Carolina Watchman.

Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

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J. J. BRUNER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

Two Dollars a year, paid within three months from date of subscription; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid before the expiration of the year, and three dollars after the year has expired. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the Editor.

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WRITTEN FOR THE COLUMBIA BANNER.

FIRST PRIZE TALE.

MICHAEL ALLSCOTT:
—or—
THE SHOT IN TIME.
A STORY OF MARION'S MEN.

BY J. W. ERVIN.

CHAPTER II

"Oh that we,
In those blest woods where first you won my soul,
And passed our genile days far from the toil
And din of war!' Such is the wish of love,
Of love that with delighted weakness
Knows no bliss and no ambition but itself."

The evening repast was over, when Dora Singleton immediately retired to her apartment, but not to sleep. Her pathway had ceased to wind among roses, and care and anxiety were heavy at her heart.

The old family mansion, where she still dwelt with her step-father—a man of moody and sullen temper, whose treatment was not always tempered by that kindness and consideration which should have been the lot of one so tender and young—was one of the those picturesque buildings of that style so pleasing to our ancestors some few generations ago, but which have altogether disappeared in this utilitarian age. It was a quiet and dignified looking old mansion, somewhat quaint indeed in its appearance and style, yet sufficiently capacious to have conveniently sheltered under its pyramidal roof some two or three generations of those prolific days. Antiquated cupboards, with shelves well hidden by neatly panelled doors that reached even up to the ceiling, filled up here and there the corner of an apartment, while doors innumerable opened into mysterious closets on every side.

Dora had retired into her bed chamber in the second story of the building, the walls of which were decorated with portraits of her father and mother, that seemed to look down fondly upon the beautiful and unfriended orphan. A small silver lamp of exquisite workmanship shed its clear light over her beautiful features, pale indeed, yet wonderously fair, so that she scarcely seemed a being of earth. Her glance had in it that strangely fascinating power that belongs only to beauty of a rare and high order of perfection. It was only such as could belong to a proud, and generous, and sensitive nature, that seemed without an effort to reach the hearts of all others, while it betrayed not even in a moment the secrets of its own. All the magic grace of nature lived with her and seemed to dwell in the air she breathed.

Her hair, of a very dark shade, yet not wholly black, was tastefully bound up in the becoming Grecian knot, and where it was gathered from her neck it formed a lovely contrast with the dazzling white skin beneath. Her arms, left bare to the elbow, or but slightly concealed from view by undersleeves of a most delicate texture, were full and most temptingly rounded, and her small hand, on the fingers of which glittered a single ring bearing a gem of the first water, of aristocratic loveliness.

Dora had not lingered long over the trifle on which she was sewing, when she cast it aside with a sigh, blew out her lamp, glided across the apartment, and throwing open the casement, stood upon the balcony on the front of the mansion. There, leaning upon the slender railing which encompassed it, with her cheek upon her palm, she looked abroad upon the dim landscape which spread out before her.

All was now peaceful and serene. The howling storm, which had hovered above but a few hours before with wings of appalling blackness, had passed away with all his host of sulphurous clouds, and the bright stars were shining calmly on the sky, while the bright moon, rapidly ascending the eastern horizon, poured down a mellow flood of light upon the forest and field, making the rain drops upon each blade and leaf to glisten like burnished silver.

The prospect before the maiden was beautiful indeed. The house, which was situated upon a gently sloping hill, commanded a fine view of the surrounding country, and on every side but one lay extended fields, with nothing to impede the view. To the left of the avenue, which led off directly from the noble mansion, was an uncultivated forest, which extended to the east and the north as far as the eye could reach, where the pine and the oak mingled their foliage together, and where many a gentle stream purled on over snowy sands under the impenetrable shade. The landscape that spread out before the maiden was quiet and lovely. A flood of yellow light rested upon the broad scene, and was reflected back from field and forest in soft lights and shadows.

It was one of those calm and glorious nights of oriental brightness, when every sound is still, and every voice hushed to repose—when the beauty of Eden seems to revisit the earth, and banish for a season its corroding cares and consuming sorrows.

Dora had a heart to feel all the beauty of the hour. The poetry of love was with her, and her thoughts were away with the young soldier of his country, who had been content to turn away even from her, and undergo the toils and privations of the camp for the noble cause of independence. She loved him with that generous and unmeditating devotion, that is one of her temperament and blood amounted almost to idolatry. Though meeting but rarely, and latterly only by stealth, yet his image was continually present to her mind.

Of late there had been many causes at work to diminish the peace and happiness of the maiden. The country overrun by prowling band of tories, and nowhere throughout the whole State was there a band of patriots sufficiently formidable to stand against the invader, or to appear openly in arms. The body under Marion, which still refused to disband, could scarcely be called an exception to this rule; for pent up in the fastnesses of the swamp, it lay hidden from the enemy, while its locality was a mystery even to the most undoubted patriots of his own party.

As the maiden leaned over the balustrade, the full light of the moon shining down softly upon her beautiful figure, that seemed still more comptious as she stood exposed to the influence of that bewitching light that softens even the downy cheek of beauty, and gives perfection to its loveliness, one might almost observe the tear drops flashing across her bright eyes, while she mused alone on her young hopes, the fruition of which seemed yet so distant. Around her, throughout the whole land, the foot of the invader trod triumphantly upon the soil, and even the most hopeful of patriots began to tremble at the prospect of subjugation. Well did she know the fate that awaited her lover should the invader finally triumph over a prostrate country. Her hopes would then be but a delusive dream, and her heart, widowed in its affection, break with its burden, or beat on through a sad existence, maddened by its bereavement.

Besides these anticipations of evils, as yet distant and only conjectural, there were more immediate causes of anxiety and annoyance which harrassed her peace, and were fruitful of much uneasiness and distress, from which she determined to free herself, even though it should be necessary to resort to the most energetic measures. Her home had of late been frequently visited by the leaders of the royalists—mostly, if not altogether, men of abandoned characters and dissolute habits—who could now with impunity venture abroad, and boldly too, in a country where there was no longer power to keep them in wholesome awe; and more than one of these military freebooters had cast glances of admiration and covetous expectations upon the rich heiress of Sumter.

Foremost among these, and especially detested by Dora, was the tory leader Harrison, who regarded her as a prize well won by his unscrupulous devotion to the cause of the mother country. Patiently had he borne her indignant contempt, her withering scorn and her freely manifested detestation of his character, in the presumptuous hope that the final hour of triumph would wring from her however reluctantly, a consent to wed him. He had become a frequent guest at her father's house, who courted the society of the bloody and wicked man whom his more courageous daughter abhorred.

The gentle Dora was leaning over the balustrade and musing upon the mournful circumstances that darkened the sunshine of her happiness, and bitter were her meditations as she called to mind her unfriended and desolate situation since she stood isolated from the world, and with scarcely one friend to whom she could unburden herself with a hope of sympathy. As she stood looking out upon the scene before her, suddenly the neighing of a horse reached her ears from the road which passed along at right angles to the avenue about half a mile distant. Again the sharp shrill neigh rose upon the air like the clear blast of a clarion, and Dora imagined she could almost hear the tramp of her lover's steed along the firm and trodden highway. She gazed intently down the long avenue, taxing her eye-sight to the utmost to distinguish the horse or rider through the gloom as he passed the point where the avenue intersected the highway.

"It is the day he should have come," murmured the maiden, as with her hand she shaded her eyes from the strong glare of the moon, and gazed intently down the avenue. A moment more and she beheld the moonlight glistening upon the sleek coat of a powerful animal, as he turned off from the highway, and entered the avenue leading to the house.

"God be praised, it is indeed he," she exclaimed, as she recognised the well known steed of her lover. "Michael comes," and retiring to her chamber, she relighted her lamp, and waved it thrice joyfully at her window, to tell her lover that she had watched for and discovered his coming. Then casting herself upon her knees and burying her face in her hands, wept tears of thankfulness and joy for the safe return of one who was dearer to her heart than life itself.

Some ten or fifteen minutes had elapsed and this beautiful woman still knelt with her face buried in her hands: when suddenly a rustling was heard among the leaves of the oak that grew near her window to the right of the portico, and a slight jarring among its boughs, and a grating against its trunk, such as would be caused by one climbing it from below. She rose to her feet, and a glance through the open window served to reveal to her the figure of a handsome man, who had ascended the tree to the height of her window, and was now making his way along a bough that projected to within a few inches of one of the corner pillars of the balcony.

In her surprise, her first impulse was to scream aloud, but the voice of her lover, whose quick eyes had already discovered her, disarmed her fears for herself, and she now began to be seriously alarmed for the peril in which his rashness had involved him-elf.

The limb upon which he was slowly making his way to the balcony was near thirty feet from the gravelly court beneath and seemed quite too frail to support even the weight of a slender stripling, much less of one of the robust frame of Michael; but while she stood petrified by astonishment and terror, great was her delight to find her lover gradually nearing the column, then casting his arm around it, and finally releasing his hold of the bough leaped lightly to the balustrade, and at length stand safe and secure upon the balcony. With a cry of joy she flew through the open door, and falling into his arms, relieved her overwrought feelings by a flood of tears.

"I am come," were the first words of her lover, as he pressed her bosom, "but as seldom as we meet, dear Dora, I find the country so unsafe for me, that we must meet to part almost in one breath."

"Not so soon, I trust, Michael," answered Dora hastily; "I have so much to say to you, and am so unhappy here, that I would follow you to the camp, and be even your servant there, rather than we should part again."

"I hope, my dear Dora," answered Michael, as he led her from the balcony into her chamber, "that old Isaac Wharton has not forgotten the kindness due you?"

"Not that, Michael, not that," she responded quickly, as she marked the flush of anger and surprise that flashed over the earnest features of her lover, "but our neighborhood is no longer what it once was. Traitors walk openly abroad now, and even here in this stronghold of whiggery as it once was, but five miles distant from this very spot, the tories are to have a grand meeting on the day after to-morrow."

"Hah! say you so!" replied Michal eagerly, while a gleam of joy flashed from his eyes. "Where meet they, and how heard you news so important and welcome as this?"

"Welcome! indeed to me it is far otherwise!" responded the fair woman, while her cheek grew a shade paler. "I myself heard their leaders under this very roof, when they boastingly told of the preparations they had made for the rendezvous of their ragged followers at the old field on Tarcote. A grand supper is to be prepared for their traitorous guests.—New weapons are to be distributed to their followers with an unsparing hand, and provisions, clothing and money bestowed upon all who will join them. The whole country is astir; and the notorious Tynes, who is to take command, is already in the neighborhood with a number of active and audacious followers."

"On my soul, Dora," exclaimed Michael, with an animated gesture, "this will be noble news for my commander. But had the rascally tories no fear that Marion would hear of their gathering, and be an unbidden guest?"

"Indeed they do not," replied she.—"Nor do they dream of danger now. Marion is believed to be far distant, and too feeble, even if aware of their purpose, to venture abroad to oppose them."

"On my soul they are fools as well as cravens!" muttered Michael, disdainfully. "No longer since than morning I left my brave general with two hundred as gallant soldiers as ever fought under the banner of freedom. Convers, panting for the fight, is in the camp with a full troop, and we are ready at a word to rush down upon the enemy like a thunderbolt. But I am astonished beyond measure that our scouts, ever wont to be prompt and vigilant, failed to gather and transmit to Marion intelligence of this gathering."

"Perhaps there may have been among those good and reliable whigs who were captured and sent off under guard to Camden," answered Dora. "Before a word was whispered abroad of the intended gathering, every man even suspected of being friendly to his country was at once sent off to prison."

"If all have indeed fallen into the power of the tories, there is an epauletted traitor in our camp," answered Michael sternly; "Marion has scouts abroad that you would scarcely dream of, and such as the tories could never suspect, unless they are betrayed: None but his officers are permitted to know the names of his scouts, and they are only trusted with the secret when the good of the public services require it. I must know what fate has befallen his scouts, and to do so, I must trust you with their names, which otherwise not even torture could wring from my lips. I trust you, but let the silence of the grave, ever after rest upon their names."

"Speak on, Michael," answered the maiden; "I would sooner die than betray them."

Michael drew yet nearer to her, and sinking his voice to a whisper, as if he feared the walls had ears, spoke slowly and solemnly—"

"Richbourg, Jamison, Ames—can you tell me aught of them? they are our scouts, loyal and trusted. God grant they may be safe!"

"No, wonder, that you failed to hear from them," replied Dora. "Jamison and Ames have been sent in irons to Camden; but poor Richbourg preferred a better fate. He died at his own door, battling like a lion with those who were sent to arrest him."

"May he rest in peace," responded Michael, solemnly, "he was a brave soldier, and an honest man. But we have one scout yet left, a brave a loyal old man, as true as steel to the cause of his adopted country. What bad tidings have you to tell me of old Archy Kerr?"

"Old Archy Kerr!" asked Dora, with a start of surprise! "that taciturn, moody and selfish old man, whom no whig will trust, and whom, tory as he is, even his own party avoid and dislike? You jest, Michael, indeed you but jest, in speaking thus of that misanthropic recluse."

"On my word, I do not," responded her lover gravely. "Old Archy Kerr, for reason that do honor to his heart, has been content to enjoy the ill will and contempt of those whose devotion to their country does not equal his own. Too proud, indeed too much of a christian to practice imposition or deceit, even for the promotion of a righteous cause, he would sooner tear his tongue from his throat, than suffer it to belie his convictions. Thus his honesty has kept him aloof from the tories, though reputed as such himself. And he will not consort with our own party lest he may draw the suspicion of the royalist party upon himself, and thus diminish his opportunity of rendering assistance to Marion. The leading whigs of the District have a hundred times denounced him to Marion as one well worthy of the halter, but our general has only smiled at the quiet way peculiar to him, and talked of moderation and lenity to our enemies. Oh! believe me, one of the noblest hearts that ever beat, one the most stern and unyielding in its integrity, throbs under the coarse jerkin of that devoted patriot. Tell me, Dora, has he too, fallen into the power of the tory party?"

"No, Michael, no!" answered she.—"Archy Kerr is so cordially detested by the whigs, that he would be the last man the tories would suspect. Three weeks since he was taken down by the fever, and now lies dangerously sick, and so unpopular is his name, that I believe—nay, now I *fear*, he is left to die almost companionless."

"God forbid!" ejaculated Michael, fervently; "he is too firm a friend to his country to merit such a fate. Were it not that what you have told me renders it necessary that I should return to the camp without the loss of an hour, I would even hasten to his bedside this night. I conjure you, by all you hold sacred, suffer not that noble servant of his country to feel that he is neglected; visit him yourself; tell him that like himself, you live but for your country. He is the friend, the confident and the scout of Marion, and never does our general change his camp without directly informing Kerr by a trusty messenger, of his change of quarters. He would part with his last morsel of bread to feed a suffering soldier, and as his means are scanty, the old hero may even now feel the pinchings of actual want. You should go provided with such things as a sick man may actually need, and whisper this in his ear, that in forty-eight hours Marion himself will stand by his side. Ah! Dora, devotion like his should not go unrewarded."

"Indeed it *shall not*," answered she, with much emotion. "For the love he has borne his country, I myself will watch over him as a daughter, and see that his wants are all supplied.

"And now, Dora," said Michael, rising from his seat, "we must part once more, and sooner than I had anticipated. I must retrace my steps with all convenient speed, and inform Marion of the varied news I have heard from your lips. In two days at most we shall meet again, that is so soon as we have routed this band of ruffians and thieves, of whose rendezvous you have told me. Marion will be on his route before to-morrow's sun has set, and I trust such a lesson may be taught to the tories on Black river, that they will never again appoint another rendezvous here."

"May heaven grant it," ejaculated the maiden. "But, Michael, I know that you must indeed be wearied with your long travel. Occupy this chamber until morning—and" she added with a blush—"and as for myself, I will retire down below. Indeed I will see to it that you are not discovered, and have you awakened and put upon the road before the family are astir. Rest beneath our roof at least until morning."

"I must answer you, my dear Dora, as a certain noble but unfortunate soldier answered his king, when he returned home from an unfinished campaign, while his countrymen were still abroad, engaged in the toils of war—'The ARK and Israel and Judah abide in tents, and the servants of my lord are encamped in the open field;' thus it is with me. I must even deny myself, wearied as I am, the luxury of sleep."

The cheek and neck of the young maiden who well remembered the story to which innocent allusion was made, were crimsoned with blushes which she sought vainly to conceal.

"No, Dora," continued her lover in the same grave tone—"no bed of down for me. As fast as my wearied steed can bear me, I must hasten back to inform Marion of this glorious news. Were he not a man of more than ordinary activity, it would even now be too late to convey him the tidings in season. Remember when I am gone, I pray you, honest and loyal old Kerr. He is an unshaken friend of his county, and no doubt greatly needs kindness and care at this time. And now time constrains me to leave you."

"Not in the same manner by which you came, however, Michael. Allow me to step below, and if I find all quiet I will return and conduct you out by the lower door."

Dora hastily descended the staircase, and after a short absence returned to the door and beckoned to Michael to follow. Michael had already drawn off his boots and stood ready to follow his fair guide, who immediately led the way down the staircase to the lower apartment, and opened the door for his exit.

Drawing her close to his bosom, and imprinting a kiss upon her cheek, he whispered in her ear as they parted—"fear not, Dora, we shall soon meet again."

The maiden gently closed the door, and pausing for a moment to listen to her receding footsteps, the young dragoon drew on his boots and hastened on to the copse where his horse stood tied.—As he passed out by the gateway, he glanced back toward the house, and, Dora, who was again on the balcony awaiting a parting glance, waved him a last adieu in answer to his own, and retired once more to her chamber.

Hastily then the young trooper strode along, and soon was seated firmly in his saddle retracing his steps, to bear to his general the important information he had received.

Although the silent moon above him sent down a flood of light upon the scenery through which he passed, making it yet more beautiful than day, yet the attention of the trooper was not aroused by the visible objects around him.—Moodily pressing the rowel into the flanks of his already jaded steed, he abstractedly continued his journey in that meditative mood that leaves the outer senses to slumber and repose. He had already retreated some ten miles of the road, over which he had so lately passed, when suddenly awaking from his reverie and finding that his good steed had fallen into a slower pace than the urgency of the case, and the short time before him permitted, he quickened his pace into a gallop, and with new life his horse answered to the touch of the spur, and dashed gallantly onward. Before him the road turned off abruptly to the right, and as at a rapid pace he turned the corner, Michael found himself unexpectedly face to face with a body of horsemen, some twenty-five or thirty in number, who had halted in the road, and before he could check his fiery and impetuous steed he was borne into their very midst.

"Hallo! who the deuce have we here?" exclaimed the leader of the band, suddenly wheeling upon Michael who found himself in an instant hemmed in by the armed horsemen who closed around him, rendering resistance or escape alike impossible.

"Some d—d rebel, colonel, I'll stake my life on it," replied one of the number.

"Who are you?" again demanded their leader in an authoritative tone. "Your name—your business? answer briefly and to the point, we have no time to lose in idle questions."

"Hang him up!" shouted one of their number, who was scarcely able to sit on his horse, brandishing at the same time a sabre above his head. "Hang him up, and let us on to old Wharton's before the rebel we are after makes his escape."

"Put up your sword, Randal," interposed another of the band. "Put up your sword and let's hear what the fellow has to say."

In an instant Michael comprehended the full peril of his situation. He at once understood from the language that met his ears, that the party before him were at that time in pursuit of himself, and as he correctly divined at the instigation of the bloody Harrison. Knowing well that they were bent upon his destruction, he scorned to attempt to deceive them by falsehood. As dearly as he loved life, he set a still higher value upon truth.

"What have you to say?" again asked their leader in an irritated tone. "Our time is precious—speak—your name!"

"Were your time ten times as precious," answered Michael boldly, "you should tary here a long while before I should answer questions of such a character upon the common highway."

"Da-arn me, kernel," squeaked a voice in the crowd, "if this ain't rank treason agin you. If it was left to *me*, I'd say swing him up on a grape vine."

"Move!" shouted a harsh but commanding voice from the outer circle of the crowd, and the speaker a tall and stalwart man, whose face was bandaged up, made his way into the midst of the circle, to get a better view of the prisoner.

Michael's heart began to beat thick and fast, for in that fierce voice and stout horseman he recognized that vindictive tory whom his hand had that evening stricken at his feet, and who he well knew cherished feeling of the deadliest hatred against him. Knowing that to fall into his hands would be scarce less than instant death, with the anxious eagerness of despair he looked from side to side, with the desperate resolution of making an effort to break from the band of his captors.

"That's your man! seize him!" shouted Harrison—for it was he—the moment his glance rested upon our hero.

With a desperate hope of escape, Michael tightened the reign of his good steed; planted himself firmly in his stirrups, and driving the rowel home in the flanks of his high mettled charger, gave him the reigns and attempted to rush by Harrison.

The attempt, desperate as it was, had nearly succeeded. Two of the horsemen were borne before him to the earth, and staggered by the shock, his good horse for a moment faltered. Time was thus afforded Harrison, who was mounted upon an iron grey of surpassing activity, to wheel his horse suddenly around, and raising a heavily loaded whip which he carried in his hand, he dealt Michael a blow that felled him to the earth. In an instant a dozen of the companions of Harrison were upon him, and stunned by the shock, before he recovered from his momentary stupor his arms were pinioned and he lay at their mercy.

When Michael was fully restored to consciousness, his captors were dismounted and standing around him. The hum of voices sounded confusedly in his ears, but he distinctly perceived it was the desire of the greater number to hang him up literally to the nearest tree. The greater portion of them, led on by Harrison, were clamorous for his instant execution, while he, who appeared their leader, seemed desirous to postpone it to some more fitting time. He also ascertained that the party into whose hands he had so unfortunately fallen had been collected by Harrison for the purpose of following him to Isaac Wharton's whither Harrison had learned he was wont to go whenever he obtained leave of absence from Marion.

Stung with mortification, jealousy and long cherished hatred, Harrison and his followers urged the immediate execution of Allscott, but he who seemed their chief and who was treated with marked deference and respect by all, firmly refused to sanction their cruel and horrid design.

"Colonel Tynes," exclaimed Harrison, pointing with his drawn sabre to Michael, who bore himself unmoved and proudly in his trying situation, "that man you know to be an active and dangerous rebel."

"I could scarcely consider him such at present," returned Tynes with a cynical smile, and seemingly indifferent to the ill humor and impatience of his second command.

Harrison ground his teeth with rage, while he continued:

"Am I then to understand, Col. Tynes, that faithful and tried and active servants of the King are to sit down patiently and bear the injuries and indignities of such rebels as he?"

"Yas!" piped in little Bill Stoker from the outskirts of the crowd; "is we that's allers out and bled and died for the king, to be knocked down with our cheers in our own houses, and never be allowed the priverlige to hollow—*that's* the question!"

A general laugh from the crowd followed this earnest and pathetic statement of the status of affairs. Harrison bit his lip with vexation, and looked daggers at his late fellow-sufferer, while Tynes strove in vain to suppress a smile.

"No, Major," said he, laying his hand kindly upon the shoulder of Harrison, and speaking in a tone at once courteous and resolute: I do not intend that this rebel or any other, who may fall into to my hands, shall escape the fate due to the crime of treason. But holding as we do the commission of a christian King, we must not act with disgraceful precipitation. Besides, we thus give the enemy the right to retaliate, and God keep them from that!" he added with a shudder.—"On to-morrow we will give him a trial and on the next day he shall hang! And now to your horses! You, Applejohn and Stoker, put the prisoner on his horse between you, and see you be watchful that he has no opportunity of escape.—Should he attempt it, shoot him on the spot!"

Thus saying, Tynes received his horse from an attendant and put foot in stirrup. In a couple of minutes the whole cavalcade was again in motion, having Michael bound and placed on his horse between two of their number. Thus he found himself unexpectedly turned back along the road he had already twice travelled since set of sun. The party having secured their prisoner, wended their way slowly and in cautious silence toward the camp upon Tarcote. Those of the party even conversed with each other in whispers, for the name of Marion—a name associated with midnight surprise, and terrible from the suddenness with which he at times pounced down upon the enemy who deemed him far distant—was a spell of terror which followed the tory in all his evil deeds, and sleeping or waking, by day and by night, followed him like the whispering of an evil and disquieted conscience.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE AMERICAN PLATFORM.

We see that the following inquiries have been addressed to the Gubernatorial candidates of the several parties now before the people of Pennsylvania, by the American State Executive Committee:

1. Are you in favor of an undivided school fund, and of the Bible, without note or comment, as a class book in the public schools?

2. Are you in favor of the principle of a direct election at the ballot box, by the people, of the President and Vice President of the United States?

3. Are you in favor of the election of deputy postmasters in their respective localities by the people?

4. Are you in favor of limiting the public lands in a "Homestead Bill" to American citizens, either native born or naturalized?

5. Are you in favor of the election of American born citizens only to office?

6. Are you in favor of the repeal of the existing naturalization laws?

7. Do you accept the proposition that there is a great and absorbing issue at this time before the country, which, like "Aaron's rod," swallows up all the rest—an American party against a foreign party—until the sovereign people shall have decided virtually at the ballot box that Americans by birth shall rule America?

8. Are you in favor of an absolute separation between sectarianism and politics—an absolute and perpetual separation between Church and State, whether the Churches be Protestant or Papist?

9. Do you consent to disclaim all Whig or Democratic party ties or pledges, and thus to stand in bold relief before the people as an American candidate, under the patriotic banner of broad and comprehensive American nationality?

It is due to frankness to state, that whatever, if any, may be your reply, this letter and your reply will be published, as a matter of course; and should we differ in whole or in part, honest differences of opinion are ever entitled to respect.

Very respectfully yours,
By order American State Executive Committee.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.

The following is from the Centreville Times:—"Under the obituary head in to days's paper will be found the death of Mr. Jacob Reese. On the day of his death Mr. Reese was engaged in seeding oats, and towards evening was startled by a voice, apparently at his elbow, saying, 'You may sow but shall not reap!' He looked around, and seeing no one, continued his work of seeding, attributing it, as he afterwards stated, to his imagination. At every step, however, the warning was repeated, and at last, unable to bear it, he proceeded home to his wife. He was persuaded by her that it was only imagination, and finding that he had no fever, and did not complain of any unusual indisposition, she induced him to return to the field. There, however, the same solemn warning voice attended him at every step—'You may sow, but you shall not reap!' and in a state of extreme agitation, he again ceased work and went home. He took an early supper, was shortly after attacked with a swelling in the throat, and before sunrise next morning was a corpse."

The Springfield Post says: Slavery exists here—slavery which is involuntarily—it exists among the white laborers of the north. Thousands are compelled by circumstances, which bind them like fetters of iron, to yield their independence of thought and action to the rule of other men. To redress the wrongs of such, and to elevate their condition from one of galling servitude to the independence which benefits American freemen, affords work enough for all our philanthropy; and if we succeed here our example would be much more potent in pursuading the South to dispense with slavery than if we indulge in harsh denunciations against negro slavery, and neglect to apply correctives to the various forms of oppression in existence among ourselves."

WANTED TO KNOW,

Why it is that mothers wear their dresses so long as to sweep all the dirt and filth on the pavements, and then dress their daughters, of nine or ten years old, in skirts so short as to expose not only their ankles but even the calves of their legs. There is some reason for it in the arcana of the female toilet, no doubt, we can't guess what it is.—*Warrenton News.*

"WHICH CAGE IS HE IN?"—As the Menagerie was passing the Sherman House yesterday afternoon, an Irishman standing on the sidewalk exclaimed—

"Be jabers, which cage is Douglass in?"
Chicago Journal.