

HORSE SHOE ROBINSON

A Tale of the Revolutionary Struggle in Upper Carolina.

By JOHN P. KENNEDY.

CHAPTER XIII—CONTINUED.

Butler laughed, as he replied, "That was a soldierly thought of yours. If you see Horse Shoe, there's such riding and burnings, and shooting and murder about here, that these women are scared out of the little wits God has given them; and upon that account we are obliged sometime to play a little double, just to keep out of harm's way. But I am sure I wish no ill to the Continental army."

"If we thought you did, Wat," replied Robinson, "we would have slept on the hill tonight, rather than set foot across the sill of your door. However, let's say nothing about that; I told Mr. Butler that you would give us the best you had, and so you will. I have known Wat Adair, Mr. Butler, a good many years. We used to call him Wat with the double hand. Show us your flat here, Wat. Look at that sir! It's as broad as a shovel!"

"Cutting of trees," said the woodman as he spread his large horn-knuckled hand upon the supper table, "and handling of logs, will make any man's paw broad, and mine wasn't small at first."

"Ha, ha! ha!" ejaculated the sergeant, "you ain't forgot Dick Rowley over here on Congaree, Wat—Walloping Dick, as they nicknamed him—and the serjantage you had with him when he set to laughing at you because they accused you for being lightningrod, and your letting him see that you had a heavy hand, by giving him the full weight of it upon his ear that almost drove him through the window of the bar-room at the Cross Roads? You ain't forgot that—and his drawing his knife on you?"

"To be sure I ain't," that fellow was about as superstitious a piece of wicked flesh as I say—as a man would meet on a summer's day journey. But for all that Horse Shoe, he wasn't getting no superstitious me, without getting as good as he sent. When I come across one of your merry fellows that's for playing catraps on a man, it's my rule to make them pay the piper; and that's pretty good rule, Horse Shoes, all the world through. But come here is supper; draw up, Mr. Butler."

Mary Musgrove having completed the arrangement of the board whilst this conversation was in progress, the family now sat down to their repast. It was observable, during the meal, that Mary was very attentive in the discharge of the offices of the table, and especially when they were required by Butler. There was a modest and natural courtesy in her demeanor that attracted the notice of our soldier, and enhanced the kindly impression which the artless girl had made upon him; and it was, accordingly, with a feeling composed, in one degree, of curiosity to learn more of her character, and in another, of that sort of tenderness which an open-hearted man is apt to entertain towards an ingenuous and pretty female, that he took occasion after supper, when Mary had seated herself on the threshold of the porch, to fall into conversation with her.

"You do not live here, I think I have gathered, but are only on a visit?" was the remark addressed to the maiden.

"No, sir; it is thirty good long miles by the shortest road, from this to my father's house. Mistress Adair is my mother's sister, and that makes her my aunt, you know, sir."

"And your father's name?"

"Allen Musgrove. He has a mill, sir, on the Ennoree."

"You are the miller's daughter, then. Well that's a pretty title. I suppose they call you so?"

"The men sometimes call me," replied Mary, rising to her feet, and leaning carelessly against one of the upright timbers that supported the porch, "the miller's pretty daughter, but the women call me plain Mary Musgrove."

"Falth, my dear, the men come nearer the truth than the women."

"They say not," replied the maiden. "I have heard, and sometimes I have read in good books—at least they called them good books—that you mustn't believe the men."

"And why should you not?"

"I don't well know why not," returned the girl doubtfully, "but I am young, and maybe I shall find it out by and by."

"God forbid," said Butler, "that you should ever gain that experience! But there are many toils spread for the feet of innocence in this world, and it is well to have a discreet eye and good friends."

"I am seventeen, sir," replied Mary, "come next month, and though I have traveled backwards and forwards from here to Ennoree, and once to Camden, which, you know, is a good deal of this world to see, I never knew anybody that thought harm of me. But I don't dispute there are men to be afraid of, and some that nobody could like. And yet I think a good man can get by his deceit."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes. My father is a good man, and

mark me, do not omit to take our weapons to our chamber. I have reasons for this caution. I would not trust these people too far."

"Wat dare not play us a trick, major," replied the sergeant. "He knows I would shake the life out of his carcass if I saw him take one step of a traitor. Besides, in this here war time, 'tis a part of my discipline to be always ready for stolen marches. No you say, major, you will attack arms where we sleep. There is no trust in this dubious country that isn't something the surer with powder and ball to back it."

With this intimation the sergeant continued his walk, and Butler, retiring to the family group, seated himself near the fire.

Wat Adair and his cronies, Michael Lynch, had each lighted a pipe, and were now in close conference under the cover of their own smoke, amidst the combined din of rumping children and of the noisy spinning-wheel of the wife, which gave life and occupation to the apartment.

"How far do you expect to travel tomorrow?" asked the host, as Butler drew a chair near him.

"That will depend very much," replied Butler, "upon the advice you may give us."

"You wish to get across here into Georgia?" continued Wat.

"By the route less liable to molestation," added the major.

"Let me see, Michael, Grindall's Ford is the best point to make; then there's Christie's, about three miles beyond."

"Just so," replied Lynch; "that will make about twenty-seven and three are thirty miles; an easy day's journey."

"In that case," said Adair, "if you know the road—doesn't Horse Shoe know it, sir?"

"I rather think not," answered Butler.

"Well, it's a little tangled, to be sure; but if you will wait in the morning until I look at my wolf trap, which is only a step off, I will go with you part of the way, just to see you through one or two cross paths; after that all is clear enough. You will have a long day before you, and with good horses, not much to do."

"Are we likely to meet parties on the road?" asked Butler.

"Oh, Lord, sir, no chance of it!" replied the woodman; "everything is drawing so to a head down below at Camden 'twixt Cornwallis and Gates, that we have hardly anything but old women left to keep the country free of Indians."

"And how have you escaped the levy?" inquired the major.

"He, he, he!" chuckled our host; "there's a trick in that. They call me a man of doubtful principles, and neither side are willing to own me," he added, with a tone that seemed to indicate a sense of his own cleverness. "But bless you, sir, if I chose to speak out, there wouldn't be much doubt in the case. Would there, Michael?"

"Not if you was to be plain in declaring your sentiments," answered Lynch.

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she recognized the sound of voices conversing in a half whisper.

"Michael," said the first voice; "Damn it, man, will you never wake? Rouse yourself; it is time to be stirring."

"Wat!" exclaimed the second voice, with a loud yawn, whilst at the same moment the creaking of the bedstead and a snoring upon the floor showed that the speaker had risen from his couch. "Is it you? I have hardly gone to bed before you are here to rouse me up. What o'clock is it?"

"It is nearly one," replied Wat Adair. "And let me tell you, you have no time to lose. Hugh Habershaw is good ten miles off, and you must be back by daylight."

"You might have given me another hour," thought the man, "if it was only to consider over the right way of setting about this thing. Always look before you leap, that's common sense."

"You were always a heavy-headed devil," said Adair; "and take as much spurring as a spavined horse. What have you to do with the considering? Isn't all fixed? Jog man, jog. You have a beautiful starlight, and I had the crop-saw up to bed in the last, so up, and saddle, and away!"

"Well, you needn't be so getting busy; don't you see that I am getting ready?"

"Quiet, Mike; you talk too loud. Take your shoes in your hand, you can put them on when you get into the porch."

"There, give me my coat, Wat, and I think I should have no objection to a drop before I set out. It's nearly five o'clock, now. Now tell me exactly what I am to say to Hugh Habershaw."

"Tell him," replied Wat, "that we have got Horse Shoe Robinson and Major Butler of the Continental army, as snug as a pair of foxes in a bag, and I will let them run exactly at seven; and—"

"Not to interrupt you, Wat," said the other, "let me ask you a question before you go on. Suppose this fellow before you, the man? Are you sure of it? It would be a d—d unchristian job to give over any other human being to such a set of bloodhounds as Hugh Habershaw and his gang."

"Pshaw, Mike; you are a fool! Who, in the name of all the imps, could it be, but Major Butler? Weren't we expecting him along with Horse Shoe, and just at this time?"

"Likely enough," replied Lynch. "So go on."

"Tell Hugh to be ready at the Dogwood Spring, at the latest, by eight o'clock. I'll give him a game to play that will supple up his joints for him. And mind me, Mike, warn the greasy captain to have his whole squad with him; for Horse Shoe Robinson, you know, is not to be handled by boys; it will be a bull-fight, or I'm mistaken."

"The major seems to have a wicked eye too, Wat," said Lynch. "I shouldn't like much to be in his way, if he was angry; these copperheads are always in a coil ready to strike. But, Wat, how if they don't ride by the Dogwood spring?"

"Leave that to me; I'll contrive to go as far as the forks of the road with them. And then, if they don't take the right hand fork, you may say it's for the want of my not knowing how to tell a lie."

"Now, Wat Adair, I don't like to sport, but, maybe, you have never thought whether it would be worth while just to take 'o'other side, and tell Horse Shoe the whole business. Couldn't we, don't you think, get as much money, and just as easily, by hoisting colors with Major Butler?"

"But I have thought of that, and it won't do, for two reasons. First, these colors are on the down; and money is as scarce with them as honesty with the redcoats; and, second, the Tories have got so much of the upper hand in the whole country, that I should have my horse burned down and my children thrown into the blaze of it, in less than three days, if I was to let these fellows slip through my fingers."

"Well, I never knew," said Mike Lynch, "and piece of villainy that hadn't some good reason to stand by it, and that's what makes it agreeable to my conscience to take a hand."

"Why, you offscouring," replied Wat, "it is enough to make Old Scratch laugh to hear you talk about conscience! There ain't no such a thing going in these days. So be off; I'll look for you at daylight."

"I'll ride, Wat, and you may be on my right side, so good bye!"

The cessation of voices, the distant tramp of Lynch when he left the cabin, and the cautious retreat of Wat Adair to his chamber, told to Mary that the affair was settled, and the plan of treachery in full career towards its consummation.

The dialogue that had just passed in the hearing of the maiden, disclosed a plot that deeply agitated and distressed her. What did it become that she was to do, was the first question that presented itself to her reflection, as soon as she was sufficiently self-possessed to turn her thoughts upon herself. Was it in her power to avert the pending disaster which threatened the lives, perhaps, of those who had sought the hospitality of her kinsman? Perplexed, dismayed, and uncertain how to do, she had recourse to an expedient natural to her education, and such as would appear most obvious to a feeble and guileless female; it was the simple and the faith-inspired expedient of prayer. And now, in artless but sincere language, having first risen up in her bed, and bent her body across her pillow, in the attitude of supplication, she fervently implored the support of Heaven in her present straits, and besought wisdom and strength to conceive and to do that which was needful for the security of their individuals, whose peace was threatened by this conspiracy.

"I will arise," she said, as she finished her short and earnest prayer, "with the first light of the dawn, and wait the coming of the stranger, as I am then, and uncertain how to do, she had recourse to an expedient natural to her education, and such as would appear most obvious to a feeble and guileless female; it was the simple and the faith-inspired expedient of prayer. And now, in artless but sincere language, having first risen up in her bed, and bent her body across her pillow, in the attitude of supplication, she fervently implored the support of Heaven in her present straits, and besought wisdom and strength to conceive and to do that which was needful for the security of their individuals, whose peace was threatened by this conspiracy."

HISTORY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

From the First Settlement to the Close of the Revolution.

By REV. ROBERT LATHAN, D. D.

From the Yorkville Enquirer of 1875.

INSTALLMENT XI.

Fighting the Spaniards.

No one can form even a tolerably correct idea of American history, without some knowledge of the history of Europe, and especially of England. Although only about fifteen years had transpired between the landing of the colony at Ashley River, and the departure of Joseph West from the colony, still great changes had taken place amongst the proprietors and in the English government. George Monk was dead; Ashley was committed to the Tower in 1681; in 1682 Clarendon was banished; John Locke was forced to leave England and take up his abode in Holland.

On the 6th of February, 1685, Charles the Second died, and on the same day his brother James ascended the throne with the title of James the Second. On his death bed Charles made a profession of the Roman Catholic faith, and made confession to Father Huddleston, a second rate priest, James the Second was a profane of the kingdom, and especially the dissenting Protestants, had been drifting in this direction for a long time, and many had left the kingdom and come to America; they might escape future trouble. Not only did individuals unknown to fame, quit the land of their birth and seek a home in the wilds of America; but many persons of wealth and position bid adieu to all that was dear, and fled to the New World that they might escape the cruelties of a papal monarchy.

Amongst those who came to South Carolina were Joseph Blake from England, and Lord Cardross from Scotland. Blake was a brother of the admiral. He sold out his estate in Somersetshire and came to South Carolina in 1683. From what we can learn concerning him, he was an old man, and also a man of exemplary life and of great influence. The reason he gave for leaving England was that the miseries which the Dissenters at that time suffered were nothing, compared with what they would be called on to "endure under a Popish successor." The son of Joseph Blake was in after years, governor of South Carolina, and his daughter married Joseph Morton, another governor.

Blake, by his presence in the colony, greatly encouraged the sober and law abiding portion of the people. About the same time, Lord Cardross obtained permission to transport to Carolina 10,000 immigrants. The proprietors so altered the Fundamental Constitutions as to be very favorable to these Scotch. Cardross had been most unrighteously treated. His property had been destroyed by the king's troops and his income taken from him and given to another.

In 1683, he with a number of families, arrived in Carolina. A settlement was commenced at Port Royal. The town they founded, was in honor of his wife, named Stuart's Town. How many families and what number of immigrants came with Cardross it is not easy to say. Some think that only ten families came; but there are reasons for believing that there were more than ten. Amongst the individuals who came was a Scotch clergyman, by the name of William Dunlop. The settlers at Port Royal viewed, with a jealous eye, the new comers. Cardross was summoned to appear before the grand council at Charles Town, to give an account of himself and colony. Irritated and disgusted at such demands, he, as soon as his health would permit, returned to his native land, and took an active part in the Revolution of 1688. A part of his colony remained but in a few years it was broken up and amalgamated with that at Charles Town.

On the retirement of Joseph West, Joseph Morton became governor. His commission was only signed by the proprietors. In November, 1685, only a few months after receiving his commission, Morton convened the parliament, and agreeable to the instructions of the proprietors, called upon the members to subscribe to the Fundamental Constitutions of 1682. Of the twenty commoners, only sixteen were present. Only seven of this number would subscribe to the constitutions. This irritated the governor, and he ordered the twelve who refused to comply with the instructions of the proprietors, to leave the house forthwith. The reason that the twelve members gave for not subscribing to the constitutions of 1682, was that they had subscribed to those of 1689. These latter the proprietors declared to be "unalterable." The eight deputies and seven commoners went to work and passed various laws. These acts are entitled as follows: "An act for the restraining and punishing privateers; an act for the better security of the province, etc.; an act for the revival of several acts of parliament heretofore made, etc.; an act for the better and ascending to the register of marriages, births and burials, etc." In the statutes at large of South Carolina, edited by Thomas Cooper these acts are numbered 26, 27, 28, 29, and are signed by Joseph Morton, Robert Quarry, John Godfrey, Paul Grimbald, Stephen Bull, Joseph Morton, Jr., John Farr and Will Dunlop.

About this time, a serious difficulty occurred between the proprietors and Charles Town and Port Royal. There were, at this time two notorious Indians named Antonio and Wina, who besides acting as spies for the Spanish, greatly irritated the various tribes against the white settlers. In the year 1686, the Spanish at St. Augustine sent their vessels, with an armed force, to attack the settlers at Charles Town and Port Royal. The force landed on the Edisto, and first made at attack upon the houses of

HANGED ON GHOST'S TESTIMONY.

Peculiar Trials Found Among British

Co. Records.

The testimony of a "ghost" would not count for much in a court of law, but the day has been when it has sufficed to hang a man. It is stated that the original depositions are in the Bodleian Library of a most remarkable case of this character.

A girl named Anne Walker was supposed to have been sent away for her good by a substantial farmer. Some time afterwards a so-called apparition appeared to a neighbor, and told him that she had been murdered by the farmer and an accomplice. Her body, the apparition said, had been buried in a spot which she described, and she begged the man to whom she appeared to bring her murderers to justice. True enough, the body was found in the place mentioned and the man was brought to trial. The sensational character of the case was intensified by one of the children of the dead woman "sitting upon the shoulders" of its father, the farmer. Both the culprits were hanged.

There was a ghostly accuser in a case with which the readers of Scott are familiar. Soon after the "45" an English soldier wandering near Eraemar met a violent death. Hawks do not peck out hawk's eyes and no man opened his mouth to give a clew. Years passed and then came a story of a communication from another world.

A farm servant declared that in the night a spirit had appeared to him, declaring itself to be the ghost of the soldier, whose bones it said lay still unburied. The Highlander must see to their decent interment and have the murderers, two men named, brought to justice. The Highlander promised, but did not third time the spirit appeared and upbraided him for his breach of faith. Alarmed at last and no longer daring to delay, the man called a companion, went to the spot which the spirit had indicated and there found the bones of the murdered warrior concealed in a moorland tract called the Hill of Christie.

The story of the Highlander came to the ears of an anti-Jacobite, who caused the matter to be brought to trial before the court of Justiciary at Edinburgh. There the tale was corroborated by a woman who had seen a naked figure enter the place on the night spoken of by the man. It was an age of superstition, in a district more than commonly given to superstitions, and the jury seemed disposed to find the two men charged, guilty of the murder. But it happened the principal witness spoke only Gaelic. "Now," said the judge to the defense, "in what language did the ghost speak?" "In as good Gaelic as ever I heard in Lochaber," was the reply. "Pretty good for a ghost of an English soldier," said comment. And that question and comment saved the necks of the two men.

"What do you want?" muttered Butler in a smothered and sleep-stifled voice, as he turned himself on his pillow, as one moved by a dream.

"Oh, heaven, sir, make no noise! I am ashamed to tell you who I am, and I don't wish to have anything to tell you."

"Away, away!" cried Butler, speaking in his sleep. "I will not be disturbed; I do not fear you. Begone!"

"Oh, sir, hear me," entreated the maiden, "the people in this house know you, and they are contriving evil against you."

"It makes no difference," muttered the only half-awakened soldier. "I will ride where it suits me. If the Tories were as thick as the leaves of the trees."

"There are people gathering to do you harm tomorrow," continued Mary, not suspecting the unconsciousness of the person to whom she

GAMBLING AT SEA.—A friend of mine

recently returned from a trip to the United States very full of the mischief done by professional gamblers and card-sharps on the Atlantic liners and a host of opinion that the shipping companies are responsible for the existence of this evil.

It is pretty certain, I believe, that the blackleg business is organized like any other industry, and that the gangs who frequent the Atlantic liners are regular employees of an individual or firm. It is at any rate certain that the members of the gangs are known to the ships' officers, and my friend tells me that the names of seven of them were pointed out to him on the passenger list of the White Star liner on which he returned and the individuals identified as they sat at table. It is interesting to note that among them was a woman of youthful and innocent appearance.

Some of the worst features of the evil that many of them are youngsters going out to America or Canada, with most of their worldly wealth in their pockets. My friend learned that the gang on his ship got \$160 from certain passengers at one sitting, and that on a recent voyage of the same ship they had fleeced a young passenger to the tune of \$200. He therefore urges that as the companies know the names of the individuals who frequent the Atlantic liners, they should absolutely refuse to carry them, and stand the racket of legal proceedings for so doing.—London Truth.