

The Montrose Democrat.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

A. J. GERRITSON, PUBLISHER.

MONTROSE, PA., MAY 5, 1859.

VOLUME XVI, NUMBER 18.

GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED



FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

New Styles—Prices from \$50 to \$125.
EXTRA CHARGE OF 25 CENTS PER WEEK.

495 Broadway - New York.
F. B. CHANDLER, AGENT, MONTROSE.

These machines sew from two spools, and are purchased from the store, requiring no rewinding of thread; they Hem, Fell, Gather, and Stitch in a superior style, finishing each seam by their own operation, without recourse to the handneedle, and is required by other machines. They will do better and cheaper sewing than a seamstress can, even if she works for one cent an hour, and are, unquestionably, the best machines in the market for family sewing, on account of their simplicity, durability, ease of management, and adaptation to all varieties of family sewing—executing either heavy or fine work with equal facility, and without special adjustment.

As evidence of the unquestioned superiority of their machines, the GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY beg leave to respectfully refer to the following:

TESTIMONIALS:

"Having had one of Grover & Baker's Machines in my family for nearly a year and a half, I take pleasure in commending it as every way reliable for the purpose for which it is designed.—Family Sewing.—Mrs. John Leavitt, wife of Rev. Dr. Leavitt, Editor of N. Y. Independent.

"I confess myself delighted with your Sewing Machine, which has been in my family for many months. It has always been ready for duty, requiring no adjustment, and is easily adapted to every variety of family sewing, by simply changing the spools of thread.—Mrs. Elizabeth Strickland, wife of Rev. Dr. Strickland, Editor of N. Y. Christian Advocate.

"After trying several good machines, I prefer yours, on account of its simplicity, and the perfect ease with which it is managed, as well as the strength and durability of the seam. After long experience, I feel compelled to speak in this manner, and to cordially recommend it for every variety of family sewing.—Mrs. E. B. Spooner, wife of the Editor of Brooklyn Star.

"I have used Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine for two years, and have found it adapted to all kinds of family sewing, from Cambric to Broadcloth. It gives me the most perfect results, and the giving way of a stitch. The Machine is easily kept in order, and easily used.—Mrs. A. B. Whipple, wife of Rev. Geo. Whipple, New York.

"Your Sewing Machine has been in use in my family the past two years, and has given me the pleasure to give you their testimonials to its perfect adaptability, as well as labor saving qualities in the performance of family and household sewing.—Mrs. J. H. Brown, New York.

"For several months we have used Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine, and have come to the conclusion that every lady who desires her sewing beautifully and quickly done, would be most fortunate in possessing one of these reliable and indispensable machines, whose simplicity and perfect qualities of beauty, strength and simplicity, are invaluable.—W. Morris, Editor of the Home Jour. Gen. Geo. P. Morris, Editor of the Home Jour.

[Extract of a letter from Thos. R. Leavitt, Esq., an American gentleman, now resident in Sydney, New South Wales, dated January 12th, 1858.]
"I had a tent made in Melbourne, in 1853, in which there were over three thousand yards of sewing done with one of Grover & Baker's Machines, and a single seam of that length and width, sewed by sailors with a needle and twine."

"If Homer could be called up from his murky hades, he would sing the advent of Grover & Baker as a more magnificent miracle of art than was ever Vulcan's smithy. He would denounce midnight skilting as 'the direful spring of woes unnumbered.'—Prof. North.

"I take pleasure in saying, that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines have more than sustained my expectations. After trying and returning others, I have three of them in operation in my different places, and, after four years' trial, have no fault to find.—J. H. Hammond, Senator of South Carolina.

"My wife has had one of Grover & Baker's Family Sewing Machines for some time, and has satisfied it is one of the best labor-saving machines that has been invented. I take much pleasure in recommending it to the public.—J. G. Harris, Governor of Tennessee.

"It is a beautiful thing, and puts everybody into an excellent humor. I should like to be depicted by your artist, condemned for your patriotism, and tormented for your benefactions; to have your confidence abused, your integrity derided and to suffer a thousand impositions in smaller matters—from those of whom you had a right to expect better things. These are hard things to bear, say you! I am, say, my young friends, and you never will be as good as you should unless you take the good book for your guide, and look daily to its Author for supplies of strength sufficient for your trial. With that chart in your hand, no woe launch your barque upon the troubled ocean of life; and when the squalls strike you, be at least as prudent as the common sailor, and be found hard at the helm, with your chart before you and your eye fixed on Bethlehem's star."

"Gen. Washington once stopped at a hotel with a squad of subordinate officers and attended the situation of an Irish servant. Pat was very attentive to the general, and promptly attended him. The general observed the Irishman gazing at him and his officers as they were about departing, and asked Pat how he liked the looks of his boys.
"Well, yer honor," replied Pat, "I'm no competent to judge of the stars in the presence of the sun."
"A farmer charged his hired man with having an offensive breath. "Thunder and lightning," said the employer, "do you expect a man to breathe the musk roses for six dollars a month?"
"Listening to a lady who was pouring a stream of talk, Jerrild whispered to the person near to him, "She will be coughing soon, and then we can strike in."

Written for the Democrat. COLUMBUS.

BY NELLIE CLIFTON.

The royal Isabella was holding a jubilant festival in her proud palace at Madrid, to celebrate the subjugation of the infidel Moors, and the Spanish court was glittering with trophies from Granada and the Alhambra. There wandered through the gorgeous halls, and gardens gleaming with the starry eyes of beautiful maidens and the brilliant dress of gay cavaliers, a man of stern, strange aspect, plain, black velvet. Masses of raven hair, carefully arranged, threw the straight, high brow, and strongly marked features, into bold relief. The black, piercing eyes were bent upon the ground as if meditating the accomplishment of some mighty enterprise. He mingled not with the gay revelers and seemed un mindful of the world around him. That proud, dark man was Columbus.

Having waited in vain for the return of his brother's embassy from England, he laid his plans for seeking out a new path to the East Indies, before the gracious Isabella. She favored his project. We have not to do with him as a courtier but as the man of courage; when, embarked on his frail vessel, he directed his course over the boundless waste of waters that rolled between him and the new world.

On the morning of the sixty-sixth day after his embarkation from Palos he stood upon the deck of the Santa Maria, gazing earnestly, almost dubiously, upon the ocean's waves; "seeing, by the intensity of his glance, to read the promise of the future in the liquid scroll. Suddenly there grew upon his ear the confused murmur of voices in angry dispute. His distrustful followers came pouring upon deck, their swifly faces growing darker with discontent and hatred. They demanded of Columbus that he put about and return at once to Spain. Words ran high. They threatened to throw him in the rolling sea if he would not comply with their request. With his brow sternly knit, and eagle eye flashing scornfully, he braved all that reckless band. As if his own great will were to him a prophesy of success, he calmed their angry murmurs with the promise that if land did not appear within three days they might turn back to their native country.

What dark and nights of torturing suspense and racking doubt followed to the daring adventurer. All the glory of anticipated discoveries—all his bright dreams of wealth and fame—the success of the daring project he had contemplated for years—all were staked on a single chance. He remained firm at his post and bravely his piercing glance swept the horizon for some token of land, but vainly.

The third day of his probation cloud in darkness. Murky clouds shut out every ray of light from the star-gemmed sky. Not darker the night than the soul of the great man as he slowly paced his narrow cabin, with his arm folded on his heart and his brow set in stern thought; while ever and anon there came, to his ears the muttered curses of his mutinous crew. It was midnight, when a cry rang out on the night side that startled all on board like the blast of a trumpet. It was "a light! a light!"

That single exclamation heralded the discovery of a mighty continent, and the rising of a light that will not set while the cycles of time are rolling their ceaseless rounds. Over three centuries and a half ago civilized man, for the first time, saw the actual sun rise upon the primeval forests and verdant landscapes of the Western Hemisphere.

As his eyes caught the "far-off hum of busy multitudes 'yet to be," he knelt and kissed the ground, and in a moment the dusky-robed, children of another clime—another race of beings—whose voices, with the howl of the wild beast, had alone since the epochs in these grand, old forests, waked the echoes pronounced them "good," and "the morning stars sang together."

What a moment of proud triumph for Columbus! and he found the reward of his courage, and daring heroism, when he stepped upon the threshold of the New World and his far-seeing ken read glorious prophecies of the future. Even he could not realize all the greatness of the discovery his scarcely seconded efforts had achieved.

TUS QUERER WORLD.—The following eloquent passage closes the Baccalaureate Address of the Hon. A. B. Longstreet, President of the South Carolina College, at Columbia, to the recent graduating Class:
"You are embarking upon a strange world of young friends. I banished Aristides, poisoned Socrates, murdered Cicero and crucified the Lord of glory. The spirit of Theistocles, of Miltius, of Anthony and Caiaphas is still in the world—greatly subdued and law-bound, to be sure, but not extinguished. You may expect, therefore, to be depicted by your rivals, condemned for your patriotism, and tormented for your benefactions; to have your confidence abused, your integrity derided and to suffer a thousand impositions in smaller matters—from those of whom you had a right to expect better things. These are hard things to bear, say you! I am, say, my young friends, and you never will be as good as you should unless you take the good book for your guide, and look daily to its Author for supplies of strength sufficient for your trial. With that chart in your hand, no woe launch your barque upon the troubled ocean of life; and when the squalls strike you, be at least as prudent as the common sailor, and be found hard at the helm, with your chart before you and your eye fixed on Bethlehem's star."

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Peter Smith's Duel; AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY CARL CARTER.

Three months since I became an inmate of the family of Mrs. Jones. I use the word inmate advisedly, since it is well known that Mrs. Jones never takes boarders. In fact, she expressly gave me to understand that the only inducement in taking me was the pleasure she expected to derive from my society—that she was far above mercenary considerations. Of course I felt flattered by the compliment that indicated, though I confess I was somewhat surprised, since all mercenary considerations were disclaimed, to be charged at a higher rate than I had ever before paid for board. Still, I did not demur at this, certain that I had at length found a home.

Let me describe Mrs. Jones, my hostess—I should say, the lady of whose family I became an inmate. Physically speaking, I should say that she came of a great family, her proportions being most aristocratic. She was very gracious and condescending in her manner toward me, for which, of course, I am properly grateful. She always comes to the table to sit, the very virtue of which betrays her consequence, and impresses me with a profound feeling of my comparative insignificance.

Mrs. Jones had a daughter—by the name of Sophronia. In external appearance, she was quite unlike her parent, being exceedingly tall and slender, while the latter was short and dumpy.

Some enthusiastic young man had addressed her in a copy of verses, which she was kind enough to show to me, as a syllabus. I do not know much about syllabi—never having seen one to my knowledge—but I question very much whether the syllabi have such hair, or nose, with an upward tendency. I have my doubts, also, as to whether syllabi squat. Still, I am far from denying that Miss Sophronia Jones is a syllabi, since she wishes to be so considered.

Mrs. Jones' table would, I judge, be admirably adapted to a valetudinarian. There he would find no dishes of unwholesome richness, nothing likely to lead him to excess of eating. If, as some one has said, the method most serviceable to health is always to dine from the table with an appetite, I can recommend no place so favorable for carrying out this rule, as that which I at present occupy.

About a week after my arrival at my new boarding place, conversation turned at the dinner table upon a concert which was to take place that evening, by Signora Falalnia. I have but a poor memory for Italian names, but that is the name to the best of my recollection.

"I wish I could go," said the fair Sophronia.
"So you could, my dear, if you had a gentleman protector," replied Mrs. Jones, tenderly.

Hereupon she began to declaim upon the customs of society, which forbade a lady's attending a place of amusement without a gentleman, lamenting that Sophronia had, on that account, been more than once debarred from gratifying her exquisite taste in music.

Of course, I could not, in politeness, refrain from offering my services, although I should thereby be prevented from attending the weekly meeting of the club to which I belong.

Sophronia, in great confusion, said she could not think of troubling me. I began to hope that she would not, but her mother quickly silenced her scruples by saying that she was a silly young girl (she's thirty-five if she's a day), and that she must not think of refusing.

Sophronia made no further objections, and I had the pleasure of paying a high price for a couple of tickets.

Nature not having bestowed upon me a musical ear, I could enter but indifferently into the rapture of my companion, who pronounced Signora Falalnia's singing divine, although she considered her quite devoid of personal attractions.

The Signora being built after the model of Sophronia, I agreed with her in the last bit of criticism.

"Do you know," whispered Sophronia, confidingly, I have myself thought at times that I was destined by nature for a prima donna, or an opera singer, like Signora Falalnia?"

"Then why didn't you become one if I asked."
"Because I had such a prejudiced prejudice against anything of a public character. She felt that I should be deemed by no doing, and told me I should be content to contribute to the gratification of my friends at home.—You have never heard me sing, I presume?"

I had at times heard a shrill voice, in a very high key, as I sat in my room, which struck me as being far from agreeable. I thought it should, however, not to mention this, and answered in the negative.

"You must not expect much," cooed Sophronia; "my voice is wild and uneducated. Ma is always telling me that I ought to pay more attention to it, but I can't never think of it." I expressed my thanks for this disinterested kindness, and, as the concert was now finished, I proceeded to escort the lady home.

As we were passing through the crowd, it chanced that some one, accidental or otherwise, happened to jostle my companion. She immediately clung to my arm, and informed me that she had been insulted.

"Who did it?" stammered I, for my courage was not of the highest order.
In reply, Sophronia pointed out a fat gentleman with a very fierce moustache, who was standing at a short distance. Mentally deciding that it might not be prudent to start an altercation with such a person, I hastened to assure my companion that it must have been an accident.

"No it was not an accident. It was intentional on his part. I wish you to demand an apology in my name."
"Do you not think it would be better to treat him with silent contempt?"
"Sophronia was by no means of this opinion. Accordingly, I approached the person, who

appeared more formidable to me the nearer I got him, and asked, in what was meant to be a resolute tone, what his intention was in insulting a lady under my charge.
"Sir—r!" he ejaculated, wheeling sharply round.

I repeated my inquiry in a fainter tone, and suggested that it was accidental on his part.

Striking his moustache very fiercely, he informed me that he had no explanation to make—that if I wished to hear from him at any time, I could have the opportunity, and forthwith presented me with his card. With the crowd and soon reached home. My companion intimated that she supposed I should seek satisfaction in the usual way. I said something indistinctly—I am not exactly sure what—and very thankfully took leave of the fair Sophronia in the entry.

On reaching my chamber, I examined the card which he had handed me, and found inscribed thereon the name of Captain Achilles Brown. No doubt he possessed the qualities which characterized his great namesake, and it made me shiver even to think of a conflict with him. Resolving that I would take every possible means to avoid it, I went to bed and sank into a slumber disturbed by delightful dreams in which my terrible Captain Achilles Brown.

Early next morning, while in momentary expectation of hearing the breakfast bell, I was startled by a knock at my door. Immediately afterwards entered a tall man bearded like a bear.

He introduced himself to me as a cousin of Sophronia's, and intimated that, having heard of my difficulty with Captain Achilles Brown, he had come to offer me his services as a second.

Thanking him for his kindness, I intimated that I had not yet decided to call out the gentleman in question.

"Not decided?" said my visitor, springing to his feet, causing me to recede two paces, in some personal apprehension—"Not decided! But perhaps I do not understand you!"

I intimated, rather uncomfortably, that I had conscientious scruples against the practice of the duell.

"Conscientious scruples!" I interpreted Mrs. Jones' words, "you must fight. There is no alternative. A lady has been insulted while under your protection. That lady is my cousin. Unless you take notice of it; I must!"

"I shall be very glad to have you," said I, eagerly, thinking to shift the duel upon him.

"You misunderstand me," said my visitor, gravely.
"Unless you challenge Captain Brown, I shall understand it as a personal disrespect for my cousin, and shall challenge you.—Choose which of us you wish to fight."

This was said so resolutely that I succeeded at once. Placed between Signora Falalnia and Charlyd, I avoided the one that was nearest.

"I shall write the missive," I inquired my companion, who called himself Lieutenant Eastace.

"Yes," I said, faintly.
He sat down at my desk, and in a few minutes produced the following:
CAPTAIN ACHILLES BROWN:
"Sir—You grossly insulted a young lady, while under my protection, last evening. As a man of honor, I call upon you for an ample apology, or for the usual satisfaction accorded in such cases. I send this by Lieutenant Eastace, who is authorized to act as my second. Yours, &c.,
PETER SMITH."

Having signed this with some misgivings, I inquired as to the character of Capt. Brown.

"I don't know much about him," replied my friend, "but I presume he is a regular first-rate."
"This was consoling—very."
"Suppose," said I, in a tremulous tone, "suppose you erase the word 'ample' before 'apology.' I shall consider any apology sufficient."
"But I shall not," replied the Lieutenant, sharply.

"There was no need to be said. He dropped the word, and I was left in an enviable frame of mind. Two hours after the Lieutenant returned in very high spirits.

"Has he apologized?" I inquired eagerly of him.
"Not a bit of it," was the reply. "He says he will shed the last drop of blood first."
"What a sanguinary monster he must be!" was my internal reflection.

The meeting is appointed for to-morrow morning at sunrise, returned the Lieutenant. "Weapons—pistols; distance, fifteen paces."
"Isn't that rather near?" I ventured to remark.

"Near? Of course, you want it near. You be more apt to hit your man."
"And he'll be more apt to hit me," I rejoined.
"Of course," he replied, "you must take your chance of that."
I wondered whether he would be so seconded about it if he were the principal. In fact, as I have often observed, seconds are much more scrupulous about the honor of their principals than they are disposed to be of their own. I suppose it is human nature. I think it altogether likely that I might make a second pistol!" observed my friend.

"Use it to pistols!" I remember once firing one when a boy, to the imminent danger of my little sister's life. Since that time, I have not had one in my hands."
As I strolled out into the street, in an unhappy frame of mind, a newsboy thrust into my hands a newspaper, which I mechanically bought. In looking over the columns I observed that a boat was advertised as about to start for Havana. The hour of departure was four in the afternoon. A sudden thought struck me. Would it not be better for me to embark for Cuba, than stay and be shot, since this would be undoubtedly the result of the duel contemplated.

With new-born alacrity, I immediately repaired to the box, and advertised to see the list of passengers. Running my eye cau-

ally down the list, my heart beat quickly as my eye rested on the last name. Could it be possible that my dreaded opponent, Captain Achilles Brown, had taken passage.—What could be his motive?

"When did this gentleman book his name?" I inquired, breathlessly.
"An hour since."
"Did he understand that the boat started to-day?"
"Yes, sir."
"Will you be kind enough to describe him?"
"He is tall."
"And had a black moustache, a dark complexion, and wore a large cloak."
"Yes, precisely. You know him, then?"
"Very slightly," said I, carelessly. "By the way, I don't think I shall be able to get away for a week. I think I won't engage passage to-day."

"Would you give very good accommodations?"
"No doubt of that. By the way, you needn't mention to Captain Brown that anything is required for him."
My heart bounded with exultation as I realized that my opponent, whom I had dreaded so much, was about to leave the country for fear of encountering me. What I would do, I knew not. I laughed all the way home, although I endeavored to preserve my gravity.

On the way I purchased a brace of pistols, which I ostentatiously displayed on reaching my boarding house.

"To think that you should risk your life for me!" I mused the fair Sophronia.

"I don't mind it," said I, with impulsive fervor, "no one shall with impunity insult a lady while under my charge and protection."

All the afternoon I practised shooting at a mark, and was never more lively than at the feat.

Lieutenant Eastace, who was present, seemed, as I thought, considerably surprised at the change in my demeanor, and puzzled to account for it.

After tea, I invited the company to witness my will, which I had drawn up for the purpose of making an impression. I noticed that Lieutenant Eastace treated me with increasing respect. While Signora Falalnia repeated her words under her breath, but loud enough to be heard by me:

"Brave man!"
All this enjoyed and took the opportunity to discourse severely upon the inviolability of honor, in defense of which every man ought to be willing to lay down his life.

In the course of the afternoon, I had the pleasure of witnessing the sailing of the Ariel, with Captain Brown on board. How much that fact contributed to inspire in me these elevated sentiments, I leave the reader to judge.

The next morning, at an early hour, I proceeded to the field, in company with my second.

Captain Achilles Brown was not there! I professed a great deal of disappointment, and insisted on waiting three hours for him. Of course it was in vain. All, however, testified to the remarkable courage which I displayed under the circumstances, and tendered me the congratulations of the club.

Soon afterwards I left my boarding-place to the great regret of the fair Sophronia. I afterwards learned, that, had I shown the white feather in my duel, it was the intention of Lieutenant Eastace to force me into a marriage with his syllabi like cousin, on pain of a public apology, or for the usual satisfaction accorded in such cases. I send this by Lieutenant Eastace, who is authorized to act as my second. Yours, &c.,
PETER SMITH."

I have never seen Captain Achilles Brown since the eventful day on which he did me the service to sail for Cuba, nor have I any wish to see him. Had he possessed a little more courage, I should think that might have been the result.

Danger of Rubbing with Brandy.
We heard the other day of a singular, and believe, a new effect of the application of brandy as a medicine. A gentleman, convalescing from an attack of sickness, was recommended by his physician to rub himself all over every morning and evening with the very best brandy.

The invalid accordingly sent to family grocery, with whom he had dealt for years, and ordered a sample of the best old cognac. Home it came, and that very evening it was tried—outwardly, of course. The convalescent felt better, much better and continued to feel better for a day or so, until he awoke one morning, and to his horror, discovered that his entire cuticle—at least, where it had been rubbed with the old cognac, had become of a deep crimson color.

He sprang out of the bed in alarm. The family was aroused, a servant was despatched in hot haste for the doctor. The invalid's nerves were terribly shaken by this never-before-heard-of catastrophe. What could be the cause of it?—He looked a picture for a painter, as he sat before the large looking-glass in an arm-chair, and ruefully surveyed his crimson covering. It was almost ludicrous.

"What a predicament about his purple-grown hair. But this could be no laughing matter; it must be some extraordinary phenomenon, as he explained it to his wondering and alarmed family.

"And just imagine, my dear, how I shall look all my life, if this confounded thing isn't cured. Like a boiled lobster!"
"Oh, it's no other name. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"
The door-bell rang; the door opened; it rushed the doctor.

For an instant he could not contain himself; he had to drop in a chair and laugh it out.

"Oh, it's very funny to you no doubt, Doctor, but how would you like to go about all the balance of your days looking like an overdone lobster?"
The doctor burst out, at this; but he saw that this sick man and family were really alarmed, and he soon sobered down into his usual, pulse-feeling gravity.

"Maybe it's the iodine, Doctor?" suggested the anxious wife.

"Had that rubbing been done as he prescribed?"
"Yes, faithfully."
"Good brandy."
"Yes, the very best; we use no other."
"Let me have it."
The brandy was brought.
The doctor tasted it, and shook his head again.

"I'll take it home to examine it chemically. There are so many tricks among the liquor dealers."
"Oh, no fear of that with our grocer. He sells none but the best liquor, imported direct by himself."
"No doubt. I'll look into it, nevertheless."
And, calming the family alarm, the good doctor departed, the poor old cognac in his pocket.

That evening came a note from him.
"Dear I—Make yourself perfectly easy. The cognac is first-rate whisky, and won't hurt you. Here is the logwood in it that did your business."

Revolutionary Incidents. THE BATTLE OF CEDAR SPRINGS.

AFTER remaining in the mountain districts just long enough to get the people fairly awakened to a sense of their danger and their wrongs, Col. Hammond moved to another and more salient point, and taught them, by example in the chastisement of the Tories, clearly what their duty was, then passed to North Carolina. Here he was soon joined by several parties of Whigs, whose united force rendered them sufficiently numerous to justify a larger scope of action. It was, therefore, determined to march back into South Carolina, follow up the British, and gather all the information they could of their movements and intentions, before passing on to the full extent of their ability, and, at the same time, to inflict chastisement on the Loyalists whenever and wherever found. Col. Hammond now sent out expressions in various directions to apprise any Whig parties that might be fallen in with his strength and intentions. This had the effect of drawing to him several companies of bodies of men under the command of McCall, Siddle and others. Small parties were detached and sent forward to obtain intelligence of the enemy. The return route brought this force through the settlement formerly visited by Col. Hammond, and gave an opportunity to those favorably disposed to join, which they did with alacrity, and in considerable numbers. Thus did Col. H. go on gathering strength as he moved, breaking up the Tories, and thwarting the plans and maneuvers of the British army. The success and good effect attending the expedition of this little patriot band through all the upper country will be remembered so long as history and tradition can transmit the story of their suffering and gallantry, or the State of South Carolina holds a single patriot heart.

The party now numbered about one hundred and seventy men, who passed their work chiefly through the woods and by paths. It was not long before they obtained intelligence of a scouting party of Tories then some distance in advance of Ferguson's station, and instantly they started on their way to capture them, if possible. In this, however, Col. Hammond's expectations were doomed to disappointment, for, notwithstanding his movement was conducted with the greatest rapidity and caution, the Tories had managed by some means, to get information of his approach, and were up and away before his arrival. He pursued them to a distance of about half a mile of Ferguson's camp, around which he passed, coming out at a short distance in the rear, and found them all in commotion. Looking at them for a few moments, he turned away into the road leading from Bubo's Mills towards Berwick's Iron works, where he recruited 18 men. Passing on he reached and stopped at the house of Captain Dillard, who was then with him as a volunteer, and got some milk and potatoes. These refreshments were taken on horseback, none being allowed to dismount.

At this point of the journey, Col. Hammond concluded to take an unimpeded path, and cross over to a road leading from Ninety-six to Cedar Springs, and thence to the Iron Works (Berwick's). He marched sixteen or eighteen miles farther, and arrived at Cedar Springs. Here the troops were halted, and no horses allowed to be unsaddled, and every man made to rest with his bridle in his hand. Videts were thrown out in strict orders given, that if they should see or hear of the approaching force, they should not to call or fire upon them, but run in and give notice without noise. These arrangements completed, the weary troops sought repose. About half an hour before day, the sentry was made aware of the rapid approach of some one on horseback, when suddenly a woman at full speed, but upon her feet, conducted into the camp, where she exclaimed in anxious and hurried tones, "Gentlemen, prepare yourselves, and be in readiness to fight or fly! The enemy will be upon you in a few minutes, and they are strong in numbers." Saying which, she passed on through the camp and was off at full gallop.

On the receipt of this seasonable intelligence, every man was instantly up and prepared for the enemy's reception, who by this time came thundering in at full charge, but were firmly met, hand to hand—the shock was terrible, severe, and deadly. Col. Hammond in his note says: "It was so dark that it was hard to distinguish friend from foe, and that the battle was warm for fifteen or twenty minutes, when the enemy gave way, and was pursued nearly a mile." After the pursuit was over, the patriots returned to the battle ground and took off their dead and wounded, and moved on towards the iron works. The British lost in this action twenty-eight dragoons (Dunlap's regulars) who were left dead on the field, besides some six or eight Tory volunteers, and several others who fell upon the road in their flight—altogether, between forty and fifty. The Whig party had four killed, and twenty-three wounded, most of them with the broadsword.—Dunlap commenced the attack, and had sixty well equipped dragoons, and one hundred and fifty volunteer riflemen. Something less than two miles from the scene of action, the flying Dunlap was overtaken by another party of about eight hundred, made it necessary that the Americans should retreat. Col. Ham-

mond's note informs us that several of his wounded being unable to proceed, were left at the iron works and fell into Ferguson's hands, but were kindly and considerately treated by that officer. One of these had his arm so badly shattered, that amputation became indispensable, necessary to the restoration of life. There was no surgeon with the party, or to be had. What then was to be done? The man was too valuable to be lost without an effort to save him.

In this dilemma, Col. Hammond says, "under all the circumstances, I determined to operate myself," which he did for this man, and with a single instrument of practice, as he tells us, thus: "I took two common case-knives, and locked them together until their edges were sufficiently serrated in the capacity of a saw—another made sharp, served the purpose of a regular amputating knife—a sewing needle, heated and bent into proper shape, formed my 'Trenchum.' My tourniquet was a green hickory switch, heated in the fire until soft, and then twisted to make it more pliable." With these rude instruments, one of the capital operations of surgery was successfully performed by a non-professional, and a man's life saved. Upon falling into Ferguson's hands, the invalid stated to the editor the particulars of the case, and Ferguson ordered his surgeon to remove the dressing and have the arm properly attended to. On inspection, the surgeon pronounced it as well as he could do himself, and wisely left it and the man alone. In three weeks this soldier rejoined Col. Hammond.

This operation will give a clearer and better insight into the character of the operator than anything we can say, and enable the reader to form a proper conception of the man.

The information so opportunely conveyed to Col. Hammond and party, was by Mr. Dillard, wife of Captain Dillard, a volunteer with Col. Hammond, and the same lady who had furnished the troops with milk, and restated the evening previous to the battle. She informed her husband that Ferguson and Dunlap, with their men, came to the house the evening after Col. Hammond and party had left. That they had inquired particularly about them, their numbers, &c., and that she had given as little information as possible. In the meantime, Ferguson ordered her to prepare supper for himself, and officers under his charge; and that she, who employed in doing so, heard one of the Tories tell Ferguson he had just been informed that the rebels were to encamp the night at Cedar Springs. It was immediately resolved to attack the Whigs, or, as the British preferred to call them, rebels. Mr. Dillard's husband being of the party, he determined to give them notice of the impending blow. For this purpose, as soon as the table was laid and supper served, he slipped away to the stable, bridled a young horse, and, without saddle, galloped off upon his glorious mission, fully under the impression that the enemy were too numerous to justify a battle. She arrived just in time to justify the party, for Dunlap had been sent forward by Ferguson, with orders to attack and detain the rebels until he should come up with the main force.

For this purpose Dunlap had advanced rapidly, and received, but the Americans were ready to receive him. He found to his cost that the rebels needed nothing but a presence to detain them, and that it was in possible to give them