

SEA-WAIF! TERROR OF THE COAST.

A TALE OF PRIVATEERING IN 1779.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER IV.

When Seawif left the presence of fair Kate Cringle, he met her father, who accompanied him down to his boat, in vain trying to find out what Kate wanted him for.

The young captain sprang into his boat amid the murmured good wishes of hundreds of citizens who had gathered there to see the privateer go to sea, and in a few moments he was on board of his vessel.

With a clear, bugle-like voice, which needed no trumpet, the young commander shouted:

"Man the capstan bars, lads, and run the anchor up with a will. Stand by the jib and flying-jib halliards—lay the head yards aback!"

His orders were obeyed readily; and in a few moments, the second officer, who stood on the forecastle looking over the bows, cried:

"She's broken ground, sir!"

"Very well, sir—run up the jib and flying-jib, and haul the sheets to starboard—man the top-gallant and top-sail sheets and halliards! Round with the capstan, men, and run the anchor up to the bows!"

A moment later, and the head-sails up, the veering bow of the schooner proved her to be all awright, and then came the order:

"Sheet home, and hoist away top-sail and top-gallant sails!"

This was done; and as the fore-and-aft sails, already up, filled, the schooner began to gather headway. Then, as she fell off before the wind, which was fair out of the harbor, her square sails filled, and she shot ahead with increased velocity.

The crowd on shore looking with delight upon the splendid vessel, and gladdened, too, at the thought of her errand, rent the air with cheers; while Mr. Cringle, taking upon himself the part of gunner, fired an impromptu salute from a single gun, which was kept upon the wharf to be used as a warning-signal if the British approached.

The "Tyrannicide" replied to this by a salute of seventeen guns—her whole complement.

"That's what I call a damned waste of powder!" said a pinch-faced, dried-up anatomy of a man, whose thread-bare clothes, little eyes, and long, greasy talons of fingers, spoke the miser out and out.

"It isn't your powder, Moses Gelson," said Mr. Cringle, rather sharply. "If it was, it wouldn't be likely to be a vessel destined to fight for liberty!"

"Tush—tush! What is this 'liberty' to us?—the war is ruining trade, and soon we'll be as poor as rats!" said the miser, pettishly.

"It is a pity that such mean curses as you utter 'poor'; you're too stingy to live! If you only had your due, you'd get a good ducking in a horse-pond!" cried out Mr. Cringle, so angrily and so loudly, that his words were heard by the crowd, and probably found echo in their hearts; for they instantly shouted:

"Let's duck the old miser—to the goose-pond with the old tory!"

And seizing the terrified wretch, they dragged him roughly toward a pond of muddy water near the residence of the merchant, and soon would have put their intention into execution, had not Kate Cringle, who saw their actions, stepped out upon the balcony, and cried out, in a clear, musical voice, which reached every ear:

"Shame men—shame! to treat an old man so. He is weak and helpless; let him go, and save your strength for a nobler purpose!"

Her timely appeal and her beauty—for in her excitement she really looked handsome—had the desired effect; and the old miser was released, much to his own gratification, and rather to the disgust and anger of her father, who would have been really glad to have seen old Gelson get a lesson—for he hated him heartily, not only for his lack of patriotism, but for his miserly meanness.

"I'll remember her—I'll remember that girl, bless her!" muttered the old miser, as he hobbled away from the crowd as fast as he could—not stopping until he reached his own residence, which was also a kind of a store-house, in which a vast variety of all kinds of truck and trash were stored—old junk, second hand anchors, sails, cordage, fishing tackle, nets, harpoons, and a thousand other things.

CHAPTER V.

Never was a craft in better battle trim on deck, below, or aloft, than the Privateer, after Seawif had got her rigging stretched. Conscious that he was ready to meet any foe of his tonnage and weight of metal, he boldly headed off from the coast for the track of inward-bound vessels from England.

One morning soon after, he was at breakfast in his cabin, with the first officer and the doctor—young Morley being in charge on deck.

But each of them bounded from the table as they heard the shout "sail ho!" from the look-out, at the top-gallant cross-trees.

"Where away, and what does she look like?" cried young Morley, in reply.

Seawif and his companions held their breath, and listened for the answer.

"I see three sail, sir, dead ahead; they seem square-rigged, and coming down right before the wind!" was the reply.

"Englishmen, and making for the coast, I'll wager my first prize-money!" said the captain, as he hurried on deck.

"John-Bull-Men's be gar—I shall get my instruments ready for amputat!" cried the delighted Frenchman.

"So will I!" said Mr. Doolittle, as he buckled on his sharp, but short cutlass, and followed his commander on deck.

The breeze was fresh, and the schooner, with only her lower sails and top-sails set, was going off to the eastward on a taut bow-line, her top-gallant and royal yards pointed to the wind, and her larboard tacks aboard. There was quite a heavy sea rolling; and as she pitched into and through it, she threw the now foam over her prow almost as high as her fore-top.

"See all clear for action, fore and aft—reeve preventer stays and braces—have the spare spars cleared away! Gunners, look to your children; they may have play soon. Boarders and pikemen, see that your tools are in their places!" cried the captain cheerfully, as he came on deck; and then he seized a spy-glass, and scanned the vessel in sight.

"What do you make out, sir, if you please?" asked Mr. Doolittle, whose hopes for work and prize-money were on the rise.

"I see six vessels; but they are yet too far off to make out whether they are armed or not!" was the reply.

"Shall the gunner open the magazine, sir?"

"Yes, after all the galley-fires are put out!"

The men went to their work, and their respective stations, quietly, but with a cheerful look, which betokened a perfect confidence in their vessel, and especially in their officers.

An hour passed, and the vessels were now hulled up ahead, yet Captain Seawif gave no orders either to alter the course or shorten sail.

"What about our colors, sir?" asked the lieutenant.

"You can run 'em up in rolls to their places, ready to pull out when I order it, Mr. Doolittle," said the captain, still keeping his glass directed toward the approaching ships.

The enemy were now rising fast, not more than four or five miles off; but the merchantmen, obeying signals from the sloop-of-war, which had eventually discovered the nationality and character of the schooner, by her rig, hauled on a wind and shortened sail, while the man-of-war held her course under a cloud of canvas.

"Take your stations for working ship!" cried Seawif. The men, bound to the sheets and braces. "Hard up the helm—cast off the sheets, and round in the weather-braces!" cried the captain.

"Tarnal thunders! you're not going to run from one sloop-of-war, are you, sir?" asked the lieutenant, in agonized wonder.

"Get out and rig two spars, with iron enough on them to sink them, for drag; drop one over each quarter, and ask no impertinent questions, Mr. Doolittle," said the captain, quietly.

"I beg your pardon, sir, a hundred times—I thought you was a goner to run!" said the now delighted officer, as he hastened to obey the order.

"Double-shot with grape and canister—gunners to your stations!" cried the captain, now, determinedly. "Men, make no noise when I announce it, but within an hour that sloop-of-war shall strike her flag, or we'll go down with her flying!"

When she is taken, the merchantmen will be easy prizes."

Had they not been cautioned, the men would have cheered so loudly as to have been heard on board of the sloop-of-war.

After the darts were rigged and lowered over the side, held by stout hawsers, and not seen because sunk beneath the water, the schooner did not go more than three knots, although—under a full spread of canvas—she seemed to be running away from her antagonist, which now could be seen coming up hand over hand, her decks crowded with men, and her ports showing a battery of twenty-four guns.

On she came, the red cross of St. George fluting from her peak, until she was within nearly a mile of the schooner, when she fired a shot from one of her bow guns.

"Show them our colors and name!" cried the young captain, while his pale face flashed with a smile of terrible joy.

"It was done in an instant; but the vessel's head was not changed, nor a sail touched.

Rapidly the Englishman closed up, heading a little to leeward, so as to range under her larboard beam.

Crouch well behind the bulwarks, men; stand by your larboard guns, but do not touch a match until the order comes from my lips; depress your guns, so as to take her between wind and water! Sail-trimmers, stand to your sheets and braces, and be ready for orders."

The orders given, Captain Seawif took his position on the larboard side of the quarter-deck, and with ill-concealed delight saw the Englishman range along until he was almost ahead.

"Haul down your colors, or I'll sink you! Strike, you Yankee rebel, Strike!" shouted the English captain, who stood on the poop of his vessel in full uniform, steadying himself by holding on to the mizzen rigging.

"I'm just going to strike—not my colors, but you!" cried Seawif, sarcastically, and instantly giving the order to pour in his whole broadside.

It was done with terrible effect, for the British had not anticipated resistance from a rebel whom they supposed to be using his best efforts to escape, and were huddled along the deck on the side next the schooner, and were cut down in fearful swaths. And as the sails were little injured, the sloop-of-war shot ahead, so that she was past the schooner before she could return the broadside.

"Cut away the drags, spring to your star-board battery—throw in chain-shot as well as grape—and cut her sticks away!" cried Seawif.

Then ordering the helm up, as the schooner's headway increased; he veered off astward the stern of the sloop; and as the guns came in range, delivered a raking fire, which not only swept her decks, but cutting away her masts, crippled her completely.

He then hauled on a wind, determined to pepper her until she should "strike," and not wishing to lose any men at close quarters, if he could help it. But he had no occasion to use his guns any more; for, suddenly, with a shock, which shook the sea and the air like an earthquake, the ill-fated craft was seen to fly to fragments, amid a cloud of smoke, into the air.

Whether by accident or design, no one could tell, but in some way, the powder in her magazine had been ignited, and she was blown to atoms.

Prompted by humanity, Captain Seawif instantly ordered the helm up, and steered for the spot where the sloop-of-war had been, in hopes to save some surviving persons of her crew.

But not a living soul could be seen. A few blackened spars and timbers only met the eye.

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! she is too bad! Not one man to amputat—not one ball for extract!" said the doctor, with a sigh and a piteous grimace, as he looked in the water.

"You may have better luck another time, doctor," said Seawif, as he gave orders to trim sails and haul on a wind again; for the transports—having seen the fate of their protector—were now crowding sail, and trying, like a flock of frightened sheep, to make their escape from an opponent which had done such fearful damage in so short a time. But the schooner had no lumbering cargo, and was ready for combat of a race, as occasion required.

This great revolutionary sea-story, from the vigorous pen of Ned Buntline, will be continued, from where it leaves off here, in the New York Mercury, for Saturday,

February 24th, 1858, which is now ready and for sale at all news depots and book-stores. The Mercury is the largest, handsomest, and most unobjectionable weekly paper published, and enjoys a circulation of over one hundred thousand copies.

Each number of the New York Mercury is illustrated by the celebrated Felix Grisey. Subscriptions, \$2 a year, or \$1 for six months. Address, Caldwell, Southworth & Whitney, proprietors, New York City.

CARD.

MISS CONSTANT late from the East respectfully announces to the citizens of Clearfield and the County generally, that she is prepared to give instruction in Music—

PIANO, MELODEON AND GUITAR

ALSO, IN THE FRENCH LANGUAGE—IT BEING HER NATIVE TONGUE.

She refers all who may be interested in the above, to the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. McLeod.

Terms—\$8.00 in advance, or \$10.00, if not in advance.

Dec. 6, 1858.—4f.

FOR SALE OR RENT.

A VALUABLE TAVERN STAND AND A FARM OF 83 ACRES OF LAND, 63 of which are cleared and under cultivation, situated on Clearfield Creek, on the main road leading from Clearfield town to Clearfield bridge, in Clearfield county, Pa., and three miles distant from the former place.

The house is large, new, well calculated for a Tavern, and will command nearly all the custom of the watermen during the freshets, which usually last from four to six weeks. There are also a good Barn, Wood Shed, Wash and Bake House, and various other buildings necessary for convenience and comfort. The terms of sale will be made easy—say four annual payments. For further information inquire of J. L. Crans, Esq. Dr. A. T. Schryver, James H. Larimer, Esq., Clearfield, or S. W. Weld, Glen Hope, Clearfield county, Pa. Possession can be given so that the buyer or renter can have the benefit of the spring business, which alone will amount to more than double the rent.

A. T. SCHRYVER.

January 5, 1858.—4f.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE undersigned, having been partners in the business of making, carrying, and hood and shoemaking, at the St. Mary's Steam Tannery, have this day by mutual consent dissolved their co-partnership connection. All debts due said firm of G. W. Watson & Co., and all claims against them will be settled by E. C. Schultz, of St. Mary's, who has purchased the interest of the other two partners.

G. W. WATSON, THOMAS W. RICHARDS, E. C. SCHULTZ, St. Mary's Steam Tannery, Jan. 12, 1859. [no. 2. v. iv.]

CAUTION.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against buying, or in anywise meddling with the following property, now in the possession of Daniel Horn, of Brady township, Clearfield County, Pa. To-wit: Two Horses, one Wind-Mill, one Log-Shop, one Long Sled, one lot of Hogs, and one Loke Oxen as the same belong to me, and is only left with said Horn on loan, subject to my order.

G. W. HORN.

January 19, 1859.—3f. pd.

Cabinet Chair Making, AND HOUSE PAINTING.

JOHN GULICH, of the borough of Clearfield, Pa., will be prepared at all times to attend to any business in the above line on short notice, and in a workmanlike manner. His place of business is at the old shop on the north side of Market street, 3d door east of Third st., nearly opposite the old Jew store; where he will keep constantly on hand a large assortment of Mahogany and Case Bottom Chairs, and Cabinet Ware of every description, which he will dispose of on as reasonable terms as the same articles can be had elsewhere in the county.

His stock of Cabinet Ware now on hand, consists in part of—Dressing and Commode Bureaus, Sofas, Sewing and Washing Stands, Desks and Book Cases, French and Field Post Bedsteads, Dining, Breakfast, Centre, Card and Pier Tables, &c. Coffins manufactured and delivered at any place desired.

February 9, 1859.—[no. 4, vol. iv.]

TAKE NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber, either by note or book account, are requested to call and settle, on or before the first day of April 1859. Those who do not comply with the above, may expect to pay costs.

Also—the subscriber offers for sale his house, lot and office situated in the town of Luthersburg, low for cash, or in payments, to suit purchasers. For further particulars apply to the subscriber, on the premises.

Dr. G. WILSON, Luthersburg, Jan. 21, 1859. [no. 2. v. iv.]

The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

AN Independent Daily Newspaper, devoted especially to the interests of Pennsylvania—containing important Telegraphic News, sixteen hours in advance of the morning papers—(Original Foreign and Domestic Correspondence, Editorials on all subjects, and full reports of all the news of the day. The Commercial and Financial departments are full, and are carefully attended to. As an advertising medium there is no better paper in the State, the circulation being next to the largest in the city, and among the most intelligent and influential of the population. Terms—Six dollars per year in advance.

CUMMINGS & PEACOCK, Proprietors, No. 112, South Third Street, Philadelphia.

THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY BULLETIN.

A handsome, well-filled, Family Weekly Newspaper—is published by the proprietors, at the following prices, entered for postage—1 copy, one year, \$1.00; 6 copies do. \$5.00; 12 copies do. \$10.00; 24 copies do. \$20.00; 36 copies do. \$30.00; 48 copies do. \$40.00; 60 copies do. \$50.00; 72 copies do. \$60.00; 84 copies do. \$70.00; 96 copies do. \$80.00; 108 copies do. \$90.00; 120 copies do. \$100.00. The largest club (over 100) will be sent for three years. The next largest club (over 100) will be sent for two years. Address CUMMINGS & PEACOCK, Proprietors, Bulletin Building, No. 112 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

PRODUCE WANTED.

Corn, Buckwheat—and Fire Wood, wanted at the office of the Clearfield Republican in payment of printing. dec. 1, 1858.

WINTER SHOWS.

WOOL-LONG SHOWS, SINGLE SHOWS, ROUND CORNERED SHOWS, For sale by KRATZER'S.

REPUBLICAN JOB OFFICE.

The Publishers of the Republican are making arrangements to largely increase their stock of Jobbing material, and will be prepared to do all kinds of

POSTERS, PAMPHLETS, PROGRAMMES, BLANKS, PAPER BOOKS, CIRCULARS, LABELS, BALL TICKETS, HANDBILLS, and every kind of printing to be done in a country or in the city, on or out of town, and at the shortest notice.

Job Printing neatly executed here.

GREAT REVIVAL! Read! Read!

AND BE CONVERTED. The great revival has been inaugurated in the County of Clearfield. Therefore, in consideration of the above, Frank Short has taken the responsibility upon himself to revive the Best & Short business in Clearfield, and set a good example to his fellow men. He has to announce in his old customers, and to many new ones as may favor him with a call, that he has on hand a large assortment of fine work and any amount of extra work, and that he is ready to receive orders for any kind of work, and to give satisfaction to all who call on him. He has on hand a large stock of fine work, and is ready to receive orders for any kind of work, and to give satisfaction to all who call on him. He has on hand a large stock of fine work, and is ready to receive orders for any kind of work, and to give satisfaction to all who call on him.

June 30, 1858. 3m.

P. S. The partnership heretofore existing between John McCabe & George Newson is this day dissolved by mutual consent, and the books, accounts, and all effects, are now in the hands of F. Short for settlement. The business will be carried on in full force by F. Short, at New York.

JOHN MCCABE, GEORGE NEWSON, FRANK SHORT.

BOOTS & SHOES

ALWAYS ON HAND, BY OWEN MAHER: JOSEPH GOON, THE First Door West of the Mansion House.

where he has on hand constantly, a large assortment of every variety in the

BOOT AND SHOE LINE

CUSTOM WORK ATTENDED TO WITH DISPATCH

The very best of stock will be used, and no pains spared to make neat, fine and durable work. All of which can be obtained from the said Joseph Goon VERY LOW for the ready money.

Clearfield, Aug. 18, 1858.

"HOME AGAIN."

READ & WEAVER are now receiving an opening a large and well selected Stock of Goods, consisting of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Boots and Shoes, Oil, Paints & Drugs, Hats and Bonnets, Nails & Spikes, Saws and Fish.

as well as every other article usually required in the country, which they offer to the public on as cheap terms as can be had in the county. Call and see the new, beautiful and useful.

June 9, 1858.

THE CONSTELLATION.

ARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.

"A Constellation is but one, Though 'tis a train of Stars."—Dryden.

THE subscriber has great pleasure in announcing that he has made arrangements to issue a Saturday, January 1, 1859, the largest, handsomest and most complete Weekly Newspaper ever published. It will be a superb folio sheet, double the size of the New York Ledger; containing nine broad columns on each page, 35 inches in length, and double the quantity of reading matter given by any weekly paper now published; embracing the choicest and freshest matter, selected an original, furnished from abroad and at home. It will be in all respects, a Living Journal; containing the productions of the most popular writers in liberal anatomy; Romances, Stories, Essays, Poems, Anecdotes, Sketches, Notices of Amusements and the Arts, &c., &c. in fine, all things which are new, beautiful, interesting and attractive. Each number will contain not only a carefully condensed synopsis of the news of the day, but also a full and complete list of the latest information and Telegraphic Intelligence up to the hour of going to press. The Constellation will not be an Illustrated Paper, as the pictures sheets are but it will contain beautiful Designs and Engravings, when they really illustrate and ornament a subject.

The subscriber has already engaged a Corps of Contributors, to be men of distinguished literary talents, and reputation by their own original journal now published, no matter what may be its pretensions. It is with no slight gratification he announces his success in engaging, after due consideration, the able and experienced services of a gentleman, so young and so justly eminent. Mr. Park Benjamin, Connected for twenty years with the press of New York City, and always successful in his literary enterprises, whether as Editor, Author, or public speaker, the name of Mr. Benjamin is an angry of certain good fortune.

The public may rest assured that no means will be omitted by the subscriber to secure a grand and brilliant accomplishment of his effort to establish the largest and best weekly paper ever published—since nothing will be left undone that can be done by talents, capital, experience, learning, and a resolute perseverance.

The Constellation will mainly recommend itself to a cordial and generous support from the very best people by its observance of good and avoidance of evil. It will be an unobjectionable and perfect family newspaper—giving offence to no sect or party—the favorite alike of both sexes—of young and old. The subscriber, having had nearly a quarter of a century's experience in the publication of daily and weekly journals, and having long contemplated himself with well known and valuable editorial aid, he has the honor to announce that his new enterprise will at once achieve a popular favor and success unparalleled in newspaper enterprises.

The terms for "The Constellation," will be two dollars per annum each, when ten copies are sent in one envelope to one address. Twenty-eight copies to one address, \$49.00. Five copies do. do. \$12.00. Two copies do. do. \$5.00. One copy do. do. including postage or \$5.00 delivery.

All subscriptions to be invariably in advance. Single copies, Five cents. To Newspaper Agents, \$3.00 per 100.

A late Saturday evening edition will be published a 4 led early Sunday morning at the residence of City subscribers, by regular carriers, employed by the publisher. Those who desire to commence with the first number, should send in their subscriptions and orders as early as possible—since, owing to the immense size of the sheet, only such numbers will be printed as may be ordered.

All orders and letters to be addressed to the undersigned,

GEORGE ROBERTS, Street, New York.

12 and 14-S Nov. 17, 1858.

HAVE AND DRESS OVER COATS, selling very cheap at KRATZER'S.

WANTED, 500 Bushels CORN, 200 bushels WHEAT, and 300 bushels RYE, at the store of WM. F. IRWIN.

SALT, A LARGE quantity of Salt for Sale at LOW PRICES, at the store of WM. F. IRWIN.

MOUNT VERNON HOTEL.

No. 117 & 119 2d St. above Arch.

DRINKER BREWERY

A. M. HOPKINS takes this method of informing his kind friends and the public generally that he has just REOPENED in the above well known Hotel, and refitted it in a style suitable to the age, and the wants of the travelling public. Mr. H. has had a large experience in hotel keeping, he has no hesitation in saying that his guests will find his house a pleasant and desirable stopping place.

Of the eligible location of this Hotel for persons visiting the City, either on

ON BUSINESS OR PLEASURE.

It is deemed altogether unnecessary to repeat, as no Hotel in Philadelphia is better known than the "Old Mount Vernon."

By close attention to the wants of his customers Mr. H. hopes to deserve a share of public patronage.

N. B. His terms per day has been fixed at the low rate of \$1.25.

Sept 22nd, 1858. 17f.

MANSSION HOUSE: NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

The subscriber respectfully announces to the public that he has taken the above stand, in the borough of Clearfield, and is prepared to accommodate all who may give him a call. The public rest assured that it will be conducted in the best manner possible. His table will be supplied with the best of the market affords. His Bar filled with the choicest brands of wines and liquors, and his tables will be under the care of attentive and careful waiters.

DANIEL M. WEAVER, Feb. 11, 1857-3.

NATIONAL EXCHANGE HOTEL.

The subscriber having taken the above well known stand, formerly kept by Wm. A. Mason in Clearfield, Pa., is ready to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. His table will always be supplied with the best of the market affords, and his bar with the choicest liquors. His table will be under the care of attentive and careful waiters.

DAVID SMITH, Clearfield, April 21, 1858.

FLEMING HOTEL.

(FORMERLY KNOWN AS THE GOOD INTENT.) CURWENSVILLE, Clearfield County, Pennsylvania.

The subscriber begs leave to inform his old customers, and the public generally, that he has recently taken the above well known stand, and that he has been entirely refitted and refurnished it in a style adapted to the age, and the wants of the entire travelling community.

HIS TABLE will always be provided with every luxury the market and surrounding country will afford.

HIS BAR will be supplied with the choicest wines and liquors.

HIS STABLES, which are the best and most commodious on the road within a day's travel, will always be in charge of careful and attentive hostlers. In short

Every department of his Establishment will be supplied with all the comforts and conveniences the weary traveller could desire.

June 2, '58. WM. A. MASON.

NATIONAL HOTEL.

(LATE WHITE SWAN.)