path of duty. I

would die daily the death of the gibbet, rather than have you connected with such a villain as Dix has proved himself to be."

"My own instincts would teach me to shun him, if you had never expressed your sentiments on the subject."

"In regard to this tory gathering, at the old field, near the cross-roads, it seems to me something ought to be done about it," resumed Mr. Martin.

"I have already considered the matter, and decided what ought to be done," replied Kate.

"Let me hear your plan," said her father, with a smile.

"I perceive that you are inclined to imagine that a girl's judgment in such matters must necessarily be worth but little," rejoined Kate. "But I will disclose my scheme, nevertheless. I propose to advise Marion's Brigade of the tory gathering."

"But have you devised the *means* of its accomplishment?" asked the father.

"Certainly; I intend to carry the intelligence to Marion myself."

"You, Kate!"

"My own important *self*!" rejoined Kate, pleasantly.

"It is impracticable."

"Not so, father."

"I cannot permit it."

"I think you will."

"I will go myself."

"That is out of the question; you would never reach the Santee, if you should attempt it. You would be stopped by the tories; consequently much would be lost and nothing gained."

"Very true; I should naturally be suspected. There is more sense in your little head than I had given you credit for."

"Thank you, father; we are getting on very well. You know you have got an excellent young horse in the stable?"

"Yes, Kate."

"You know that I am an expert horse-woman?"

"I know there isn't a colt in the neighbor-



hood, and hasn't been for the last year, that you would fear to mount. You have caused me much uneasiness by your waywardness and daring in that respect. You are a very good girl, Kate, but rather wild, in some respects."

"My skill, acquired by such practices, may now be of some use to me, you perceive. Victor, you know, is fleet and strong, and yet very docile; I can manage him when he is very restive under other hands. When it is fairly night, I will mount him and ride quickly from the settlement. If I am observed, no one will think strange of the circumstance, because I ride so

much, and am so noted for that kind of exercise. Before morning, I could reach General Marion's camp; and to-morrow night the sabres of the brigade would wave in triumph over the place of tory rendezvous."

"Go, my darling Kate, and heaven will protect you!" exclaimed the pastor, fervently.

"With heaven's blessing, and yours, I cannot fail," said the daughter, enthusiastically.

"I will see that Victor is generously fed and groomed for the occasion," added her father, and immediately left the house to put his promise into effect.

## CHAPTER IX.

### KATE'S ADVENTURES ON THE WAY TO MARION'S CAMP.

A LARGE, powerful horse, whose black skin shone like polished glass, stood at Mr. Martin's door. Kate appeared, dressed in a dark and becoming riding habit. She approached the steed, who seemed impatient to be in motion, and fearlessly caressed his arching neck with her gloved hand.

"Be quiet, Victor, be quiet!" said Kate.

"I feel disposed to regret that I consented to this step," said Mr. Martin, thoughtfully.

"Kate is brave and discreet," remarked Mrs. Martin.

"I shall do very well," rejoined the daughter. "See, Victor is anxious to be on the road."

"You needn't spare him, he is in excellent condition, and with you for his burden, will dash along with the speed of a carrier pigeon. When once under the banners of Marion's Brigade, you will be safe," added the pastor.

"As safe as if at home, father," replied Kate.

Speaking soothingly to Victor, the daring

maiden sprang lightly to the saddle, and grasping the flowing reins, felt that she was mistress of the motions of the noble beast.

She turned his head in the right direction, and while Mr. and Mrs. Martin invoked blessings upon her and her enterprise, rode away at an easy pace. When quite clear of the settlement, she no longer checked the fiery impatience of the steed, but suffered him to go forward at greater speed, though still reserving his powers until the occasion should seem to require their full display.

The moon had not yet risen; it was quite dark, and there were many lonely places to pass. Tories were very active, and very plenty, and British dragoons scoured the country in every direction; but Kate was not daunted by any of these considerations. She knew she was doing right, and felt ready and willing to suffer, as some of her countrywomen had suffered, in the cause of liberty.

She had gone about three miles, when she approached a wood of considerable extent. As

she entered it, and the dark shadows fell more darkly across her path, she could not help reflecting upon the extreme loneliness of her situation. But she quickly shook off the momentary gloom, spoke cheerfully to Victor, and allowed him to go on a little faster. Soon after she heard the clattering of horses' feet, which grew more distinct, and appeared to be approaching from the opposite direction. Although feeling somewhat anxious for the result, Kate resolutely pursued her way. It proved to be a single horseman, and he instantly stopped when near enough to Kate to distinguish the outlines of her figure.

"Is it you, Miss Martin?" said a voice.

"You have spoken my name," replied Kate.

"I am Joe Sawyer," added the man.

"O, yes, I remember," she answered.

"You saved my life, Miss Martin; I shall never forget it. I've lingered about the neighborhood for several days, in hopes to get a glimpse of your sweet face. I think of you all the time, and sometimes I feel that it wouldn't be very wrong to get down on my knees and pray to you; because, you see, I owe you such a debt of gratitude, and can't never pay it. I know you'll despise me for acting as I have, but I can't help it now, and it's no use to cry about the past."

"You'll be a fine lad yet, I dare say," said Kate, kindly; "and you will doubtless wipe out the errors of the past by the doings of the future that is now before you."

"If everybody had been like you, Miss Kate, I shouldn't have been what I am; but they aint, and never will be. The bloodhounds of Captain Nick would soon have torn me in pieces, if you hadn't shown your blessed face just as you did. Yes, they would have killed me, as if my life had been worth no more than that of a miserable cur."

"An offence like yours, I believe, is always punished with death," remarked Kate.

"I know it is; but we'll let that pass. Henceforth I care nothing about parties; I will serve you only; you shall be my queen, and I will be your subject. I swear to you a life-long

allegiance. I will be to you the most abject of slaves. There is no service so hard, so dangerous, or so humiliating, but that I will not attempt it in obedience to your commands."

"Such language surprises me," exclaimed Kate.

"That's because you didn't expect gratitude from a man who could be base enough to betray his neighbors. You can say it boldly in plain words, if you want to, and I won't think hard of you."

"I am glad that you have redeeming qualities, Joe; but I cannot stop to talk with you now. I have far to ride."

"I shan't leave you, Kate Martin. I'll follow you anywhere that you please to go."

"To Marion's camp, Joe?"

"Yes, to —" and Sawyer named a locality supposed to be warmer than the tropics, by many degrees. "You can't shake me off; go where you will, I'll tramp after you, see if I won't," added Joe, decidedly.

"But what possible motive can you have for persisting in such a strange course?"

"To look after you, if you should be in danger, and die for you like a dog that perishes for his master," said Sawyer.

"But you were afraid of death the other day, Joe?"

"I was engaged in a bad cause, then, Miss Martin; and a bad cause makes anybody a miserable coward. Yes, I will go anywhere with you!"

"I'm obliged to you, I'm sure."

"Not at all, and I don't much care whether you are obliged to me or not, so long as I can be the means of doing you any good. I can guess pretty well where you're going now, and what for; it's probably about the tory meetin', or something of that kind. I know more than you think I do about certain persons, and what certain persons intend to do. I know Cyrus Dix, and I know he won't be of any benefit to you, or your friends. So ride along, and I will keep near you."

"Indeed, Joe, I don't know as I can allow you to go with me."

"You can't help yourself; I'm bound to stick to you like shoemaker's wax, come what will."

"I don't think your horse can keep up."

"Then I'll lick him to death!" exclaimed Joe, and then added; "but there's nothing that wears hoofs that can keep out of his way, when in the course of human events speed becomes necessary; so go ahead, Queen Kate."

"You are resolved to follow, I see?"

"You may believe it's a fact. Give that horse the rein; what a noble spirited animal he is! You sit upon him as firmly as a trooper. Here we go, my queen and I. Now for Marion's camp; and if they *string me up*, all I ask is, just one tear from them heavenly eyes of yours."

"You shall have two, Joe—two as real tears as ever a queen shed over a devoted subject," responded Kate, gaily.

Miss Martin did not much regret that she was to have company during the long and dangerous ride that was before her. In some respects Joe might prove detrimental to the success of her enterprise; but in others, he might prove of essential service. She had no reason to distrust the sincerity of his professions, for he appeared too deeply in earnest to be practising dissimulation. So Kate went forward with a brave and hopeful heart, while Joe clattered along by her side, speaking only when he was addressed. A little before midnight, the moon arose, and the maiden hailed the event with gladness.

As they were proceeding in the manner described, Kate perceived in the road, a few yards before her, the figure of a man. He was on foot, and walked along slowly, as if engaged in thought. A military cloak was thrown over his shoulders, which made Kate think that he was an officer belonging, probably, to the British army, or heading some of the tory bands that infested the country.

The man stopped when he heard the sound of horses' feet, and drew a pistol from beneath his cloak.

"It is Colonel Cunningham," whispered Joe.

Kate's heart beat a little faster than usual, but she kept on as if she felt there was no reason why she should act differently.

"Cover your pretty face with your veil," added Joe.

She attempted to follow his well-meant direction, but the veil unfortunately had become entangled about the hat, and she struggled with the vexatious thing in vain.

"Stop!" exclaimed Cunningham, who, upon discovering that a young female, attended by a countryman, was approaching, had remained in the middle of the road, with the pistol still in hand.

"Who are you, and where are you going?" he asked, in an authoritative voice.

"This young lady," replied Joe, quickly, "is on her way to Camden."

"What for? Don't you know, my clodhopper, that Camden is in possession of Lord Cornwallis?"

"If it wasn't, this lady wouldn't be going there, I reckon," answered Joe.

"O, she's a royalist, then!" returned Cunningham, gazing rather earnestly at Kate.

"Perhaps you're one of the whig fellows," added Sawyer, artfully; "but I hope you won't interfere, seeing she's nothing but a female."

"Certainly not; but I have a little curiosity to see what she looks like. Turn your face in this direction, young woman," said Cunningham, condescendingly.

Kate had averted her face, and the colonel had not yet obtained a full view of her features, although he had been admiring her figure from the first.

"Excuse me," said Kate. "I have but an indifferent face."

"Swords and pistols! what a silvery voice," exclaimed the gallant colonel.

"Come, no *sass*, cap'en!" cried Joe, warningly, riding nearer to Kate.

"Be a little careful, my good fellow," retorted Cunningham.

"Look at my face, if you will, but do not detain me."

While Miss Martin was speaking, she turned

her face towards the tory leader, and the bright moon shining upon it, rendered its fair features perfectly visible.

"What loveliness!" exclaimed the colonel, involuntarily, and at the same time laid his hand on the bridle rein of Victor.

"Hands off, cap'en; don't handle the goods!" said Joe.

"Back, fellow!" thundered Cunningham, in a passion.

"I shall protect her with my life," added Joe.

"Be quiet, or by — I shall fire!" exclaimed the colonel, levelling his pistol at Sawyer's breast.

"I perceive you are an officer," said Kate, firmly; "and I trust you are a gallant gentleman. Let us pass on without farther words."

"If I had not seen that exquisite face, pretty maiden, you might have gone on as fast and as far as you pleased; but the sight of so much beauty has made me a little giddy."

Joe spurred his horse, and he reared and pressed hard against the colonel, which greatly enraged him, and he discharged his pistol at Kate's defender. The ball took effect upon his right side, and inflicting a slight flesh wound, glanced off without doing any serious injury. Joe instantly drew a heavy horse pistol from the breast-pocket of his coat, and bending forward gave Cunningham a stunning blow upon the head, which knocked him senseless.

"Spur on, Queen Kate!" cried Joe.

Victor feeling himself at liberty once more, sprang over the body of the colonel, and swept onward at his best speed.

"It's no time to let the grass grow under our feet; Cunningham will be up and after us with his fellows," added Sawyer. "He's a man that don't like to be disappointed when he has set his mind on having his own way."

"I think we shall do very well now. Some considerable time must necessarily elapse before he can get his men in the saddle," answered Kate.

"Anger will make him work fast," returned Joe. "Beside the idea of your comely face

will be running in his head, and they say he is not over and above particular about his conscience."

"Victor is fleet of foot, Joe, and his spirit is by no means sobered down by his efforts," replied Miss Martin, with a display of calmness which Joe had not expected.

They had galloped forward for ten or fifteen minutes, when Joe stopped and said he believed they had taken the wrong road. He examined the locality as well as he could, and was still in doubt in regard to the matter. This circumstance perplexed Kate greatly, for she felt that every moment was precious.

"Decide quickly!" she exclaimed, "for this delay makes me exceedingly nervous."

"I'll obey you, Queen Kate, as soon as possible. It strikes me that it would be better to stay where we are, than to go in the wrong direction."

Joe now dismounted, and requesting Kate to hold his horse, surveyed the locality more minutely. In a short time he returned and informed her that they had left the main and direct road, but that there could be but little doubt that the one they were now in would lead them into it again. They proceeded with less speed and some uncertainty, and the latter feeling became so strong in the minds of both, that they were induced to halt for the second time. While Joe sat irresolute about going forward, an ominous sound reached his ears; and not his only, but Kate's.

"The tramp of many horses!" exclaimed the latter, in a suppressed tone of voice.

"Cunningham's cut-throats," said Sawyer. "Curse his haste!"

"What is to be done?" asked Kate, promptly. "Think fast, Joe."

"Remain where we are, and trust to luck. Perhaps they'll take the other road, and in that case we shall stand a pretty fair chance of getting clear of them."

"And if we should not elude them, what then?" asked Kate, earnestly.

"The case is very plain, so far as I'm concerned; I shall be shot down on the spot, be-

cause I struck the villain, Cunningham; but in regard to you, Queen Kate, it's not so certain. You won't fare much better, I reckon. Your face played the deuce with the colonel."

Kate for the first time felt something analogous to fear. She heard the clatter of iron hoofs, and felt, but too keenly, that both her enterprise and person were in peril. But she was far too unselfish to forget poor Joe Sawyer; his genuine gratitude, and rough kindness, had already had the effect to make her regard him with feelings of friendship.

"I'm thinking of you, Joe," said Kate, gently.

"Bless you, Miss Martin, don't trouble yourself to think of me. I couldn't die in a better cause. And I've a strange notion that you may be in more danger than I am, after all," replied Joe, seriously.

Sawyer paused an instant, and then resumed.

"I've got some pretty little instruments about me, which, perhaps, you'd better take, Queen Kate. Here they are. You perceive they are a brace of small and beautifully finished pocket pistols; and they are so neat and diminutive withal, they seem to be made on purpose for a lady. It's very evident to me, that there's considerable real spirit and courage about you, notwithstanding your sex; and if worst should come to worst, what could hinder you from using one of them cunning little fellows?"

"I thank you very much!" exclaimed Kate, taking the pistols eagerly. "Don't fear, I know how to use them as well as you do. I'm not such a poor, helpless creature as those of my sex are generally supposed to be."

"Hear the blackguards! they shake the ground with their hard riding."

"Have they taken the other road, do you think?" inquired Kate, in a whisper.

"I believe they have. How lucky! Hear them thunder along."

"What if they should divide, and some of them come this way?" added Kate, hurriedly.

"They have, by heavens!" exclaimed Joe. "This way, Kate—*this way*, quickly—quickly, behind yonder clump of trees."

Sawyer caught Kate's horse by the bridle, and hurried him from the road towards a small growth of wood. They had scarcely made this change, when some of the horsemen came in sight, urging on their steeds by a free application of the spur.

"Keep your horse quiet—hold him firmly—the least noise will betray us!" whispered Sawyer. "There goes Cunningham," he added.

Kate shuddered perceptibly.

"May he fall and break his neck!" continued Joe, setting his teeth firmly together.

"Dash on, men!" cried Cunningham. "Ten pounds to the man who takes her unharmed; and ten more to him who shoots the rascal that is with her."

"Ay, ay, colonel!" shouted the men, and pressed on with redoubled zeal. In a few moments they had passed on, and Kate and Sawyer remained undiscovered.

"We'll give them the mitten this time, Queen Kate!" exclaimed Joe, joyfully. "We'll retrace our steps a little and take another road, less direct, to Marion's camp. Cunningham will waste horse flesh in vain; and woe to the whigs that fall into his hands before he gets over his disappointment."

Without delay, Joe led the way in the direction indicated, followed closely by his fair companion. In a few minutes they reached the spot where the other road diverged to the right of those taken by Cunningham and his dragoons, and galloped away in better spirits, over a smoother portion of country.

"Now you can test the speed of that horse," said Sawyer.

"Hark, Joe! I can hear the clatter of hoofs again."

"Some of them are coming back to try this road, perhaps. They seem to be in earnest. That's it—put him to his best; now you do it in superb style—go it, my queen."

In ten minutes the tramp of Cunningham's dragoons had ceased to reach the ears of Kate Martin; and Joe Sawyer was in ecstasies on account of her splendid riding, and the remarkable progress they were making.

## CHAPTER X.

MARY ADAIR. LEWIS HAWTHORNE. THE SURPRISE.

THE day was just breaking, and the "tarnal critters" were "straightened up."

"Don't they make a heavenly appearance?" said Captain Nick, to Forstall.

"They look very well indeed," replied the latter.

"Hold up—eyes right!" said Hawes.

"All mounted at last," remarked Henderson.

"Yes, and it does my eyes good to look at 'em. Lieutenant Anderson, *odd* and *even* 'em; and let the *even* numbers fall back six paces to the rear. John Smith, you look as if you was settin' on a stone wall; let down your stirrups, straighten yerself—and try to look unspeakable."

"It's no use to put it off," said Ben Rowan to Frank. "I'm goin' to pulverize him."

"It wouldn't be right, Ben," returned Frank.

"But it's my duty, sir; and my tender conscience won't let me procrastinate no longer," rejoined Rowan. "He's settin' out yonder under a tree; and there'll be a good chance to pitch into him. If you want to see iniquity rewarded, just keep your eye on me."

"Jones, what's your horse tryin' to do?" asked Captain Hawes.

"He's a colt, cap'en, as hasn't been weaned long," replied Jones, grasping the animal's mane to keep himself steady.

"Well, stick to him for the sake of your country, and humanity generally," added Captain Nick, encouragingly. Unfortunately, however, for "humanity," at that crisis the colt made an airy and highly original evolution, not laid down in any military work then extant, and poor Jones was cast like an untimely fig.

"Up, and at him agin," said Hawes. "He'll be a Bucephalus as soon as you're an Alexander. *Rear rank—close up*, Front rank, ditto; leave about twelve inches space between you. Music by the band. Company—forward—march!"

While these exercises were transpiring, Ben Rowan had walked to the spot where Job Dawson was sitting quietly beneath a tree. Wishing to see what the result of this movement might be, Frank Forstall and Henderson slowly followed him.

"Job Dawson," said Rowan, deliberately

pulling off his coat, "I have come to do a duty which I owe to my country."

"What is it, good Benjamin?" asked Dawson.

"Don't 'good Benjamin' me! I've told you about it often enough," retorted Ben, sullenly.

"What is thy business, friend?" inquired Job, patiently, the second time.

"It's my painful duty to pulverize you," answered Rowan. "So take off that ridiculous weapon, and try to defend yourself like a man."

"Dost thou intend me personal violence, good Benjamin?" resumed Job, calmly.

"I intend to give you an all-fired drubbing!" exclaimed Rowan.

"Nay, friend Benjamin, do not such a wickedness in the tents of Israel."

"The deuce take the 'tents of Israel'!" cried Rowan, wrathfully, and mimicking Dawson.

"What evil hast thou found in me?" added Job.

"You're a humbug, generally," responded Rowan. "Look out! I'm going to hit you in the left eye."

"Cannot this thing be put off till a more convenient season?" interrogated Dawson.

"'Twould be sinful to put it off half a minute longer. So be careful of your lookers." And Rowan made a pass at Job's face, which he parried.

"Verily, if I must defend myself, I have no power to gainsay thee; but my soul abhorreth contention, for I am a man of peace," he said, quietly, turning aside Rowan's rapidly dealt blows without any apparent exertion.

"I bear thee no malice, good Benjamin, yet I will obey thee to the best of my humble abilities."

While Dawson was uttering these words, in his usual mild manner, he raised his great fist and gave Rowan a blow under the ear that made him recoil several yards, and fall heavily at Forstall's feet.

"Verily, I am a peace-maker, and have no pleasure in contention," added Job, seating himself calmly upon the grass.

Frank and Henderson lifted up Ben Rowan; he opened his eyes, and in a few seconds appeared perfectly conscious of what had taken place.

"I have come to see 'iniquity rewarded,' and have 'kept my eye on you,'" remarked Forstall, ironically.

"Hast thou pulverized me enough, good Benjamin?" asked Dawson, with great simplicity.

Rowan sprang quickly to his feet and walked away without any reply. Forstall and Henderson returned to the parade ground; and presently the entire brigade, now numbering over one hundred, turned out to drill. All fell into the ranks, and Job and Ben were seen side by side as usual; but the latter, it was observed, had a swollen head and face.

Nick Hawes rode up to General Marion, and remarked, for the second time, that the "Independent Fire Eaters made a most heavenly appearance, now they were straightened up on horses;" and the general smilingly replied, "that they certainly did."

It was at this particular period that Kate Martin and Joe Sawyer rode into camp, with foaming and panting steeds.

"The divine Kate!" exclaimed Henderson, involuntarily.

"There's that traitor feller," said Hawes.

"That's General Marion," said the sergeant of the guard, who had conducted Kate on to the field.

Kate turned towards the general, and the latter, brave as he was, appeared somewhat bewildered and confused by her dazzling beauty. He gallantly doffed his leathern cap, and begged to have the pleasure of knowing how he could serve so fair a maiden.

"Perhaps there are too many ears here," he added, quickly. "Be good enough to come this way; for I perceive your business may be of importance."

With a glowing cheek, Kate complied, and related in detail the object of her visit, describing as well as she could the place of tory rendezvous, and making such remarks, as her infor-

mation would justify, in regard to the numbers of the royalists. Joe Sawyer did not leave Kate's side for a moment, and seemed to consider it a post of honor; and we have no hesitation in saying that the gallant Mr. Henderson would have regarded it in the same light. He envied Joe his situation; and as soon as she had finished speaking with the general, he advanced to address her.

"Stand back, and you can see just as well," said Joe, evidently deeming his approaches an intrusion. Miss Martin smiled, and gracefully acknowledged Henderson's salutation. The latter then formally presented her to the general.

"The brigade will have the honor of escorting you to Rocky Creek, Miss Martin," said Marion. "As you are so fortunate as to know Mr. Henderson, I will confide you to his care until the brigade is in readiness to move forward. I regret that you cannot find among us those comforts which you must necessarily need after so much exertion; we live as we can, and not as we would. Our enemies, should you visit them, could conduct you to a *marquee*, comfortable and even luxurious; but the friends of liberty are obliged to sleep on the ground, with no other canopy than that of the arching heavens. To my rough tent, Mr. Henderson will now conduct you, and no one will intrude upon you, while there."

"Such courtesy well befits a brave chieftain, and a gallant gentleman," replied Kate. "A cause so just makes any place endurable, and the post of danger honorable. I shall be as happy in your rude tent as the proudest royalist in his luxurious *marquee*. Now, Mr. Henderson, I gladly accept you as my *cicerone* to the tent."

"I can assure you that he is well content," remarked the general, pleasantly.

"I confess to the charge," rejoined Henderson, and touching his cap, turned from the general and conducted Kate to the place designated; while Joe Sawyer followed with a sullen brow, jealous that another should occupy the place which he had assumed, and which appeared his as a matter of course.

Leaving the brigade to march towards Rocky

Creek at their leisure, we will look after some of our other characters.

We will begin by informing the kind reader, that Mary Adair and Ruth Strickland were on intimate terms. This being the case, that they should visit each other, would be a natural result, and we shall, on the occasion referred to, find Miss Adair at Mr. Strickland's. The capture of Gainey and Cunningham, had given the former great pleasure, inasmuch as that event effected the liberation of her brother, and she hoped freed her from farther impertinence from the colonel. As a consequence, she experienced considerable uneasiness when she heard of the escape of the latter. This feeling of anxiety was considerably increased by certain rumors, which had reached her ears, in regard to various remarks, relating to herself, which he had made in the presence of several persons. Those who had overheard these observations, had repeated them again to others, and so they finally reached the ears of Miss Adair.

That Colonel Cunningham was a bad man, was something well known to all who had heard his odious name, in that portion of the country. His cruelties had spread terror wherever the history of the same had been related. To be sought after by such a hard and remorseless miscreant, gave the gentle Mary a feeling of uneasiness which it would be quite impossible to describe. The scene of her first meeting with him had made an impression which could never be effaced. His cruel, and unprovoked order, to murder her brother, had filled her with so much horror, that the very memory of that event was deeply painful. The reader will perceive, then, that the name of Cunningham was coupled with all that was dreadful and repugnant, in the mind of Miss Adair.

During the conversation that ensued between the latter and Ruth Strickland, Cunningham was more than once referred to.

"The news of his escape," said Miss Adair, "fills me with a nameless terror, which I can neither explain, nor account for."

"Common report assures me that he admired your person not a little," replied Ruth; "and

did not take any pains to conceal his sentiments. You have spoken of his escape, but I can tell you of a more recent piece of news; Major Gainey is also at large. How he obtained his freedom, I know not, and I confess that the event is quite as unwelcome to me, as the escape of Cunningham seems to be to you."

"From what I can learn of the man, the two are well mated. Both are deaf to the voice of humanity, as their deeds abundantly testify," rejoined Mary. "That you should shrink from him, is what I can well understand and appreciate. I am aware that you stand in much the same relation to the major, that it is reported I do in regard to him whose name I can scarcely pronounce without a shudder. If the two are indeed at liberty, I believe that our apprehensions and forebodings will not prove unfounded, or premature."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Strickland, who told them, with considerable agitation of manner, that one of the neighbors had just informed her that Cunningham was down below the Neck, with a party of Tories, and would probably be up that way before long.

"Did you hear anything in relation to Major Gainey?" inquired Ruth.

"My informant said it was reported that he had joined Colonel Cunningham; and it was through the agency of the colonel that his escape was effected," replied Mrs. Strickland.

While the parties were conversing on this subject, a colored servant appeared, and announced that a gentleman was without who desired to speak a few words to Miss Adair. Mary blushed and hastened to the door, remarking as she left the apartment, "that it was doubtless her brother."

A man of large frame stood near the steps. He was holding by the bridle, a horse from which he had evidently just dismounted. A capacious military cloak concealed most of his figure from view, and the lower portion of his face. The hilt of a sabre was seen peeping from the ample folds. The features which were visible, were highly prepossessing; the eyes were very blue and mild.

He held the little hand, which Mary timidly extended, a long time in his, and it seemed not a very unwilling prisoner.

"How dared you venture here when Colonel Cunningham is down below!" she exclaimed.

"The brigade is moving towards Rocky Creek, and I have left it for the purpose of seeing you for a moment," replied the young man.

"You have diverged considerably from your way, and incurred considerable danger, I should think," returned Miss Adair.

"The danger I regard but little when I am approaching the spot rendered dear to me by the presence of Mary Adair. Danger I have become familiar with, in all the forms in which pitiless war presents it," said the other, earnestly.

"I know you are brave, Lewis," replied Mary.

Lewis Hawthorne, as we shall call him, acknowledged the compliment by a bow and a smile.

"I have but little time," he added, "and therefore must improve it to the best advantage. Be kind enough to walk with me a few steps, and we will converse as we move along."

"Is it true," asked Mary, "that Major Gainey has escaped?"

"It is; but I think that the fact need not disturb you or your fair friend, whom it is said he admires. It seems to me that he will hardly feel inclined to venture up this way again, while Marion's Brigade is within a day's march of the place," rejoined Hawthorne.

"Perhaps not, Lewis; but *Cunningham* has not the fear of Marion before his eyes, it appears; and we expect a visit from him hourly," said Mary.

"I hope he will not be so bold. It would pain me exceedingly, and make me very anxious for your safety, if I thought he had any such intention."

"My sex have the reputation of being naturally timid; but I trust that you will not esteem me weak and superstitious, when I frankly confess that I feel a premonition of approaching

evil, and it has reference to Colonel Cunningham."

"I am not one to judge hastily. I shall be the last one to think you weak or superstitious. I know that your mind is well balanced, and not easily misdirected. I am not ashamed to say, that there is to me something prophetic in the instincts or intuition of a pure woman; upon such, at times, the true spirit of prevision seems to rest. I do not, by any means, scoff at the soul's far reachings into the future; for it has wonderful powers," returned Hawthorne, warmly.

"There is one subject upon which I would speak before we part," said Mary. "The part which you are enacting in the terrible tragedy of war, is extremely perilous. In the name of that friendship which your lips have avowed, I ask you to be careful of that life which you now so freely and so often expose to the shafts of death. There is more than one heart that would mourn your exit from earth."

"I am indeed gratified, my beloved Mary, for these friendly expressions of regard. I shall endeavor to prove myself worthy of the friendship which you are so condescending as to confer upon me. I am aware that my position is often perilous, and that my duties require much tact, prudence and courage. But the thought of Mary Adair imparts new strength and fortitude when the heart is ready to despair. Mine is truly a difficult part to play; but I have played it thus far successfully. Few are in my secret, and those that are, will not betray me. The cause in which I act is a good one, and I am willing to peril life for the sake of my unhappy and oppressed country. Should Colonel Cunningham presume to visit this place, and dare attempt to place himself upon familiar terms with you, or to offer you any personal insult, endeavor, by some means, to give me intelligence of what is transpiring. If you can send word to Marion's Brigade, an hundred horsemen, brave and stalwart, will be ready to gallop to your aid. And it would be well for you to inform your friend, Miss Strickland, whose name I have heard you mention, of this

request, in order that she may make it available, should anything unexpectedly happen to prevent you from attending to it yourself. I will suggest, furthermore, that whatever intelligence you may gain in regard to the general and particular movements of the Tories that you may consider of any importance, should be transmitted to the brigade, if any possible means should offer."

"I promise acquiescence," rejoined Mary. "I shall do my best to comply with your wishes."

"Hark!" she added, emphatically.

Hawthorne paused, and looked down the river.

"I am betrayed!" he exclaimed. "The Tory bloodhounds are on the scent."

Miss Adair had also turned her eyes in the direction specified, and beheld a band of twenty or thirty royalists approaching at a gallop.

"It is Cunningham himself at the head of his dragoons!" cried Mary. "Alas, your temerity will cost you your life!"

Hawthorne sprang into the saddle and cast a hurried glance around him, to discover the best method of escape.

"Delay not a single instant, as you love me! See, they are coming at fearful speed. Fly, Lewis, fly!" added Mary, excited beyond description.

"Farewell, Mary! I go—I trust in Providence. Remember what I have said."

"Surrender, you rebel!" cried a voice which Mary recognized as the voice of Cunningham.

For a reply, Hawthorne touched his horse's flanks with his spurs, and swept away up the river road like the wind. As he bounded forward, a dozen carbines were fired at him, and the terrified and half-fainting Mary heard the leaden messengers whistle over her head.

"Cut him down, men! hew him to pieces—no quarters to the rascal!" shouted Cunningham, as he passed the maiden at a furious gallop. He gave her a significant look as he dashed by, in which the cruelty of his nature was but too evidently expressed.

It was some time after the Tories had passed, before Mary could gain courage to look after



Hawthorne, to see if he had fallen; when she did so, she beheld him about the same distance from his pursuers, as at the beginning of the race. His horse appeared a powerful one, and in good condition, while she observed that those ridden by the royalists were already somewhat blown.

With emotions which will not admit of description, she saw bright blades unsheathed and brandished in the air; and heard continual reports of carbines and pistols. The road which the parties had taken, was straight and level for a considerable distance, and she had a fair view of the exciting scene. She kept her gaze fastened upon the pursued and the pursuers, as though she had no power to turn it in any other direction. She perceived that one of the horsemen, being better mounted than his comrades, was fast leaving them in the rear and gaining upon Hawthorne; while the latter appeared to be making no additional efforts to increase his speed.

Mary Adair's heart beat fast, and every pulse

was full of racking suspense. With fearful anticipations of the catastrophe, she beheld the tory horseman nearing the object of her solicitude. She saw him within the distance of a few yards—of half-a-dozen—of four—of three—of one, and then he bent forward in his saddle, and lifted his sword to give a fatal blow; but at that moment, when Mary considered all hope lost, Hawthorne turned suddenly upon his pursuer, and with a single sweep of his ponderous sabre, cut him down; he fell, and his earthly warfare was at an end. Hawthorne made no pause, but waving his sabre triumphantly, shot forward at a much greater speed.

"He's safe! he's safe!" exclaimed Mary, with outgushing emotions of joy.

"Who is safe—what has happened?" asked Ruth Strickland, who had approached, attracted by the sound of firing, and the tumult of pursuit. She repeated her question, but Mary could not answer, she had become unconscious.

## CHAPTER XI.

### FORSTALL AND THE TORIES.

**M**ARION'S Brigade was moving towards Rocky Creek. To John Henderson it was a most agreeable march, for he rode beside Kate Martin, and her silvery voice sounded to him like the sweetest music. To her peerless beauty he had added the idea of her heroism, which had been exemplified by her daring conduct on the night previous. The pastor's fair and brave daughter could not rise much in the estimation of Henderson; so far as his opinion was concerned, she already stood on the pinnacle of female perfection. That he kept very near her person, that he talked earnestly, and hung with fond enthusiasm on her every word, is no more than the considerate reader is prepared to expect.

While the gallant Henderson is drinking in the soft enchantment of Kate Martin's beauty, we will see how Frank Forstall fares, and follow his movements for a short time.

The voice of Ben Rowan was less frequently heard; an unwonted taciturnity had fallen upon him since the "pulverizing" scene had transpired, and Frank was left more to his own reflections. The thought occurred to him, when

he saw Henderson so pleasantly engaged with Kate Martin, that a friendly chat with Ruth Strickland would be exceedingly agreeable. This idea induced him to ask permission of Captain Logan for an hour's absence, in order that theory and practice might be harmoniously blended—a thing not always practicable. The captain consented, though somewhat reluctantly, because, he said, it was not safe for people to be riding about the country alone, when the tories were so much on the alert, and so full of mischief. Considerations of this nature, however, had but little influence with Forstall, and we are inclined to believe that in all genuine love matters, danger is little thought of, or cared for. Casting a parting glance at Henderson, half envious, we fear, he fell out of the ranks of the brigade, and taking a cross road, galloped towards the residence of Ruth Strickland, his heart expanding, meanwhile, with the anticipated joy of meeting her again.

He resolved, most firmly and seriously, to make that declaration which had more than once trembled upon his fearful tongue. Full of this daring, and to him momentous conception,



he urged his horse forward. To gain time, and lessen the period of expectation, he had taken the shortest route, which was a narrow path, but little used, and which was obstructed by several fences, over which he was obliged to leap his Rosinante; but we are happy to add (for the sake of our fair countrywomen) that no fence has yet been discovered, high enough to shut out a young gentleman completely conquered by the magic power of worth and beauty.

Forstall became entirely oblivious to all party distinctions, and wholly forgetful of all personal hazard; the image of Ruth Strickland was the only distinct idea in his brain. He drew up (in his mind) a programme of what he intended to do when he stood in the presence of his enchantress; he repeated over and over again the opening sentences of his all important declaration. He reached the main road just as he had repeated his rhapsody for the fourteenth time. Alas, for the uncertainty of all sublunary plans and intentions! A tremendous clatter burst suddenly upon Forstall's ears. He heard the report of carbines, and loud shouting, and the din increased and approached rapidly.

Frank was aroused from his reverie, and prudently reined his horse into a small copse by the wayside. In the course of five or six minutes a body of horsemen, about fifteen in number, appeared in view; their steeds gave abundant indication of being over-ridden, and the riders were laboring under some strong excitement.

Forstall was at a loss, at first, to know whether they were whigs or tories, but very soon their angry exclamations enlightened him; they were tories.

"It's no use to spoil our horses!" exclaimed one. "The fellow has got away fairly; we can't overtake him."

"I'm deuced sorry, for I like to see the rogues dance on nothing," replied another, embellishing his speech with sundry villanous oaths which it would not be in good taste to repeat.

"I shan't spile my horse by racing after the rebel feller no longer!" said a third. "Let him go."

When a few yards beyond Forstall's hiding-place the whole party stopped and turned their horses' heads in the contrary direction.

"I'll tell you the only thing that can end this war," added the individual who had last spoken.

"Well, out with it," said a half-dozen voices.

"It's *hangin'*!" he replied, emphatically.

"That's my opinion," responded several of the band, fiercely. "String 'em up; nothin' else will answer."

"It seems hard to hang 'em up without trial," observed another.

"Trial!" exclaimed the principal speaker. "Haven't we tried 'em all, and don't they glory in bein' rebels?"

Several voices assented to this without hesitation.

"We're too tender-hearted, that's the trouble. We must make more examples. We must hang 'em, whether they have taken protection or not. What's the difference between the feller who has taken protection and then fights us, and the chap as hasn't and fights us? For my part, I can't see no odds."

"It's all the same thing," said another.

"Serve 'em all alike, and then justice will be done. It appears to me we ought to look round here in the bushes to see if the fellow hasn't hid himself somewhere. I thought I heard a noise out there on the right."

The person who had made this observation, moved towards the spot where Forstall was concealed. Discovery was inevitable and instant; the tories shouted with exultation, as Frank put spurs to his horse and fled towards the Neck, while a dozen carbines were levelled at his person. His horse, being a very good one, soon distanced his pursuers, and he was congratulating himself on the prospect of escape, when things suddenly assumed an entirely new aspect. He had proceeded about a mile and a half, when an abrupt turn in the road revealed to his astonished eyes another body of dragoons drawn up in the road. Just before them lay the body of a man, and close by, was a riderless horse,

nipping unconcernedly the grass by the road side.

Before Forstall had fairly taken in the scene with his eyes, he was in the midst of the tories, and many sabres were raised to cut him down.

"Hold, men!" cried Cunningham. "Not so fast, my lads. We'll do something better than that."

Forstall drew his sabre and defended himself vigorously, inflicting several severe wounds, but the odds against him were so overpowering, he was soon disarmed and a prisoner.

"It strikes me that I have seen your face before, young man," said an officer, scrutinizing Frank pretty closely.

Forstall looked towards the speaker and recognized Major Gainey.

"I think you have, sir; I was at Britton's Neck with General Marion," said Frank, sarcastically.

"Such allusions as those will prove very unfortunate for you, my fine fellow!" retorted the major, angrily.

"When the vicissitudes of war placed you in our hands, you were well treated and had nothing to complain of, I believe," added Forstall.

"What is your name, young man?" asked Cunningham.

"One that has never been dishonored by cruelty, cowardice, or meanness. I am called Forstall," replied Frank.

Cunningham immediately said something to Gainey in a low voice, and the latter scowled fiercely at our hero.

"You see that body, don't you?" he asked, pointing to the corpse in the road.

"I do; and I should say that it was made a body by an ugly sabre cut on the head," answered Forstall.

"That man, young rebel, was a royalist, and his life was worth half-a-dozen like yours," continued the major.

"I regret, then, that he hadn't died in a better cause," rejoined Frank.

"The deuce you do, sir!" cried the major, angrily.

"Decidedly," returned Frank, firmly.

"That braye fellow was killed by a rebel," answered Gainey.

"Better than to die by the hand of the hangman," said Frank.

"Remember that you are speaking to one of his majesty's officers," said Cunningham.

"One of Marion's ruffians did that," resumed the major, pointing at the body again.

"I thought one of our sabres made that wound," replied Forstall, regarding the ghastly opening in the dead man's head, more particularly.

"And have you yet thought what the consequences would be to yourself, sir?" said Gainey.

"I am a prisoner of war, and expect to be treated as such."

"Just hear the rascal talk!" exclaimed Cunningham. "You'll be treated according to your deserts," he added.

"How is that?" asked Forstall.

"It means that you will be treated to a hanging, sir!" vociferated Gainey.

"You dare not commit such an outrage upon the usages of civilized nations!" exclaimed Frank, boldly.

"Up with him! up with him!" cried several voices, impatiently.

"There's a fine tree for the purpose," remarked the colonel, pointing to a thrifty oak a few yards beyond them.

At this juncture the rest of the party came thundering down the river, and joined their comrades.

"We knew you'd fetch him up!" said one wearing the uniform of an officer.

"We started him about a mile and a half above here. But the other fellow gave us the slip. Don't waste time; do up the work in an offhand manner," he added.

"Rebel, your time is short," remarked Gainey.

"Do you intend to perpetrate another murder?" asked Forstall, in a voice still calm.

"Prepare yourself, youngster," said Cunningham. "Think about your mother, and your prayers."

"Unfeeling man! dare you speak a mother's name in such a tone, and with such an expression?" said Frank, indignantly.

"Come forward, three or four of the most experienced of you, and *truss* him up," added the colonel, unmoved.

"In the name of humanity, must I die in this manner?" exclaimed Frank, earnestly.

"Lead the horse to the foot of the tree," continued Cunningham.

This order was instantly obeyed. Forstall's arms were tied behind him, and the fearful preparations went on rapidly.

"Off with his neck-cloth and give him a harder one, and one that will last him as long as he lives!" added Cunningham.

"They can make his horse his executioner," observed Gainey, coolly. "After all is ready, drive the beast from under him, and the work will be done."

"I protest against this unheard-of barbarity!" cried Frank, energetically.

"Do your work deliberately and well," said the colonel.

"Only the most heinous crimes are punished in this way," added Forstall.

"Rebellion is the most detestable of crimes," replied the major.

"Must I indeed die the death of a felon?" exclaimed the young man, considerably moved by the terrible doom that was before him.

"That stout limb just over his head, and a little to the left, will do the best; throw it over that when all is ready," continued Cunningham, who was directing all the movements of the executioners with a nonchalance which long practice in deeds of wickedness had probably engendered.

"If you will indeed murder me, in the name of all that is dear to you, let me die in some other manner—more like a soldier and a brave man!" cried Frank, turning his eyes towards Gainey.

"It is not for you to choose the mode—die like a dog—like a *rebel*," was the stern and unfeeling rejoinder.

"Is this your final answer—are you inexorable?" added Forstall.

"Inexorable as death!" said Gainey.

"Then I commend myself to the mercy of God," answered Frank.

"It is the best thing you can do under the circumstances," responded Cunningham, with a sneer.

"Allow me a few moments, at least, to devote to prayer; for though I perish in a good cause, I am not altogether prepared for this great change," added the young man, solemnly.

"Our companion was cut down without a single second to get ready for the last journey; but to show the humanity and generosity of the royal soldiery, we will grant you five minutes, which is a very long time, all things considered."

"Barbarians could not well do less," said Forstall. "Of one important truth I will assure you before I die; Marion's Brigade will require my blood at your hands. The sabres of my comrades will not rest in their sheaths till they have avenged my death. When they break upon you like a thunderbolt, in some unexpected moment, they will shout my name and their blows will fall with terrible fury upon your heads. Affect to scorn this voice of warning, if it please you; but not only will *men* require my blood at your hands, but *God* will demand the same in thunders of eternal justice."

"Stop his mouth! choke him off!" thundered Gainey.

"To your prayers, or by my soul, *up* you go, without a second's grace!" added Cunningham.

Frank Forstall looked towards the sun now in mid-heaven, and silently bade it adieu. The thought that he should never again gaze upon the quiet skies, gave him a feeling of inexpressible sadness. He had been an admirer of nature. The green fields, the leafy forests, the hills, the streams, the valleys of earth, were objects which had a strong hold upon his affections. He wondered whether he should contemplate the same objects when his immortal part was enfranchised from the body. It was a singular thought to obtrude itself at such a moment, but it came spontaneously. Other and more mournful reflections crossed his mind—friends, parents, Rose, Ruth; he should look upon

them no more in time. With a sigh he closed his eyes and prayed—prayed most fervently and humbly. \* \* \*

He felt rough, unfriendly hands upon his neck, and shuddered. The thoughts flow like waves of lightning when the soul trembles on

the brink of eternity, and innumerable conceptions were crowded into miserable, fleeting seconds. Frank's spirit seemed to shrink and contract itself, and quiver with dread expectation of something horrible.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE RESCUE.

THE brigade moved steadily forward. Henderson was still entranced with the silvery tones of Kate Martin, and Joe Sawyer looked at him with jealous eyes.

"Where is Mr. Forstall?" asked General Marion, addressing Captain Logan.

"He asked permission to call at Britton's Neck, and I couldn't very well refuse his request, he's such a gallant young fellow," replied the captain.

"I'm sorry, for I have just learned from a lad, that Colonel Cunningham is in that vicinity again, with quite a body of Tories. Forstall will be likely to fall in with him, I'm afraid," said the general.

"Perhaps we had better send a few of our men after him," suggested Logan.

"I will send Captain Hawes and his 'tarnal critters,'" added Marion, good humoredly, and immediately rode up to the personage referred to. He explained the case to him in a few words, and ordered him to ride after Forstall, as fast as possible, with his company.

"I expect the chap is *galivantin'* arter some feminine *specimint*," said Captain Nick. "But I can't blame the youngster much, for I kinder calkerlate I shall do somethin' in that perticlerlar line as soon as I can git time, after finishin' the reverlution."

"Quite right, sir; the sex should be attended to, and are certainly worthy of respect," replied Marion. "Now, captain, away with you, and rejoin us again as soon as possible."

"I'm off like a streak of chalk, general."

With these words, the captain fell back to his place in front of his company.

"Attention, you 'tarnal critters! *Rare* up in your saddles—stick out your eyes to the front, and look unspeakable! To the right about face—*march!*"

And the "'tarnal critters" retraced their steps to the spot where the road diverged which Forstall had taken. They galloped off in fine style, and the tall figure of Captain Nick towered up like one of the famed giants of the olden time.

There is a ripple upon the smoothest sea, and some inharmony in all human proceedings, as was illustrated by the fate of the unhappy Jones; for his *colt* became suddenly restive, was guilty of all sorts of antics, threw the sections into confusion, and it was by the most desperate exertions that his rider maintained his seat.

"What's your brute tryin' to dey now?" inquired Captain Hawes.

"He kicks up for'ard," replied Jones.

"Lean to'ard his neck, then, and keep him down," added the captain.

The misguided Jones leaned towards the neck of the horse according to orders, when instantly the hinder portion of the animal suddenly flew up and landed him on his head and shoulders in the road.

"I knew 'twould be so!" he exclaimed, lugubriously.

"Nateral philosophy would teach a person that if you hold down one end of that cretur, the other'll fly up."

"If you dew that agin, Jones, I'll put you under arrest, I'll be *blowed*, if I wont!" cried Captain Nick.

"I *didn't* do it," answered Jones.

"Don't contradict your superior officer, Jones. You threw yourself over his head because you's afeared he'd kick up. Jones, you'll disappoint the hopes of yer country, if you don't conduct better. Don't be a settin' there on the ground a studyin' geology, but up and at him agin."

"I'm afeared, cap'en," remonstrated Jones.

"The cretur's never been *broke*."

"Corporal Higgins, prick that tarnal Jones with your *toad sticker*!" continued the impatient Hawes.

Jones tried to remount; but the colt continued to kick and rear most industriously, and the thing couldn't easily be accomplished.

"A couple of the stoutest of you hold him down," said Captain Nick. "What on airth did you give the critter for his breakfast?"

"A pint of oats, and a little new rum and molasses," replied the culprit.

"Well, to-morrow mornin' give him a bundle of shavin's and two lengths of stone wall," said the captain. "Now hang to him, and no more pitchin' about under foot, if you don't want to be made an example of. Attention, the whole company! straighten up—put her through—go ahead like blazes!"

After this little episode, the Fire Eaters proceeded at a very rapid pace until they reached the main road where Forstall had concealed himself to evade the tories.

Captain Hawes was in advance of his company, and he instantly ordered a halt.

"I perceive," he said, "that there's a great many horse tracks in the road here, as though a considerable body of mounted men had just passed over it. Now this looks rather suspicious, for if Cunningham has been really recruiting in these parts, them tracks most probably was made by his band. If I am right, young Forstall, I reckon, is by this time a prisoner, and perhaps worse than that. Jones, try to hold that critter down, while I finish what I've got to say. The enemy can't be far from here, judging by these tracks, and perhaps we shall have an all-sufficient *tussle* afore we git back to the brigade. So foller me, and obey orders. Lieutenant Anderson, gallop ahead and reconnoitre a little. If you see anythin' suspicious, ride back without givin' any alarm."

The captain and his company moved on at a slow pace, while the lieutenant proceeded to do as he had been ordered. He had gone but a short distance in advance, when he was seen to stop suddenly, turn about, and retrace his steps with all speed.

"Somethin's in the wind!" muttered Hawes to himself. "And I hope there is, for I want somethin' to do," he added, in a louder voice.

In a few moments Anderson was by his side.

"What's the *row*, lieutenant?" he asked.

"We're just in time, cap'en. The road is full of tories, and some mischief is goin' on, you may depend on't," replied Anderson, earnestly.

"I really believe they're goin' to hang somebody."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Captain Nick, his eyes lighting up with the prospect of a "*tussle*." "How many do you suppose there are?"

"All of thirty, and they're all up in a heap, and terrible busy about something, which, as I told you, I believe is an execution."

"Is there time to make an all-fired patriotic speech, lieutenant?" asked Hawes, eagerly.

"You might, cap'en; but it cught to be darned short, under the circumstances; be-

cause it's kinder, delerate work to straighten a feller up arter he's been hanging by the neck during one of your almighty speeches. A few words might *rile* 'em up clean down, and make 'em *obstropelous*," returned Anderson. "But bile it down to a few words, cap'en," he added.

"Feller-soldiers!" cried Captain Nick, waving his sword, "glory is afore us, disgrace be hind us. Now's the time for heroic deeds and gallant achievements. Half-a-dozen of you help Jones hold down that cussed colt. I aint goin' to make a long speech. I'm only goin' to *pile* on a few *specimints* of nateral oratory, such as the occasion suggests. The road is full of tories, and we're about to bust upon 'em like an airthquake. I want every man that wears a sabre, to *swing* it! Give it to 'em hard—cut right and left, and remember that you're fightin' for life, love, liberty, and other sacred institutions. Don't be skeered. Let's up and show the world what we can do. I'm goin' to charge on 'em, and I'll die on the ground afore I'll knock under. The deuce is in that *colt*; he's at it agin! When I say *halt*, stop as though it was physically onpossible to go any further; and when I say *charge*, bust like some mighty convulsion of natur. Foller me, and keep still, till we git a view of 'em."

The horsemen rode on at an easy pace until they had nearly reached the turn in the road, when the captain motioned them to stop, and riding on a few yards farther, came in view of Cunningham and his men.

"Keep back out of sight," said Hawes. "I want to see what they're about. You were right, Anderson; the wretches are goin' to string up a human bein', and I believe it's that young Forstall. Now if that isn't a scene to make a man's blood feel hot, I never saw one. I don't think I can contain my feelin's of outraged humanity much longer. We'll break upon 'em, sir, like a thunder clap! Let's go back, and lead on our Bengal tigers, for you see they're all ready to murder him."

When Hawes stood once more before his company, his features were unusually stern, and he was biting his lips with rage. He unsheathed

his sword with a jerk, bent forward in his saddle, and exclaimed in a distinct though suppressed voice:

"They're doin' Satan's own work out there, my brave fellers; they're goin' to strangle a human specie—and one of Marion's Brigade! Straighten up, you tarnal critters—give your horses the spurs till they sweat with pain—bear down on the miscreants as though you were all shot from the mouth of a mammoth mortar in a body. Strike as if you meant to cut through man and horse at a single blow. Steel your hearts, I tell you, to deeds of blood, and don't think of anythin' but victory and vengeance. Rare up in your saddles—follow me like so many links of chain lightnin'."

Captain Hawes struck his spurs deep into the sides of his horse; every man of the company followed his example, and with drawn sabres, and brows contracted with frowns of deadly hate, thundered forward with irresistible impetuosity. They swept round the bend—their foes were in sight, and the next moment they charged through them with a dreadful shock. Horses were overturned, and their riders crushed beneath them, while heavy sabres flashed like living fires over their heads, cutting down their comrades with strokes that steel armor could not have resisted. So furious was the onset, and so headlong their speed, that they were carried some yards beyond the spot where the murder was being enacted; but checking their maddened horses, they turned, obedient to the order of Hawes (whose voice was heard like the blast of a bugle), and charged back upon the scattered and terrified wretches.

"Strike hard, I tell you!" shouted the captain, and set the example himself.

The paralyzed senses of the tories began to recover their activity; they drove their rowels into their horses' flanks, and fled in every direction, Cunningham and Gainey being among the foremost.

Forstall was instantly freed from his perilous position; the sharp sabre of Captain Nick cut his hands, and seizing a weapon, he joined in

the pursuit of the flying dragoons. A sense of the outrage which had been offered him, nerved his hand and gave additional energy to pursuit. His horse sped on like an arrow shot from the bow of an ancient highlander. Frank pressed hard upon a fugitive; he swung up his sabre; but before it had descended, the tory turned back upon him a face pallid with terror, and he recognized in the ashy features, one of the miscreants who had been most active in arranging the preliminaries of execution.

Forstall's heart swelled with a sense of the indignity that he had experienced; he struck

home, and the man fell penetrated by a wound which the combined powers of all earthly surgery could never repair.

Strange are the vicissitudes of human existence! Wickedness may prosper to-day; but retribution may prevail on the morrow. At this moment, wrong may triumph over right, but on the next justice may walk forth with drawn sword, with form erect, conquering and to conquer. Let us then, gentle reader, endeavor to profit by the experience of all past ages, and gather sweet flowers of peace from the ever glorious and never dying plant of wisdom.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE TORY RENDEZVOUS. SAUL AMONG THE PROPHETS.

THE tories were gathered at the place of rendezvous; they came riding to the spot by twos and threes, and in squads of half-a-dozen. The *locale* was a judicious one for the purpose, being unfrequented and nearly surrounded by large forests. Cyrus Dix was first on the ground, waiting impatiently for the coming of his comrades and brethren in the royal cause. The idea of a captain's commission was still uppermost among many thoughts that crowded upon him. His mind aspired after authority, power and emolument. The cause which he had espoused was in the ascendant, and its ultimate triumph seemed certain; and it was of little consequence to Dix whether it was based on the immutable foundation of right, or founded on the deepest quicksands of human wrong.

His heart was elated with pride, as he beheld the people gathering around him. He felt that he was already a leader, and was and would be acknowledged as such, although he had yet received no formal appointment from the legitimate source.

But Cyrus Dix was in externals, so far as uniform was concerned, a captain; a coat of the

prevailing style, as worn in the royal army, with epaulets and other decorations, together with a sword, etc., marked him as a person having authority.

Colonel Ferguson had promised to be at the gathering, and was punctual to the time. While the royalists were trooping to the rendezvous, Dix was engaged in earnest conversation with the colonel. The condition of the country, the speedy termination of the war, the best policy to be pursued, and kindred topics, were amply discussed.

While the parties were thus engaged, a large and awkward young man was observed by them walking from place to place, staring at every new-comer with dilated eyes.

"Rather a verdant youth," remarked Ferguson, with a smile.

"I have just been watching his movements," replied Dix. "He's fresh from the bush, probably. I saw him when he came, and he rode a very fine-looking horse."

"His dress don't appear to be of the most recent style," said the colonel.

"Somewhat rusty and antique," added Dix.

At that moment the individual alluded to, approached within a few yards of the parties.

"My good fellow," said Ferguson, "nature it would seem, has gifted you with an inquiring mind."

"Verily, I am not one that loveth the sound of the trumpet, and the lifting up of the spear," replied the person addressed.

"The d——l you don't!" exclaimed the colonel.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," answered the Quaker, with great simplicity of manner.

Both Ferguson and Dix laughed at this somewhat doubtful rejoinder, and wondered whether the unsophisticated youth meant to conceal any quiet sarcasm in the same.

"My excellent, but rather puritanical friend," added the colonel, "I perceive that you belong to the sect called Quakers."

"By the grace of heaven, I am numbered with the salt of the earth," returned the young man, piously, elevating his eyes towards the ethereal region whence that particular unction which he had mentioned, was supposed to flow.

"Fortunate youth!" exclaimed the colonel, with mock solemnity.

"I had thought that he looked too fresh to have any connection with any of the *salts*, except the *neutral salts*, perhaps," observed Dix, looking significantly at the colonel.

"I know nothing of the different sects you have alluded to, for I regard all book learning (except that of the Bible) as *vanity*, and as something that will not abide the test of the *great day*," returned Job Dawson, twirling his thumbs religiously, and sighing profoundly.

"What's the matter?" asked the colonel, with apparent solicitude for his health.

"I was thinking of the nations that set in *darkness*," said Job, with a nasal twang.

"Are there many such unfortunates?" continued the colonel.

"A great multitude which no man can number," was the melancholy reply.

"I should think you'd sink under it, really," added Ferguson.

"At times I am pressed like an ox-cart under sheaves," was the emphatic response.

"Poor fellow! how dreadful it must be. I shouldn't suppose all your *salt* would save you from premature decay," rejoined the colonel.

"A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," said Dawson.

"It had quite a *lump* to leaven in *your* case, at any rate," remarked Dix, facetiously.

"What induced you to come here, my good man?" asked the colonel.

"Verily, I was invited up hither by some friends of the king. So I thought I would come to see if anything would be done to favor the Quaker sect in particular, and the spread of righteousness in general," answered Dawson.

"Quite right; and I am happy to say that his majesty is the particular friend of Quakers, and as soon as peace is secured in this country, intends to send over ship loads of them, that this unhappy land may be plentifully sprinkled with the 'salt of the earth,'" responded Ferguson.

"If that is the case, I shall make his majesty a subject of my powerful prayers," returned Job, earnestly.

"Do so, by all means; they'll have a great effect, no doubt; but I trust you will be willing to *fight* for him, as well as to pray for him?"

"Verily, I cannot fight with the carnal weapons of human warfare; but I can wrestle desperately in prayer. My soul delighteth in peace," said Dawson.

"These good people are gathering to show their faith in the king by their *works*."

"What works?" asked Job.

"By taking arms in his just cause," returned the colonel.

"It is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong; so saith the Scriptures—a work much esteemed by the salt of the earth," returned Job, with a twang still more inveterately nasal.

"What may I call the name of such an exemplary, pious, and conscientious young gentleman?" asked Ferguson.

"I am called Jotham, and my surname is

Stebbins," replied Job, and then added: "May I ask the name of so noble-looking an officer as you seem to be?"

"My surname is Ferguson, and I am called colonel by those who *call me*," replied Ferguson, mimicking the sing-song style of Dawson.

"Then thou art that mighty man of valor of whom I have heard so much, and whose fame is trumpeted throughout all this land. Verily, thou art one of the valiant ones; but I like not thy trade. And is it not written, friend Ferguson, that those who take the sword shall perish by that same instrument of death?"

"Are there any whigs where you came from, honest Jotham?" said the colonel, with much nonchalance.

"Verily, friend Ferguson, they have been scattered abroad like sheep upon the mountains of Israel," replied "simple Jotham."

"Did you ever hear of one Francis Marion, pious Mr. Stebbins?" continued the colonel.

"I have heard of his deeds, and he's a man of blood," said "pious Stebbins."

"Where is he now?"

"It hath been reported in my hearing, within the last hour, that he is in a large swamp on the Santee river, hard pressed by Major Wemyss, who hath resolved on his destruction," rejoined Dawson.

"This is important news," said the colonel to Dix.

"Question him farther," answered the latter.

"Do you think the report of Marion's being on the Santee, under the circumstances you have named, can be relied on, Mr. Stebbins?" inquired Ferguson, earnestly.

"I had it from one whom I consider as one of the salt of the earth," was the reply.

"That's very favorable," said Dix to the colonel. "There'll be no danger of our being disturbed here until we get ready to pounce upon the enemy, and become ourselves the aggressors."

"The best part of it all is that Wemyss is after him," replied the officer.

"Brother Parker, (who is also one of the salt)," resumed Dawson, "stood up and proph-

esied (as it were) saying, 'every soul of them shall be cut off;' and this he spake not of himself, for he had received confidential news from a British officer, who knew all the particulars thereof."

"Very good, honest Jotham," responded the colonel.

"If I hear anything more about Francis, shall I tell thee?" inquired Dawson.

"Of course, Jotham, by all means; but you must keep your mouth tight as a powder-horn in relation to what you see and hear at this place; and as you are a stout, able-bodied fellow, I advise you as a friend to join these royal and peaceably disposed people in defending the rights of the excellent king, to whom these North American provinces owe allegiance."

"If I really thought it wasn't wrong!" said Job.

Colonel Ferguson thereupon assured him that it was not wrong.

"I'll think of it, friend Ferguson," added Job; "and if I should conclude to go up to battle with the king's Israel, I shall assuredly smite the evil-doers, hip and thigh; but not with carnal weapons; for my soul loveth not the sound of the trumpet, and I have no pleasure in the neighing of war-steeds when they prepare themselves for the battle."

It was now the hour of sunset, and until twilight had given place to night, the gigantic figure of Job Dawson was seen moving slowly about among the Tories, staring at everything he saw with clownish curiosity. It might have been remarked also, by a close observer, that the Quaker was often near Ferguson and Dix, and though the parties spoken of frequently changed their position, he usually managed, although in a manner calculated to appear wholly incidental, to establish the same relations between them and himself.

It was natural that Cyrus Dix should be confidential with the colonel; he grew eminently so. He even talked of Kate Martin, and related the substance of his last interview with her and her father. When Dix mentioned the pastor's name, Ferguson remarked that he was a

dangerous man, and unless he became more cautious about disseminating his rebellious sentiments, it would be imperatively necessary to resort to rigorous measures with him. He heard from good authority that he had preached exciting and pernicious sermons, which had incited many of the misguided people of Rocky Creek to take arms, and join Marion's Brigade.

Dix answered that the report was entirely true, but that he (Ferguson) had heard but a small part of the truth, inasmuch as Mr. Martin had done more than most persons were aware of

in the whig cause, and in that respect was the most dangerous man in that section of the country. Dix added, moreover, that in the event that Kate should prove capricious, he intended to soften her to his wishes by proceeding to extremities with her rebel father; and the colonel might rely on him to keep the inflammatory disclaimer still.

Soon after this conversation, Job Dawson disappeared from the tory rendezvous; and the awkward young man was seen no longer gazing in wondering apathy at the preparations for war.

## CHAPTER XIV.

RUTH AND MARY.

MARY ADAIR recovered her consciousness in a short time, and as she was still trembling with excitement, Ruth insisted that she should return instantly to the house. On the way thither, Mary related the particulars of what had just transpired—the sudden appearance of the tories, and the danger to which Hawthorne had been exposed.

"Here is a secret for woman's curiosity to unravel," said Ruth, playfully. "Who is this Lewis Hawthorne, of whom you have been speaking?"

Mary Adair colored, and Miss Strickland kindly forbore to press the subject. When the two young ladies had reached the house, the recent adventure was made known to Mrs. Strickland, who had been considerably alarmed by the tumult which she had heard without, knowing the exact position of affairs.

While proper explanations were being made, and congratulations and inquiries exchanged, the parties were again thrown into some excitement by the sound of prolonged shouting at a considerable distance. To hasten outside into the open air, was an impulse quickly felt and obeyed by each.

"I can see Cunningham's men," said Ruth.

"They are still near the spot where Lewis was in such danger, and where the man fell," added Mary Adair.

"There seems to be something unusually exciting taking place," remarked Mrs. Strickland. "Let us walk forward in that direction."

The parties proceeded a few hundred yards and again paused.

"Perhaps," suggested Ruth, "they are interring the body."

"And it is possible," added Mary, in an agitated voice, "that they have captured Lewis Hawthorne."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Mrs. Strickland, "for those wretches show no mercy."

At that instant, Ruth uttered a piercing shriek, and clung to her mother convulsively for support. To the earnest inquiries of the latter, and the sympathizing Mary, she responded only by sighs and tears. At length she was able to exclaim:

"'Tis he! 'tis he!"

"'Tis who?" cried Mary, whom Ruth's exclamations had placed on the rack of suspense.



"Forstall!" replied Ruth, with a shudder.

"Be calm, Ruth; yield not to your terrors; they may prove unfounded," said Mrs. Strickland, firmly.

"I should know him among a thousand," returned Ruth. "I know I am not mistaken."

Mrs. Strickland and Miss Adair looked anxiously and steadily towards the group of persons. Both felt sick at heart when their worst fears were confirmed. They beheld Forstall in that awful position where eternity seems to open upon the senses—so narrowed down are the limits of mortal existence—so brief the space between the two worlds.

The beholders' cheeks grew pale, and they gazed into each other's eyes, and at Ruth, in speechless agony of spirit; for it is a dreadful spectacle to look upon the execution of a fellow-being under any circumstances; and the pain is inconceivably enhanced when the sufferer is a friend, and a martyr to some high and holy cause.

Mrs. Strickland endeavored to shut out the fearful scene from Ruth; but the latter put her gently aside, and strained her eyes in the direction of the tragic proceedings.

"Why do we remain here inactive!" she exclaimed, at length. "Why do we not hasten forward; and entreat the miscreants to spare his life?"

"Alas! before we could pass over half the distance, the horrible drama will be closed; the young man will be no more," returned the mother.

"But it is criminal—it is *cruel* to do nothing for him!" ejaculated Ruth.

"Let us pray, Ruth," said her mother, in a solemn tone.

The three sank to their knees, as if actuated by a single will, and Mrs. Strickland prayed earnestly and tearfully. She besought the Father, if it were possible, to avert the impending fate of the young man; but if it could not be thus, that he would graciously vouchsafe to grant him an easy passage, and an angelic welcome to the eternal home. Her supplica-

tions arose strong and pure, upborne on the celestial wings of all conquering faith.

The low, fervent voice of prayer was interrupted by one louder and harsher than the clang of a brazen trumpet.

"Straighten up, you tarnal critters! Strike home, I tell you!"

The parties sprang to their feet and looked towards the spot from which they had just turned with sickened hearts. What an unexpected sight met their astonished vision! They saw a party of horsemen headed by a tall man, dash with the speed of lightning and the din of rolling thunder, into the group of tory miscreants, busy with the work of murder; they beheld, as if by a divine interposition, the wretches scattered and blasted before the impetuous onset of Captain Hawes.

"Cut 'em down, I tell you!" shouted the leader, the tones of his stentorian voice echoing afar, making the hearts of his enemies quiver with the horror of death.

"Tarleton's quarters,\* no mercy!" were the stern words that again resounded among the hills and valleys.

"The hand of God must be in this!" exclaimed Mrs. Strickland. "May it teach us to trust his care in all future time."

"See how the dreadful foe is scattered," remarked Mary, earnestly. "Forstall is free; he joins in the pursuit. How changed is the scene! What a wonderful reverse!"

Ruth pressed Mary's hand in silence, and the color once more mounted to her cheeks.

"There goes Gainey, and Cunningham!" added Mrs. Strickland. "They are leaping fences and ditches to evade pursuit. They will escape their just deserts."

In a few moments not an enemy was to be seen. Captain Hawes had swept the field, and proved himself a bold and intrepid leader.

The blast of a bugle recalled the "tarnal critters" from the sanguine chase; for the cap-

\* *Tarleton's quarters*, was an expression of much significance, and referred to the merciless slaughter of over three hundred American infantry, under Lieutenant Colonel Buford, by Lieutenant Colonel Tarleton of the royal army.

tain prudently remembered that he was to rejoin the brigade as soon as possible, in order to be present at the anticipated surprise. His men were soon gathered about him, flushed with the pride and excitement of victory.

"Neighbors and patriots!" said Hawes. "You have done yourselves immortal honor, individually, respectively, and collectively. The great heart of humanity will beat with new life, when the history of your gallant conduct shall be generally promulgated throughout the airth; and at Rocky Creek, where many of you was cradled in the earliest stages of existence. This is a mighty smart day in the annals of our country. My soul expands unspeakable! My innermost natur is swellin' like a smothered volcano. Little airthquakes are ready to bust in every vein. My feelin's rush me along with the *tremenjous* speed of a wild harryeane, and the power of an untamed avalanche. That cussed colt is *dancin'* up and down agin! Jones, mind your failin's, or I'll have you arrested!"

"The enemy's whipt; he feels as though he'd been struck by a thousand acres of electric fluid, manufactured into the spryest kind of lightnin' known to inquirin' minds. We shall ride back to the brigade, carryin' the soul-cheerin' news of an all-fired tussle!"

"Jones is *throwed* again!" interrupted Corporal Higgins, as the captain paused to take breath. The military chieftain cast a reproachful look at the still misguided Jones.

"I hope nothin' will transpire," he said, "to mar the splendor of this afternoon's achievements. Jones, if you must make an ass of yourself, do it when I aint makin' a speech. Pitchin' about in that way, is a bad habit to get into, and sets a dirty example to the rest on 'em. Glue yourself to that colt agin instantly, and throw no more double summersets in the ranks. Sergeant Davis, prick Jones a little with your toad-sticker. Mr. Forstall, I see you're lookin' all-sufficient wishful to'ards that group of femernine specimens out yonder. I'll wait for you six minutes and a few seconds, while you go and give 'em your blessin'."

Forstall gladly availed himself of this permission, and in a moment reined up his horse beside Ruth Strickland. Though still laboring under the excitement of the late proceedings, Forstall's old embarrassment returned as soon as he found himself in the presence of the maiden in whom he felt so deep an interest.

He shook warmly the proffered hand of the trio, and received their congratulations with emotions of pleasure not easily described. Notwithstanding he had so recently resigned himself to death, the love of life was never stronger in his bosom than then; for there seemed to him something unusually tender and friendly in the glances of Ruth.

When a few words of general import had been exchanged, Mrs. Strickland remarked that it was necessary she should immediately return to the house, and begged to be excused, trusting that Mary and her daughter would more than make good her absence.

The elder lady walked away; and in a moment after, when Frank turned from Ruth to Miss Adair, he discovered that she was at a considerable distance from him and his fair companion.

Though the opportunity of being alone with the interesting being beside him, was what he had eagerly desired, yet when that condition actually existed, he was wholly unprepared to improve it. When Ruth perceived that her mother and Mary had suddenly vanished, she was painfully confused, for she feared that it might appear to Frank as a pre-arranged movement; a supposition that would have proved very annoying to her, and very unjust.

The young lady's confusion was cruelly contagious, and Forstall could not think of a single appropriate remark to hazard under the circumstances. Contrary to the generally established precedent in such cases, the maiden was the first to break the silence, which had become awkwardly embarrassing.

"A most fortunate escape," said Ruth.

"Yes, perhaps, providential. I had given up all thoughts of deliverance from the unfortunate and ignominious position in which I was

placed," he replied, with considerable hesitation of manner.

"Your friends will rejoice that so dreadful a tragedy was averted," added Ruth, moving slowly towards Mary Adair, and feeling most keenly that she was placed in a position that might easily be misconstrued. She resolved to prevent a possibility which would be so humiliating, and instantly called to Miss Adair, saying that Mr. Forstall and herself desired her company; and Mary turned and came slowly towards them, apparently absorbed in her own thoughts.

"Miss Adair is a charming young lady, Miss Strickland, but when I have the happiness to be near you, I do not feel the want of other—"

"Hurry up—hurry up!" shouted Captain Hawes. "I can't allow you but a few minutes longer. We've got to lick another township of Tories to-night, you know."

"You are aware that we have been acquainted for a long period, Miss Strickland, and that I naturally—naturally—"

Forstall stopped, and vainly endeavored to recall and embody the idea, which was in his mind when he commenced.

To hide her own embarrassment, Ruth asked Frank if he knew Lewis Hawthorne; to which inquiry, he replied in the negative.

"The times are so—so precarious, that it is very hard to tell when I may see you again, and therefore—therefore—" added Frank, failing entirely to come to the point.

"Then you don't know Mr. Hawthorne?" said Ruth.

"No," stammered Forstall, completely unnerved.

"I had hoped that the friendship that has subsisted—subsisted—"

"In the excitement of the moment, I have neglected to refer to my father's imprisonment. Have you yet learned anything in relation to the general treatment and condition of the prisoners taken at Camden?" asked Ruth.

"I have not yet been able to gather any information, in regard to the prisoners, that would be of particular interest to you, but be assured that I have not yet forgotten the promise which I made at our last interview. It is probable that many of the unfortunates will be sent to Charleston for safe keeping. Should Mr. Strickland be among the number, there's a prospect that something may be done to set him at liberty; an event which I greatly desire, because it will add to the happiness of one in whom—"

"Come along, Forstall; we've straightened up to start!" shouted Captain Nick. "Give her your benediction, and don't let the grass grow under your horse's feet."

"Farewell, Ruth," said Frank, reluctantly.

"Must you go so soon?" she asked.

"Duty forces me from the spot where I would linger forever," answered Forstall, earnestly.

"Attention, the hull! right about face!" cried Hawes.

Frank turned slowly from Ruth, and she bade him adieu in a low voice.

"March!" added the captain, and Forstall put spurs to his horse and galloped swiftly after the men of Rocky Creek.

## CHAPTER XV.

### AN UNWELCOME VISIT.

MARION'S Brigade halted in a wood about six miles from Rocky Creek, and waited for darkness to favor the consummation of their purpose. Henderson, much to his regret, was now deprived of the society of Kate Martin, as she had continued her way homeward under the escort of Joe Sawyer; a duty which the latter was ready and willing to perform; for in his estimation (as well as Henderson's) she was all that was worthy of imitation in woman, combining in her own person the sum total of feminine graces.

"That Mr. Henderson is *done for*," said Joe, sullenly.

"I don't quite apprehend your meaning, Joe," replied Kate, demurely.

"He's *smashed*; he couldn't take his eyes off from you a minute," returned Sawyer.

"Couldn't he, Joe?" inquired Kate, in a manner intended to be very common-place.

"You know he couldn't, Queen Kate, and you're blushin' up about it now."

"Nonsense, Joe."

"You can say 'nonsense, Joe,' as much as you please, but that won't convince me that

Henderson don't love the ground you walk on," added Sawyer, obstinately.

"Come, I shall be angry with you," said Kate.

"That won't make no difference to me," answered Joe. "I shall stick to you just the same. My gratitude won't be put out by a pretty show of anger on your part."

"Shall you go to the tory rendezvous, to-morrow?" replied Kate, evasively.

"I shall go, if you do."

"Be assured that I shall not. But here we are at the settlement. What will you do?"

"Turn my horse into the pasture, and let those who love to fight, go to war. When I can serve you, I shall be ready and proud to do so," was the rejoinder.

It was dark when Kate reached home. Her return was anxiously expected, and occasioned much joy. Nothing of particular interest had transpired during her brief absence. Mr. Martin called her his "brave girl," and his "heroic Kate;" while the good horse, Victor, who had proved so faithful a servant, was suitably cared for.

Kate related the story of her adventures to attentive auditors, partook of refreshments, and was about to retire, when an unexpected and painful scene occurred. There was a loud knocking at the outer door, and Mrs. Martin opened it. A man wearing the uniform of a subaltern officer entered, followed by ten or a dozen dragoons. Their entry was hurried and unceremonious, and their looks unprepossessing. Kate and her mother grew pale, but the pastor remained calm.

"Your name is Martin?" said the officer, interrogatively, and not very courteously.

"It is," he replied.

"You're the man we're after," added the officer, laconically.

"For what object?" asked the pastor.

"To punish you for your canting hypocrisy," returned the man, impatiently.

"In the long catalogue of my earthly sins, I believe that hypocrisy will not be found," returned Martin.

"Lay hands on the sanctimonious villain!" exclaimed the officer.

Several of the dragoons moved forward to execute the orders of their leader; but Kate interposed her own person between her father and the ruffian crew, and commanded them to offer him no indignity, if they made any pretensions to the name of men and Christians.

"Stand away, miss; your advice aint wanted at present," added the leader, with a sneer, though not a little surprised at the beauty and heroism of Kate.

"By whose orders do you act?" she asked, firmly.

"By Colonel Ferguson's," replied the man.

"Then return and tell him that you find here only defenceless females, and a venerable servant of God," rejoined Kate, energetically.

"And get put under arrest for my trouble?" said the leader, with a sneer.

"It is more manly to suffer wrong than to perpetrate wrong," answered the maiden.

"We didn't come here to hear you or your father preach sermons, my pert damsel," re-

torted the officer. "Men, seize the rebel, and bind him."

"Stand aside, my dear Kate," said Mr. Martin, embracing her affectionately. "When we cannot resist injustice, we must suffer it with Christian meekness. I must submit to these men; no alternative remains. Your earnest appeals will but provoke their malice. Soldiers, I am ready, like Paul, not only to be bound, but to die in the cause of truth and righteousness."

While the good pastor was speaking, he gently put Kate from him, and the dragoons instantly seized him.

"Don't be afraid of hurting him!" exclaimed the officer.

"Do not draw the cords quite so tight, my good man," said the pastor to the soldier who was tying his hands.

"Tighter—tighter!" added the leader, savagely; "and he may thank his stars that it is not his neck instead of his wrists."

"What crime hath he committed?" asked Mrs. Martin, mildly.

"A reasonable question, truly! His life would not atone for half the mischief he has done. He has promulgated his pernicious sentiments under the guise of religion. His ministry is the ministry of Satan or of rebellion; which is the same thing. But his career is out short; you may depend on it, he will suffer according to his deserts."

"Do your worst. I am prepared for all that I may be called upon to suffer in this cause," remarked Martin, firmly.

"Take that, then, if you will continue to whine and cant, and provoke me to anger!" cried the loyalist, striking him with his sword.

"Insolent wretch!" exclaimed Kate, indignantly. "Is this your manhood! Is this your honor as a loyal officer! Dare you strike a man whose hands are bound, and whose profession forbids him to fight, even were he on even terms with you?"

"Not so fast, fair rebel; we're not done yet. If there's anything eatable and drinkable in the house, we want it."

"We cannot minister to such miscreants!" exclaimed Mrs. Martin.

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink," said the father, reprovingly.

The house was instantly searched, and everything that was eatable despatched without ceremony. Many small articles of trifling value were also appropriated by the soldiers, and concealed about their persons. Among the things found, was a keg of wine used for sacramental purposes; this was drunk with impious jests, and was the cause of much mischief; for being of an excellent quality, it soon mounted to their heads, and inflamed their natural love of wickedness. One of the boldest of the party demanded Kate's finger rings; and another attempted to pull the plain gold ornaments from her ears; a piece of cruelty which the maiden barely escaped. She immediately unfastened the baubles and threw them to the fellow who had resolved to possess them; remarking as she did so, "that he must be unworthy the name of soldier who could descend to the meanness of robbing women of their personal ornaments; and that cause must be indeed bad which is defended by men of such principles."

The leader here interfered, and ordered the ornaments to be restored, reminding the men that they were ordered not to take anything away; but every moment they became more boisterous and dangerous, until finally it was proposed that they should shoot Mr. Martin on the spot.

This proposal was hailed with shouts of applause by the majority; and the leader was now too drunk to have much to say about it; but on the whole, thought it would give very good satisfaction to Colonel Ferguson.

"The country hereabout can't never be safe while he spots rebellion," observed one, with drunken hesitancy.

"I allers said it," added another.

"Jest take him out (hic-up) and I'll—I'll fix him," said a third.

"Drink the health of that fair dam—damsel, first, my brave lads," proposed a fourth.

"Standin' or settin'?" inquired a fifth.

"As we are; here goes! Long life to her, and a short one to her canting father."

"Take him out! take him out! give it to him right, my heroes."

"Come, my old gentleman, say somethin'; your time's come, and no—no mis-mistake."

Kate threw her arms about her father, and solemnly protested that she would die with him, while Mrs. Martin attempted to remonstrate with the soldiers; but she might as well have spoken to the winds of a mad tempest; opposition but inflamed their desire to perpetrate something horrible.

"Can't you drag the gal away, some on ye?" asked one of the soldiers.

"Of course we can," replied one of his comrades, staggering towards Kate with the intention of tearing her from her father.

"Stand back, miscreant!" cried Kate, drawing from her bosom one of the pistols which Sawyer had given her. "Advance another step, or presume to lay your infamous hand on my person, and I will certainly fire."

The soldier paused and looked wonderingly at Kate, whose hand did not tremble, and whose eyes did not cease to flash with determination.

"Don't stir, my man, or she'll do it; it's in her eye!" cried the commander of the party, in a warning voice.

One of the dragoons now cocked his musket, but instantly, before he had time to accomplish his fell purpose upon the pastor without endangering Kate, Mrs. Martin placed herself before him. It is impossible to tell what would have been the result of these proceedings, had not Joe Sawyer at that moment burst into the room, exclaiming in a loud and peremptory voice:

"I come from Colonel Ferguson. He wants you to hurry to the rendezvous with the prisoner as soon as possible; he's getting in a terrible passion about your long absence; he's threatenin' hard things, I tell you."

The leader of the squad had sense enough remaining to tremble at the name of Ferguson.

"To your duty, men!" he cried; "we've been foolin' long enough. Set old Martin on

horseback, and let us be off, or we shall catch it, and no mistake!"

"And mark the rest: He says that no violence must be offered the rebel prisoner; and you'll be answerable, if there is," added Joe.

"Hurry, you drunken rascals!" said the officer.

"The best thing you can do, sir. I'll help you get the prisoner mounted. Come, Mr. Martin," continued Joe, looking significantly at Kate, "mount, and be off with these fine lads. The colonel wants to see you. Miss Martin, don't be a henderin' the king's men; they have trouble enough, the Lord knows, without havin' foolish women gettin' in their way at such times as these."

Kate instantly fell back with a grateful look at Joe, who thereupon assisted Mr. Martin out of the house, and to mount a horse. After some staggering and blustering, the dragoons succeeded in getting into their saddles, and then rode away with their prisoner.

"Do you think he is safe with them?" asked Kate.

Joe replied that they would not now dare offer him any violence, on account of the colonel, of whom they stood much in fear.

Kate then inquired if he had really been to the tory rendezvous.

"Not at all," he replied. "I found out that mischief was going on, and made up the story to suit the occasion; and it has worked very well, for to-night Marion's Brigade will rescue him."

Mrs. Martin and Kate did not neglect to express their heartfelt thanks to Sawyer for his timely aid; Kate felt that the adage was indeed true that kindness conferred never fails to receive its reward.

The dictates of gentle pity had constrained the young lady to interfere to save Joe's life, and already had his gratitude more than repaid the trouble the act had cost her.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A SCENE AT THE TORY RENDEZVOUS.

AT a late hour in the evening, Job Dawson was observed in conversation with General Marion. Frank Forstall was standing near Ben Rowan, and improved the occasion to ask the latter if he had "pulverized" the Quaker recently. Ben did not greatly relish the question, and scowled rather ominously upon the questioner.

"I know very well what you're comin' at," said Rowan, not very good naturedly; "but you're much mistaken about that little affair. I'm sometimes troubled with a vertigo or dizziness in the head, which seizes me awful sudden, and knocks my pins right out from under me; and that accounts for my tumbling down so awkwardly that mornin' when I undertook to pulverize that humbug."

"I was not aware that vertigo affected the legs, particularly," answered Forstall.

"I calkerlate to make you aware of it, sir!" retorted Ben, rolling up his sleeves rather menacingly. "I've borne this sort of thing long enough; and I aint goin' to be made the laughing stock of the whole brigade, just because my foot slipped when I was about to fetch

him a lick that would have loosened all his teeth."

"I understood you that it was a case of real vertigo," remarked Frank.

"I didn't say vertigo; I said apoplexy; and I have been subject to it at times, more or less, on an average, off and on, from infancy, if not longer; and I'll pulverize any man that makes fun of sich an infirmity, or disputes the fact by word or look," returned Ben, decidedly.

"It's a great pity you happened to be seized at that particular moment," observed Mr. Henderson.

"I didn't say I was seized; I was a goin' to strike him, but he stepped aside, I missed my aim, and the force of the blow threw me down. But you don't seem to understand it, and what's more, don't want to; but one thing is sartin; the man as don't believe, has got to stand up face to face with Ben Rowan!" cried the boxer, with increasing energy.

"It wasn't apoplexy after all, then," added Henderson.

"I never said it was; it's plain to see that you want to get up a quarrel, and the quicker

the thing comes off, the better; so come on, one or two at a time, just as you like, and I'll pulverize the lot."

Ben put himself in an attitude of defence, and looked very formidable.

"I can't fight *that* way," said Forstall, "and I couldn't fight my good friend, Ben Rowan, on any account."

"Besides," added Henderson, seriously, "you had better finish Job Dawson, before you get any more of that kind of work on hand."

"You're cowards!" exclaimed Ben. "I believe you'll run to-night, when you see the enemy's camp-fires. As for that Quaker, you're in league with him. But I've not done with him yet; I'll pulverize him, if it takes me half a day. I shouldn't wonder if he proved to be a spy from the enemy; he's been gone all the afternoon, nobody knows where, and if the truth was known, General Marion is a little suspicious of him, for he's eyin' him mighty sharp now."

The individual referred to at that moment, left Marion and approached the parties who had made him the subject of conversation. The sabre, which was not by his side the last time the reader saw him, now swung at its accustomed place.

It amused Forstall and Henderson not a little, to see the contemptuous manner which Ben Rowan still maintained towards him.

"How do you find yourself, friend Dawson?" asked Henderson.

"I never was *lost*, friend John," replied Job, with much simplicity.

"Rowan has been explaining to us about that affair which happened between you and him a few mornings since. We all, it seems, have labored under a mistake, not knowing that Ben's unlucky fall was occasioned by an apoplectic fit," said Forstall, with an air of seriousness.

"I didn't say a fit, but a *falling sickness*!" exclaimed Ben, angrily.

"Thou art right, good Benjamin; it was a falling sickness, if thou wilt," answered Job.

"Hear that—he *owns* it!" cried Ben, triumphantly.

"It's all right, then," added Henderson; "and I hope you and Dawson will now shake hands."

"I have no ill feeling towards friend Benjamin," said Job.

"Shake hands, then," returned Henderson.

"See what I'll do to him," whispered Ben to Forstall. "Perhaps I won't crush the bones in his hand. I dare say not! Look out for fun!"

"Here is my hand, good Benjamin," said Job, mildly, extending his broad palm.

"Well, I don't care," replied Ben, "since you acknowledge that I was not vanquished by mortal strength, but by disease, I'll give you my fist on it; so here goes."

Rowan seized Dawson's hand, and pressed it with all his strength, expecting that the latter would cry out with pain, and a laugh would be produced at his expense.

"Verily," said Dawson, "I like a warm and friendly grasp, and I am glad to put an end to this misunderstanding. Therefore let this cordial grasp convince you that I cherish no *hard feelings* towards you."

While the Quaker was making these remarks, he closed his mighty hand upon Ben's, and the fingers sunk into the flesh like iron rods. Rowan's whole frame quivered with pain; but he stood like a martyr, waiting with what fortitude he could muster, for the moment of release.

"Art thou satisfied, good Benjamin?" kindly inquired Dawson, shaking Rowan's powerless hand still more vehemently.

"I—I—am—it—it is all—*all right*," replied the boxer, his face growing dreadfully red, while his eyes gave abundant indications of being uncommonly watery.

"It is a good thing, Benjamin, for a man to be fully persuaded in his own mind," added Dawson, still tightening his grip. "I hope you are really in earnest about this matter, and that this friendly pressure of hands is without deceit."

"Yes—yes!" exclaimed Ben, dancing round Job like a young grisly bear caught in a steel

trap. "I tell you it's all—all—made up between us."

Forstall and Henderson roared with laughter, and Rowan, when released from the mortifying situation in which he had placed himself, attempted to join in the merriment, but vexation prevailed over the faint effort, and he informed Forstall confidentially, as they walked towards the spot where the brigade was gathering, preparatory to resuming the march, "that Job Dawson was a bigger humbug than ever, and the time was rapidly approaching when he would make it apparent to the whole world."

During the march to Rocky Creek, Frank had a conversation with James Adair (Mary's brother), and endeavored to learn something more about the Quaker, but signally failed. Adair professed to have no knowledge of the eccentric Job; but though he felt, apparently, no interest in that singular individual, he seemed to experience considerable enjoyment in talking about Rose Forstall, though he approached the subject, at first, with some delicacy; but as Frank referred frequently to Ruth Strickland, and spoke enthusiastically of her high qualities of head and heart, as well as her personal perfections, he became less reserved, and the name of Rose was oftener spoken.

Marion issued orders that silence should be strictly observed as they approached Rocky Creek. Within two miles of the tory rendezvous the brigade halted, waited till midnight, and then moved on again with increasing caution. Upon reaching the wood, that nearly surrounded the field where the unsuspecting loyalists were gathered, concealing plans for future operations, the general disposed his men in equal numbers on each side of the open space by which the spot was accessible. These movements, though executed within a few hundred yards of the loyalists, produced no alarm, so perfect was the discipline of Marion's men. The general spoke with all the officers, and enjoined upon them implicit obedience to orders, and to see that the arms of every man were in readiness for use. When everything had been arranged according to the wishes of the celebra-

ted leader, Frank Forstall and John Henderson were ordered to go forward on foot and reconnoitre.

Grateful for this mark of the general's confidence, our heroes obeyed with alacrity. Crossing a brook, Frank and Henderson entered the large field, and guided by the numerous fires that were burning brightly, walked with slow and noiseless steps towards the rendezvous.

After proceeding a short distance, the tread of a sentinel was distinctly heard, warning them to silence and prudence. It was now necessary that they should leave the open field, and advance under cover of the surrounding wood. They did so, stopping when the sentinel walked towards them while going his rounds, and proceeding when he went in a contrary direction. They proceeded very well in this manner, when an unlooked for event came near rendering their attempt abortive. They came suddenly upon another sentinel, who was leaning against a tree, motionless as the tree itself. Forstall and his companion stopped, expecting to be hailed, or instantly fired upon; but he still remained motionless.

"He is asleep," whispered Henderson. "We're undiscovered. Let us move to the left—softly—softly, my lad."

The parties passed on, leaving the faithless sentinel to finish his nap, and soon had a fine view of the loyal rendezvous.

"Now we have them before us," observed Henderson, "and a merry set of fellows they seem to be."

"Eating, drinking, and smoking," said Frank.

"Yes, and everything seems to be in abundance. I can see a large number of horses, and yonder is an officer of rank—Colonel Ferguson, probably," added Henderson.

"And that man near him is Cyrus Dix, doubtless, the same mentioned by Miss Martin," returned Forstall.

"A little to the right of the two officers, I observe a tent with a guard stationed round it."

"There are prisoners in the tent, perhaps," said Frank.



"Hush!" whispered his companion, pressing Forstall's arm. The man I take to be Colonel Ferguson, and the other whom you suppose to be Dix, are approaching us."

"We must move away," replied Frank.

"Not yet—let them come—we may perhaps hear what they are conversing about," added Henderson.

"It is dangerous, but I will be guided by you."

"Down—down upon the ground—close—close as you can lie! They're coming nearer than I could wish; but never mind, we'll trust to luck."

Forstall and Henderson sunk to the earth, and lay prone and still; while Ferguson and Dix advanced until within a few yards of them, conversing diligently.

"I think the plan will do very well," remarked Ferguson.

"I certainly hope so, colonel, for I am greatly attached to the girl," replied Dix.

"You could not probably appear in a more interesting character than that of a *benefactor*," added the officer.

"Very true, colonel; for Kate Martin idolizes her father," said Dix.

"You have only to step forward then, at the proper moment and befriend him, to win her eternal gratitude, if you have not already secured her esteem," replied Ferguson. "The affair may be very well managed in this way. In the morning you can repair to Mr. Martin's, seemingly ignorant that the peace of the family has in any way been disturbed. You will become *indignant* when you hear the story from the rosy lips of your enchantress, and *mouth* some pretty round oaths to give your anger *reality*. In the midst of your virtuous fury, you will hear the bugles of my detachment, and upon looking from the window, will see me passing the house with my prisoner seated on horseback in the midst of us, securely guarded. In a moment you rush from the dwelling, and unsheathing your sword, plant yourself in the road

directly before us, and swear by all that is great and praiseworthy, that we shall ride over your body, if we advance, unless we release the prisoner without harming his sacred person."

"Wont something like this do?" said Dix, drawing his weapon with a theatrical flourish. "Hold! forbear—if ye be men! In the name of justice and humanity, release that venerable man! *Hold, I say!*"

"Very good," replied the colonel; and then both laughed immoderately. "I, of course, will release the rebel; the daughter will fall at your feet, and invoke all manner of blessings upon your magnanimous soul; then she is yours for life."

"Excellent! excellent!" cried Cyrus Dix, in great glee. "I must rehearse my part a few times."

"Infernal rascal!" muttered Henderson, between his teeth.

"*Hold! forbear—in the king's name!*" exclaimed Dix, going through with his part again, and once more indulging in a burst of boisterous laughter.

"We'll show you some acting more effectual than that, my fine fellow!" said Forstall, in a whisper.

"The surest way to a damsel's heart is to play the *hero*," resumed Ferguson; "and you will certainly appear a real one—a Christian, philanthropist, and soldier, all combined."

The parties now turned and walked from the spot where Forstall and Henderson were concealed, Dix occasionally stopping to go through with his part of the projected farce; an operation that did not fail to provoke a fresh burst of merriment.

"It's time for us to be going," said Henderson, in an agitated voice, when the colonel and his companion had passed from hearing. "I have heard and seen enough."

The two young men arose and returned to the brigade, with the observance of the same cautiousness that had characterized their going forth.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE CONFLICT—THE MAN OF PEACE IN AN AMBIGUOUS POSITION.

FORSTALL related to the general in as brief and appropriate a manner as possible, what he had seen and heard; while Henderson stood by with sullen brow, biting his nether lip with impatience.

"I perceive," observed Marion with a smile, "that our friend Henderson is burning to chastise Dix for his audacity in aspiring to the hand of the peerless Kate."

"He's such a hypocritical scoundrel, general!" exclaimed Henderson.

"And Kate Martin is so fair," added Marion, playfully.

"And *heroic*," remarked Forstall.

"She's both," said Henderson. "She's fairer than the stars that gem the night; as gentle as the softest zephyr that ever blew over a charmed sea; as heroic as the Grecian maidens of other days. I confess, without a blush, that I worship at the shrine of her perfections."

"Spoken like a man and soldier!" exclaimed Marion, warmly. "The young lady is certainly a paragon of beauty, and a model of heroism. And now, gentlemen, how would you advise us to attack those merry rascals, yonder?"

"Were I to hazard an opinion on that subject, I should say it would be advisable to advance one or two companies to commence the attack, while the rest remain here as a reserve, and take as many prisoners as possible; for many will, no doubt, attempt to escape in this direction," replied Frank, modestly.

"That's my own opinion," returned the general. "I had already resolved upon that course."

Forstall and Henderson returned to the ranks, and Captain Hawes's company, and a part of Captain Logan's, were selected to make the first attack upon the loyalists. Captain Nick was highly pleased with this arrangement. Unsheathing their sabres, the men moved forward, headed by General Marion, in person.

When the detachment had crossed the brook, a momentary halt was ordered, and the leader addressed a few words of encouragement to his brave followers. He reminded them of what they had already accomplished, and the influence their gallant conduct was exercising throughout South Carolina.

"Jones's colt is dancin' up and down agin," whispered Higgins to Captain Nick.

"He means to disgrace himself," said the captain.

"Let each man do his best," added Marion, "and in ten minutes our enemies will be flying from the field, or fertilizing it with their blood." Marion's eyes sparkled with animation, and his sword flashed in the pale beams of the newly risen moon. Touching his horse with his armed heel, he bent forward in the saddle, and his noble charger shot away towards the campfires of the enemy, followed by stern and resolute men, who feared not the brunt of battle, nor the thunder of war.

"Come on, you *tarnals*!" cried Hawes. "Give it to 'em unspeakable. Make 'em think all natur has busted, and chaos has come agin, knockin' all temporary consarns into eternal smash. Rare up! swing your cuttin' instruments!"

Frank Forstall noticed as they swept on, that quiet Job Dawson was in his place beside Ben Rowan; his great horse was snorting and plunging, and champing the steel bit, as if impatient to mingle in the *melee*.

"What a furious beast!" remarked Frank to Ben.

"Just sich another humbug as his rider!" returned Rowan, tartly.

"Mark his arching neck and his fiery eyes!" exclaimed Forstall.

"Bah!" was the not very flattering response of the irascible boxer.

During this time, Dawson sat easily and gracefully in his saddle, his monster sabre swinging at his side.

"If you don't intend to fight, Mr. Dawson, there's still a chance for you to get from the ranks," said Forstall.

"I am a man of peace," replied Job, "but the man Francis hath commanded me to go up to battle, and I go as a sheep to the slaughter, and as a lamb dumb before the shearer."

There was no time for farther conversation, for they were now close upon the tory rendezvous, and their speed had increased to a wild and furious gallop. Marion's terrible war-cry rang out with startling energy upon the air:

*Liberty or Death!* It fell upon the ears of the royalists like a dread summons to the eternal world. They sprang towards their horses, but before half of them were in the saddle, Marion had reached them and blasted their forming ranks like the destroying lightnings of heaven. Those heavy sabres came down, cleaving skulls, hewing bodies with frightful gashes, and lopping off limbs. Loud cries of terror, dreadful wails of agony, fiendish yells of rage, the clashing of swords, the discharge of fire-arms, and the thunder of horses' hoofs, shook the field of conflict. Ferguson shouted to his dragoons to rally around him and disperse the rebels; some heard and attempted to obey, while many sought safety in flight.

Forstall had resolved to mark the bearing of those about him in the hour of battle, especially of Dawson and Henderson. The latter, he now saw galloping from one part of the field to another in search of Cyrus Dix. As for Dawson, he had kept near him until they had charged through the enemy, at which time he observed that his mammoth steed was in advance of all others, and growing more furious every moment; but the rider was still self-possessed. Ben Rowan perceived that the Quaker was foremost, and resolving not to be outdone, spurred madly after him, and Frank imitated his example.

Ferguson's dragoons had hastily formed in the rear of the broken line; their muskets now bristled in the faces of Captain Logan's company, and Job Dawson seemed rushing madly upon their gleaming points.

Forstall wondered whether he saw them, or whether his horse was urging him on against his will. He saw Job grasp his sabre, and rise in his stirrups; the next moment a sheet of flame, and a stream of lead leaped from the ranks of Ferguson's dragoons, and Dawson was enveloped in smoke and hidden from view. Frank involuntarily exclaimed "poor Job," and never expected to see him again; but the stern and bloody work before him now engaged all his attention, for Ferguson's men made an obstinate resistance.

The next glimpse which he caught of Dawson, revealed him fighting desperately over Ben Rowan, whose horse had fallen, and he was struggling to extricate himself. A half-dozen dragoons had closed around him to despatch him with their swords and bayonets.

Job Dawson's horse pressed furiously among the eager dragoons, kicking, rearing and plunging, until he planted his mighty body directly over Rowan's fallen steed, and laying back his ears, snorting and shaking his mane, he was almost as much an object of terror as Job himself, whose sabre beat down levelled bayonets, and circling swords, and sheathed itself in palpitating flesh.

"Inexplicable man!" cried Forstall, as he pressed his own foaming horse to the side of the Quaker; others followed, and the fight raged over Ben Rowan's head; but the proud, defiant breast of the mammoth horse, and Dawson's terrible sabre, protected him from instant death by sword or bayonet.

"Straighten up, you tarnal critters! Strike hard, I tell you!" shouted Captain Nick, and the "Fire Eaters" burst upon those who yet resisted, in smoke and in flame. Ferguson gave way, and Marion's reserves thundering into action, the brief battle became a total rout on the part of the tories. The shrill voice of Marion was heard calling on the fugitives to surrender; some threw down their arms and complied, and others kept on, were overtaken and cut down.

Forstall paused an instant and looked over the field; John Henderson was still galloping madly from place to place, vainly seeking Cyrus Dix.

In this engagement many prisoners were made; several stand of arms, and quite a number of horses changed hands. Mr. Martin was restored to liberty, and Dix was spared the trouble of acting in the comedy of the *hero*.

After the brief contest was ended, a strong guard was set, and the victors encamped on the field where the stirring scenes of the action had transpired.

Ben Rowan, considerably bruised by his fall,

was placed in a tent, and having taken what in bar-room parlance, might be termed a pretty "stiff glass" of whiskey, his spirits began to revive again. While he was reflecting profoundly on the recent occurrences, Forstall and Henderson entered, and were soon after followed by Job Dawson and James Adair. The light of the blazing fire as it flitted over the former's features, revealed no change in his appearance. The eye was still mild, the expression about the mouth gentle, and his bearing quiet and unobtrusive. When he bowed to Forstall and Henderson, there was something strangely fascinating in the smile that lingered for an instant about his lips.

Ben Rowan he did not seem to notice as he came in, but bending his tall form he passed to the most obscure corner of the tent, and without unbuckling his sabre, threw himself upon the ground. The boxer looked steadily in another direction for a time, and then gradually changing his position, began to cast furtive glances at the Quaker. It would have been exceedingly difficult to analyze the expression of Ben's face at that precise phase in his existence. Both Forstall and Henderson mentally determined that no reasonable conclusion could be arrived at in regard to what was passing within by attempting to study such a blank looking countenance. If any inference could be possibly drawn, it was that Rowan's ideas had been thrown into inextricable confusion, and could not be formed again in order. Frank also confessed himself singularly mystified in regard to Job Dawson.

"After the excitement of the last hour I find it impossible to sleep," said Henderson.

"I labor under a similar state of feeling," replied Frank.

"Let us walk in the open air," added the first speaker.

To this proposal Forstall readily assented, and they left the tent.

"These poor fellows sleep soundly enough," remarked Henderson, pointing to several inanimate bodies that lay hacked and mutilated upon the ground.

"The tumult of life has passed, and I hope it is well with them now," returned Frank.

"I most fervently hope so," answered Henderson. The parties paused a moment beside some bodies that had been shockingly crushed by horses' feet.

"Is it not lamentable that the passions of men work out such accomplished horrors as these?" said Forstall.

"Lamentable indeed; and yet war has prevailed in all countries, and in all ages of which we have any history."

"Very true," said a voice near them; "and yet you would not argue that the fact furnishes us any excuse or justification for the barbarous practices of war?"

Henderson turned towards the speaker and recognized Mr. Martin.

"You are right, reverend sir; I would not,"

"I find it impossible to content myself here until the morning," added the pastor. "It may not be perfectly safe to attempt to return

home; but I know my friends are deeply and sleeplessly anxious for my safety."

"I can very well understand the nature of your feelings," said Henderson; "yet I doubt whether you could safely return to the settlement at this hour, for you might possibly fall into the hands of some of our loyalist friends again, in which event, I fear you would fare worse than in the first instance."

"There is a small foot-path through the woods to the settlement, which I can find, I doubt not, and which is but half the distance of the usual way; by following that, I do not think I shall incur much risk," returned Martin.

"If you are resolved to go, I will accompany you," said Henderson.

"And I also," added Frank.

Mr. Martin expressed his gratitude for these kind offers, and the parties immediately set out for the settlement. After some searching, the foot-path was discovered, and the glimmering moonlight guided them on their way.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

DIX OBTAINS KATE'S OPINION.—MARY VIDEAU.

I SHALL be sure to inform Mrs. Martin and Kate, that your sabre severed my bands, and your lips told me that I was no longer a prisoner," said the pastor.

Had the features of Henderson been seen distinctly at that moment, we doubt not but it would have been observed that his color was much heightened. The thought of having his name favorably mentioned in the presence of Kate, caused his brave heart to expand with pleasure.

"The credit is due to General Marion and the brigade," he answered, modestly, with some hesitation.

"Can you tell me anything of the fate of Cyrus Dix? Did you see him in the strife?" inquired Mr. Martin.

"I did not; but I would to heaven that I had," replied Henderson, earnestly.

"Our gallant companion sought the loyalist in every part of the field," remarked Forstall; "and had he found him, his career of hypocrisy would have closed forever."

Frank then related to Mr. Martin the purport of the conversation they had heard between

Dix and Ferguson. The worthy man was greatly shocked at the narration, and appeared deeply grateful that such artful villany had been frustrated.

The parties passed through the wood without accident, and the pastor's residence was soon in view. A horse was fastened near the door, and bright lights gleamed from within.

"Rather a late hour for visitors," remarked Mr. Martin. "But I think I know the horse. Eaves-dropping will be no sin, I imagine, in this instance; let us approach without noise and listen," he added.

The pastor's suggestion was acted upon, and the trio walked forward and placed themselves near the windows from whence the light was reflected. Henderson appeared to have some vague idea of what was transpiring within, and what kind of a visitor was there; for he was quite pale and nervous.

The voice of Cyrus Dix was distinctly heard. He was talking earnestly.

"We have been terribly cut up," he said. "Marion has made a sweep at us, and scatter-

ed and withered our fellows like autumn leaves."

"I heard the sound of musketry not long ago," replied Kate, calmly.

"The idea has occurred to me, Kate Martin, that we were betrayed. I have had within the last hour strong suspicions."

"And of whom, *Captain Dix*?" asked Kate.

"Of *you*," he answered emphatically.

"What a strange idea," said Kate, quietly.

"Yes, we have been betrayed; we have been routed; we have been hacked to pieces!" exclaimed Dix, walking across the floor, greatly excited, and stamping his foot to give emphasis to his remarks.

"You do not seem to be *hacked* seriously," remarked Kate.

"If I knew that you had fooled me!" returned Dix, striking his fist violently upon the table near which he happened to stand at that instant.

"Do you know anything of the fate of my husband?" asked Mrs. Martin.

"He's at liberty, long before this time," muttered Dix, appending some kind of a strange oath in a still lower tone.

"If I remember rightly, Captain Dix," resumed Kate, accenting the title which she almost invariably affixed to the tory's name, "you said something about your power to protect my father."

"I did intend to do so, and my plans were all arranged," was the reply.

"They were indeed, as I can bear witness," whispered Henderson.

"Your promise was broken, for he came near being murdered by the ruffians who came to tear him from his home, last night, by your orders, doubtless," remarked Mrs. Martin.

"What do you intend to do now, all your plans having so signally failed?" inquired Kate.

"Rally again—rally again; what else can be done?"

"Marion's Brigade will be sure to find you," observed Mrs. Martin.

Dix replied by invoking a heavy curse upon the heads of Marion's dragoons.

"Kate," he said, abruptly, after a short silence, "you know my feelings towards you, and I desire before I leave you, to know something more of yours towards me."

"What, before my mother?" said Kate, in a playful voice.

"She has been young—the ways of youthful damsels are well known to her," replied Dix. "Time presses, Kate; I am expecting to hear every moment the sound of Marion's dragoons."

"It were wrong to keep you waiting to hear a silly girl express her sentiments," rejoined Kate, "but I will speak them in part, that your departure may be instant, and that we may understand each other in all future time. My feelings towards you—" Kate paused.

"Don't be timid," said Dix, encouragingly. "You can whisper it in my ear, if you will. I only desire to know on what terms we are to meet hereafter."

"My feelings towards you," returned Kate, "I do not fear to speak aloud and openly. I do consider you, without any exception, the most contemptible villain I ever met with."

Kate uttered these words with a vehemence that left no doubt on the minds of her hearers of her perfect sincerity.

The tory remained mute and motionless; surprise had stricken him a heavy blow. So deep was the silence that prevailed for a moment within, that the listeners could distinctly hear the monotonous ticking of the clock on the mantle.

"I believe the rascal is annihilated," remarked Forstall, in a whisper.

"Who wouldn't be, to hear such a sentence pronounced upon him from such lips," returned Henderson.

"Cheated—deceived—fooled!" gasped Dix, faintly. "By heavens, this crushes me—it cuts like Marion's sabres. A thousand withering maledictions on woman's infernal arts!"

"You should have known me better than to attempt to win my esteem by creeping hypocrisy."

I detest your person, your conduct, and your cause," retorted Kate,

"My daughter's sentiments are also mine," said Mrs. Martin. "And now that you know us, I trust that we shall see your face no more."

"I'm unnerved—the pang is sharp—but it is but momentary!" exclaimed Dix, struggling to gain control of his feelings. "You have fooled me cruelly, but I will remember it—I will triumph yet!"

"Just rehearse a few words of the part he was to act on this very spot," whispered Mr. Martin to Henderson.

"A capital idea," said Forstall.

"Is it not best to capture him?" asked Henderson.

"By all means; we will rush in immediately after you have gone through with the pretty little speech he was to make before Ferguson's dragoons," rejoined Frank.

"Though cut up and scattered, our courage is not broken," resumed Dix. "We shall gather again in greater numbers, and then you shall feel my power."

Dix gave greater emphasis to these words by striking his foot upon the floor.

"Hold—forbear—in the king's name! for the sake of humanity!" shouted Henderson, in a voice highly tragical and effective.

The parties stared with surprise. Cyrus Dix recoiled to the wall and glared fiercely around him. But there was no time to waste; for steps were heard without, and the latch was hurriedly lifted. Dix instantly leaped through a window, shivering sash and glass, and by the time Henderson and Forstall gained the middle of the room, he was heard galloping away.

"The bird has flown, gentlemen," said the pastor, with a smile.

"This is indeed a pleasant surprise!" exclaimed Mrs. Martin.

"But a surprise, nevertheless," cried Kate, embracing her father.

Forstall was instantly introduced to the ladies, and Henderson warmly greeted by them. Frank confessed to himself that the pastor's daughter was exceedingly fair. After a few moments of

conversation, such as the exciting condition of things naturally suggested, our two friends took leave and returned to the camp.

The following day the Brigade marched back to Lynch's Creek. The name of Marion had now become a terror to evil doers, and began to be spoken of with admiration in all parts of the country, while he received daily accessions to his numbers. His daring deeds excited the attention of the Royal army, and the British commander perceived that it was necessary, in order to the final subjugation of South Carolina, that his career should be stopped.

About this period flaming proclamations were issued, full of dire invectives against those who continued rebellious, and teeming with promises to those who submitted humbly to British usurpation. Those capable of bearing arms, who would not hasten to the royal standard, were to be imprisoned, and their property confiscated; and every militia man who had borne arms with them, and afterwards joined the patriots, was to be immediately hanged, if captured.

In consequence of these documents, many persons were put to death, and many families deprived of their substance. But acts of this nature provoked the suffering people beyond endurance, and compelled many to arms with the firm determination to conquer or perish on the field of battle. Men stung to madness by wrong and injustice made excellent soldiers, and with such leaders as Marion, Sumter, McClure and Davies, could not fail to give a brighter aspect to the cause of freedom.

The British arms being victorious at Charleston and Camden, and British posts being established in various sections of the country, it was vastly easy for the tories to show their might, and manifest their deadly hostility to the whigs.

It was but a few days after Bill Cunningham's defeat before he was again at the head of a desperate band of cut-throats, committing cruelties at which the heart of decent humanity revolts. But the "Bloody Scout," learning a little wisdom from past punishments, was cautious in its movements, fearing lest Marion should surprise and cut them in pieces, in some unexpected moment.

One evening, a few days after the affair at Rocky Creek, a negro riding a fiery horse was brought into camp by the sergeant of the guard. He refused to tell his business to any one, but obstinately persisted to see General Marion. When conducted to the presence of that officer he shook his head and looked at him incredulously.

"This is the general," said the sergeant.

"Dat am doubtful!" muttered the African, in a low voice. "Dey say he am mighty great man."

"Hush, you fool! not great in person but in deeds," whispered the sergeant.

"This colored fellow says he has something to communicate," added the latter, touching his cap, and addressing Marion.

"If you is de gin'ral, he hab communicated de nature ob de circumstance," said Cuffee, bowing, and doffing his hat.

"I am; what have you to say, my lad?" rejoined Marion, in his usual mild and affable manner.

The negro hesitated, and seemed to be still in doubt.

"Dis chile am bery particerler, 'kase de times am bery wicarious," he stammered.

"Who sent you, sir?" inquired the general, somewhat sharply.

"Bery fine missus—one great lady, massa," was the reply.

"Ah! a lady in the case. Well, I like that," observed Marion, pleasantly.

"I am de post office as she sent dis writin' by," added the negro, displaying a letter.

"Is it directed to me?" said the general.

"Am Francois de initial ob your fuss name?" continued Cuffee, cautiously.

"It is," returned the general, with a smile.

"And does de letters ob your last name begin wid a great M, and end wid a little n and a flourish?" continued the negro.

"Exactly," answered the general.

"And finally, massa, does de initial of dis place begin wid Lynoh's Creek, and a pot hook you could hang your hat on?" added Cuffee, with increasing confidence.

"You have described it precisely," exclaimed the general, good naturedly.

"Den it am all right. I hab de honor to present dis writin' to General Marion, who am arter de royalists and de crown ob England, like de footsteps ob death when he takes arter de poor plantation niggers."

Marion took the letter and glanced at the superscription. The letter was written in an elegant hand, and the chirography obviously that of a female.

"This is from a fair lady, then," he said, musingly.

"Her eyes am like de stars dat lumernate de cannister of heben," remarked the negro, poetically.

"Indeed!" replied Marion, mechanically, opening the letter.

"It am fack, and dis chile know ob British ossifers as tink it am a privilege to kiss anything her white hand hab touched," added the negro, apparently not a little shocked and displeased at the irreverent manner with which he broke the seal of the neatly folded missive.

Without heeding Cuffee's last remark, the general proceeded to examine the contents of the letter. It was dated at "Nelson's Ferry," and read as follows:

"GENERAL MARION:—The wanton barbarities practised in this and the adjoining districts, by Cunningham and his ruthless band, impel me to address one who has proved himself so ready and so able to punish the crimes of our sleepless and ever vigilant enemies. The inhabitants of this community are filled with unutterable dismay, for no one knows how soon it may be his (or her) destiny to suffer in this cause. The loyalists triumph over us, and our ears are daily shocked with some new tale of woe. We look to you for aid, and feel assured we shall not be disappointed. The name of your gallant Brigade is already a word to make our oppressors grow pale, and let me add that your deeds are lauded by the fair lips of your countrywomen. The brave are generous, and the first to rebuke wickedness and injustice. Believe me, sir, our hearts will beat with joy

when we hear the bugles of your invincible Brigade. While the name of Marion is remembered with respect and crowned with honor, that of Cunningham will be loaded with obloquy, and associated with the blackest infamy.

With esteem, MARY VIDEAU.\*

When the general had perused this missive, he dismissed the negro, and sent orders for Job Dawson to come to his tent.

## CHAPTER XIX.

FORSTALL AND HENDERSON WITH THE TORIES—ELDAD TEWKSBURY.

It was quite late in the evening when Ben Rowan touched Frank Forstall on the shoulder, and told him that General Marion desired his presence.

Our hero instantly complied with the summons, and as he entered the tent, met Job Dawson going out. Frank found the general absorbed in thought, and an open letter lying beside him.

"I have selected you," said Marion, after a moment of silence, "to perform a duty attended with considerable danger."

Forstall bowed, and the general went on.

"Should you consider the undertaking too difficult and perilous, you are at liberty to decline it altogether."

"I accept it beforehand, unconditionally, and without explanation," replied the young man.

"I did not estimate your courage and spirit too highly, I perceive," resumed Marion, "and I will come to the point at once. I wish to know what the tories are doing on the Pedee,

at Britton's Neck, and below there. Do you think that you can, by any means, obtain this information?"

"I can try," answered Forstall, firmly.

"And I doubt not you will succeed; but should the enterprise end tragically, I am sure I should deeply regret it," said Marion.

"I know the punishment due to a spy, general, but I am ready to incur the peril. Should I prove unfortunate, and return no more, I only ask to be remembered as one who tried to do his duty."

"That I can safely promise in such an event; but I hope for a happier termination of the affair. I wish, if you find it practicable, to learn what Gainey, Ferguson, Wemyss, and other tory leaders are doing, and are contemplating to do. If you fail, and the worst befalls you, my brigade will nobly avenge your death. Adopt such a disguise as you think best, and may a kind providence keep you from harm, and return you safe to camp again."

Having expressed his perfect willingness to serve his country in any capacity, Forstall withdrew and made immediate arrangements to fulfil the wishes of his commander. While making preparations to perform the hazardous duty assigned him, it is possible he thought of Rath Strickland, and entertained a hope that he should see her during his absence from the brigade.

\* After the war, a lady of wealth, who "loved him for the dangers he had passed," disclosed the state of her affections to some persons, who were the mutual friends of either party, and Marion being made aware of the impression he had made upon the heart of this lady, solicited her hand, and was accepted. The name of the lady was Miss Mary Videau, whose ancestors, like his own, were among the Huguenots that sought liberty of conscience on the shores of America, being denied that inestimable privilege in the land of their birth.—*Life of Marion.*



"Are you going to leave us?" asked James Adair.

"For a time," replied Forstall.

"If you should see Rose," said the young man, "tell her that—that—"

Adair could not very well get any farther for some reason.

"Yes, I'll tell her *that*," answered Frank, smiling.

"You'll oblige me," stammered Adair.

"And what should I say to Mary, if I should happen to see her?" continued Frank.

"Inform her that the last time I saw Lewis Hawthorne, he was well," added Adair, quickly.

"Lewis Hawthorne *again*," thought Frank. "I wonder who he is," and was about to ask respecting him, but Adair was gone.

Just as Frank was putting his foot into the stirrup, to mount his horse, he was addressed by Henderson.

Not so fast, Mr. Forstall!" he exclaimed. "I have seen the general, and am to go with you."

"That is good news, indeed, for a long and perilous ride was before me."

But a short time elapsed before the two young men were riding away from "Lynch's Creek" towards the Pedee. The night had set in dark and rainy, and the prospect before them was by no means a pleasant one. The parties proceeded several miles on their way without meeting with any adventure worthy of notice, but were not destined to be so fortunate as to reach Britton's Neck without incident.

They were going forward at a respectable speed, when they unexpectedly overtook half a dozen men on foot, armed with muskets. Had they seen them a moment sooner, they could have avoided them; but it was too late to do so without exciting suspicion. The men stopped and faced about. Forstall and Henderson advanced boldly, trusting to their own resources to free them from the difficulty, should they prove to be loyalists.

"Who comes here?" cried one of the men, while they all assumed hostile attitudes.

"Friends, I hope," replied Henderson.

"That's onsartin," was the gruff rejoinder.

"I suppose that we might put the same question to you that you have proposed to us," said Forstall.

"Perhaps you might, mister; but as we happen to be the strongest party, we can have it pooty much our own way, I take it," returned one of the party, insolently.

Forstall reflected an instant, and then replied.

"Perhaps, my lads, we are peaceably disposed people, minding our own business, without intending harm to anybody; and perhaps we are going to meet some of the king's men somewhere. What have you to say to that?"

The men now conferred with each other a moment, in low voices.

"Are you king's men?" they asked, at length.

"If you insist on knowing," said Henderson, boldly, "we are going to join Major Gainey somewhere on the Pedee."

"I thought so," said one of the men to his comrades. "They appeared to me like king's men from the first."

"Now as we have been frank with you, we would like to know whether we are dealing with friends or foes," added Henderson, laying his hand on his sword.

"We're of the right sort; so make yourselves easy. We're going to join Major Wemyss, who has been enlisting men on Black River, but is now working up towards the Catawba. When he gets his complement of men, he's going to co-operate with Colonel Tarleton in driving Marion out of the country."

"That will be a welcome event to all true loyalists," remarked Forstall.

"It will, indeed," replied one of the Tories; "and it is an event which will soon take place."

"They say Marion and his men are ragged, cowardly vagabonds, who can't stand a regular charge of disciplined troops," said another.

"Wemyss and Tarleton will soon burst on him like a clap of thunder," added a third.

"Gainey, I understand, is near Britton's Neck," observed Henderson, by way of a feeler.

"About four miles below," was the unhesitating reply, which convinced both Forstall and Henderson that he spoke the truth.

"He's a terrible fellow, but they say he's dead in love, notwithstanding," added the loyalist.

"Is it possible that he is entrapped at last?" rejoined Forstall, with affected indifference.

"O yes; it's common talk among our people. The gal's a whig."

"Who is she?"

"One of Strickland's gals, up to Britton's Neck. Her father was at the battle of Camden, and was taken prisoner."

"There's love on both sides, I suppose?" continued Frank.

"Not a bit of it; but that don't daunt him. I know very well what he intends to do."

"What do you think?"

"Why, sometime he'll send up a detachment of men, and march the gal away."

"Cunningham is in the vicinity of Nelson's Ferry, doing a brave business," remarked Henderson.

"He's exactly in the same fix that the major is, only more so," returned the loquacious Tory.

"Love is always at his tricks," said Henderson, with a sigh.

"Perhaps you've heard of the Adairs, stranger?"

"Often."

"Well, it's John Adair's darter that the colonel's arter; and she's a full-blooded rebel. What's more, the love's all on his side. But he'll get over the difficulty some way or another; in the same way, perhaps, that the major will."

This conversation, which was carried on as they moved slowly forward, was, as the reader will perceive, deeply interesting to Forstall. It aroused his indignation to hear the name of Ruth Strickland mentioned in such a connection.

Henderson now plied the Tories with questions, until he had extorted all they knew in relation to the movements of the different preda-

tory bands, their numbers, locality, &c.; and some of the information thus obtained was of considerable importance.

"I wonder," said Forstall, abruptly, "what will be done with all the rebel prisoners taken at the battle of Camden; for my part, I am at a loss to know what can be done with them?"

"Two hundred of 'em are on the way to Charleston, under a guard of ninety British soldiers," replied the loyalist, who had been the most talkative.

Frank's heart beat high with hope and expectation, when he heard this announcement; for possibly Mr. Strickland was among the prisoners; if so, there was a strong probability that something might be done to set him at liberty.

"That is an excellent idea!" exclaimed Forstall. "I dare say they will pass Nelson's Ferry on the way."

"I know they will, for I heard Capt. Ball say so," was the reply.

"Have you got anything to drink, boys?" inquired Henderson, carelessly.

"We've got pooty amazin' low in that point o' view; there aint a gill o' rum among us," said the Tory.

"Well, my hearties, I've got a little of the real stuff in this canteen; so take a swig all round, and we'll be off," rejoined Henderson.

The canteen was passed quickly from one to the other, and the quality of its contents praised.

Our two friends then wished them a "good night," and rode forward, glad to shake them off, and gratified by the valuable information which they had so unexpectedly obtained.

"Since we parted with those fellows," said Forstall, after they had ridden some distance, "I have thought of a plan by which I may not only benefit our cause generally, if I succeed, but also gratify a desire of my own, of a more private nature. It is to ride boldly toward Camden, and meet the prisoners that are on the way to Charleston."

"But what will ensure your personal safety?" said Henderson.

"I will confidently assert, when questioned, that I am going to Camden to join the forces under Cornwallis."

"That may answer your purpose, and it may not; it is a bold measure, and I seriously doubt whether it is practicable."

"I will test its practicability, at all events. I will leave you at Britton's Neck, and trust myself to the uncertain chances of success," added Forstall, resolutely.

"I would not cast the shadow of a stain upon your patriotism, Mr. Forstall, but I perceive Ruth Strickland has something to do with your rash determination; you wish to serve her by rescuing her father from the horrors of imprisonment. I appreciate your motive; it is commendable, but your scheme is a desperate one."

Having determined on this enterprise, no arguments could divert him from his purpose; and, accordingly, Forstall parted with his friend and turned his horse's head towards Camden. He passed Mr. Strickland's dwelling, and sighed as it faded from view. Invoking many blessings upon Ruth, he gave the rein to his willing beast, and hurried onward upon his dangerous mission.

The incidents of our story now oblige us to leave Frank for awhile, and look after Cunningham and his band. Since his last repulse by Captain Hawes, he had been busily engaged in recruiting his forces, and committing depredations upon the inhabitants about Nelson's Ferry, and all along between the Santee and the Pedee. He had been among the most active in distributing printed copies of Lord Cornwallis's last proclamation; and in consequence of it, had received daily additions to his ranks. To see a man coming into camp with a musket upon his shoulder, was an event so common that it scarcely attracted attention; therefore on the morning following, nobody wondered or exhibited astonishment when a stout and awkward young man stalked into the encampment of the "Bloody Scout." If the new comer excited any particular attention, it was that prompted by curiosity; for his dress was unique, his hair

long and tangled, his face decidedly verdant in expression, and his bearing far from dignified. He stalked in among the loyalists with an old, rusty sword by his side; horse-pistols of the very largest size were sticking from each pocket of a stunted round-a-bout, and he was industriously gnawing a crust of bread.

He stopped and stared at the horses, the saddles, the arms and accoutrements of all kinds, and in fact at everything that met his vision; but during all the time he was feasting his eyes, he did not cease for a moment to gnaw at his crust.

"You seem to be very much interested in what you see here," remarked an officer, addressing the young man.

"I've come up to *jine*," said the interesting youth addressed, taking a large bite from the nearest side of his crust.

"There's the colonel, out yonder," added the officer.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the verdant stranger, performing the act of deglutition with obvious difficulty.

"Jest tell him to step this way," he added.

"I reckon you grew up among the weeds, mister," said a tory, rather contemptuously.

"I guess you're about right, stranger, for there was a host of them kind of vegetable productions in the district where I's raised. Dad's door-yard was all kivered with tanzy, pigweed and other exotics."

"Pervisions plenty up there, Jonathan?" added the loyalist, thinking to quiz the young man a little for the amusement of his companions.

"Then you *know me*!" exclaimed our embryo soldier.

"Summat, but not intimately," replied the other, shrugging his shoulders.

"I don't see how you found out my name, blow me if I do," returned the young man, swallowing his dry bread with a painful effort.

"O we know a great deal here, I tell ye."

"Jest so; and I hope you know enough to whip General Marion out o' his leather cap—I do, I *swow*!"

Cunningham, attracted by the crowd, at that moment approached the stranger.

"What's your name, my fine lad?" he asked.

"Eldad Tewksbury, at your sarvice; and I've got an all-jumpin' appetite. This junk of pervision was a loaf of bread once, but I begun on the south side of it ten minutes ago, and now it looks as if it had been struck by lightning—don't it kurnel?" answered Eldad, not at all abashed.

"Where are you from?" enquired Cunningham.

"Well, I'm right from *hum*," said Mr. Tewksbury.

"I mean the name of the place," added the colonel.

"I'm from the neighborhood of Rocky Creek; and I've come to *jine*," was the response.

"I dare say you can tell me something about General Marion?" resumed the colonel, quickly.

"I reckon I can tell you just about anythin' you may want to know—I can," said Eldad, confidently.

"If you can tell me where he is, you will do me a great favor," rejoined the colonel, earnestly.

"He's heerd that you're arter him, and he's cut stick for North Car'lina; and he's goin' it dreadful fast," returned Eldad, triumphantly.

"Good! excellent!" exclaimed Cunningham, rubbing his hands with satisfaction.

"Tewksbury, you have brought us agreeable news. Do you think the rumor is perfectly true?"

"I know it is, kurnel; and everybody knows it up our way. They say he's scared e'en a most out of his wits, for he's hearn a mighty sight about you and Tarleton."

"I should like to get hold of him," said Cunningham.

"I swow I wish you could, kurnel."

"We shall have fine times, my lads, now," added the colonel, after reflecting a moment.

"We can lay waste the whole country, and we shall soon be numbered by hundreds instead of

by dozens, as heretofore. I want you to blazen the news of Marion's retreat about as much as possible; the news will bring us recruits better than anything else."

While Cunningham was speaking, an officer of rank approached, who proved to be Major Gainey.

"I thought I'd ride over and see you, with a few of my fellows," he said, "and learn how you are getting along, or if there is anything new."

"I am glad you have come; we have just received some capital news. The 'Swamp Fox' is retreating towards North Carolina," replied Cunningham.

"Too good to be strictly true, I'm afraid. In what manner did you receive this information?"

"I brung it," said Eldad Tewksbury, proudly, wiping his mouth with his coat-sleeve.

"Do you know what you're talking about?" rejoined Gainey, sharply.

"Guess I dew, 'bout 's well's any other he," returned Tewksbury, with a confident air.

"What are you going to do with all those weapons you've got, you?" asked the major.

"Well, I kinder kalkerlate to cut my bigness through the inemy, in some shape or other, and leave my name on the *scrawl* of hist'ry; if anybody's got anythin' to say agin it, I'd like to hear it."

Eldad glanced about him to discover that imprudent person who might gainsay him, or oppose his ambitious views.

"Ambition is a dangerous thing, my young friend," observed Gainey.

"So I've hearn; but I think of the tew, that *ammunition* is the most dangerous; I do, by Jerusalem!" rejoined Eldad.

"Can we rely on this fellow's news?" asked Gainey, in a low voice, of the colonel.

"Implicitly; for you remember the old saying, 'children and fools always speak the truth,'" said Cunningham.

"Come, colonel, let us walk to your tent and talk over our affairs generally." Taking Cunningham by the arm, Gainey turned from

the group of men that were staring at Eldad Tewksbury.

"You aint a goin', are ye?" cried Eldad.

"Stop your mouth!" exclaimed a non-commissioned officer.

"I've been tryin' to stop it for the last half hour, mister, but bread aint capable on't," added Eldad.

"You must touch your cap when you speak to an officer," returned the other.

"I want to know! Is that the fashion here? *Jehu*, how perlit! I wouldn't a believed it!"

"You'll have to scour up your arms somewhat, I reckon."

"Well, I s'pose you keep fine sand here for that purpose, I'll give my toad sacrificer a tar-nation rubbin' to-morrow."

Eldad Tewksbury, having eaten his bread, now began to stroll about the camp, and as he did not seem disposed to answer any more questions, those who had been listening to his conversation, and smiling at his simplicity, turned their attention to other matters, and left him entirely to his own reflections. Gainey and Cunningham entered a tent and conversed confidentially upon matters of particular interest to both.

"Since Marion has gone, and left us to operate without fear, I see nothing to prevent us from carrying out our former plans in relation to those young women," said the major.

"The auspicious moment seems to have arrived, I confess," answered the other.

"Nothing is to be gained by delay; therefore I think we had better visit Britton's Neck to-night, with a detachment of our dragoons," added the major.

"But when we have caught the birds, where shall we cage them for safe keeping?" inquired Cunningham, earnestly.

"March them to the Blue House tavern, and let them remain there for the present."

"A good idea, major. The fair rebels shall be quartered there."

"We are agreed, then?"

"Unquestionably," said the colonel.

"There will doubtless be some trembling

and shrieking, and fainting, when the maidens find themselves wooed *vi et armis*," observed the major.

"Certainly, sir, certainly; such things come very natural to females. But though we win their fair persons unto our keeping with force and arms, we will trust to the power of kindness and persuasion afterward," rejoined Cunningham.

"Suppose we put the hour at twelve o'clock, Cunningham. We'll divide our men, and while you go up to Adair's to surprise and capture the gentle Mary, I will do the same agreeable affair for the fair Ruth Strickland," said Gainey.

"That will do. When the damsels are in our possession, we will place them on horseback and escort them to the Blue Tavern. If the affair should make considerable noise among the whigs, we can send them to Camden to prevent a rescue," added Cunningham.

This subject was discussed in detail for the next half hour by the two officers. When they left the tent they perceived Eldad Tewksbury lying down within a yard of it sleeping soundly.

"There's our new recruit from the sheep pasture, sleeping off his cares, and digesting his bread," said the major.

"He's a young giant in stature," rejoined the colonel.

"He's dreaming about the *scrawl of history*, I dare say," added Gainey.

"Strange that ambition should have place in so simple a bosom," continued Cunningham.

"If he cuts his 'bigness through the incmy,' he will do very well; for three horsemen abreast might follow him without difficulty, I should think. And see, his horse pistols are still sticking from the pocket of his roundabout. Good morning, colonel.

"Good morning, major. Don't forget the time—hour twelve—place Britton's Neck—object, *beauty*—reward, *love*," said the colonel, gaily.

Cunningham returned to his tent; Eldad Tewksbury arose, rubbed his eyes and walked away.

"Is there a tavern about these here parts?" he asked, of the first man he met.

He was informed that the "Blue House" was not far off, and the direction duly indicated.

"Well, I'm going up there to wet my pipes, for I'm dry as *Jerusalem*."

With these words, Eldad Tewksbury stalked off, and was seen no more at the encampment of the "Bloody Scout."

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE PRISONERS. THE RESCUE.

FRANK FORSTALL rode towards Camden with such despatch, that at ten o'clock precisely, he met the prisoners on their way to Charleston. They were, as he had been informed by the royalists, strongly guarded. Forstall confessed some slight nervous trepidation as he heard the British soldiers.

"Where are you going, young man?" asked the captain of the guard.

"To Camden, sir, to join the troops under Cornwallis," replied Frank, touching his cap respectfully. Then he added instantly:

"You have a fine lot of rebels here. I wish, captain, they were all secured in this way. What a blessing it would be to the country."

"Two hundred of them, sir, all told. Aint they guilty looking rascals?" said the captain.

"They don't look as if they could be trusted," returned Frank.

"Where are you from?"

"Britton's Neck, sir," answered Forstall, again touching his cap.

"Is that Marion up on the Santee anywhere now?" added the other.

"No sir, he's in the full tide of retreat towards North Carolina."

"Indeed!"

"'Tis true, sir; and every true loyalist rejoices at the event. The fact is, he heard that Tarleton and Wemyss were marching towards the Santee."

"If the Swamp Fox knows what's good for himself, he'll stay there."

"So I think. How far will you go to-day, captain?"

"Not much farther. We all feel pretty tired, and since Marion's Brigade has marched off, I don't feel so much in a hurry about getting to Charleston. Is there a good tavern anywhere near, on the route?"

"Yes; there's the Blue House tavern, where they manage to keep all kinds of refreshment for man and beast. And mine host has as good liquor in the cellar as a man would wish to taste. Try some of it, captain."

Forstall drew a small flask from a side pocket and passed it to the officer, who drank, smacked his lips, and pronounced it the "right kind of stuff." He then expatiated somewhat on his

exploits at the battle of Camden, and threatened to "tweak General Marion's nose," if he should be so very lucky as to meet him anywhere.

Frank made his best bow to the valiant commander, and the prisoners and their escort moved on. It was an interesting moment to our hero. As he contemplated the dejected and wayworn Americans, his heart was moved with pity, not unmixed with indignation. How ardently he wished for a detachment of Marion's Brigade, to set them at liberty. How Captain Nick, with his "tarnal critters," would scatter the guard!

Forstall looked eagerly for Mr. Strickland, and he began to fear that he was not among them, when he discovered him near the rear of the cortege. Strickland raised his eyes and they encountered Frank's. Marching by the side of Strickland was a neighbor with whom Forstall was well acquainted. He also recognized our hero, and asked him where he was going.

This was a painful question for him to answer, but he replied firmly that he was on the way to Camden, to enroll himself in the army of Cornwallis.

While Frank was speaking, Mr. Strickland gave him a reproachful look, which brought the color to his cheeks.

"He thinks me a despicable villain," said Frank to himself, and the idea grieved him.

"The enemies of our country will be glad of your services, no doubt," said Strickland, in a melancholy voice.

These words cut Forstall to the quick, for he could not well endure the idea of being thought a tory by Mr. Strickland, even for a moment; but he thought of Ruth, and tried to bear it manfully. While reflections of this nature agitated his mind, the mournful cortege swept slowly on, and he was left alone. Attempting to shake off the sadness which the spectacle had produced, he rode forward a mile or two, and

taking another road, urged his weary horse towards Marion's camp.

"I wonder what's goin' on now?" said Ben Rowan.

"I cannot inform you; but since the return of Frank Forstall, Henderson, and that Job Dawson, the general has been very busy. He's received news in regard to the movements of the tories, probably," replied James Adair.

"That Quaker feller puzzles me, pulverize me if he don't," added Ben, emphatically. "He came into camp not long ago, looking so much like a regerlar *greeny*, that I didn't scarcely know him. It's my opinion he's a spy; notwithstanding he's sich a fighter when worst comes to worst. I know very well that he saved my life twice, but that don't prevent his being a humbug, arter all."

"I can't tell, I'm sure," rejoined Adair, smiling.

"Here he comes now, with Forstall and Henderson."

The two approached.

"What's the *row*?" asked Ben of Frank.

"Nothing only the Brigade is getting ready to march at a moment's warning," was the reply.

"Is there a smart prospect of a tarnal tussle?" inquired Captain Nick, who joined them at that instant.

"I think so," replied John Henderson.

"It strikes me," added Rowan, "that this is rather a curious place for a *man of peace*."

"Thou art right, good Benjamin," said Job, gently.

"And them are rather queer things for a man of peace to wear about his clothes," resumed Ben, pointing at the butts of a pair of horse pistols that were protruding from his coat pockets.

"Right again, friend Benjamin. I am like St. Paul, when among these people, all things to all men; because I cannot resist those that are in authority. It is even so, verily."

"You saved my life, and I am grateful for it, as the common run of folks would be; but that's neither here nor there; it can't make one hair white nor black, nor hinder me from feelin' that somebody that shall be nameless, is a humbug. That's what's on my mind at this time, and if anybody wants to take it up and be ugly about it, I'm ready to pulverize that person as long as pulverizing 'll have a savin' effect on the moral principles."

Ben Rowan pronounced these words with great gravity, and deliberately rolled up his coat sleeves; a little piece of formality highly significant to the beholders.

It was now dark, and the bugles of the Brigade summoned all to the parade ground.

"Fall in—tumble in—be lively, boys—there's work afore us," said Captain Hawes.

"Verily, I am sick of war!" exclaimed Job Dawson, as he mounted his horse and fell into his accustomed place.

Ben looked at him, but deigned no reply.

"Jones is throwed agin," said Higgins, sorrowfully.

"He wants to disgrace the hull American army," rejoined Hawes.

Forstall and Henderson exchanged glances.

"Here comes the general," observed James Adair.

Marion now spoke with all the commissioned officers, and they in turn spoke with the others, and very soon the business in contemplation was pretty generally understood.

"Two hundred prisoners at Nelson's Ferry that's got to be re-took," said Hawes, riding back to his men, after the general had communicated his orders to the officers. "They're under an escort of ninety strong, and there'll be a tarnal tussle, no doubt; but we shall be victorious when we straighten up in our might, and bust on 'em like a bombshell. Some of our lads have been down to the Ferry, and found out all the particulars. When we've whipt the rascals, and freed the prisoners, we've got something else on hand that's rather enterprisin' than otherwise, which I will tell you more about when I get ready."

"Forward!" cried Marion, and the Brigade moved towards Nelson's Ferry, in good spirits, and eager for an opportunity to test their devotion to liberty.

While on the way Forstall related his late adventures to his companions, to which they listened with eager interest, bestowing many rough but sincere praises upon his address and courage.

During Marion's swift and silent march, the captain of the escort, whose name we do not now remember, was regaling himself on the good things to be found at the "Blue House." He ate, drank, smoked, boasted, and threatened Marion's Brigade with utter extermination if he could but be so fortunate as to meet with it anywhere, or under any circumstances.

The gallant captain continued in this happy frame of mind until past midnight, and his courage, enjoyment, zeal, and hatred of the whigs seemed to be fast increasing.

But the poor prisoners did not by any means share in the good cheer of the British officer; they were huddled like cattle into the barn and outbuildings, suffering for food and drink, and shivering with cold. They set in deep and sorrowful silence, each absorbed in his own individual misery. A guard was posted about the barn, and the house also, while the belief that prevailed among them, in consequence of the false information that had been given, that Marion was retreating towards North Carolina, added greatly to the feeling of security that was so grateful to the hearts of the British hirelings.

"Yes," cried the valorous captain of the escort, with a round oath, "I wish that Marion was here now. I'd so cut him —"

At that moment several muskets were discharged in rapid succession. Every man sprang to his feet, and looked at his comrade.

"Charge, men! *charge!*" shouted a voice terrible in battle.

"I believe it's Marion, by —. To arms, men, to arms!" cried the royal officer, while his cheeks grew deadly pale.

"Straighten up, you tarnal critters! Reap the rascals with your sickles of death!" shouted Captain Nick.

The whole Brigade thundered down among the sentinels, who fired their muskets and fled towards the house. In an instant General Marion was at the door, calling on them to surrender, in those startling tones which distinguished him in the hour of battle.

The summons was immediately obeyed; every

soldier laid down his musket and yielded to the man whose daring had been so recently questioned, and whose deeds had been mentioned with contempt.

Upon searching for the bold and chivalrous captain, he was found in the chimney; snug, but not very comfortable.\*

\* "After securing their arms," writes Weems, "Marion called for their captain, but he was not to be found high nor low, among the living or dead. However, after a hot search, he was found up the chimney. He begged very hard that his men should not know where he had concealed himself."—*Marion's Times*.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### CONCLUSION.

FORSTALL was the first to fly to the prisoners with the good news that the *guard* would now exchange places with them, and were waiting for the *darbies*.

"What, *you* here, Frank?" exclaimed Mr. Strickland.

"Thank God, yes," said Forstall, warmly. "My position this morning was an ambiguous one; but heaven be praised, to-night I occupy one that cannot be misunderstood. I have the honor to belong to Marion's Brigade."

"That makes my heart beat with joy, Frank, for I know that my daughter Ruth loves you; and it would grieve me sorely to have her set her affections on one who has no love for his country," exclaimed Mr. Strickland.

Forstall then communicated to the latter some information, which he had received from General Marion, concerning the schemes of Gainey and Cunningham, in relation to the abduction of Ruth and Mary Adair.

"How he obtained this information," added Frank, "I cannot tell; but I have many conjectures on the subject; and those conjectures have reference to one Job Dawson—a singular

young man of whom I will tell you more anon."

"Mr. Forstall," said Marion, approaching our hero, "there is no time to lose. Captain Hawes's company is ready to go to Britton's Neck, to defeat the villany of Gainey and Cunningham. You can hurry there with all possible despatch, and I will follow with the rest of the Brigade, as quick as circumstances will permit; for we are now, you know, encumbered with ninety prisoners."

"Yes, let us away," said Strickland, anxiously.

"All ready to march towards Britton's Neck!" cried Captain Nick, to Forstall.

"There's the British officer's horse," said Henderson. "You might as well mount him, Mr. Strickland; I think it's your turn to ride now."

"That's my opinion, sir, for I have walked all the way from Camden, and that cowardly fellow rode," replied Strickland, leaping into the saddle.

"Jones's horse's a cuttin' up capers agin," said Higgins.

"Jones, have you been giving that critter

new rum and molasses agin?" inquired Nicodemus.

"No, I haint," answered the unhappy Jones, sullenly.

"Move on, my hearts of oak. We've done one handsome thing to-night, and we're bound to shine in history till the north star grows dim, and the poles of the airth are worn out with revolutions, and squeak, for want of greasin'. Come up—put her through—dash ahead—keep movin'."

"Verily, I hope we shall be in time to rescue the damsels," said Job Dawson to Frank, as they spurred on ward.

"I should go mad, if I thought we should fail!" he exclaimed.

"They are men of Belial, and the fear of the Lord is not before their eyes," added Job.

"Humbug!" muttered Ben Rowan.

"One thing I should really like to know, Mr. Dawson?" rejoined our hero.

"Speak thy mind, friend Frank," said Job, mildly.

"I am curious to know by what means General Marion learned about the nefarious schemes of Gainey and Cunningham," answered Forstall.

"I will inform thee, friend Frank. One Eldad Tewksbury went down to the camp of the enemy as a spy, and heard them devising this wickedness in regard to the two maidens," said Job.

"And who is this Eldad Tewksbury?" interrogated Frank.

"He's a cousin to Jotham Stebbins," replied Dawson, gravely.

"But I never found out who *he* was," returned Frank.

"The crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places smooth," added Job, prophetically.

"Bah!" exclaimed Ben Rowan, contemptuously.

"There's some considerable mystery hanging about this subject," observed Henderson, exchanging glances with James Adair.

"So it seems," remarked the latter.

At this juncture, Mr. Rowan, the boxer, alluded in a very delicate manner to the pulverizing system, as a sublime antidote to all mystery.

When near the Neck, Forstall, Dawson, Henderson and Adair, were sent forward by Captain Hawes to see if the enemy could be discovered, learn his exact position, and the best point of attack. They galloped off to perform this duty with right good will, and it was remarked that even the quiet and impassive Job Dawson appeared to shake off his usual apathy, and feel the deepest interest in what was transpiring. He was the first to discover Gainey and his dragoons; they were moving up the hill towards Strickland's, and soon halted within a few hundred yards of the house. Fastening their horses, they advanced on foot until they were near enough for all practical purposes.

"They have not yet divided their men, I believe," said Dawson.

"Perhaps they have changed their minds," returned Forstall, "and intend to do their villainous work here first, and then move on to Adair's."

"That's very possible," said Adair.

"I wish we could get near enough to hear what they say," he added.

"That would be time wasted, it seems to me. Why should we have our ears wounded by hearing them profane the names of Ruth and Mary," returned Frank.

"I think you are right, Mr. Forstall. They are about ready to move on again, and to delay would be to allow Miss Strickland to be unnecessarily agitated and frightened by their rudeness," said Henderson.

This view of the case appeared so reasonable that all parties instantly retraced their steps to the spot where they had left their horses, and mounting, returned to the detachment, where they related what they had seen to Captain Hawes.

"Do you think there'll be time to make an almighty oration?" he asked, anxiously.

"It must be pretty short, captain, for you see these young fellows are impatient; because



fair ladies are concerned," replied Henderson, in a jocular tone.

"Independent Fire Eaters and feller countymen! Oncommon specimints of female beauty are in danger. We go to the tented field and the listed plain to do our devoirs for the sweetest of creation. Jones, what in thunder are you about? Restrain the ardor of that colt! Who isn't ready to break a lance, and his neck too, for lovely woman up to her eyes in trouble. There isn't one among us so base; if there is, he'd sell his birthright for a mess of potash. Demean yourselves gloriously, and your name will make a heavenly appearance on the scrawl of futurity."

The Fire Eaters moved on slowly and cautiously, until the enemy were distinctly seen.

"Swing your war-scythes—bust on 'em!" shouted Captain Nick, and the detachment swept towards them with uplifted sabres.

The jest about Marion died away on Gainey's lips; and Bill Cunningham's rufianly face grew pale. They drew their swords from their sheaths; but the star-beams had scarcely kissed their polished surfaces, before Captain Hawes had hurled his dragoons against them.

"Some of Marion's fellows, as I have a soul to be saved!" cried Cunningham; and while he was uttering the words, a dozen of his horse-men were overturned, and rolled in the dust with the beasts that had borne them to many a scene of murder and riot. Not one of them tried to stem the terrible tide of destruction that was sweeping them away; those that had not already felt the sabres of the dragoons, and been overwhelmed by the shock of their fiery charge, reined their horses from the encounter, and fled for life; for they had heard the name of Marion shouted forth with stentorian voices by the men of Rocky Creek.

As on similar occasions, Frank Forstall watched the bearing of Job Dawson. The result was much the same; the Quaker was foremost in the *melee*; his mammoth horse "snuffed the battle afar off," and worked himself into a fury; and Forstall saw him dash among the enemy like a thunderbolt, rearing, plunging,

and striking with his feet; and then our hero saw, with an involuntary shudder, Job's great sabre flashing like a meteor in the faint moonlight.

"Do you see that, Ben Rowan?" exclaimed Frank.

"He hath a devil," said Ben.

"It's a fighting devil, at any rate," returned Forstall. "See; his mighty horse outstrips all."

"Both humbugs," added Rowan.

Before ten minutes had expired, the enemy were no where to be seen; and the shouting and firing, and clashing of arms had nearly ceased, although the pursuit was still kept up by a few of the detachment.

The kind reader need not be assured that Frank embraced the earliest opportunity to hasten to Mr. Strickland's.

"O, Frank, what has happened?" exclaimed Ruth, when Forstall entered precipitately and without ceremony, his garments stained with sanguinary mementoes of the fight.

"Good news, Ruth, good news!" cried Frank, joyfully. "Mr. Strickland is at liberty."

"Thanks be to the protecting hand of a careful providence!" ejaculated Mrs. Strickland.

"And to this brave young man," said Job Dawson, who had followed Frank into the house.

"But what means this recent tumult—the bloody scene we have just witnessed from the windows?" asked Ruth.

"It means that villany is defeated, and worth and beauty protected from insult," said Forstall. "Mr. Dawson will explain it all to you."

But Mr. Dawson seemed to have lost his accustomed calmness; for his eyes at that instant had fallen upon the pretty figure of Mary Adair, who having occupied an obscure portion of the apartment had hitherto escaped observation.

"Do you not intend to notice me, Job Dawson?" asked Mary, playfully.

"Verily, I should never forgive myself, fair damsel, if I did not," replied Job.

"Treason!" cried Ruth.

"A conspiracy!" added Frank.

"Mystery!" added Mrs. Strickland.

"And I believe you are one of the conspirators," continued Forstall, addressing James Adair, who opportunely appeared at that juncture, accompanied by Mr. Strickland, Captain Hawes, Ben Rowan, and Henderson.

But Mary tried to hide her blushes, and said nothing; while Mr. Strickland received those joyful congratulations from his wife and daughter that were natural to the occasion.

"Mr. Forstall, allow me to present you to Lewis Hawthorne," said James Adair, presenting Job Dawson.

"A name that I have heard mentioned, I think," remarked Frank.

"He's a tarnal critter, at any rate," said Captain Nick, "whether he's Job Dawson, Lewis Hawthorne, or——"

"Eldad Tewksbury," added a voice.

Our hero turned his eyes towards the speaker, and recognized the well known features of General Marion.

"Or Jotham Stobbins," added Henderson.

"I allers said he was a humbug," observed Ben Rowan.

"I wonder what Miss Adair thinks about it?" said Marion, with a pleasant smile.

"Since my secret is discovered, I will throw off my Quaker idiom, and appear among you henceforth (except when duty requires something different), as plain Lewis Hawthorne, formerly of Charleston," said Mr. Hawthorne, smiling.

"I hardly need say to this fair company," added General Marion, "that Mr. Hawthorne, by assuming various disguises, has obtained much valuable information, and been of great service to the Brigade, and to the country. I consider him a brave man and a gentleman. He will hereafter be known among us as Captain Hawthorne. And I should be unjust, not to mention Mr. Forstall and Mr. Henderson in this connection. I consider them an honor to the Brigade, and, like Mr. Hawthorne, deserving the love of fair lady. They will both receive, soon, a lieutenant's commission, and be promoted when vacancies shall occur. Captain

Hawes, tell our lads to give three cheers for the ladies."

"Three cheers for the ladies—shriek, you tarnal critters!" cried Captain Nick, stepping to the door. "Come, now, who *roar*—"

"That's the kind! Go it agin, like all possest. Who *roar*! Jones, keep that colt down, and open your mouth! Once more—who *roar*!"

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I leave you to mutual explanations and happiness," said the general. Hawes now whispered to Marion, and the latter colored slightly, and added,—

"The gallant captain thinks that we ought to give three more cheers for Kate Martin and Mary Vidcau."

"An excellent idea," said Captain Hawthorne, looking significantly at Henderson.

"Now my glorious fellers, put her through once more on the *who-roads*, for the best of all animated natur."

The cheers were given with remarkable effect and uncommon earnestness.

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Kind and indulgent reader, we have gone over many pages together; if you have been interested and amused, the author is content. Our story draws to a close; but a little more remains to be added. That Frank Forstall summoned sufficient courage to own his love for Ruth Strickland, the reader may not doubt; and that they were united after the close of the campaign is equally certain.

Captain Hawthorne, alias Job Dawson, led the gentle Mary Adair to the hymeneal altar at the same time; Marion's Brigade turned out on the occasion, and the bugles that so often arose above the din of battle, sounded a merry blast. Henderson was wedded to "Queen Kate" about a fortnight afterward; and James Adair and Rose Forstall embraced the opportunity to consummate their happiness by being made the subjects of the same interesting rites. Thus were the *fair* wedded to the *brave*.

General Marion was present at both the

nuptials, and made a very appropriate speech to the newly-married couples.

Gainey was captured soon after the affair at Nelson's Ferry, and his power completely broken, while Cunningham was driven from the country in disgrace. Cyrus Dix and Ferguson were both slain in an engagement with the whigs, near Hanging Rock. Joe Sawyer never forgot his debt of gratitude to "Queen Kate," and was devotedly attached to her during his whole life.

Captain Nicodemus Hawes did good service for his country, and commanded the "tarnal critters" till peace was declared. Ben Rowan adhered strictly to the "pulverizing system" as long as he was able to roll up his coat sleeves, which was a long time, for he lived to a venerable age.

We need add no more in relation to General Marion and his men, for history has recorded their worth, and a grateful people embalmed their memory in throbbing hearts.

THE END.

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