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THE COUNTRY DOLLAR.

A WEEKLY PAPER: DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

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Number 8.

THE YOUNG DRAGON.

A Story of the Cowpens.
BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

CHAPTER I.

There is a thing—there is a thing,
I fain would have from thee;
I fain would have that gay, gold ring,
The Spectre Lady.

The period of our revolutionary history immediately succeeding the defeat at Camden, is still remembered in the Carolinas with horror. The British, elated with their success, and regarding the South as their own, proceeded in the work of confiscation and massacre with pitiless severity. In that terrible crisis many a family was deprived of its head either by exile or by execution. Yet larger numbers were short of their property and reduced to comparative indigence. In a word, terror reigned paramount.

But the common events of life still went on. The transactions of business, the struggle for wealth, the toils of the husbandman, births, deaths, marriages, cares, hopes, fears—all followed each other down the deep current of existence, almost wholly unaffected by the storm of war which agitated the surface. It is an error to suppose that great convulsions disturb the whole order of society. Men will still hunt, though the entire nation be turned into a camp; will still strive for the dross of earth; will still, if young and generous, risk their heart's happiness in love.

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

At last, just when the dusk began to deepen into night, the flutter of a white dress was seen coming down the avenue. A minute more, and a beautiful girl of 18 summers appeared on the scene.

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

"I have sought it, Ellen," he replied, still holding her hand, "because, despairing of gaining your consent, I have volunteered in Capt. Washington's cavalry corps, and to-morrow set forth. Perhaps you will never see me more. I could not leave the neighborhood without seeing you once more and bidding you an eternal farewell; and, as your father's orders had banished me from the house, there was no method of giving you my adieu except by soliciting an interview."

The tears had started to the eyes of his listener, but she turned away her head to conceal them; and for some time neither spoke.

"Ellen, dear Ellen," said the young soldier earnestly, "will you not now, in this solemn moment, say you love me? I once hoped you did, but since your father has forbidden me the house, you have been less kind; and I fear that I have lost your heart—that you, too, have ceased to care for me, now that I am beggared."

His hearer suddenly turned her face full upon him, with a look of fearful reproach that cut short his words.

"Bless you, Ellen, for that look," he said. "Though my father's estate is confiscated, and he and I both indigent, it is not on that account that you have seemed so cold to me lately. Say then, dearest, only say that I have been mistaken in thinking you at all altered."

Another look, equally eloquent, answered him, but still his hearer did not speak. "Oh! Ellen," he continued, "when I am far away fighting my country's battles, what bliss it would be to know that you sometimes think of me; and that if I should fall you would shed a tear for me."

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

"Albert," she said, "you have conquered. Know then that I do love you." At these words the impetuous young man clasped her in his arms, but she disengaged herself, saying, "But, while my father opposes your suit, I can never be yours. The consciousness of his disapproval has made me affect a coldness to you which my heart belies, in the hope that you would think of some one more worthy of you—but—oh! she hesitated, then quickly added, "in a word, if it will comfort you, when away, to know that I think of you, and pray for you, go forth happy—the misery is for us who stay behind, and who are hourly anxious for the fate of the absent."

The tears fell fast as she spoke, and, concluding, she suffered her head to be drawn to her lover's shoulder, while a deep and holy silence succeeded, as these two young & already unhappy beings held each other in a first embrace.

It was only for a moment, however, that Ellen yielded to weakness. Raising her head and brushing the tears from her eyes, she said, while crimson blushes overspread her face,

"And now farewell—perhaps all this is wrong—but I could not see you leave me in anger."

"God bless you for those words," said Albert. "But, Ellen, before you go, one more request. That miniature that hangs around your neck—is it too much to ask for it?"

She hesitated; then, as steps were heard in the road, suddenly gave it to him. He drew a heavy signet-ring from his finger, and said, tenderly in exchange,

"Take this, and let us be true to each other—so help us God!"

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

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

CHAPTER II.

Heard ye, the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse—
Grey

It is well known that, after the defeat of Gates, Congress hastened to supersede that General, and appoint Greene to succeed him. At the period of the incidents narrated in the last chapter, the new commander-in-chief had arrived in the South, and was organizing his forces.

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

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

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

The attack of Tarleton, as usual, was impetuous, and for a while the American militia were driven helplessly before it; but soon they rallied, under cover of a few continental belonging to Morgan's command, and in turn forced the British to give ground. These brave soldiers of the line, led by their colonel, now charged with the bayonet, when the rout of the royal infantry became complete.

Washington, with his cavalry, had been waiting impatiently a chance to participate in the fight; but having been stationed at a partial reserve, the order for him to engage did not for some time arrive. His troops shared his enthusiasm. Composed chiefly of young men of family, and mounted on thorough-bred animals, they presented a formidable appearance, as they stood, awaiting the order to engage, the horses champing at the bit, and the riders nervously fingering their swords; they saw the onset of the British, the flight of the first line, and the partial panic that extended through the foot soldiers with horror; but still their leader remained unmoved. Many had never been in battle before, and such believed the day lost; among these was Albert.

At last the confusion became so great around them that troops so undisciplined, if less brave, would have taken to ignominious flight; for the defeated militia were pouring down upon them from all sides, almost compelling them to break their ranks, or see the fugitives perish under the hoofs of their horses. But now Washington seemed to rouse from his inaction. Ordering his men first to allow the flying militia to gain their rear, he then directed them, his sharp, quick tones showing that the moment for action had come, to close up and prepare to charge.

As he spoke, he pointed with his sword ahead, and our hero beheld the renowned regiment of Tarleton coming down upon them at full gallop, and amid a cloud of dust, driving a mass of dismayed fugitives,

here, massa after the great battle: Do surgeon staid to dress your arm, and den follow arter de troops, who had lick de red coats, dey say all to pieces."

"Yes! I know—then the army has pursued its march to the Catawaba."

"It hab, massa: and you be to stay here till you well."

"But where am I?"

The old negro woman smiled till she showed all of her teeth.

"You no know, massa?"

"I do not."

"You forget me, Massa Albert—me, Missus Ellen's maman!"

"Good God!" cried our hero, scarcely believing his senses, and scrutinizing her features, "can it be? You are indeed she. And this is Mr. Thordike's house."

He had started up in bed, and was now confronted by the figure of the owner of the mansion himself, who entered at an opposite door; but who, instead of wearing the angry air which Albert had last seen upon him, smiled kindly upon him.

"I was passing along the corridor," he said, seating himself on the bed side familiarly, and taking the hand of his wounded guest, "and hearing your voice, I learned for the first time that you were awake. Accordingly I made bold to enter, in order to assure you of a welcome. When we last parted, Mr. Scott," he said, noticing our hero's look of astonishment, "it was with ill feeling on both sides. Let all that be forgotten. Whatever I may have said then, I now recall. In saving the life of Captain Washington, who is my dearest friend, you have laid me under infinite obligations, and at his request I have consented to overlook the past, and to give you my daughter. I only make a single stipulation, which is that you will not ask her hand until this war is over, which, he added, lowering his voice, "cannot be long, now that things have begun to go so auspiciously."

Our hero well understood the character of Mr. Thordike, who was noted for his prudent adherence to whichever side was uppermost, and he attributed this sudden change, not only to Captain Washington's intercessions, but also in part to the prospect there now was of the triumph of the colonial cause, in which case the confiscated estates of the elder Mr. Scott would be restored. He kept this to himself, however, and expressed his thanks for Mr. Thordike's hospitality.

"But I shall owe you even more," he added, "for the happiness with which your promise has filled me, and I cheerfully accept your terms. Meantime, let me rise, and pay my respects to the ladies in person—I am sure I am well enough."

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

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

"I have but one thing to regret," he said at last, in a low whisper, for Mr. and Mrs. Thordike were at the other end of the apartment, "and that is the loss of your miniature. I had it around my neck when I went into battle, but have not seen it since."

Ellen smiled archly and drew it from her bosom.

"How did it reach your possession?" he said in surprise. And, taking it in his hand, he added, "What means this dent, so like the mark of a ball?"

Tears gushed to Ellen's eyes, as she said,

"Capt. Washington, who gave it to me, said that it lay over your heart, and that but for it, Tarleton's pistol-shot would have killed you. Oh! Albert, I sometimes thought, after I gave it to you, that I had done wrong, knowing that my parents would not approve of the act, but when I heard that it had saved your life, I saw in it the hand of Providence."

"Yes! for it not only preserved me from death, but was the means of interesting Washington in our favor, and thus bringing about this happy re-union," said Albert after a pause.

We have no more to tell. On recovering from his wound, our hero rejoined his corps, with which he continued until the expulsion of the British from the Carolinas.

After that happy event he was married to Ellen, and with her spent a long life of felicity.

Their descendants still preserve the battered miniature as an heir-loom.

FAIR RETORT.—At a hotel a short time since, a girl enquired of a gentleman at table if his cup was out. "No," said he, "but my coffee is." The poor girl was considerably confused, but determined to pay him in his own coin. While at dinner, the stage drove up, and several company in the gentleman asked—"Does the stage dine here?" "No sir," exclaimed the girl in a sarcastic tone, "but the passengers do."

Memorial in favor of Hungary.—The merchants of Liverpool have drawn up a memorial to the British government, asking for the recognition of Hungary and for commercial alliance with that nation.

The keen eye of Washington measured, for an instant, the distance between them, and then said,

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

Away went the troop, like a thunder-bolt suddenly loosed from a cloud, with every scabbard jingling, every steed snorting with excitement, and the solid earth shaking under them. In full career they burst upon the flank of the enemy, who, disordered by his pursuit, could make but a feeble resistance. Horse and rider went down before the impetuous charge of the Americans, who for a while fairly rode down their foes. But British valor soon proved too weak for the combined patriotism and courage of Washington's cavalry; and the royal troops, turning their bridles, took to ignominious flight.

"On, on," cried Washington, waving his sword for his men to follow, "remember the cruelties of these myrmidons. Revenge for our slaughtered countrymen!"

At the word, his men, thus reminded of the butcher of the Waxhaws and of the other atrocities perpetrated under the eye of Tarleton, spurred their horses afresh, and dashed on in pursuit. A complete panic had now taken possession of the royal cavalry, who hurried on at a full gallop, each man thinking only of himself. Close on their heels followed the indignant Americans, cutting down mercilessly every red-coat they overtook, until the road was strewn with the dead. Foremost in this pursuit rode Washington, a precedence he owed, not only to his superior steed, but to his eagerness to overtake an officer just ahead, whom he judged to be Tarleton himself from his effort to rally the fugitives.

The tremendous pace at which Washington rode, at last carried him so far ahead of his men, that at a bend in the highway, he found himself totally alone. At this moment, the British, looking back, perceived his situation, and immediately turned on him, his principal assailants being Tarleton and two powerful dragoons.

Knowing, however, that assistance must be close at hand, Washington resolutely advanced to meet the enemy, determined to seize Tarleton for his prisoner. But, before he could reach the colonel, the two dragoons dashed at him, the one on the left, and the other on the right. He saw right, and the other, however, and accordingly turned on him and clove him down with a single blow of his sabre, then rushed at Tarleton himself.

But, meantime, the other dragoon was advancing, totally disregarding, upon him, and with upraised blade would have cut him down, had not our hero, who had pressed close after his leader, at this instant wheeled round the corner of the wood. At a single glance he took in the whole scene. Albert saw that before he could come up Washington would be slain, unless fire-arms were employed. In this emergency he did not hesitate to disobey the orders of his leader. Jerking a pistol from his holster, he aimed full at the dragoon, just as the sabre of the latter was sweeping down on Washington's head. The man tumbled headlong from his saddle, his sword burying itself in the dust.

"Hah! who is that?" said Washington, sternly, so astonished to find his orders disobeyed, he turned a movement which dislodged the dragoon of to make good his escape. "You, Albert!—you?"

"There was no other way," answered our hero, and pointed to the dead dragoon, "to save your life. His sabre was within six inches of you when I fired."

"It could not be helped, then I suppose," answered Washington, who now comprehended the event, and saw that he owed his life to the quickness of thought of his young friend; "but stay, you are yourself hurt."

As he spoke, he saw blood issuing from the sleeve of Albert, and immediately afterward the young soldier reeled and fell senseless to the ground.

Two pistol shots had been discharged by the enemy, Washington now recollected immediately after Albert had fired. On examination, one ball was found in the arm of our hero. The other had perforated the coat immediately over the heart.

"He is dead," cried the leader, that second shot has touched a vital part."

He tore away the garments he spoke, but uttered a cry of joy when he exposed the chest, for there, right over the heart, lay a miniature, which had stopped the ball.

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

CHAPTER III.

Marry never for houses, nor marry for lands,
Nor marry for nothing but a dy love.
Family Quarrels.

When our hero, after a long interval of unconsciousness, opened his eyes he found himself, to his surprise, in a large and elegantly furnished apartment, entirely strange to him. He bulled aside the curtains of his bed with his uninjured arm, and looked out. An aged female servant sat watching him.

"What massa want?" she asked.

"How did I get here?" he asked.

"Captain Washington he self left you

FROM EUROPE.

Arrival of the Cambria.

The following extracts from the London and Paris correspondence of the New York Commercial, embraces a fuller detail of the late news from Europe than we can procure elsewhere:

ROME.

ROME AND HER LIBERATORS.

One of the first acts of the soldiers of the French republic, on entering Rome, and this was speedily followed by an order from General Oudinot for the restoration of the liberty of the Papacy. The advance of the liberators through the streets was in most cases met with sullen silence but in the Corso the indignation became irrepressible, and the avalanche of taunts was such that the troops found it necessary to charge, and having cleared the place, to plant five pieces of artillery in order to repress any further manifestation of this terrible welcome from a population whom they came to relieve from "the oppression of an anarchical fiction." Amidst the hisses and groans the cry of "death to the Cardinal Oudinot" was heard on all sides, and on the first day of the new order of things no less than 17 French soldiers were assassinated. "Thus," it was observed in the Roman Monitor—a paper which, together with all others, was suppressed by Oudinot on the following day—"under the eyes of the troops sent in, as it is said, to destroy anarchy and protect the liberty of the Roman people, more crime has been committed in two hours than had occurred in seven previous months."

The mortification produced by the unanimity of scorn with which they were received, speedily led to a series of measures on the part of the French, almost precisely similar to the regulations which, in the Italian cities, have been adopted by the Austrians. Apprehensions, however, as well as spite, doubtless, had some influence, since it became apparent that if the slightest freedom of action was left to the citizens generally, it would be impossible for their masters to feel a moment's security.

In one case a Roman was killed by his own companion, for having answered a common question put to him by a French soldier, and wherever the French appeared, whether in the shops, coffee-houses or public places, the Romans immediately went away. Proclamations were therefore issued for the dissolution of the civic guard; a general disarmament, on pain of being tried by Court Martial for concealed arms; the forcible dispersion of all clubs; the extinction of the liberty of the press; and finally a prohibition against any citizen appearing in the streets after half-past nine in the evening. These matters being settled, the French General, Rostolan, Oudinot's deputy, notified as follows: "Inhabitants of Rome! You desire order, and I am determined to preserve it for you. Those who attempt still to oppress you shall find in me an inflexible judge."

In this position of affairs the French newspapers now assure us that the Roman people are rapidly recovering confidence, and that, at length relieved from the fiction that has oppressed them for so many months, they are beginning to breathe freely. Still it appears that the troops are exposed to some annoyances, since wherever they appear during the day they are greeted by ridiculous imitations of the crowing of the Gallic cock, the patrols at night being also incessantly assailed by similar sounds from the casements on both sides of them. Some further vigorous measures will therefore be necessary for the honor of France. The last notification is that all persons who have received intimation of their presence being obnoxious to the French are to leave the city in 24 hours.

It was at first said that General Oudinot had entered the city without having previously listened to any conditions, but it now appears that, although at the eleventh hour he met every attempt of the municipality to obtain terms with the true French argument, he was exceedingly anxious to get them to consent to conditions, the first paragraph of which should consist in the restoration of the honor of France." In this, however, he wholly failed, and by the firmness of the municipality he was thus deprived of the last hope of covering the shame of his country even by so much as a paltry fiction. One circumstance connected with the negotiations was peculiarly significant. The municipality, when they had made up their mind to surrender peacefully, required Oudinot to exhibit his power to conclude a binding arrangement, as the disavowal of the previous arrangement with Lesseps was still in their recollection. Upon this General Oudinot declared it impossible to treat with them any longer. There was nothing for them but unconditional submission or bombardment.

It appears that the last resolution of the Constituent Assembly was to the effect that they yielded only to force, and that the authorities henceforward could not be responsible for any individual act that

might take place. At the same time they said, in anticipation, that all violence would be disapproved both by the government and the municipality. The "Commission of Barricades" also issued a parting word to the people. "For the last year," they said, "the cities of Italy have been bombarded by the stranger and their sovereign, Rome has been conquered. The French republic wished to plunge into the heart of Rome a dagger, while the Austrians and the Bourbons tortured its other members." The Roman Monitor also in the last number that he attempted to appear, exhorted the people to trust in the future, and for the present to abstain from all violence. "Let there be no insult," it was urged, "from the mouth of a conqueror it is vile, from that of the conquered it is foolish. People of Rome, to-morrow the liberty of speech will no longer be tolerated. But let us wait in patience."

Not a single instance has been narrated to show anything but the most entire harmony on the part of all classes of the people. Indeed, looking at the number interested in the old state of things that must always be found in every city which has undergone a great political change, it is remarkable that so long a time has elapsed without Oudinot being able to get up a handsome demonstration. One method, by which he attempted to create an impression that the hostility of the citizens was beginning to abate, had the usual humiliating end. He announced in a proclamation that the municipality were prepared to act in concert with him. Next day a protest appeared from the municipality, denying that they had taken any part in the measures published by Oudinot, and announcing that they merely remained at their posts to show the citizens that they were prepared to do all they could in the behalf, until more fortunate times should arrive. It was expected that the result of this protest would be the suppression of the present municipality.

The existing Roman army has been incorporated by General Oudinot with the French army, but he is remorseless against Garibaldi, and the Lombards, Piedmontese, &c., who have been fighting side by side in the Roman cause. No terms could be obtained for them, and they have been obliged to leave the city. Garibaldi has been pursued, and the French boast of having fallen upon the rear of his division and captured his baggage, but this is at present merely a report. Mazzini is still in the city, under the protection of a British passport, but I presume the last order of Oudinot, that all persons who are required to leave should do so in 24 hours, will necessitate his departure.

Immediately after his subjugation of the city Oudinot performed the appropriate act of sending his keys to the Pope. The Pope sent one of his usual replies about the devotion of France, the horrors of anarchy, his constant prayer for the enlightenment of the wicked, &c., but nothing more, except that he referred Oudinot to the allocution recently issued from Gaeta. It is said that Pio Nono will certainly refuse going to Rome on any condition short of absolute sway, and that the Austrians and Neapolitans are intriguing to get him to Bologna, there to assume his power under their protection. In all these matters, although the Pope is put forward personally, the cardinals, diplomatists and princes, by whom he is surrounded and acted upon, must be regarded as the really responsible parties.

HUNGARY.

The accounts from Hungary come all from the side of the Austrians, the communications of the Magyars being intercepted. It seems certain, however, that the Austrians were the victors in the recent battle of Comorn. The despatch of General Haynau, published officially at Vienna, claims the victory as great and decisive. The Hungarians on their side deny that any victory was gained by the Austrians, but do not claim it for themselves. Kossuth has publicly censured General Georger for not having attacked the Austrians before they effected their junction with the Russians. The Hungarians have fallen back along their whole line of operations. They are making extraordinary efforts for the relief of Peterwardein, which is blockaded by the Russians. This is on the southern bank of the Danube, and is an important military post. The fortifications are excellent, and it is well garrisoned. The fortified town of Pancsova; on the other side of the Danube and lower down, has been relieved. The communication is now free between it and the adjoining parts of Serris and Turkey. On the northeastern frontier of Hungary, the Magyars menace Galicia; for the purpose of exciting a Polish insurrection. To repulse them, the Russian troops have taken possession of all the principal passes. This attack on Galicia is said to be strongly advocated by the Poles in Kossuth's army. These are his best auxiliaries, and have fought with heroic courage from the commencement. The Generals Bem and Dembinski are both Polish exiles, who have gained in foreign armies and in Polish revolutions all their military knowledge. Many of their followers are distinguished Poles. The

editors and writers, who were

responsible for any individual act that

might take place.

might take place.

might take place.

might take place.