

BY JAMES A. HOYT.

An Interesting Story.

THE YOUNG REBEL.

A Tale of the Carolinas.

In a small farm-house, towards the close of the year 1780, sat an old man, his wife and only son. The face of the father appeared troubled; at times he looked thoughtfully on the floor, and then he would gaze long and wistfully at his son, a fine, manly youth of twenty. At length he said:

"David, this is disastrous news from Camden. God knows what will become of the country now! Congress needs every arm that is capable. Ah, me! I wish this old wound I got in the French war had not lamed me; but for it, I should be now shouldering my musket and marching to defend my country."

Both the son and wife looked up at these words. The old lady ceased knitting and gazed inquiringly at her boy, and it was evident, from the expression of her face, that patriotism and motherly affection were at variance in her bosom. The son, however, after encountering his father's eye for a moment, turned confusedly away. The old man's brow darkened, and he said warmly:

"David, David, why do you linger about the village when your country needs your services so much? Why, son, I am ashamed of you! Twice before this have I spoken of you upon this subject, but you appear to have no spirit. What! will you see us trampled upon by the brutal mercenaries of Britain, and still lie here supinely! For shame, David—for shame! I will not call you my son! Long since you ought to have been in the army!"

"Joshua," interposed the old mother, "David is but a youth; then do not speak to him so harshly. He cannot yet feel what you feel, who have fought so often against our country's enemies; Joshua, he is but a boy."

"A boy, indeed, Deborah! Such boys as David have already gained imperishable laurels since the war commenced. I could name a host of them. Why, were it not for the boys of the land, where would be our army?—which, I dare say, is the quarter composed of boys of David's age." The old man was excited, and it was the first unkind word that he had ever used to his boy.

David arose and left the house. He walked some distance apparently in deep thought.

"What will not woman do?" he at last muttered. "Here I have been lingering about the village when I should have been off long ago. And what for? Why, to meet a pretty girl, and to listen to her musical voice. But now, I will be myself again! What did he call me—was it not coward? Now, by heaven! I will learn him that he has a son who possesses the spirit of his father. Away, then, with love; for I feel that I am called upon to act, and no longer dream! Ere a fortnight my father shall hear of me, or else I lose my life in striving for it." And with this resolution he turned about and retraced his steps.

When he reached home he sought the stables, saddled his horse, and mounting him struck into a gallop, which continued for several miles. At length he stopped and looked up at the windows of a farm-house, half hid between clustering trees. This was the residence of Mary Bunker, the mistress of his heart; the lights showed that the family had not retired, and he resolved to pay her a visit before his departure. She was alone when he entered, and a few words acquainted her with his determination. She burst into tears.

"Nay, Mary," he said, "you must not unman me. At first I resolved to leave you without a farewell, for I knew how much you dreaded my taking an active part in this struggle. But I could not be so cruel as to desert you without a word."

"I will compose myself," said the fair girl, with an effort to smile. "I know I have been wrong to persuade you to stay; but you cannot imagine the anxiety I suffer on account of my brothers, and I could not bear to have you too encounter their danger. But since this dreadful defeat at Camden, I feel that every man is wanted by our country. Go, then, dearest, and God be with you. My prayers shall attend you night and day."

David pressed the now weeping girl to his bosom, snatched a hasty kiss at the sound of approaching footsteps, wrung her hand, and was gone.

The next day he left the neighborhood of his father's house, armed with a musket and mounted on a sturdy horse. His destination was the American camp, then far to the northward; but as the intervening country was filled with the enemy, he knew there would be considerable address required to effect his purpose. Be-

fore his departure he saw a few of his old playmates, who promised to follow him as soon as possible.

Night found him near a lonely farmhouse, to which he proceeded boldly in pursuit of a lodging. At first the occupant received him coldly; but a chance expression convincing David that his host was a Tory, he affected the same political creed and was immediately warmly welcomed. The royalist produced his cider after supper, and insisted that David should join him in his potatoes; this the young man did, taking care, however, not to indulge too freely; while the farmer, overjoyed to find what he supposed a new recruit for his party, drank without stint, and became more and more communicative. To his horror David soon learned that a party of loyalists, led by a Major Wilson, celebrated for his torism and ruthlessness, were to start early the ensuing day, on an expedition to seize and hang the two Bunkers, who had made themselves particularly obnoxious to the royalist leaders. David knew enough of this partisan warfare to be assured that no mercy would be shown his friends; he also knew enough of the Major to suspect that some strong personal motive had led to the planning of so distant an expedition, when there were others as inviting nearer home. He accordingly set himself to discover from his half-intoxicated companion the truth. Nor was it long before success crowned his adroit cross examination.

"Why," said his host, "I believe there's a little revenge for a slight received from these fellows' sister, mixed up with the Major's desire to catch the Bunkers. The girl is very pretty, they say, and the Major, when she was down here on a visit last year—before the war got to be so bloody—wanted to marry her, but she would have nothing to say to him. Ever since, he has vowed to make her rue the day. You may depend on it he will have her on his own terms now—thank heaven! there's no law any longer to prevent an honest royalist from doing as he pleases to those rascally rebels. But yonder is the Major now," suddenly said his host, starting up, "I'll introduce you to him at once—a merry fellow you'll find him—Lord love you, he's as brave as a lion."

David, though horrified at the diabolical plot he had heard, saw the necessity of dissembling in order to learn further of the Tories' plans, and find means, if possible, to circumvent them. He arose, therefore, and shook the Major's hand warmly—pledged him immediately in a brimner; and soon contrived to make the royalist believe that he was anxious to join a troop and fight against the rebels. This induced the Major to be unusually civil, for he wished to secure so athletic a recruit himself. It was not long before a bargain had been concluded between the two. David refused, however, to sign the agreement that night; he pretended that several others of his friends were disaffected and desirous of joining the loyalists; and his object, he said, was to secure a commission for himself by inducing them to join. This tempting bait took—the Major promised him a command in his troop in case of success, and David signified his intention of setting forth, after he had taken a few hours' rest, in order to lose no time in gathering together his recruits.

The dread of discovery had been constantly before our hero during the management of this negotiation, for his purpose was well known to many of the Major's troop, and if any of them had come up, his feigned name would not have protected him from detection. He wished to get off that night, as he had proposed; but to this neither his host nor the Major would hear, and he was forced to remain till morning. What was his anguish to hear, on rising, that the Major had been gone some hours—and was already on his way to the Bunkers, with his troop. Dissembling his anxiety, David partook of a hasty breakfast, and mounting his horse, rode slowly away. But when out of sight of the house he struck into a fierce gallop, which he continued till he came in sight of a cross-road, where was a tavern. Here he stopped and learning that the royalists had taken the high road, he tured aside into a narrow and more circuitous one.

"It is my only chance to avoid them," he said, again dashing into a gallop. "Pray God, I may reach the settlement in time to collect a few of our lads and march to Bunkers. There is no other hope now left."

Night had fallen, as they expected, before the Tories were able to reach the vicinity of the house they were in search of. At length, however, after a silent march through the woods it broke upon their view. A light was burning in one of the windows, and when they arrived close to the premises the lively notes

of a violin reached their ears, proving that the brothers were not aware of their presence, but enjoying themselves in imagined security.

"Now men," whispered the leader of the Tories, "when I give the word, fire a volley at the house by way of introducing ourselves; we will then surround the place and enter it." At that instant the deep bay of a dog rang in their ears, and a large mastiff sprang from under the house and rushed at the major.

"Fire!" he cried.

Twenty guns broke upon the stillness of the night—the dog fell dead—every pane of glass in the front of the house was shattered, and the Tories yelled like savages. In an instant the light in the house was extinguished—the violin was quickly ceased, and a noise was heard at the door. The Tories immediately made a rush at it. But it was already barred, and being made of stout oak plank, resisted all their efforts. A rifle cracked from one of the upper windows, and one of the Tories fell desperately wounded. Another report succeeded, and another Tory fell, and Major Wilson was now fully aware that both Bunkers were at home and wide awake. A shed turned the rain from the front of the house, and underneath this, the Tories shielding themselves from the fire of the Bunkers, went to work at the door. Suspecting such resistance—perhaps from the knowledge of their character—one of the men had brought an axe, with which he commenced heaving at the door, and soon cut it to pieces. Here a desperate battle ensued. The two brothers were powerful men, and as courageous as they were strong; and now with clubbed rifles they disputed the entrance of the whole Tory force. The door being small, they stood their ground for half an hour, felling during that time some of those who had the temerity to enter first; but finally numbers overcame them, and they were flung upon the floor and bound. The Tories, inflamed to madness at the great resistance which had been made, and at their own losses, now seized the mother and sister, and made preparations to hang the two brothers before their eyes. The ropes were already tied around the necks of the victims, when the major addressed his men.

"Now, friends, as soon as these villains are dead, we will set fire to the house; the old woman there," he said with a brutal laugh, "may be left inside, but the young one I reserve for myself."

"Hut!" cried one of the men in a loud voice. The major ceased, and they heard a voice outside the house. Although the words were spoken low, the listeners distinctly heard—"When I say fire, give it to them!" A man with blanched cheeks now rushed among them, exclaiming, "The yard is full of men!"

"Fire!" cried a deep voice from the yard. A general volley succeeded, and so well had the aim been directed in the door, that several of the Tories fell either dead or desperately wounded. In turn the Tories retreated up the stairs, when David, our hero, rushed into the room which they had just left, and cut the ropes which bound the Bunkers and their mother and sister.

"May God Almighty bless you for this!" cried one of the Bunkers. The two men sprang up, seized their rifles, which had been left in the room, and prepared to retaliate the treatment which they had just received.

Long and desperate was the battle.—The Tories fought for life—and the Whigs for revenge. But, at length, the latter triumphed, though not until their enemies had been almost wholly exterminated.—The major fell by the arm of our hero, who sought him out in the hottest of the fight, and engaged him single-handed.

No language of ours can express the emotions of David as he pressed his betrothed bride to his bosom; and his heart went up in thankfulness to Heaven for his timely arrival, when he thought that a delay of half an hour longer would have consigned her to a fate worse than death. The gratitude of her brothers were expressed in many words, but her's was silent and tearful, yet O, how much more gratifying!

"I almost called you a coward, son David," said his father to him when they met, "but you are a chip of the old block, and I did you wrong. Deborah, he is a boy to be proud of—is he not? You may founder one of my horses every day that you do such a deed; it beats anything I saw in the old French war!"

David's gallantry in this act drew around him in a few weeks more than a score of hardy young followers, who fought with him to the close of the war, when he returned, and was happily married to the heroine of our story.

Honesty is the best policy.

Walking a Raft.

There was a fellow once stepped out of a door of a tavern on the Mississippi, meaning to walk a mile up the shore to the next tavern. Just at the landing there lay a big raft, one of the regular old-fashioned whalers—a raft a mile long.

Well, the fellow heard the landlord say the raft was a mile long, and he said to himself, "I will go forth and see this great wonder, and let my eyes behold the timbers that the hand of man hath heaved." So he got on at the lower end and began to amble over the wood in pretty fair time. But just as he got started, the raft started too, and as he walked up the river it walked down, both traveling at the same rate. When he got to the end of the sticks he found they were pretty near ashore, and in sight of a tavern; so he landed and walked right straight into the bar room he came out of. The general sameness of things took him little aback, but he looked at the landlord steady in the face, and settled it in his own way:

"Publican," said he "are you gifted with a twin brother, who kept a similar sized tavern, with a duplicate wife, a corresponding wood pile, and a corresponding circus bill a mile from here?"

The tavern keeper was fond of fun, and accordingly said it was just so.

"And, publican, have you among your dry goods for the entertainment of a man and horse, any whisky of the same size as that of your brother's?"

And the tavern man said, that from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, he had.

They took the drinks, and the stranger said, "Publican, that twin brother of yours is a fine young man—a very fine man, indeed. But do you know, I'm afraid that he suffers a good deal with the Chicago diptheria?"

"And what's that?" asked the toddy-sticker.

"It is when the truth settles so firm in a man, that none of it ever comes out. Common doctors, of the catnip sort, call it lym'. When I left your brother's confectionary, there was a raft at his door, which he swore his life was a mile long. Well, publican, I walked that raft from bill to tail, from his door to yours. Now, I know my time, and just as good for myself as for a hees, and better for that than any man you ever did see. I always walk a mile in exactly twenty minutes, on a good road, and I'll be busted with an overloaded Injun gun if I've been more'n ten minutes coming here, stepping over them blamed logs at that."

WHAT WE ARE MADE OF.—Oliver Wendell Holmes tells what we are made of in the following complimentary style to human pride:

"If the reader of this paper lives another year his self-pride principle will have migrated from his present tenement to another; the raw materials even of which are not yet put together. A portion of that body is to be well ripened in the corn of next harvest. Another portion of his future person he will purchase, or others will purchase for him, headed up in the form of certain barrels of potatoes. A third fraction is yet to be gathered in the southern rice field. The limbs with which he is then to walk will then be clad with flesh borrowed from the tenants of many stalls and pastures, and now unconscious of their doom. The very organs of speech with which he is to talk so wisely, plead so eloquently, or speak effectively, must first serve his humble brethren to bleat, to bellow, and for all the varied utterances of bristled or feathered barn-yard life. His bones themselves are to a great extent *in posse* and not *esse*. A bag of phosphate of lime, which he has ordered from Prof. Mapes for his grounds, contains a larger part of what is to be his skeleton. And more than all this, by far the greater part of his body is nothing at all but water, the main substance of his scattered members is to be looked for in the reservoir, in the running streams, at the bottom of the well, in the clouds that float over his head, or diffused among them all.

A young backwoods lawyer lately concluded his argument in a case of trespass, with the following sublime burst: "If, gentlemen of the jury, the defendant's hogs are permitted to roam at large over the fair fields of my client with impunity and without yokes—then—yes, then, indeed, have our forefathers fought, and bled, and died, in vain!"

VIRGINIA OFFERS.—The Norfolk (Va.) Argus is "credibly informed" that the various offers to Governor Gist, of South Carolina, of the personal services of Virginians, in case she should need them, already embrace bands comprising in the aggregate about 16,000 men.

Be just and fear not.

Equal to the Emergency.

Not many years ago two Frenchmen—one wealthy and in possession of ready cash, and the other poor and penniless—occupied, by chance, the same room in a suburban hotel. In the morning the "seedy" one arose first, took from his pocket a pistol, and holding it at his forehead and backing against the door exclaimed to his horrified companion:

"It is my last desperate resort; I am penniless and tired of life; give me 500 francs, or I will instantly blow out my brains, and you will be arrested as a murderer."

The other lodger found himself the hero of an unpleasant drama, but the cogency of his companion's argument struck him "cold." He quietly crept to his pants-locks, handed over the amount, and the other vanished, after locking the door on the outside.

Hearing of this, another Frenchman, of very savage aspect, one night tried to room with a tall, raw boned gentleman from Arkansas, who had been rather free with his money during the day, and evidently had plenty more behind. Next morning "Pike," awaking, discovered his room mate standing over him, with a pistol leveled at his own head, and evidently quaking with agitation.

"What the deuce are you standing that for in the cold?" said Pike, propping himself on his elbow, and coolly surveying the Gaul.

"I am desperate!" was the reply—

"You give me \$100, or I will blow out my brains!"

"Well, then, blow and be d—d!" replied Pike, turning over.

"Bote you will be arrested for ze murdair!" persisted the Gaul, earnestly.

"Eh, what's that?" said Pike; "oh, I see," and suddenly drawing a revolver and a five pound bowie from under his pillow, he sat upright.

"A man may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," he coolly remarked, and, at the word, he started for the Gaul; but the latter was too nimble; the "hoss pistol," innocent of load, exploded in the air, and with one frantic leap our little Frenchman was standing in his night robe at the foot of the chimney—a proof that what may suit one person will not answer at all for another.

THE PRINCE AT MOUNT VERNON.—A few weeks since a little group gathered reverentially around a plain and humble tomb on the banks of the Potomac.—There is nothing in such a scene which, of itself, need excite our special wonder. It is the familiar lesson of mortality, that friends and kindred often frequent the resting place of the loved and beautiful who have gone before them into the dark and silent land. And were this an ordinary visit of surviving affection to the grave of the departed, we would not tear away the veil of privacy which should guard the sacred scene. The rude world should not know with what griefs the heart is breaking, and how the eyes overflow with many tears. It is rather a representative scene, a historic pageant, which we are beholding. It is even something more than the reconciliation of personal enmities at the tomb of a generous foe which we are witnessing. The spectacle is one of world-wide significance; leaving its lesson of wisdom to this and to all coming generations of men. The tomb is Washington's, and he who bares and bows his head before it is the immediate descendant of one who, three generations ago, branded the man, when living, as a rebel, set a prize upon his head, would have handed him over to the executioner, and hung and quartered his body as that of a traitor.

But what a sublime vengeance has history, or rather Providence, taken upon the past! That grave is now a hallowed spot, planted around with laurel and palm, and adorned with trophies; and this youthful visitant comes to it, not to indulge in recriminations, but that he may muse upon the changes of time, and inflame his breast with the memorials of patriotism and virtue. An heir-apparent of the English throne doing homage to the remains of Washington!

There is something of the morally sublime in such a sight, which should commend itself to the lovers of the true and the good. It symbolizes a triumph over enmity and detraction, never to be forgotten by the brave and pure. Let patriots hereafter revert to it as an illustration of the ultimate vindication of their fame among men, and let all who struggle for the right henceforth do so with a more abiding faith that time will be the avenger of their dishonor, and bring even their enemies to do reverence to their memory.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in the family, our temper; in company, our tongues.

Winter is Here.

The year has fulfilled its duties and is now prepared for hibernal repose, that it may be reinvigorated when Spring calls upon it for action. Autumn gives place to winter, but it does not leave us without some remembrances of its beauty and its prodigality. Now and then a beam of sunshine glows among the barelimbed trees, which stand like giants around the throne of the Frost-king, and the mountain streams still murmur over the pebbles the same delicious music which fell upon the autumn-laden air of October. Sometimes a breath from the sweet South steals like a placid summer dream over us and the emerald-tinted grass seems to have caught a deeper hue from the cerulean concave; these linger as if loth to part from us, while all the delicate flowers have hidden themselves away and the song birds have winged their flight to balmy zones. But the bright autumnal smile of the sunset yet remains, and though it may be compared to the lingering beauty of death, before "decay's effacing fingers" destroy it, still it is ineffably grand in its wealth of purple and gold. But soon all will be hushed in Nature's night; the streams will seek their winter sleep, curtained by ice and canopied with snow, and the winds will form hillocks of the earthstren leaves, to stand like grave marks in the woods; but the germs of the water lilies will repose beneath the coverlets of every rivulet and at the foot of every leafless tree, the spring flowers will nestle with closed eyes awaiting the breath of May to awaken them. And thus we may read the moral of the season. Man sinks into the slumbers of the tomb to rest and dream, but the immortal spirit is not confined by the icy fetters of the grave nor kept down, like the chained Titans, by the superimposed structures of monuments or urns studded with deeds of human worth and dignity. Under the genial influences of Divine love it prepares itself to "burst its cerements" and rise to an eternal bloom and fruition in the heavenly Eden of eternity.—*Louisville Journal*.

THE DEAD WIFE.—In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifles. The wife; she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven; she who is busied, so unwearied; bitter, bitter is the tear that falls on her clay. You stand beside her grave, and think of the past; it seems an amber colored pathway where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above the sweet clay, save those that your own hands have unwittingly planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her as all gentleness, all beauty and purity. But she is dead. The dead head that has so often lain upon your bosom, now rests upon a pillow of clay. The hands that administered so untiringly are faded, white and cold beneath the gloomy portals. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. And there is no white arm over your shoulder now—no speaking face to look up in the eye of love—no trembling lips to murmur, "Oh, it is too sad!" There is a strange hush in every room! No smile to meet you at nightfall—and the clock ticks, and ticks, and ticks! It was sweet music when she could hear it. Now it seems to knell only the hours through which you watch the shadows of death gathering upon the sweet face. But many a tale it telleth of joys past, sorrows shared and beautiful words registered above. You feel that the grave cannot keep her. You know that she is often by your side, an angel presence.— Cherish these emotions, they will make you happier. Let her holy presence be as a charm to keep you from evil. In all new and pleasant connections give her a place in your heart. Never forget what she has been to you—that she has loved you. Be tender to her memory.

To spend the spring time of our existence in dissipation; to consume the brightness and the vigor of our days in selfishness, worldliness and vanity; to live till we are old in idleness and self-indulgence; and then, when the senses grow dull, and pleasure jalls upon the appetite, and we have become incapable of much benefit either to ourselves or others, to turn to the calls of our duty and the pursuit of our salvation, is to extract the sweetness from the rose of life, and present its withered leaves to God.

Pure love is the sunshine which steals slowly and silently up to the barren hills of life, and stays to bless us with its presence through all life's weary way.

A good way to light some cities with gas would be to set fire to their editors.