

# THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL

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## Poetry

### Written at my Mother's Grave.

The trembling dew drops fall  
Upon the shining grass, as if  
The stars above, in silent  
Save me are blest.

Mothers! I love thy grave,  
Thou art the blissful home,  
Where I have found my rest,  
And where my spirit dwells.

And I must linger here,  
To see the plowman of my childhood years,  
And mourn the home of my childhood dear,  
With mother's tears.

My, I must linger here,  
A lonely branch upon a withered tree,  
Whom last fall, with a smile,  
Went down to thee?

On, from life's withered bow,  
In still communion with the great,  
And none on earth, the only flower,  
In memory's urn.

And when the evening falls,  
Down, like a meteor, on the dim, dark sky,  
I stay to cheer the nightingale,  
Among the trees.

Where is thy spirit now?  
I gaze above—thy look is in the air,  
I listen and thy gentle tone  
Is on my ear.

O, come, while here I pass,  
My brow upon thy grave; and, in those mild  
And thrilling tones of tenderness,  
Bliss, bless my child!

Yes, bless your weeping child,  
And o'er his arm—roll on his holiest shrine,  
O, give his spirit, undivided,  
To bleed with mine!

## Twilight.

There is an evening twilight of the heart,  
When its wild passion waves are lulled to rest,  
And the eyes cease to be fairly seen depart,  
As fades the day-beam in the rosy west.

'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret  
We gaze upon them as they melt away,  
And fondly would we bid them linger yet,  
But hope is round us with her angel's ray.

Halling afar some happier twilight hour,  
Near are her whispers still, though lost to our  
Power.

In youth the cheek was crimsoned with her glow,  
Her smile was loveliest then her mirth was  
Was heaven's own music, and the soul was  
Was all unshaken by her sunny beam among.

We knew not, cared not, it was born to die,  
Flashed with her heart's breath, and her loved form,  
With dancing heart we gazed on the pure sky,  
And mused the passing clouds that flung its  
Blue.

Like our own sorrow then—our floating and  
And mused, her hair was  
Half melted, her eyes  
Her promised power of happiness seemed high,  
And though at times a slighter shadow,  
And the red lightnings threaten, still the air  
Was bright with her breath, and her loved form,  
The rainbow of the heart, was hovering there,  
Her wreath the summer flower, her robe of summer  
Green.

But though less dazzling in her twilight dress,  
There's more of heaven's pure beam about her  
Soul.

That smile which of tranquil loneliness,  
Which the heart worships, glowing on her cheek,  
That smile shall brighten the dim evening star,  
That points our destined path, nor e'er departs,  
Till the last light of life is fled away,  
And the nation's heart of our parting breath,  
A moonbeam in the midnight cloud of death.

At the time of which we speak there existed  
between the whigs and Tories, the most  
unhappy enmity. The blood of war was  
shed in peace with cool and steady  
hands, and the loyalists as they deemed  
themselves asked no other excuse for their  
deeds of blood than the victims of their sanguinary  
cruelty adhered to a political creed different  
from their own, and were animated by an  
unshakable devotion to their country's  
independence.

Michael already began to suspect that the  
two individuals before him belonged to that  
reckless band of marauding Tories that  
invested the country, and he well knew that  
if his surmise proved to be correct, his safety  
would depend upon his concealing from  
them the part he had taken in the struggle  
for independence. Such being his apprehensions,  
he was determined to take advantage  
of the first pause of the storm to withdraw  
from the shelter of a roof, which offered  
so precarious a hospitality, and make  
his way at once to the end of his journey,  
where he might rest in safety.

"Well my friend," began the better-looking  
of the two individuals, thrusting his  
papers into a drawer, and taking his seat  
in front of the fire-place, "see you have not  
escaped without a wet jacket. Join me in a  
social glass, and it will not be the worse for  
your health. Here, Stoker, set out our  
decanter and glasses upon the side-board."

Stoker bustled about to perform the bidding  
of his superior, looking for all the world  
in his immense blue overcoat like some  
diminutive dog emerging from under a carpet.  
All three were soon standing by the  
side-board with their glasses filled.

"I give you a toast," said Michael, "to  
the success of our arms, and the independence  
of our country. My gracious Majesty King  
George the Third! Success to his banner  
wherever it is spread."

Michael laid down his glass and calmly  
regarded his host and his companion, while  
they looked at the toast gleefully.

"Permit me now to give you a toast," said  
the better-looking of the two, "to the  
success of our arms, and the independence  
of our country. My gracious Majesty King  
George the Third! Success to his banner  
wherever it is spread."

"That is a toast to which a freeman can  
drink his cup!"

"Little Billy Stoker, almost petrified with  
astonishment at the audacity of our hero  
looked from his companion to Michael, and  
from Michael to his companion as though  
looking to see the latter annihilate him for  
his temerity. That individual, however, so  
far from fulfilling the anticipations of his  
subordinate, bit his lip with mortification,  
and with an irresolute air passed his hand  
over his beard yet at the same time casting a  
side-long glance towards the corner of the  
apartment beyond Michael, where a couple  
of rifles were leaning against the wall. The  
watchful eye of hero at once detected the  
significance of his glance.

"But my friend," said his host, averting  
his fixed and steady gaze, "do I understand  
that you are not a friend to King George?"

Michael's heart began to beat thick and fast:  
The name of that misguided king had become  
odious to every lover of his country  
and every patriot of his age. He felt that  
the name of a man who had so dishonored his  
country, especially when such dishonour  
involved a reprobation of those political  
principles in the maintenance of which he  
would have sacrificed his life. Sooner  
would he have torn his tongue from his  
mouth than have given utterance to so  
degrading and hypocritical an avowal as  
that of allegiance and respect for a king  
against whose powers he had sworn to do  
battle while the breath of life was left him.

"A friend to King George!" he exclaimed  
with honest indignation. "Nay, God forbid  
that I should be the tool of so odious  
and despicable a tyrant. Look around you,  
and neglected fields, ruined homes, and a  
vast host of bleeding martyrs proclaim his  
tyranny. No, I am a foe to him and his  
government; and God grant that his contemptible  
and bloody troops may meet with the  
like fate to his richly merit!"

"My good sir," answered his host, "you  
suffer yourself to speak too freely. Such  
language might not prove agreeable to every  
company into which chance might throw  
you."

"And what signifies that?" answered  
Michael, bluntly; "think you I am knave or  
poor fellow enough to fall in with the humor of  
the hour, and measure my language to suit  
the ears of cravens. On my soul, I shall  
ever speak as I think, even if I stood before  
the tyrant George himself."

"But have you no fear of the failure of  
your rebellion?" asked the other, reddening  
with irritation; "no visions of halbers in  
your face, or of bayonets fixed to the sword  
may frighten you?"

"Rebellion, sir, do you talk to me of  
rebellion!" responded Michael, while an  
angry flush began to burn upon his cheek;  
"and who are you who presume to brand  
my resistance to tyranny with the name  
of rebellion?"

The eye of the Tory—for such he indeed  
was—quailed before the firm and angry  
glance of Michael, and for a moment he  
looked around at his companion, hesitating  
and doubtful as to the manner in which he  
should reply to the prepotent and menacing  
language of Michael.

"I might well object to the tone and  
manner in which you demand my name,"  
answered the other, shifting, as casually his  
position, so as to place himself between  
Michael and that corner of the apartment  
where the fire-arms stood, "but since you appear  
so urgent for a more intimate acquaintance,  
know that my name is Robert Harrison—  
Nay, you need not introduce yourself," he  
continued, observing our hero to start at  
the mention of his name, and wishing it  
possible to intimidate him by following up  
one surprise with another—"you need not  
introduce yourself; you are already known  
to me as Michael Allcott, the rebel-follower  
of the late King George, now by a lucky chance  
thrown into the hands of those who will  
deal with you as a traitor!"

Little Billy Stoker was overcome with joy  
at the surprise which the Tory leader, Harrison,  
had prepared for Michael, and seeming  
to anticipate that he would fall upon  
his knees to plead for his life, in the  
extremity of bodily terror, he clasped his hands  
gleefully and shouted aloud with laughter.

Michael was indeed, in sailor phrase, taken  
aback, and astounded at finding himself thus  
unexpected in the power of a mercenary and  
malignant foe, whose savage deeds, had  
made his name a by-word of cruelty among  
both friends and foes, but as swift as lightning,  
and before his intention could have been  
suspected, he seized upon a chair which  
fortunately stood within his reach, and  
dealing his blows to the right and left, laid  
the panic-stricken Tories stunned and prostrate  
at his feet. Then rushing from the house,  
he mounted his horse, was firmly seated in  
his saddle and far beyond pursuit before his  
discomfited foes had recovered from his  
stunning blows sufficiently to follow in pursuit.

"Up, Bill, and to your horse!" gasped  
Harrison, in a voice hoarse with rage so soon as  
he had regained his feet. "As I live the  
rotten shall long for this, though I follow  
him to the ends of the earth!"

As great as was the rage of the Tory  
leader, and as sharp as was the spur of  
anger, it was nevertheless deep twilight when  
with his confederate in guilt he sat in  
pursuit of our hero. He had determined  
upon collecting to aid him in the pursuit  
and capture, all of the Tory party who were  
in his immediate neighborhood.

"By the Gods of Olympus, he shall not  
escape me," hissed Harrison between his  
closed teeth, as he mounted his horse. "I  
know full well the rebel's haunts, and be-  
fore midnight he shall be dragged from his  
bed and swing for this."

A deep gash had been inflicted upon the  
cheek of the Tory by the sudden blow of  
our hero; the blood had flowed profusely  
from the wound, and the bandages in which  
his face was enveloped were stained with  
blood. Impetuous and bitterly vindictive,  
the angry passions of Harrison raged in his  
breast like the flames of a volcano. He  
had sowed revenge, and he was not a man  
to be appeased until he had compassed it.

With his renegade follower he put foot  
in stirrup, consumed with a thirst for vengeance,  
and soon the old crazy building, the  
scene of their late discomfiture, was left  
behind them cheerless and untenanted.

## CHAPTER II.

In those best woods where first you won my soul,  
Hail passed our gentle days far from the toll  
And din of war! Such is the wish of love,  
Of love that with delighted ecstasies  
Knows no bliss and no ambition but itself."

The evening repast was over, when Dora  
Singleton immediately retired to her apart-  
ment but not to sleep. Her pathway had  
ceased to wind among roses, and care and  
anxiety were heavy at her heart.

The old family mansion, where she still  
dwelt with her step-father—a man of moody  
and sullen temper, whose treatment was  
not always tempered by that kindness and  
consideration which should have been the  
lot of one so tender and young—was one  
of those picturesque buildings of that style  
so pleasing to our ancestors some few  
generations ago, but which have altogether  
disappeared in this utilitarian age. It was a  
quiet and dignified looking old mansion,  
somewhat quaint indeed in its appearance  
and style, yet sufficiently capacious to have  
sheltered under its pyramidal roof some two  
or three generations of those prolific days.  
Antiquated cupboards, with shelves well  
laden up to the ceiling, filled up here and  
there the corner of an apartment, while  
doors innumerable opened into mysterious  
closets on every side.

Dora had retired into her bed chamber in  
the second story of the building, the wall-  
papers of which were decorated with portraits  
of her father and mother, that seemed to look  
down fondly upon the beautiful and un-  
friendly orphan. A small silver lamp of  
exquisite workmanship shed its clear light  
over her beautiful features, pale indeed, yet  
wonderfully fair, so that she scarcely seemed  
a being of earth. Her glance had been in  
that strangely fascinating power that be-  
longs only to beauty of a rare and high or-  
der of perfection. It was only such as  
could belong to a proud and generous, and  
sensitive nature, that seemed without an effort  
to reach the heart of all others, while it  
betrayed not even in a moment the secrets  
of its own. All the magic grace of nature  
lived with her and seemed to dwell in the  
air she breathed.

Her hair of a very dark shade, yet not  
wholly black, was tastefully bound up in  
the becoming Grecian knot, and where it  
was gathered from her neck it formed a  
lovely contrast with the dazzling white skin  
beneath. Her arms, left bare to the elbow,  
of a slightly concealed from view by un-  
derclothes of a most delicate texture, were  
full and most temptingly rounded, and her  
small hand, on the fingers of which glittered  
a single ring bearing a gem of the first  
water, was of aristocratic loveliness.

Dora had not lingered long over the trifle  
upon which she was sewing, when she cast  
it aside with a sigh, blew out her lamp, and  
looked abroad upon the dim landing which  
spread out before her.

All was now peaceful and serene. The  
howling storm, which had hovered above  
but a few hours before with wings of ap-  
palling blackness, had passed away with  
all his host of sulphurous clouds, and the  
bright stars were shining calmly in the sky  
until the bright moon, rapidly ascending  
the eastern horizon, poured down a mellow  
flood of light upon forest and field, making  
the rain drops upon each blade and leaf to  
glisten like burnished silver.

The prospect before the maiden was situa-  
ted indeed. The house, which was situa-  
ted upon a gently sloping hill, commanded  
a fine view of the surrounding country, and  
on every side, but one, lay extended fields  
with nothing to impede the view. To the  
left of the avenue, which led off directly  
from the noble mansion; was an uncultivated  
forest, which extended to the east and  
the north as far as the eye could reach,  
where the pine and the oak mingled their  
foliage together, and where many a gentle  
stream purfled on over snowy sands under  
the impetuous shade. The landscape that  
spread out before the maiden was quiet  
and lovely. A flood of yellow light rested  
upon the broad scene, and was reflected  
back from field and forest in soft lights and  
shadows.

It was one of those calm and glorious  
nights of oriental brightness, when every  
sound is still, and every voice hushed to re-  
pose—when the beauty of Eden seems to  
revisit the earth, and banish for a season  
its corroding causes and consuming sor-  
rows.

Dora had a heart to feel all the beauty  
of the hour. The poetry of love was with her,  
and her thoughts were away with the young  
soldier of her country, who had been con-

tempt to turn away eyes from her, and under-  
go the toils and privations of the camp for  
the noble cause of Independence. She loved  
him with that generous and uncalculating  
devotion, that in one of her temperaments  
and blood amounted almost to idolatry. Though  
meeting but rarely, and lately only by  
stealth, yet his image was continually  
present to her mind.

Of late there had been many causes at  
work to diminish the peace and happiness  
of the maiden. The country was overrun  
by prowling bands of Tories, and nowhere  
throughout the whole State was there a band  
of patriots sufficiently formidable to stand  
against the invader, or to appear openly in  
arms. The body under Marion, which still  
refused to disband, could scarcely be called  
an exception to this rule; for pent up in the  
fastness of the swamp, it lay hidden from  
the enemy, while its locality was a mystery  
even to the most undoubted patriots of his  
own party.

As the maiden leaned over the balustrade,  
the full light of the moon shining down  
softly upon her beautiful figure, that seemed  
still more voluptuous as she stood exposed  
to the influence of that bewitching light that  
softens even the downy cheek of beauty, and  
gives perfection to its loveliness, one might  
almost observe the tear-drops flashing across  
her bright eyes, while she mused alone on  
her young hopes, the fruition of which  
seemed yet so distant. "Around her, through-  
out the whole land, the foot of the invader  
trod triumphantly upon the soil, and even  
the most hopeful of the patriots began to  
tremble at the prospect of subjugation. Well  
did she know the fate that awaited her  
land should the invader finally triumph over  
a prostrate country. Her hopes would then  
be but a delusive dream, and her heart, wid-  
owed in its affection, break with its burden,  
or beat on through a sad existence, madden-  
ed by its bereavement.

Besides these anticipations of evils, as yet  
distant and only conjectured, these were  
more immediate causes of anxiety and an-  
noyance which harassed her peace, and  
were fruitful of much uneasiness and distress,  
from which she determined to free herself,  
even though it should be necessary to resort  
to the most energetic measures. Her home  
had of late been frequently visited by the  
leaders of the royalists—mostly, if not al-  
together, men of abandoned characters and  
dissolute habits—who could now with im-  
punity venture abroad, and boldly, too, in a  
country where there was no power to keep  
them in wholesome awe, and more than one  
of these military free-booters had cast  
glances of admiration and covetous expecta-  
tions upon the rich heiress of Sumner.

Foremost among these, and especially de-  
tected by Dora, was the Tory leader Harrison,  
who regarded her as a prize well won  
by his unscrupulous devotion to the cause of  
the mother country. Patiently had he borne  
her indignant contempt, her withering scorn,  
and her freely manifested detestation of his  
character, in the presumptuous hope that  
the final hour of triumph would bring from her  
however reluctantly, a consent to wed him.

He had become a frequent guest at his father's  
house, who courted the society of the  
bloody and wicked man whom his more cour-  
ageous daughter abhorred.

The gentle Dora was leaning over the  
balustrade and musing upon the mournful  
circumstances that darkened the sunshine  
of her happiness, and bitter were her medita-  
tions as she called to mind her friendless  
and desolate situation since she stood isolated  
from the world, and with scarcely one  
friend to whom she could unburden herself  
with a hope of sympathy. As she stood  
looking out upon the scene before her, sud-  
denly the neighing of a horse reached her  
ears from the road which passed along at  
right angles to the avenue, about a half  
mile distant. Again the sharp shrill neigh  
rose upon the air like the clear blast of a  
clarion, and Dora imagined that she could  
almost hear the tramp of her lover's steed  
along the firm and well trodden highway.

She gazed intently down the long avenue,  
taxing her eyes to the utmost, to distinguish  
the horse or rider through the gloom as he  
passed the point where the avenue intersected  
the highway.

"It is the day he should have come," mur-  
mured the maiden, as with her hand she  
shaded her eyes from the strong glare of the  
moon, and gazed intently down the avenue.  
A moment more and she beheld the moon-  
light glisten upon the sleek coat of a pow-  
erful animal, as he turned off from the high-  
way, and entered the avenue leading to the  
house.

"God be praised, it is indeed he," she ex-  
claimed, as she recognized the well known  
steed of her lover. "Michael comes," and  
retiring to her chamber, she re-lighted her  
lamp, and waved it thrice joyfully at her  
window, to tell her lover that she had watch-  
ed for and discovered his coming. Then  
casting herself upon her knees and burying  
her face in her hands, wept tears of thank-  
fulness and joy for the safe return of one  
who was dearer to her heart than life itself.

Some ten or fifteen minutes had elapsed  
and this beautiful woman still knelt with her  
face buried in her hands; when suddenly a  
rustling was heard among the leaves of the  
oak that grew near her window to the right  
of the portico, and a slight jarring among  
its boughs, and a grating against its trunk,  
such as would be caused by one climbing  
it from below. She rose to her feet, and a  
glance through the open window served to  
reveal to her the figure of a handsome man,  
who had ascended the tree to the height of  
her window, and was now making his way  
along a bough that projected to within a few  
inches of one of the corner pillars of the  
balcony.

In her surprise, her first impulse was to  
scream aloud, but the voice of her lover,  
whose quick eye had already discovered her,  
dissuaded her fears for herself, and she  
began to feel seriously alarmed for the possi-  
bility in which his seeming readiness had involved  
himself.

The limb upon which he was slowly mak-  
ing his way to the balcony was nearly thirty  
feet from the gravelly court beneath, and  
seemed quite to frail to support even the  
weight of a slender stripling, much less of  
one of the robust of Michael; but while she  
stood petrified by astonishment and terror,  
her lover was gradually nearing the column,  
then casting his arm around it, and finally  
releasing his hold of the tough, leopold li-  
gament to the balustrade, and at length stood safe  
and secure upon the balcony. With a cry  
of joy she flew through the open door, and  
falling into his arms, relieved her over-  
wrought feelings by a flood of tears.

"I have come," were the first words of her  
lover, as he pressed her to his bosom, "but  
as seldom as we meet, dear Dora, I find the  
country so unsafe for me, that we must meet  
to part almost in one breath."

"Not so soon, I trust, Michael," answered  
Dora hastily; "I have so much to say to you,  
and I am so unappreciative here, that I would  
follow you to the camp, and be even your  
servant there, rather than we should part  
again."

"I hope dear Dora," answered Michael as  
he led her from the balcony into her cham-  
ber, "that Isaac Wharton has not forgotten  
the kindness due you!"

"Not that, Michael, not that," she respond-  
ed quickly, as she marked the flush of anger  
and surprise that flashed over the earnest  
features of her lover, "but our neighborhood  
is no longer what it once was; but five miles  
distant from this very spot, the Tories are to  
have a grand meeting on the day after to-  
morrow."

"Hail say you so?" replied Michael enger-  
ly, while a gleam of joy flashed from his  
eyes. "Where meet they, and how heard  
you news so important and welcome as  
this?"

"Welcome! indeed, to me it is far other-  
wise!" responded the fair woman, while her  
cheek grew a shade paler. "I myself heard  
their leaders under this very roof when they  
boastfully told of the preparations they had  
made for the rendezvous of their ragged fol-  
lowers at the field on Turcote. A grand sup-  
per is to be prepared for their traitorous  
guests. New weapons are to be distributed  
to their followers with an unsparring hand,  
and provisions, clothing and money bestow-  
ed upon all who will join them. The whole  
country is astir, and the notorious Tynes who  
is to take command is already in the neigh-  
borhood with a number of active and auda-  
cious followers."

"On my soul, Dora," exclaimed Michael,  
with an animated gesture, this will be noble  
news for our commander. But has the re-  
ally Tories do fear that Marion would hear  
of their gathering, and be an unbidden  
guest?"

"Indeed they do not," replied she. "Nor  
do they dream of danger now. Marion is  
believed to be far distant, and too feeble  
even if aware of their purpose, to venture  
abroad to oppose them."

"On my soul they are fools as well as  
cravens!" muttered Michael, disdainfully.—  
"No longer since than morning I left my  
brave general with two hundred as gallant  
soldiers as ever fought under the banner of  
freedom. Conyers panting for the fight, is  
in the camp with a full troop, and we are  
ready at a word to rush down upon the en-  
emy like a thunder-bolt. But I am astonish-  
ed beyond measure that our scouts ever went  
to be prompt and vigilant, failed to gather  
and transmit to Marion intelligence of this  
gathering."

"Perhaps they may have been among  
those good and reliable whigs who were cap-  
tured and sent off under guard to Camden,"  
answered Dora. "Before a word was whis-  
pered abroad of the intended gathering ev-  
ery man even suspected of being friendly  
to his country was at once sent off to pris-  
on."

"If all have indeed fallen into the power  
of the Tories, there is an opportunity for  
our camp," answered Michael, eagerly.—  
"Marion has scouts abroad that you would  
scarcely dream of and such are the Tories  
could never suspect, unless they are betray-  
ed. None but officers are permitted to know  
the names of his scouts and they are only  
trusted with the secret when the good of the  
public service requires it. I must know  
what fate has befallen his scouts, and to do  
so, I must trust you with their names, which  
otherwise would not wince from my  
lips. I trust you, but let the silence of the  
grave forever rest after their names."

"Speak on Michael," answered the maid-  
en. "I would die sooner than betray them."  
Michael drew yet nearer to her, and sink-  
ing his voice to a whisper, as though he  
feared the walls had ears, spoke slowly and  
solemnly—

"Richbourg, Jamison, Ames—can you tell  
me ought of them? they are scouts, loyal  
and trusted? God grant they may be safe!"

"No wonder that you failed to hear from  
them," replied Dora; "Jamison and Ames  
have been sent in irons to Camden; but  
Richbourg preferred a better fate, he died at  
his own door, battling like a lion with those  
who were sent to arrest him."

"May he rest in peace," responded Mich-  
ael solemnly, "he was a brave soldier and  
an honest man. But we have one great  
yet left a brave and loyal old man, as true  
steel to the cause of his adopted country."  
What had things here to tell me of old  
Archy Kerr?"

"Old Archy Kerr," asked Dora, "with a  
staff of arrows that contain moody and  
selfish old men who are why will never  
whom they are as they are the only party  
avoid and dislike! You jest in speaking thus  
of that man's worth?"

"On my word I do not," responded her  
lover gravely. "Old Archy Kerr, for reasons  
that do honor to his heart has been con-  
tent to endure the ill-will and contempt of  
those whose devotion to their country does  
not equal his own. Too proud, indeed too  
much of a Christian to practice imposition or  
deceit, even for the promotion of a righteous  
cause he would sooner tear his tongue from  
his throat than suffer it to belie his conviction.  
Thus his honesty kept him aloof from the  
Tories though reported as such himself,  
and he will not consort with our own party,  
lest he may draw the suspicion of the royal-  
ist party upon himself, and thus diminish  
his opportunity of rendering assistance to  
Marion. The leading whigs of the district  
have a hundred times denounced him to Marion  
as one well worthy of the halter but our  
general has only smiled in the quiet way  
peculiar to him, and talked of moderation  
and lenity to our enemies. Oh! believe  
me one of the noblest hearts that ever beat  
in the most stern and unyielding in its in-  
tegrity, throbs under the coarse jerking of  
that devoted patriot. Tell me Dora, has  
he too fallen into the power of the Tory  
party?"

"No, Kerr, no!" answered she. "Archy  
Kerr is so cordially detested by the whigs,  
that he would be the last man the Tories  
would suspect. Three weeks since he was  
taken down by a fever and now lies  
dying, and I believe—no nay I fear—he is  
left to die almost companionless."

"God forbid!" ejaculated Michael fervent-  
ly, "he is too firm a friend of his country to  
merit such a fate. Were it not that you  
have told me that I should return to the  
camp without the loss of an hour, I would  
even hasten to his bedside this night. I con-  
jure you by all that is sacred, suffer not  
that noble servant of his country to feel  
that he is neglected; visit him your-  
self; tell him that like himself you live but  
for your country. He is the friend, the con-  
fident and the scout of Marion and never  
does our General change his camp, without  
directly informing Kerr by a trusted mes-  
senger of his change of quarters. He would  
part with his last morsel of bread to feed a  
suffering soldier, and as his means are scanty,  
the old hero may even now feel the pinch-  
ings of actual want. You should go pro-  
vided with such things as a sick man may  
actually need, and whisper this in his ear,  
that in forty-eight hours Marion himself  
will stand by his side. Ah! Dora, devotion  
like his should go unrewarded."

pausing for a moment to listen to her  
preceding words, the young dragon drew  
his boots and hastened to the corner where  
his horse stood tied. As he passed on by  
the gateway he glanced back toward the  
house, and Dora who was again on the bal-  
cony awaiting a parting glance, waved him  
a last adieu in answer to his own, and re-  
turned once more to her chamber.

## Miscellaneous

### Revelations of the Telescope.

This following is from the scientific work  
soon to appear, called the *Universi no Deist*,  
the *Earth no Monopoly*.

Such is the aspect of a clear nocturnal sky  
to the unaided vision. Imposing as it is,  
and suggestive of serious contemplation and  
reflections as it is, the spectacle may be ex-  
panded indefinitely. Application of that  
magic instrument, the telescope, displays a  
more magnificent scene, one bewildering in  
its wide extent and brighter rays. Spark-  
ling of night are now become dense and num-  
erous clusters; cloudy specks are spacious  
fields of glory thickly sprinkled with spark-  
ling orb; or are a continued sheet of lambent  
flames widely twisted into spiral masses; sin-  
gle stars are separated into double and mul-  
tiple components, beautified by a variety of  
color and a depth of tint. Some are seen  
revolving in duplicate and other, and still  
further carried to such a degree of complex-  
ity as almost to baffle the searching analysis of  
mathematical investigation.

Nebulae assume new shape, and become  
more luminous. Instead of the eight thou-  
sand stars observed by the naked eye in all  
directions, we now reckon our galaxy alone  
to contain at least eighteen million, visible  
through optical aid. Instead of one solitary  
Milky Way we number some four thousand  
nebulae, unexcept by the telescopic eye,  
and many of them estimated equal to our  
own in magnitude. There is also a variety  
in these luminous tracts, some even seeming  
to be diffused suns filling a large orbital  
area. We likewise observe variable stars, in-  
creasing and diminishing their luster, and differ-  
ing in periods of circulation. Indeed, the  
depths of the heavens surpass the surface in  
every particular of wonder.

Even the modest members of our own  
system become augmented in importance.—Sub-  
limity shines through the telescope. Mer-  
cury and Venus are found to pass through  
all the lunar phases to our assisted vision, as  
we do to the outer planets—the crescent, the  
half moon, the gibbous phase, and the full,  
occur to them in regular succession. Mars  
presents his gibbous disk. Jupiter discloses  
his little quaternon of satellites revolving  
around a spheroidal form encircled by re-  
markable belts. Saturn's dull, leaden ap-  
pearance is changed into a globe of burnished  
silver, tarnished only by its equatorial  
belts, and surrounded by several shining rings,  
as well as industrious company of revolving  
moons. Uranus, Neptune, and over thirty  
asteroids—one for each State in the Ameri-  
can Union—have been dragged from their  
obscure hiding-places, and recognized as na-  
tive members of our solar circle. Comets  
are followed far beyond our former termi-  
nus of visibility, as they fly off to their aphe-  
lion extremes, and are caught up, upon their  
return, long before the natural eye discerns a  
lucid film upon the firmament. Our radiant  
satellite is changed from a sharp and slender,  
precinct into an object with notched edges  
rugged inequality, and a margin glittering  
with beads of light; while a silvery plate of  
circular form, soiled with dim spots, now ap-  
pears a perfect globe, indented with vast  
caverns, and variegated by lofty mountains  
and bleeding precipices. The dazzling sun  
himself is found marked with spots of various  
shapes, shades, and sizes, sometimes dimming  
his very effulgence. Even the motions of  
celestial bodies become distinctly percepti-  
ble, diagonal in their direction, thus portend-  
ing the irrelative and proper progress, and re-  
vealing the real motion of our own globe.—  
Rest is reduced to a mere chimera of imagina-  
tion. The motion of change is universally  
unacceptable.

CALIFORNIA