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## A Thrilling Romance of the Revolution.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

### ELLEN CAMPBELL;

OR,

### KING'S MOUNTAIN.

BY MRS. MARY A. EWART.

#### CHAPTER VII.

Right now breathed  
Unutterable, which the spirit of prayer  
Inspired and winged for heaven with speedier flight  
Than loudest oratory.

The twenty-fifth of September, dawned a bright and sunny day, in one of the valleys of the beautiful Watauga. It is a lovely spot! the torrent, emerging from the bosom of the mountains, comes bounding along like a silver thread, then suddenly spreads itself into a broad shallow stream, making a rippling symphony to the distant roar of the falls above. The gentle slope on one side, is shaded by the native growth of beech and maple, and the rich verdure of the sward makes a soft carpet, swaying to each breath of the pure mountain breeze. On the opposite side are bold and rocky precipices, with narrow bridle paths traced over their precipitous sides. This was the rendezvous of a noble band of soldiers, and here lay the patriot's camp. No martial music, no tents, no sentries, no pomp, none of the gorgeous trappings of war surrounded the devoted men. The reveille was the matin song of the birds; their tattoo the soft whisper of the whippoorwill and cry of the katydid; their tent the blue heaven above them, the waving boughs their canopy, the velvet sward their couch. Their sentries were the barrier mountains around them, and their own fearless and honest hearts; and with these guards they rested in security from their foe.

One the mountain peaks hid the declining sun, at least a thousand men were gathered in this quiet valley—some afoot and some on horseback, dressed in the fringed hunting shirt of the mountaineer, and bearing on their shoulders their trusty rifles, while others were yet descending the perilous paths; and the tread and plash of their horses as they struck the pebbly bottom of the strong current, blended richly with the natural music around them. And not only stalwart men were there, but the gray-haired and aged came to give the patriarch's blessing to their sons; to counsel a prudence that their enthusiastic boldness needed; and others came offering, gratuitously, the product of their farms, and furnishing unostentatiously, all that was in their power to offer. Women were mingled with the groups; the mother gazing with sad and noble pride upon her sons; the wife with mournful tenderness upon her husband; the sister's heart swelling in triumphant affection, as she gazed on the stalwart figure of a brother; the daughter sighing in dread for the welfare of a father; and the maiden in timid wonder at the ardor of the lover who seems to forget there is danger and death in the coming struggle. Every pulse beats high with hope; and every heart yearns for the battle. Moving from group to group, might be seen four or five men, who, from their martial bearing and their air of command, might well be judged to be leaders in this movement. One of these who seemed to be invested with more authority than the others, in a stern and dignified manner, was discoursing on the peril of the times.

'The paltry tax was not what drove us to this rebellion,' said he; 'but taxation without representation led us to inquire into the nature of civil liberty and our connection with Great Britain. We denied the British right of taxation; then the way was open for an investigation of the restrictions on our commerce and the disadvantages of our subordinate station. It was a right of the subjects to meet together and petition for redress of grievances. Our committees, our congresses, were all constitutional, and deserved to be recognized by the power from whom we claimed national protection. But the answer to our petitions were insults and injuries; and when stung by these, we would defend ourselves. We are robbed, imprisoned and butchered. With a refinement of cruelty, our oppressors interrogate our countrymen, our neighbors, our friends against us; and ties of nature, good will and confidence which hold society together, are in a great degree destroyed. This distinction of whig and tory—what is it but brother against brother, brought on Congress pays for all articles consumed in their camps, which the royalists failing to do, all expense incurred by them is a robbery. But all distress between 1775 and 1780 is not to be compared with the calamities suffered by our people since the surrender of Charleston. Our enemies seem not only to have forgotten the laws of war, but the principles of humanity; every act of cruelty and injustice is sanctified, provided the actor calls himself a friend to the King, and the sufferer is denominated a rebel. Each day brings news of some fresh act of atrocity, and each act exceeds the last in cruelty. If ever then was a sinner ripe for judgment, the licentious and cruel Ferguson is the one; but his course is well nigh run,' said Campbell, looking proudly around his mountain band, 'and I trust the war we are waging around the giant, will serve to crush the Tory ascendancy in our Carolinas.'

'It has been well said, by one of the old country's greatest statesmen, and one who has been our best advocate in parliamentary hall,' said McDowell, with majestic dignity, 'that liberty, such as deserves the name, is an honest, equitable, diffusive and imperative principle. It is a great and enlarged virtue, and not a sordid, selfish and illiberal vice. It is the portion of the mass of the citizens, and not the haughty license

of noise and revelry in that camp. Every man's soul was filled with a high purpose; every nerve was strong with a firm resolve. Buckling on the wallets, their wives and mothers had filled; stowing carefully away the bullets their sisters and daughters had moulded; with their well wiped rifles, glittering in the sun's morning rays, these noble patriots, with the lofty bearing and calm determination of a high soul's purpose, turned to bid farewell to women, whose pallid cheeks and tearful eyes, spoke a brave and answering heroism. Children clasped their fathers neck in tearful, but silent wonder and awe at the sternness that gave no answering caress, little knowing the heaving bursting heart that was chained in that icy firmness. The mother parting from the boy, who meant to give his life, if needful, to the cause of human liberty, mutely blessed her child and turned from him—perhaps forever. The wife, along in silent encouragement and support, never yet failed its encouragement and support, or rested against the heart of the father or her children. Maidens sobbed aloud as for the last time they were encircled in the arms of fathers and mothers; while lovers pressed each others hands in silence and looked a last farewell; and thus many a little moment ere they part, many a group drew near, until as a body, they stand together.

'Let us pray,' rises from the lips of the man of God, and every head is reverently uncovered, and every heart with its full burden of tears, of anguish and supplication, ascends to the God who will surely hear the prayer of the oppressed and anguished spirit. And prayer, solemn and earnest, for the protection and guidance of this little band, and for the support and security of those who were now to be sundered from their protectors, was earnestly offered. A scene so touchingly sublime, has seldom, if ever, been witnessed.

This handful of devoted men going out to battle, not in their own might, but in the strength of the God of their fathers; those fathers who had willingly renounced all for the privilege of worshipping Him in freedom, and whose sons now stood battling for their second right, equality of man; and I firmly believe that prayer was the weapon, that little more than a week from that day, reverberated in shouts of victory from King's Mountain, bore the souls of dying heroes in triumph before the great white throne; caused the heart of Washington to leap with joy, as the men, to whom he had entrusted the liberties of America when all else failed, sent up the shout of victory and triumph! Truly, the mountain is the birth place, but never the grave of Liberty!

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Our hopes, renounce our rights, forget our wrongs  
Because an impotent lip beneath a crown  
Cries, "Be it so!"

'All that is best springs from the heart,' and this sudden and spontaneous gathering on the banks of the Watauga, sprang from the heart of the mountains west of the Alleghenies. It was a voluntary act of patriotism, planned by no congress, ordered by no executive. Human charity called them together—the need of their fellow men. These rude denizens of the forest, these strange wild men from unknown mountains, where nature dwelt in awful solitude, assembled together not only from the love of country but their love of virtue; though never witnessing the horrors of civil war, their spirits were fired, their souls indignant at the records of crime and slaughter that were daily brought to their ears. They heard of human brothers, who for the crime of loving their country, were bound to their own door posts—their wives and daughters ravished before their eyes, and they at length perishing in the flames of their dwellings; they heard of women ripped open by the butcher-knife of the Tory, for the crime of refusing to betray their own husbands; they heard of some hung like dogs or butchered like beasts, because they were the children of Whig parents. They heard of American Statesmen, the pure patriots who had sacrificed their all for freedom, bound with the British felon, suffering indignities and distress in common with those who were accused of crimes, tending to subvert the peace and existence of society. They heard of others tenderly nurtured, accustomed to the comforts and luxuries of life, obliged to abandon their homes and seek safety in their native woods and swamps. Rape, outrage and murder seemed to be the pastime of their enemies; civil rights and order were now no longer objects of attention, but the will of the strongest was law. Roused to a righteous horror against the perpetrators of such crimes, they left their homes, encountering dangers from which the bravest might shrink, to battle for the sympathies and sweet charities of life. And their courage and fortitude lay not only in attacking an enemy superior to themselves in numbers and munitions of war; an enemy established in the strongest military posts of the State, from Savannah to North Carolina—at Augusta, Ninety-Six, Granby, Winesboro, Camden and Charlotte—but they knew their depravity from their homes was a signal for British emissaries to excite herds of savages to burn their dwellings and murder their wives and children. Every breeze echoed, in imagination, the Indian war whoop with the shrieks of their murdered families and the dying groans of loved and dear ones. But tramping this fur in the dust, this noble band in abiding trust in God and their cause, nerved their hearts not only in their courage to meet their foe, but in the faith, to trust their wives and little ones to His keeping. The army had received intelligence that Major Ferguson had advanced as high as Gilbert Town, inutherford County, North Carolina, and threatened to cross the mountains to the western waters to entrap, if possible, our gallant partisan Clarke, who was now retreating from Augusta towards the mon-

tain districts of North Carolina. So intent was Ferguson upon this pursuit, so satisfied of the British ascendancy in South Carolina, and so confident of the patriots' inability to recover their lost ground, that he was totally unsuspecting of any movement against him. It was a matter of the utmost importance to our little army to preserve and profit by this confidence, in order to obtain a position from which Ferguson might more certainly be cut off from Cornwallis, now stationed at Charlotte, some seventy or eighty miles distant. Ferguson, without being aware, played into the hands of the patriots as he slowly and cautiously moved toward Ninety-Six. As warily as the tiger after his prey, did Campbell and his comrades steal after him, their anxieties stimulated by their fears for Clarke, and their apprehensions that Cornwallis would receive information of their movements. From the 26th to the 30th, they pursued their slow and wary march. They were then joined by Colonel Cleveland, with three hundred and fifty men from the counties of Wilkes and Surry. Their force now amounted to about fourteen hundred men. With such a body it became necessary to have a commander-in-chief, and an express was despatched on the 1st of October, to Major General Gates, at the American headquarters, at Hillsboro, N. C. In the meantime, Col. Campbell, by unanimous consent, took the command of the gallant army. On the morning after the appointment, they proceeded toward Gilbert Town; which after a weary march they reached, to find vacated by Ferguson and in the occupation of the Whig leaders, Brandon and Lacy. Here the army halted until they could hear from Williams, of Ferguson's late movements. Immediately after their arrival in the village, a small body of travel-stained soldiers entered the camp. These bore the welcome arms and provisions captured by Major Davis, the preceding week. They gave a graphic description of the perils they had passed, and the stratagem they used to avoid the enemy.

'And where is Davis?' asked Sever.

'He concluded to join Major Williams at Fair Forest, as Clarke's peril seemed imminent, and the Major determined to strike a blow for him if Ferguson entrapped him,' replied the young ensign, a nephew of Sever, who was in command of the stores.

'I thought he was with Williams,' replied Sever; 'the hot headed rascal, he need not be longer alarmed about Clarke, however; our despatch of yesterday brings word of the gallant fellow's safe arrival in the settlements of Nolichucky and Watauga—but do you know Major Williams' position now?'

'He has left his encampment and is endeavoring to pass Ferguson, and make a junction with you. You should hear from him soon,' replied the ensign.

'I trust so! I trust so! this eagerness of expectation and restless longing is more trying than the most laborious duty,' cried the impatient Sever. 'Has the Major a fine body of troops?'

'Splendid, and all well mounted.'

'Ah! that speaks well; how the devil the young blade has kept so many together, when every one else is hiding his head, I cannot understand,' said Sever, laughing, in high good humor.

'He never gives one the chance to catch him, although he almost ran his head in the noose a short time ago,' said the ensign.

'Ah! how was that?'

'Here the ensign related the events which occurred in a preceding chapter.

'And what became of Hardy?' asked Sever, deeply interested in the peril of his young friend.

'Made a back door escape, and favored by the shades of the night, and the speed of a fleet horse, got out of our reach. I think our boys would have hung him, if they had caught him.'

'And the villain, Ferris?'

'Hid in a dry well, till an opportunity offered of knocking one of our men on the head, when he seized his horse and scampered after his master.'

'That was a cruel fate that allowed the wretch to escape,' said Sever.

'It was; and the greedy villain was in the very act of relieving old Mr. Willoughby of some of his heavy plate, but he had to drop it like a hot brick and run for his life; hanging would have been too good for him if we had caught him. I think we would have given him seven deaths if anything had befallen Major Davis. I never saw Bowen so furious at the escape of any one in my life; he would have crossed the Catawba after him, if we would have let him.'

'I do not wonder,' said Sever; 'and you say a girl brought the information to the camp, of Davis's capture?'

'Yes, a child in appearance, and yet as pretty a little piece of woman flesh as I ever laid eyes on. The Captain was mighty particular about her safe conduct. He entrusted the charge to me with more words than he would have spent on the care of a regiment. I talked to her along the road, but small notice she gave me till I spoke of the Captain; and then, though she did not talk much, her pretty blue eyes spoke for her mouth. The Captain has spoiled a pretty little coquette as ever Venus had the making of. She would have laughed at affection if she dared, would have jested at devotion, even while braving the perils which it led her to encounter, but some secret impulse or principle withheld her, and she only shook her brown curls over her laughing face, and hid the blush my praise called up, or with a yet more intoxicating coquetry, lifted her blue eyes to mine with a full, free gaze, that bewildered me with its audacious innocence,' said the ardent young ensign, more in love with the pretty Bessie than he cared to own.

'Take care, or you'll get Bowen on you for breach of trust,' laughed Sever; 'but I thought he was sly of the woman gender.'

I never imagined Bowen would speak to one of the sex.'

'I don't know. I only know he proved his taste when he did speak; and by some magic, he has got as sportive, coy, and changeable a nature as ever bewildered the brain of man, subdued to a child-like trust, a wife-like devotion; and that a nature like this, should hold such danger as she encountered cheap, is a mystery I cannot fathom. I don't believe that woman ever was taken from man; that is an antediluvian tradition that all experience disproves. She is a cross between a witch and an angel, or she never could be so capricious and yet so devoted, so tantalizing, and so fascinating.'

'One of them has certainly bewitched you, Ned, and I shall put you, on once, on stern camp duty, in order to exercise the spirit,' said Sever. 'What is her name, Venus, Cleopatra or Delilah?'

'Venus!' cried the young ensign, in affected horror; 'my little life and blood girl, compared to that old heathen divinity? Cleopatra! Heavens! little Bessie, that great black eyed Egyptian queen? Delilah! Purity and innocence forgive the thought! No, she is none of these; her name carries the odium of her perfections and is a poem of affection, a household word and a woman, all combined—Bessie. Bessie Craig. Do you ever hear a sweeter?'

'Away with your nonsense; try and talk if you can, of graver matters. What carried Davis to the Mountain House?'

'Ha! ha!' laughed the merry youth, who possessed, in a great degree, the vivacity and ardent temper of his uncle, the Major has a way of his own, of resting from the toils of war. You may call Miss Ellen a Venus if you will; she possesses a high, cold beauty that would chide finely in marble.'

'Ha! is that Davis's game? He has been very sly about it, at any rate, I should judge. I know her heroism cheated Captain Hardy of his captive, for some hours, and gave us a chance to trap him.'

'Strange! strange!' replied Sever, gravely; 'how affection seems to inspire woman, in the hour of danger, with a courage before which even man's pales, and leads her on to accept any ordeal to shield or vindicate her love. Give me a regiment of such spirits, with muskets in their hands, and I will proclaim freedom through our whole western continent; convoke Europe, and cause kings to totter on their thrones. But what is the condition of the country you passed through?'

'As usual, the path of Ferguson and his Tories, is marked by terror and bloodshed. They are carrying out Cornwallis' instructions in the most vigorous manner. The order to hang those who have borne arms with the British, and afterward joined our forces, has been construed into a command to hang all who will not fight against the Americans; and these, with prisoners on parole, have been literally murdered in cold blood.'

'The very surest way he could take of rousing Carolina spirit; but he could not, with any show of justice, carry out such brutal policy in York District, for the inhabitants never have accepted protection as subjects, nor were paroled as prisoners.'

'Yes, but British justice is now a stout rope and a strong limb, and applied to the first Whig they can catch; but revenge and despair are working for us as steadily as zeal and patriotism in more prosperous times. It is sad, though, to see the terror and distress of the people.'

'The shocking tales of brutality we have heard of, are almost incredible, and seem to be more the cruelty and hatred of fiends than men,' said the Colonel.

'You may believe all, and more than all you hear; there may be some Tories who are men of principle and humanity, but they are not in the upper districts. These men or devils are a set of horse thieves and outlaws; men whose crimes have exiled them from society; ignorant, unprincipled banditti, whose idleness, licentiousness and deeds of violence, find no parallel. Ferguson himself, I have heard, is a stout, fearless and efficient officer, but constant communication with such vile refuse, has transformed him into a cruel, swaggering bully, and his hatred to the Whigs and the Whig cause, is only equalled by his zeal and activity in exterminating them,' replied the youth.

'You think, then, we will meet with the co-operation of the people?' said Sever.

'They could not more effectually drive them to us,' replied the young officer, 'and all they wait for is opportunity.'

'Which, by Heavens! they shall have ere long,' said Sever, impatiently interrupting. 'This confounded waiting wears out my life-blood. I would have pounced on the rascal before he shook the dust of Gilbert Town from his heels.'

'And why did you not?' asked the young ensign, as ardent as his uncle.

'Because,' replied Sever, laughing at his own impetuosity, 'wiser heads than yours or mine decreed differently.'

The next morning a vidette from Williams, apprised Campbell of Ferguson's whereabouts, with full particulars of his force. The stratagem and wily movements of the partisans, had placed a distance of one hundred miles between his army and Cornwallis, and Ferguson was at length roused to alarm. He was now making a rapid retreat, in order, if possible, to connect with the main army. His efficient force consisted of about twelve hundred men, of picked regulars, and the best loyalists he could muster; and though retreating, it was in incredulous scorn, that a host such as he heard of, could so secretly and so suddenly have arisen from the heart of the mountains. On the receipt of this information, Campbell at once put his men in marching order, and moved towards the point at which he proposed to meet Williams. This was at the Cowpens; where the partisan was awaiting him with four hun-

dred followers. On his arrival there on the 6th of October, he found that Ferguson was still rapidly retreating and becoming more alarmed as the imminence of the danger pressed upon him, had crossed the Cherokee ford of Broad river at night, and was urging his tired troops still on. With the promptitude which characterized Campbell, and with the courage of his daring character, he at once resolved to pursue him. Picking out about nine hundred of his best men and stoutest horses, and leaving the weakest of the cavalry and footmen behind, he pressed fast on the enemy's heels. The chase now grew warm, and the hearts of the mountain hunters beat high with eagerness. Every man knew his duty, and as firm in their saddles as they were fixed in their purpose, they dashed on in hot pursuit. With the reckless, enthusiastic, but skillful and judicious Campbell at their head, their hearts never entertained a thought of defeat. Each troop had their chosen leader in front, and their men knew they were to follow them to victory or death. As if to dampen an ardor that might seem impetuous, a heavy rain fell, and it was with the utmost difficulty the little band could keep their rifles dry; but putting them under their arms, and cheered by the voice and encouragement of their leaders, with a stern determination they continued the chase. About daylight they crossed the Cherokee ford on Broad river, about twelve miles from King's Mountain. Here they called a halt, and in the pelting rain, partook of their parched corn, and whatever else of provisions remain in their wallets. Scarcely breathing after their hasty meal, again they pursued the foe. About twelve o'clock they came within three miles of Ferguson. He was encamped on the summit of King's Mountain, a height of about 500 feet, covered with a growth of heavy timber, with occasional huge boulders of rock which made the ascent more difficult. His position was admirably chosen, and from the commanding heights he had full view of Campbell's march for several miles. Feeling they had at length brought the game to bay, and anxious to give his men full time to recruit their strength, Campbell again called a halt, and made disposition for battle. The morning that had opened so propitious, was now cleared off to a clear, cold noon, and the exhilarating autumnal breeze refreshed and enlivened the spirit of the weary soldiery. Nature smiled upon the array of devoted patriots, and drawing a favorable omen from the circumstance, with hearts beating high with hope, they awaited the signal for action.

CHAPTER IX.

Of many an ill untold, unused,  
That will not—may not, find a tongue.

It was early morning when Bessie Craig stood with her sun bonnet in her hand in the porch of their little cottage.

'Indeed, father, I don't like to leave you,' said she; 'supposing harm should befall you, I would never forgive myself for the desertion.'

'God's goodness and my grey hairs will preserve me, lassie,' replied the old man; 'and I'll be better satisfied to know you are up at the mansion.'

'Yes, but father, God's goodness can preserve me, too; and the mansion did not preserve Miss Ellen from fear the other night.'

'I know that, Bessie,' replied the old man, sighing, 'but still I'm thinking they'll be apt to show you more respect if you were up there, though it's little the respect these Tory troops show to any one now. Maybe it's as well for you to bide with your safe father after all.'

'I will go, if you bid me, father, but I'd rather be with you,' replied the dutiful girl as she clasped the old man's arm.

'As you will Bessie; after all it is he only who kills and who makes alive again, and though I ken it so well, and ken that he who keeps the young ravens will guard my little Bessie, still my faith is trembling to night, and I fear for my bairn.'

'You have heard so many bloody tales lately, dear father, of those wicked troops, that you are uneasy; but our Col. Campbell will soon drive them from our country, and we will have peace once more.'

'Peace, peace,' said old Andrew. 'God grant it! Sometimes I fear we will never see it again.'

'You desponding father! Why I thought nothing could shake your trust in the holy cause. Why you'll have your little Bessie soldiering you for want of faith. Go down and see the minister awhile; you know a talk with him always does you good, and you will come back cheered.'

'I believe I will, Bessie, for whether this failing faith is a sign that the silver cord will soon be loosed and the golden bowl broken or no, I cannot say; but I know, that He who so long has granted me living grace will also grant me dying grace; and I will do as you say, child, and awe and seek strength from the man of God.'

'And the old man went away muttering a little child shall lead you; unless ye become as a little child, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.'

Little Bessie was too light hearted a maiden to remain long sad, and too busy a body, to remain long idle; so drawing her spinning wheel from its cover, she kept time to its low buzzing music, with many a plaintive ditty of olden time. It was easy to read the memories that filled her innocent heart as she sang.

'A soldier once I lo'd, forget him shall I never, And the yet more tender love that breathed from her lips in

'The dearest lad that ever blest a woman's eye, Bessie was never lonely; her wheel and her song and her merry heart were an antidote against all ennui, as well as against all care, and beside that wheel, her busy fancy wore many a bright hope for the future, with Ellick Bowen to share it and peace to bless them both. So absorbed was she in her pleasant fancies, that she did not notice the frequent passing of many persons on the hither and thither road, and it was not till her attention was aroused by a

gruff call for water, that she discovered some unusual occurrence was ensuing. Small parties of troops were hurrying down the road as if reconnoitering, while here and there a weary traveller plodded on as if he dared not rest. To Bessie's inquiries she received a coarse reply, or a profane oath, and closing the door of the cottage she awaited, with considerable anxiety, the return of her father. It was not long ere he came, the hurried manner of his riding testifying to his anxiety. Hastily dismounting, he drew his horse within the shadow of the trees, and hurried into his dwelling. The news he brought was startling. Ferguson in his rapid retreat, had crossed the Cherokee Ford, and was making for King's Mountain where he intended to take a position to give battle. The rabble of the army who followed it for the purposes of plunder, were scattering through the country to await the decision of the battle. The soldiery had been guilty of the most wanton cruelties and depredations. A party of them the night previous entered Mr. Adam's house and wantonly burned all the Bibles and Psalm Books they could find, swearing that Presbyterian covenants were the inciters of the rebellion, and he might thank the luck that spared them from throwing him on the burning pile.

'Oh father!' cried Bessie, horror-struck at the sacrilege, if God's word is not sacred, what will these people respect?'

'Nothing, lassie, nothing; there's no age nor condition beyond their cruelty, and I hear you devil, Ferris, has got Mr. Willoughby's plate safe in the British camp.'

'Why that is downright robbery,' cried Bessie.

'And what do they care for that? If they do not value human life, they will hardly respect human rights. Jack Adair's wife down on the creek, refused to tell some of the party where the cattle were, resolving they should not go to feed the British, and they ripped her open on her own door steps, and the dead mother fell on the barns that were crying around her knee.'

'Horrible, horrible!' said Bessie, covering her face with her hands.

'Yes, and what I'm to do with you, child, I cannot say. My heart faints at the thought of the terror to which you will be exposed.'

'I will not leave you, father,' said Bessie, firmly.

'Deed, Bessie, I donna what to do; but I'm thinking you'll be better at the Mansion House.'

'It is useless to persuade me, father; you see yourself they are not free from the insults of these lawless men, and I am as safe here with you as I am anywhere. I cannot go, nor do I grieve me by asking, dear father, said little Bessie, in her coaxing way.

'As you like, lassie; dear knows I cannot find it in my heart to send you from me now.'

Bessie now busied herself about her usual household duties, and though interrupted frequently by rude guests, still the day promised to pass without other danger than the terror these coarse visitors inspired. Late in the evening, Andrew gathered from the remarks of the passers, that the Americans were in hot pursuit, and would likely come up with the enemy on the following day.

'It is positive madness,' said one, 'to attempt forcing Ferguson from that position; he commands the whole hill, and each column of the whigs as it advances will be swept by his guns till not a man remains. He's got a body of regulars there, too, that would face a thousand devils if they were commanded to it. I tell you there's small chance for those humping shits fellows below. Why Ferguson could crush them by all rolling the stones down.'

Such conversations and the like were not calculated to quiet Andrew's mind, yet just as little did they intimidate hopeful little Bessie. With a quiet smile and many an inward prayer, for well she knew Ellick was there, did she pursue her duties. As evening advanced the confusion became greater, and the ribald oaths and obscene songs of the brutal rabble more and more startled and shocked Bessie's ears. Still she bravely kept up her courage, and setting the table for the evening meal, prepared it with the usual dry despatch.

'I am afraid you are no better, father,' said Bessie, who had twice called the old man before he had answered.

'Yes, lassie dear, better and more comfortable since the morn,' replied the old man. 'If I get a night's rest with God's blessing, I will be the same as ever, and may He bless and keep us,' said he, as he reverently bowed his head asking the customary blessing on the food provided. They had scarcely set down ere the door was rudely thrown open and a party of troops, headed by Ferris, entered.

'Just in time,' said he, with a coarse oath. 'Come, Bessie,' said he familiarly laying his hand on her shoulders. 'Give us some supper, girl; the best house woman will afford.'

Now Bessie was neither patient nor prudent, and quick to resent such conduct and language from the man whom she hated above all others in the world, she replied 'I'll never wait on you, Reuben Ferris, nor any like you, but I know you'll take what you want, there are the keys, wait on yourself,' and throwing them on the table, she entered her own room and closed the door.

'A spicy jade,' said one of the men.

'Let her alone,' said Ferris. 'I'll deal with her presently.'

'I trust, miss,' said Andrew, in pale alarm at Bessie's imprudent words, and the swarting impudence of the party, 'that you will think nothing of the hasty speech of a silly lassie. You are welcome to whatever my poor house affords, and I will wait upon you better than a foolish girl.'

'I'll swear if it ain't the deaf Scotchman, Tom! You can hear well enough now, you grey headed hypocrite,' said a trooper, with an oath.

'Ha! what is that Tom?' asked Ferris

in surprise, at the indignant astonishment of his companion.

'We came here, the night of your big expedition against Major Davis up at the Mansion House, laughed Tom—with whom and his companions, Ferris's bungling business was a standing joke—and found the old sinner so deaf and so peevish grumbling, as not to be able to hear anything. We said to him, You have recovered wonderfully since that time, friend.'

'Yes, and I'll be sworn, he was the very man that carried the news to the Whig camp,' said Ferris, in gathering wrath.

'If I thought so, I'd make him dance on nothing, pretty soon,' said the trooper, a reckless and cruel bully who was a match for Ferris in every crime. 'But no it could not have been, for there was no one here but himself.'

'No one but himself! Where was Bessie?' said Ferris, with his keen grey eyes fixed on the man.

'His child, oh! she had gone to see a friend,' said the trooper, who could not understand the gathering cloud on Ferris's brow.

'She had, had she?' thundered Ferris. 'Now, said he, with a terrible oath, "she'll pay dearly for that visit. Tell me where she went, or I'll, starting up and grasping the throat of Andrew, or I'll choose every drop of blood out of you."

'There was a low gurgling sound, and Ferris not aware himself, in his fury, of the giant grip that was suffocating the old man; started by a piercing shriek, and Bessie, who had been an anxious listener of the foregoing conversation, rushed from the adjoining room and threw her arms around her father. With a furious curse the wretch dashed the old man from his hand, and dragging the girl from the now inaccessible door, thundered out.

'So it was you, my little miss, that done Bowen the good deed of carrying tales to him, was it?'

'My father, my dear father,' cried the girl, wrenching herself from the ruffian's grasp; and, kneeling by the side of the still prostrate form, called on him in pleading tones to speak to her. He was not dead, but partially strangled and stunned; he slowly raised his eyes, and with difficulty raised himself from the floor.

'Are you hurt, father dear?' cried Bessie, as she bent over him in fearful anxiety.

'I cannot say, my child. I feel very strange—here—' said he, hesitatingly pressing his hand to his head. 'I think, child, I have had a stroke, and he looked into her face in pitiful distress.

'But up that confounded blubbering and tell me if it was you who carried tales to the rebel Bowen,' said Ferris, for a moment intimidated at the girl's grief; but again furious at the memory of that night's disappointment.

'Ellick Bowen is no rebel, Reuben Ferris, and if you want to know who spoiled your murderous plan, I'll tell you. I did, and I'd do it again and again, to disappoint such Tory cowards as you, who are only fit to fight old men and frighten women.'

It was a brave speech, but a sadly imprudent one. Ferris's hitherto noisy tones grew deep, and his smothered wrath made his thickened utterance barely intelligible; words of concentrated passion burst from his lips, which little Bessie replied to in scornful recklessness; then a sneering familiarity which Bessie did not hesitate to show was as hateful as it was despicable. There were words and tones which caused the maiden in terror and bitter shame to hide her head in the old man's bosom, followed by brutal insults which were met by passionate tears and vain pleadings; there was the tremulous voice of an old man pleading as only a father could plead for an only child, and that child a maiden, assuaged by curses and blows; there was a struggle, a groan, a woman's shriek of mortal terror, of bitter agony, a hoarse laugh, a ribald jest, then darkness and silence, and gloom gathered around the dwelling so long the abode of innocence and peace; stars looked down on a ruined garden, trampled by rough and unheeding feet; the little gate swung back from its hinges, and deathly screams stamped upon the hitherto lovely spot.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[We can supply the back numbers of the paper from the commencement of this story.]

A REMARKABLE METEOROLOGICAL PHENOMENON—A SHOWER OF PEBBLES.

About four o'clock yesterday afternoon, the attention of a number of persons who were on the stoop at Patton's Hotel, 466 River street, were attracted by the fall of dark substances on the ground near them, which they at first supposed was hail. Discovering this to be a mistake, however, they proceeded to make an investigation, and found that what they had heard falling were pebbles, varying in size from those little larger than a bean, to some