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J. H. LARRIMER, Editor.

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J. H. LARRIMER.

From the Home Journal.

Tales of the South.

BY A SOUTHERN MAN.

THE AVENGER.

[Continued from last week.]

The sun was sinking low in the west when he arose. On descending to the gentleman's parlor, he had the unspeakable pleasure of meeting with an old and valued friend, just arrived, on his return route to Alabama, for an exploring tour through the interior of Texas. The meeting was peculiarly fortunate for A. M., who was determined to press matters to an immediate issue with Orme, before he had time to draw friends and influence around him by association with the gambling portion of the community. They stood at present upon terms of perfect equality; so far, at least, as the want of counsel and aid to be derived from others could make them equal, being both strangers in Galveston. And, however much A. M. might be gratified in feeling at meeting with his newly-arrived friend, the assistance he would need, and would be likely to receive from that quarter, would not be greater than Orme might be able to command among his *extempore* associates in the city.

This friend was, like A. M., a planter, of cool head and brave heart, and one in whom the most implicit confidence, in any matter, could be placed. Taking him to his room, A. M. explained to him what is already known to the reader, in relation to Orme and his crime, and developed the plan he had devised for the punishment of that assassin-slayer of his father. His friend, whose name was Lynn, fully concurred with him in opinion as to the conclusiveness of the proof of Orme's guilt, but ventured to suggest a different mode of punishment, which was to arrest and deliver him over to the tribunals of the law, supporting his suggestion with many very cogent and persuasive arguments.

A. M. listened respectfully and in silence to his friend's proposal, and the plausible reasons urged in favor of its adoption, and when Lynn concluded his remarks, made a brief and decisive reply. "He said, in substance, that there were but three possible ways in which Orme could be brought to punishment for his crime, and these were by a public prosecution, by his private assassination at his own hands or those of another, or by single combat on the so-called field of honor. To the first he objected, because of its delay, its uncertainty of issue, and its vexatious publicity; but, above all, because it would wring the thunderbolt of the retributive blow from his own hand, and cause it to be launched, if it even fell at all, from the hand of the public, personified, or, at least, represented by the courts of law. As his father had been most foully assassinated by Orme, his own assistance prevented by an equally foul contrivance, he felt that what he might lawfully have done then he ought not to be forbidden to do now—the lapse of time and change of circumstances notwithstanding, in his judgment, a forfeiture of his right, which existed while the murder was consummating, at least, to slay the murderer. At all events, he claimed, as a matter of feeling, of the question of right with him or against him, to be the avenger of his father's blood, and he could not be induced, for any consideration, to abandon the claim by surrender of the culprit to the legal tribunals.

The plan of a private assassination was at once cowardly and irredeemably base, and was not to be thought of by a brave man, or to be mentioned by an honorable one, except to be reprobated and condemned.

There remained, therefore, no alternative but to adopt the *duello* as the means of punishing Orme for his crime. This plan would enable him, if at all, to inflict the retributive blow with his own hand, and was, unquestionably, entirely unstained by the cowardice and insufferable meanness of a private assassination. It gave, it is true, the guilty Orme an equal chance of escape with himself, who was altogether innocent of the blood for which an explanation was sought, and required, too, a temporary lowering of himself to the grade of his assassin opponent; since, by the action of the *duello*, it can be waged properly only between parties who are peers in both character and station. These objections, however, which no one but himself had the right to urge, he was entirely willing to waive, for the sake of being permitted to seek the life of Orme in a fair, and, what the world avers, honorable manner. He, therefore, announced his unalterable resolution to call Orme to ac-

count, and, he hoped, to punishment, for his crime, by a single combat on the field of honor.

Seeing that the purpose of A. M. was unchangeably fixed, Lynn desisted from urging his own plan, and promised his hearty co-operation, as far as it might be needed, in the execution of the one preferred by his friend. And thus the conference ended.

It was already dark. After tea, A. M. accompanied by his friend, went out in quest of Orme, and, after a protracted search through the drinking houses and gambling dens of the city, found him in one of the latter, in which a large crowd of spectators and players was assembled, absorbed in conducting or watching the various games. It had been agreed between A. M. and Lynn that, as soon as they found themselves in the same room with Orme they should affect complete acquaintance, but should generally keep close together, and never pass out of each other's sight. A. M. drew his cap down over his forehead and brow until the projecting rim of leather in front almost completely shaded his eyes and the middle and upper portion of his face. A pair of enormous whiskers, provided for the occasion, gave ferocity to his look, and concealed the outlines of his lower features. Thus disguised, he might safely have defied the recognition of his most intimate friends.

Orme, whose passion for play was insatiable, had improved the few hours of his stay in Galveston, in making acquaintances among the gamblers, who literally swarmed in the city. As neither letters of introduction nor credentials of any sort are required to secure admission to the privileges and recognition of the fraternity, he made, of course, easy and satisfactory progress in the business, especially after it became known, from his own declarations, that he had money, and was not unwilling to risk it at the gaming-table—two things which make a man almost immediately popular among the sharper, who fierce, with cards and dice, as pick-pockets do with their fingers. He had been successful in play at New Orleans, and came, like a golden arrow from the East, freighted with shells, into the godless temples of unhallowed gain in the west.

At the moment A. M. and Lynn entered the room, he was bantering some of his new acquaintances for a game. The very fact that he professed to be flush of money made them chary of accepting his challenge; since a full purse, in their profession, argued a keen player or a cunning trickster, and, not infrequently, the accomplishments of both combined. He readily found a partner, but was unsuccessful, thus far, in the search for an opponent.

At length, passing from a banter to individuals to a challenge in general, he proclaimed, in a loud, defiant tone of voice, his willingness and eagerness to play with any person in the room.

A. M. at once stepped forward, and announced an acceptance of the challenge. Orme cast upon him an almost scornful look, and inquired whether he had money or impudence to bet. Retorting his glance with one of equal scorn, and of real hate, A. M. replied,

"Yes, I have money; of my own to bet, and the skill to win yours, too."

"Well, then, get you a partner, and we will soon see if you have either," retorted Orme, with a most forbidding scowl, which had become habitual with him from his constant attempt to intimidate those with whom he played, and thus to gain an advantage over them in the game, while flurried with excitement produced by his fierce look and domineering voice.

A. M., affecting to be a total stranger to every one present, inquired if any one of those around him would consent to be his partner in the game? Lynn, who was standing close by, cried out that he would, and added, good humoredly, as he advanced to join the three, that, although they were strangers, he hoped they would pull well together in the game.

A table and chairs were soon procured, the stakes, small in amount, but which, it was agreed, should be made larger as the play progressed, were deposited, with the counters, in the proper place, and the game began.

Neither A. M. nor Lynn had ever played for a wager in his life, and both looked with unutterable loathing upon the brutalizing profession of the gambler. Unacquainted even with all the evolutions of the particular game in which they were engaged, and utterly ignorant of the more recondite resources of the gamster's art, they were no matches for their opponents, who were skillful and practiced players, and, consequently, lost every bet. Orme, elated with success, and fired with the hope of still larger winnings, waxed more insolent and overbearing than ever. He chided his partner, rallied at his opponents, and became fluent in the dialect of the bully and the blowbeater. At length he ventured to reprimand A. M., in a most hectoring tone of voice, for a play he had just made, which was slightly variant from the established rules of the game.

A. M. retorted with a severity and keenness which surprised the company, and stung Orme to the quick. The latter bullied and blustered, but still kept his seat. A. M., rising from his throne, threw a wine glass full in the face of Orme, applying to him, at the same time, and in a very loud tone of voice, the most stinging epithets known to the vocabulary of abuse. Orme, who was by no means deficient in personal courage, sprang from his seat, as if for the purpose of avenging the indignity of a personal assault upon A. M., but seeing a revolver in his hand and already levelled at his own person, he desisted, and retired at once with his partner from the room.

The insult was too public and too gross to admit of but one mode of redress, to

neglect which would expose Orme to decision and defeat in the new and inviting field of action upon which he seemed about to enter in Galveston. In a few moments, therefore, his partner in the late game reappeared, bearing a challenge from him to A. M. This was promptly accepted, and A. M., leaving his address, and receiving that of Orme, withdrew from the room and went to his hotel.

In that day, and in that section of country, affairs of honor were brought off with more dilatory and cautious times. The seconds, Lynn, and the late partner in play of Orme, arranged that night the details of all the preliminaries of the duel. The distance ten paces; the weapons; the time sunrise the next morning; the place a sand beach in the immediate neighborhood of Galveston; the parties to stand, or advance, to deliver, at will, the whole or a part of the contents of their revolvers. These terms, so deadly, and which must so inevitably produce fatal results to one or both of the parties, were wrung, with the utmost difficulty, by Lynn from the second of Orme, and, being at length agreed on by the seconds, and ratified by the principals, became the law of the fight.

A. M. was an expert in the use of fire-arms, especially the pistol, his favorite weapon, which long practice enabled him to discharge with amazing quickness and wonderful precision of aim. His courage was of that indomitable kind which relaxes neither in the presence nor at the prospect of any, even the most appalling, danger; his nerves were steady, and his confidence in himself complete. He was, besides, spare in person, presenting, in the duellist's position on the field of combat, but a slender line of surface for his opponent's aim.

Orme, on the contrary, was bulky in person, obese, and almost square in proportion from the shoulders to the hips. But he was courageous, desperate, a good shot, and, altogether, a dangerous foe.

By daylight the next morning the crowd began to gather at the place appointed for the duel, and continued to increase until every position, far or near, from which a view of the combatants could be had, was crowded and jammed with the eager throng.

At that day Texas, of which Galveston is the chief entrepot upon the gulf, was a department of the republic of Mexico, and the *duello* was not under the ban of the law within its limits. Consequently no police or preventive magistracy ever interfered to arrest combatants and put them under bonds to keep the peace, as is done in our day, to the great relief of many a party to a meditated single combat. The people flocked from all directions to witness a duel, and the spectacle, alike frequent and bloody, became almost a favorite, popular amusement. The lone star has since been added to a constellation of kindred states and scenes like that now passing in review, would, at present, neither be grateful to the public sensibilities, nor permitted by the law.

Precisely at sunrise the combatants, accompanied by their surgeons and seconds, came upon the field. A. M. looked calm and determined; Orme, ferocious and eager. All eyes turned at once, with concentrated gaze, upon them. The terms of the combat, which, somehow, had already transpired, and the cool bearing and supposed courage of the parties, made it certain that one or both would fall in the fight.

(Continued next week.)

Washington's Island.

This beautiful little Island, the identity of which is nearly lost to the present generation, is situated in the Allegheny river, nearly parallel with Herr's Island, and is about three miles from the point at the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, where forts Duquesne and Pitt formerly stood. The interesting historical reminiscences connected with this Island, has been familiar to me from my early school-boy days, strengthened also by a residence of many years on the northern bank of the river in full view of it. Tradition has marked this Island as the favored spot where our beloved Washington saved his life, when on his return from the mission entrusted to him by Gov. Dinwiddie, of Virginia, to Monsieur Le Gardien de St. Pierre, the French Commandant on the Ohio. In commemoration of this event it was very properly named "Washington's Island." Among the papers of the late Wm. Wusthoff, Esq., one of the early pioneers of this section of the country, I found, some years ago, an ancient map of Pennsylvania, on which this Island was correctly laid down, and marked in plain, bold characters, "Washington's Island." I also noticed in an old Philadelphia publication a short account of Washington's adventure, and providential preservation on this Island, and his reception by the Indians who then occupied some wigwags on it. At the date of this publication, December, 1781, Gen. Washington was President of the United States, and resided in Philadelphia. A recent writer in the *True Press*, with commendable zeal, has endeavored to draw public attention to the above incident in Washington's life, but has unfortunately erred in its locality. Washington, in his journal, conclusively establishes the fact that he landed on an Island, and not "on the main shore one mile above the Island." Washington's journal of his mission being so little known, and so very interesting, I herewith annex a portion of it, commencing after that part where, being retarded by the intense cold weather, bad roads and deep snow, he left his horse, baggage and retinue in charge of Mr. Vanbraam, and says, "I took my necessary papers, pulled off my clothes (Indian walking

dress,) and tied myself up in a watch-coat. Then with gun in hand, and pack on my back, in which were my papers and provisions, I set out with Mr. Gist, fitted out in the same manner, on Wednesday, 26th, (Dec. 1753.) The day following, just after we passed a place called Murdering Town, we fell in with a party of French and Indians, who laid in wait for us. One of them fired at Mr. Gist or me, not fifteen steps off, but fortunately missed. We took the fellow into custody and kept him until nine o'clock that night, then let him go, and walked all the remaining part of the night without making any stop that we might get the start, so far, as to be out of reach of pursuit the next day, since we were well assured that they would follow our track as soon as it was light. The next day we continued travelling until dark, and got to the river about two miles from Shanopin's. We expected to have found the river frozen, but it was not, only about fifty yards from each shore. The ice, I suppose, had broken up, for it was driving in vast quantities. There was no getting over but on a raft, which we set about making with one poor hatchet, and finished just after sunset. This was a whole day's work. We next got it launched, then went on board of it, and set off; but before we were half way over, we were jammed in the ice in such a manner that we expected every moment our raft to sink, and ourselves to perish. I put my setting pole to try to stop the raft, that the ice might pass by, when the rapidity of the stream threw it with so much violence and force against the pole, that it jerked me out into ten feet of water, but I fortunately saved myself by catching hold of one of the raft logs. Notwithstanding all our efforts, we could not get to either shore, but were obliged, as we were near an Island, to quit our raft and make to it. The cold was so extremely severe that Mr. Gist had some of his fingers and all of his toes frozen, and the water was shut up so hard that we found no difficulty in getting off the Island the next morning, and went to Mr. Frazer's."

The above Island was patented to the late Judge Wallace, and sold by him to Mr. Wainwright, and finally passed from him to its present enterprising proprietor, Michael McCullough, Jr., Esq., who has greatly improved it, and thereby effectually reclaimed it from the wasting effects of the river. This interesting Island ought to be added to the Allegheny Arsenal grounds, which it adjoins, and a marble column erected on it, which could be seen far and near, so as to perpetuate the sacred place where the immortal Washington saved his life, when only in the twentieth year of his age.

W. C. MILLER.

Duquesne Borough, Feb. 21, 1859.

HAMLET'S TOMB.—A recent traveller in Denmark gives the following sketch of his visit to the tomb of the great dramatic notoriety.—"A trip from Copenhagen to Elsinore took us through two of those royal residences that are about to pass into other hands—viz: Friederichsberg, about twenty-two miles from Copenhagen, and Marienlyst, at Elsinore. Marienlyst is a desolate place in April, but most beautiful when its trees, garden, and statues, are decked in summer garb. Situated on a declivity sloping to the sea, the little chateau looks out upon the clear waters of a Sound, glistening with sharp reflections in the sunlight, and bounded on the horizon by the pleasant hills of the Swedish coast. On the side the stronghold of Kronborg, which defends the passage of the Sound, rears its Elizabethan towers, whilst in the distance behind glistens the white house of Holmsund in Sweden, crowned by an ancient tower frowning in dark tones on the surrounding country. The innumerable shipping that stud the waters, increase the charm of a landscape, unsurpassed in the beauty of its hues, the variety of its components, and the brilliancy of its colors. Turning from an instant from this brilliant picture, a different one presents itself. In a shady nook, away from the sea, the eye rests on a pleasant grove of trees. There in a sequestered spot, near a brawling limpid stream, stands the tomb of Hamlet. It is a little mound of earth on the top of which stands a small obelisk. This obelisk, formed of stones neatly superposed, resembles a section of a cone. No inscription breaks the mystery of the place, and the mind wanders undisturbed in Shakspearian dreams, and such reveries as moss and lichen can create. The ghost of the Prince of Denmark has never frightened the peaceful inhabitants of Marienlyst, and to this may be ascribed the unbelief of the Elsinore gossip, that Hamlet ever lived in aught but the imagination of our best known dramatist."

PORTAIT OF FANNY FERN.—I met Fanny Fern upon Broadway, yesterday, leaning upon the arm of her beloved "James." He is a tall, cadaverous individual, with melancholy expression and eyes askew—but with a good expression withal. Fanny has passed her heyday; "no longer young" is stamped upon that somewhat care-worn face. A sanguine temperament, large perceptive faculties, sandy, wavy hair, falling low down upon her forehead—prominent features. People meeting her even in a crowd say, "What a strange looking woman!" It is a marked, but not a bad face. It says, "I have known some better things—anguish, anger, solitude." It is not wholly good, and it could not be entirely bad. It hints at ugliness—it suggests its nobility. It is self-assured but not vain; proud, but not haughty. It says, "I have lived more years than are recorded for me." Her daughter, woman grown, is in appearance a fine second edition of herself.—N. Y. *Cor. Utica Herald.*

Half a cranberry bound on a corn will soon kill it.

The Sale of the Canals.

Our attention has been drawn to this subject by an article in a late number of the *Luzerne Union*, which cannot be overlooked. It appears that by the third section of the "Act for the sale of the State Canals," it is provided that if the Sunbury and Erie Railroad Company shall sell said Canals for a greater sum in the aggregate than three and a half millions of dollars, seventy-five per centum of said excess shall be paid to the Commonwealth by a transfer of so much of the bonds and securities as said Railroad Company shall receive for the same, and payable in like manner; and provided further, "that the President of the said Sunbury and Erie Railroad Company shall make return to the Governor under oath of such sale or sales, and the terms and conditions thereof as the same may be made," and in the same section it is also "provided that no such sale or transfer shall be made by the Sunbury and Erie Railroad Company without the written consent and approval of the Governor, to be filed in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, being first had and obtained."

Under this act, the Canals were transferred to the Sunbury and Erie Railroad Company for the three million five hundred thousand dollars, secured by bonds drawing FIVE PER CENT INTEREST. Subsequently, the Sunbury and Erie Railroad Company sold these Canals for more than \$3,500,000, secured principally by bonds from the purchasing parties, drawing SIX PER CENT INTEREST.

Seventy-five per cent of this excess of principal, has, it is alleged, been accounted for by the Sunbury and Erie Railroad Company, to the State; but it is claimed by the writer in the *Union*, to whose article we have referred, that the State is in equity entitled to seventy-five per cent of the excess of interest which the Sunbury and Erie Company receive in the bonds taken from their purchasers, over the interest called for in the bonds given by that Company to the State. That interest excess is twenty years the bonds have to run, to be more than one million of dollars; and the spirit and honest meaning of the act, demand just as forcibly that seventy-five per cent of it should endure to the benefit of the State, as that the seventy-five per cent of the excess of principal should do so.

It seems to us that the Legislature should promptly look into this matter;—and also that they should make a thorough investigation into the sales of all the lines sold by the Sunbury and Erie Company, so that it may be known whether they were all bona fide and fair towards the State, or not.—*Daily Pennsylvania.*

Paganism.

A sketch of the History of ifayti, in the *N. Y. Times*, contains the following, which reminds one of the gloomy superstition described in "Waikanae."

"Soulouque owed his elevation partly to chance, and partly in his connection with the Vaudoux, a sect believed, before the revolt, to be all-powerful. This idolatrous organization, which extends itself to our slave States along the Gulf, is of African origin. Its god is a green serpent, which is confined in a cage, one side of which is open, that worshippers may see the deity. All acts of devotion must pass through the High Priest and High Priestess. The meetings of the sect are secret—usually held in secluded places, where the devotees strip themselves, substituting red handkerchiefs for clothing, and forming a ring about the box containing their god, perform a fantastic and crazy dance, under the leadership of the High Priest, who, after passing about his hat for offerings, and putting up a petition to the serpent for any needed benefits, resumes the mad orgies, until, in a delirium of fanatical intoxication, they retire to the woods and enact scenes of nameless horror. The Vaudoux idolatry pervades the entire lower class of the Haytian population. Their religion is divided between the Virgin and the green serpent; and in all exigencies they resort indifferently to both. Of this strange order, Soulouque was High Priest and his Queen High Priestess. Hence his selection for the Presidential office, and his ability so long to retain his authority."

THE BURNS CENTENARY.—In Scotland itself, the enthusiasm was general—it might be said almost universal. Lord Ardmillan, one of the Scottish Judges, who presided at the Edinburgh banquet, quoted James Montgomery's *Impromptu* Burns:

"He passed through life's tempestuous night,
A brilliant, trembling Northern Light;
Through after years he shines from far,
A fixed, unsetting Polar Star."

He also quoted Professor Wilson's Eulogy:—"Burns was, by far, the greatest Poet who ever sprung from the bosom of the people; and lived and died in humble condition." But for all this "enthusiasm" a grandson of the poet, and bearing his own name, residing in Dumfries was not even invited to the festival. Reason—he was a poor school teacher. Verily, we who rejoice so over the hundred year old ashes of the poet would turn our backs upon him were he alive, with his toes sticking out of his boots and a seedy hat on.

There is a great deal of theology in the idea of a little girl in this State, who wished that she could be good without obeying her grandmother. She said it was enough to read books and pray, but it was pretty hard to mind her grandmother.

"Doctor," said a hypochondriac to his physician, "I can neither sit down, lie down or stand up! What shall I do?"
"Go instantly and hang yourself,"
Was the reply.

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 WHIFFLES," "BUCK BISSON," "HALF-WITTED NAT," "MARION'S BRIGADE," "THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE LEAGUE OF THE SEVEN.

Seven men, coming from different points, urging their way with great difficulty through almost impervious walls interlaced and opposing shrubbery, met at midnight beneath the spreading branches of a cypress tree, at a place called Laurel Swamp, in South Carolina, in the year 1777. 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 and disfigured 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 sabres, knives, pistols and muskets. Their faces were smudged with powder, their garments torn by conflict and the sharp teeth of the cypress hedges. The names of these men were respectively as follows:—Martin Vantassle, Nathaniel Herrick, Philip Langford, Simon Arrowwith, John Neelson, James Pollard, and Timothy Becker.

Vantassle, a tall, athletic, ill-visaged fellow, was the leader of these fierce and intractable spirits. Unsheathing his heavy sabre, and planting its point in the ground between his feet, he addressed his companions.

"Men," he said, in a hard, harsh voice, that harmonized well with his general prestige, "we've met here to-night to bind ourselves together in perpetual fellowship by solemn oath and mutual 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 Majesty, the King of Great Britain and the rightful ruler of these colonies, have touched his money, and will do his work."

"Isn't the king I care so much about," muttered Nat Herrick, "but the utter destruction and extermination of the Whigs. South Car'ny is already more'n half conquered. 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."

There was an applauding murmur around the grim circle. "I was comin' to that subject," added Vantassle, impatiently.—"I reckon I know the merits of the case, and understand the nature of your feelin's, my lads. We never seed the King of England, any of us; and if we should, it's agin reason to s'pose that he'd speak to us; and to tell the truth, we care little about him. I love Martin Vantassle better nor I do any king in the world. I fight the Whigs because their side is the weakest, and I hate 'em; and there's a prospect of makin' somethin' by it. When we've driven 'em out, which will be soon, 'cordin' to present appearances, we'll be masters of the country ourselves. We'll have houses and lands, and niggers to wait on us."

"That's the kind of talk I like to hear," said Jim Pollard.

"It's a kind of talk, too, that'll prove prophetic," rejoined Vantassle.

"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 older. However, that's neither here nor there; let them fight for glory who will—our motto is 'Body and Beauty.'"

"We know your beauty is," said Simon Arrowwith, with a leer; it was Jessie Burnside.

"And he shall have her, too!" said Herrick, with an oath.

"Thank'e, Nat Herrick; and if you don't succeed with Ruth Haviland, it'll be no fault of mine."

"And will nobody speak a word for me?" asked Langford. "A hundred, if you like," cried Pollard, "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 fill to rifle, or a house to burn. Howsoever, if you like Judith Burnside, it's none o' my business, and I reckon none of us'll stand in your way. She's very handsome, and 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 Langford, but I'm sure you can't do much in the way of what folks call honest courtship. But don't be down-hearted, lad, for we're bound to aid each other under all circumstances, and in all cases."

Martin Vantassle drew his sabre from the earth and thrusting it forward, held it over the blazing fire; the blade was dined and serrated with service, and there were red stains upon it. The other six unsheathed theirs and crossed them upon his, when he dictated a terrible and impious compact which they severally repeated. It was too profane and shocking to be put verbatim upon paper. They pledged themselves to mutual brotherhood and crime; to exterminate the struggling and hunted Whigs; to give no quarter to the captured foe; to pursue the flying fugitive with remorseless fury; to commit every enormity upon the defenseless patriots; to rob, to burn, to outrage helpless innocence.

(Continued on the fourth page.)