

From the Pearl.
THE WHITE HORSEMAN.

BY A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION.

The cry is still, "They come!"—*Shakespeare.*

The heavy tramp of the regulars, as their solid columns moved amid the darkness towards Concord, was heard with indignation by the waking inhabitants of the country. The hardy yeoman as he leaped from his pallet and gazed through the window at the passing show, was at first at a loss to conjecture on what errand these well trained warriors had been sent; but instantly recollecting that there was a depository of arms and provisions at Concord, which the Americans had at much trouble, collected together, he made no doubt that this strong detachment of the British army had been commissioned to take possession of them. There was something provokingly cruel in the eyes of the Americans, in thus depriving them of the very humble means of defence which they had been able to procure; and although they did not immediately form the resolution of drawing the blood of these incendiaries, yet the murmur of disapprobation ran from house to house, until the whole of the surrounding country had been aroused from their pillows, and anxiously awaited the result of their movements. It was in a large building a few miles below Lexington, that a family who had been early made acquainted with the approach of the British hirelings, resided. They were up and doing long before the arrival of the troops. The girls assisted their brothers in putting on their equipments, and the old man saddled the horses for his sons. As these lads were about starting for the purpose of watching the career of the regulars when they should arrive at Concord, a young man drove swiftly up to the door, and bade the volunteers good morning. "Captain Roe!" burst from the lips of all present, save one young and blooming lass, who hung her head, and sighed deeply. This young man was, apparently, under thirty years of age; of middling stature, and dark eyes, which now gleamed with fire. He spoke a few hasty words, in an under tone, to the armed peasant boys, to which they replied by grasping their firelocks and hastily mounting their steeds. "Not one word has he spoken to me," sighed the pensive girl. Quick as thought, the young captain sprang to the ground, and giving her a hearty embrace, promised to be with her in a few hours. No answer was returned by the desponding fair one, but she clenched her hands and raised her pallid face to heaven, as if engaged in inward prayer. There she stood in statue-like silence until the sound of the departing horses' hoofs had died away. Then turning to her mother, who had remained at her side, she softly said, "I shall never see him more."

"Foolish girl," answered the old lady, in tone that trembled while it chid, "do you suppose that Captain Roe intends to attack the British army with a handful of ploughboys? There will be no fighting, depend upon it."

But the sound of approaching horsemen driving swiftly along the by-paths and the main road, convinced the trembling girl, that the number was not small who were already up in arms for the defence of their rights, their hearth stones, and their liberties. The two females shrank into the house oppressed by feelings strange and new.

The young men, with Captain Roe at their head, drove off toward Lexington, and halted in a barn on the road side, at the distance of two miles from that village. Here were already assembled about forty youths, whose lack of equipments and un military bearing was compensated by sturdy limbs, hard, embrowned visages, and sinewy arms.

"Now, my dear fellows," said Roe, in a hasty, but not an agitated tone, "we are strong enough to march. We shall be joined by others. The Cambridge boys are wide awake, and have gone to Concord already; and I have seen some old men galloping out to enjoy the morning air. The country is rising all around us."

The rude volunteers gave three loud cheers, and at once formed in marching order. The little band struck out into the high road, but before they had reached Lexington, were obliged to turn into a by-way, as the rapid advance of the British endangered their safety. Having arrived at Lexington, Captain Roe called his men to a halt, and besought them sooner to sell their lives than be driven from the position they had taken.

The charge appeared to be needless, as they had no intention of firing upon the enemy, and it was not to be expected that the regular troops would assault unoffending men. While this little company was resting behind the village church, many squads of Americans dashed by them, on their way to Concord, but Captain Roe maintained his position with the view of harrassing the enemy if they should attempt any violence to the village. Just as the morning dawned, the hasty tramp of men was heard by the little band, and in a moment afterward the British commander wheeled his steed upon the plain where they stood, and waving his sword, commanded them to throw down their arms and disperse. The Americans were not fast in acknowledging the authority of the epuletted catiff, and, in an instant, a shower of British balls cut down nearly half of the little company, and put the rest to flight. Captain Roe was among the slain. The women and children of Lexington fled from their houses over the hills, filling the air with their screams. There was an old man by the name of Hezekiah Wyman, the window of whose house overlooked the ground where these murderers were committed; and no sooner did he see his brave countrymen fall, than he inwardly devoted himself to revenge the unhallowed slaughter.

"Wife," said he "is there not an old gun barrel, somewhere in the garret?"

"I believe there was," said she, "but pray what do you want with it?"

"I should like to see if it is fit for service," replied he, "If I am not mistaken, it is good enough to drill a hole through a rig'lar."

"Mercy on me, husband! are you going mad? An old man like you—sixty years last November—to talk of going to war! I should think you had seen enough of fighting the British already. There lies poor Captain Roe and his men bleeding on the grass before your eyes. What could you do with a gun?"

The old man made no reply, but ascended the stairs, and soon returned with a rusty gun barrel in his hands. In spite of his wife's incessant din, he went to his shop, made a stock for it, and put it in complete order for use. He then saddled a strong white horse, and mounted him. He gave the steed the rein, and directed his course toward Concord. He met the British troops returning, and was not long in perceiving that there was a wasp's nest about their ears. He dashed so closely upon the flank of the enemy that his horse's neck was drenched with the spouting blood of the wounded soldiers. Then reining back his snoring steed to reload, he dealt a second death upon the ranks with his never failing bullet. The tall gaunt form of the assailant, his grey locks floating on the breeze, and the color of his steed, soon distinguished him from the other Americans, and the regulars gave him the name of "Death on the pale horse." A dozen bullets whizzed by his head, when he made the first assault, but undismayed, the old patriot continued to prance his gay steed over the heads of the foot soldiers—to do his own business faithfully, in the belief that because others did wrong by firing at him, it would be no excuse for him to do wrong by sparing the hireling bullies of a tyrannical government. At length a vigorous charge of the bayonet drove the old man and the party with which he was acting, far from the main body of the British. Hezekiah was also out of ammunition, and was compelled to pick up some on the road, before he could return to the charge. He then came on again, and picked off an officer, by sending a slug through his royal brains, before he was again driven off. But ever and anon, through the smoke that curled about the flanks of the detachment, could be seen the white horse of the veteran for a moment—the report of his piece was heard, and the sacred person of one of his Majesty's faithful subjects was sure to measure his length on rebel ground. Thus did Hezekiah and his neighbors continue so harrass the retreating foe, until the Earl Percy appeared with a thousand fresh troops from Boston. The two detachments of the British were now two thousand strong, and they kept off the Americans with their artillery while they took a hasty meal. No sooner had they again commenced their march, than the powerful white horse was seen careering at full speed over the hills, with the dauntless old Yankee on his back. "Ha!" cried the soldiers, "there comes that old fellow again, on the white horse! Look out for yourselves, for one of us has got to die, in spite of fate." And one of them did die, for Hezekiah's aim was true,

and his principles of economy would not admit of his wasting powder or ball. Throughout the whole of that bloody road between Lexington and Cambridge, the fatal approaches of the white horseman were dreaded by the trained troops of Britain, and every wound inflicted by Hezekiah needed no repeating. But on reaching Cambridge, the regulars, greatly to their comfort, missed the old man and his horse. They comforted themselves by the conjecture that he had, at length, paid the forfeit of his temerity, and that his steed had gone home with a bloody bridle, and an empty saddle. Not so. Hezekiah had only lingered for a moment to aid in a plot which had been laid by Ammi Cutter, for taking the baggage waggon and their guards. Ammi had planted about fifty old rusty muskets under a stone wall, with their muzzles directed toward the road. As the waggons arrived opposite this battery, the muskets were discharged, and eight horses, together with some soldiers, were sent out of existence. The party of soldiers who had the baggage in charge, ran to a pond and plunging their muskets into the water, surrendered themselves to an old woman, called Mother Barberick, who was at that time digging roots in an adjacent field. A party of Americans recaptured the gallant Englishmen from Mother Barberick, and placed them in safe keeping. The captives were exceedingly astonished at the suddenness of the attack, and declared that the Yankees would rise up like mosquitoes out of a marsh, and kill them. This *chef d'œuvre* having been concluded, the harassed soldiers were again amazed by the appearance of Hezekiah, whose white horse was conspicuous among the now countless assailants that sprang from every hill and ringing dell, copse and wood, through which the bleeding regiments, like a wounded snake, held their tedious way. His fatal aim was taken, and a soldier fell at every report of his piece. Even after the worried troops had entered Charlestown, there was no escape for them from the deadly bullets of the restless veteran. The appalling white horse would suddenly and unexpectedly dash out from a brake, or from behind a rock, and the whizzing of his bullet was the precursor of death. He followed the enemy to their very boats; and then turning his horse's head, returned unharmed to his household.

"Where have you been, husband?"

"Picking cherries," replied Hezekiah—but he forgot to say that he had first made cherries of the red coats, by putting the pits into them.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

EXPENSES OF WARS.

BY ONE OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

Since the year 1000, there have been twenty-four different wars between England and France; twelve between England and Scotland; eight between England and Spain; and seven with other countries: in all, fifty-one wars!

There have been six wars within one hundred years, viz.

	<i>Sterling.</i>	<i>Destruction of human life.</i>
1. War ending 1697, cost	£21,500,000	{ slain, 100,000 famine, 80,000
2. " began 1702, "	43,000,000	} not ascertain'd
3. " began 1739, "	46,400,000	
4. " began 1756, "	111,000,000	
5. Amer. war, 1775, "	139,000,000	- 250,000
The last war, 1793, "	750,000,000	- 2,000,000

among the several belligerents. At the conclusion of the war which ended 1697, the national debt was twenty-one millions and a half. At the conclusion of the last war, in 1815, the national debt amounted to no less than one thousand and fifty millions.

On the 25th May, 1660, Charles II was restored to the throne of England. In 1664, he declared war against Holland, upon very frivolous pretences. Two English ships had been taken by the Dutch; and, though they offered to make a proper compensation, Charles would not accept it, but immediately proceeded to hostilities.

After three years' war, both sides were equally tired, and peace was concluded at Breda, 10th July, 1667.

William III ascended the throne in 1689. In respect to foreign wars, William's grand object was to humble the pride of the French king; and with this view, he entered into a confederacy with the Emperor, the King