LADY JANE GREY.

BY GLORGE, Ye fron-hearted, oh, ye cry for bload-Is there no one from whom to gorge your thirst,
And view the life-tide stain, the glist'ning steel?

The blood-hound smells his prey, and in his thirst In attace laps his deep red tongue for gore; The wolf in prowling mood—with sneakish mien, Steals life from lambs to moisten his dry jaws; Then why not ; e-oh, brave and mighty ones Who make and execute Brittannia's laws-Then why not dye your hands in woman's blood. And on your reeking altar sacrifice And innocent, as wise and accomplished, As mother Earth bore in her fruitfulness? Oh, what a feat, how full of glory fraught, To check the beating pulse of such a one, To stop the throbbings of her youthful heart! Then bring on the axe, the block, the "felon" Bring (a new name for virtue surely this;)" Lay bare the neck, her vision dim -for al! Ye cannot stand the last deep-searching gaze

Of those calm, angel eyes-make ready al

And unmoved at what might cause rocks to weep, The thirsty steel has drank its victim's blood; The form, an hour ago, that teemed with life, With beauty glowed, is cold and quiet now; The fires that lit up those heavenly eyes 3.
Are quenched, and night eternal's settled flown— The spirit's left its clay. Oh, mournful thought! Why is it so; the good, the fair, the wise, The lovely, thus should like the felon die Beneath the headman's steel Oh, she was kind, A gracious one, a being bright, sent here With all the charms that grace and dignify Her sex, to cheer this lower world, like some Bright star, at night, 'mong dimmer ones that's seen Tell me not the outraged laws demanded this; But rest thee, gentle one-though dead, thou liv'st, And while future ages hurrying by, Humanity's great heart, with sorrow-throb.

THE YOUNG DRAGOON

A STORY OF THE GOWPENS.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON. CHAPTER L. There is a thing-there is a thing, I fain would have from thee,

I fain would have that gay gold ring.
The Spectre Lady. Tur period of our revolutionary history immediately succeeding the defeat of Camden, is still remembered in the Carolinas with horror. The British elated with their success, and regarding the South as now their own, proceeded in the work of confiscation and massacre with pitiless severity. In that horrible crisis many a family was deprived of its head either by exile or execution .-Yet larger numbers were shorn of their property and roduced to comparative indigence. In a word, horror

reigned paramount. But the common events of life still went on. The transactions of business, the struggle for wealth, the toils of the husbandman, births, deaths, marriages, cares, hopes, fears-all followed each other down the deep current of existence, almost wholly unaffected by the storm society. Men will still hate, though the entire nation be turned into a camp; will strive for the dress of earth;

piness in love. It was toward the close of a winter evening, that a youth of noble mien and handsome face stood at the foot of one of those long avenues of trees, which in South Carolina lead up from the road to the mansions of the weakhier proprietors. For nearly half an hour he had been there as if awaiting the approach of some one from now restlessly walking to and fro. During that interval but one person had walked along the highway, and the notice of this one the youth had skilfully avoided by concealing himself behind some dwarf trees within the plantation fence. This act, as well as his whole demeanor showed he was awaiting some secret interview.

At last, just when the dusk began to deepen into night, the flutter of a white dress was seen coming down the a charge. avenue. A minute more, and a beautiful girl of eighteen summers appeared on the scene.

"Albert" said the new comer, as the youth seized her hand, passionately kissing it, "I have not a second to stay. It was with difficulty I could leave the house unseen, and my absence has doubtless been nonced before this; what we have to say, therefore, must be said at once; why have you sought this interview?"

"I have sought it Ellen," he replied, still holding her hand, "because, despairing of gaining your consent, I have volunteered in Capt. Washington's cavalry corps, and to-morrow set forth. Perhaps you will never see me more. I could not leave the neighborhood without seeing you once more, and bidding you an eternal farewell; and as your father's orders had banished me from except by soliciting an interview.

The tears had startled from the eyes of his listener, but she turned away her head to conceal them; and for some time neither spoke. "Ellen, dear Ellen," said the young soldier, enruestly, "will you not now, in this solemn moment, say you love me? I once hoped you did, but since your father has forbidden me the house, you have been less kind; and I fear that I have lost your l am beggared-"

His listener suddenly turned her face, full upon him, with a look of tearful reproach that cut short his words. have been mistaken in thinking you at all altered."

still his hearer did not speak. "Oh! Ellen," he continued, "when I am far away,

fighting my country's battles, what bliss it would be to should fall, you would shed a tear for me."

"His listener, at these words wept freely, and when her agitation had somewhat passed, spoke.

"Albert," she said, you have conquered. Know then ants being Tarleton and two powerful dragoons. that I do love you." At these words the impetuous I can never be yours. The consciousness of his disapquickly added, "in a word, if it will comfort you when his subro, then rushed at Tarleton himself. who are hourly anxious for the fate of the absent."

thile a deep and holy silence succeeded, as these two took the whole scene. Albert saw that before he could wake.

POETRY AND MISCELLANY. | young and unhappy beings held each other in a first come up Washington would be slain, unless fire

It was only for a moment, however, that Ellen vieldoverspread her face,

"And now, forewell-perhaps all this is wrong-but could not see you leave me in anger." "God bless you for those kind words," said Albert.

iature that hangs around your neck-is it too much to good his escape. "You, Albert!-you!"

suddenly gave it to him. He drew a heavy signet-ring from his finger, and said, tendering it in exchange. "Take this, and let us be true to each other-so help us God!"

And with this parting adjuration, he sprang over the fonce to conceal himself behind the bushwood, while Ellen, hestuing up the avenue, was soon lost to sight in the obscurity of the hour.

The wind sighed mournfully through the pine woods as this bethrothal was comsumated, and the dark, starless sky overhead looked down with its weird and melancholy face.

> CHAPTER II. Heard you the din of battle bray, Lauce to lauce, and horse to horse.

It is well known that after the defeat of Gates, Congress hastened to supercede that general, and appointed over the heart lay a miniature, which had stopped the Greene to succeed him. At the period of the incidents ball. parrated in the last chapter, the new Commander-in-Chief had arrived in the South, and was organizing his

His very first proceeding showed the resources of un intellect, which, in military offairs was second only to that of the "father of his country." Aware that the initiatory step towards redeeming the South was to arouse the confidence of its people, he determined to divide his force. While, therefore, he moved with one portion down the Pedce, he despatched Morgan, with the remainder, west of the Catawba, in order to encourage the inhabitants in that quarter. Morgan's corps was accompanied by Capt Washington's light dragoons, of which our here had already become a conspicuous member.

This division of his army, in the face of an active foe would have been a capital error, but for the political advantages it offered, and which overhalanced the military ones. Cornwallis, then in command of the royal army, determined to frustrate the success of this plan by cutting off Morgan's detachment; and accordingly ordered Col. Tarleton, with his renowned dragoons, and a competent force of infantry to give pursuit.

It was on the 14th of January, 1781, a day over to be remembered in the annals of our country, that the heroic Morgan learned the danger in which he stood. He determined immediately to give battle. For this purpose he halted at a place called the Cowpens, and having drawn up his troops, awaited, though not without anxiety, the appearance of the foe.

The attack of Tarleton, as usual, was impetuous, and, for a while, the American militia were driven helplessly before it; but soon they rallied, under cover of a few continentals belonging to Morgan's command, and, in turn, the line, led by their colonel, now charged with he bay- tered at the opposite door; but who, instead of wearing

Washington, with his cavalry, had been waiting imbeen stationed as a partial reserve, the order for him to of his wounded guest, thearing your voice, learned for of war which agitated the surface. It is an error to sup- his enthusiasm. Composed chiefly of young men of family, and mounted on thorough bred animals they pre- we last parted, Mr. Scott." he said, noticing our here's sented a formidable appearance, as they stood awaiting look of asionishment, "it was with ill-feeling on both the order to engage, the horses champing at the bits, and sides Let all that be forgotten. Whatever I may then will still, if young and generous, risk their heart's hap- the riders nervously fingering their swords: they saw the have said, I now recall. In saving the life of Captain onset of the British, the flight of the first line, and the Washington, who is my dearest friend, you have laid me partial panic that extended through the foot soldiers with under infinite obligations, and at his request I have conhorror; but still their leader remained unmoved. Many sented to overlook the past, and to give you my daughhad never been in battle before, and such believed the ter. I only made a single stipulation, which is that you day lost; among these was Albert.

that troops so undisciplined, if less brave, would have things begin to go so auspicinously." the house; now looking anxiously up the long avenue, taken to ignominous flight; for the defeated militia were pouring down upon them from all sides, almost compel-

> our hero beheld the renowned regiment of Tarleton com-ing down upon them at full gallop, amid a cloud of dust, driving before them a mass of dismaved fugitives. The keen eve of Washington measured, for an instant, the distance between them. and then said.

"I want no fire-arms used to-day, my lads. Stick to the cold steel. And now, for God and your countrycharge!"

Away went the troop, like a thunder bolt suddenly loosed from a cloud, with every scabbard jingling, every interview. steed snorting with excitement, and the solid earth shaking under them. In full career they burst upon the flank of the enemy, who disordered by his pursuit, could make but a feeble resistance. Horse and rider went down bethe house, there was no method of giving you my adieu fore the impetuous charge of the Americans, who for a while fairly rode down their foes. But British valor soon proved to weak for the combined patriotism and courage of Washington's cavalry; and the royal troops turning their bridles, took to ignominous flight.

"On. on," cried Washington, waving his sword to his men to follow: "remember the cruelties of these myr-

midons. Roven ge for our slaughtered countrymen! At the word, his men, thus reminded of the butchery heart—that you too, have ceased to cure for me, now of the Waxhaws, and of the other atrocities perpetrated I gave it you, that I had done wrong, knowing that my under the eye of Tarleton, spurred their horses afresh and dashed on in pursuit. A complete panie had now taken possession of the royal cavalry, who hurried on at dence." "Bless you, Ellen, for that look," he said "Though full gallop, each man thinking only of himself. Close my father's estate is confiscated, and he and I both in- on their heels followed the indignant Americans, cutting was the means of interesting Washington in our favor, digent, it is not on that account that you have seemed so down mercilessly every red coad they overtook, until the and thus bringing about this happy re-union," said Alcold to me lately. Say then, dearest, only say that I road was strewed with the dead. Foremost in this pursuit, rode Washington, a precedence he owed not only Another look, equally elequent, answered him, but to his superior steed, but to his eagerness to overtake an officer just ahead, whom he judged to be Tarleton him-

self from his efforts to rully the fugitives. The tremendous pace at which Washington rode, a know that you sometimes think of me; and that if I last carried him so far ahead of his men, that, at a bend in the highway, he found himself totally alone. At this moment the British looking back, perceived his situation, and immediately turned on him, his principal assail-

Knowing, however, that assistance must be close a young man clasped her in her arms, but she disengaged hand, Washington resolutely advanced to meet the eneherself saying, "but while my father opposes your suit, my, determined to seize Tarleton for his prisoner. But, one of the markets, he was struck with the beauty of a before he could reach the colonel, the two dragoons dashproval has made me affect a coldness to you which my ed at him, the one on the right, and the other on the left. heart belied, and the hope that you would think of some He saw only the first of them, however, and according one more worthy of you-but-but," she hesitated, then ly turning on him, clove him down with a single blow of

away, to know that I think of you, and pray for you, go But, meantime, the other dragoon was advancing, to forth happy—the misery is for us who stay behind, and tally disregarded, upon him, and with upraised blade would have cut him down, had not our here, who had da, in which the bridegroom was aged 14 and the bride The tears fell fast as she spoke, and, concluding, she pressed close after his leader, at this instant wheeled 13 years. The boy imposed upon the clergyman by suffered her head to be drawn to her lover's shoulder, round the corner of the wood. At a single glance he wearing false whickers, and the girl by cotton breast-

itate to disobey the orders of his leader. Jerking a pised to weakness. Raising her head and brushing tol from his holster, he aimed full at the dragoon, just as the tears from her eyes, she said, while crimson blushes the sabre of the latter was sweeping down on Washington's head. The man tumbled headlong from his saddle, his sword burrying itself in the dust.

"Ha! who is that?" said Washington, sternly, so astonished to find his orders disobeyed, that he turned; a But Ellen, before we go, one more request. That min- movement which Tarleton took advantage of to make "There was no other way," answered our here, and

She hesitated: then as steps were heard in the road, he pointed to the dead dragoon, "to save your life. His sabre was within six inches of your head when I fired." "It could not be helped, then, I suppose," answered Washington, who now comprehended the event, and saw that he owed his life to the quickness of thought of his young friend; "but stay, you are yourself hurt."

As he spoke, he saw the blood issuing from the sleeve of Albort, and immediately afterward the young soldier seled and feel senseless to the ground.

Two pistol shots had been discharged from the enemy. Washington recollected immediately after Albert had fired. On examination one ball was found in the arm of our hero. The other had perforated the coat immediate-

touched a vital part." He tore away the garments as he spoke, but uttered a cry of joy when he exposed the chest, for there, right

"He is dead," cried the leader, "that second shot has

Washington looked at the picture and muttered. "Ha! I have heard of this - and now I will see if I cannot serve my young friend a good turn."

> CHAPTER III. Marry never for houses, nor marry for lands, Nor marry for nothing but only for love.

FAMILY QUARRETS. When our hero, after a long interval of unconsciousness, opened his eyes, he found trimself, to his surprise, in a large and elegantly furnished apartment, entirely strange to him. He pulled uside the curtains of his bec with his uninjured arm, and looked out. An aged fe-

male servant sat watching him. "What massa want?" he said.

"How did I get here?" he asked. "Captain Washington heself leff you here, masso, afer de great battle. De surgeon staed to dress your arm, and then follow arter de troops, who had licked the red-

coats, doy say, all to pieces." "Yes! I know-then the army has pursued its march the Catawba."

"It hab, massa; and you be to stay here till you well." "But where am 1?" The old negro woman smiled till she showed all her

"You no know, massa?"

"I do not." Mama?"

"Good God!" cried our hero, scarcely believing his senses, and scratinizing her features, "can it be? you the most cruel of fees. It is a story of REVENCE I have are indeed she. And this is Mr. Thorndikes house." He had started up in bed, and was now confronted by forced the British to give way. These brave soldiers of the figure of the owner of the mansion himself, who enonet, when the route of the royal infantry became com- the angry air which Albert had last seen upon him, smiled kindly upon him.

> "I was passing along the corridor," he said, seating will not ask her hand until this war is over, which, he

Our hero well understood the character of Mr. Thorndike, who was noted for his prudent adherence to which ling them to break their ranks, or see the fugitives perish ever side was uppermost, and he attributed this sudden under the hoofs of their horses. But now Washington change not only to Captain Washington's intercessions, seemed to rouse from his inaction. Ordering his men but also in part to the prospect there now was of the first to allow the flying militiy to gain their rear, he then triumph of the colonial cause, in which case the confisdirected them, his shurp, quick tones showing that the cated estates of the elder Mr. Scott would be restored .moment for action had come, to close up and prepare for He kept this to himself, however, and expressed his thanks for Mr. Thorndiko's hospitality.

"But I shall owe you even more," he added, for the happiness with which our promise has filled me, and I cheerful accept your terms. Mountime, let me rise and pay my respects to the lady in person-I am sure I am

Our hero, however, was compelled to keep his bed two entire days, in consequence of the fever, a period which seemed to him an age.

We shall not attempt to describe his meeting with Ellen. Let us pass over the first few minutes of this

"I have but one thing to regret," he said at last, in a ow whisper, for Mr. and Mrs. Thorndike were at the other end of the apartment, "and that is the loss of your miniature. I had it around my nock when I went into

battle, but have not seen it since." Ellen smiled archly and drew it from her bosom. "How did it reach your possession?" he said in sur prise. And taking it in his hand, he added, "what

means this dent, so much like the mark of a ball?" Tears gushed to Ellen's eyes, as sho said-"Captair Washington, who gave it me, said that it lay over your heart, and that but for it, Tarleton's pistol shot would have killed you. Oh! Albert, I sometimes thought after parents would not approve of the act; but when I heard that it had saved your life, I saw in it the hand of Provi-

"Yes, for it not only preserved me from death, but bert, after a pause.

We have no more to tell. On recovering from his wound, our hero rejoined his corps, with which he continued until the expulsion of the British from the Caro-After that happy event he was married to Ellen, and

with her spent a long life of felicity. Their decendants still preserve the battered miniature as an heir-loom. - Graham's Magazine.

THE WAY TO DO IT .- The Cincinnati Nonparell, says a young man of wealth and respectability, in that city. got a wife last week, in very short order. Passing thro' very pretty girl who had accompanied her parents to the market on that day. The enamored swain immediately sought an introduction, requested of the parents their favorable consideration of his suit, proposed to the young lady, was accopted, and the next day-married.

IF A marriage recently took place at Quebec, Cana-

REQUIEM.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH, The strife is o'er-Death's sent is set

On ashy lip and marble brow; "Tis o'er, though faintly lingers yet Upon the check a life-like glow; The feeble pulse hath throbbed its last-The aching head is laid at rest-Another from our ranks bath passed,

Press down the eyelids-for the light, Erewhile so radiant underneath, Is snatched forever from our sight, And darkened by the spoiler, Death; Press down the cyclids-who can bear To look beneath their fringed fold? And softly part the silken hair

Upon the brow so deathly cold. The strife is o'er, the loved of years' To whom our yearning hearts had grown, Hath left us, with Life's gathering fears To struggle darkly and alone, Cone, with the wealth of love which dw. it. Heart-kept, with holy hearts and high; Gone, as the clouds of evening melt

Yet mourn her not-the voice of wo Belits not this her triumph-hour; Let Sorrow's tears no longer flow, For life eternal is her dower!, Freed from the Earth's corrupt control, The trials of a world like this, Joy! for her disembodied soul Drinks at the fount of perfect bli-st

Beyond the dark and solean sky.

THE QUARER'S REVENCE.

BY HENRY A. BUCKINGHAM.

AUTHOR OF "TALES AND TRADITIONS OF NEW YORK," LTC. "When purposed vengeance I forego, Term me a wretch, or deem me a fee: And when an insult I forgive. Then brand me as a slave and live! For whom more sure revenge attends,

If numbered with ungrateful friends,"-Rokeny. If we could turn over the pages of the great book of tuman life, and read it as we read other books, while the perusal gave us no insight to our own characters, what similar judgments we would form! The motives of action that lead to virtue or to the crime are remote and hidden. Like some of the rivers of the Orient, that rise suddeuly from the sand and seek the sea a thousand miles away, we can trace the end, but the origin is mysterious and unaccountable. As well might we attempt to find the secret springs which gather in the unfathemable caverns of the earth, and thus fed the ever-flowing stream bursting so wildly into sunshine, as seek to penetrate the

auses which make men so different in thought and deed The timid dove will fly to the protection of her young. and the gaunt and savage well speeds from the farmer's sheep-fold at the bark of a cur. The bravest of all animated creation are cowards when caught in wrong-doing. for instinct, or mind, is a true and immunible instructor in bodies that posses the functions of living blood .-"You forget me, massa Albert-me, Missus Ellen's I said that even the timid dove will fly to the protection of her young, and the kindest self-sacrificing, self-enduring man, may suddenly change his nature, and become to tell, and the change was in such a man as I have de-

> An autumn afternoon was near its close. The day had been warm, but the chilling air of approaching night had began to dispel the forenoun heats; and every native | that sound!" of our climate is aware that our Octobers over are of route of ordinary travelers, whether pedestrians or horse- recognized one she dearly leved.

The last lingering rays of the sun slanted across the toble stream, as on one of the clear spots of the woody At last the confusion became so great around them added, lowering his voice, "cannot be long, now that hight we have montioned on the old road, a solitary traveler paused wiped his brow, and eagerly gazed both up and down the river. Ho was a young man of stalwart frame, arrayed in a garp which indicated nothing peculiar by which to judge of the occupation or calling of the monly wearer. It was certainly not military, for in spite of the times he carried no weapon of any kind. Neither could you imagine it to be one engaged in any handicraft of trade, and the small hands and feet of the person forbade any suspicion that he was engaged in service labor. Perhaps when he stood erect, the easy carriage of his shoulders and the regularity of his step gave somewhat

of a military bearing to him figure and general, outline. "I cannot fancy what should send the enemy's war ships so far up the bay," he mused aloud, "Gates, at the last accounts from the southern camp, completely prevented any further advance of Burgoyne; indeed, the rumors were that the Buitish General was in close quarters, and that it was as dangerous for him to retreat as to move on. Perhaps Sir Henry with his fleet, intends making a further feint up the river to draw off a portion of Gates' troops, but I am much mistaken if it is not now

A distant cannon shot and the lowering of the red banner of England from the mast-heads of the far-off ships while faint music swept down the water, were signs that the sun had just set; and amid the startling echoes that the discharge of the piece of artillery had awakened mong the cliffs, the traveler turned upon his journey.-Dark clouds, though as yet faint, were gathering round the sinking sun, and the fitful edding gusts of wind, as they passed over the hills, stirring up here and there the fallen leaves of the forest, made every thing sombre. The young man buttoned his coat closer, saving-

"The winds are sharp and bitter for so early in the cason. It is well that I am so near my journey's end, and shall sleep at home again, afterso long an absence?" Idle thought! Already Death was swinging his scythe, and marking the victim that stood like a blade of grass

in its sweep. Turning an angle on the rocky road, the young man came almost in contact with a person who was advancing, and both mutually halted.

"Hugh Dobson, the man of all others I would like to

meet at this moment! Your hand, old comrade." "Henry Clarkson! welcome home again. You return is a brand from the burning," was the reply, as a grasp was interchanged.

The new personage was a hardy-looking farmer, and he led a horse upon whose back were two heavy sacks "How are they at home, Hugh?" quickly asked the

young man, not yet letting go the hand of his acquain-"Your father was well two hours ago. Does he expoct you home think?"

"Yes, yes; but you have not told me about my charming little Fan. Is she as lively as ever?" "Yes; and she'll be powerful glad to see you, Master Harry. She's annoyed, through I rather guess, by that

scamp Darlington, that you horse-whipped the day before you left." Both the speakers were too busy to notice the branches

the polished barrel of the musket glimmered for an in- | George Clarkson, the Frieud, and concealed from obserstant and was then withdrawn.

"I should like to meet him, the lying wretch, once banks of the Hudson, but where the ships of war could again, and only this cliff between us and death! The be seen from the ambush. struggle would not be long before one or the other went over head-foremost. But how does he annoy my dard and soldiers left the ships for obtaining fresh provisions

"By coming to the house with terrible stories" "Does he drag in my name?"

"Yes; and that is what makes the troubles "In what way?"

"One day that you have been disgraced in camp; mother, that you were dying from a wound received in a kirmish; and then perhaps that you have been taken prisoner by the king's troops and put on trial as a cruel rebel, for murdering and plundering."

ful death."

ofore, but still unnoticed.

way to mill, near night as it is. I have not a bit of flour a sinking of both parties in the waters that closed over at home. I shall see you at daylight to-morrow morn-

"Good bye, Hugh. It is now two years since I left was a forfeit. iome, and I am on my third campaign. I wrote Fan to meet me just at night fall, in the shudow of the "Eagle's Rock," and I see the ledge yonder. To-morrow morning be it when we meet, for before the sun is two hours

high I must be on my return." They parted-the young man plunging into the deep recesses of the woods, whilst the farmer passed on the

The overshadowing pall of death fell with the gathering dreary darkness of the night, and hung over the illfated youth. Death by the hand of the assassin, followed his path. A moment-after he disappeared, another figure, with the face of an angry Moloch, stole like a treacherous cat behind and traced the unsuspecting youth on

his gloomy way. Ten minutes, perhaps, might have clapsed, when the discharge of a single musket was heard in the woods, faint wailing cry arose, and then the struggle of a strong man in his agony; but it lasted not long. A person came rushing out of the woods covered with blood, and his garments torn in many places to shreds. Ho looked wildly round the open road to see if in the twilight he was observed; then he gave a toes of his musket over the cliff, and a faint splash told that the waters had closed above it. Descending swiftly but cautiously, he reached the shores of the Hudson, and unmooring a small skiff, pulled off in the stream in the direction of the ships, vhose dark hulls were yet visible in the falling mists.

seventeen years of age was anxiously awaiting the ap- but by the skill with which he appropriates the thoughts was exceedingly; but at the moment the gun was fired, ionable audience are not deeply read in the pulpit lore, an anxious and startled look hung over her otherwise ra- and accordingly, with such hearers, he passes for a wondiant features.

A wild scream, not of fear, but rather of defiance, rose times cold and gloomy. This is more particularly the amid the edding of the winds, and swept around the base old gentleman seated himself close to the pulpit, and lispatiently a chance to participate in the fight; but having himself on the bedside familiarly, and taking the hand case in high wood lands, or on the margins of our northern of the rock. A flock of crows sent forth their dismal tened with profound attention. The doctor had scarcerivers. A road, soldom used, runs over the ridges of a cer- clawings, disturbed from their shelter in the lofty pine. ly finished his third sentence before the grave old gentleengage did not for some time arrive. His troops shared the first time that you were awake. Accordingly, I tain part of a highlands of the Hudson and decend that ziganother spur of the mountains. It was an ancient road in the forest. There was yet sufficient light to indicate on. He had not proceeded much farther, when his terfollowing only by residents who knew its locality well: the position of things in the opening: the dying leaves for a military road running parallel, but a mile further were trampled and bloody. With his head upon a rock, The dector bit his lips and paused; but again turned from the banks of the river, had from its better construct his eyes glussy, the blood ebbing forth from a fatal wound of his discourse. A third exclamation of "That's Blair's!" tion, its nearer level and less toilsome ascent, became the in the side, which had reached his vitals, the young girl was, however, too much, and completely exhausted all

"Brother!" she said, in a scream of agony; "who has

done this wicked, cursed, oh! cursed deed?" He was dying, and could nor speak. The youth took her hand, and faintly pointed to a name scrawled by his in the face, retorted, "That's his own!" bloody fingers upon the white moss of the rock. The letters were distinct—the name was "Dantingron."

"Oh, God! Oh, God! Rrother hear me!" A faint smile gathered round his month. A sister's breast was his death pillow as he passed out of existence. Half an hour later there were two corpses resting with their arms around each other in that solitary spot .-Brother and sister had passed away together. A house dog came scenting into the thicket, following the track of one that had fed him from day to day; for she loved the brute for her brother's sake-it was his favorite dog. He scented the two bodies, and then, with grief almost human, his melancholy howl rose wild and high. The storm gathered, the chilling rains came down through the long night but the faithful watcher of the dead heeded it not. No wild beast dare disturb the lifeless flesh whilst that noble animal guarded his sacred trust.

The next afternoon, a swelling mound covered the remains near the spot where the dead were found, and over that mound was a new passion roused. A father's oath was chronicled-"VENGRANCE IS MINE," suith the

PART SECOND.

Two days after, the outpost of Colonel Sheldon of the light dragoons, were established close upon the lines of the neutral ground. The Colonel had just risen from breakfast, in the desolate farm-house where he had taken up his quarters, when an orderly told him that a stranger wished to see him. "Bring him in."

The orderly returned with a sedate looking man of about fifty years of age, whose dress was plain, but made from substantial materials, the shape of which, with his broad brimmed hat, denoted him a member of the Society of Friends. "Is thy name Sheldon, and doest thou lead this band

of armed men?" "Rath." "War is a bad calling, friend: yet last night I searched the scriptures diligently, and I find that the Lord

wills it on many occasions. I sanctified myself with prayer after manifold sufferings of body, and have come now to aid thy cause." "But I thought your creed would not allow you to

take up arms." said Shelden. "I am in the Lord's hands. I can aid you without any weapons save my naked hands." "How am I to depend upon you?" inquired Shelden.

"The word of George Clarkson has never been doubtod" was the reply. "Are you then George Clarkson, the 'kind Quaker,' as he is called through the camp, who has a sen in our army, a great favorite with the Commander-in-chief?" "My name is Ge orge Clarkson. I had a son-the

youth you speak of, but he is dead." "Dead! I saw him three days ago as full of life as the best of us," said Shelden.

"Even so; ,but he is dead."

The Quaker then proceeded to relate the facts of his death, and narrate the blow for Shelden to strike, which would not only inflict injury upon the enemy, but bring his son's murderer to justice. Shelden was pleased tions. Who can look down upon the grave of an eyiny. with the plan, and an hour before sun-set saw fifty of his and not feel a compunctious throb that he should have move gently assunder as the word Darlington escaped dismounted troopers, together with as many of conti- warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mulderand two sclowling eyes glared upon them both; nor that nontal infaniry, led by himself, under the guidance of

vation under some rushes near a landing-place on the

A short time before night, four boats leaded with men from the shore. The boats disembarked their craws within half-musket shot of Shelden's party, and halted on the

"Is this the path that leads to where the cattle are collected, Mr. Darlington-for I believe that is your

name?" said the officer in command of the bonts. "Yes, sir, but you will have to proceed cautiously, for

the rebels are alert regues." "March! Forward, men!" was the order. They had not gone twenty yards, when a terrible fire of rifles and "No wonder that poor Fan's letters have been so muskets was opened all around them. The men, panic gloomy of late. Let Dick Darlington look to himself if struck, rushed back for the boats; but two of them had meet him. His "passes" and "protections" from both | pushed off, and the others were so completely under the

sides are now well known, and a price is on his head .-. fire of the Americans that few of the party made their Mark my words, Hugh. It may be written that I shall escape. The survivors surrendered. But where was not live to see the end; but that scoundrel will die a fear- Darlington and the old Quaker? The former rushed for the boats and plunged into the river. The father of Again the thicket moved with greaten agitation than Henry Clarkson was in pursuit. He also leaped in-he overtook, with superhuman strongth, the murderous "He has no friends among us, Harry; but I am on my ruffi .n-there was a terrible struggle in the elementthem -a few bubbles roso to the surface, and all was over. The QUAKER had been avenged-though his life

COMPLIMENTARY. - The Cincinnati Commercial tells a good story. It says: "How often is it that a rosy-cheeked man, who never indulges in the use of ardent spirits, is suspected of taking a drap now and then." An occurrence which took place yesterday morning verifies the

"Our old friend, William Luck, was passing along Fourth street, early, after breakfast, when his progress was politely arrested by a well dressed, well-fed gon theman from the country, with

"Sir, can you inform me where I can procure a few gallons of fine old brandy? I wish to to take it out to my place for private use."

"Well sir," said Mrt L., "I am informed that Mr. S ----, of the Bank Exchange, is au fiat in those matters, and will supply you."

So, after showing the stranger where Mr. S-was to be found, continued, "You have the advantage of ine -I don't know you." "Nor do I know you," replied the stranger; "but you look like a man who knows where the best brandy in

town is to be found." -Mr. L. bowed to the stranger, and passed down the street, muttering that he did not know which excelled, the man's politeness or his impudence.

THAT'S HIS OWN .- The Rev Dr .--- is what is commonly donominated "a colebrated preacher." His repu-At the time of the sound of the gun in the woods, not lion, however, has not been acquired by his drawing ar distant from the scene of murder, a girl of about largely upon his own stores of knowledge and elequence, proach of some one. She was in the first blush of wo- and language of the great divines who have gone before manhood, like a rose-hud half opened. Beautiful she him. Fortunately for him, those who compose a fashder of erudition and pathos. It did, nevertheless, hap-"It is past the hour he was to reach the rock. Ah! pen that the doctor was once detected in his plagiarisms. One Sunday as he was beginning to delight the sprightly beaux and belies belonging to his congregation, a grave menting interruptor broke out with "That's Tilletson!" his patience. Leaning over the pulpit, "Fellow," he cried, "if you do not hold your tongue you shall go put." Without altering a muscle of his countenance, the grave old gentleman lifted up his head, and looking the doctor

THE DUTY OF LABOR .- Mrs. Swisshelm of the Pitts-

burgh Saturday Visitor says: No man can rise from the workman's rank! Full he may, and often does, from that estate, but to rise, above the order the Lord has established to govern His world, is impossible.-Every man should be a workman, and hil a workman's rark! He must fill that or a loafer's. He who made the world never made a spot on it for an idler! He never made a man who was to live by his own brains alone, or such an one would have been all brains. Body and soul, 1 owers physical and mental, are to be used; else they would never have been given; and whoever finds himself with a pair of hands, a set of bones and muscles, may rest assured he has a command to use them. If our worthy men endure privations and contend with difficulties, the fact forms no argument that privations and difficulties should be provided gratis for the rest of the world! Where one surmounts these difficulties and reaches the greater troubles of too much wealth, ten sink under them, and end life toiling for its

nocessaries. .THE OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA .- George Buckhart. living in Harlan county, Ky., is one of the most extraordinary men of the age, and perhaps is the oldest man now known to be living. He is one hundred and fourteen years old; was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, and has hved for several years in a hollow sycamore troe. of such large dimensions as to contain his family, consisting of a wife and five or six children, bed and bedding, cooking utensils, &c. The exploring agent of the American Bible Society, in his travels in Kentucky, recently found him, and also saw several respectable gentlemen who had spent on the more nights with him in this singular home. He professes to hold the Lutheran faith, being of a German family, and received the Bible with peculiar manifestations of gratitude. What a life for one man to spend! What a long train of events has marked this century, through which he has drawn the thread of existence!-Bible Society Record, for May.

A SHEET OF PAPER.-It is curious to reflect upon what uses a sheet of paper may be put to. It lies before you in a state of virgin purity, and its utmost value is a cent. It is scrawled over with pothooks and hangers, a few "promises to pay" are written on it, and it becomes good for thousands of dollars. A piece of wedding cake is wrapped in it, and it is kissed by the rosy lip of a lavoy maiden, placed under her pillow, as a spell to conjure up in her dreams a handsome lover, a fine estate. It is received by one person, and he bleases it for bringing him the glad tidings of his promotion to a fortune; by another, and he curses it for information that he is disinherited. In accordance with the characters upon it, it. lights up the oye or waters the cheek-it makes the heart throb with joy or quail with sorrow-it is treasured as a precious relic, or torn into pieces with inconceivable disgust. .

The grave buries overy error—covers every dofe extinguishes every resentment. From its peace bosom springs none but fond regrets and tender recoye-