

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

[WHOLE NUMBER 1,497.

"Tremble, miscreants, for One-eyed Saul

an instant was lost to view.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE SWANP.

Casting anxious looks behind them, the fair fugitives saw the flames of their hund-

ing home, and groups of men struggling in the light of the red glure. It was a

mournful, thrilling spectacle, and they hur-

ried on to escape it. Jupe, who had proved

courageous and active encouraged them by precept and example. Ruth Haviland, be-

ing a little behind her companions, heard the footsteps of pursuers and admonished

continually projecting points, and shreds of their garments were left upon brake and

briar. Urging their way along in the darkness and terrible intricacy, they soon

and unwillingly became separated, while their attempts to find each other involved

them in new labyrinths. Torn, bleeding, fainting with fear and exhaustion, Jessie

Burnside sauk upon the earth. For a time her physical and mer. all 200-

ulties were in such a whirk of a tampast,

that the consciousness of everything around

stored her coherency of thought. She raised hers, if and supported her head upon

her hand. He." disheveled tresses, her dis-

work of v, wes around and above her. She

thought of the sudden change of her cir-cumstances. When the sun went down last, she had a confertible and beloved

home; now she had no ue, but was a hunted

ity of what might have befallen them." A

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Selections.

A NEW REVOLUTIONARY STORY. ONE-EYED SAUL Or, The Tory League of Seven. A TALE OF SOUTH CAROLINA

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

Author of "Nick Whitfles," "Buck Bison," "Half-Witted Nat," "Marion's Brigade," "The Pioncers of Kentucky," etc.

CHAPTER L

THE LEAGUE OF THE SEVEN. Seven men, coming from different points. urging their way with great difficulty through almost impervious of walls interlaced and op-posing shrubbery, met at midnight beneath the spreading branches of a cypress tree, at a place called Laurel Swamp, in South Car-olina, in the year 177-. They gathered sticks and leaves and made a fire. The flames, springing up from the dry heap, threw a red glare upon their faces, which were seamed an: I disfigured by the play of head meaning. This goard by the play of bad passions. They were young men-the oldest not being more than thirty-five years of age. As they stood in a circle around the fire, they resembled a group of vagabond English gipsies, fresh from the stocks or the whipping-post. They were armed with sawhipping-post. Iney were armed with sa-bres, knives, pistols and muskets. Their faces were smutched with powder, their beards and hair long and neglected, their garments torn by conflict and the sharp eeth of the cypress hedges. The names of Langford, Simon Arrowsmith, John Nicolson, Jumes Pollard, and Timothy Becker.

Vantassle, a tall, athletic, ill-visaged fel-Variassio, a tai, atmetic, mivisaged tel-low, was the leader of these fierce and in-tractable spirits. Unsheathing his heavy sabre, and planting its point in the ground between his feet, he addressed his compan-

"Men," he said, in a hard, harsh voice, that harmonized well with his general pres-tige, "we've met here to-night to bind our selves together in perpetual fellowship by solemn oath and inutual agreement. Every man's hand is agin us-leastwise, in these parts-and ours, in turn, is agin every man. We've sworn allegiance to his gracious Ma-jesty, the King of Great Britain and the rightful ruler of these colonics, have touched his money, and will do his work."

'It isn't the king I care so much about." muttered Nat Herrick, "but the utter de-struction and extarmination of the Whigs. South Car'liny is already more'n half con-quered. The rebel cause is rapidly growin weaker, and we'll soon sweep 'em away like chaff. It'll be strange if Nat Herrick don't have his share of the plunder."

had been made, Vantassle turned to Herrick and asked: "What names have you brought?"

Herrick drew asoiled paper from his waist-coat pocket, and bending toward the fire, read the following names: "Paul Hazelhurst, Frank Haviland, Tom Hutter, Podijah Makepcace, Gideon Grant, Blinko, a nigger, and One-eyed Saul of Lau-

ret Swamp." "Men,"Faid Vantassle, "there are for the word! We are to hunt them down and kill hem. By virtue of my authority, and by the eath which you have sworn. I common the the swamp of the sw

he oath which you have sworn, I command you to pursue the persons whose names you have heard, night and day, till you have swept them out of existence!"

"There are seven of them and seven of us-a man for each," said Herrick.

"Let us determine our respective men by "The idea is good, and by lot the matter shall be decided," added Vantassle.

This suggestion was engerly received; its tor."

rade. "Tom Hutter," said Langford, drawing, and reading his ballot. "And I, Blinko, the black," said Nichol-

"And I, One-eyed Saull" cried Pollard, in

dismay. "You've got something to do," laughed Vantassle. "If you outwit Saul of Laurel Swamp, you'll be the greatest man among

"Podijah Makepeace, an infernal Yankee!" leclared Tim Becker, looking at his ballot. Simon Arrowsmith was the last to draw He drew Gideon Grant, leaving Paul Hazelhurst for Vantassle. "It is just as I wish it," observed the lat-

ter, while a scowl of hatred gave additional malignance to his expression. "He has visited the Burnsides at Laurel-

rood," remarked Langford. "Is it Judith or Jessie?" asked Pollard,

with a sneer. "It shall be neither!" thundered Vantassle, casting fierce glances around him. "Let thrusting into the cleft of a rock, but the us join hands," he added, "and swear that heavy subre he buckled to his side leaving we will respectively abide by the ballot."

This was instantly done; with clasped bands and unsheathed sabres they renewed their terrible compact, invoking direful penalties if they proved recreant to their oath. The League of the Seven was complete. They separated, and went their several ways. A moment later, and nothing but

the smouldering embers of their fire remained to mark the spot where they had met. CHAPTER II.

LAURELWOOD. Twilight stole silently upon Laurelwood; it curled in upon the mansion and surround-

ing trees like a pale, soft mist. It was a very quiet hour, but to Jessie Burnside there was something inexpressibly oppressive in the air. Her fair companions, Ruth Haviland and Judith Burnside, her sister, sympathized with these feelings of uncasiness. With the exception of Blinko, a black servant, and Jupe, a mulatto girl, these ladies were, at this time, the sole occupants of the house, Mrs. Burnside being absent in atten-

terrible tales of the atrocities committed in

neighboring towns and hamlets were daily

|commit every enormity upon the defenceless | vaders. I have no patience with you, nor | defense of beauty and innocence." hose of your character or habits of thinking, who are associated with you in your crime and spoliation. The word Tory makes me shudder; your presence disgusts me,

while your deeds fill me with horror!" She tried to escape from the summer house. Vantassle caught her by the wrist. "Not so fast, my scoraful! Now is the reign of might over right. Law and order are fled the land. Fear of magistrates is

not now before our eyes. We don't ask, Shall we do this or that?' but we do as we

At that moment such that the report of a "fife not far off. "Did you hear that?" asked the Tory with a triumph. "It was for Blinko, I'll be worn! I left a man on his track that can knock over a dollar at a hundred yards." "Spare me! Have we not been neighbors?

Were we not friendly before this terrible war? Remember, I entreat of you, that I

am a poor; trembling girl, with no protec-

parties doomed to destruction were written upon seven slips of paper, and drawn from Vantassle's cap by his associates. Herrick drew the first ballot. "Frank Haviland!" he exclaimed. "The brother of Ruth!" said Pollard, with a shrug, and looking inquiringly at his com

mass of wood lying in the rear of the mansion at the distance of a hundred rods, and covering an area of ten miles in circumfer-By this time Ruth and Judith had missed

for assistance, while terror nearly deprived them of sense and volition. At the moment when the catastrophe seemed complete, a tall man, with a large, black patch over his

left eye, and a long rifle in his hand, sprang from a clump of shubbery, seized Vantassle by the throat, wrested Jessie from his grasp, and choking him till he was black in the face, hurled him to the ground. While Vantassle lay stunned upon the earth, his van-quisher took his musket from his unnerved hand, discharged it into the air, and broke the stock against the trunk of a tree. He then drew the pistols from the Tory's belt and thrust them into his own, from which and thrust the state of the state of the state of the state and thrust the state of the state of the state of the state of the state and thrust the state of the

the ruffian entirely unarmed. "In, gals, in!" cried the rescuer. "Bar your doors, and say your prayers, for the Tory hounds have scented blood, and will not rest till they have gorged themselves." The tall, wild looking man glanced at Jes

beir dismay to thank him. While they gazed at each other in a stupor of wonder, a man leaped a high fence at the right, and crossing the intervening ground, stood before them, panting and cov-ered with prespiration. It was Tom Hutter, the partisan and scout, who was known to the neighboring loyalists as a staunch and unswerving patriot and a brave man, shrinking from no danger, and shunning none of

the responsibilities of the part be had chosen "Tom Hutter!" exclaimed Judith and Ruth, simultaneously, "what has happened?

You are excited with effort; you can scarce-"I have been purst ed." said Hutter. "I "Noble Tom!" cried Ruth. "If you've any firearms and ammunition,

hurry to bring em' and lay 'em down beside me, and be keerful to keep out of the range of the winders." By this time Blinko had revived, and hear-

ing this order, said: "I'll tend to dat, Mars'r Tom. Only let the young misses keep out de way, and I'll stand by ye long's there am a breff o' life in me. Blinko disappeared, but soon returned with a blunderbuss, two muskets, a brace of dueling pistols, a bag of buckshot, and a

horn of powder. Hutter took the blunderouss, and charged it heavily. There was no light in the house save a single candle, which was placed behind a door in a corner to prevent serving as a guide to the Tory marks-

over the window-sill. His person was some-what exposed to the shots of the enemy, but his coolness did not for a moment desert him. "The cowards are about to charge upon

the door in a body," he said, presently.-"Blinko, give me the blanderbuss."

The black handed the heavy and destruc-tive weapon to the scout, whose muscles were tirm and obedient. The young ladies observed his movements with indescribable interest. Their fate seemed to rest upon his single arm. A chilling sensation of horror crept over them when they reflected upon the consequences of defeat and capture. The Tories rushed toward the door with a shout. Hutter quickly aimed his weapon and poured two handfuls of buckshot into

the midst of them. They recoiled and reher, and came running to the spot as he treated to the covert of the shrubbery. A was bearing her away. They cried loudly knocking was heard at the rear door. "Who's there?" demanded Hutter.

"Who's there?" demanded futter. "Well, I rather guess one-on 'on's me?" said a gonuine Yankee voite. "Podijah Makepeace is poory giner'ly abeout when there's any skirmmagin' goin' on." Blinko immediately unfastened the door and admitted two persons. Podijah Make-reace had a furtue of impaing bight built peace had a figure of imposing height, but which lacked that fullness of development which gives symmetry and comeliness to the human organization. Ilis hair was flaxen

already protruded the butts of four. The meant to be pleased with life as he found it, blade of Vantassel's knife he snapped by and to make himself as comfortable as pos-

of manly beauty, courage and integrity. "Paul Hazelhurst!" cried Jessie, joyfully. The young man sprang forward and grasp-ed the hands that were eagerly extended to

in the tark, while looking man granded at bes-sie, and observing that she was faint, caught her up as if she were an infant, and carried-in the threshold, he repeated his startling warning, and vanished in the deepening shadows of night. He was gone before the young ladies had recovered sufficiently from the infant, and carried-in the threshold, he repeated his startling warning, and vanished in the deepening shadows of night. He was gone before the young ladies had recovered sufficiently from the discovered sufficiently from

jah was by trade a shoemaker, and that his language was generally highly seasoned with as rodijah finished this eloquent peroration, he brought the breach of his rific upon the floor with a great crash, and squinted out of the window with his twinkling eyes. The movement was bearly fatal to Podijah, for a bullet, aimed at random from outside served here in the source of the sum of ered one of his flaxen locks from his cheek. "Cramp my uppers! Now that's what I call rooty close work. A fellors jest as like-ly to be shot right square through the head as any way; close up my scams if he isn't!" choose at ween 'em. Wax my flax, if it For a few minutes the shouting and firing wouldn't!"

"I censed. The terrified girls flattered them-bar- selves that the Tories were retiring; but

liberty. A few right smart knocks takes three girls. "It'll be miserable mercy voice. "You love blood and slaughter and the starch right out of 'en.' "They're cowards if they don't try again,"

returned Hutter. "There's a dozen of 'em, at least, and they ought to be a match, in the course of natur' for four; but we've got something within us that they haven'tlove of friends, home, country and justice. See what work they've made of your house, Miss Jessie: the winders are riddled, the

doors broke, the furnitary ruined, and everything at sixes and sevens." "We love Laurelwood," replied Jessie, "but we love the cause of freedom better.

The destruction of property will grieve us but little, if valuable lives are spared and the tory miscreants punished." "Punished?-be assured that they will!" exclaimed Paul Hazelhurst. "Heaven is just! Some of them are even now reuping men. Hutter cast himself upon the floor and watched the movements of the assailants thought have they to comfort them and soften their pains of dissolution? They die-a horror to themselves and every

justice-loving mind. What a remembrance the Tories of South Carolina will leave to horse!" posterity!" "The word Tory will be the synonyn of

infamy," said Judith. The night had set in quite dark, and objects could been seen at a short distance only. The trees looked dim and misty in ceiling. "It is the flaming sword! it waves us from

the nocturnal gloom. Tom Hutter and his comrades strained their eyes in every di-rection in search of their foes, but without discovering them. The surrounding scenery was as quiet as if it had never been disturbed by the sound of human conflict; nothing broke the quietude save the groans of like the rank and destructive breath of a the wounded in the house, and, at long demon.

intervals, the cry of a wolf in the tangled hedges of Laurel Swamp. The fears of the young ladies began to subside; an assurance—faint and trembling, at first—that those lawless men had retired subside; an assurance—faint and trembling, inferes a burner on your dress, bins the biomops of partents and a difference on each on ea amountering and the swamp and toos snearer in this of the swamp and toos snearer in the swamp and the same and the hope returned to their pale cheeks. As their own danger grew less imminent, in their estimation, feelings of compassion for the wounded Tories visited their hearts. They would have produced lights to examine their condition, and make remedial applications, had they not been cautioned by their more experienced defenders. Half an hour elapsed. The silence con-

heads." "Yes, mars'r Tom. This shile know what he 'bout. Habbent for got dat hangin', yit. Thought I's done for dat time. Oh, golly, didn't it hurt when dey run me up to de lirabl 'Peared to stop my breff like. You stood by me, mars'r Tom, and I'll stand by you. Lor', won't I make dis ole blunder bus spok." to 'em, de minute I hab a chance to obsqua. tify 'cross de sight?" The parties were now driven to the re-motest corner of the room 'hy their new and tinued unbroken. Tom Hutter was not at ease, but walked about nervously, casting sible under all circumstances; Ilis companion was more youthful, and presented a different type of humanity. He flo knew that they had suffered loss, but impressed the beholder at once with the idea not enough to prevent brave men, or persons of even ordinary hardihood, from making further attempts. Paul Hazelhurst at first shared Hutter's

inquietude, but finally joined the ladies, confident that there was no immediate danger to apprehend. "I can't comprehend it!" muttered Hut-

a chance to obsqua, thy cross de signer i that the construction of everything away from her. There motest corner of the room by their new and irresistible enemy, which vas gathering strength and fierceness with frightfol rapidity. Hutter unfastened the door, and night air could her fevered system and reter, in a perplexed manner. "There's allers mischief goin' on when folks are still." the fresh access of the air gave additional

"That's absout my own way of thinkin'," remarked Podijah who heard Tom's re-marks. "The most mischief is done with fervor to the configration. He stood a moment alone in the outpouring smoke, but moment alone in the outpouring smoke, but the hald. The difference of the outpouring smoke, but the hald is the outpouring for the smoke of the smok the least noise, 'cordin' to my experience must try it now or never, Podijah?" "At your side!" responded the Yankee, who exposed himself to danger as if he had

a herp o' business done." "Hark!" said Tom. "I don't hear nothin' but Paul and the groan among the crumbling joists and swamp, the resort of wild brasts and law trembling rafters. "The roof will fall in a moment!" cried Hazelhurst. "We are ready. Quick, Hut-its of what night have head at the possibiligals. Paul's ruther sweet on one of 'em, I should say, though 'twould be hard to ter. quick!"

mingled with flame, met him and drove him

back. Beds, garments, everything com-bustible had been piled in a heap and fired

Scorehed by the furious element, and half

Paul Hazelhurst, in defiance of the black.

close the door that had been left oper

The tall form of Podijah disappeared in

the mass of smoke that rolled from above like thunderclouds. There was a moment

of intense anxiety, then the door was heard

tumbled down the stairs, covered with cinders. his face and hands blistered, and

Almost simultaneously Podijah

"It strikes me," said Tom, "that the air is getting hot and oppressive. Listcul quiet there, Paul and the gals."

think of that." "God bless you, Tom Hutter, no! We bis eye, a rifie slang at his back, a pistol in can't indeed think of that. We will die, if ouch hand, and a large sabre swinging at it be Heaven's will, for these dear and help-less ones; but forsake them, never!" A loud shout rose without. The Tories

were exulting in their success. "What must be done," asked Paul, in an is among you!" The sabre flashed like lightning around

agony of anxiety. "We can do two things," replied Hutter. the stranger's head. The tones of his voice, "Remain here and be burnt, or rush out and the fierceness of his countenance, and the fetality of his arm, struck terror and conbe shot." "We'll neither be burnt nor shot!" re-

be shot." "We'll neither be burnt nor shot!" re-torted Podijah stoutly. "I'm bound to live as long as uppers and unders'll hold together. I ain't goin' to knock under in the mornin' o' my days, by gum! I know that all flesh is grass, but I don't want my grass cut while it's so green. I'll hold on to existence to the last gasp. I swow! Tom Hutter, I'm goin' to cut jest about my big-and pointing in the direction the gates and iffed. "Cowards! wretches! come back, and I will meet you single-handed!" One-eyed Saul looked wild's around and laughed mockingly, then turning to Hutter and his panting and bleeding companions, and pointing in the direction the gates and ness and the bigness of one o' these gals, fied, excluimed: through the 'tarial Tories, a leetle quick. "Why do you stand here? After themer'n you can load a load o' hay when there's

"Nay," said Paul, impressively, "some

of us may be going to an eternal Paradise." The fire above growled ang:ly in answer,

and the black smoke purled into the room

"Let each man see that his weapon is loaded. Take care, gals! Stand back as lar as you can from the flame and smoke.

There's a burnin' cinder on your dress, Miss

face and eyes, then club it and break their

been accustomed to it from childhood.

The wall shook with the vehemence of

heads."

our Paradise!" cried Jessie.

after them, for they need your help. There are shricks, yonder; away-away! It is Saul, of Laurel Swamn, that commands you. I have work to do, work to do. I must go this way and that way, and there is no rear for the yield?" a thunder shower comin' up like a race-Laurchwood House shook with the violence of the flame, which had caten through the roof and now enveloped tile and rafter. the roof and now enveloped tile and rafter. While the group looked up in alarm, a red sword of fire was thrust down through the colling.

large arms of yours to some purpose. Give Their hands were incerted by contact with 'em the contents of the blunderbus in the continually projecting points, and shreds of

the fire, and there was a warning creak and persecuted fugitive, cower "ag in a darksome

There was an applauding murmur around devastated with fire and sword. Toryism was rife, and stalked abroad like a destroythe grim circle.

"I was comin' to that subject," added Vantassle, impatiently. "I reckon I know ing angel, smiting old and young. No man trusted his neighbor until he stood shoulder the merits of the case, and understand the to shoulder with him in battle. No one knew where to find faith and good fellowship natur' of your feelins, my lads. We never seed the King of England, any of us; and if we should, it's agin reason to s'pose that till danger and death had come to apply the finger. ter to friend and brother.

he'd speak to us; and to tell the truth, we care little about him. I love Martin Vanthe name of Laurelwood on account of its tassle better nor I do any king in the world. I fight the Whigs because their side is the proximity to Laurel Swamn-was so far disant from towns and cities that he flattered weakest, and I bate 'em; and there's a proshimself its quietude would not be intruded pect of makin' somethin' by it. When we've driven 'em out, which will be soon, 'cordin' upon by marching armies or wandering bands of loyalists. It is true that he left to present appearances, we'll be masters of the country ourselves. We'll have houses his beloved ones with reluctance, and was often harrassed with fears for their safety; and lauds, and niggers to wait on us." out duty-yes, necessity-called him to the

'That's the kind o' talk I like to hear," said Jim Pollard. "It's a kind of talk, too, that'll prove

would protect those he left at home. So far, Laurelwood had not been molested. The prophetic," rejuined Vantasle. "It would, if we could keep Marion and Sumpter still," interposed Langford.

"The Swamp Fox will soon be still enough, I'll warrant ye! Colonel Tarleton is on his track, and he'll trap him afore he's a week reaching him. The young ladies had re-cently, too, had their fears excited by the persecutions of certain persons, whose char-acters and principles were alike obnoxious. However, that's neither here nor older. With these parties we shall soon become there; let them fight for glory who will-our motto is 'Booty and Beauty.'" better acquainted. Wishing to conceal her dejection of mind,

motto is 'Booty and Beauty.'" "We know who your beauty is," said Si-mon Arrowsmith, with a leer; "it is J(s) ie Burnside." "And he shall have her, too:" said Her-by Ruth and Judith. There was a small

"Thank'e, Nat Herrick; and if you don't "Thank'e, Nat Herrick; and if you don't yards distant; she entered it, and sat down, succeed with Rath Haviland, it'll be no fault She had scarcely done so, when she heard a of mine."

"And will nobody speak a word for me?"

"And will nobody speak a word for me?" with a cry of terror. A large lough had wish acry of terror. A large lough had was laid rudely over her mouth; it was the hand of Martin Vantassle. "Come, Miss, don't be frightened, for I "though to me it appears like the greatest nonsense to be runnin' arter women when there's so much real fightin' to be done. My mistress is a bloody one, and I find her wherever there is a Whig to hang, a till to rifle, or a house to burn. Howsomdever, if business, and I reckon none on us 'll stand proud as she is handsome; and if you win her at all, it'll be by foul and not by fair means. I don't want to be hard on ye, Phil I angford, but I'm sure you can't do much in the way of what folks call honest court ship. But don't be down-hearted, lad, for nonsenze to be runnin' arter women when am neither a wolf nor a panther, but plain

ness with ye, I reckon, which shall last for life, if you like it. I ain't a person that can talk much, and haven't a great deal of ship. But don't be down-hearted, lad, for we're bound to each other under all carcumstances, and in all cases."

time to spend in that soft palaver they call love-making; but I want a wife right hard, Martin Vantassle drew his sabre from the earth and thrusting it forward, held it over the blazing fire; the blade was dinted and and you're the gal I've a kinder fixed my

"Oh, this is your wooing!" said Jessie, sorrated with service, and there were red contemptuously. "Let me tell you, Martin stains upon it. The other six unsheathed Vantassle, that your wooing is edious. You

stains upon it. The other six unsheathed theirs and crossed them upon his, when be dictated a terrible and impious compact which they severally repeated It was too profane and shocking to be put verbatim up-on paper. They pledged themselves to muprofane and shocking to be put verousing on on paper. They pledged themselves to mu-tual brotherhood and crime; to exterminate the hunted Whigs; to give "Don't touch me! there is contamination"

no quarter to the captured foe; to pursue in the touch of one who turns traitor, and violence. If my time's come, and I'm to the flying fugitive with remorseless fury; to betrays his own countrymen to foreign in-

nain-

"I don't know," said Judith. "He went

saw a dark object suspended from the branch of a tree. it was Blinko, who was swaying to an fro, and quivering in the agonies of strangulation. Hutter cut him down in an instant, and tearing the rope from his neck, staggered toward the house hencath the weight of his great body. A half dozen musket shots were poured after him from the nearest copso. The balls perforated his clothes and grazed his skin in several places, field, and he went, hoping that Providence but he reached the house in safety with the half dead black. Leaving him to the care of Jupe, the mulatto girl, he barred the doors and fastened the windows.

Jessie, who had partially recovered her self-possession, looked out and saw forms moving to and fro among the shrubbery.-Her heart misgave her. How could they re-Her heart misgave her. How could they re-sist so many enemies? She thought of the strange man who had so opportunely ap-peared to save her from Vantassle. She wondered why he had left them at such a juncture! His deep, resonant voice still rang

in her ears.

Hutter. summer house overgrown with vines, a few The warning was timely; a charge of buckshot crashed through the panes as she step-ped aside, some of which perforated her voice pronounce her name. She sprang up

way through Car'liny with fire and blood,

outrage and robbery." Tom Hutter suddenly thrust his rifle through the shattered pape and fired. A cry riedly.

came back through the smoke: "There was mischief in that," he said,

tree," answered the Partia on the back door "Then fly-escape from the back door when you may! They certainly will not be

so brutal as to harm us young girls," said

Judith, entreatingly. "My poor gals, you don't know 'em so well as I. I've followed their terrible trail; and looked upon their infarmal work. I "I can't "I can't know what happens to sich as you, and should be tempted to kill you with my own

renegades will be here in a minute! Where's lently surrounded the house, and now com-Blinko?" ricade the doors! A party of the miserable were presently undeceived, for they had simenced the assault from different quarters with great resolution and fury. Each felt iead.

"The house is on firel" cried Hutter. out a few minutes ago." "Which way?" asked Hutter. Judith indicated the direction with her that the crisis was rapidly approaching.— Tom Hutter and Blinko, reinforced by Ha-zelhurst and the Yankee, stood by their Some of the blood-thirsty villians have ef fected an entrance through the roof." The scout rushed up stairs and threw open a door. A dense volume of smoke weapons, resolved to make a desperate re-

CHAPTER III. FIRE AND SWORD.

The straw, the feathers, the linen, were like tinder; it needed but a spark to kindle the The four defenders of Laurelwood ran from point to point to meet and repel the invaders, who endeavored to force an enmad blaze, and that had been applied some minutes before by a cunning and malicious trance through the windows and doors simultaneously. The voice of Tom Hutter hand swelled loudly above the din of conflict. The suffocated, Hutter mounted the stairs again, in hopes to combat the destructive power by scuttering the material which fed it, but struggle was kept up with determined spirit by the beseiged. While each was engaged with an enemy, Jessie Burnside cried it was too late. Podijah Makepcace ran after him and dragged him back, half choked

them. For a time the result was doubtful, but victory finally turned in favor of the defonders, whose powerful blows and hearty courage they could not withstand. Those

could retrace his steps. He was grasping for breath like a drowning man when he placed and everything movable piled against

"or we will be smoked to death, like rats in a hole! I'll shet it, or suffocate tryin' Wax my flax, if I don't!"

dress, while one of the hurtling messengers their sex, they made themselves useful to drew blood from her white neck. men!" exclaimed Ruth Haviland. "Make war upon women, Miss Haviland. "Make war upon women, Miss Haviland. They are more savage nor the wolves and catamounts that prowl through Laurel Swamp. Neither beauty not tears can move 'ém. They are ten times worse nor the Brite Swamp. Neither beauty not tears can move 'en. They are ten times worse nor the Brite

us a reprieve." pressed grateful kisses upon it, had pro-

priety sanctioned the act. "Are you wounded?" she asked, hur-

"I do not know," he replied. "I have

aken, Tom Hutter?" "You are too brave, too generous!" an-of a feminine natur' to look arter; but these swered Jessie, with emotion. You expose "Then fly—escape from the back door tempt for denors."

tempt for danger." "There is no such word as danger, when I do hattle for the safety and honor of Jessie Burnside." "Become the safety and honor of "Become the safety and honor of "Become the safety and honor of the

eu Jessie. "I can't quite understand this sileuce," said Hutter, approaching Hazelhurst. "Wax my flax, if I don't believe the critters has got enough on'tl" said Podijah. hurriedly.

"You will find it a poor trust," returned "You see they can't stan' near so much hammerin' as fulks can as are fightin' for Hutter, looking compassionately at the

ter, quick!" The heart of Tom Hutter swelled with courage and resolution; his form dilated; his muscles quivered for the contest. "Tythe right, friends—to the right! Keep of the swamp she heard the shriek of the under the snoke as much as you can, and panther, the how of the will, and the dis-stoop as you go." Each of the parties became attentive. A hissing, roaring sound was heard over stoop as you go.'

eady

is protection.

"Stop!"

several.

shrieked Judith.

They glided unmolested to the end of the to the peace and security of Laurelwood? Welling. Looking upwerd through the tenacion follinge into the dim sky, she belold the tenacion Looking upwerd through the tenacious

"A crisis approaches. Dear young Indies, of her father's mansion, save field a black cloud of smoke-all that remained be brave!" admonished Paul, whose stendy and smouldering brands that still sent up a bearing and flashing eyes told that he was to do battle for the fair beings under stone. She wept, sorrowed, prayed-for it is upon God, at last, that the tussed strick-

"Now for a dash-fast, faster-stoop-give en, and disappointed mind turns. The in-s small a mark to the enemy as possible!" is small a mark to the enemy as possible!" When two or three rods from the burning race prove beyond the shadow of question, building, the flames shot up with increased that He alone can confer blessing and cou-

brilliancy, throwing a strong glare upon the solation upon the bereaved, afflicted and fugitives. A dozen men sprang from the world-crushed soul. Prayer to Him made grass and foliage to dispute their progress, her calmer. A strange, balmy influence, "Stop!" shouted a voice that was start unexpected and sweet, stole into her being. lingly familiar to Jessie Burnside. "Down!" thundered Hutter, springing to-

She would not, she did not quite despair. There was a sound in the laurel hedges. She listened with every sense awake. Perward him with a fierce bound, and aiming a blow at his head with his rifle. Vantassie sons were working their way through the staggered and fell upon one knee. The tail tangled masses in the direction of her co-Yankee pressed to the side of Hutter, and ert. Their progress was slow and difficult

ert. Their progress was slow and difficult She heard muttered curses and imprecations. the Tory fell crushed at his feet. "Have at you, you 'tarnal critters! Podi jah Makepeace didn't come out here for noth-for the voice of Martin Vantasle was so ". Come on - a dozen of ye at oncel-There's a score of airthquakes shut up in odious, and made so many disagreenble im-pressions upon her memory, that she could my bones!" "Shoot down the rebels—shoot 'em down!"

not but recognize its slightest tones. She shrank and crouched to mother earth for cried Vantassle, over whose prostrate form four stout fellows were contending. Blinko discharged his blunderbuss, and protection, as the startled partridge hides itself beneath a bough or in the friendly brake, to escape the hurtling shot of the the scattering storm of buckshot wounded hunter.

Discovery appeared inevitable, for the crackling of the limbs and the struggling and the low-breathed curses came nearer "Seize the galal seize the gala!" shouted

Langford. "I'm with you!" exclaimed Nat Herrick, and both approached the terror-stricken girls. and nearer. "Perdition seize these brambles!" ex-"Oh. Paul. save us from those wretches! laimed Vantassle. "One can neither stand

up nor lay down, go forward nor go backl" Jessie heard the speaker cast himself recklessly upon the ground a few yards from her. The laurel bent and complained from her. The laurel bent and complained beneath his weight, communicating a wave of motion to the vines around her. A volley of oaths followed the remark.

"You're in bad temper, Cap'n," said another, who proved to be Simon Arrow-The four men were now engaged in an un- sn,ith.

"Who would'nt be in bad temper to be al conflict. "Fly to the swamp, girls, while we keep buffled in this way?" growled Vantassle..... miscreants in check!" admonished Ha "Twice that gal second to be in my power to-night, and twice have I been defea that unknown devil, One-eyed Saul of the

Swamp." "It's the gal-there's were the shoe pinches. The loss of the silver plate is what troubles me. 'Twas a fool's trick to set the house aftre and burn it up, arter all. There was enough on us to take Laurelwood by storm, and we ought to done it. I'd been content with the booty, and them that pre-ferred it might had the beauty, and wel-

A single rife shot rang sharp and deadly come. Wonien are well enough to do the through the sir. A Tory, who was pressing cookin' and housework, but as to havin' one on 'em agin her will, I can't see no sense in fell dead at the feet of his comrades. "Hounds of hell!" eriad a there.

away from this place alive if there's any thine desperate I can do." quietly, relo ding his piece. "Resistance," cried Jessie, "Is hopeless. What can you expect from them if you are taken, Tom Hutter?" We might out any out friends, I never have time to think of myself when you are near; I should despise myself if I did." "You are too brave, too generous!" on of a femilie according to any out of a femilie according to any out of a femilie according to any out friends, I never have time "Desperate 1 can do." "Desperate! all is desperate!" said Hut-ter. "We might cut our way through and save ourselves, perhaps, if there was nothin'

out that a party of them had beaten down one of the doors and were pressing into the hall. Podijah and Hazelhurst sprang to meet by the penetrating, hot and smoke-loaded

spliy xiating vapors, rushed to the chamber but sank blinded and overpowered upon the who were not repulsed were left upon the floor with broken heads. The door was rethreshold. It was with difficulty that he

rejoined the group below. "The door must be shut," said Polijah, The Tories ignominiously withdrew to

the varning was timely; a charge of buck-the shelter of the surrounding trees and whrubbery, and Hutter hoped that the at-the warning was timely; a charge of buck-the crashed through the panes as she step-

"Too chivalrous! too chivalrous!" exclaim-

"Escape as you can through the dark-ness; and as for us girls, we will trust to the mercy of the enemy, and yield ourselves

prisoners," answered Jesse, cagerly. "Yes, we will trust ourselves to the hu-

manity of the Tories," said Judith and Ruth,

ing able to go to their assistance. Overpow-ered by numbers, they gave ground, but inch by inch. They were bruised and bleeding: they began to despair. "Take 'em alive, boys; take 'em alive,

that we may have the pleasure of bangin' em!" shouted Vapussle.

"Here's for you, Mister!" said Herrick. some of his white locks withered to ashes. leveling a pistol at Paul. A bullet whistled close to the young man's face, who, putting himself between the young ladies and the "Bravely done!" cried Jessie. "If you have not saved us, you have at least given "Don't praise me," returned Podiiah. villains, held them at hay. His person was

the target for a dozen furious blows, which 'The praises of a gal intoxicates me like ardent speret-the pootier the gal, the drunker it makes me. I never shall git with surprising adroitness, he turned aside nd haffled

equal conflict. the miscreants in check!" admonished Ha-

zelhurst. The maidens ran like frightened deer, but their defenders had the mortification to see two Tories in pursuit of them without be-