THE WABASH EXPRESS.

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WHOLE NO. 891. | TERRE-H[illegible], 1859. | VOL. XVIII. NO. 22.

The Anniversary Festival

The assembly at Odd Fellows Hall, on Tuesday night, was large and brilliant, being composed of the members of the order of this city, and visiting brethren, the representatives of the Press, and the Pulpit, and a very large number of ladies.

After the appointment of a presiding officer, the following regular and volunteer toasts were read.

REGULAR TOASTS.

P. G. Sire, Thomas Wildley: The Father of Odd Fellowship in America—Patriarch of a numerous family of loving brothers, who hold him in grateful remembrance and reverently cherish the lessons of F. L. T., which he has taught them. The Moses who led the children of F. H. & C. in their wanderings through the wilderness of Doubt, Peril and Trial—To-day he sees the accomplishment of the 40 years, the fulfillment of the Promise and still lives to enjoy with them the blessings of the goodly inheritance. May the Great Grand Sire's gavel poise long before it falls to call him hence.

Response by Past Grand W. S. Clift.

2nd. Washington Lodge, No. 1, of the jurisdiction of Maryland: The first Lodge founded on the continent, by our venerable Patron Thos. Wildley, and named by the Father of Odd Fellowship, in favor of the Father of his country—on this the 40th Anniversary of its institution, is the first Lodge yet in vigor and usefulness.

Response by Patriarch Campbell, of Washington Encampment No. 1, of Baltimore.

3d. The Grand Lodge and Encampment I. O. O. F. of Indiana, dignified in their deliberations, conservative and just in character, they deserve and command the respect and admiration of the order in Indiana.

Response by Past Chief Patriarch Edmunds.

4th. W. K. Edwards: The first N. G. of Terre Haute Lodge No. 51. The oldest P. C. P. of Vigo Encampment No. 17. P. G. M. of the State of Indiana; P. G. R. in the Grand Lodge of the United States. His zeal in the cause of our noble order has won for him its most distinguished honors, which he well deserves and gracefully wears.

Music by the Band.

5th. Faith, Hope and Charity: A beautiful moral triad, formed in Heaven above mortal act Angels chant the success of its glorious mission when the human heart is exalted and purified. As the stars are to the night; sunlight to the Earth dew to flowers, so are these graces to Odd Fellowship.

Response by Past Grand Wm. E. McLean.

6th. To "visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead and educate the orphan" are some of the leading offices of our order, discharged under the promptings of *Friendship*, by the means of *Love* and consecrated by *Truth*: may these duties and principles obtain universal influence. That every one may say of Odd Fellowship. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Response by High Priest Laws.

7th. The Masonic and other kindred benevolent orders: We hail them as our Elder and Younger Sister—we love them.

Response by Brother A. Lange on part of the Masons and Past Grand W. C. Lupton on part of the Temple of Honor.

8th. The Holy Scriptures: As the light and heat of the Sun is necessary to the germination of the seed and development of the plant, so are the teachings and moral influence of the Bible indispensible to the existence and growth of Odd Fellowship.

Response by Rev. E. G. Taylor.

9th. Our Sisters, The Daughters of Rebekah: The true *right hand of Odd Fellowship.*

Response by Deputy Grand Master A. R. Summers.

10th. The Ladies, our friends: Bright *Stars* beautiful *Emblems*, rare jewels—Every worthy *Odd* Fellow is entitled to one, and without which his breast is undecorated—his honors incomplete.

Response by Bro. Laws.

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

By Past Grand Hook: The memory of Past Grand Wells N. Hamilton. Received standing.

Response by the band.

By W. K. Edwards: As each Encampment has a *tent* beneath the covering of which the weary stranger will find food and rest, teaching the practice of Hospitality, as a virtue, so, Terre-Haute Lodge, No. 51, has a *tent* whose practice of the graces and virtues that adorn our order, give a perfect exemplification of the true and genuine Odd Fellow.

Response by Noble Grand Booth, who pronounced a glowing eulogy upon Odd Fellowship as exemplified in the good work performed by the order the early history of California.

Bro. Booth: The Odd Fellows of California, tried in the fire *and found pure gold.*

By Past Grand McLean: The Press the guardian of our Liberties.

Response by R. H. Simpson, of the Item and R. N. Hudson.

After the toasts and responses, a sumptuous colation was handed around, of which those present partook with a pleasing zest.

Taken all together the celebration of the day was highly creditable to the order, and well calculated to awaken a more devoted zeal and a higher and more correct appreciation of the true mission of Odd Fellowship.

BANK DEFALCATION.—One of the Tellers of the Southern Bank at St. Louis Mo., M. Atherton has been arrested for embezzlement. He confessed the crime, and is now in jail awaiting his trial.

The amount abstracted from the bank is $53 000.

☞ Active explorations are carried on on what is supposed to be the site of ancient Carthage, by an English gentlemen and a French man. A great many valuable remains have been discovered burried fifty feet in the ground.

☞ A fearful explosion took place at the Hounslow powder mills, England, on the 30th of March, by which six persons were killed and many others seriously injured.

For the Express.

BELVIDERE, ILLS., April 22, 1859.

Mr. Editor: We left your "Gem in the Prairie," on the evening of Monday, the 18th inst., with tumultuous emotions, excited by a desire to be off, and a recoiling from that affectionate, earnest, and probably last "good-by," which long-tried friends had pressed upon us. It is not always pleasant to say good-by—Night fall soon shut our vision in, which only served the more to condense upon our hearts the parting scene. The thrilling embrace and the fervent "God bless you," went with us, stirring up busy thoughts of the past and of the fututer and as we cleft the winds upon the rapid rail, our ten thousand attachments to Terre-Haute, like elastic threads, refused to sunder.

Arrived at Indianapolis in good time for rest, we arose fresh on the morrow, and having attended to few matters of business, and gained, by mid-day, a glance at the exterior of Indiana's radiating center, we took seats in the noon train for the North, and on a good road with good appointments, made a rapid course through a fine country, to Lafayette. This is a busy place, but not so beautiful as Indianapolis, which is, indeed, beautiful.

Hence our route lay more directly north, to Michigan City. The road between these two cities is in a bad coudition; and though our speed was not much lessened, we were jostled in body and a little uneasy in mind.

A good deal of this road lies across a flat, undrained country, whose surface is now under water tenated by multitudes of winged aquatics, which we flirted to the right and to the left, as we glanced through their haunts. The 'poke loped heavily away and the duck drew a long wake with her toes, on the glassy surface of the water.

But the diligent tramp of the iron horse, whose clanking traces marked time to his gigantic stride, whisked us along without allowing our eyes to settle on the objects by the way. Though his pull was long and his panting rapid, his mettlesome snorting forbade pity; and the more he was urged the more stoutly he sang, "I can run and not be weary;" and as we neared the lake, he snuffed the blue waters and plunged ahead to quench his burning thirst in Michigan, which the rills and puddles by the way had not suffered him to do.

We arrived at this city of the lake, just before the dusk of the evening; where time was given for supper, or for glancing rapidly at the proportions of the place, and at the brim of the lake that laves it. It is a small, bleak plate, the *sea port* of Indiana; with some business, a few handsome and substantial buildings and many poverty huts hid in the crannies of the sand hills formed ashore by the mighty, undiscouraged efforts of the surging waters for ages. It is homely but not my ideal of home. Yours truly, M. S.

☞ The following is a graphic discription of the closing scene in the Sickles trial:

The door is opened and the Deputy Marshal calls out, "Room for the Jury." In they came one by one, and they proceeded to take their seats in the box. There is one general movement in the crowded court room to get a look at their faces. All restraint is forgotten. Benches, forums and tables are mounted by the most excited or the most venturesome.

"There they come" is heard hurriedly spoken on all sides. Then there is a succession of cries of "Down in front!" "Get off the benches!" "Down!" "Silence in court!" "Order, order!" but it seems impossible to restore order till the Judge directs the clerk to call the names of the jury. The uproar instantly subsides, and the clerk calls the jurors and they severally respond. One of the officers calls out the number when the 12th name is called and responded. A pin might be heard to drop in the suddenly stilled crowd. The jury are all standing.

Clerk—Daniel E. Sickles, stand and look to the jury.

Mr. S. took up.

Clerk—How say you, gentlemen; have you agreed to your verdict?

Arnold—We have.

Clerk—How say you: Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?

Arnold—Not guilty.

As these words fell from the lips of the foreman, there was one loud, wild, thrilling, tremendous hurrah by the spectators. Cheer after cheer resounded on the (Here the line gave out.)

☞ The Ft. Wayne Republican tells a pretty good, or bad story, one hardly knows which to call it, on the homeopathists. It says that "in Elkhart, a few days since, a child about three years old got hold of a case of homeopathic medicines, containing 70 vials of different kinds of medicines, and swallowed their contents unharmed. The medicine was a total loss." We are are not altogether certain that this story is not a recommendation of homeopathic medicines. It shows at least that they can't do much harm.

☞ The Seymour Times says. "The passenger trains on the Jeffersonville Road were beautifully and imposingly draped in mourning for the death of Henry Shipes on Thursday last. He was much respected by the officers and hands upon the road and we believe by all who know him. And his sudden and unexpected and terrible death seemed to fill every heart with the deepest grief.

Sickles Acquitted.

The jury, after being out about one hour, brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty," in this celebrated case. Thus ends that unfortunate and ridiculous affair.

☞ J. R. S. Bond, editor and proprietor of the Mendota (Ill.) Press, has been elected Overseer of the Poor. He says his long experience in the printing business gives him the most admirable qualification for that office.

☞ The Savannah Republican says the first message over the Cuba telegraph was received on Tuesday, ordering a dozen bottles of lager beer for a sick person at Waynesville. It is expected that the line will be working to Fernandina in a week or ten days.

☞ The New Albany Tribune says that the farmers in that vicinity report the growing wheat, generally, in an excellent condition.

Mr. Editor: About 8 o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, the 19th inst., we mounted the rail at Michigan City, and "fetched a compass" by night time, on a smooth road, round the southern margin of Lake Michigan, to Chicago, the famous emporium of the Northwest. Here, again, we arrived in good time for the night; but on arousing early in the morning we found the grand city belabored by a furious storm of wind and rain, which nearly snuffed out the hope we had cherished of a ma[illegible] roam through this humming metropolis; for we had arranged to leave at 9:15. But I slipped across the way into the magnificent Union Depot, and during an hour of rain, gazed at its complicated and beautiful architecture and contemplated with astonishment the exact, rapid and easy working of the still more complicated and stupendous business which nimble intellects pass off from under its roof. Here Mercury, from tip to tip of his wings measures from Portland, in Maine, to New Orleans; and from Philadelphia to Kansas.

The rain ceasing, I braved the wind to get a slight view of the business part of the city, and I assure you, Chicago is no joke. It stretches along a vast extent of coast, and makes a most respectable show, as a port, to eyes which have witnessed the great harbors of N. York and Boston. One of the most conspicuous staples, is lumber; gathered from the distant shores of the Upper Lakes and wafted hither by fleets of brigs, sloops and schooners whose snowy sails whiten the western waters. But the city groans under burdens of all sorts of costly merchandize, both foreign and domestic; and the extent and substantial grandeur of the business buildings attest the luck of its trade.

From the natural disadvantage of a sunken site, the city is extricating itself by praiseworthy efforts at grading and constructing side walks. Vast expenditures, showing bottom and public spirit to boot, have already been made in flagging the walks with stones of immense proportions; every step upon which is a convincing proof that Chicago is no mere vision, but an abiding reality. She has not proposed herself a grab and run game, as some other towns have done to their cost; but she has cooly cast anchor among the emporiums of the nation.

An hour or two, of my short stay in Chicago, I spent far out on the pier beyond the lighthouse, greatly interested in the sublime contest between the angry winds and the rebellious waters. What a hissing and spitting of the rude, insulting winds; and what a heaving and rolling and maddened recoiling of the infuriated waters! The scene was refreshing; for, cradled on the rock-rugged shore of the northern Atlantic, I had chafed, during a long exile upon the broad prairies, for a view of some hill or pond, to help me imagine the everlasting hills or the overwhelming majesty of the "Old Ocean."

I enjoyed the miniature strife, I say; but it was a hard tug to swell it to the grandeur of a "Southeaster" upon the real ocean; and I could not help enjoying the idea of jugging this "tempest in a tea pot," wind, water and all, and flinging it into the breach between the howling tempest and indignant ocean, just to see it seal. Yours truly, M. S.

Interesting to Farmers.

We call the especial attention of the farmers of the Wabash Valley, to the column advertisement of our enterprising friends, S. Wolf & Co., to be found in our Weekly issue.

Mr. Wolf & Co., opened their Stove and Agricultural establishment a few years since, and have, by energetic and close attention to business, added to it, from time to time, until they have now one of the largest and most complete establishments of the kind in the west. Their ambition has been to keep on hand every article in the line of Agricultural Implements, that is useful or desirable to the farmer, always keeping pace with the times, and the varied improvements of the age.

The immense number of fine Reapers, Mowers, and other implements which they sold during the past two seasons, gives full and satisfactory evidence of the judgment exercised in the selection of their stock, as well as of their liberal and upright manner of doing business. Their stock is now very large, and they are constantly receiving accessions to it, that all who come may be supplied with any agricultural implement, from a garden hoe to the largest and most complete Reaper and Mower.

Their Stove and Tinware department is also large and varied. Under the superintendence of Mr. Ira Grover, it cannot fail to embrace all atricles useful to the thrifty house wife. Mr. Grover's long experience gives him a most perfect knowledge of this branch of his business, and enables them to furnish to their customers, the very latest and best styles of Stoves and other utensils necessary and useful to housekeeping.

We cordially commend this establishment to the attention of our citizens generally, and to the farmers in particular.

☞ A singular will case is on trial in Boston. Benjamin Lakin, a pilot, died in that city in the fall of 1857, leaving property to the amount of $72,000, all bequeathed to his wife. It appears, however, that his first wife, whom he married twenty-seven years ago, but who left him a few years afterwards, and whom he supposed to be dead, leaving him to contract a second marriage, now comes forward to contest the will. It is noticed as a singular circumstance that both the wives followed the remains to the grave. The case is still on hand.

☞ Besides the Inebriate Asylum established by private benevolence, at Geneva, New York, the Legislature of that State has provided for another at Binghampton, and appropriated one-tenth of all the revenue derived from liquor licenses for its support.

☞ A law recently passed in Maine, establishes the annual salary of the members of the Legislature at $150. They can sit twelve months, if they please, for this princely sum.

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as I wish it,' observed the latter, 'I of hatred gave additional mali[illegible] expression.

sited the Burnside at Laurelwood,' angfold.

th or Jessie?' asked Pollard, with

neither!' thundered Vantassle, glance around him. 'Let us join ided,' and swear that we will resist by the ballot.'

hilantly done; with clasped hands hed sabres they renewed their ter[illegible]ct, invoking direful penalities if d recreant to their oath. The League ven was complete.

separated, and went their several A moment later, and nothing but the ering embers of their fire remained to he spot where they had met.

CHAPTER II.

LAURELWOOD.

light fell silently upon Laurelwood; it in upon the mansion and surrounding ke a pale, soft mist. It was a very quiet ut to Jessie Burnside there was some[illegible] n xpressibly oppressive in the air. Her mpanions, Ruth Haviland and Judith ide, her sister, sympathized with these gs of uneasiness. With the exception of , a black servant, and Jupe, a mulatto hese ladies were at this time, the sole ants of the house, Mrs. Burnside being t in attendance upon a sick relative. Mr. Burnside was serving in Marion's e. It was at that period when the strug Liberty seemed dark and hopeless.—Carolina was overrun with pitiless ene and devastated with fire and sword.—m was rife, and stalked abroad like a ying angel, smiting old and young—n trusted his neighbor until he stood er to shoulder with him in battle. No ew where to find faith and good fellow ill danger and death had come to apply t to friend and brother.

side's mansion—which had received e of Laurelwood on account of its prox y to Laurel Swamp—was so distant owns and cities that he flattered himself etude would not be intruded upon by ing armies of wandering bands of loyal It is true that he left his beloved ones reluctance, and was often harrassed with fears for their safety; but duty—yea, necessity—called him to the field, and he went, hoping that Providence would protect those he left at home. So far, Laurelwood had not been molested. The terrible tales of the atrocities committed in neighboring towns and hamlets were daily reaching him. The young ladies had recently, too, had their fears excited by the persecutions of certain persons, whose characters and principles were alike obnoxious With these parties we shall soon become better acquainted.

Wishing to conceal her dejection of mind, and see if the open air were not more exhilirating, Jessie Burnside opened the door, and stepped out, as she believed, unobserved by Ruth and Judith. There was a small summer house overgrown with vines, a few yards distant; she entered it, and sat down. She had scarcely done so, when she heard a voice pronounce her name. She sprang up with a cry of terror. A large rough hand was laid rudely over her mouth: it was the hand of Martin Vantassel.

"Come, Miss, don't be frightened, for I am neither a wolf nor a panther, but plain Martin Vantassle—as good a man as you can find atween here and the mouth of the Santee. What's better, I'm a king's man, and the king's men have it all their own way, now."

"You are rude and unmannerly, sir!" cried Jessie, pushing him from her indignantly. "If you have business with me, speak it, and begone!"

"Well, Mistress, I have a matter of business with ye, I recon, which shall last for life, if you like it. I a'n't a person that can talk much, and haven't a great deal of time to spend in that soft palaver they call love making; but I want a wife right hard, and you're the gal I've a kinder fixed my mind on."

"Oh, this is your wooing!" said Jessie, contemptuously. "Let me tell you, Martin Vantassle, that your wooing is odious. You are a bear!"

"That's right, Miss; call me pet names. You can make me the best-natured bear in the world, if you will."

Vantassle attempted to tap her playfully under the chin with his clumsy hand.

"Don't touch me! there is contamination in the touch of one who turns traitor, and betrays his own country, even to foreign invaders. I have no patience with you, nor those of your character or habits of thinking, who are associated with you in your crime and spoliation. The word Tory makes me shudder; your presence disgusts me, while your deeds fill me with horror!"

She tried to escape from the summer house. Vantassle caught her by the wrist.

"Not so fast, my scornful! Now is the reign of might over right. Law and order are fled the land. Fear of magistrates is not now before our eyes. We don't ask, "Shall we do this or that?" but we do as we list. I want you, and am come for you."

"This is frightful!" gasped Jessie. "I shall die with terror! Blinko! Blinko! help—help!"

At that moment she heard the report of a rifle not far off.

"Did you hear that?" asked the Tory, with a triumph. "It was for Blinko, I'll be sworn! I left a man on his track that can knock over a dollar at a hundred yards."

"Spare me! Have we not been neighbors? Were we not friendly before this terrible war? Remember, I entreat of you, that I am a poor, trembling girl, with no protector."

"I shall have no trouble in remembering the last, I'll warrant. I shouldn't trusted myself here if you'd been surrounded by the cursed rebels. Come, gal, our home is in Laurel Swamp."

With a quick, unexpected movement, Vantassle drew her to him, lifted her in his arms, and moved toward the dark and tangled mass of wood lying in the rear of the mansion at the distance of a hundred rods, and covering an area of ten miles in circumference.

By this time Ruth and Judith had missed her, and came running to the spot as he was bearing her away. They cried loudly for assistance, while terror nearly deprived them of sense and volition. At the moment when the catastrophe seemed complete, a tall man, with a large black patch over his left eye, and a long rifle in his hand, sprang from a clump of shrubbery, seized Vantassle by the throat, wrested Jessie from his grasp, and choking him till he was black in the face, hurled him to the ground. While Vantassle lay stunned upon the earth, his vanquisher took his pistol from his unnerved hand, discharged it into the air, and broke the stock against the trunk of a tree. He then drew the pistols from the Tory's belt and thrust them into his own, from which already protruded the butts of four. The blade of Vantassle's knife he snapped by thrusting it into the cleft of a rock, but the heavy sabre he buckled to his side, leaving the ruffian entirely unarmed.

"In, gals, in!" cried the rescuer. "Bar your doors, and say your prayers, for the Tory hounds have scenty blood, and will not rest till they have gorged themselves."

The tall, wild looking man glanced at Jessie, and observing that she was faint, caught her up as if she were an infant, and carried her to the door. Placing her carefully within the threshold, he repeated his startling warning, and vanished in the deepening shadows of night. He was gone before the young ladies had recovered sufficiently from their dismay to thank him.

While they gazed at each other in a stupor of wonder, a man leaped a high fence at the right, and crossing the intervening ground, stood before them, panting and covered with perspiration. It was Tom Hutter, the partisan and scout, who was known to the neighboring loyalists as a staunch and unswerving patriot and a brave man, shrinking from no danger, and shunning none of the responsibilities of the part he had chosen.

"Tom Hutter!" exclaimed Judith and Ruth, simultaneously, "what has happened? You are excited with effort; you can scarcely stand."

"I have been pursued," said Hutter. "I have had a race for dear life. In, and barricade the doors! A party of the miserable renegades will be here in a minute! Where's Blinko?"

"I don't know," said Judith. "He went out a few minutes ago."

"Which way?" asked Hutter.

Judith indicated the direction with her finger.

Hutter started off like a racehorse. He saw a dark object suspended from the branch of a tree. It was Blinko, who was swaying to and fro, and quivering in the agonies of strangulation. Hutter cut him down in an instant, and tearing the rope from his neck, staggered toward the house beneath the weight of his great body. A half dozen musket shots were poured after him from the nearest copse. The balls perforated his clothes and grazed his skin in several places, but he reached the house in safety with the half dead black. Leaving him to the care of Jupe, the mulatto girl, he barred the doors and fastened the windows.

Jessie, who had partially recovered her self-possession, looked out and saw forms moving to and fro among the shrubbery. Her heart misgave her. How could they resist so many enemies? She thought of the strange man who had so opportunely appeared to save her from Vantassle. She wondered why he had left them at such a juncture! His deep, resonant voice still rang in her ears.

"Stand back from the window!" said Tom Hutter.

The warning was timely; a charge of buckshot crashed through the panes as she stepped aside, some of which perforated her dress, while one of the hurtling messengers drew blood from her white neck.

"These miscreants make war upon woman!" exclaimed Ruth Haviland.

"Make war upon woman, Miss Haviland? They are more savage nor the wolves and catamounts that prowl through Laurel Swamp. Neither beauty nor tears can move 'em. They are ten times worse nor the British themselves! They've marked their way through Carlisny with fire and blood, outrage and robbery."

Tom Hutter suddenly thrust his rifle through the shattered pane and fired. A cry came back through the smoke.

"There was mischief in that," he said, quietly, reloading his piece.

"Resistance," cried Jessie, "is hopeless What can you expect from them if you are taken, Tom Hutter?"

"A rope from the branch of the nearest tree," answered the Partisan coolly.

"Then fly—escape from the back door when you may! They certainly will not be so brutal as to harm us young girls," said Judith entreatingly.

"My poor gals, you don't know 'em so well as I. I've followed their terrible trail, and looked upon their infernal works. I know what happens to sich as you, and should be tempted to kill you with my own hand, rather than leave you to their ruffian violence. If my time's come, and I'm to go the way of all the airth, I'll die here in defense of beauty and innocence."

"Noble Tom!" cried Ruth.

"If you've any firearms and ammunition, hurry to bring 'em and lay 'em down beside me, and be keerful to keep out of the range of the winders."

By this time Blinko had revived, and hearing this order, said:

"I'll tend to dat, Mars'r Tom. Only let the young misses keep out de way, and I'll stand by ye long's there am a breff o' life in me."

Blinko disappeared, but soon returned with a blunderbuss, two muskets, a brace of dueling pistols, a bag of buckshot and a horn of powder. Hutter took the blunderbuss and charged it heavily. There was no light in the house save a single candle, which was placed behind a door in a corner to prevent serving as a guide to the Tory marksmen.

Hutter cast himself upon the floor and watched the movements of the assailants over he window sill. His person was somewhat exposed to the shots of the enemy, but his coolness did not for a moment desert him.

"The cowards are about to charge upon the door in a body," he said, presently. "Blinko, give me the blunderbuss."

The black handed the heavy and destructive weapon to the scout, whose muscles were firm and obedient. The young ladies observed his movements with indescribable interest. Their fate seemed to rest upon his single arm. A chilling sensation of horror crept over them when they reflected upon the consequences of defeat and capture.

The Tories rushed toward the door with a shout. Hutter quickly aimed his weapon and pouted two handfulls of buckshot into the midst of them. They recoiled and retreated to the covert of the shrubbery. A knocking was heard at the rear door.

"Who's there?" demanded Hutter.

"Well, I rather guess one on 'em's me!" said a genuine Yankee voice. "Podijah Makepeace is pooty ginerly about when there's any skrimmagin' goin' on."

Blinko immediately unfastened the door and admitted two persons. Podijah Makepeace had a figure of imposing height, but which lacked that fullness of development which gives symmetry and comeliness to the human organization. His hair was flaxen and long, his mouth large and good-humored, his nose somewhat sharp, while his eyes, which were small and hazel, sparkled with drollery. He was manifestly a man who meant to be pleased with life as he found it, and to make himself as comfortable as possible under all circumstances.

His companion was more youthful and presented a different type of humanity. He impressed the beholder at once with the idea of manly beauty, courage and integrity.

"Paul Hazelhurst!" cried Jessie, joyfully.

The young man sprang forward and grasped the hands that were eagerly extended to meet him.

"We've come just about in the nick o' time, I should say by guns! The blasted critters are a peggin' into ye, ain't they? Well, we'll show 'em a trick worth to of that. Wax my flax, if we don't.

It may be well to remark here that Podijah was by trade a shoemaker, and that his language was generally highly seasoned with the technicalities of the cordwainer's art. As Podijah finished this eloquent peroration, he brought the breech of his rifle upon the floor with a great crash, and squinted out of the window with his twinkling eyes. The movement was nearly fatal to Podijah, for a bullet, aimed at a random from outside, served one of his flaxen locks from his cheek.

"Cramp my uppers! Now that's what I call pooty close work. A fellers jest as likely to be shot right square through the head as any way; close up my scents, if he isn't!"

For a few minutes the shouting and firing ceased. The terrified girls flattered themselves that the Tories were retiring; but were presently undeceived, for they had silently surrounded the house, and now commend the assault from different quarters with great resolution and fury. Each fit that the crisis was rapidly approaching. Tom Hutter and Blinko reinforced by Hazelhurst and the Yankee, stood by their weapons, resolved to make a desperate resistance.

CHAPTER III.

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 was swelled loudly above the din of the conflict. The struggle was kept up with determined spirit by the besieged.—While each was engaged with an enemy, Jessie Burnside cried out that a party of them had beaten down one of the doors and were pressing into the hall.

Podijah 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 hearty courage the could not withstand. Those who were not repulsed were left upon the floor with broken heads.—The door was replaced and everything moveable 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 this 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 Burnside 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 imprisoned 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 no thought of myself; I have thought only of you and your friends, I never have time to think of myself when you are near; I should depise 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 I do battle for the safety and honor of Jessie Burnside."

"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," said Podijah. "You see they can't stan' near so much hammerin' as folks can ar 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 natur' 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 winders are riddled, and 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 now reaping the reward of their villainy. Look at those expiring wretches who fell 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 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 save the groans of the wounded in the house, and, at long intervals, the cry of a war in the tangled hedges of Laurel Swamp.

The fears of the young ladies began to subside in 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 uneasy. 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 uneasiness, but finally joined the ladies, confident that there was no immediate danger to apprehend.

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

"That's about my own way o' thinkin'," remarked Podijah, 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', Hutter?"

"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 rather sweet on one of 'em, I should say, though 'twould be hard to choose atween 'em. Wax my flax, if it wouldn'."

"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 blood thirsty villians 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. Bedding, 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 cursing and malicious hand.

Scorched 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. Podijah Makepeace ran after him and dragged him back, half choked by the penetrating, hot and smoke loaded 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 retrace his steps. He was gasping for breath like a drowning man when he reached the anxious group below.

"That door must be shut," said Podijah, "or