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Selected Miscellany.

WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

SKETCH OF ELIZABETH GILLAM, AUNT TO JOHN C. CALHOUN.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

William Caldwell and Rebecca, his wife, emigrants from Ireland, removed from Pennsylvania to Virginia about the year 1749, and settled in Charlotte county. Their ancestors were French Huguenots, who fled from France in 1685, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes; part of the family settling in Scotland, and the rest in Ireland. At his death, this Caldwell left four sons and five daughters, among whom was Elizabeth, the subject of this article, born in October, 1757.

In 1770, the widowed mother removed with her family to South Carolina, and settled on Mill Creek, in Newberry district. She was persuaded to choose that locality by her eldest son, John, who was an active, enterprising young man, and had gained distinction as a surveyor. He had previously been engaged in exploring that part of South Carolina.

The second daughter, Martha, became the wife of Patrick Calhoun, and the mother of John C. Calhoun. They resided in Abbeville. The three elder sons of Mrs. Caldwell were prominent in the Revolution; David, the youngest, being a mere boy, and so deaf as to be in a great measure incapacitated from the active duties of life.—All the sons and daughters, except the eldest son, became the heads of families; and their numerous descendants are scattered over South Carolina and the Southwest.

Elizabeth Caldwell lived at home with her mother, during the years of the Revolutionary struggle, assisting her under the many trials and privations to which women and children were subjected in those times of persecution and peril. The celebrated foray of "The Bloody Scout," in November, 1781, inflicted the severest blow on this patriotic family. Cunningham was the captain of this band of marauders and butchers, who had been, in all probability, deeply provoked by acts of violence on the part of some lawless men among the Whigs. The sufferings of the wives and children of the loyalists, who had been torn from their homes under the orders of Gov. Rutledge, and sent to the British lines at Charleston, also contributed to exasperate the remaining Tories.

On this occasion, Cunningham's party crossed the Saluda river, at Anderson's Mill, and as they passed up the stream, burned every house they saw, after seizing whatever they could find in the way of plunder. Stopping at the shop of a man named Ersley, they killed three men they found there.

The rumor of this Tory march of destruction was spread among the settlers by the report of their guns, and caused great alarm; but did not prevent some of the heroic women from going forth to see what assistance they could render those who were wounded, or driven out shelterless. Elizabeth Caldwell, on the way to her brother's house, outsped the rest, and arrived alone at Ersley's shop. A terrible scene met her view. Two men lay on the floor weltering in their blood, and entirely lifeless; another dead man was stretched out, as in mockery, upon the vice bench where he had been at work. The young girl fled in terror from the spot and ran on to her brother's. She found the house a heap of smoking ruins!

Almost the first object she saw was the body of a man lying on his face in the yard; she lifted up the head and recognized her murdered brother! The members of the household were scattered in different directions; some had hid themselves in the woods, or had fled to seek help; but one frantic woman was wandering, maddened with grief, around the smoldering pile, wringing her hands, and sending forth piercing cries and lamentations. It was the hapless widow. When her husband's mother and sisters came to weep with her and soothe her desperate agony, she became collected enough to give some account of the horrible transaction.

The wife of Major John Caldwell had first caught a glimpse of the hostile party as they were approaching the house. She hastened to inform her husband, and entreated him to make his escape. His answer was that he had done no harm, as an individual to the Tories, and therefore had nothing to fear from them; for he dreamed not that political differences would be revenged by murder in cold blood.

Presently the body of men came nearer; they halted at the gate, and with a loud hail called for the owner of the house. The major quieted his terrified wife, and walked out—with a manner so composed that ti would have commanded respect from a party of soldiers—to meet Cunningham. That outlaw had once served under his command. But the front of determined wickedness could not be abashed before the clear eyes of honor and virtue, when irresponsible power was in the hands of such wretches. As Caldwell came within a few paces of the leader of the party, the latter deliberately drew a pistol, took aim at his heart, and fired. The major sank to the ground, and in a few moments expired.

Mrs. Caldwell, the widow, always persisted in her assertion that the shot was fired by "Bloody Bill Cunningham, himself."—But the account of another person, who knew the victim well, was that "the deed was committed by two videtts, who happened to be in advance of the captain; and that when Cunningham arrived, he affected to deplore the bloody tragedy, protesting that he would as soon have shot his own father!" The account given in "Curwin's Memoirs" confirms this statement.

The compunction of the Tory leader if real, was short-lived. His men entered the garden with their horses, and rode up and down in fiendlike sport. They then burst into the house, plundered it of everything they chose to carry off, and set it on fire, watching the flames with hateful glee as they rose on high and wrapped the building, and riding off with yells of satisfaction.—The scared inmates were left to seek shelter where they could, and the widow seated in the yard beside her slaughtered husband.

Not many months after this tragical occurrence, a lad named James Creswell, who afterwards rose to the dignity of Colonel, and was even then noted thoughout the neighborhood for his active hostility to the loyalists, happened to be staying at the house of Rebecca Caldwell, the mother of the murdered officer. One of the negroes came running in with the startling intelligence that a body of Tories was coming along the road toward the gate. A moment afterwards, they were in full sight, and escape was impossible. The lad's death was certain, should he be discovered.

"Hide yourself, Betsy, quick!" exclaimed the old lady. "And you James do as I bid you!" She snatched down some of her daughter's clothes from the closet, and hurriedly ordered young Creswell to dress himself in them, which he did as quickly as possible.

Mrs. Caldwell, meantime, ordered her own horse and Betsy's horse to be saddled immediately, saying she was going in great haste to visit Mrs. Neely. By the time the enemy were in the yard, the horses, ready for the ride, stood before the door. The matron walked out in her bonnet and shawl, and seemed little disconcerted at sight of the strange intruders.

"Come along, Betsy," she cried impatiently: "come along; you know I am in a hurry."

Out walked a tall, awkward figure in female toggery, the bonnet slouched over the face so as completely to conceal the features. The two passed through the midst of the Tories, sprang upon the horses, passed through the gate, and set off at full gallop on their journey. The intruders, meanwhile, were inquiring eagerly for their intended victim, and set men to watch the doors, while they searched the whole house for James Creswell.

The young woman finding further concealment impossible, came forth from her hiding place, confronted the enemy, and was soon recognized as the real "Betsy." The marauders saw that they had been tricked, and that the youth whose life they wanted was beyond their reach; and they revenged themselves by stripping the house of all the moveable goods it contained. One of them swore—as it usually happens afterwards—that he had his suspicions—for "the ga'al took mighty long steps as she went to mount her horse."

At the close of the war, Elizabeth Caldwell married Robert Gillman, the son of a revolutionary officer, and himself a gallant soldier of that stormy period. The revolution had stripped them of all their property. Robert's own account of his beginning in the world is worth preserving. "After I was married," said he, "my father gave me land for settlement. I took my axe and went out into the woods, about a mile from his residence, to select a place for a house, leaving my wife to prepare my breakfast and bring it to me. I found a spring, and chose a place to set my house; cut down a tree for the first log, measured it and began to think over my future prospects. I said to myself: 'I am here without means, without assistance and about to commence provision for a family, with nothing to commence upon; what can I do! I have been so long in the camp, I am not used to work. Suppose I leave the job and run away!'—While musing thus, I saw my wife coming in search of me with my breakfast. When she came up, we sat down together on the log; I to eat and talk, and she to look on and listen. I stated to her my plan for the house; but at the same time told her the prospect of living was bad, the difficulties were great, and I did not see how I could get along so as to overcome them; and, finally, that I did not know what to do.—(The notion of running away I kept to myself.) She listened, woman-like, to my doubts and fears; cheered me by pointing to others around worse off than we were, and finally encouraged me to go on with my work, and try to do the best I could. My meal was finished; I mounted the log, cut it off, and thought no more about running away."

By honest and patient industry, the Gillams overcome their early difficulties, and obtained a respectable competence. Mrs. Gillam became the mother of six children. She was married to a second husband—William T. Sheppard. In her old age she resided with her son, Gen. James Gillam, a highly respectable citizen of Abbeville, and lived to a great age. She and all other members of the Caldwell family were Presbyterians; and she trained her children according to the sacred maxims which had guided her own early life; though her literary culture was limited to elementary instruction. She had been baptized in infancy bythe Rev. Patrick Henry, uncle to Virginia's great orator.

In her ninety-second year, she was in good health and able to take active exertion, though deprived of the sight of one eye.—She had a kind and honest face, possessed a vigorous mind, with untiring industry and energy, and was cheerful and fond of social intercourse. She added the crown of eminent piety to the excellence of her character as a wife and mother.

Rebecca Caldwell—her mother, and the grandmother of John C. Calhoun—died at Mill Creek, in 1807, at the age of ninety-nine.

From the New York Ledger.

LINES.

As distant lands beyond the sea,
When friends go thence, draw nigh,
So Heaven, when friends have thither gone,
Draws nearer from the sky.

And as those lands the dearer grow,
When friends are long away,
So Heaven itself, through loved ones dead,
Grows dearer day by day.

Heaven is not far from those who see
With the pure spirit's sight,
But near, and in the very hearts
Of those who see aright.

January, 1857. C. D. STUART.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," "The Missing Bride," "Retribution," etc.

CHAPTER I.

AN INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

It was the first of May, the marriage day of the Viscount Montressor of Montressor Castle, Dorsetshire, and Estelle, only daughter and heiress of Sir Parke Morelle, Hyde Hall, Devonshire.

A glorious morning! the cloudless, blue sky smiled down upon the green hills and dewy dales and deep woods of Devon; and the park around the hall was alive and musical, with the joyous songs of birds, and the merry laughter of young men and maidens gathering to celebrate their May-day festival, and to do honor to the marriage of their landlord's daughter.

The elm-shaded, winding avenue that led from the highway to the house, was arched at each terminus by a mammoth wreath of flowers, and many were the carriages that passed under them, on their way to assist at the wedding; and these contained only the bridesmaids, and the nearest friends and relatives of the family, whose relationship or position gave them the right to attend the bride to church;—for a still more numerous party had been invited to meet her at the altar. The villagers and tenants, grouped about under the shade of the great old trees, or wandering over the greensward on either side the avenue, watched these equipages as they rolled on, commenting as usual on such occasions.

"Oh—dear me! the weddingers won't pass till nearly twelve! and here we are to wait two mortal hours! said a young girl to the gamekeeper.

"Hush! my darling look, here comes his Lordship's carriage, itself, just as sure as you're the prettiest lass in the country."

It *was* Lord Montressor's carrriage.

Early that morning a note from his affianced bride had been put in his hands summoning him to a private conference with her at the Hall, before they should proceed to the church. Surprised and filled with vague uneasiness, his lordship lost no time in obeying the behest.

Within the most secluded of her suite of richly furnished apartments at the old Hall, half-buried in the depths of a cushioned chair, reclined the bride expectant, in bridal array.

She was alone, her attendants having, by her own desire, withdrawn.

Estelle Morelle—or "la belle Estelle," "Beautiful Stella," "the Midnight Star"—as, for her resplendent dark beauty, she was poetically named—was at this time twenty-five years of age, and more lovely than a poet's or an artist's ideal. Her form was of medium height, and very slender, though well-rounded, with a graceful head, over which fell rich masses of jet-black silken ringlets, shading a face of pure, pale olive complexion with large mournful dark eyes, habitually veiled by the long, drooping lashes, and delicate, though full, curved lips, ever patiently closed as in silent resignation. The prevailing expression of her dark, brilliant countenance was a profound melancholy.

The announcement of Miss Morelle's approaching marriage with the Viscount Montressor had created a profound sensation in the fashionable and aristocratic circles. A peerless beauty, the only child and heiress of the oldest, wealthiest and haughtiest baronet in the West of England, her heart had been as much the object of aspiration to the youthful and ardent, as her hand and fortune had been the end of desire to the mercenary and ambitious.

At the early age of seven years, Estelle had been placed at one of the first-class female institutions of learning at Paris, then as now, considered among the very best of their kind in the world, and there had been left to remain until her sixteenth year, when the sudden and calamitous breaking up of the institution, and her own severe illness, had occasioned her removal. *That illness had been attended with marked changes in the constitution and temperament of the young girl.*

Estelle, previously the most careless, light-hearted and capricious of children, left her chamber of convalescence a subdued, thoughtful, melancholy woman! The laughing lips of girlhood closed in patient sadness; the sparkling eyes sheathed their beams under long, shadowy lashes, now seldom lifted; the silvery, elastic voice, sank into deep and thrilling tones; the free, glad motions were measured and controlled.

She never entered another school, but completed her education under the best masters, at home. To dissipate what was considered a transient melancholy, her parents traveled with her over Europe, pausing at each capital and chief town, to show her all that was interesting and instructive. But though their daughter repaid their attentions with the sweetest gratitude, and obeyed them with the greatest docility, she showed no interest in the passing scenes. And though everywhere her extreme beauty and sweetness of disposition, not less than her fortune and position, drew around her many friends and admirers, Estelle remained alone in her isolated thoughts and feelings. Every most distinguished physician in Europe had been consulted upon her case, and the result of their wisdom was a decision that this melancholy was not the effect of ill health, still less of secret sorrow, but that it was a constitutional phase that would probably pass away with maturing years.

They returned to England, presented their daughter at court, and introduced her into all the gaieties of fashionable life. But with no happy effect upon the spirits of Estelle, who remained profoundly unmoved amid the *eclat* that greeted her *debut*. Her picturesque beauty was the theme of all tongues—her mournful glance was fascinating—her deep tones thrilling—her touch magnetic; all felt her power, yet she who could move all others, remained unimpressed. She who sought no conquests, for that very reason perhaps, made many. A peer and two commoners, in succession, laid their fortunes at her feet, and were in turn kindly and firmly rejected.

So passed her first season in London, at the close of which her parents took her down to their seat in Devonshire. Here, in her thoughtful, quiet, unostentatious manner, she engaged in works of benevolence among the villagers and the tenantry. And her father hoping much from this employment, gave her full liberty of action, and smiled to see that she seemed less pensive than before.

At the beginning of the parliamentary term, the family went up to London.

And it was here in her second season in town that Estelle formed the acauaintance of Lord Montressor, a young nobleman but lately acceded to his titles and estates, but already known as a man of the most high-toned moral and intellectual excellence, as a righteous, as well as a rising statesman, and as one, who in the event of a change of ministry would be likely to fill a high official position in His majesty's cabinet. Aside from the glare of rank and wealth and power, Charles Montressor was a glorious specimen of the Creator's workmanship. Above the average standard of height among his countrymen, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with a noble head, and a face full of wisdom and goodness, his appearance truly indicated the warm benevolence, clear intelligence, and pure spirit of the man.—His presence soon inspired Estelle with a faith that she had not been able to feel in any other that approached her. He drew nearer to her than any other had been permitted to come; he crossed the magic circle of her isolation, and conversed with her as no other had been allowed to do. The world looked and said that the beautiful Stella had at last met her master and was conquered.

At this stage of affairs, the parliamentary term being over, Sir Parke Morelle and his family left London for Hyde Hall.

Lord Montressor asked and received permission to follow them, and in less than a month availed himself of the privilege to do so. Thus it was in the home of her ancestors, after having obtained the cordial sanction of her parents, and believing himself sure of the affections of their daughter, Lord Montressor offered his heart and hand to the lovely Estelle, and was to his profound astonishment instantly and firmly rejected!—In thus rejecting his suit she wept long and bitterly, praying his forgiveness, that the happiness she had experienced and exhibited in his society should have betrayed him into making this declaration, and beseeching him never to renew his suit; but to leave and forget her. There was something in the tone of her refusal which confirmed and deepened his previous conviction that—even in rejecting him—she loved him! But with his high-toned sentiments he would not in the least degree presume upon that knowledge. Taking her hand with deferential tenderness, he said—

"Stella! a man never but once, in his whole existence, loves a woman as I love you! I will not inquire the cause of the rejection, which you have certainly a right to make without assigning any reason for the act. And after having received this repulse, I may not in honor distress you by a renewal of my suit. But this, in parting, I must say to you—that, though I go hence, I shall not go out of the reach of your friends; I shall never address another woman; so if ever in the course of future weeks, or months, or years, however long, you may think proper to review the decision of this evening, Stella, I implore you to let me know! Write but one word, 'Come,' and I will return to lay an unchanged heart at your feet!"

Estelle was weeping too bitterly to reply.

"Stella! will you promise to do this?"

"Lord Montressor, best and dearest friend! do not seek to bind yourself to one who can give you nothing in return! Try to think of the melancholy girl that you have pitied and loved—only as a shadow that fell for a moment across the sunshine of your path, and then passed away forever!—and so forget her!"

"Stella! I have pledged my honor never to renew this suit, unless you reverse in my favor the sentence you have pronounced upon it; but, inspired by the deep and deathless love I bear you, and 'hoping against hope,' I feel impelled to implore before leaving you, that, in the event of a favorable change of sentiment or purpose towards me, you will not hesitate to give me leave to return. Stella, will you promise me so much as that?"

"Noblest friend that I have in the world! how gladly would I promise, but I must not, Montressor. Were I to do so, you would feel bound to wait the changes of my mood, and so, for a most undeserving love, might miss, in some nobler woman's affections, the happiness in store for you!"

"Stella, will you raise your sweet, mournful eyes to mine, one moment, that you may read my soul while I speak?"

Estelle lifted her dark orbs to meet the clear, pure, blue eyes bent with so much love and candor upon hers, and read the deep, unchanging truth of the constancy of his soul as he said—

"Stella, in the presence of the heart-searching God who sees and hears me, I assure you that I shall never love another woman as I love you, and, therefore, of course, can never wed another; so that whether you give me this slightest of hopes or not, I am equally and forever bound!—*Now* will you promise, Stella? Remember, it is only to let me know in case of a change in your sentiments."

For an instant the light of an unutterable love and joy broke on her beautiful, dark face, and her smiling lips parted to speak—when—as if a sudden memory and warning had gripped her very heart—she uttered a low, sharp cry, turned paler than before, and then said—

"No! no! my Lord! Stella cannot even give you that! She is poorer than the poorest, in gifts to you! She can only pray that you may forget her and be happy."

He looked profoundly disappointed and troubled. But soon mastering his despondency he said hopefully—

"Well, dearest Stella, although you reject me without apparent reason, and refuse to give me the slightest promise or the most distant hope, yet *I repeat*—should you in the long future, change your purpose, and write to me one word—'Come,' I will hasten to lay at your feet an unchanged heart!—Good bye! God be with you!" and raising her hand, he bowed over it, pressed it to his lips, turned and left the room.

Some moments after Lady Morelle, who came to seek and congratulate her daughter upon what she imagined to be the only possible result of the interview—found Estelle lying in a swoon upon the floor! It was followed by a long and terrible illness, terminating in a tediously protracted convalescence. The town season was at hand before Estelle was able to re-encounter society.

They went up to London, and once more the "star of beauty" arose upon its world. And though the cloud upon her life settled darker and heavier, day by day, she was more followed, flattered and courted than before.

Thus three years had passed away, when one morning, while the family, then occupied their town house in Berkely Square, were seated at a late breakfast, and Sir Parke was engaged in *reading aloud from the London Times, an account of the saving of the French Ship—Le Duc D' Anjou—wrecked off the coast of Algiers—Estelle uttered a low cry and sank fainting from her seat.*

This attack was not, as the other had been, followed by illness; on the contrary, from that day, the cloud seemed lifted from her head, and even those who had most admired her face in its shadow, were enchanted to see how brilliant was her beauty in its sunshine! Her health and spirits daily improved, yet in the midst of all this flowing tide of new life, Estelle astonished her friends by suddenly, in the height of the London season, retiring to her father's country seat, where she remained in strict seclusion from the world for eighteen months.

At the end of this period, Lord Montressor, who had never left England, or lost trace of his beloved Stella, and who was now staying at his castle in Dorsetshire, was one day seated at breakfast when the morning mail was brought him. Among a score of letters the first that attracted his attention was a dainty white envelope superscribed in a delicate handwriting. He took that up first and opened it—it contained but one word—"COME."

The light of an ineffable joy broke over his face! Oh! he had waited, patiently, hopefully, years, for that word, and at last he received it! Thanks to heaven in the first instance! and then pushing all other letters unopened aside he sprang up, rang for his valet, and ordered his valise packed and horses put to the carriage.

In twenty more minutes he had reached the railway station just as the cars were about to start, and in three hours he was at Hyde Hall and standing in the presence of Estelle!—she looking so beautiful and happy!

With the old chivalric enthusiasm of devotion, he dropped, at once, upon his knee, and raised her hand to his, saying—

"For four years I have hoped and waited for one word from you, and at last, beloved, you have written—'Come,' and I am at your feet, as I said, with an unchanged heart!"

"But I," she said, deeply blushing, while she held both hands to raise him, "I, my Lord, have not an unchanged heart! for longer than four years I have loved you more, than at the hour in which we bade farewell, as I thought, forever!"

"I know it, beloved! knew it *then!* knew it *always!* I never doubted it! Could I be deceived in the dear heart of the woman I loved! No! and that was the secret of my patience!" he replied, taking his seat on the sofa by her side.

"And yet you never inquired and do not even now inquire, why, without explanation and without hope, I sent you from my presence, and why now, without apparent reason, I summon you back!" she said, as a shade of the old sadness fell upon her beautiful face.

"Your motives, dearest, were, and are your own. Not until your spirit moves you to do so, shall you give them to me! I have full confidence in you, beautiful Stella!"

"*Confidence! oh my God!*" she exclaimed in a low, deep, thrilling voice.

"Why, what is the matter, dearest?"

She looked up suddenly, a smile of worshiping love, breaking like sunlight over her dark face, and said—

"Nothing, nothing, my lord! but that all your thoughts and feelings are so elevated beyond your poor Estelle's! And yet she would almost choose it so! for could she be an angel, she would wish you to be something far higher—a god!"

"Sweet enthusiast! moderate your aspirations, or the world and its people will disappoint you! Be not an idolator; worship only God, my Stella."

Such was their meeting!

Yet, occasionally, throughout the interview, a sudden shadow like the recurrence of a painful thought, would fall upon her bright face and then pass as it came.

They were engaged, and within a few days the marriage was announced to take place on the first of May.

But it was observed by the nearest friends of the bride, that from the day of her betrothal, her spirits had been marked by the strangest fluctuations. Sometimes with her beautiful dark face illumined with a deep, still, almost religious joy, she moved about,

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.