

# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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## Poetry.

### The Day of the Lord.

BY CHARLES KINGOLEY.

The day of the Lord is at hand, at hand!  
Its storms roll up the sky;  
A nation sleeps on heaps of gold,  
All dreamers lose and sigh;  
The night is darkest before the dawn—  
When the pain is sorest, the child is born—  
And the day of the Lord at hand.  
Gather you, gather you, angels of God,  
Freedom, and mercy, and truth,  
Come! for the earth is grown toward and old,  
Come down and renew us here!  
Wisdom, self-sacrifice, daring and love,  
Haste to the battlements, stand firm above,  
To the day of the Lord at hand.  
Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell,  
Famine, and plague, and war,  
Idleness, bigotry, cant and misrule,  
Gather, and all in the snare!  
Hirelings and mammonites, pedants and knaves,  
Crawl to the battle-field, sneak to your graves,  
In the day of the Lord at hand.  
Who would sit down and sigh for a stage of gold,  
While the Lord of all ages is here?  
True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,  
And those who can suffer, can dare,  
Each old age of gold was an iron age too;  
And the meekness of saints may find stern work to do  
In the day of the Lord at hand.

### There Sits a Bird on Every Tree.

BY CHARLES KINGOLEY.

There sits a bird on every tree,  
With a neigh hot  
There sits a bird on every tree,  
Sings to its love, as I to thee,  
With a neigh-hot, and a neigh-hot  
Young maids must marry.  
There grows a flower on every bough,  
With a neigh-hot  
There grows a flower on every bough,  
Its gay leaves kiss—'Till show you how—  
With a neigh-hot, and a neigh-hot  
Young maids must marry.  
The sun's a bridegroom, earth a bride;  
With a neigh-hot  
The sun's a bridegroom, earth a bride;  
They court from morn till evening;  
The earth shall pass but love abide,  
With a neigh-hot, and a neigh-hot  
Young maids must marry.

## Selections.

### AN EXCITING SEA STORY OF THE REVOLUTION! OR, THE TERROR OF THE COAST. A TALE OF PRIVATEERING IN 1776. CHAPTER I.

"I'd like to know your history, Captain Seawulf—I'd like very much to know your history, sir! I think I've a right to, sir—a right, you understand. And if there is any one thing which I stick out for more prominently than another, it is right, sir—right! That is why I, Phineas Cringle, merchant, et-cet-er-a, et-cet-er-a, 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 seaman, a fearless man and an honest one, without that I like you, though you're not so rough in the figure-head as good sea-dogs generally are. I have given you command of the "Tyranicide," as good a craft as floats on salt water—well manned, well officered, well armed, et-cet-er-a, et-cet-er-a; and I know that she'll be well commanded. But you history, sir, your history!"

"At present, I have no history worth listening to, Mr. Cringle; but I will try to write one with my sword which all the world can read!"

This conversation occurred at the commencement of that revolution which gave freedom to the United Colonies of America, in the store of the first speaker, Mr. Phineas Cringle, "merchant, et-cet-er-a," as he always called himself.

He was a curious, but a good old man—very eccentric in his ways, but as sound at heart as a young, unshaken oak. His age was full sixty, and his long, natural hair was white as snow, and hung in masses down about his neck; but his close shaven face was as smooth and as rosy almost as that of Kate Cringle, his blooming daughter, who was just eighteen.

Mr. Cringle's short, thick-set figure was dressed in a claret, shad-bellied coat, buff waistcoat, knee-breeches, (claret, like his coat,) white cotton long hose, with immense silver buckles in his shoes. Upon his head he wore the tri-cornered continental hat of the day, with a red white and blue cockade placed so conspicuously on it, that all who looked might see that he did not fear to wear the sign of a patriot American.

The person whom he spoke to was a young man, probably twenty-five years of age. His eyes were large, dark blue, and shaded by long, brown lashes; his flowing hair and soft, glossy beard was of a rich, dark brown; his figure was slight, yet very graceful; his entire appearance quiet, and exceedingly genteel. But when his eye looked upon you, there was a something in its cold, clear depth—a something in the expression 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-coat, with epaulet straps upon the shoulders, plain pantaloons and boots, and a blue naval cap. He wore no weapons 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 object.

"I cannot tell where I was born, or even who my father or mother was," replied the young captain. "As my name indicates,

I am literally a waif of the sea. Drifted ashore from a wreck upon a little island at the south-west corner of Nantucket Shoal, I was taken from a chest into which I had been laid by the hands of a noble and good old man who had left the world to live a hermit life there. He named me Edward Seawulf—the first name his own; the latter, in remembrance of the manner in which I came to him. No living thing but myself reached the land. That old man, Edward Zane, was more than father or mother to me—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."

"You had no history, you said, sir? No history, indeed!" cried Mr. Cringle. "Why, sir, already you are a hero of romance. I must find out who your father and mother were, et-cet-er-a, et-cet-er-a. Was there nothing beside you in the chest when the good old man found you?"

"Yes, sir—a Bible, a quantity of clothing 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-er-a?"

"No, sir, none—except a crest and coat-of-arms that were on a seal ring, and also engraved 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 merchant.

"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-arms."

"Umph—noble blood; the fleur de lis is French, or was once!" said the old merchant, writing in his memorandum-book. "I've got 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 we'll go aboard of the "Tyranicide," and see how matters go there. I suppose you'll go to sea in the morning!"

"Yes, said Seawulf, following the merchant to the dwelling part of his house, which was in the upper part of his store and warehouse—a thing very common in those days.

### CHAPTER II.

"Isn't she a beauty? Tant and neat aloft, trim and savvy below, et-cet-er-a!" 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-masted schooner—her lower masts being very long and heavy, so as to carry large fore-and-aft sails. Her tonnage appeared to be about three hundred tons. She was pierced for eight twenty-four pound carronades on a side; and a long brass thirty-two pounder, working on a pivot, shone bright as gold between her masts, mounted high enough to work above her hammock nettings. Around her masts could be seen the gleam of boarding-pikes and battle-axes. At her main mast head a blood red flag floated out, bearing the motto: "Death to Tyrants and their Tools!"

At the fore-trunk, another red flag bore the name of the schooner—"THE TYRANICIDE." Her figure-head was a serpent striking its fangs into the heart of a man who wore a crown. Taking her altogether, 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 signaled, rapidly approached the shore.

It was surft-built, 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 Seawulf, you had better hasten aboard."

"Why, Mr. Morely, 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, and has challenged him to a duel. I believe they were getting arms to settle the matter when I left, sir."

"Ah! quarrelling already? I'll give them a chance to fight our country's foes, not her friends, soon!" said Captain Seawulf.

"Give way with a will, man," he added, to those at the oars; "put me along side in a hurry—I hear the clash of steel!"

But a few moments elapsed ere the boat reached the schooner's gangway. The captain scarcely touched the man-ropes 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 combatants, his first officer, was tremblingly 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 that day. While the amazed, yet amused crew of the vessel looked on, the Frenchman had made lunge after lunge at the officer, making remarks at each lunge, which brought shouts of laughter from the men.

"Ah, ha! Monsieur Do-little! I make you do something 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-eatere, eh?" he would add, as his keen blade, doubling over a stiff one of his adversary, narrowly escaped a sheath in the bosom of the latter.

"Hold here, hold!" cried Seawulf, sternly, as he stepped between the combatants, who instantly lowered the points of the weapons. "What means this breach of discipline in officers, and upon my quarter-deck, which should and shall be as inviolate as a church to all who belong upon it!"

The attitude and look of the combatants at 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 head exposed. He was in his shirt-sleeves also, and wore the tightest kind of black breeches and stockings, making his very active, but diminutive legs look even smaller than they were. His moustache, which was thick and heavy, was twisted ferociously toward each ear, which it nearly touched.

Mr. Doolittle was equally long and lank; but he wore a seaman's loose trowsers, which, though they fitted in spider-like tightness, spread out Turkishly below, and there concealed the slender shanks of bone and skin. His loose shirt, bulged out above his slim waist, giving an idea that there was an expansion of chest and body there; but in vain had the rapier of Doctor La Motte, in several passages through the garment, sought for more solid material than cotton shirting. His face was smooth, and his long, straight hair seemed to have been plastered to his cheeks with tallow, or some other such substance, of its own dirty white color.

"What means this quarrel? Speak, gentlemen, I will permit no trifling here!"

"I guess it wouldn't have been a trifler if the doctor had run his tarred toad-slicker through my gizzard!" said Mr. Doolittle. "But, cap'n, I reckon I was in the wrong! The doctor ordered some fried frogs on the table, and I said I'd rather eat stewed kittens. He twitted me about eating pork and molasses, and I talked back rather saucy; and he wanted to fight and I accommodated him. That's all sir—I'm the one to blame!"

"No, Monsieur Doolittle, 'accuse me if you please, you are *tout genereux*. I, sare, am so shentillhomme zat is to blame. Monsieur le Capitaine, I shal make one grand apology to your quartare-deck—*tre grande* to Monsieur Doolittle, and more zan zat to you, sare! I will make one more frents viz Monsieur Doolittle; and if at any time he have a shot in ze leg, or ze arm, I will take zem off as easy as pull a toad!"

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

"Eh! bien—zat is one grande idea, Monsieur Doolittle. I never shall observe if you eat pork viz molasses any more," said La Motte, grasping the extended hand.

"And you may eat frog, 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, hat, 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 delighted with zat day shall arrive. My instruments are all ready for ze amputat, ze ball-extract, ze erysing," cried the doctor, rolling up his sleeves.

"The sooner we're away, and at 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' money to our government folks just now, when powder, lead, and shooting-tools are so scarce!"

"We will sail as soon as ebb-tide makes in the morning, sir," said the captain. "See that everything is ready for sea, below and aloft!"

"Ay, ay, sir—this is the best news I've 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.

CHAPTER III.

It was early morning. The red sun had just come up out of the Atlantic, and now brightened the slightly rippled waves of Salem harbor. The sails of the "Tyranicide" had been loosed, her cable hove short, and she only waited for the change of tide to commence her cruise.

All of her boats had been hoisted but the captain's gig, and her officers, excepting *him only*, were watching the tide impatiently for its change. He had been summoned to the shore by a signal from Mr. Cringle, very soon after daylight, much to his surprise—so he had, as he supposed, received his final directions the night before.

When he reached the shore, the merchant met him, and said: "Go up stairs to Kate, my dear captain, she has got some errand for you. I tried to find out, but she would only tell you."

The captain, who was in a hurry to return to his vessel, hastened up stairs into the parlor, where Miss Kate Cringle waited for him.

She was not what might strictly be termed a very handsome girl, but yet was pretty. She had a fine, plump, well-shaped figure; her hair was a glossy brown, almost black; her eyes of a bright hazel—at times laughing and full of light, then liquid with deep and true womanly feeling; her features very good; and her complexion as clear red and white as a pink in full bloom.

There was no lack of strong, bold intellect in her expression; but she was modest almost to a fault—if modesty could be faulty; for the blushes came and went like the flushes of the Aurora Borealis across a pale northern sky.

"Your good father said that you wished to see me, lady," said Seawulf, as he stood before her, actually blushing as much as she did—for a brave man is often timid before a lady; only fops, fools, and cowards are apt to be "brave" in women's presence, where danger only exists in her love-darting eyes. Such as they are protected by shields of brass while true men go there with open breasts.

"Yes, sir," said Kate, while her eyes were downcast with modesty. You are about to leave us on an expedition where death will be hovering above, below, and all around you, and I could not sleep all night for thinking of it; and so I spent my wakeful hours in making for you a little token which might remind you, when far away, that there was one here who would pray for your safety, watch for your safe return, and tremble at every storm-cloud that appears."

Thus saying, she produced a small, white silk banner, upon which was worked, in rich gold embroidery, the identical coat-of-arms which he had described to her father on the day before.

"Forgive me," she said, as she saw with what surprise he looked upon the work. "I accidentally, yesterday, overheard the sad story which you told to my father—for I was in his counting-room copying some invoices. And I could not rest; and so I made this little banner, as a token of remembrance from one who feels a deep interest in your success and happiness."

She ceased to speak, and timidly raised her eyes to his, as she handed him the pretty flag.

"I thank you, lady," said Seawulf, while his voice trembled with emotion.

And he took the little flag, and placed it in his bosom, next to his heart; and, after pressing her small, white hand to his lips, said: "Excuse me that I do not tarry—my sails are loose, the anchor almost spent, and the tide will serve by the time I can get back to my vessel. Heaven bless you, and adieu!"

He was gone. And the pretty maiden stood and looked at the hand on which he had printed his last burning kiss—a salute, it is true, of respect only—looked at it as if the kiss had left a visible impression, a sign which she could look upon for all time when she thought of him. And a still, soft sigh came up from her heart, seeming to linger on her red, sweet lips, as if loth to part with her. She stood thus dreamingly, until she heard the sound of men cheering; and then she went to the window, which fronted toward the harbor, and saw that the "Tyranicide" was under way.

### The Hidden Hand.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.  
Author of "The Bride of an Evening," "The Deserted Wife," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER I.—THE NOCTURNAL VISIT.

"Where's that knocking? How it's with me when every sound appeals me!"

It was a knocking. Heark!—more knocking! Heark!—more knocking! SHAKESPEARE.

Hurricane Hall is a large old family mansion, built of dark, red sandstone, in one of the loneliest and wildest of the mountain regions of Virginia.

The estate is surrounded on three sides by a range of steep, gray rocks, spiked with clumps of dark evergreens, and called, from its horse-shoe form, the Devil's Hoof. On the fourth side the ground gradually descends in broken rock and barren soil to the edge of the wild mountain stream known as the Devil's Run.

When streams and floods were high, the loud roaring of the wind through the wild mountain gorges, and the terrific raging of the torrent over its rocky course, gave to this savage locality its ill-omened names of Devil's Hoof, Devil's Run and Hurricane Hall.

Major Ira Warfield, the lonely proprietor

of 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 paternal estate. Here he lived in seclusion, with his old-fashioned housekeeper, 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 companions of the chase or the bottle.

In person Major Warfield was tall and strongly built, reminding one of some old iron-limbed Douglas of the olden time.—His features were large and harsh; his complexion dark red, as that of one bronzed by long exposure and flushed with strong drink. His fierce, dark gray eyes were surmounted by thick, heavy black brows, that, when gathered into a frown, reminded 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 knees, and morocco slippers with silver buttons.

In character Major Warfield was arrogant, domineering and violent—equally loved and feared by his faithful old family servants at home—disliked and dreaded by his neighbors and acquaintances abroad, who, partly from his house and partly from his character, fixed upon him the appropriate nickname of Old Hurricane.

There was, however, other ground of dislike beside that of his arrogant mind, violent temper 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 deserted wife and child, poor, forlorn and heart-broken. It was further whispered that the elder brother of Ira Warfield had mysteriously disappeared, and not without some suspicion of foul play on the part of the only person in the world who had a strong interest in his "taking off." However these things might be, it was known for a certainty that Old Hurricane had an only sister, widowed, sick and poor, who with her son dragged on a wretched life of ill-requited 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. About dusk the wind arose in the northwest, driving up masses of leaden cloud, and in a few minutes the ground was covered deep with snow, and the air was filled with driving sleet.

As this was All Hollow Eve, the dreadful inclemency of the weather did not prevent the negroes of Hurricane Hall from availing themselves of their capricious old master's permission, 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. Condiment, his little housekeeper, and Wool, his body servant.

Early in the evening the old Hall was shut up closely, to keep out as much as possible the sound of the storm that roared through the mountain chasms and cannonaded the walls of the house as if determined to force an entrance. As soon as she had seen that all was safe, Mrs. Condiment went to bed and went to sleep.

It was about ten o'clock that night that Old Hurricane, well wrapped up in his quilted flannel dressing gown, sat in his well padded easy chair before a warm and bright fire, taking his comfort in his own most comfortable bedroom. This was the cozyest enjoyment to the self-indulgent old Sybarite, who dearly loved his own ease—very comfortable was Old Hurricane; and as he toasted his feet and sipped his punch, while his black servant, Wool, applied the warming-pan to his cozy couch, he 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 foot. Just as he had come to this emphatic determination he was startled by a violent ringing of the door-bell. Ordering Wool to go and see what was the matter, he hastily arrayed himself in his sleeping habiliments and jumped into bed, determined not to be intruded upon, or to be called out of his room on any account whatever.

At this moment Wool reappeared.

"Shut the door, you villain! Do you intend to stand there holding it open on me all night?" vociferated the old man.

Wool hastily closed the offending portals, and hurried to his master's side.

"Well, sir, who was it rung the bell?"

"Sar, de Reverend Mr. Parson Goodwin, and he say how he must see you yours'f, personally, alone."

"See me, you villain! Did't you tell him that I had retired?"

"Yes, Mars, I tell him how you were gone to bed and asleep morn'n an hour ago, and he ordered me to come wake you up, and say how it were a matter o' life and death!"

"Life and death? What have I to do with life and death? I won't stir! If the parson wants to see me he will have to come up here and see me in bed."

"Mus' I fetch him reverence up, sar?"

"Yes, I wouldn't get up and go down to see—Washington—shut the door, you rascal! or I'll throw the bootjack at your wooden head!"

Wool obeyed with alacrity and in time to escape the threatened missile.

After an absence of a few minutes he was heard returning, attending upon the footsteps of another. And the next minute he entered, ushering in the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, the parish minister of Bethlehem, St. Mary's.

"How do you do? How do you do? Glad to see you, sir! glad to see you, though obliged to receive you in bed! Fact is, I caught a cold 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 up to my bedside for worthy Mr. Goodwin, and bring him a glass of warm negus. It will do 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 negus! Oh, come now, you are joking! Why, it will keep you from catching cold, and be a most comfortable night-cap, disposing you to sleep and sweat like a baby! Of course you spend the night with us?"

"Thank you, no! I must take the road again in a few minutes."

"Take the road again to-night! Why, Mars, 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! No, no, that is too good a joke—hal hal!"

"Sir, I fear that you will find it a very serious one! 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-Bow, 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."

"But, 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 a priest to hear her confession—"

"Her confession God has already received."

"Well, and I'm not a lawyer to draw up her will."

"No, sir; but you are recently appointed one 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 bed and going through a snow storm to see an old woman expire."

woman, evidently near unto death. On being informed that a 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 took 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 to 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 her visitor.

The old man adjusted his spectacles and gave her a scrutinizing look, exclaiming at intervals—

"Lord bless my soul it is! it ain't it! must it can't be! Granny Grewell—the—the—midwife that disappeared from here some twelve or thirteen years ago?"

"Yes, master, I am Nancy Grewell, the ladies' nurse, who vanished so mysteriously some thirteen years ago!" replied the woman.

"Heaven help our hearts! And for what crime was it you ran away! Come—make a clean breast of it, woman! You have nothing to fear in doing so, for you are past the arm of earthly law now!"

"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, neither did I run away."

"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."

At this moment a violent blast of wind and hail roared down the mountain side and rattled against the walls, shaking the witch's hat, as if it would have shaken it about their ears.

It was a proper overture to the tale that was about to be told. Conversation was impossible until the storm raved past and was heard dying in deep reverberating echoes from the depths of the Devil's Punch Bowl.

"It is some thirteen years ago," began Granny Grewell, "upon just such a night of storm as this, that I was mounted on my old mule Molly, with my saddle-bags full of dried yards, and stilled waters and such, as I alluded 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 tend."

"Well, master! I'm not 'shamed to say, as I never was afraid of man, beast, nor spirit! and never stopped at going out all hours of the night, through the most looniest roads, if so be I was called upon so to do. Still I must say that just as me and Molly, my mule, got into the deep, thick, lonesome woods as stands round the old Hidden House in the hollow, I did feel queer; 'case it was the dead hour of night, and it was end how strange things were seen and heard, 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 ears, stiff as quills. So, partly to keep up my own spirits, and partly to courage her, says I, 'Molly, says I, 'what are ye afraid of? Be a man, Molly!' But Molly stepped out cautious, and pricked up her long ears all the same."

"Well, master, it