With the constancy of mins. Yet farewell-we part forever! All regrets are now in vain! Fate decrees that we must sever Noter to meet on earth again. Fare thee well!

Like the shadow of the dial Lingers still our parting kies ! Life has no severer trial, Death no pang to equal this. Every clime to reem at will, But within the land that here thee One fond heart will love the still. Yet farewell-we part forever! All regrets are now in vain! Pate decrees that we must sever

THE HIDDEN HAND.

Fare thee well!

Ne'er to meet on earth again.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Wife," STO., STO., STO.

CHAPTER L.—THE NOCTURNAL VISIT. How let with me when every sound appals me?

I hear a knocking

In the south entry! Hark!—more knocking!

Hurricane Hall is a large old family mansion built of dark, red sandstone, in one of the lone liest and wildest of the mountain regions of Vir-

The estate is surrounded on three sides by range of steep, gray rocks, spiked with clumps of dark evergreens, and called, from its horseshoe form, the Devil's Hoof.

· On the fourth side the ground gradually de scends in broken rock and barren soil to the edge of the wild mountain stream known as the Devil's Run When storms and floods were high, the loud

toaring of the wind through the wild mountain gorges, and the terrific raging of the torrent over its rocky course, gave to this savage lopality its ill-omened names of Devil's Hoof. Devil's Run and Hurricane Hall.

Major Ira Warfield, the lonely proprietor o the Hall, was a veteran officer, who, in disgust at what he supposed to be ill-requited services, had retired from public life to spend the evening of his vigorous age on this his patrimonial estate. Here he lived in seclusion, with his old-fashioned house-keeper, Mrs. Condiment and his old family servants and his favorite dogs and horses. Here his mornings were usually spent in the chase, in which he excelled and his afternoons and evenings were occupied in small convivial suppers among his few chosen campanions of the chase or the bottle.

In person Major Warfield was tall and strong Douglas of the olden time. His features were large and harsh; his complexion dark red, as | ven! was she murdered, then?' exclaimed the that of one bronzed by long exposure and flushed with strong drink. His fierce, dark gray began to draw on his nether garments.

"Be composed she was not murdered,' said brows, that when gathered into a frown, re- the pastor. minded one of a thunder cloud, as the flashing orbs beneath them did of lightning. His hard, harsh face was surrounded by a thick growth of iron-gray hair and beard that met beneath his chin. His usual habit was a black cloth coat. crimson vest, black leather breeches, long, black yarn stockings, fastened at the knee, and mo-

rocco slippers with silver buttons. In character Major Warfield was arrogant domineering and violent-equally loved and home—disliked and dreaded by his neighbors and acquaintances abroad, who, partly from his bouse and partly from his character, fixed upon him the appropriate nickname of OLD HURRI-

besides that of his arrogant mind, violent tem-per and domineering habits. Old Hurricane was said to be an old bachelor, yet rumor whispered that there was in some obscure part of the world, hidden away from human sight, a de- tinued, addressing his companion, 'I think you sarted wife and child, poor, forlorn and hearthard broken. It was further whispered that the elder brother of Ira Warfield had mysteriously and sudden death; for if weishould be so lucky ling of the gravel under Molly's feet—and stopdisappeared, and not without some suspicion of as to escape Black Donald and his gang, we ped at a horse-block, where one o' them willains foul play on the part of the only person in the shall have at least an equal chance of being lifted me off. I put up my hand again. world who had a strong interest in his "taking upset in the darkness of these dreadful moun-"Do, if you dare," says t'other one, w off." However these things might be, it was tains.' knewn for a certainty that Old Hurricane had 'A p an only sister, widowed, sick and poor, who with her son dragged on a wretched life of illrequited toil, severe privation and painful infirmity, in a distant city, unaided, unsought and uncared for by her cruel brother.

It was the night of the last day of October 1845. The evening had closed in very dark and gloomy. About dusk the wind rose in the northwest, driving up masses of leaden hued clouds. and in a few minutes the ground was covered deep with snow, and the air was filled with

As this was All Hallow Eye, the dreadful inclemency of the weather did not prevent the negroes of Hurricane Hall from from availing themselves of their capricious old master's per-mission, and going off in a body to a banjo breakdown held in the negro quarters of their next neighbor.

Upon this evening, then, there was left at Hurricane Hall only Major Warfield, Mrs. Con-diment, his little old house-keeper, and Wool, his

Early in the evening the old hall was shut up closely, to keep out as much as possible the woman, raisi seemed of the storm that roared through the her visitor. mountain chasms and cannonaded the walls of the house as if determined to force an entrance. her a scrutinizing look, exclaiming at inter-As soon as she had seen that all was safe, Mrs.

mel dressing gown, sat in his well padded easy | teen years ago?" chair before a warm and bright fire, taking his comfort in his own most comfortable bed-room. This was the hour of the coziest enjoyment to the self-indulgent old Sybarite, who dearly loved his punch, while his black servant, Wool, ap- to fear in doing so, for you are past the arm of plied the warming-pan to his cozy couch, he earthly law now! fairly hugged himself for enjoyment, and declared that nothing under heaven would or could tempt him to leave that room and that house and go out into that storm on that night. Just as he had come to this emphatic determination he was startled by a violent ringing of the doorbell. Ordering Wool to go and see what was run away.

the matter, he hastily arrayed himself in his alceping habiliments and jumped into bed, defarmined not to be intruded upon, or to be called out of his room on any account whatever.

Wool hastily closed the offending portals, and

UTS

hurried to to his master's side. he say how he must see yourself, personally, the Devil's Punch Bowl.

that I had retired?

mis to come wake you up, and say how it med death! What have I to do with life that death? I won't stir! If the parton some

Washington—shut the door, you rascal! or I'll

Wool obeyed with alacrity and in time escape the threatened missile. After an absence of a few minutes he heard returning, attending upon the footsteps of another. And the next minute he entered, ushering in the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, the parish min-

ister of Bethlehem, St. Mary's. with this severe change of weather, and took a warm negus and went to bed to sweat it off! You'll excuse me! Wool, draw that easy chair him good after his cold ride.

I thank you, Major Warfield! I will take the seat, but not the negus, if you please, to-night.' Not the negue! Oh, come now, you are joking! Why, it will keep you from catching cold, and be a most comfortable nighteap, disposing you to aleep and sweat like a baby! course you spend the night with us?'

I thank you, no! I must take the road again in a few minutes! 'Take the road again to-night! Why, man alive! it is midnight, and the snow driving like all Lapland.'

Sir, I am sorry to refuse your proffered hospitality and leave your comfortable roof to-night, and sorrier still to have to take you with me, said the pastor, gravely.'

'Take ME with you! No, no, my good sir!
10, no, that is too good a joke—ha! ha!' Sir, I fear that you will find it a very serious Your servant told you that my errand was one of imminent urgency?' 'Yes, something like life and death-

Exactly-down in the cabin, near the Punch Bowl, there is an old woman dying——.'
There, I knew it. I was just saying there might be an old woman dying. But, my dear sir. what's that to me? What can I do?

'Humanity, sir, would prompt you.'
'Cut, my dear sir, how can I help her? I am not a physician to prescribe—...

'She is far past a physician's help.' 'Nor am I priest to hear her confession-*Her confession God has already received.' 'Well, and I'm not a lawyer to draw up her

'No, sir; but you are recently appointed on of the Justices of the Peace for Alleghany.' 'Yes; well, what of that That does not comprise the duty of my getting up out of my warm | and ef you'll spare my life, you can go there | his close-shaven face was as smooth and as my bed and going through a snow storm to see an Excuse me for insisting, sir; but this is an

official duty,' said the parson, mildly but firmly. 'I'll—I'll throw up my commission to-morow,' growled the old man. 'To-morrow you may do that, but meanwhile,

to this woman's bedside.' 'To receive a dying deposition! Good Hea-

'Be composed -she was not murdered,' said

Well, then, what is it? Dying deposition! It must concern a crime,' exclaimed the old man, hastily drawing on his coat. 'It does concern a crime.' 'What crime, for the love of heaven?'

'I am not at liberty to tell you. She will do

'Wool, go down and rouse up Jehn, and him to put Parson Goodwin's mule in the stable for the night. And tell him to put the black feared by his faithful old family servants at draught-horse to the close carriage, and light both the front lanterns—for we shall have a dark, stormy road. - Shut the door, you infernal!-I beg your pardon, parson, but that villain always icaves the door ajar after him.'
The good parson bowed gravely; and the ma-

jor completed his toilet by the time the servant returned and reported the carriage ready.
'To the Devil's Punch Bowl'—was the order given by Old Hurricane as he followed the minister into the carriage. 'And now, sir,' he con-

'A pair of saddle mules would have a safer conveyance, certainly,' said the minister. Old Hurricane knew that, but though a great sensualist, he was a brave man, and so he had rather risk his life in a close carriage than suf-

fer cold upon a sure-footed mule's back. After many delays and perils, the paster and Old Hurricane arrived at their destination, called the Witch's Hut or Old Hat's Cabin. In gray-haired and emaciated woman, evidently near unto death. On being informed that a They was slike. magistrate had arrived, she insisted on everybody else leaving the room, as she would speak with him alone. Her request having been complied with, Old Hurricane drew from his pocket

a Bible, administered the oath, and then said: 'Now then, my good soul begin—'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,' you know. But first, your name?" 'Is it possible you don't know me, master?'

'Not I, in faith!' For the love of heaven, look at me and try o recollect me, sir! It is necessary some one authority should be able to know me,' said the woman, raising her haggard eyes to the face of

The old man adjusted his spectacles and gave

Condiment went to bed and went to sleep

'Lord bless my soul! it is! it must! it can't hardly

It was about ten o'clock that night that Old be! Granny Grewell—the—the—midwife breaking that disappeared from here some twelve or thirabout.

'And Yes, master, I am Nancy Grewell, the ladies'

nurse, who vanished from sight so mysteriously some thirteen years ago!' replied the woman.
'Heaven help our hearts! And for what crime his own case. Very comfortable was Old Hurwas it you ran away? Come make a clear ricane; and as he toasted his feet and sipped breast of it woman, woman! You have nothing 'I know it, master.'

'And the best way to prepare to meet the Divine Judge is to make all the reparation that you can by a full confession! 'I know it, sir-if I had committed a crime : but I have committed no crime, neither did I

'What? what? what? What was it then !-Remember, witness, you are on your oath!'
'I know that, sir, and I will tell the truth; but it must be in my own way."

would have shaken it about their ears. It was a proper overture to the tale that was forgiven, I am telling you the truth !'

section affect more'n an hour ago, and he or stilled waters and sich, as I allus carried when I was out 'tendin' on the sick. I was on my way a going to see a lady as I was sent for to

Wall Square !- Play not shome to few as me me he will have to come up here and see inever was direid of man, beast, nor spirit! and mee in bed.'

Mos' I fetch him reverence up, sar?'

Tea, I wouldn't get up and go down to see— was called upon so to do. Still I must say that jest as me and Molly, my mule, got into the deep, thick, loansome woods as stands round the old Hidden House in the hollow. I did feel queerish; case it was the dead hour of night, and it was said how strange things were seen and hearn, yes, and done too, in that dark, deep. lonesome place. I seen how even my mule Molly felt queer too, by the way she stuck up her cars, stiff as quilla. So, partly to keep up 'How do you do? How do you do? Glad to my own spirits, and partly to courage her, says see you, sir! glad to see you, though obliged to I, 'Molly,' says I, 'what are ye afeard on? Be reserve you in bed! Fact is, I caught a bold a man, Molly!' But Molly stepped out cautious, and pricked up her long cars all the same.

Well, master, it was so dark I couldn't see a yard past Molly's cars, and the path was so narup to my bedside for worthy Mr. Goodwin, and row and the bushes so thick we could hardly bring him a glass of warm negus. It will do get along; but just as we came to the little creek as they calls the Spout, cause the water jumps and jets along till it empties into the Punch Bowl, and just as Molly was cautiously putting her fore feet into the water, out starts two men from the bushes and seizes poor Molly's bridle! 'Good heaven!' exclaimed Major Warfield.

Well, master, before I could cry out, one of them villians seized me by the scruff of my neck, and with the other hand on my mouth he "Be silent, you old fool, or I'll blow your

brains out!* 'And then master, I saw for the first time that their faces were covered over with black crape. I couldn't a-screamed if they'd let me. for my breath was gone and my senses were going along with it from the fear that was on me. 'Don't struggle, come along quietly and you shall not be hurt,' says the man as had spoke 'Struggle! I couldn't a-struggled to a saved

my soul! I couldn't speak! I couldn't breathe! I liked to have a-dropped right offen Molly's back. One on 'em says, says he: "Give her some brandy!" And t'other takes out a flask and puts it to my lips and says, says

'Well, master, as he had me still by the scruff open my mouth and drink it. And as soon as I took a swallow my breath come back and my

'And oh, gentlemen,' says I, 'ef it's 'your money or your life' you mean, I haint it about me! 'Deed 'clare to the Lord-a-mighty I baint! it's wrapped up in an old cotton glove in a hole and his long, natural hair was white as snew, in the plastering in the chimney-corner at home, and hung in masses down about his neck; but all who belong upon it!" and get it,' says I.

'You old blackhead,' says they, 'we want neither one nor t'other! Come along quietly and you shall receive no harm. But at the first cry or attempt to escape this shall stop you! - | cont, knee-breeches, (claret, like his cont.) white also, and wore the tightest kind of black breeches And with that the villain held the mizzle of a cotton long hose, with immense silver buckles and stockings, making his very active, but dimpistol so night to my nose that I smelt brimstone, in his shoes. Upon his head he wore the ri- inuive legs look even smaller than they were. to-night, being still in the commission of the while t'other one bound a silk handkercher cornered continental hat of the day, with a red His moustache, which was thick and heavy, peace, you are bound to get up and go with me 'round my eyes, and then took poor Molly's white and blue cockade placed so conspicuously was twisted ferociously over toward each ear, bridle and led her along. I couldn't see, in on it, that all who looked might see that he did which it nearly touched. 'And what the demon is wanted of me there?' | course, and I dissint breathe for fear o' the pis- | not fear to wear the sign of a patriot American.

> Well, master, they led the mule on down the path, until we comed to a place wide enough to turn, when they turned us 'round and led us back outen the wood, and then round and round, and up and down, and cross ways and length ways, as of they didn't want me to find where

they were taking me. 'fused way, leadin' of the mule about a mile. I knew we was in the woods again—the very same woods and the very same path-I knowed by the feel of the place and the sound of the bushes, as we hit up against them each side, and also by the rumbling of the Spout as it tumbled along toward the Punch Bowl. We went down, and down, and down, and lower, and lower, and lower, until we got right down in the bottom of that hollow.

'Then we stopped. A gate was opened. I put up my hand to raise the handkerchief, and see where I was; but just at that minute, I felt the mizzle o' the pistle like a ring of ice literally a waif of the sea. Drifted ashorefrom right agin my right temple, and the willaid a wreck upon a little island at the south-west growling into my car:

But I didn't -- I dropped my hand down as of a noble and good old man who had left the if I had been shot, and afore I had seen any- world to life a hermit life there. He named

mizzle o' the pistle at my head.
'I dropped my hand like lead. So they led me on a little way, and then up some steps. I "You had no history, you said, sir? No counted them to myself as I went along.— history, indeed!" cried Mr. Cringle. "Why, They were six. You see, master, I took all this sir, already you are a hero of romance. I must pains to know the house again. Then they find out who your father and mother were, etepened a door that opened in the middle. They then went along a passage and up more stairsthere was ten and a turn, and then ten more. Then along another passage, and up another one corner of the hut, on a ragged couch, lay a flight of stairs just like the first. Then along another passage, and up a third flight of stairs.

Well, sir, here we was at the top o' the house. One o' them willains opened a door on the left side, and t'other said-"There—go in and do your duty!' and push-

ed me through the door and shut and locked it on me. Good gracious, sir, how scared I was! I slipped off the silk handkerchief, and 'feared as I was, I didn't forget to put it in my bosom. Then I looked about me. Right afore me on the hearth was a little wony taper burning, that showed I was in a great big garret with sloping walls. At one end two deep dorner windows, and a black walnut bureau standing between them. At t'other end a great tester bedstead with dark curtains. There was a dark carpet on the floor. And with all there were so many dark objects and so many shadows, and writing in his memorandum-book. "I've got the little taper burned so dimly that I could hardly tell tother from which, or keep from breaking my nose against things as I groped

And what was I in this room for to do? I couldn't even form an idee. But presently my | we'll go aboard of the 'Tyrannicide,' and see blood ran cold to hear a groan from behind the curtains—then another—and another—then a sea in the morning!" cry as of a child in mortal agony, saying :

For the love of Heaven, save me!' fran to the bed and dropped the curtains, and liked to have fainted at what I saw. And what did you see?' asked the magis-

Master, behind those dark curtains I saw a young creature tossing about on the bed, flinging her fair and beautiful arms about, and tearing wildly at the fine lace that trimmed her night dress. But, master, that wasn't what almost made me faint—it was that her right hand was sewed up in black crape, and her whole face and head completely covered with black crape drawn down and fastened securly

Well, master: I hardly know how to tell you what followed - said the old woman, hesating in embarrasement.

We right straight on like a car of Juggernaut reman ? Remember the whole truth. Well, master, in the next two hours there were twins born in that room—a boy and girl; the boy was dead, the girl living. And all the time I heard the measured tramping of one of them willains up and down the passage outside of that room. Presently the steps stopped, and there was a rap at the door. I went and listened, but did not open it.'

'Is it all over?' the voice asked. Before I could answer, a cry from the bed caused me to look round. There was the poor masked mother stretching out her white arms towards me in the most imploring way. I hastened back to her.

'Tell him—no—ne,' she said. [TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR MEXT.]

SEAWAIF; OR. THE TERROR OF THE COAST.

AN EXCITING SEA STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

A TALE OF PRIVATERRING IN 1776.

CHAPTER L

"I'd like to know your history, Captain Sea waif—I'd like very much to know your history. sir! I think I've a right to sir-s right, yo understand. And if there is any one th which I stick out for more peremptorily that another, it is right sir—right! This is why Phineas Cringle, merchant, et-cet-e ra, et-cet-e-ra, am an open and avowed patriot, sir. Old England is wrong, and Young America is right. Therefore, I'm with her. You are a young man, yet you come so well recommended to me as a skillful seaman, a fearless man and an houst one, withal, that I like you, though you're ot Tyrannicide, as good a craft as floats on lalt water-well maned, well officered, well armed, et-cet-e-ra-et-cet-e-ra; and I know that she'll be well commanded. But your history, sir, your history!"

"At present, I have no history worth lisening to, Mr. Cringle; but I will try to write ne with my sword which all the world can real!" the United Colonies of America, in the stor of of the latter. the first speaker. Mr. Phineas Cringle, "merchant, et-cet-e-ra," as he always called himself. eccentric in his ways, but as sound at heart as a young, unshaken oak. His age was full sixy, daughter, who was just eighteen.

Mr. Cringle's short, thick-set figure

dressed in a claret, shad-bellied coat, buff-waispression of his curved lip, that told you, that when manhood was needed, he was there, in spite of the delicacy of his appearance. His dress was a naval frock-cost, with spaulet straps upon the shoulders, plain pantaloous and white color. boots, and a blue naval cap. He wore no wea-pons there—yet he looked like one who could wear a sword gracefully, and use it skillfully.

"You can at least tell me where you was born, sir!" said Mr. Cringle, pursuing his ob-

"I cannot tell you where I was born, or even corner of Nantucket Shoal, I was taken from a self reached the land. That old man, Edward Zane. was more than father or mother to me-"Do, if you dare,' says t'other one, with the he hated a world which had wronged him much; but he loved me all the more that I had seen nothing of it. To him I owe everything."

cet-e-ra, et-cet-e-ra! Was there nothing beside

and jewels-some of it evidently belonging to a lady of rank and fashion; for it was very rich." "Any name in the Bible, on the jewelry or clothing. et-cet-e-ra!

"No, sir, none—except a crest and coat-ofarms that were on a seal ring, and also ngraved on various articles of jewelry which I possess; for when the good old hermit died, he begged me to keep them-in hopes that they might lead to the discovery of my family." "Yes, he was right-very right What was

this crest and coat-of-arms!" asked the mer-"Two arms and hands grasping, crossed swords over a coronet, for the crest: a shield with diamonds and fleur de lis for the coat-of-

"Umph-noble blood: the fleur de French, or was once!" said the old merchant. something to do-I'll find out who your parents were or are (for they may yet be living,) if I have to hunt over the heraldry of all the world. But, come up stairs, captain, we'll take a glass of punch of daughter Kate's brewing: and then how matters go there. I suppose you'll go to

"Yes, sir," said Seawaif, following the merchant to the dwelling part of his house, which was in the upper part of his store and wareroom -a thing very common in those days.

CHAPTER II. "Isn't she a beauty? Taut and near aloft, trim and saucy below, et-cet-e-ra?" said Mr. Cringle, as he and the young captain stood upon the wharf, and looked at a craft which lay at anchor in the little harbor.

She was, for that era, astonishingly clipperish, raking in spars, sharp in hull and calculated to carry an astonishing quantity of canvass. Her rig was that of a two-topsail schooner—her forgot him."

"Nossing, sare—nossing I sank you. Ah pardon me—zere is one zing I'ave forgot. I vish, sare, if you please, two or tree pound of snuff, ze Mackaboy, for tickle my nose. I'ave forgot him." At this moment Wool re-appeared.

At this moment a violent blast of wind and there holding it open on me all night?

At this moment a violent blast of wind and the lips and none to breathe through!

At this moment a violent blast of wind and the lips and none to breathe through!

At this moment a violent blast of wind and the lips and none to breathe through!

What! take care woman! remember that against the walls, shaking the witch's hut, as if it would have shaken it about their ears.

At this moment a violent blast of wind and the lips and none to breathe through!

What! take care woman! remember that appeared to be about three bundred tons. She to be ready, and with Mr. Cringle was rowed to the pier, from which they both returned to 'I know it, master! And as I hope to be carronades on a side; and a long brass thirty-the shore.

The shore it is a side; and a long brass thirty-the shore. well, sir, who was it rang the bell?

*Bar, de Reverend Mr. Parson Goodwin, and in deep reverberating echoes from the depths of past childhood, if one might judge by her small size, and soft, rosy akin. I asked her the boarding-pikes and battle axes. At her mainmast head, but she threw up her hands and exclaimate the motio: "Death to Tyranus and their Tools!"

It was easy morning. The red sun had just small size, and now brightenabout to be told. Conversation was impossible until the storm raved past and was heard dying in deep reverberating echoes from the depths of the Dovil's Punch Bowl.

It is some thirteen years ago,' began Granny let until the storm raved past and was heard dying in deep reverberating echoes from the depths of small size, and soft, rosy akin. I asked her the boarding-pikes and battle axes. At her mainmast head, but she threw up her hands and exclaimate the motio: "Death to Tyranus and their Tools!"

The salls of the "Tyranus and their Tools!"

At the fore-track, another red flag bore the waited for the change of tide to companies her At the fore-truck, another red flag bore the waited for the change of side to commence her name of the schooner—"THE TYPARKICIDE."

Her figure-head was a sexpent striking its fangs into the heart of a man who wore a grown. Taking her a together, she was indeed a saucy and dangerous looking craft, calculated to both sail and fight well. Upon her deck many men could be seen, showing that, if she had " teeth,"

she had also strength to use them. The young captain did not reply to the proud owner's remarks, but, with an equally exulting eye, looked at the handsome vessel, while a boat which he had signalled, rapidly approached the

It was surf-huilt, pulled by eight sturdy young men, and an officer, also young, but a bold and handsome boy, steered her. In a few moments, she was at the pier. The young officer touched

his hat, and said: "If you please, Captain Seawaif, you had better hasten aboard." "Why, Mr. Morley, what is the matter there?"

asked the captain, as he and Mr. Cringle sprang into the boat. "The surgeon, sir, Dr. La Motte, has had a quarrel with Mr. Doolittle, the first officer, sir,

they were getting arms to settle the matter when I left, sir.' "Ah! quarrelling already! I'll give them a "Ah! quarrelling already! I'll give enem a chance to fight our country's foes, not her friends, soon!" said Captain Seawaif. "Give way with see me, lady," said Seawaif, as he stood be will, men," he added, to those at the cars; her, actually blushing as much as she did. " put me along side in a hurry—I hear the clash

But a few moments elapsed ere the boat reach-

ed the shooner's gangway. The captain scarcely touched the man-rones as he leaped over the side, with a frown on his pale brow, and an angry light in his dark eye. And he came just in time; for one of the combat n s, his first officer, was tremendously hard pressed by his opponent, who, using a long slim rapier of matchless steel with consummate skill, was far superior to the other, who had the short, curved cutlass, much used by seamen at for you a little token which might remind that day. While the amazed, yet amused crew when far away, that there was one here so rough in the figure-head as good sea dogs ge- of the vessel looked on, the Frenchman had nerally are. I have given you command of the made lunge after lunge at the officer, making return, and tremble at every storm-clo remarks at each lunge, which brought shouts of

laughter from the men. "Ah, ha! Monsieur Do-letle: I make you do somesing now, eh?" he would cry, as he made a lunge, which the officer, standing solely on the defensive, barely succeeded in parrying.-"How you like ze frog-stickare, in ze hands of ze frog-entare, eh?" he would add, as his keen This conversation occurred at the commence- blade, doubling over the stiff one of his adveror the neck I couldn't do no other ways but ment of that revolution which gave freedon to sary, narrowly escaped a sheath in the bosom

"Hold here, HOLD!" cried Seawaif, sternly, as he stepped between the combatants. who He was a curious, but a good old man-very | instantly lowered the points of their weapons. "What means this breach of discipline in his last burning kiss—a salute, it is transferred, and upon my quarter-deck, which respect only—looked at it as if the kiss help should and shall be as inviolate as a church to a visible impression, a sign which she as

The attitude and look of the combatants at almost as that of Kate Cringle, his blooming this instant was most striking. The Frenchman, who was very lean and tall, had cast off, not only his cap, but his, wig leaving his perfectly bald head exposed. He was in his shirt-sleeves,

Mr. Doolittle was equally long and lank; The person whom he spoke to was a young he vore a seaman's loose trowsers which though man, probably twenty five years of age. His eyes were large, dark blue, and shaded by long sprind out Turkishly below, and there conbrown lashes; his flowing hair and soft, glossy beard was of a rich, dark brown; his figure was slight, yet very graceful; his entire appearance wast, gave an idea that there was an expansion quiet, and exceedingly genteel. But when his eye looked upon you, there was something in the extra cold depth—a something in the extra col meterial than cotton shirting. His face was smooth, and his long, straight hair scemed to have been plastered to his cheeks with tallow. or some other such substance, of its own dirty-

"What means this quarrel? Speak gentlemen, I will permit no trifling here!" "I mess it wouldn't have been a trifle if the doctor had run his tarnal toad-sticker through my gizzard!" said Mr. Doolittle. "But cap'n, reckm I was in the wrong! The doctor orderedsome fried frogs on the table, and I said I'd rather eat stewed kittens. He twitted me abou eating pork and molasses, and I talked back rather saucy; and he wanted to fight and I acommodated him. That's all sir—I'm the one to blame!"

"No, Monsieur Dooleetle, scuse me if you salliplease—you are tout genereuse. I, sare, am ze mentihomme zat is to blame. Monsieur le Cajitaine, I shall make one grande apology to year quarter deck-tree grande to Monsieur Diolectic, and more zan dat to you, zare! I make once more frents wiz Monsieur Dooletle; and if at any time he have a shot in ze leg or ze arm, I vill take zem off as easy as pull

"Thank ye; I hope you'll not have any shance for such operations," said the officer; h but here's my hand, and if the cap'n will excuse us this time. we'll be as fast friends as

"Eh! bien-zat is one grande idea, Monsieur Dooleetle. I nevare shall observe if you eat pork wiz molasses any more," said La Motte, grasping the extended hand. "And you may eat frogs till you croak, doctor, before I find fault with you again," said the naturally good-hearted mate.

The captain smiled, and went down into the cabin with Mr. Cringle, whither, after the doctor had recovered his wig, cap, and coat, they were followed by him and Mr. Doolittle. "Gentlemen, this has been the first difficulty on board; let it be the last, and it shall be excused," said the young commander. "Save your strength and your steel for America's foes -I will soon place you where you'll have work enough to do with them." "Eh bien, I shall be excessively delight ven

zat day sall arrive. My instruments are all ready for ze amputat, ze ball-extract, ze everysing," cried the doctor, rolling up his sleeves.
"The sooner we're away, and at a work a makin' somethin', the better I'll be pleased," said Mr. Doolittle. "They do say there's a powerful sight o' transports and the like a crossin' over, and their cargoes must be worth a mint o' mony to our government folks just now, when powder, and lead, and shootin' tools are

go scarce !" "We will sail as soon as ebb-tide makes in FALL & WINTER GOO the morning sir," said the captain. "See that which he will sell at very low prices for cash in part of "Ay, sy, air—this is the best news that I've Delaines, Robes, Pai de Chenes, plant and the prices which he will sell at very low prices for cash in part of Delaines, Robes, Pai de Chenes, plant and the prices when the plant of Delaines, Robes, Pai de Chenes, plant and the prices when the plant of Delaines, Robes, Pai de Chenes, plant and the plant of Delaines, Robes, Pai de Chenes, plant and plant of Delaines, Robes, Pai de Chenes, plant and plant of Delaines, Robes, Pai de Chenes, plant and plant of Delaines, Robes, Pai de Chenes, P heard in a coon's age! And the men are just as impatient as I am." "It is well, I look to you to see that all things are ready. I shall now go on shore with

Mr. Cringle, to receive his last orders. Send a boat for me at ten to-night, precisely." "Ay, ay, sir!" replied the officer. "Can I do anything for you on shore, doctor?" inquired the captain. "Nossing, sare—nossing I sank you. Ah

to the pier, from which they both returned to

captain sign, and her officers, excepting to only, were watching the tide very impaties for its change, He had been summoned to for its change, no man occus our moned to the shore by a signal from Mr. Cringle, very to after daylight, much to his surprise for he as he supposed, received his final direction night before. When he reached the shore, the merch

All of her boats had been hoisted but

when he reached the shore, the merchanter him, and said; "Go up stairs to Kath a dear captain, she has got some errand for he I tried to find out, but she would only tell far The captain, who was in a hurry to rece his vessel, hastened up stairs into the lete where Miss Kate Cringle waited for him She was not what might strictly be a very handsome girl, but yet was pretty. a very handsome giri, but yet was pretty, had a fine plump, well-shaped figure; he of a bright hazel—at times laughing and full light, then liquid with deep and true worms feeling; her features very good; and her of the liquid with light and be of the liquid with light and light feeling; her features very good; and her of the liquid with li plexion as clear red and white as a pink bloom.

There was no lack of strong, bold intelled and has challenged him to a duel. I believe her expression; but she was modest almost a fault—if modesty could be faulty; for blushes came and went like the flushes of Aurora Borcalis across a pale northern sty. a brave man is often timid before a lady; a fops, fools, and cowards, are apt to be "bar in woman's presence, where danger only in her love-dealing eyes. Such as the protected by shields of brass, while tree go there with open hearts and naked breen "Yes, sir," said Kate, while her eyes downcast with modesty. "You are about leaves us on an expedition where death hovering above, below, and all around you I could not sleep all the night for thinks it; and so I spent my wakeful hours in me would pray for your safety, watch for you appea a."

She ceased to speak, and timidly raisely eyes to his, as she handed him the pretty "I thank you, lady," said Seawaif, with voice trembled with emotion.

And he took the little flag, and placed it his bosom, next to his heart; and, after pa ing her small, white hand to his lips, said: Excuse me that I did not tarry-my are loose, the anchor almost speak, and the will serve by the time I can get back to my sel. Heaven bless you, and adieu!"

He was gone. And the pretty maiden the and looked at the hand on which he had me look upon for all time when she thought dis And a still soft, sigh came up from her ha seeming to linger on her red, sweet lipt u loath to part with them. She stood thus dealing, until she heard the sound of men chemically, and then she went to the window, which he ed toward the harbor, and saw that the and rannicide" was under way.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) TUST ARRIVING—A SELECT will be sold as cheap as the cheapest—consisting of ing's, Canton Finnnel. Musline, Prints, Barrel lean assortment of Trimmings for Ladies Dresses, with dreds of articles too numerous to mention.

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June 4, '67-41]

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