

# THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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Black double soled walking Shoes,  
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**PRICES REDUCED.**  
**NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS.**  
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clothing, that they are now opening, direct from  
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of every variety, extent and cheapness, will ex-  
ceedingly amount in this city, comprising all  
the styles of goods, purchased since the very  
beginning of the season, and which they will  
sell them to other extra inducements to purchase  
October 10, 1846.

Written for the Erie Observer.  
**MAY-MORN.**

BY ARCHETPAAL.

Come, come we'll abroad, the birds are all singing  
Oh! how sweet and how cheering the world.  
The fields are green with flowers springing;  
The prairie and tulip are budding again;  
Away, through the valley, we'll roam o'er the hill,  
We'll follow thro' meadows the voice of the rill;  
We'll brush off the dew as we ramble along,  
And join in the melody of nature's glad song.

The groves are all ve with soft merry voices,  
All happy and joyous they mingle their lay,  
And the hoary crowd'd hill with echo rejoices,  
And he in the green lawn, the lambkins at play,  
How glitter the dew in the cup of the flower,  
As steals the soft zephyr, wafting thro' the lower,  
To bear on its wing, from the lute and the thrush,  
Rich odors, to pour on the breath of the morn.

How grateful the smoke from your cottage is curling,  
As slowly it steals to the many-tree hill,  
To look its last look on the bright fount putting,  
Then, spiri-like, it rises and soars to the sky,  
Oh! what so rich as the scene now before us,  
So lovely and bright in the morning sun's ray,  
All nature is joined in the same chorus;  
That welcomes and blesses the sweet mouth of May!

Month of young flowers, we hail thee with gladness,  
Thou bringest fair, of bright summer at hand,  
Thy calm smile dispels the gloom and the sadness;  
Thy bright sun's glow had spread o'er the land;  
Like a bride from the altar, young, blushing, and fair,  
Thou'rt come, in thy beauty, to gladden us here,  
And let us of the meadow, the tower, and tree,  
Sweet melody that modestly smiles up to thee.

From Graham's Magazine.  
**THE OATH OF MARION.**  
A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.  
CHAPTER I.

Every man knows best how to buck his own belt.—Pai  
Jeff.

"Did you get the pass, Macdonald?" said  
a young man, looking up, as his servant en-  
tered the lodging-house in Charleston, in the lat-  
ter part of the year 1780.

"Yes, sir, and the baggage and horses are  
ready," was the reply of a stalwart youth  
whose dress betokened a condition removed  
from that of an ordinary menial, and partaking  
rather of a familiar though humble compan-  
ion. "I think we can give them the slip, sir—  
Lord! how I wish for a crack at these fel-  
lows! and once with Marion, we'll not long  
want an opportunity."

"Be in waiting for me at midnight, then,"  
said the first speaker; and, as Macdonald re-  
tired, he threw himself, back again into his  
chair, and fixing his eyes on the floor, resign-  
ed himself to the abstraction out of which he  
had been roused.

Howard Preston, the hero of our story, had  
just returned from Europe, where he had been  
fulfilling the injunctions of his father-in-law,  
by a course of study and travel until his 24th  
year. The first great sorrow of his life had  
been his parting, at sixteen, with the only  
child of his guardian, Kate Mowbray, then a  
lovely little girl, who for years had been his  
pet and playmate. Many were the tears she  
also shed at the separation, and faithfully did  
she promise not to forget her boy lover. Such  
childish preferences usually end with youth,  
but it was not so in the present instance.

With every letter from abroad came a gift for  
Kate, which she required with some trifling  
work by her own hands. But as years  
elapsed, and Kate approached womanhood,  
these presents were no longer returned, and  
Preston, piqued at what he thought neglect,  
gradually came to confine himself, in his let-  
ters home, to a cold inquiry after her health,  
instead of devoting, as heretofore, two-thirds  
of the epistle to her. Yet he never thought  
of America without thinking of Kate; and  
when he landed at Charleston, a month before  
our tale begins, he was wondering into what  
kind of a woman she had grown up.

Still his old feelings of pique were upper-  
most when shown into her father's magnifi-  
cent parlor; and this, combined with his as-  
tonishment at seeing a graceful and highbred  
woman announced as his old playmate, lent  
an air of coldness and embarrassment to his  
greetings. Whether it was this or some other  
cause, Kate, who was advancing eagerly,  
suddenly checked herself, colored, and put on  
all her dignity. The interview, so inauspici-  
ously begun, was short and formal, and to  
Preston at least, unsatisfactory. He had ex-  
pected, in spite of their tacit misunderstanding,  
that Kate would meet him as rapturously as  
of old, forgetting that the child had become  
a woman. He overlooked, also, the effect his  
own restraint might have produced. Thus  
returned to his lodgings, dissatisfied and  
angry, half disposed to dislike, yet half com-  
pelled to admire the beautiful and dazzling  
creature from whom he had just parted. The  
truth was, Preston, though hitherto ignorant  
of it, had loved his old playmate from boyhood.  
This had been his first love; and he had never  
before had his heart so completely won as ac-  
tually, and this had led him secretly to hope that  
her welcome on his return would heal the  
past. No wonder he went home angry, yet  
quite as much in love as ever.

Preston and Kate often met after this, but  
they seemed destined to misunderstand each  
other. Kate was really ignorant of the mis-  
chief she had done. She had come down to  
meet him with a heart full of the memories of  
other days, and it truth must be told, a little  
nervous and anxious how he, of whom she had  
so often thought in secret, would receive her.  
His proud demeanor had chilled her. Never on  
subsequent occasions were their interviews  
more satisfactory. Indeed, Kate was puzzled  
and vexed at Preston's manner. No one  
could, at times, be more interesting; yet no  
one was so often haughty and disagreeable.  
Kate sighed to think how changed he had  
become; then she was angry at herself for  
sighing.

Kate was accordingly as wayward as Pres-  
ton—and who, indeed, had greater excuse?—  
Rich and well-bred, beautiful and high-spirited,  
she was positively the reigning belle in  
Charleston during the whole of that gay win-  
ter. To a complexion delicately fair, and a  
person of the most exquisite proportions, she  
united those graces of mind and manner,

which, in that courtly day, were considered  
the unerring accompaniments of high-breed-  
ing. Report awarded to her numbers of un-  
successful suitors; but all had tacitly resign-  
ed their claims in favor of Major Lindsay, an  
English officer of noble blood, between whom  
and an earldom there was only a single life.  
Gay and splendid in person and equipage, the  
Major no sooner laid siege to the heart of the  
heiress, than her less favored suitors gave  
over in despair; and what between lounging  
most of his mornings away in her parlor, and  
attending her abroad on all occasions, he  
speedily came to have the field nearly alto-  
gether to himself.

The arrival of the Major anticipated that of  
Preston about a month; and when our hero  
returned, he found his rival almost domestica-  
ted at Mr. Mowbray's house. Jealousy soon  
revealed to Preston the secret of his long-hid-  
den love; but it made him heartily hate the  
Major. The two gentlemen, seemed to per-  
fectly understand each other. But the Eng-  
lishman knew better than his rival how to  
suppress his feelings, and accordingly pos-  
sessed every advantage over him in superior  
ease and self-command. Had Kate wished  
otherwise, she could not but have given the  
larger share of her attention to the graceful,  
brilliant, and composed man of fashion, rather  
than his more irritable and wayward rival,  
whom a fancied slight, in word or look, was  
sufficient to make dumb for a whole evening.  
Depend upon it, the wiser possible to see  
to which a lover can put himself to be sulky.

Perhaps it was the enmity he nourished  
against his more successful rival; perhaps it  
was the natural indignation of a frank and no-  
ble heart against oppression; perhaps, which  
is more natural, it was both combined; but  
Preston had not been long at home before he  
formed the resolution, to take part with his  
countrymen in the war, then going on; and the  
sudden appearance of General Marion on the  
Santee, where he began a partisan conflict  
with the invaders, opened to him a favora-  
ble way for carrying out his design, which he  
only postponed until he could part from Kate on  
better terms. He flattered himself that she  
would be secretly on the side of the colo-  
nists, for her father had once held a commis-  
sion under the provisional government, al-  
though since the fall of Charleston and the  
apparent conquest of the colony, he, like ma-  
ny others, had been induced to take protec-  
tion, and ground his arms as neutral.

One morning Preston found Kate alone in  
her little parlor. It was rare that she was  
without visitors, for Major Lindsay, at least,  
was usually at her side. Kate wore a pretty  
new morning gown, and was sitting in a  
foot that rested on a cushioned stool, peeping  
provokingly out beneath the snowy muslin.—  
A woman one admires never looks lowly when  
when occupied in this truly feminine employ-  
ment; and as Kate made room for Preston be-  
side her, with her sweetest smile, he thought  
she had never seemed half so charming.—  
Lovers can imagine how happy Preston soon  
was. He and Kate talked of old times, she  
busily playing her needle, but every now and  
then looking up with animation into his face.  
His heart beat quicker, and he longed to tell  
her how he loved her; it would, I fear, have set  
your head or mine, reader, topsy-turvy at once.  
A dozen long forgotten incidents were called  
to mind: how Preston had once rescued Kate  
from the river, how they both wept when Kate  
old nurse died, and a store of other things.—  
The color of both heightened, and Preston felt  
every instant as if he could snatch the dear  
girl to his arms. In the eagerness of conver-  
sation, all at once Kate placed her hand fa-  
miliarly on his.

"And do you remember," she said, gazing  
up with sparkling eyes into his face, "do you  
remember when the pony ran away with you?  
Oh! I was half dead with fright, and scream-  
ed lustily. Those were happy days! I wonder  
if we are ever as happy as in childhood?  
I sometimes wish we were back again on that  
old lawn." And she sighed.

"Do you, indeed?" said Preston; his whole  
face lighting up, and he took her hand by an  
impulse he could no longer resist.

At that moment the words which would  
have decided his fate, were rising to Preston's  
lips, and Kate, as if secretly forewarned, be-  
gan to tremble and be confused, when the door  
was flung open, and the servant in a loud  
voice announced Major Lindsay.

If any of my readers has ever been interrup-  
ted when about to declare himself, and had to  
come plump down from rapture to foolishness,  
he can imagine Preston's chagrin as the en-  
trance of the visitor. However, he had tact  
enough to think of Kate's embarrassment, and  
as he rose to make his bow, adroitly placed  
himself so as to conceal her for a moment, and  
allow her time to recover from her confusion.  
The Major gave both parties on the instant,  
a suspicious glance, but his softest smile im-  
mediately succeeded, and with easy assurance,  
taking the seat Preston had vacated, he glided  
into a strain of brilliant small talk, such as  
would have done honor to any gallant of the  
day, incomparable at compliments and snuff  
boxes. Preston was angry at this unceremo-  
nious supplanting, but even more angry to see  
how quickly Kate recovered herself, and dash-  
ed into the strife of repartee, with a spirit  
and ease superior even to the Major's. Pres-  
ton chafed; and thought she might have been a  
little less interested. At first, he was silent  
and reserved, then he began to be uneasy, and  
once or twice he yielded to his irritability in  
words. He cursed his folly for imagining  
as he did five minutes before, that she thought  
more of him than she did of others. He fixed  
his eyes half frowningly, half contemptuously  
on Kate. She colored immediately, he thought  
with conscious guilt. The next instant she  
turned haughtily away and addressed the Ma-  
jor. Now, for the first time, Preston became  
convinced of the existence of the engagement  
respecting which he had heard so much.—  
Burning with mortification, after sitting a few  
seconds, during which Kate did not once ad-

dress him, he rose, and abruptly took his  
leave.

"She loves him," he exclaimed, bitterly.—  
Dazzled by the glitter of a coronet, she casts  
aside her old and tried friend like a worn-out  
trinket. Oh, God! was it for this I treasured  
her memory through long years?"

For hours he remained alone, now pacing his  
chamber with rapid strides, now burying his  
face moodily in his hands. He recalled all  
his various interviews with Kate, and strove  
to remember her every word and look; the re-  
sult was, to curse himself for his egregious  
folly in fancying for a moment that she loved  
him. But after awhile, his feelings grew less  
exasperated. He reflected on Kate's manner  
that morning, before the arrival of Major  
Lindsay, and hope once more dawned in his  
bosom.

"I will lose no time," he said, "in learning  
my fate decisively. I shall see Kate at her  
uncle's ball, and her manner there will de-  
termine my suspense. If she is cold and  
haughty, I will understand that she wishes  
to rebuke my presumption this morning.—  
In that case, I will write here no longer, but  
at once join Gen. Marion. Macdonald my  
foster-brother, loves me too well to desert me,  
but he has been crazy to go to this fort-  
night past. I will order him to get a pass  
and have every thing ready in case of the  
worst, which my heart forebodes."

It was after arriving at this determination,  
and receiving Macdonald's message, that  
Preston gave himself up to his melancholy,  
nor did he rise from his desponding position  
until it was time to dress for Mrs. Blakely's  
ball.

The sound of gay music, the flashing of  
diamonds, and the twinkling of light forms,  
met his right as he entered the ball-room,  
but he had eyes only for one object, and he  
soon sought out Kate amid the crowd of ad-  
mirers. Never had she looked so transcen-  
dently lovely. It is the mark of taste  
and fashion now-a-days to laugh at the enor-  
mous hoops and powdered hair of our grand-  
mothers; but let us tell you, good reader, that  
a belle of the present age, with her deformed  
tortoise and Dutch amplitude of skirt, tho'  
she may create a sort of matter-of-fact sensa-  
tion, very suitable perhaps, for this money-  
making generation, never awakens that deep  
sentiment of admiration, that respectful, aw-  
estruck, Sir Charles Grandison feeling, be-  
stowed on the beauty of the last century, au-  
gust in silver tissue and high-heeled shoes.—  
The voracious stickler for modern ease would  
have given up the idea of such a thing.

She wore, at that time, a costume of a  
rich brocade, a single yard of which cost  
more than the twenty ells of lute-stuff  
flung by a beauty now. Over this was a  
robe of white satin, made high on the shoul-  
ders, but opening in front so as to reveal the  
swelling bust, and expose the richly gemmed  
stomacher and glittering petticoat. The  
edge of this robe from the neck down was  
trimmed with a quilling of blue ribbon, which  
was also continued around the bottom. The  
tight sleeve, with hands like the trimming of  
the robe, reached to the elbow; and the deep  
ruffle of Valenciennes lace, which nearly hid  
the round, white arm, heightened with rare  
art the beauties it affected to conceal. Her  
hair was gathered back from the forehead,  
richly powdered, and trimmed coquettishly  
with blue ribbon. Now, if there are any her-  
etical repudiators of the past, denying the  
brilliance that powder gave a fair complexion,  
we wish he would go and look at one of Cop-  
pley's portraits, or, what is better, could have  
seen Kate then? We trow his mouth would  
have watered. We doubt if justice is done  
to those good old times. Ah, those were the  
days of courtly manners and high-bred cavaliers  
—when the stately minuet still held sway—  
when gentlemen bowed reverently over the  
hand they scarcely dared to kiss—and when it  
was the crowning felicity of a whole eve-  
ning's devotion to hand a partner to the table  
by the tips of the fingers. Now-a-days, peo-  
ple bounce through frisky quadrilles, while  
the gallants tuck the arm of a mistress under  
their own as cozily as an old codger does his  
umbrella.

Preston was advancing toward Kate, when  
a buzz of admiration announced that Major  
Lindsay was about to lead her forth to the  
minuet. He won accordingly only a hasty  
courtesy in reply to his bow. He was mean-  
while subjected to the mortification of hear-  
ing from a dozen bystanders the rumor of  
Kate's engagement to the major; and one or  
two officiously applied to him to confirm the  
rumor, knowing his intimacy with the fam-  
ily. When the dance was concluded, which  
attracted general admiration, Major Lindsay  
still remained at Kate's side. Never before  
had Preston noticed such meaning and deli-  
cate assiduity in his attentions. Between the  
incidents of the morning and those of the  
evening, no wonder Preston's anger contin-  
ued unabated. Still he made several at-  
tempts to obtain a moment's tele-tele with  
Kate; but the crowd of her admirers frustrated  
this. At length, towards the close of the  
ball, he approached her.

"Come to bid you farewell," he said ab-  
ruptly; "to-morrow I leave Charleston."  
"Leave Charleston?" repeated a dozen  
voices in dismay. "What shall we do with-  
out you? Kate alone betrayed neither sur-  
prise nor emotion. 'Ah! indeed!' was her  
unconcerned reply.

Preston turned pale with suppressed mor-  
tification at this indifference; mere friendship  
he said to himself, demanded some expression  
of regret at least. His feelings were not  
wholly allayed by what followed.

"You're not going to join Marion, are you?"  
said Major Lindsay, in a tone of triumphant  
sneer, little imagining how near he was to  
the truth. "Has he frightened you by the  
great oath he has sworn, to revenge his neph-  
ew who was shot for a rebel? I hear he  
threatens some mighty deed. Only think of  
his doing anything with that brigade of in-

vincible interdenations—Falsaff's ragged  
regiment over again!"

"Take care that you are not one of those  
to pay the penalty of Marion's oath," return-  
ed Preston, stung by the insolence of his suc-  
cessful rival, and reckless what he said. "It  
was a foul deed, and will be terribly revenged."

Major Lindsay flushed to the brow, and his  
hand mechanically sought his sword-hilt, but  
he controlled himself immediately, and said  
with a sneer.

"That might be called sedition, only we  
know you are a man of peace, Mr. Preston.  
But he certainly Marion-bit, is he not?" and  
he turned to Kate.

Now Kate felt piqued at this unceremo-  
nious leave of her lover, as well as at his  
haughty conduct in the morning. She fan-  
cied herself trifled with, and answered cut-  
tingly.

"Never fear Mr. Preston's joining Marion.  
Our American gentlemen, on both sides, are  
but carpet knights of the day. They resemble  
Sancho Panza, who, good soul, would not stir  
a step till a rich island was promised for his  
share."

Preston tingled in every vein at this speech  
which he regarded as aimed at himself. He  
bowed sarcastically to Kate, and glanced an-  
grily at Major Lindsay, as he replied:

"One might almost be tempted to join Ma-  
rion after this, in order to raise the reputation  
of American courage, since just now British  
bravery has it said hollow."

"Oh! pray," said Kate, laughing, "play  
the Atlas for the patriots then? What's a  
good man; be the St. George to destroy this  
British dragon."

Major Lindsay looked for a moment, as if  
he thought there was more in this than met  
the ear; but he contented himself with retort-  
ing on Preston.

"Do, by all means," he said, "and, if you  
take Bobadil's plan, you may defeat a whole  
army yourself. You know he proposes to  
challenge a single enemy and slay him by du-  
ello; then challenge a second, and slay him;  
then a third, and dispose of him also; and so  
on until the whole army was annihilated."

Kate, as well as the rest, laughed at his  
sally. Preston needed but this to complete  
his anger and disgust. The field, he saw,  
was his rival's, and he was glad when other  
persons approached and broke up the colloquy  
which to tell the truth, was growing too per-  
sonal. But Kate was piqued, and Preston  
enraged; and as for the Major, seeing there  
was a quarrel between his rival and mistress,  
he was driven to "WHEEL THE DRAGON."

Do not be hurried from the ball-room, and  
taking time only to change his dress, repaired  
to the rendezvous where Macdonald awaited  
him. Without a word, he flung himself into  
the saddle, and his companion, imitating his  
example, they were soon without the city.—  
They had passed the outposts for some time,  
when Macdonald, pushing his horse close to  
Preston's, opened the conversation.

"We're clear of that confounded town at  
last," said Heaven," he said, "and I, for one,  
ain't sorry. Them Englishmen are as saucy  
as pines, and think nobody has any courage  
but themselves. But I know one stout fel-  
low that can snuff a candle with his rifle, at  
two hundred yards, and before a week we'll  
have a rap at 'em, for I s'pose you go direct  
sir, to Marion's camp?"

Major Lindsay nodded a gloomy assent, for  
buried in his own thoughts, he cared not to be  
disturbed. Macdonald saw this, and, defeat-  
ed in his attempt to open a conversation, drop-  
ped back, but when out of hearing, muttered:

"I see how it is. Them women's always  
getting a man into trouble. For my part, I'll  
be a bachelor. Marrying's like getting tipsy;  
very pleasant, except for the after repentance."

CHAPTER II.  
Gave me news, she by broad Santee,  
Gave me in a half-hour's time,  
That her heart was all with Marion,  
With Marion as their prayer.

The period of which I write was one  
that will ever be memorable in the annals of  
our country. Never had the fortunes of the  
patriots been at so low an ebb in the south,  
as between the defeat of Gato, at Camden,  
and the invasion of Cornwallis into North Car-  
olina. After the fall of Charleston, no time  
had been lost in overrunning the colony. All  
organized resistance being at an end, a pro-  
clamation was published, inviting the citizens  
to return to his majesty's government, and  
stipulating for little more on their part than  
neutrality. Large numbers, even the Whigs  
accepted these terms, and had Cornwallis ad-  
hered to his promises, then indeed might li-  
berly have been despaired of. But the royal re-  
sult threw of the mask, and required all who  
had accepted the protection, as it was called  
to declare themselves openly on the royal  
side, in the further prosecution of the war.—  
Finding themselves thus basely deceived,  
many flew to arms; but such whenever cap-  
tured, were executed as rebels. The fate of  
Col. Hayne, who was put to death at Charle-  
ston under these circumstances, was but a  
type of that of hundreds of lesser note, who  
perished often without a trial.

The war meanwhile was carried on with  
savage ferocity against the Whigs. Their  
plantations were laid waste, their negroes  
were carried off, their homes given to the  
flames. The seven vials of wrath were liter-  
ally poured out on South Carolina. Instances  
of cruelty without number are left on record.  
One may suffice. An innocent Quaker who  
took care of a sentry's musket for a few min-  
utes, while the soldier went home on an er-  
rand, was seized for this pretended crime and  
thrown into prison. His wife hurried to the  
jail to see him. She was told to wait a few  
moments and she should be conducted to him.  
With this brutal jest upon their lips, the royal  
myrmidons hurried to the man's cell, drag-  
ged him forth and hung him at the jail win-  
dow, then, returning to his wife, they led her  
into the yard, and showed her husband to her  
quivering in the agonies of death. But God  
raised up at last an avenger for these and oth-

er atrocities. Suddenly in the very heart of  
the oppressed district, there arose a defender,  
bold, sleepless, unforgiving—seemingly on-  
dowed with miraculous powers of the intelli-  
gence—whose motions were as quick as light-  
ning—who dealt blows now here, now there,  
at points least expected—and who by a series  
of rapid and brilliant successes, soon made  
his name a terror to the British. Volunteers  
flocked in crowds to his standard. His bold-  
ness and gallantry filled the colony with as-  
tonishment and rejoicing. Whenever a sur-  
prise took place—whenever a convoy was  
cut off—whenever a gallant deed was unex-  
pectedly done, men said that Marion had been  
there.

Preston had succeeded in raising a troop, for  
his name was an influential one in his neigh-  
borhood, and he was soon one of Marion's  
most trusted adherents. A man who is willing  
to throw his life away on every occasion,  
speedily acquires the reputation of daring and  
bravery. The country round the Santee,  
which was the chief scene of his exploits,  
rung with the name of our hero. Nor was  
his foster-brother, now a sergeant in Preston's  
troop, and one of Marion's acutest scouts,  
without his share of renown.

Mean time the gay society of Charleston  
had suffered considerable diminutions. Many  
of the royal officers were absent with their  
commanders, and a large portion of the gen-  
try had retired to their estates. Among these  
was Mr. Mowbray, who secretly meditated  
joining the continental side again. Kate,  
too, was absent with her aunt, at the estate  
of the latter.

To this place the course of our story now  
carries us. Mrs. Blakely's mansion had  
heretofore escaped the visitations of war, but  
within a few days a detachment under Col.  
Watson had halted there on its march to  
Camden. With him came Major Lindsay,  
still an eager suitor for Kate. But scarcely  
had Col. Watson encamped on the plantation,  
when a body of Marion's men, made their ap-  
pearance, and daily harassed the British of-  
ficer, by cutting off his communications, as-  
sailing his pickets, and sometimes even beat-  
ing up his camp.

One evening Kate was sitting sewing with  
her aunt in the parlor, conversing with Col.  
Watson, and several of his officers who were  
their guests, when the servant came in to