

Carolina Watchman.

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FIRST PRIZE TALE.

MICHAEL ALLSCOTT.

THE SHOT IN TIME.

A STORY OF MARION'S MEN.

BY J. W. IRVIN.

CHAPTER I.

"Our fortress is in the good greenwood. Our tent the cypress tree. We know the forest round us. A warden know the way."

"Never fear for me, captain!" was the light and careless reply of Michael Allsott, as he reined in for a moment his noble steed on the banks of the Black River, a few miles below the spot where Kingstree now stands, for a parting word with his companion:

"Never fear for me; a fortnight among my old friends, and I will return to our camp in the greenwood safe, sound, and ready for duty. True, it is rather an odd time for a rebel like myself—as the spannetted minions of King George call me—to venture out of our fastness in the swamp. The craven hearted Tories are swearing through the country, and that last blow we struck them at Black Mingo has by no means appeased their rage; but if a strong arm, a cautious head and a bold heart, can accomplish aught, trust me to come out safely."

"Mike, I know you too well," replied his comrade, in the same gay tone. "You are the greatest dare-devil in the brigade. Trust you! On my life, I would as lieve trust a callow gosling to make its way in the world without the sage watchfulness of mother-goose. I guess you up, Mike, to your manifest destiny, and will you report at the camp in due time that you have been swinging up in the usual style by the rascally Tories."

"Well, be it so, captain, since you will," responded Mike laughing, "but pray God he be in any other than the usual style. I have exceedingly nice sensibilities, and trust I may not like poor Calvert, and many others of our comrades, be hung upon a rough grape vine. I trust, however, to fall into gentler hands than those of the Tories."

"Well, Mike," replied Capt. Conyers, his comrade and friend, "I am loath to lose so active a lieutenant; but since you will venture your neck into danger, the fair face and bright eyes of Dora Singleton defend you!"

"Amen!" responded Michael lightly. "What would I not give," he continued in a graver tone, "to see the end of this bloody and harassing war! Were you ever in love, captain," he asked in a lighter tone.

"Ay, Michael, but the grave is between us now," answered Conyers, in a grave and saddened tone, while a cloud came over his brow. "Two short years of wedded happiness, spent mostly in the privations and hardships of the camp, with brief and stolen interviews with one of the loveliest and best of her sex, and I was left alone, heartless, hopeless and comfortless as now. You have known me long, Mike; you have lain by my side in the bivouac, and gone shoulder to shoulder with me in the charge, but you little know what wasting and consuming thoughts go with me wherever I go. You know me too well to doubt my courage or my honor, yet there have been

moments when I would have bartered away all—ay, even the hope of my country's independence—for peace, and the blessings of my own loved fireside. It is a painful, ay, it is a heart-rending sacrifice, to turn away as I have from the domestic hearth, hallowed and endeared by fond and almost sacred associations, and undergo the toils and the privations of the camp, and endure the pangs of absence, with the hope of making our country free. God grant that those who come after us may faithfully defend that independence which is bought at the price of blood and tears. You know not yet, Mike—some but those who are wedded can know—the rapture of meeting after a long absence; nor can you know how bitter it is to turn away from the fair face of a loving wife, and undergo the agony of along separation, perhaps an everlasting one. The last time I visited my home, oh! how the memory of it clings to me now! The very sunlight as it came down from heaven seemed to fall around my homestead with a softer light than elsewhere. My life was like a dream of boyhood realized. But the summons came to part, and more reluctantly than ever I tore myself away. Sad and gloomy presentiments filled the hearts of both of us. Alas! we met no more on earth! Three months from that time, having solicited a furlough, I sped homeward with joyful anticipations. I found my house in ashes, my children motherless, my land, my gentle wife slept the long sleep that knows no waking! Driven from her burning house on a cold night of rain and winter, after having given birth to my youngest child, she was seized with a fever that carried her to the grave. She died, died calling upon my name—I died clinging to the last to a hope that I would yet stand beside her and hear her last prayer and close her eyes in peace. I found my children—too young to know their loss—homeless, dependants upon the charity of strangers. Think you that I can forgive these wrongs—that they can be blotted from my brain, or cease to burn and rankle in my heart? Think you that a wife so kind, so gentle, whose love was the world to me, which I delighted to dwell, can be so soon forgotten? As God hears me, I will not rest until my sword is red with the blood of her destroyer!"

Never before had Allsott seen Conyers so completely mastered by fierce and vindictive passions. His bosom heaved with tumultuous emotions, and his face became livid with rage, while his dark eye gleamed like a diamond. His voice grew hoarse and hollow, and his utterance was choked by the eagerness with which he panted for vengeance. Allsott looked upon him with sentiments approaching to awe while the storm of passion shook his frame and traced its impress upon his features.

Ordinarily as playful in temper as a child, and of a gay and cheerful disposition that approximated to levity, one would scarcely have dreamed that beneath so quiet and gentle an exterior there slumbered deep and volcanic passions. Usually, his features were an almost feminine softness and gentleness of expression. Even in the wild and bloody melee, where the most inhuman passions are called into exercise, his features bore no trace of cold or vindictive feelings. His dark, bold, lustrous eyes, fringed by long sheltering lashes, might indeed flash with a somewhat infernal light in full view of the conflict, but his finely chiseled features were as inexpressive of ferocity, and as unmoved by angry emotions, as the calm marble fresh from the hands of the sculptor.

Captain James Conyers, to whose company of dragoons Michael Allsott was attached, was one of that band of partisan leaders by whose skill, energy, and invincible firmness, the country was redeemed from the iron yoke of the invader. His generosity and kindness of heart, with his reckless and almost desperate exhibitions of courage, had rendered him the darling of "Marion's Brigade"—a name which was applied to the bold followers of the wily partisan, whether their numbers amounted to ten or a thousand men. In those moments of gloom and despondency, when the sufferings and destruction of their families, joined to their own privations and toils, caused the stout hearts of the soldiers to sink in dismay, he stood forth as the ministering angel of the camp, and intused into their despondent souls the courage and the invincible firmness and spirit which shone on his own unbowed brow. A bold and dashing soldier, shrinking from no danger or toil, confident and sanguine when others around him were almost driven to despair, ever foremost in the fray and last in the retreat, he won the heart of every soldier in the "brigade," and was regarded, as the right hand of the army. A dexterous and fearless horseman, scarcely equalled indeed by the sanguinary Tarleton in this mainly accomplished, his position as captain of the dragoons gave him ample opportunity to display to "the brigade," his qualities to the best advantage; and often when defeat seemed inevitable, and the battle appeared lost beyond redemption, from some unexpected quarter of the field he burst into view with his troops following at his heels, and bore down with his undaunted troopers like a hurricane upon the enemy, and by a single reckless and impetuous charge broke their serried ranks, and in a moment retrieved the fortunes of the day. Well known among the minions of the British King as "the handsome horseman," his terrible daring caused the enemy to quake at whatever point he made his appearance. The Bayard of the partisan brigade, his heart was a stranger to fear, and his reputation to approach. Such was the man whose lips

had just uttered a solemn oath to pursue to the death an enemy who had wronged him beyond forgiveness.

"And who is he, captain," asked Allsott in astonishment. "As I live, I will labor with you unceasingly to hunt him from the face of earth."

"Have you not heard of him?" asked Conyers, while his voice grew yet more hoarse with emotion. "Have you not heard of that bloody renegade, Robert Harrison, whose name is a by-word of cruel and hellish deeds! But leave him to me. Should you ever behold him, spare him for that certain hour of reckoning with me which shall surely come. My heart tells me that I have not long to live, that I must soon gloriously fall in the service of my country; but I feel a presentiment within me, strong and unshakable, that I shall not sink into that welcome rest to which I go before my hand has struck down that fiend in human form, who has made me the heartless mourner that I am. Twice have I sought him out in battle, and twice has he escaped my sword; but when we meet again, there is something in my heart that tells me he shall die. The hope of that hour has sustained me until now. But for this, and the tender years of my children, that claim a father's care and protection, I would long since have laid down a life which is but a burden. But enough of this, Mike. I shall detain you no longer. God guard you, and restore you safe to the camp. Be wary, be vigilant, and throw not yourself into the way of danger. Farewell, my brave boy, I shall feel ill at ease until you return again."

Pressing the hand of his comrade, Conyers turned his horse's head and departed. Michael paused and gazed after him as he rode away, bearing himself proudly on his bounding charger, as though no ravaging sorrow flew with him on his course.

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Alas! poor Conyers, muttered he as he turned to leave the spot. "As gentle as the dove, but as brave as the lion; the smile of Eden is ever upon his brow, while his serpent is gnawing at his heart." Thus soliloquizing, he turned away with a saddened brow, and proceeded at a quiet pace until he had cleared the crazy bridge which spanned the river, and picked his way along the rotten and broken causeway which led through the oozy swamp; and then giving the rein to his horse, he plunged into the long dense forest through which his route lay.

It was already past the hour of noon when he separated from Conyers, and fearing lest night might overtake him before he reached the end of his journey, he permitted his noble steed to measure over the ground with rapid strides. He had not gone far however, before the heavens gave tokens of an approaching storm, by signs which might indeed have passed unnoticed by a careless observer, but which one so attentive as Michael could not but remark and interpret aright. The wind, which had slept for the last twenty-four hours, began to spring up from the east in short fitful puffs, and casting his glance to the westward, a dull hazey atmosphere just upon the horizon taught him ere many hours should elapse to look for one of those violent gales which the southern country is so subject about the incoming of autumn. Meantime the declining sun was kindling up one-half the heavens.

"Not as in northern climes obscurely bright, But in one cloudless blaze of glorious light."

But accustomed as he was to all the signs of the heavens, the deceitful glare of the burning sun did not lead him to err in his prognostications. Anxious to reach his journey's end before the anticipated storm should burst upon him, he checked not the speed of his willing horse, but suffered him, unchecked by the rein, noisily and feely to scud along the narrow bridle path that wound through the forest.

The eye of the brave young trooper grew bright, and pleasant fancies nestled around his heart, as he hastened away from the toil and confinement of the camp, to meet once more the beautiful and idolized Dora Singleton.

Lovely indeed was the maiden whose hand followed the young soldier to the camp, and whose joyful smile welcomed his glad returnings. A dark-haired, black-eyed creature of scarcely the medium height, with a complexion pale, yet wonderfully fair and transparent, and a form of more than ordinary grace, and of exquisite proportions, she was the very being to bring a host of lovers to her feet. Cordial in her manners, proud, vivacious, and with that dash of coquetry in her nature from which no really beautiful woman is wholly exempt, the spirit in which she moved was a delightful, yet a dangerous centre of attraction.

Her father dying when she was a mere child, her mother contracted a second matrimonial alliance, which was soon terminated by her death, and at the age of twenty years Dora was left to the guardianship of a moody and unsocial step-father, with whom she continued to reside up to the date of our story. Inheriting from her father an ample and even a splendid fortune, yet without relatives or friends in whose sympathy she could confide, the beautiful woman, now in her twentieth year, felt that utter isolation and loneliness of heart so painful to even the manly and self-dependent, but especially so to warm-hearted and sympathizing woman, whose heart yearned for the friendship and affectionate companionship of her sex, even as the dying gazelle in the sultry desert longs for the babbling fountain and the grateful shade. The mode and circumstances of her life had

however, impressed upon her character somewhat of the noble and generous traits of the heroine. Naturally of a proud, though gentle spirit, her very habits of seclusion, which in another might have produced painful diffidence and timidity, had added strength and self-reliance to her character.

Her sorrows, poor creature, had of late been greatly multiplied by the distractions which ensued from the contest with the mother country. Entering with all the ardor of a heroine into the feelings and sentiments of the patriotic and bold defenders of liberty, so soon as she could comprehend the principles upon which they based their resistance to the mother country, she unfortunately encountered the bitter opposition of Isaac Whorton, her step-father, who, though desirous of remaining neutral in the contest, yet at heart favored the course of the royalists, and ridiculed and denounced what he considered the folly and crime of the whigs in entering into a contest with the mother country. The distinguished sentiments of his fair daughter, who openly rejoiced at every discomfiture of the British arms, but increased his dislike and hatred to the cause of independence. On all occasions, even in the presence of British officers themselves, she fearlessly and warmly espoused the cause of her countrymen, to the great mortification of Isaac Whorton, an imperious and overbearing man, who could not endure such inflexible opposition in a member of his own household.

The visits of Michael to his house had long since been forbidden, and latterly he had met his betrothed only by stealth, sometimes at the house of a friend, and at others in the open greenwood—always apprising her of his presence in the neighborhood by some preconcerted signal which she readily recognized. Many a stolen interview had taken place between them, little suspected by her ungracious step-father, who little dreamed of the ardors to which lovers will resort to elude the vigilance of those who would sunder them forever.

Michael well knew how anxiously Dora longed for his coming, and whatever dangers beset his way, he seldom failed to hasten to her side, when the public service permitted his absence from the camp. Sometimes his signal greeted her ears from the forest near her dwelling, when the sun had but a few hours commenced his morning course, and again when it had sunk to rest, and the stars of heaven were shining brightly in the illimitable vault, some note uttered from afar, unregarded and unrecognized by herself, would cause her young heart to flutter with that strange sensation of delight, only felt by those who love passionately, and only to be experienced by them when after a long absence a husband or a lover returns to repay them for the long vigil of love.

The sun was within an hour of his setting, when the line of lazy vapor which had long lain motionless on the western horizon began to grow dark and dense as it loomed up fearfully in the distance, and the wind which had lulled for near an hour, again sprang up; but this time from the thunder cloud in the west, in fitful blasts, now surcharged with vapor, and now hot and sulphurous as the reeking breath of a volcano. The muttered thunder began to groan and growl in the west fearfully and deep, and with its wings wide spread, the cloud rode wildly down upon the gale, turning day into night as its black shadow rolled over the earth. In an instant all nature was mingled in confusion. The sheeted lightnings glimmered and flashed incessantly; the deep-toned thunder shook the earth with its terrific tongue, and the tall trees of the forest bent, shivered and snapped in the gale—the crash of their fall swallowed up and lost in the yet louder thunders of the appalling storm.

As accustomed as Michael had been to scenes of peril and danger, a feeling of superstitious awe came over him, and he felt like a frail and helpless creature of the dust, in the contemplation of so imposing and terrific a scene. The narrow pathway along which he rode stretched away through a dense pine forest, and on every side the tall trees were broken and scattered around him like stubble before the wind.

Michael would fain have turned aside to seek a shelter from the storm in some of the scattered habitations that lay by the roadside, for the hurricane was now upon him in all its fury; but his past experience had taught him to act with cautious circumspection in a country where civil war had loosened the bands of society, and set neighbor against neighbor in bitter and exterminating strife. Well known through all that portion of the country as an active and uncompromising whig, he was equally an object of terror and bitter hatred to all who were enlisted against the independence of their country. Fearing lest in seeking a shelter from the storm he might unawares place himself in the power of the Tories, in whose hands his fate would soon have been sealed, he hurried by dwelling after dwelling, preferring rather to suffer exposure to the elements than to risk falling into the hands of bloody-minded and unscrupulous men.

As the road, however, emerged from the forest into an open clearing of considerable extent, he found himself within a few rods of a house which lay upon his right, so dilapidated in appearance that he rendered it probable that he might there meet with dangerous adversaries. The rain too was nearly upon him, just as he reached the narrow lane which led down to the building. Hesitating only for a moment, he turned his horse's head and

galloped up to the house, turning his horse into the shelter of an unoccupied stable the door of which opened into the lane. Entering the gateway, where, half torn from its hinges, the gate hung obstructing his way, with a few hasty strides he mounted the steps of the piazza that tottered under his tread, and rapped loudly at the door for admittance.

Every thing about the place wore a deserted and cheerless aspect. The magnificent shade trees around, which seemed the growth of centuries, stood unpruned and neglected, with their jagged boughs descending within a few feet of the ground; the rank grass was allowed to cover the entire yard, and grew up even to the door steps, while here and there a refractory shutter, too rotten to be retained by its hinges, was kept in its place by a rail or pole cut from the woods and placed as a prop against it. The hand railing around the piazza was partially gone, and the pillars which supported the roof were nearly rotted away at the base. Altogether the building was so dilapidated and cheerless as if it had remained untenanted for a whole generation.

His first summons failing to attract attention, Michael knocked more loudly than before, and in a moment after a firm and masculine step was heard advancing within the apartment—the door was thrown open, and he found himself face to face with a tall, athletic and powerful man of about forty years, who invited him to enter.

The furniture of the room into which Michael was ushered was the most costly and luxurious description. Indeed, considering the time and condition of the country, it might have been esteemed elegant and tasteful. Rich carpets of rare manufacture yielded to his tread as he passed along, and polished mahogany tables, with skillfully carved arm chairs of oak, met his view on every side. A beautiful clock of a most costly style ticked upon the mantelboard, which was elegantly ornamented with vases of pure alabaster and costly *bijouterie* of exquisite workmanship. So richly indeed was the apartment furnished, that Michael could not repress a glance of surprise and wonder, when he compared the interior of the apartment with the mean and dilapidated appearance of the building from without. His expression of wonder and astonishment did not escape the observation of his host, whose smile, as he remarked it, might have seemed to arise from a grateful vanity, but for the expression of scorn and bitterness by which it was accompanied.

Advancing to a chair pointed out to him at the farther side of the fire place, Michael seated himself, while the individual who had admitted him into the house resumed his place at a table a few feet distant, just in front of the fire-place, and busied himself among a pile of papers which lay before him, with which he had been occupied before the entrance of our hero.

But these two were not the only tenants of the room. Immediately before our hero, on the opposite side of the hearth was a small, wiry, red-headed, pug-nosed, ferrety little individual, who from the first moment of the entrance of Michael, had fixed upon him his diminutive gray eyes, with an impudent wondering stare. His pantaloons, that seemed to shrink back instinctively from any kind of intimacy with the coarse and rude brogans that encased his nether extremities, so tightly encompassed his spindle shanks, that his ever having established himself in them could not be accounted for by any process short of the liquefaction or hydraulic pressure. For the scantiness of his nether-garment, however, ample amends were made by the huge proportions of a large blue blanket overcoat, that hung about his body like a ship's sails around the mast in a dead calm.

The other individual, who sat with several papers scattered before him, which he was arranging, as he hurriedly glanced at their contents, was evidently a man who had seen somewhat of the world. Though not an ill-looking man, his physiognomy was certainly not an attractive one. His heavy brows, and a certain sinister expression in the glance of his eye, which seemed to shrink beneath the calm quiet gaze of our hero, caused him to regard him somewhat unfavorably. His eye fell whenever he casually encountered the glance of Michael. Our hero did not fail to remark that he started, and with an exclamation of surprise glanced hastily and suspiciously towards him, as his comrade left his seat, and hurriedly whispered a few words in his ear. A sense of insecurity and a presentiment of danger began to steal over Michael, for he was greatly apprehensive of having fallen in with unscrupulous Tories, who were aware of his part in the contest with the mother country. Dissembling his uneasiness, however, he manifested no symptoms of distrust or suspicion.

Meantime the storm was raging in all its fury. The old house creaked and tottered in the gale as though its decaying timbers were about to yield to the shock of the tempest and be riven by the storm.

As wild as was the contention of the elements, Michael felt that it would have been far more prudent and safe to have encountered the tornado upon the highway than to have placed himself in a measure, in the power of two reckless men, who might belong to that class of desperadoes, who under the name of loyalty to a distant monarch, perpetrated the most revolting and heinous crimes.

At the time of which we speak, there existed between the whigs and Tories the most unsparring enmity. The blood of war was shed in peace with cool and

fiend-like atrocity; and the loyalists, as they termed themselves, asked no other excuse for their deeds of blood than that the victims of their sanguinary cruelty adhered to a political creed different from their own, and were animated by an unalterable devotion to their country's independence.

Michael already began to suspect that the two individuals before him belonged to that reckless band of marauding Tories that infested the country, and he well knew that if his suspicions proved to be correct, his safety would depend upon his concealing from them the part he had taken in the struggle for independence. Such being his apprehensions, he was determined to take advantage of the first pause of the storm to withdraw from the shelter of a roof which offered so precarious a hospitality, and make his way at once to the end of his journey, where he might rest in safety.

"Well, my friend," began the better looking of the two individuals, thrusting his papers into a drawer, and taking his seat in front of the fire place, I see you have not escaped without a wet jacket. Join me in a social glass, and it will not be the worse for your health. Here, Stoker, set out our decanters and glasses upon the side-board."

Stoker bustled about to perform the bidding of his superior, looking for all the world in his immense blue overcoat like some diminutive dog emerging from under a carpet. All three were soon standing by side-board with their glasses filled.

"I give you a toast," said Michael's host, with a meaning and malicious smile, as he raised his glass: "His gracious majesty King George the Third. Success to his banner wherever it is spread."

Michael laid down his glass and calmly regarded his host and his companion, while they tossed off the toast gleefully.

"Permit me now to give you a toast," said he, raising his glass from the board, while his eye flashed with pride: "George Washington, the Continental Congress and American Independence!"

"That is a toast to which a freeman can drain his cup!"

Little Bill Stoker, almost petrified with astonishment at the audacity of our hero, looked from his companion to Michael, and from Michael to his companion, as though to looking to see the latter annihilate him for his temerity. That individual, however, so far from fulfilling the anticipations of his subordinate, bit his lip with indignation, and with an impetuous air passed his hand over his beard, yet at the same time casting a side-glance towards the corner of the apartment beyond Michael, where a couple of rifles were leaning against the wall. The watchful eye of our hero at once detected the significance of his glance.

"But my friend," said his host, averting his eye from his fixed and steady gaze, "do I understand that you are not a friend to King George?"

Michael's heart began to beat thick and fast. The name of that misguided king had become odious and misfitful to every lover of his country, and our hero, of an impulsive and excited temperament, was not one to dissemble his sentiments, especially when such dissimulation involved a recantation of those political principles in the maintenance of which he would have suffered martyrdom. Sooner would he have torn his tongue from his mouth than have given utterance to so degrading and hypocritical an avowal as that of allegiance and respect for a king against whose power he had sworn to do battle while the breath of life was left him.

"A friend to King George!" he exclaimed with honest indignation. "Nay, God forbid that I should be the tool of so odious and despicable a tyrant. Look around you, and neglected fields, ruined homes, and a vast host of bleeding martyrs proclaim his tyranny. No, I am a foe to him and to his government; and God grant that his contemptible and bloody tools may meet with the fate they so richly merit!"

"My good air," answered his host, "you suffer yourself to speak too freely. Such language might not prove agreeable to every company into which chance might throw you."

"And what signifies that?" answered Michael, bluntly. "Think you I am knave or poltroon enough to fall in with the humor of the hour, and measure my language to suit the ears of traitors and cravens. On my soul, I shall ever speak as I think, even if stood I before the tyrant George himself!"

"But have you no fear of the failure of your rebellion," asked the other, redoubling with irritation—"no visions of halberds in perspective to such of you as the sword may spare?"

"Rebellion, sir! do you talk to me of rebellion!" responded Michael, while an angry flush began to burn upon his cheek: "and who are you who presume to brand our holy resistance to tyranny with the name of rebellion?"

The eye of the Tory—for such he indeed was—quailed before the firm and angry glance of Michael, and for a moment he looked around at his companion, hesitating and doubtful as to the manner in which he should reply to the peremptory and menacing language of Michael.

"I might well object to the tone and manner in which you demand my name," answered the other, shifting, as it casually, his position, so as to place himself between Michael and that corner of the apartment where the fire-arms stood, "but since you appear urgent for a more intimate acquaintance, know that my name is Robert Harrison. Nay, you need not introduce yourself," he contin-

ned, observing our hero to start at the mention of his name, and wishing if possible to intimidate him by following up one surprise with another—"you need not introduce yourself; you are already well known to us as Michael Allsott, the rebel follower of a rebel cause, now by a lucky chance thrown into the hands of those who will deal with you as a traitor!"

Little Bill Stoker was overcome with joy at the surprise which the Tory leader, Harrison, had prepared for Michael, and seeming to anticipate that he would fall upon his knees to plead for his life, in the extremity of bodily terror, he clapped his hands gleefully and shouting aloud with laughter.

Michael was indeed, in sailor phrase, taken aback, and astounded, finding himself thus unexpectedly in the power of a merciless and malignant foe, whose savage deeds had made his name a by-word of cruelty among both friends and foes; but as swift as lightning, and before his intention could have been suspected, he seized upon a chair which fortunately stood within his reach, and dealing his lightning-like blows to the right and left, laid the panic-stricken Tories stumped and prostrate at his feet. Then rushing from the house, he mounted his horse, was firmly seated in his saddle and far beyond the reach of pursuit before his discomfited foes had recovered from his stunning blows sufficiently to follow in pursuit.

"Up, Bill, and to your horse!" gasped Harrison, in a voice hoarse with rage so soon as he had regained his feet. "As I live the rebel shall hang for this, though I follow him to the ends of the earth!"

As great as was the rage of the Tory leader, and as sharp as was the spur of anger, it was nevertheless already deep twilight when with his confederate in guilt he sat out in pursuit of our hero. He had determined upon collecting to aid him in the pursuit and capture all of the Tory party who were in his immediate neighborhood.

"By the gods of Olympus, he shall not escape me," hissed Harrison between his closed teeth, as he mounted his horse. "I know well the rebel's haunts, and before midnight he shall be dragged from his bed and swing for this."

A deep gash had been inflicted upon the cheek of the Tory by the sudden blow of our hero; the blood had flowed profusely from the wound, and the bandages in which his face was enveloped were stained with his blood. Impetuous and bitterly vindictive, the angry passions of Harrison raged in his breast like the flames of a volcano. He had vowed revenge, and he was not a man to be appeased until he had compassed it.

With his renegade follower he put foot in stirrup, consumed with a thirst for vengeance, and soon the old crumpled building, the scene of their late discomfiture, was left behind them cheerless and untenanted.

(To be Continued.)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RAIN.

To understand the philosophy of this beautiful and often sublime phenomenon so often witnessed since the creation of the world, and so essential to the very existence of plants and animals, a few facts derived from observation and a long train of experiments, must be remembered.

1. Were the atmosphere everywhere and all times of a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, or hail, or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface would descend in an imperceptible vapor, or cease to be absorbed by the air when it was once fully saturated.
2. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently, its capacity to retain humidity, is proportionately greater in warm than cold air.
3. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth the colder do we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the hottest climate.

Now, when, from continued evaporation, the air is highly saturated with vapor, though it be invisible and the sky cloudless, if its temperature is suddenly reduced, by cold currents descending from above, or rushing from a higher to a lower latitude, or by the motion of a warm saturated air to a colder latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and the result is rain. Air condenses as it cools, and, like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out the water which its diminished capacity cannot hold. How singular, yet how simple, the philosophy of rain!—What but Omniscience could have devised such an admirable arrangement for watering the earth!

A boy about 13 years of age got upon Tuesday morning perfectly well, at some green apples and a pint of cherries before dinner, drank plentifully of milk at his dinner, and was buried in the cemetery before dark of the same day.—*Albany Express.*

Hard Times For Toppers.—The town council of Marion, Alabama, fixed the license for retailing liquor at \$1,500 per annum, thinking that this would prevent all application. An enterprising individual was, however, about to open a shop, even at this figure, when the council met again and raised the license to \$8,000.