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A New Revolutionary Story.

ONE-EYED SAUL; OR THE TORY LEAGUE OF SEVEN.

A TALE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON,

Author of "NICK WHIFFLES," "BUCK BISON,"
"HALF-WITTED NAT," "MARION'S BRIGADE,"
"THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY," etc.

CHAPTER II. FIRE AND SWORD.

The four defenders of Laurelwood ran from point to point to meet and repel the invaders, who endeavored to force an entrance through the windows and doors simultaneously. The voice of Tom Hutter swelled loudly above the din of conflict. The struggle was kept up with determined spirit by the besieged. While Jess was engaged with an enemy, Jessie Burdside cried out that a party of them had beaten down one of the doors and were pressing into the hall.

Podjah and Hazelhurst sprang to meet them. For a time the result was doubtful, but victory finally turned in favor of the defenders, whose powerful blows and heavy courage they could not withstand. Those who were not repulsed were left upon the floor with broken heads. The door was replaced and everything moribund piled against it.

The Tories ignominiously withdrew to the shelter of the surrounding trees and shrubbery, and Hutter hoped that the attack would not again be renewed.

The girls, during the scene, behaved nobly. Overcoming the natural timidity of their sex, they made themselves useful to their brave friends in various ways. Paul Hazelhurst fought like a lion. If he entertained fears, they were not for himself, but for Jessie Burdside and her companions. When he paused from the conflict, panting and thirsty, she brought him water; her little hand presented the cooling draught to his lips. He would gladly have impressed that ministering member in his own and pressed grateful kisses upon it, had propriety sanctioned the act.

"Are you wounded?" she asked hurriedly. "I do not know," he replied. "I have not thought of myself; I have thought only of you and your friends. I have had time to think of myself when you are near; I should despise myself if I did."

"You are too brave, too generous!" answered Jessie with emotion. "You expose yourself needlessly; you have too much contempt for danger."

"There is no such word as danger when it comes to battle for the safety and honor of Jessie Burdside."

"Too chivalrous! too chivalrous!" exclaimed Jessie.

"I can't quite understand this silence," said Hutter, approaching Hazelhurst.

"Wax my flax, if I don't believe the critters has got enough on 'em!" said Podjah. "You see they can't stave near so much hammerin' as folks can as are fightin' for liberty. A few right smart knocks takes the starch right out of 'em."

"They're cowards if they don't try it again," returned Hutter. "There's a dozen of 'em, at least, and they ought to be a match, in the course of nature, for four; but we've got something within us that they haven't—love of friends, home, country and justice. See what work they've made of your house, Miss Jessie; the windows are riddled, the doors broke, the furniture ruined, and everything at sixes and sevens."

"We love Laurelwood," replied Jessie, "but we love the cause of freedom better. The destruction of property will grieve us but little, if valuable lives are spared and the Tory miscreants punished."

"Punished?—be assured that they will!" exclaimed Paul Hazelhurst. "Heaven is just!—Some of them are even now reaping the reward of their villainy. Look at those expiring wretches who fall near the door. Listen to their moans of anguish! What thought have they to comfort them and soften their pains of dissolution? They die—a horror to themselves and every justice-loving mind. What a remembrance the Tories of South Carolina will leave to posterity!"

"The word Tory will be the synonym of infamy," said Judith.

The night had set in quite dark, and objects could be seen at a short distance only. The trees looked dim and misty in the nocturnal gloom. Tom Hutter and his comrades strained their eyes in every direction in search of their foes, but without discovering them. The surrounding scenery was as quiet as if it had never been disturbed by the sound of human conflict; nothing broke the quietude save the groans of the wounded in the house, and, at long intervals, the cry of a wolf in the tangled hedges of Laurel Swamp.

The fears of the young ladies began to subside; an assurance—faint and trembling, at first—that those lawless men had retired and would not return to renew the conflict, took possession of their minds. A glow of hope returned to their pale cheeks. As their own danger grew less imminent, in their estimation, feelings of compassion for the wounded Tories visited their hearts. They would have produced lights to examine their condition, and make remedial applications, had they not been cautioned by their more experienced defenders.

Half an hour elapsed. The silence continued unbroken. Tom Hutter was not at ease, but walked about nervously, casting prying glances from one window, then from another. He was suspicious and unsatisfied. He knew that they had suffered loss, but not enough to prevent brave men, or persons of even ordinary hardihood, from making further attempts.

Paul Hazelhurst at first shared Hutter's inquietude, but finally joined the ladies, confident that there was no immediate danger to apprehend.

"I can't comprehend it!" muttered Hutter, in a perplexed manner. "There's allers mischief goin' on when folks are still."

"That's about my own way of thinkin'," re-

marked Podjah, who heard Tom's remarks.—"The most mischief is done with the least noise, 'cordin' to my experience fust and last, here and there, by and large, as the world goes.—Did you ever go a courtin', Mister?"

"I never did," said Tom.

"Well, that's about the stillest work you can find, I reckon, though sometimes there's a heap o' business done."

"Hark!" said Tom.

"I don't hear nothin' but Paul and the gals. Paul's ruther sweet on one of 'em, I should say though 'twould be hard to choose between 'em. Wax my flax, if it wouldn't!"

"It strikes me," said Tom, "that the air is growing hot and oppressive. Listen! be quiet there, Paul and the gals."

Each of the parties became attentive. A hissing, roaring sound was heard overhead.

"The house is on fire!" cried Hutter. "Some of the bloodthirsty villains have effected an entrance through the roof."

The scout rushed up stairs and threw open a door. A dense volume of smoke, mingled with flame, met him and drove him back.—Beds, garments, everything combustible had been piled in a heap and fired. The straw, the feathers, the linen, were like tinder; it needed but a spark to kindle the mad blaze, and that had been applied some minutes before by a cunning and malicious hand.

Scorching by the furious element, and half suffocated, Hutter mounted the stairs again, in hopes to combat the destructive power by scattering the material which fed it, but it was too late. Podjah Makepeace ran after him and dragged him back, half choked by the penetrating, hot and smoke-laden air.

Paul Hazelhurst, in defiance of the black, asphyxiating vapors, rushed to the chamber to close the door that had been left open, but sank blinded and overpowered upon the threshold. It was with difficulty that he could rattle his steps. He was gasping for breath like a drowning man when he rejoined the anxious group below.

"That door must be shut," said Podjah "or we shall be smothered to death, like rats in a hole! 'Til I shet it, or suffocate tryin'." Wax my flax, if I don't!"

The tall form of Podjah disappeared in the mass of smoke that rolled from above like thunderclouds. There was a moment of intense anxiety, then the door was heard to close. Almost simultaneously Podjah tumbled down the stairs, covered with cinders, his face and hands blistered, and some of his locks withered to ashes.

"Bravely done!" cried Jessie. "You have not saved us, you have at least saved a few pieces."

"Don't be afraid," said Podjah. "The smoke is thick, but the fire is not so hot as it looks. I'll get 'em all git away from this place alive if there's anything desperate I can do."

"Desperate! 't's desperate," said Hutter.—"We might cut our way through and save ourselves, perhaps, if there was nothing so certain a natur' to look arter; but they can't star' musket balls, nor they can't star' fire."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Paul. "What shall we do?—not for ourselves, but for these poor girls."

"Escape as you can through the darkness; and as for us girls, we will trust to the mercy of the enemy, and yield ourselves prisoners," answered Jessie, eagerly.

"Yes, we will trust ourselves to the humanity of the Tories," said Judith and Ruth, hurriedly.

"You will find it a poor trust," returned Hutter, looking compassionately at the three girls. "It'll be miserable mercy you'll git from them. No, no! we can't think of that."

"Bless you, Tom Hutter, no! We can't, indeed, think of that. We will die, if it be Heaven's will, for these dear and helpless ones; but forsake them, never!"

A loud shout arose from without. The Tories were exulting in their success.

"What must be done?" asked Paul, in an agony of anxiety.

"We can do two things," replied Hutter.—"Remain here and be burnt, or rush out and be shot."

"We'll neither be burnt nor shot!" retorted Podjah stoutly. "I'm bound to live as long as uppers and unders 'll hold together. I ain't goin' to knock under 'll in the mornin' o' my days, by gun! I know that all flesh is grass, but I don't want my grass cut while it's so green.—I'll hold on to existence to the last gasp, I swear! Tom Hutter, I'm goin' to cut just about my bigness and the bigness of one o' these gals through the 'tarnal Tories, a leetle quicker'n you can lead a load o' hay when there's a thunder-shower comin' up like a race horse!"

Laurelwood House shook with the violence of the devouring flame, which had eaten thro' the roof and now enveloped tile and rafter.—While the group looked up in alarm, a red sword of fire was thrust down through the ceiling.

"It is the flaming sword! it waves us from our Paradise!" cried Jessie.

"Nay," said Paul, impressively, "some of us may be going to an eternal Paradise."

The fire above growled angrily in answer, and the black smoke curled into the room like the rank and destructive breath of a demon.

"Let each man see that his weapon is loaded. Take care, gals! Stand back as far as you can from the flame and smoke. There's a burnin' cinder on your dress, Miss Ruth—'t' blazes!"

"It is out," said Podjah, compositely, smothering the incipient glow with his great hand.

"We must rush out two abreast," said Hutter. "Podjah and I will go first. Hazelhurst, you and Blinks keep near the ladies. Blinks, be brave, and use those large arms of yours to some purpose. Give 'em the contents of the blunderbuss in the face and eyes, then club it and break their heads."

"Yes, mars' Tom. This chile know what he 'bout. Habbent f'git dat hangin', yit.—Though I's done for dat time 'em, didn't it hurt when dey run me up to de limb! I 'pear to stop my breff like. You stood by me, mars' Tom, and I'll stand by you; won't I make dis ole blunderbuss spake to 'em, de minute I hab a chance to obsequinty 'cross de sights!"

The parties were now driven to the remotest

corner of the room by their new and irresistible enemy, which was gathering strength and fierceness with frightful rapidity. Hutter unfastened the door, and the fresh access of the air gave additional fervor to the conflagration. He stood a moment alone in the outpouring smoke, but not a shot was fired from the concealed and watching foe.

"There is no help for it," added Tom. "We must try it now or never, Podjah!"

"At your side!" responded the Yankee, who exposed himself to danger as if he had been accustomed to it from childhood.

The walls shook with the vehemence of the fire, and there was a warning creak and groan among the crumbling joists and trembling rafters.

"The roof will fall in a moment!" cried Hazelhurst. "We are ready. Quick, Hutter—Quick!"

The heart of Tom Hutter swelled with courage and resolution; his form dilated; his muscles quivered for the contest.

"To the right, friends—to the right! Keep under the smoke as much as you can and stoop as you go."

They glided unmolested to the end of the dwelling.

"Now for the shrubbery in the direction of Laurel Swamp!" whispered Hutter.

"A crisis approaches. Dear young ladies, be brave!" admonished Paul, whose steady bearing and flashing eyes told that he was ready to do battle for the fair beings under his protection.

"Now for a dash—fast, faster—stoop—give as small a mark to the enemy as possible!"

When two or three rods from the burning building, the flames shot up with increased brilliancy, throwing a strong glare upon the fugitives. A dozen men sprang from the grass and foliage to dispute their progress.

"Stop!" shouted a voice that was startlingly familiar to Jessie Burdside.

"Down!" thundered Hutter, springing toward him with a fierce bound, and aiming a blow at his head with his rifle. Vantassle staggered and fell upon one knee. The tall Yankee pressed to the side of Hutter and the Tory fell crushed at his feet.

"Have at you, you 'tarnal critters! Podjah Makepeace didn't come out here for nothin'—Come on—a dozen of ye at once! There's a score of air-bikes shut up in my bones!"

"Shoot 'em down!" retorted Hutter, whose prostate form four feet below was now coming.

Blinks discharged his blunderbuss, and the scattering storm of buckshot wounded several of the gals; seize the gals!" shouted Hutter.

"I'm with you!" exclaimed Nat Herrick, and both approached the terror-stricken girls.

"Here for you, Mister!" said Herrick, leveling a pistol at Paul. A bullet whizzed close to the young man's face, who, putting himself between the young ladies and the villains, held them at bay. His body was the target for a dozen furious blows, which, with unerring adroitness, he turned aside and baffled.

The four were now engaged in an unequal conflict.

"Fly to the swamp, girls, while we keep the miscreants in check!" admonished Hazelhurst.

The maidens ran like frightened deer, but their defenders had the mortification to see two Tories in pursuit of them without being able to go to their assistance. Overpowered by numbers, they gave ground, but inch by inch they were bruised and bleeding; they began to despair.

"Take 'em alive, boys; take 'em alive, that we may have the pleasure of hangin' 'em!"—shouted Vantassle.

A single rifle shot rang sharp and deadly through the air. A Tory, who was pressing hard upon Hutter, threw up his arms and fell dead at the feet of his comrades.

"Honnds!" cried a thunders voice. "You love blood, and slaughter and carnage; you shall have it!"

An athletic man, with a black patch over his left eye, a rifle slung at his back, a pistol in each hand, and a large sabre swinging at his side, appeared in the midst of the Tories as if he had suddenly fallen from the clouds. He fired his pistols and unsheathed his sabre.

"Tremble, miscreants, for One-eyed Saul is among you!"

The sabre flashed like lightning around the stranger's head.

The tones of his voice, the fierceness of his countenance, and the fatality of his arm, struck terror and consternation to the hearts of the Tory renegades. The survivors turned and fled for life.

"Cowards! wretches! come back, and I will meet you single-handed!"

One-eyed Saul looked wildly around and laughed mockingly, then turning to Hutter and his panting and bleeding companions, and pointing in the direction the girls had fled, exclaimed:

"Why do you stand here? After them—after them, for they need your help. There are shrieks, yonder; away—away! It is Saul, of Laurel Swamp, that commands you. I have work to do, work to do, must go this way and that way, and there is no rest for my head this night."

With these words, rapidly and vehemently uttered, One-eyed Saul strode away, and in an instant was lost to view.

CHAPTER IV. IN THE SWAMP.

CASTING ANXIOUS looks behind them, the fair fugitives saw the flames of their burning home and groups of men struggling in the light of the red glare. It was a mournful, thrilling spectacle, and they hurried on to escape it.

Jupe, who had proved courageous and active, encouraged them by precept and example.—Ruth Haviland, being a little behind her companions, heard the footsteps of the pursuers and admonished her friends of the fact, who needed no new stimulus to excite them to the greatest effort of which they were capable.—They reached the Swamp and took shelter in like frightened birds. The laurel was well nigh impenetrable; innumerable vegetable

arms were stretched out to oppose them, a network of vines and branches disputed their passage. Their hands were lacerated by contact with continually projecting points, and shreds of their garments were left upon brake and briar. Urging their way along in the darkness and terrible intricacy, they soon and unwillingly became separated, while their attempts to find each other involved them in new labyrinths. Tom, bleeding, fainting with fear and exhaustion, Jessie Burdside sank upon the earth.

For a time her physical and mental faculties were in such a whirl of a tempest, that the consciousness of everything around her seemed slipping away from her. There remained with her only a heavy realization of something fearful and shocking. At length the chilliness of the ground and the night-air cooled her fevered system and restored her coherence of thought.

She raised herself and supported her head upon her hands. Her disheveled tresses, her disorderly garments, and her lacerated person reminded her of the oriel through which she had passed. There was a lattice-work of vines around and above her. She thought of the sudden change of her circumstances. When the sun went down last, she had a comfortable and beloved home; now she had none, but was a hunted, persecuted fugitive, cowering in a darksome swamp, the resort of wild beasts and lawless men. She could not be so selfish as not to think of her companions. Where were they? She shuddered at the possibility of what might have befallen them. A painful recollection in regard to her brave defenders added unpeppably to the distraction of her mind. Far off in the depths of the Swamp she heard the shriek of the panther, the howl of the wolf, and the dismal notes of the owl. Frightful contrast to the peace and security of Laurelwood! Looking upward through the tenacious foliage into the dim sky, she beheld a black cloud of smoke—all that remained of her father's mansion, save a few charred and smouldering brands, that still sent up a mournful incense from the family hearthstone. She wept, sorrowed, prayed—for it is upon God, at last, that the tossed, stricken, and disappointed mind turns. The instincts and experience of the whole human race prove beyond the shadow of question, that He alone can confer blessing and consolation upon the bereaved, afflicted, and world-crushed soul. Prayer to Him made her calmer. A strange, balmy influence, unexpected and sweet, stole into her being. She would not, she did not quite despair.

There was a sound in the laurel hedges. She listened with every sense awake. Persons were working their way through the tangled masses in the direction of her covert. Their progress was slow and difficult. She heard muttered curses and imprecations. Her fears were immeasurably increased, for the voice of Martin Vantassle was conspicuous and made her shudder. She pressed upon the ground, but she could not but recognize its slightest tones. She shrank and crouched to mother earth for protection, as the startled partridge hides itself beneath a log or in the friendly brake, to escape the hurtling shot of the hunter.

Discovery appeared inevitable, for the crackling of the limbs and the struggling and the low-breathed curses came nearer and nearer.

"Brambles!" exclaimed Vantassle. "Once neither stand up nor lay down, go forward nor go back!"

Jessie heard the speaker cast himself recklessly upon the ground a few yards from her. The laurel bent and complained beneath his weight, communicating a wave of motion to the vines around her. A volley of oaths followed the remark.

"You're in bad temper, Cap'n," said another, who proved to be Simon Arrowsmith.

"Who wouldn't be in bad temper to be baffled in this way?" growled Vantassle. "Twice the gal seemed to be in my power to-night, and twice have I been defeated by that unknown One-eyed Saul of the Swamp."

"It's the gal—there's where the shoe pinches. The loss of the silver plate is what troubles me. 'Twas a fool's trick to set the house afire and burn it up, arter all. There was enough on us to take Laurelwood by storm, and we ought to do it. I'd been content with the booty, and them that preferred might had the beauty, and welcome. Women are well enough to do the cookin' and house work, but as for havin' one on 'em again her will, I can't see no sense in it, though them gets a chance to look among the ashes yonder first, 't'git richly paid for their trouble."

"A greater treasure than all the plate of Burdside House has slipped through my fingers this night. Simon Arrowsmith, who in the fiend's name, is this One-eyed Saul, who is such a terror to our fellows all along the Santee, especially in the neighborhood of this cursed swamp!"

"It's more'n I can tell, Cap'n; but I know that he fights like a hurricane, and is never still. First you hear of him at one place, then at another a long way off. He goes from pint to pint like a racehorse, and allers leaves his mark on the kinmen. He has a burnin' hatred for Tories, and woe to them that he puts his eye on for vengeance, for they don't live long arter. Jim Pollard has got somethin' to do, I reckon. I'm glad it wasn't me that drew his name from the hat on the night we crossed our sabres over the red blaze, and swore—seven—to stand by each other to the last, in all cases and under all circumstances."

"Poor luck we've had," sneered Martin, "though we had the advantage in pint of numbers. There's seven on us matched agin seven; we'll see how it'll end."

"A dozen of us seem to be no match for four, to-night," returned Arrowsmith, morosely. "I wonder if any of our seven got their queets? Satan, takes care of his own, they say."

"We'll know, to-night, when we meet at the express tree. I got a broken skull, and noticed that two or three others had some ugly marks; but it's my opinion that the seven will all turn up at the proper time. Some of our friends went under; the bodies of a few were burnt in the house, I s'pose, but it's the burside that wories me the most!"

Imagine the feelings of the young girl! Picture to yourself her trepidation, her trembling horror, at the proximity of villains, whose religion was Passion and Plunder, and whose depraved instincts hurried them to the commission

of enormities too shocking for the mind to dwell upon. She was like the dove hiding from the hawk—the hare-shrinking from the teeth of the fox.

"All I hope of the gal is 't' lost yet" said Arrowsmith, hopefully. "Herrick and Langford followed 'em, you know?"

"How far could they fall'er 'em through these infernal meshes of wood?"

"As far as the frightened little bodies could go. How do you think they could fight their way through such difficulties as these? Why, they'd leave some of their clothes at every step, and wouldn't have a rag left on 'em by the time they'd gone a dozen rods. Think how the pretty dears must have torn their soft flesh!"

Arrowsmith laughed, as if the idea was a very pleasant one.

"They couldn't go a great ways, that's certain," replied Martin, reflectively.

"They may be 'thin ten yards of us!" asserted Arrowsmith, with confidence.

The effect of this remark was much less than the ruffian had named.

"We might look about some," added Arrowsmith. "They'd be apt to snuggle into the first hidin' place they come to; that's the way of the critters. When they're frightened, they put their silly heads under the first bush they find."

"You forget that Tom Hutter, Paul Hazelhurst, the tall Yankee, and the nigger, started after 'em the minute we took our heels. They've found 'em, 't' warrant, and that arch rebel, Hazelhurst, is whisperin' fine things in Jessie's ears by this time. The days'll be long and the nights restless 'till I've covered him with the muzzle of my rifle. Little shall I sleep till he ceases to stave 'tween me and Jessie Burdside."

"It isn't best to let out any secrets, Cap'n, for we don't know what ears may hear."

A twig broke beneath the slight weight of Jessie's person. The circumstances added fresh terror to her situation.

"What was that?" whispered Arrowsmith.

"It was a noise!" said Vantassle, suddenly, whose bad temper made him reckless.

"I know it was a noise, but it silers takes somethin' to make a noise. What did I tell you? Your beauty may be concealed hereabout; push ahead and see."

Jessie heard Vantassle parting the laurels and pressing slowly toward her. Her heart beat violently; she believed if he passed he could hear her. The crisis of her fate, it seemed to her had arrived. Should she spring up and attempt to fly, or remain silent a moment longer? She chose the latter. Vantassle was within three yards of her.

[To be continued in the New York Weekly of April 30th, and for sale by every News Agent throughout the United States.]

The New York Weekly is sold by A. Williamson, No. 22, Beekman Street, and by all respectable News Agents in the United States. The price is Four Cents, but in some cases, where Agents have to pay extra freight or postage, a higher price is necessarily charged. When there is a News Agent in the town, we desire our friends to get the Weekly through him. We do not wish to mail the paper except to places where there is no other means of getting it. When sent by mail, the price will invariably be \$2 a year, in advance. Subscriptions taken for three months. Two copies will be sent for a year for \$3; four copies for \$6; eight copies for \$12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs of ten, and send us \$15 at one time, will be entitled to an extra copy for their trouble. The bills of all solvent banks taken at par for subscriptions. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents extra with every subscription, to prepay the American postage.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—Saturday morning last an alarm of fire was sounded, which was occasioned by the burning of a house owned by Mr. Harley, and situated in the suburbs of the city, near the bridge over the Charlotte Railroad. The clothing of a servant girl caught on fire, and in endeavoring to extinguish it, she ran under a bed, which likewise caught, thus setting the dwelling on fire. The house was completely consumed, Mrs. Harley's hands, we learn, were severely burnt, and the negro girl, the property of M. Rawls, so badly injured as to die from the effects of it in the evening.

Later in the afternoon another alarm was given, which was caused by the burning of a stable and an adjoining building, located in the rear of the City Hotel. The wind was very high, and it was with great difficulty and labor that the flames were arrested from further extension. The entire fire department was out in full force, and worked with great efficiency and success. This latter fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

Since writing the above we are informed of an attempt last evening to fire the stable of Dr. Reynolds, about 8 1-2 o'clock, which must have been successful but for the prompt action of Mr. Sanders and Mr. Hamilton, who seeing the light, and knowing the premises to be unoccupied, hastened to the spot in time to prevent damage, and but a moment too late to secure the incendiary. Where is all this to end?

Southern Guardian, 25th ult.

We have seen a letter from Rev. A. M. Shipp, Professor of History in the University of North Carolina, to a friend in this district, in which he states that having been tendered the Presidency of Wofford College, he has sent in his resignation as Professor in the first-named institution, with the view of accepting the latter position. The election will take place in July, and he will enter upon his duties as President in October following. Professor Shipp is a graduate of the North Carolina University, has occupied his present position for about ten years with signal ability and to the satisfaction of all, and the friends of Wofford College may well feel assured that in securing his services as President, they have taken a step that will go far towards building up the future success and usefulness of the institution.—*Marion Star.*

PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY.—The general assembly of the New School Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, will meet in Wilmington, Delaware, on Thursday, 19th of May.

News from Pickens.

We copy from the Pickens (S. C.) Courier, the following items of news:

INQUEST.—Abel Robins, Esq., acting as Coroner, held an inquest over the dead body of Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, on the 9th inst. She was found dead in her bed. The verdict of the jury was, that the deceased came to her death by means to them unknown.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—We have been informed, at rather a late day, of a fatal accident at Tunnel Hill. On the 24th ult. two men, John Hughes, a citizen of the district, and Hugh Kane, an Irishman, were instantly killed. It appears that portions of the fixture and earth at the top of Shaft No. 3, gave way, falling on these persons, with the above unfortunate result.

ANOTHER FIRE.—We regret to learn that another large plank kiln, belonging to the Six Mile Company, was burned at the Mills on Wednesday morning last. The lumber was valued at about \$500. The cause of the fire is unknown.

THE REV. ALAN CHARLESTON.—The religious services which have been in progress in the Methodist Churches of this city for some weeks past, are still continued with interest. The meeting was conducted at Spring street, for three weeks, and resulted in a large number of conversions, and between 35 and 40 accessions to the Church. At Trinity the meeting has continued for two weeks with profit; and then all the Churches united in a meeting at Bethel, which has been in progress during the last week and closed on Sunday night. The altar was surrounded nightly with penitents, who seemed earnestly engaged, and on every occasion laudable to leave it. We have not heard definitely the results of this meeting in conversions and accessions to the Church. The present week the services are to be conducted in Cumberland Church, and the prospects for a favorable season are encouraging. The revival has not yet taken that grasp upon the outside world, which we desire to witness, and the Church ought to be incessant and importunate in its pleadings with God to extend the gracious influences which are now at work, until the multitudes of our city, who are living in sin, shall be reached and brought into the fold of Christ. Let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.—*Alconate, 25th.*

THE LATE COURT MARTIAL.—The many friends of Dr. B. M. Byrne, Surgeon U. S. A., lately before the Court Martial at Moultrie, will be gratified to learn of his acquittal by the Court. We are indebted to the courteous kindness of a mutual friend to the *Mercury* and Dr. Byrne for the following telegraphic dispatch, received from the Judge Advocate General:

"The Doctor, and the department, accept the judgment."

DR. BYRNE, for the complete justification of himself, has in press and will soon issue for distribution, a pamphlet report of the whole evidence, taken down phonographically by a competent reporter. It will receive very general reading.—*Charleston Mercury.*

ECCLESIASTICAL.—The highest ecclesiastical court of nearly all the branches of the Presbyterian Church in this country meets in May. The General Synod of the United Presbyterian Church of North America, is to meet at Xenia, Ohio, on Wednesday, the 18th May.