THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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May 1, 1847. C. M. TIBBALS.

From the Erie Observer, Extra, May 10, 1847.

We received last night by the southern mail, (in the Pittsburgh Chronicle) the following HIGHLY IMPORTANT NEWS

FROM THE ARMY.

GREAT BATTLE BETWEE THE AMERICAN AND MEXICAN ARMIES—AMERICAN LOSS ESTIMATED AT 500—GEN. SCOTT VICTORIOUS—6000 MEXICAN PRISONERS—GREAT SLAUGHTER AMONG THE MEXICANS!!

PHILADELPHIA, May 7—7 P. M.

News has been received that another great battle has been fought near Cerro Gardo beteen Genl Scott and Santa Anna.

The Americans are again triumphant, the Mexicans having suffered a complete defeat. Five Mexican Generals have been taken prisoners.

FURTHER PARTICULARS!

We received the following dispatch at 12 o'clock last night. The battle must have been one of the most tremendous on record. Certainly nothing equal to it occurred during the Mexican war. The further particulars of the fight will be looked for with the utmost interest.

The American army took SIX THOUSAND MEXICAN PRISONERS!!!

The loss to our army in killed and wounded is estimated as high as five hundred.—The Mexican loss is unknown, but it has been immense.

Hopes are entertained that Brigadier General Shields who was badly wounded may recover.

Fifty men were killed and wounded in Col. Baker's Regiment of Illinois.

Our want of Dragoons to follow up the pursuit, saved Santa Anna's life.

The Kentucky and Tennessee troops have suffered much.

No mention is made of any of the Pennsylvania troops. Colonel Haskell's Regiment of Tennesseeans lost 80 men. Capt. Naylor's company from Philadelphia belonged to this regiment.

The battle commenced on the 17th of April between the Mexicans and the advance of Gen. Twigg's command. A very severe engagement ensued. On the next day General Scott came up with the main body of the American army, when the battle was renewed. The engagement was a bloody and desperate one, but the Mexicans were completely routed.

Santa Anna made his escape on a mule through the chapparal. His flight must have been a hasty one, for he left his coach, papers, money and *wooden leg* behind him. His dinner and camp equipage were also deserted, and he left all his munitions of war, which fell into the hands of the victorious Americans.

Gen. La Vega was again taken prisoner, as also were five other Mexican Generals, and a large number of other officers. They will all be sent to the United States as prisoners of war.

The Mexicans were slaughtered by hundreds. Our loss has been very severe.

Brigadier General Shields is said to be mortally wounded, although there are slight hopes that he may recover.

Major Sumner was shot in the head, but his wound is said not to be mortal.

Brig. General Pillow was slightly wounded.

All the Field Officers of Col. Haskell's Regiment were wounded.

Capt. Mason lost a leg. Lieut. Ewell fell badly wounded. Lieut. M'Lane was slightly wounded.

Lieuts. Derby, Dana and Davis are slightly wounded. Capt. Patton was slightly wounded.

Lieuts. Nelson and Gill of Memphis, Tenn. were both killed.

Gen. La Vega's brother and several Mexican Colonels were killed.

Gen. Twiggs pursued the retreating Mexicans to near Jalapa.

On the 19th Gen. Worth marched for the city of Mexico, and Gen. Scott was to follow the same day.

The Mexican prisoners will be discharged upon their parole, not to serve again during the war with the United States.

The officers who will be sent to the United States have arrived at Vera Cruz.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.—The McConellsville (O.) Herald of the 14th inst., chronicles the marriage of two brothers to two sisters, all lately from Ritchie county, Va. The ceremony was performed in the woods about a half mile east of the town. The brothers, it appears, left their native hills to try their fortunes in Ohio. Their sweet hearts, unwilling to remain behind, determined, come weal or woe, to follow them and share their fortunes. On their journey, they had reached the point above mentioned and encamped for the night, their mother, had accompanied them, forbade any further progress until the nuptial knot was tied. A messenger was accordingly despatced to town "for a license and a square;" and, in due time, the twain were doubly made one flesh, in the forest, before their camp fire, the stars for sentinels and the trees for witness.

MEXICO AND HAVANA.—By the arrival of the schooner Philenus, Capt. Sparks, the N. Y. Sun has received advices from Havana to the 11th inst., and Vera Cruz to the 6th. The England steamship Tay, Capt. Shait, arrived at Havana on the 9th bringing the news of the surrender of Vera Cruz to the United States. She had on board $50,000 in specie. Three small boats arrived at Havana on the 8th, containing the passengers and crew of the English ship Catherine, which was totally lost on the rocks 25 miles north-east of Cape San Antonio. She was bound from Jamaica to Glasgow, and had a cargo of sugar and rum.

Santa Anna to the Minister of War.

Your excellency, we've won the day,
My "heroes" fought amid the fray,
And whipped the Yankees without pay,
And then—we wheeled and ran away.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

I WOULDN'T—WOULD YOU?

I wouldn't give much for a girl with a prattle
From morning till night—ther'es too much of the shrew;
She amuses as long as a twopenny rattle
Amuses a child—just as long as it's new!
I would'nt give much for a prattler,—would you?

I wouldn't give much for the women who wear them,
Small slippers—the gaiters—I mean number two;
Who strain all they know, if perchance they don't tear them,
Say, "husband! they're on, and just fit me, they do!"
I wouldn't give much for these women—would you?

I wouldn't give much for a girl with a bonnet
That cost fifty dollars when first it was new,
Who sports a large muff with a hairy tail on it,
That hangs down in front of it, just as it grew;
I wouldn't give much for this female—would you?

I wouldn't give much for the woman who prances,
Promenading till night all the thoroughfares thro';
Giving winks to the clerks, or else amorous glances,
Enough too to turn both her eyes all askew;
I wouldn't hive much for this woman—would you?

I wouldn't give much for a girl who is spending
Her days at the glass, not to work or to sew,
While her father is over his weary toil bending,
To earn to support her hard dollars a few;
I wouldn't give much for this vain one—would you?

I wouldn't give much for a girl with a lover
Of dandyfied air, with his soft "parley vous,"
His lips all mustachios—face whiskers all over,
Who calls himself foreign, and apeth the "roue;"
I wouldn't give much for this female—would you?

I wouldn't give much for a girl who reads novels,
From Chaever's to Ingraham's, "Hazel" and Sue,
That flood the whole country in mansions and hovels,
Before she has learned how to bake, boil and stew,
I wouldn't give much for this being—would you?

O give me no flirters, no vain one, no prancer,
But one who's a heart that is loving and true;
If handsome or homely, I'm sure she would answer,
And proud of the chance would I be her to woo,—
I wouldn't object, my dear fellow—would you!

From Graham's Magazine.

THE OATH OF MARION.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER VI.

"Who thundering come in blackest steed."—BYRON.

While Maj. Lindsay was galloping from Blakeley Hall, Captain Preston, by the same road, was advancing toward it. He had been out on a scouting expedition, and hearing that Kate was still with her aunt, determined, in a moment of relenting, to visit her. He had not yet heard of her father's capture—of course he was ignorant of her own peril; and Kate determined that he should remain so.

The rapidity of Major Lindsay's pace was in union with the tumult of his thoughts. Now that all was settled, conscience was stilled; and he felt only the wild exultation of success. Exposure was the only thing he had to dread; but of that he felt [illegible] for he counted on [illegible] for ... secrecy as well as impunity.

He had no doubt Kate would soon love him.—With other women he had generally been successful; he attributed his failure in her case to her remembrance of Preston as her old playmate. But once finding herself the husband of another, duty would soon teach her to forget the past. Occupied with these reflections, Major Lindsay's spirit rose. Triumphant guilt is rarely given to remorse.

"But one thing only is wanting," he said "If I could meet this Preston—this braggadocia—I would at once have my revenge, and get rid of all possibility of future rivalry."

As if in answer to this half expressed wish, there was at that moment seen, on the crest of a slight elevation in front, a single horseman, who even at that distance, was recognized as wearing the uniform of Marion's brigade.

"Wheel to the right," said Major Lindsay sharp and suddenly to his dragoons, "into this old wood-road. Halt! We will lie in ambush there until we know something of the strength of the enemy. They do not yet see us."

His orders were immediately executed. The troops dashed into the pine barren, where they were easily concealed behind some high brush.—Major Lindsay alighted and steadily advanced to reconnoiter.

First he saw a trooper idly descending the hill; then another immediately cut the clear acclivity with his figure; and soon a third, fourth and fifth appeared in rapid succession. The last comer was at a gallop and dashed by the others until he reached their head. Even at that distance Major Lindsay thought there was something familiar in that person. He could not believe, however, that he had seen the whole of the enemy's force, until the five horsemen had nearly descended the hill, when he concluded that they were merely a scouting party of the foe. He beckoned to him his orderly.

"Do you know those fellows?" he said.

The approaching horsemen were still at a considerable distance, so the man shading his eyes with one hand, while with the other he held back the brushwood to get an opening for his face, peered long and eagerly. Then he drew back, nodding his head.

"I know 'em," he said, "least ways one o'em, who is that Captain Preston that used to plague us so, up at the hall yonder," and he jerked his finger over his shoulder in the direction of Mrs. Blakeley's which they had left about an hour before.

"Are you sure?,' said Major Lindsay eagerly. I would rather lose a dozen guineas than that you should be mistaken."

"Then you'll keep your guineas, sir," said the orderly, "that's Capt. Preston and nobody else."

"Is that fellow, Macdonald, with him? He is worth two men, and it would be a lucky hit to get both."

"No, sir, I know his cut well—but he's not along. And that's odd too, for he and Capt. Preston always are together like dogs hunting in couples."

"Then we have him," said Major Lindsay, exultingly, "He cannot escape us."

"Shall we blow the trumpet, and charge at once, then?" said the orderly. "Our men will go at 'em like hungry wolves. They've a long score to settle."

"Not yet," said Major Lindsay, "we will wait till those fellows come up; then, boot and saddle, and upon them. I would not have them escape us for my life."

The dragoons, informed who the enemy was, chafed impatiently to begin the attack—for they had a hundred insults to avenge on the bold partisans before them. Meanwhile, our hero, for the orderly had been right in saying Capt. Preston led the troop, approached on a trot, completely unconscious of the presence of his hidden enemy. He was engaged in a scout expedition of some extent, and had no idea an armed royalist was within twenty miles. Suddenly however, he drew in his rein, for he thought he heard a horse stamping in the forest; but it was too late; Major Lindsay saw they were discovered, and immediately gave the long wished for word.

"Charge!" he said, plunging his rowels into the sides of his horse, and clearing at one bound the space between him and the road.

With a loud huzza, the dragoons shouting, "no quarter," followed his example, horse and man suddenly filling the road like apparitions. Preston saw he was surrounded. Their cries told him, moreover, that it was to be a life and death struggle. Five against fifteen was fearful odds, yet he cried.

"Marion forever!" and drawing his sabre, he dashed at Lindsay, whom he recognized. "Ha! have we met?" he cried.

"Yes—and I have you!" was the reply hissed between his adversary's teeth.

As Major Lindsay thus spoke, he raised himself in his stirrups, and throwing all his strength into one gigantic blow, he brought his heavy sabre down, right on the almost unprotected head of Preston. For a moment it seemed as if the trenchant blade would cut through cap and skull, even to the shoulder—and had it struck fair, it would; but with a dexterous movement, our hero evaded the stroke, and in return dealt a side cut that, if Major Lindsay's horse had not fortunately swerved, would have ended his life at once.

But though foiled in this first attempt, each was eager to return the charge, and wheeling their horses, they rushed again upon each other. It was Preston's turn now to deal the first blow.—He rode with very short stirrups, of which he took advantage to throw himself backward, and then projecting himself forward, and casting all his strength into the blow, he brought his sabre down on the helmet of Major Lindsay with a force that was irresistible. Cutting clear through the crest as if it had been a smokewreath, the well proved blade descended with full violence on the steel cap, through which it crashed like an egg-shell; but here it stopped—broken into fragments by the tremendous stroke and the resistance of the iron casque combined. Nothing but that well tempered steel head-piece could have saved Major Lindsay's life. As it was, stunned and bewildered he reeled in his saddle.

"Hew him down!" "Use the cold lead!"—"Have at him there, one and all!"

Such were the exclamations that met our hero's ear, as he recovered himself from that blow, and found only the hilt and a fragment of his broken blade left in his hand. He looked round hastily. His four followers had already been put *hors du combat*, and the dragoons were now, like dogs around a wild boar, waiting a chance to rush in on him, encouraging each other by shouts; for such was the terror of Preston's name, and so terrific was the blow they had just seen dealt their leader, that each man hung back an instant, preferring that his neighbor should [illegible] advantage, and hasten to avail himself of it, for, as pistols were already drawn, he knew his chance would last scarcely a moment.

"Ho, Thunderer!" he said, addressing his steed—a powerful animal, jet black all over—and turning his head toward that part of the circle of his foes which seemed the thinest, he added, "stand by me now, and we escape them yet."

As he spoke, he dashed his spurs into the animal's sides till the blood spurted from beneath the sharp steel, and with a pistol in his right hand, sprang fiercely forward. Right and left the dragoons, panic-struck, gave way, as a flock of sheep fly before the onset of an angry wolf—only one man attempting to stop his progress.—But, without so much as being wounded, the trooper went down headlong—overthrown by Preston's powerful charger; and our hero, yielding to an uncontrollable impulse, as he saw the way thus cleared before him, rose in his stirrups, and waving his arm on high, looked back, and gave utterance to a shout that long after he had vanished, like a bolt shot from some huge catapult, echoed and re-echoed in the startled woods.

"He is off, be God," said the orderly; "saw you ever the like?"

For a second the dragoons stood stupidly looking at each other; then, all at once, a dozen pistols were snapped at the fugitive, and a dozen steeds put to the pursuit. Moreover, Major Lindsay, though his head still swam from that tremendous blow, had recovered sufficiently to understand what was passing, and he now lent his voice to encourage the chase, and himself passed forward among the first.

All this had occupied less time than it has taken us to relate it. The attack the fight, the escape, succeeded each other like flashes of summer lightning; and when Preston, adroitly turning his horse into the narrow and winding road where his foes had lain in ambush, passed momentarily out of sight, unharmed by the shots that whistled past, it seemed to him almost as if he were in a dream. But the shouts of pursuers, and the rapid tread of hoofs, speedily convinced him of the reality. And plying voice and spur, he went onward at a slashing pace, now and then looking behind to see if the dragoons gained on him.

There is something inexpressibly still and refreshing in an old, deserted road, winding through a cool pine forest. The tall trees lapping over head, the thick carpet of splintering leaves below, and the delicious fragrance all around, have always had a charm for us; and Preston felt it so, especially after the fierce excitement of that life and death struggle; so that when he came to a little dark stream, gliding softly across the road, he longed to stop and bathe his throbbing temples and take one long, sweet draught, as he had often done upon a hot day in the forest, when a boy. But the red foe was behind him and he shot on like an arrow.

Presently he came to an old clearing, which had had been long abandoned. Here for about a quarter of a mile, was an open space, where ploughed fields had once been, but the furrows of which were overgrown by a dry, stunted grass.—He would have preferred the winding forest road, but there was no alternative, and on he dashed.—He had nearly regained the shelter of the forest on the other side, when he heard a wild burst of cheering, and looking back he saw the dragoons, with Major Lindsay and one other in advance, entering on the open space. They had caught sight of him for the first time since he entered the old road, and their shouts betokened renewed hope and determination on their part.

Breathlessly Preston kept on, but with less assurance than before; for his horse was already hard worked, and soon he saw with dismay that blood was flowing from his fore-shoulder freely from a wound. A half mile further on, the poor animal began to flag sensibly; yet cruel as it seemed, and much as it pained his own generous nature, Preston was forced to urge on the dying steed. He knew that at the distance of a mile and a half ahead, was a swamp into the recesses of which, if he could but once plunge, he would be safe. But now he heard behind him a rapid hoof. It came nearer though still out of sight.—One if not more of his pursuers was gaining upon him. Again he spurred his steed, and encouraged him with words. The noble animal answered with a feeble cry and staggered on.—Scarcely half a mile now remained to gain the swamp. If he could only reach it, Preston knew all danger would be past. But this was impossible.

That rapid gallop came nearer and nearer, like the clock that ticks the hour of the criminal's fate. He heard a shout behind him, and looking over his shoulder, saw the trooper, whom he had last noticed side by side with Major Lindsay, come thundering in. He cheered his dying steed to a last effort, but it was in vain—the dragoon made two strides to his one. A few paces only now separated them; the swamp lay thrice the distance before. Already the trooper had raised in his stirrups, broad-sword in hand. Preston had no such weapon. Suddenly he recollected the pistol in his other holster, and drawing it with the velocity of thought, he turned half around in his saddle and fired. With unerring aim the ball entered the brain of the dragoon, who fell dead to the earth.

It was the work of a moment to leap to the ground and catch the fallen soldier's horse, on which Preston sprang. Poor Thunderer was already dead; he had sunk to the earth as his master fired the last shot.

Thus fate interposed to prevent an interview between Preston and our heroine, at a time when it would have been of incalculable advantage to both, and have circumvented a plot as base and cruel as it was now certain of success. At the very hour when Preston, after having ridden over thirty miles from the spot where he was attacked, threw himself wearied from his horse, in one of the most *secret recesses of the forest*, Kate and her aunt were setting forth for Georgetown, where they arrived on the succeeding day.

Never was human creature in a more isolated and mournful situation than Kate now found herself. Indulging in what she thought a hopeless passion, every motive of delicacy forbade her revealing it to those *who alone could befriend her.* She well knew that if her father became aware how much her marriage with Major Lindsay was against her inclinations, he would interpose even at the very altar, and ascend the scaffold to save her. Neither would it do to let her aunt guess her abhorrance at this union. Both her father and Mrs. Blakeley had, indeed, at one time hoped that a matrimonial connection would be formed between her and Preston, but the mutual coldness of the parties had *long since dissipated* this expectation. It was no time now to reveal her secret preference; but a confession would only have sealed her father's fate, without rendering her happy. Kate was forced [illegible] lacerated.

As Major Lindsay was compeled to be absent in six days, his leave of absence closing at that period, the marriage was fixed for the evening before his departure. This was an earlier day than Kate had looked for, but she could not object without exposing her secret. She submitted therefore in silence.

But who can tell the agony of her spirit when in company with her aunt and parent, she was forced to wear a smiling aspect! yet when alone, she gave free vent to her sorrow. The image of Preston often intruded on those bitter moments.—Alas! that one so young should be so miserable. She could have prayed for death, but that would have been impious.

Oh the heart—the heart! what a mystery it is. There are blows worse than those on the wheel: it is when a gay heart is broken with anguish.

CHAPTER VII.

Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress tree,
We know the forest round us,
As the seamen knows the sea,
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.—
Song of Marion's men.

It was several days after the events of the last chapter, and the scene was one of wild and woodland beauty. Huge cypresses rose on every hand, festooned with parasite plants, broad glades opened here and there in all directions; and vast arcades stretched off at a distance, groined and vaulted like a Gothic minister. It was just such a spot as Robin Hood might have chosen in old Sherwood. Here were gnarled monarchs of the forest which had braved the lightnings and the storms of a thousand years; here were natural bowers, formed by the interlacing branches of trees, such as fair Rosamond might have been sheltered in; here were vines drooping from the huge branches, like curtains, or hanging in festoons across the way, like the draped banners of a mighty host. The whole scene was full of picturesque beauty. And the effect was heightened by fires, which, glimmering here and there between the trees, cast wild and flickering shades along the sward, and gave the prospect the air of an enchanted forest. Fragrant plants filled the evening atmosphere with delicious perfume—the laurel, the shrub, and, more exquisite than all, the sweet-scented jessamine.

This, as the reader may have imagined, was Marion's celebrated camp at Snow Island. It was a piece of high river swamp, nearly or altogether enclosed by water, and defended by its natural position from surprise and siege alike. Here after his famous expeditions, he was accustomed to retire and recruit his men, exhausted by long and rapid marches, often sixty miles a day, which they had been called on to endure. Perhaps the great secret of this renowned partisan's success, next to his indomitable courage, which reminds us of a knight of chivalry, was the care which he took to give his followers sufficient rest between his enterprises. His maxim was to lie low and feed high until the hour came to strike; but then his motions were as rapid, and the blow he struck as decided as the thunderbolt.

The present occasion was one of those on which his men, having returned from a successful expedition, was resigning themselves, like true soldiers, to the pleasure of the moment. The sentinels were indeed posted at the outskirts; but inside the camp itself was universal wassail and song. The reigns of discipline seemed, for the time, to have been relaxed. The different messes were gathered over their meals; the cheerful cup circulated from hand to hand; and many a merry jest was told, or lyric of war or love was sung by those jovial boon companions.

One of these groups seemed even more merry than the rest. It was composed of about a dozen men, prominent among whom was Preston's serjeant, Macdonald, who acted as the director of ceremonies for the time being, and saw especially to the circulation of the cup.

"Keep it up, boys," he said, handing around the bottle, "it isn't often we get such real old stuff as this, for it's not every day we have the rifling of a rich Tory's cellars, as we had last week. A short life and a merry one, is my motto. Hillo! my excellent friend, Jacob, why don't you drink? You needn't sit showing us your teeth all the time, as though they were handsome. Comrades here is the health of Jacob Snow—that's you my old chap, I suppose—he serves as pretty a mistress as there is in the thirteen colonies; and boasts a shin bone that curves like a reaping hook. Jacob Snow, standing, egad!"

"Lor, Massa Macdonald, I'm deep obligated for dis honor," said the old butler, for it was indeed he. "I'm discumfounded for words to distress my feelings." Here he laid his hand on his heart,

"That's it—blaze away old fellow" said the serjeant slapping him on the back, "I knew you could talk as glib as a parson. So you were at Mrs. Blakeley's when we were before that place, were you? You remember my sending for my baggage?"

"Gor, amighty! yes," said old Jacob, full of reverential admiration. "And you's do gentleman too dat shot Lieutenant Torriano at three hundred yards. Yaw! yaw! yaw! dat made 'em furious. Major Lindsay said you were an Injun, and no better dan a cannon ball—he, yaw!"

"Ha! ha! A cannibal you mean, my old brave I suppose. But that hitting of the lieutenant was a trifle to the way I served Major Gainey.—Wasn't it, lads?"

"Ay, it was?" echoed half a dozen voices.—"Tell it to him—tell it!"

"Shall I," said the serjeant, addressing Jacob with something of drunken gravity; for the whole party by this time, had done ample justice to their flagons.

"Well, then, you must know, my jolly old blade—but fill your cup again, and drink perdition to the Englishmen—that a party of us had a brush down by Georgetown, not long ago, with some of the British regulars, who were killing beeves at White Bridge. We soon whipped the red coats, and then chased them toward the town. But their friends there, hearing the firing, came swarming out like bees, and so went at it again, hip and thigh as the good book says, and for a while it was the toss of a six-pence which would win. We fought a pretty smart bit of the day; but at last the red coats gave ground again. I had noticed among them an officer whom I took for Major Gainey, a fellow that had the impudence to boast that he'd carry Marion a prisoner on his saddle into Georgetown; and so I singled him out, resolving to try his pluck, and comb him down a spell. But no sooner did he see me coming down on Black Bess, than he clapped spurs to his horse—and a cursedly good one it was—and made straight for the town, like an old woman who sees a mad dog. Down the road we went, clattering and thundering; but devil a bit for a long while could I gain on the major. I might have cut down half a dozen strapping fellows as I dashed along, but I had made up my mind to have [illegible] of the [illegible] and Black Bess did wonders [illegible]. The trees and fences shot past as if running a race. The major's blood horse went as I never saw a beast go before; but I was close behind, and beginning to gain on him. We were now almost at the entrance of Georgetown. Still I held on, hooping to old Bess like a mad devil, as I reached Richmond fence, I lapped the quarter of the major's horse, and with a lunge, ran my bayonet into his back. The major had turned around, frightened half to death, lifting up his hands beseechingly; and I thought I had him sure, till the cursed bayonet *came off*, and left me only the gun. I was mad enough at having lost him, yet I could not help laughing as I saw him go down the streets of Georgetown, the bayonet still sticking in him, like a skewer into a trussed fowl. I hauled up, and came off safe, and that's the last we've heard of Major Gainey."

With narratives like these the night passed, the old butler listening with open mouth and ears. At length, toward midnight, the tread of a horse's feet was heard, and directly a clear, commanding voice called Macdonald by name.

"The captain, by the Lord!" exclaimed the serjeant, jumping up as if struck by an electric shock. "He is here at last, alive and sound, which I began to fear for—huzza! But stop,—Now Jacob Snow, Esq., deliver your mission.—Stand up like a man, as I do, and don't sway about like a pine tree in a hurricane.—Captain, this gentleman," continued the speaker, his voice getting thicker and thicker, "has a message for you from Miss Mowbray; but he's too cursedly drunk to know it."

At these words, our hero, who was regarding the group with a look of silent rebuke, turned suddenly on the old butler, who was, if the truth must be told; the only sober one of the party. A flash of joy lit up Capt. Preston's face as he extended his hand for the supposed letter. Old Jacob, who had no missive of that character to deliver, but who had come wholly on his own responsibility, hesitated what to say. While the two parties are thus regarding each other, we will explain the incidents which had brought them thus unexpectedly together.

Capt. Preston had found difficulty in regaining the camp, in consequence of Maj Lindsay having left word of the place where he had sought refuge with some Tories in the neighborhood. These men, anxious to secure so redoubtable leader, had immediately stationed patrols at all the usual out-lets of the swamp, and thus twice had our hero been driven back into its recesses, once narrowly escaping death. At length, however, in the dead of night, he had succeeded in eluding his enemies, and gaining the high road. His flight, however, had led him into a district full of Tories and was forced to travel with great caution, and make a long circuit in order to return to camp. Meantime, his absence there had occasioned much alarm, especially among his troops; and Macdonald had intended, if he did not appear by the ensuing morning, setting forth to make inquiries respecting him, fearing he was dead.

The old butler had been in the camp two days. He had attended his mistress to Georgetown, and was the only one who suspected the true state of Kate's heart. He loved that fair creature with the blind devotion a dog shows to its master; and he had long been fully satisfied that her affections were given to Preston. Of our hero he had some such an idea as the old romancers had of a Paladin of former days, looking on him as capable of doing any deed, no matter how impossible. To old Jacob it seemed only necessary that Preston should know of Kate's danger, in order to rescue her. Accordingly, when he found the marriage actually resolved on, and the day fixed, he stole out of Georgetown, and made the best of his way to Marion's camp.

Here the news of Preston's absence fell on him like a thunderbolt. But he knew no one else could assist him, and moreover he held Kate's secret too sacred to be imparted to others. Meantime, he found amuzement in listening to the tales of the soldiers, and was never happier than when with mouth wide open, he sat devouring some story of the war. He implicitly believed every thing he heard, and thought, with humble vanity, what a sensation he would create at Blakeley Hall, when he rehearsed there those tales; for Jacob, in his lowly way, was a sort of Froissart; and with the unctuous old cannon, thought nothing so "honorable and glorious as gallant feats of arms."

Preston now drew the old butler aside, and said,

"Have you the letter here?"

"Please massa," said the old fellow, determined to blunt through the business with a round falsehood, since he could think of nothing else just then, that would serve his turn, please massa, dat was a cursed lie in Sergeant Macdonald—I nebber had a letter from Miss Kate; but I hab one lily message from her. She is in Georgetown in a polemic—either she must marry Major Lindsay, or Mr. Mowbray be hung."

"Good God!" exclaimed Preston, "what is it you say? Trifle not with me," he said sternly, seizing the old slave by the collar.

"As true as dare is a Heaven above." said the old butler, trembling and half frightened out of his wits; "what I say is de Gospel truth."

He then proceeded to give Preston a more detailed account of affairs, so far as they were known to him—adhearing generally to the truth, except in roundly asserting that Kate had sent him.

Preston's heart throbbed when he heard this.—Kate loved him, then, after all. Hope whispered to him a bewildering dream; for if she could be rescued what happiness would be his! But then came the thought how was this to be effected! Kate was at Georgetown, a post of considerable strength, and no succor could reach her unless by stratagem yet with time, this might be effected. But in what manner could the vigilance of guards be surmounted, and the prize carried off—for it was necessary to rescue her father as well as herself.—Suddenly the voice of old Jacob aroused him from the train of thought into which he was plunged,

"Dere is lily time lest, sar," he said, "for I hab waited two days. 'To-morow night it will be too late—for den de wedding is to take place.'

"To-morrow night," said Preston aghast—for now he heard for the first time, of the period fixed for the marriage. 'God of Heavens! it is already too late—she is lost forever!'

He turned his face tortured with anguish, up to the moon, which smiling full and bright through the blue depths of air. How calm and unruffled was that silvery planet! Ages ago it had shown thus, equally cold and unsympathising. It had seen the sacrifice of Jeptha's daughter; it had beheld the fugitive Pompey; it had gazed on Zenobia, when a crownless queen; it had looked down on pestilence and war [illegible] course, the same unmeeting orb, mocking at man and his agony. Preston turned away, and groaned. Heaven as well as earth seemed without hope.

[Concluded next week.]

The Boat without boilers.

During the opposition between the two steamboat lines, running from the Kennebec to Boston last summer; and just as the river boats were making ready to start, a wagon hove in sight, in which was an old lady, with an accompaniment of band boxes and bundles, evidently equipped for a journey. The respective agents of the two lines sprang towards her. "Take the Marshall, marm?—fine boat." "Try the *Penobscot*, new boat, built last summer, commanded by the favorite of everybody—Captain ———," &c. &c. The boys and loafers around echoed the claims of their favoites in concert, "Hurrah for the Penobscot," "Hurrah for the John Marshall." The old lady, who had probably never seen a steamboat before, whose chief notion of the varmints was their boiler bursting propensities, was almost beside herself with terror at the hubbub.

"Oh, Lordy! I wish I'd never stirred a step—if I'd a known there was to be such an awful time as this, I'm sure I wouldn't. The pesky bilers—I know they'll bust—every body's looking after me and nobody's attending to 'em. There, go right away, all of you, I'm going straight back. I couldn't rest a wink for fear of the pesky bilers."

"You need give yourself no anxiety on account of the boilers in the Marshall"—(said the agent of M.) "they are new and sound, and couldn't be made to burst."

"Are you sure of it," said the old lady, evincing symptoms of a favorable disposition towards the Marshall—"you ain't a tryin' to practice on the credulity of a poor lone woman, I hope."

"No fear of me—as sound as a teakettle," was the reply.

The old woman was about descending from the wagon to embark in the Marshall, when agent No. 2 stepped up,

"Madam," said he, in a serious tone, "no doubt the Marshall's boilers are sound enough, but the best boilers are dangerous things. We knew that a great many people had been killed by them—especially of late—and took the boilers out of our boat three weeks ago."

"You did," said she, "that's the boat for me, then—James (to the wagon boy) pass out the bonnet box, and the umbrella, and the parasol—and don't forget the new shoes and doughnuts under the seat. Tell Sally I went in the boat without any bilers, and she need have no fears of me."

And giving her arm to the agent she hurried aboard the Penobscot—remarking that they had better hurry out of the way of the bilers of the other boat, as, if they were to burst, she might get hurt at that distance.

COMPLIMENTARY!—An Abolitionist of Auburn nominates the negro Freeman, who committed the revolting murders at Owasco, and for whom Gov. Seward has so warmly sympathized, as a proper candidate for Vice-President, on the ticket with Gen. TAYLOR.—*Roch. Advertiser.*

WHIGS KNOCKING UNDER.—It is no longer denied by our Whig opponents that the Tariff of '46 is the best we have ever had; they are all out in favor of the Mexican war; and nothing has been said against the Sub-Treasury lately. Now why may not that party support the administration, since it has ceased to declare hostilities to its leading measures!

The first arrival of a sail vessel at Buffalo this season, was on the 23 of April.