

MARION'S BRIGADE

By MAJOR J. H. ROBINSON

CHAPTER IV.

There was quite a number of persons collected at Rocky Creek on the Catawba river. They were men used to toil and hardship; they could wield the implements of agricultural industry, or level the rifle with deadly precision; they could force the rugged soil to yield them a subsistence, or live by hunting the game with which that section abounded. Those hardy pioneers had met to be initiated into warlike art. They had heard of the villainies of Wemyss, Cunningham, Huck, Gaine and Ferguson, and, in fact, some of them had already been despoiled by Tory cupidity.

The men of Rocky Creek were now drawn up in line armed with muskets, rifles and fowling pieces. A tall thin-looking man, with sharp features, and long light-colored hair, was in the act of drilling them. The individual was no less a personage than Captain Nicodemus Hawes, who had been unanimously chosen to command the "Independent Fire-Eaters," because he had seen some service.

The company numbered thirty persons. Like Marion's brigade, they wore no uniform, and exhibited a curious variety, which, taken all together, gave them a rather unique appearance.

"Corporal Higgins, straighten up yer file," ordered Captain Nick. "Tom Jones, turn yer toes out, and look more soldier-like. Attention the hull—heads up! Joe Sawyer, which way are you lookin'?"

"I'm cross-eyed, cap'n," said Joe.

Nicodemus Hawes fell back a few paces, and contemplated his company with obvious admiration; then deliberately unsheathing a sword which had doubtless been long in the Hawes family, for it was antique and rusty, he went on with the exercise.

"Rear rank—take distance—march!"

The evolution was performed with a tolerable degree of accuracy.

"I reckon ye'll git the hang on't arter a while. In that ere pertickeler evolution, you must remember to step back four paces, and dress to the right; the sergeants take their places in the front rank, and the non-commissioned officers who are in the rear, stick where they are. Now, I'm goin' to put ye through another operation. Rear rank—close to the front. March! Corporal Higgins, what on air is ye doin'? Straighten 'em up. Tom Jones, you hold yer shootin' stick as though you'd feared on't. Toe out, yer tarral critters—lean fo'ard more and make yer chests more promerent. You can't stand the British baganets without you stand bent a little to the front. Lieut. Anderson will now shove you through some of the manoeal exercises, after which I'll make you an all-killin' speech, which'll raise all the military spirit you happen to have about you."

Lieut. Anderson proceeded with the drill, while Captain Nick observed them at a little distance. While matters were progressing in this manner, a horseman suddenly appeared upon the river road, approaching at a headlong speed.

"I wonder what's in the wind now?" said the captain, approaching the lieutenant.

"Something uncommon, I should think," replied the latter. "He rides as though he didn't value his neck very highly."

No more was said by the parties until the horseman dashed up in front of the company, covered with dust, and much excited.

"The Tories," he cried, in a loud, clear voice, "have discovered what you are about, and will soon be upon you. You must fight, or save yourselves by flight."

"If they've found out what we're at so soon as this, there must be some sneakin' informer amongst us!" exclaimed the captain. "And if there is, and we can discover him, he needn't expect no mercy. How many of the Tory villains do you think'll be upon us?"

"About forty, armed and mounted," replied the man who had brought the news.

"You hear what he says, feller soldiers; what do you feel disposed to do, fight or run?" asked Captain Nick.

"Fight it out!" exclaimed several in the ranks.

"That's what I say. Nick Hawes will never run as long as he can stand up and use a weapon of war. Load your pieces with balls, and tarral destruction to the feller that tries to shirk his duty. It shan't never be said by comin' generations, that the Independent Fire-Eaters ever turned their backs on their enemies."

"Right, right!" ran along the ranks of the men of Rocky Creek.

"I admire your spirit," said the horseman, who still sat upon his panting steed an interested listener. "I shall be most happy to take part in the fray."

"You appear to be a pretty game sort of a chap yourself, stranger, and the Fire-Eaters'll be glad of your help," replied Captain Hawes, warmly.

In a few minutes only ten of the company occupied the plateau where they had exercised. Lieut. Anderson and Sergt. Davis commanded those concealed in the thicket, and the captain remained with those left to decoy the enemy.

While the men of Rocky Creek are waiting for the approach of the Tories, we will solicit the reader's attention for a short time to the individual who had brought the intelligence respecting the contemplated onslaught of the Loyalists.

During the captain's patriotic and somewhat original speech, he had dismounted, and now stood beside his reek-

ing horse, with his arms laid across the pommel of the saddle. He was nearly thirty years of age, and of a large and sinewy frame. His face, though somewhat stern in its expression, was nevertheless quite handsome, and calculated to prepossess one in his favor. It was evident at the first glance that he was a man of firmness and resolution and well adapted to the times in which he lived. He was armed with pistols and a short saber, and presented a bold and soldier-like appearance. His name was John Henderson.

"This is a dark picture in the history of South Carolina," he observed to the captain.

"I reckon you're about right, stranger," replied the latter. "Satan seems to be let loose for a season to turn things upside down in these parts."

"We must fight, and there's no honorable alternative. There are men enough in this State to achieve a glorious victory, if they will only concentrate and organize under efficient leaders. See what Gen. Marion has done within a few days; he has infused new courage into the hearts of the people, notwithstanding the defeat of Gen. Gates at Camden."

"Tarral destruction, stranger! You don't mean to say Gates has been whipped at Camden?" exclaimed Hawes.

"It is true. He has sustained a defeat, and the remnant of the American army is flying panic-stricken from the successful legions of Cornwallis; but Marion and Sumter are destined to revive the courage of the patriots," replied Henderson.

"I feel as if you had given me a heavy blow in the region of the stomach," said Captain Nick.

"Never despond, sir, while you are able to bear arms against the enemy," added Henderson.

"Hark!" said Hawes. "I hear the sound of horses' feet. The Tories are at hand. If my brave fellows take good aim, we'll pay 'em off for some of their old tricks and cruelties."

While Hawes was speaking the advance of the Tory band swept round a point into sight, and presently the whole party was visible.

As soon as the advancing horsemen perceived the captain's little party of ten they spurred forward more furiously with loud shouts of exultation. It was very obvious that they felt sure of cutting the force of Rocky Creek to pieces without losing a man; for it seemed to them like sheer madness for so small a party to resist them.

John Henderson sprang into the saddle and Captain Hawes hurried his men from the approaching enemy at a double quick step. When he had retreated about a hundred yards he gave the order to "halt," and "right about face," and the parties stood boldly with their front to the foe.

"Here I mean to stay," exclaimed the captain, energetically, "until some of them saddles are empty. Straighten up, my lads, and stand firm; and if they try to ride you down, fire, and let 'em ride on the pints of your baganets, if they want to. Here they are; now we'll see what our fellows in ambush will do."

The Tories came on, unconscious of danger; but the bold bearing of the handful of men under Hawes caused them to abate their speed when they had reached the plateau between the thick ets. The moment was auspicious for the patriots; a well-directed fire blazed from the ambushed Americans; the effect was to put many of the Tories into confusion.

Hawes improved the time and poured in his fire, which effectually checked their advance. The voice of the leader was heard trying to rally the astonished Tories; but they could not be easily rallied, for their enemies were concealed from view, and their fears magnified their numbers greatly. The Tory officers shouted and threatened in vain; those who could do so turned and fled, and the officers were obliged to follow their example.

When once fairly in motion their terror seemed to lend them wings, and they spurred on without regard to order, glory or superiors, until they were far beyond the reach of the men of Rocky Creek.

"If your men were only mounted!" exclaimed Henderson.

"They must be mounted," replied Hawes. "We can never do what we want to without horses. I've been thinkin' on't for some time. Horses are scarce, for the Britishers and Tories have stolen the best ones; but where there's a will there's a way. Men, catch them animals that are runnin' about yonder without any riders."

Several of the Royalists were found dead and half a dozen were severely wounded. The dead were buried on the spot, and the wounded were suitably cared for.

"They didn't make much by that movement," said Hawes, thoughtfully, "and we are in duty bound to thank you for it, stranger," he added, turning to Henderson.

The latter bowed without reply, and the captain resumed, in a lower tone of voice:

"That there is an informer among my men I am fully convinced. The Tories couldn't have come down upon us so sudden, and with so much certainty, if they had not been well informed about us. We've all been uncommon secret in regard to our meetin' and intentions; and if there hadn't been a traitor among us, things couldn't have leaked out so soon."

"Do you suspect any one?" asked Henderson.

"Yes," replied Hawes, "and I shall keep my eye on him mighty sharp. Come, stranger, go with us up to the settlement. I should like to have your advice, as you appear to be well acquainted with the state of the country. I have got a scheme in my head to provide my fellers with horses and arms, and I dare say you are both able and willin' to assist me, providin' you ain't otherwise engaged."

The Independent Fire-Eaters were then faced for the settlement, and marched away.

CHAPTER V.

It was the dim hour of twilight at Rocky Creek. Captain Hawes was seated beside a man who had been mortally wounded in the affray of that very morning. The apartment which the parties occupied was one of those small rough and low rooms found in the cabins of the early settlers of a new country.

A single candle was burning upon the sideboard, and threw out a pale and sickly light, which rendered the wounded person's bloodless face still more ghastly.

The expression of Captain Hawes was serious, but not stern, yet far more dignified than usual.

"The surgeon thinks there is no hope for me," said the dying man, faintly.

"Not in this world," replied Hawes.

"Then I must try and make the best improvement of what little time remains," added the Tory, speaking with much difficulty.

"I'm sorry, neighbor, that you're dyin' in a bad cause," said the captain, sorrowfully. "We are brethren, and citizens of one common country; and if you had been called on to give up airthy things while fightin' side by side with me, I shouldn't have felt so bad about it, because I have an idee that death under such circumstances wouldn't have been disgraceful but glorious."

"I begin to feel, now that my life is approaching its close, that you are engaged in a more honorable cause than that in which I received this mortal wound," remarked the Tory, sadly.

"I haven't come here to reproach you, by no means whatever, friend Simpson; but there is one thing I want to know before you shut your eyes forever on the changin' concerns of this present world. Our plans have been betrayed by some vile traitor, who eats bread with us daily. I want to find out the villain, and I hope you'll feel free to tell me. You probably can't hold out more than an hour or two at the most, and perhaps gettin' such a things as that off your conscience may kind of straighten you up for the change, and make you stand firmer, and with a bolder front, before the great Commander-in-Chief of all the armies of the airth."

Simpson shuddered, and for a moment was so convulsed that he was unable to reply. When he became easier and calmer, he turned his glassy eyes upon the captain with an expression truly mournful. He hesitated a moment, as if not quite decided, and then motioned for Hawes to give him his ear. The captain bent over the dying man eagerly, and he whispered a name.

"It is well," said Hawes. "I reckon the accoutrements of your conscience will be in better order for inspectin', when you answer the last roll-call."

"I thank you, I'm sure, for your well-meant kindness," said Simpson, while a tear moistened his dim eye. "I hope we shall meet in the ranks of heaven, where all is concord and peace. As you go along, I wish you would be good enough to ask Elder Martin to step in and see me."

"I will. It's a good idee, for he knows better than I do what you will need on a long march," said Hawes.

"I hope you will forgive me, neighbor," added Simpson, stretching out his cold hand.

"God knows how freely," said the captain, in a subdued voice. "Good-by, Simpson, till I jine the army above," he added.

"Farewell, captain. If I should recover, I would gladly fight under you. Farewell, for the drummer of death is indeed beating the reveille," said Simpson, feebly; and a moment after Hawes was proceeding toward home in a very thoughtful mood. He met Henderson on the way, and the two walked away together, conversing in a friendly manner, until they were opposite the dwelling of Rev. William Martin.

Hawes knocked at the door, and both were immediately admitted by the pastor in person. The former introduced Mr. Henderson, and they were soon on excellent terms. The minister was a man of sense and courage, whose name will long be remembered by the country for which he labored and suffered. While he was engaged in an animated discussion with Henderson, the door opened and a young lady entered the room. Mr. Martin, with characteristic politeness, instantly introduced her to his new acquaintance as his daughter Kate.

Mr. Henderson arose, bowed and said he scarcely knew what; for the sudden and unexpected appearance of such a female as he now beheld disconcerted him not a little.

Kate Martin was exceedingly fair of face, and of a figure exquisitely formed for grace and symmetry; and when we have passed these encomiums upon her, we have not said all that the case allows of; for she possessed good sense and energy of character—two traits that served greatly to enhance the charms of personal beauty. Kate, though gentle and modest, might also be called a brilliant girl, inasmuch as she was endowed with those high qualities which are calculated to make every legitimate effort more or less brilliant.

(To be continued.)

If time and tide were to wait for men the world would soon be at a standstill.



A statue of Charles Kingsley will soon be placed in the tower of Bedford. It was there that Kingsley wrote "Westward Ho."

There is a rumor that Winston Churchill received \$40,000 for his latest book. Evidently this gentleman has a press agent, too.

The works of Schopenhauer are being translated into Japanese by a young Japanese professor at Tokio, who holds that Schopenhauer's doctrines agree on many points with the national religion of Japan.

J. Pierpont Morgan's private library will be assembled and the thousands of valuable volumes gathered by him and his agents will be in their places on the shelves soon. Mr. Morgan's representatives are still scouring Europe for rare volumes.

Ralph Rose, University of Michigan man, says he is not a vagrant, notwithstanding his arrest and imprisonment in California. Rose says he is under contract to write "tramp" stories for a magazine, and he dressed the part and associated with regular tramps to get the "hobo" atmosphere and a tinge of realism. Imprisonment is part of tramp life.

Winston Spencer Churchill, whose biography of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, is one of the important January publications, is a rising young man in English political life of unusual attainments and remarkable industry. His service in the English army and in Parliament, together with his recent venture in literary fields, are typical of the tendency of how Englishmen in public life combine active political interests with literary pursuits. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Morley and Mr. McCarthy are illustrious examples for the new aspirant for literary honors to follow. Among Mr. Churchill's friends the announcement of his book usually is greeted with the exclamation, "How did he ever find time to write it?"

A reporter of the New York Sun recently got some amusing copy out of a noon-hour book auction—an auction where books of all kinds and degrees are put on a common level and disposed of to the highest bidder by an auctioneer more eloquent than literary, and to whom a skull cap lent an air of erudition to an otherwise unscrupulous aspect. "What am I offered for this superb copy of Dante's 'Inferno'?" Dant Allegretti, gentlemen. It was published originally 600 years ago. The pictures are by Mr. Dore, one of the most famous illustrators that ever lived. The book is published at \$10. Did I hear thirty cents? You make me and Mr. Dant feel like thirty cents, gentlemen. Think of Mr. Dant going for the price of three Deadwood Dicks! What would Mrs. Dant think of it if she heard? Thirty-five! Thank you, Forty! Thanks, remember, this is the only copy we have left; when I have sold it you will be sorry that you didn't speak. It tells about the different parts of the human body in hell. Look at this picture. Fifty-five! Thanks, yours at fifty-five! Presently our friend, the auctioneer, discovers that the only copy he has left isn't an only copy at all. He offers another at the same price. As soon as that is taken he sends out two more. A dozen follow. Evidently fifty-five is a good bid for the Dantes. He finds a Milton's 'Paradise Lost' in the same binding, which is offered at a like figure. Nobody wants Milton, and the big yellow volume is sent back to its dusty shelf to await a more opportune moment of disposal."

ABOUT SELF-MADE MEN.

Their Presence and Making Possible in Other Countries.

Americans are never tired of telling us that theirs is the country for self-made men. It is, however, open to question, observes the London Chronicle, if there ever was an age or country in which a man of strong character and ability could not force himself to the front and open a career pretty much according to his will. Even under despotic governments wonderful stories are told of men of plebeian origin obtaining high rank for some service to the state accomplished under the patronage of the court. In eastern empires a large proportion of the most successful statesmen and generals have been slaves by birth. In western Europe, there is always some circumstance of the period which favors the rise of low-born ability. In war time a great soldier or engineer is recognized without thought of his patronage. There has always been plenty of military ability when ambition has been attracted in that direction.

In America the boy in the loghouse or the workshop saves and puts himself to school and afterward to the nearest

or cheapest college. Later he may possibly turn schoolmaster for a time, but his one consuming desire is to become a lawyer and so get into the road that leads to political life and office. Once there he can shape his course according to his ability. He may become a banker or millowner, a dignitary of his state and finally be elected president. Where there is no near an approach to democratic equality the pressure upon each individual is light. The requisites to success are not so manifold as elsewhere. Mother wit obtains its reward more quickly and less effort and cultivation are necessary to success. Many distinguished Americans have begun life by working on a farm, as did Daniel Webster; drudging in a printing office, like Garrison; or splitting rails, like President Lincoln; or making shoes, fishing for cod or serving before the mast.

Lord Eldon once boasted that England was a country where every man might raise himself from the humblest origin to the highest office in the state. He instanced himself as a proof of the fact. The advantages enjoyed by the present generation are far greater than in his time, nevertheless the upward path is far more difficult and the difficulties to be overcome far greater than in America. The superiority of knowledge among the instructed, the fixedness of all classes in the station and to the employment to which they have been born, unite to render the pressure very heavy on any artisan desirous of rising to a position of distinction. Yet the age is favorable, for it is a period of scientific development.

So many men of humble birth and training have risen to fame and fortune in this country during the two last generations that we quite expect to hear that every successful inventor is the son of a laborer of one sort or another. Arkwright, Wedgwood, Brindley and Telford were types of our self-made men in one generation, just as Stephenson, Paxton and Whitworth were types of a later date. At the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries when new questions occasionally arose of which aristocratic statesmen were ignorant it was felt that some clever and well-informed middle-class man would understand them better in all their bearings. Then arose Canning and Huskisson, called in their day "political adventurers."

Few poets and artists now spring from the working classes. As knowledge and taste have advanced the need of cultivation is more generally perceived by the public, if not by the aspirant. We do not expect a Burns to be repeated. The poetry of plowboys is prized, if at all, for its clear reflection of nature, and not because it proceeds from a plowboy. The same change has taken place among artists. More knowledge is now requisite for a man to be considered a great painter than was dreamed of by our forefathers before the art treasures of the continent were open to our study. John Opie, the Royal academician, was a case in point. He was a son of a carpenter in Cornwall, and as a lad was always scrawling likenesses of people and things with chalk on every surface within reach. He attracted the notice of Dr. Wolcott (Peter Pindar), who brought him to London and introduced him to his friends as a heaven-born genius. Opie had the sense to perceive in course of time the importance of study. Instances of artists born in humble circumstances becoming famous are not numerous, probably because education in its widest sense is necessary for mastery in the art.

In the sister art of music less disadvantage is experienced from lowly origin. The means of a scientific musical training are becoming more and more accessible and abundant. We may yet hope to see, as one of the results of the extended cultivation of music in England, the rise of some lark, springing from the furrow, mounting on high to win the world's ear with his music. Musical genius is a matter of organization in which there is no respect of persons. It is like mathematics; genius, mainly inherent, while susceptible of incalculable enlargement by application and a general cultivation of the intellect.

Correcting an Error.

The head of the house: "Hang it all, Willie, did you put that vase under the dining table?"

The visitor, with some hesitancy: "I beg your pardon, but the object you have been kicking so vigorously is not a vase, but my foot."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Shouldn't Finish It.

"Why don't you like Henry?"

"Oh, he's always trying to kiss me."

"Well, that's better than if he never tried, isn't it?"

"Perhaps, but not so nice as if he'd succeed once in a while."—Cleveland Leader.

Explained.

"Yes, we call him 'Sugar.'"

"Why?"

"He's so full of sand."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One thing about a big fat woman: She is never accused of having a Madonna-like expression.