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J. H. LARRIMER, Editor.

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J. H. LARRIMER.

From the Home Journal.

## Tales of the South.

BY A SOUTHERN MAN.

### THE AVENGER.

[Continued from last week.]

The first scene in the drama of retribution was now closed; a second and final one was soon to open. A. M., accompanied by Lynn, embarked the same evening on a steamer for New Orleans, and, immediately on his arrival in that city, took a passenger boat for Vicksburg. The trip was made in the usual time. On his arrival at Vicksburg, he found the whole city in commotion, and a popular tumult raging with almost demonic ferocity. A brief statement will suffice to explain the cause of this state of things.

It will be remembered that most of the events herein described, transpired during the flush times of 1837. One of the concomitants, or rather results, of that, thus far, most vicious period in our national annals, was the extraordinary multiplication of gamblers all over the country. The passion for speculation, which denuded the land, seeking for gratification in every imaginable form, seized, with avidity, upon the gaming table—so magnificent always in promise, and so signally ever in performance—as a favorite means for stimulating, if not for satiating, its most imperious cravings after wealth. Gamblers literally swarmed in every town, city, village and cross-road, inn or store in the country.

The city of Vicksburg, for some reason or other, became a favorite place of resort for these worthless vagabonds. They congregated there, in immense numbers, from all sections, and held high revel in the saloons of folly. Audacious by virtue of their pursuit, and emboldened by their multitude, they became not only intensely annoying, but positively dangerous to the law-abiding portion of the community. Respectable ladies dared not walk the streets, even in the day-time, for fear of being insulted by the gross language of gambling buffies. Houses were entered and pillaged, both night and day, and the trespass, nine times out of ten, could be directly traced to the desperadoes of the gaming-table. They murdered and robbed, stole and swindled, bullied and brow-beat, all over the city. Remonstrance was unheeded, and warning, repeatedly and fairly given, was derided by them. Forbearance was at length exhausted, and the cup of public indignation filled to overflowing. The citizens of Vicksburg and the vicinity rose en masse, surrounded the gaming-houses, seized many of the leading gamblers, dispersed the rest, tried the captured offenders by the summary process of Lynch law, and condemned them to be hung upon the spot.

The writer is no advocate of, or apologist for, mob law. He reprobrates, with all the energy of his nature, its tumultuous arrests, its always illegal, and, too often, merely mock trials, its arbitrary and generally disproportionate penalties, and its equally swift and terrible execution of its equally swift and terrible sentences. Let the supremacy of the law be everywhere, and everywhere proclaimed and upheld as at once the true glory and the only safety of our American democracies.

But if ever there was a case entitled to exception from the rule of the ordinary administration of the law, it was that of the punishment of the gamblers by the citizens of Vicksburg. Along with the censure, which loyalty to the law compels us to pronounce upon their conduct, let there be mingled the mitigation to be drawn from the circumstances which surround the transaction. A terrible and unlawful chastisement was inflicted, but an almost unbearable provocation drew down the blow. Let the lawless retribution, and the still more lawless guilt which it punished, be chronicled together by the pen of impartial history, and then let posterity say whether Mississippi or the South has much cause to redden with shame over this bloody page in our domestic annals.

When A. M. arrived in Vicksburg, the verdict of the popular jury, condemning the gamblers to be hung, was about being carried into effect. An immense crowd had assembled. Great excitement prevailed, but the most perfect order was observed. Seated on carts and wagons, with their arms pinioned, and escorted by an armed guard, and the whole course of spectators, the gamblers were carried forth to the place of execution, which was in the immediate suburbs of the city.

A. M. mingled in the crowd, and stood up as close to the gamblers as he could get, with the view of ascertain-

ing whether any one of them corresponded with the description which Orme had given of his associate in the murder. With equal surprise and satisfaction, he recognized in one of the culprits every identifying mark which Orme had enumerated—the grayish red hair, the squinting left eye, the horse-shoe scar on the right cheek, and the deeply malignant expression of countenance. Under any other circumstances, or in any other state of feeling, the sight of the man most guilty of his father's blood, would have stirred the passions of A. M.—to their innermost depths. But the death and penitence of Orme, without obliterating, had subdued his resentful feelings with a touch of his kindler nature, and he saw the surviving assassin passing on the retribution of a felon's death upon the gallows. He experienced, therefore, upon the discovery which he had just made, neither resentment against the offender, nor delight at his approaching fate, but a mingled feeling of gratitude and satisfaction—satisfaction that punishment was about to overtake the murderer of his father, and gratitude, that it had been so ordered the retributive blow should be dealt by another hand than his own. He forgot, or, in the subdued tone of his feelings, preferred to disregard his resolution, formed when the sting of his father's murder was fresh, that no hand should avenge it but that of the son. He was content, at present, to notify if possible, the guilty one that his crime had been found out, and then to leave his own wrong, and the public grievance to be cancelled together by the same blow.

The crowd, with the gamblers in the midst, had now reached the place appointed for the execution. It was a valley or level hollow formed by the hills with which Vicksburg is environed, and upon which, in fact, the city is built. The sloping sides of these hills, facing the gallows, furnished a natural amphitheatre for the accommodation of the attendant throng of spectators. From base to summit, they were covered with a dense mass of men, boys and negroes. The vehicles containing the culprits, still surrounded by the armed escort, were driven up under the gallows, and retained in that position, as a platform or drop for the execution. Deep and almost painful silence fell upon the crowd. The victims were in the hands of the executioners, and all eyes were eager to witness the spectacle of the lawless execution.

The execution of the sentence of death upon the gamblers, was confined to a committee of citizens chosen by the crowd. To one of these A. M.—now addressed himself, with a request to be permitted to speak with one of the criminals, giving, in few words, his reasons for wishing the interview. The committee-man, having readily assented, the two walked together close up to the cart on which the red-haired gambler was seated. The first declaring his name and place of residence to the culprit, A. M.—speaking in a low tone of voice, then began and gave him, in rapid and comprehensive outline, the account of his father's murder, the confession of Orme, and the implication of himself in the assassination.

The gambler had fixed upon the speaker a steady and almost diabolic look, which A. M.—returned with a glance of equal steadiness and scorn. At first, he seemed inclined to remain silent, but, at length, broke out into a hoarse and affected laugh, which was rather a convulsive grimace, than the surging symphony of a heart at ease.

"True, every word of it," he said, stammering forth at the same time, a tremendous oath, and hissing, rather than speaking, his words. "That was my first murder, and a clean job I made of it, though I got devilish poor pay. The old coon scarcely knew what hurt him. Orme, the chicken-hearted boobey, didn't want to go into the matter, cried like a baby when we found the old fellow was stone dead, and used to throw the matter up to me every time we met. Well, he's dead and gone, and I'll soon meet him. We'll get up a game by the light of the devil's big fires, and play for the coolest plank. I wish I had some liquor; I'd like to drink with you to your old daddy's memory, for I see you are decidedly like him every way."

Disgusted with the horrid blasphemy and Satanic audacity of the gambler, A. M.—retired back into the crowd. The interview had not been observed, except by the more distant spectators, who deemed A. M.—one of the officers of the day—the persons immediately around the gallows being occupied in adjusting the ropes and arranging for the execution. In a few moments after A. M.—withdrew, the preparations were completed. The gamblers were made to stand up, the caps drawn over their faces, and the vehicles driven from beneath their feet. Not a word was uttered by any one of them, except the assassin murderer of M.—As soon as they began to fasten the rope around his neck, he broke forth into the most horrid imprecations upon his executioners—cursed himself, renounced Heaven, welcomed demons and their abode, and slid off the floor of the cart with a ribald oath upon his lips.

Thus closed the second and final scene in this drama of retribution. A. M.—still accompanied by Lynn, returned to his home in Alabama, and the latter, after sharing the hospitalities and receiving the warmest thanks of his friend for his timely and valuable assistance, passed on to his own beautiful residence upon the banks of the Coosa.

In the quiet retreat of a plantation home, an aged man, with dimming eyes and whitening locks, grows gracefully older, surrounded by faithful dependents, and beloved by all who know him. A solitary tombstone by the road-side, in the interior of Mississippi, marks the last resting-

place of a murdered man. Two graves there are—the one in the margin of the Gulf, filled with the mouldering remains of a once stalwart form, the other near the flower of the great Father of Waters, tented by a handful of dust. The residence of the still living Avenger and the last resting-places of the dead victims of our narrative, are grouped together before the eye of the mind, and the tale closes.

### A Rough Country.

The present session of the Missouri Legislature has been remarkable for the witty speeches of its members. On Monday evening again, Mr. White, of the House, delivered himself as follows, in reference to the project of forming a new county: I predicate my objections to this new county on different grounds, one of the main and most important of which is that I am confident, it would not be entitled to a representative in the next fifty years. Mr. President did you ever visit the territory sought to be created into the county of Carter? Did you ever have an opportunity of beholding its multifarious beauties and of examining its boundless resources? Well sir, I have. I have been all over it, and all around it, and I do say here openly and defiantly, that there is not level ground enough within its entire limits to build a pig pen on. [Laughter.] The soil is so poor it would not grow "pen royal." Sir, you might now grow "pen royal" with a razor and take it with a line tooth comb and you wouldn't get enough fodder to keep a sick grasshopper through the winter. [Laughter.]

Sir they plant corn with crow-bars, and hold their sheep by the hind legs while they nibble the grass in the cliffs. [Increased Laughter.] Sir, the *ferac naturae* of that section are principally ticks, and I must in justice say, that a variety of insects attain a very splendid size in this new county of Carter, the smallest that ever fell under my observation being at least as big as saddle bag licks. [Laughter.] As to internal improvement in that section, this House can form an idea, when I assure it that the only thing resembling a road that I ever saw there was, when one of the barefooted natives dragged a wild boy seven miles through the snow. [Laughter and cheers.] With such a country as this, Mr. Speaker, they propose to make a new county, and the reason given for so doing is, that the convenience of the inhabitants will be promoted thereby! Sir, if it were possible to hold their courts under a shade of post-oak and black-jack saplings, to keep a Clerk's office and the records of the county in the recesses of a hollow sycamore, and to make a jail out of some of the dark and slimy caves beneath the craggy hills of that rough country; if it were possible to establish the machinery for doing county business out of such materials, we might entertain the project as feasible and plausible. But, alas, even such advantages as these are denied by nature to this county. [Great laughter.] It is true there would be no difficulty about the caverns for a jail, but the necessary post-oak and black-jack saplings, to supply with their foliage a canopy for the august tribunals of the justice could not be found. They ain't in the county. And as for a sycamore tree suitable for a depository of the archives of the county, it would be sought in vain.

The winds even refuse to blow sycamore poles in that direction. [Cheers and laughter.] And the idea of the people ever being able to build houses, in which to transact business, is deeply, darkly, prodigiously, and awfully absurd.

REVIVAL OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES IN GREECE.—A private letter from Athens, of the 31st of March, says:—I mentioned some months since the project on foot for the establishment of the Olympic Games, or industrial and agricultural exhibitions, of the products of Greece. Like the celebrated games in the olden time, long past, our modern exhibitions will be held every four years. The first exhibition will be held on the 16th of October, 1859. There will be at the inauguration, and during the four weeks of its duration, religious solemnities, and the academic sittings and dramatic performances where will be represented the tragedies of ancient Greece, with musical choruses composed by Greeks. These festivals will not fail to bring crowds from the interior and contiguous provinces of Turkey, and will, it is presumed, present much attraction for tourists. Though only products of Hellenic industry and agriculture will be admitted in the exhibition, yet machinery of better kinds coming from abroad will be received in the interest of the nation. According to the Greek tariff, machinery of every kind is imported into Greece from custom's duties. It is satisfactory to find that Greece, entirely occupied by the internal improvements, is at this moment in a state of perfect tranquillity.

A JEALOUS FOOL.—Last week Special United States Mail Agent Finks, and Deputy Marshal Steel, proceeded to the residence of a gentleman named Smith, in Prince William county, Va., to arrest a boy in his employ, named Appleby, on the charge of illegally obtaining a letter from the post office. The boy was found and appeared to be deeply penitent; but while the officers were in the house he slipped into the yard, and drawing a knife across his throat, instantly inflicted an ugly wound and would have taken his life had not one of the daughters of Mr. Smith seized his arm. Appleby was in love with a young lady in the house, and suspecting that she had written to a rival, he abstracted the letter from the post office, and after reading destroyed it.

The whole number of Indians at present in this country is estimated at 259,000.

### Miraculous Escape—Man Carried 100 feet above the Earth.

The Wheeling Intelligencer soberly relates the following startling incident. If true, it certainly deserves record as a remarkable accident and escape.—The most frightful, and at the same time the most remarkable accident we have ever seen on record, occurred at the Catholic Church, yesterday morning. Some twenty persons were engaged in putting up the new bell which arrived from Pittsburgh the evening before. There was a windlass erected on the ground, to which was attached a snatch block and shieve. Immediately above the open space in the cupola, to which the bell was to be drawn up; there protruded a beam, to which was attached another snatch-block and pulley, and the bell was to have conveyed to the top by means of strong ropes, working through these shieves by the power of the windlass and cylinder upon the ground. The bell had been raised in this way almost up to the open space in the cupola, and the men were just ready to pull it in.

A man named Thomas Newton, was below, engaged in guiding the folds of the rope as it wound round the cylinder. To do this, he had a firm grasp upon the rope. When the bell had reached a great height from the ground, one of the cogs in the wheels of the windlass fixture gave way. Another revolution of the wheel ripped off all the cogs; the bell fell to the ground, and Newton, who had held of the lower end of the rope, was carried up, with frightful velocity, a distance of one hundred feet above the aperture where the bell was to have been taken in. For the instant every one was surprised beyond measure, and before those engaged in the work could comprehend what had happened, Newton, with his hands all lacerated and bleeding, worked himself down opposite the aperture, and called for help to those within. Bishop Whelan, who was on the platform in the cupola, reached out at the risk of his life, almost, and seizing Newton by the waist, pulled him from his awful position.

The accident struck everybody with amazement, and all but the eye witnesses were loth to believe it the incredulous feat. The bell weighed three thousand seven hundred pounds, and as it fell, it had no hindrance, some idea may be formed of the rapidity with which Newton ascended. He says he thought of letting go the rope, but before the thought was clearly defined, he was at the beam, a hundred feet above. He had no time to let go his hold upon the rope. Some cogs and pieces of machinery were hurled a distance of two squares from the church; and a Mr. Smith, who was standing near, received an ugly wound in the face from a flying particle. Mr. Newton was taken to the office of Dr. Happ, where his wounded hands were dressed. The flesh was all torn from the palms of his hands, even to the bone, which is supposed to have been done by the death grasp, and his sliding down the rope during the swift passage into air. Altogether, we suppose, there is not a more startling or remarkable accident, or a more miraculous escape on record.

LEAF FROM A MAHOMMEDAN LAW-BOOK.—In a lecture lately delivered at the Juridical Society by Mr. Bennett, on the administration of justice in India, it was stated, that according to Mahomedan law, "a kazi ought not to decide a case when he is hungry, or thirsty, or after a full meal for these circumstances disturb the judgment and impede reflection. If the principle on which this maxim is founded were observed in British courts of justice, it would possibly, in some measure, deepen the profound wisdom and heighten the lofty justice of the verdicts of British jurymen. Our jurors, it is true, sometimes retire during a trial to take refreshment; but when the case lasts several days, or if they cannot, by a certain hour, agree on their verdict, they are locked up together all night—according to the strict letter of the law, we believe, without fire or candle; although orders are generally given to procure them "all reasonable accommodations." The circumstances in which they pass the night manifestly be, at the best, such as to disturb the judgment and impede reflection, and conduce, if any thing can, to the delivery of a foolish verdict the next morning.

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.—Photographic Sound.—A very singular discovery has been made by M. L. Scott, by means of which sounds may be made to record themselves, whether these sounds are those of musical instruments, or emitted by the voice in singing or speaking. Professor Whetstone, during his recent visit to Paris, was invited by the Abbe Moigno to inspect the papers on which these sounds had printed themselves, and is said to have been greatly surprised and pleased with what he saw. The mark produced on the paper by a particular note is invariably the same; so, also, if a person speaks the tone of voice in which he speaks is faithfully recorded. As yet no practical advantage has been obtained from this discovery; but Mr. Scott is sanguine that, in course of time, he will so far improve his apparatus that it will be capable of printing a speech (which may be written off *verbatim*) to the great saving of the labor of Parliamentary reporters.

A newly imported "help," after being established as maid-of-all-work, was seen shortly after with a pailful of slops, carefully exploring the parlors, the drawing-room, the library, the boudoir, the music room and other places, as if in search of something she could not find. At last meeting the lady of the house, she inquired, seriously, "If ye please, mistress, where's the pig?"

CAUSES OF INSANITY.—The annual report of the Pennsylvania State Lunatic Hospital says that out of 1,047 cases since the institution went into operation, only 502 have any recognized occupation. Of them 105 have been from ill health; 137 from domestic troubles, 84 of these being females; religious excitement of all kinds, including Millerism and spiritual rappings 11; intemperance, 28; and opium eating, mortified pride, politics, loss of money, with other excesses and immoralities, foot up about 55 more. There are over 400 single or widowed men insane to 219 married. With females, however, there are about as many married as single and widowed who are out of their minds. As to the previous occupations of those who have become insane, though farmers and laborers might be expected to furnish less than the average proportion, still, by taking in the weavers, the proportion is about kept up. Private asylums, no doubt, takes off a large proportion of the insane belonging to the wealthier and more intellectual classes. Still there are, or have been, about twice as many students in the hospital as there ought to be, according simply to the proportion of their numbers. The merchants, from the exciting nature of business, furnish more than the proper proportion, very considerable.—Thus, out of 13,000 merchants, 22 have been in the hospital, while out of 21,000 carpenters but 12 have been there.

A CONEY OF ERRORS.—This morning, about two o'clock, officer Rose, of the Thirteenth Ward, saw an individual operating with a key upon the lock of a house at the southwest corner of Seventh and Poplar. The officer watched his man for a time, and he finally pounced upon and seized him. The supposed burglar struggled hard, and in his strugglings he dealt some sound taps; but the officer held on, and amid the springing of rattles and screams of "Watch!" "Watch!" the prisoner was secured, and marched off to the Station House. This morning the accused had a hearing, and so bold was the attempted burglary, and so outrageous was the conduct of the prisoner, that the Alderman refused to take bail and the man was committed to prison.

After all this had been done the affair assumed a farcical aspect for it turned out that the supposed burglar was an honest German, who lives at the southwest corner of Fourth and Poplar streets, and, after a too free indulgence in large beer or Rhine wine, he had started to go home and made the slight mistake of stopping at the door of a house just three squares from his own home. He had thrust his night latch key into a large key hole, where he was twisting it about and ejaculating "dunder wetter!" at his ill success in attempting to open the door, when he was seized, and supposing that the seizer was a garrote he attempted to knock him down. The affair was very funny, although the German who had caused the hubbub seemed unable to discover where the laugh came in.

A BOLD LEAP.—On a recent occasion, Louis Napoleon, while reviewing troops on the Champ de Mars, noticed some disorder at a distant part of the field. Restless and annoyed, instead of dispatching one of his officers, he suddenly started off at a full gallop to the scene of the difficulty. The center of the filed was clear from troops, but a carriage stood in the open space—a light, open phaeton, with its top thrown back—and this carriage was directly across the line of the Emperor's direction. So sudden had his movements been, that few for the moment had observed his leaving his position in the field, but now he was dashing fast as the horse could carry him across the open space. Arriving at the carriage, he took a flying leap clear over the carriage, and continuing his still rapid pace, the scene of commotion, soon returned and assumed his position at the head of the field, while the air rang with acclamations of delight at the daring and success of his exploit.

THE BURRER.—There is an old adage to the effect that "it is much easier to get into a quarrel than to get out of it." We think the following an admirable illustration of its truth: In the year 1005 a soldier of the Commonwealth of Modena ran away with a bucket from a public well, belonging to the State of Bologna. This implement might be worth a shilling, but it produced a quarrel which was worked up into a long and bloody war. Henry, the King of Sardinia, assisted the Modense to keep possession of the bucket, and in one of the battles he was made a prisoner.—His father, the Emperor, offered a chain of gold that would encircle Bologna, which is seven miles in circumference, for his son's ransom, but in vain. After twenty-two years imprisonment he pined away. His monument is now extant in the church of the Dominicans. This fatal bucket is still exhibited in the tower of the cathedral of Modena, enclosed in an iron cage.

DENYING THEIR IDENTITY.—The Opposition to the Democracy in order to escape the responsibility for the past, is obliged to continually change its name. The campaign next fall, in this State, it appears to be fought by the "People's Party" against the Democrats. This denying their own designation, reminds us of the pious old darkey, the burden of whose prayer was that "de Lord'd come and take poor Caesar's soul to hebb'en." One night, just before retiring, he was startled by a knock at his cabin door. "Who dar?" he called out. "The Lord," was the response, in a sepulchral tone. "What do de Lord want," he trembling asked. "Wants Caesar's soul," broke out the solemn stillness. Pop went the light, and under the bed went the humble petitioner, exclaiming, "No such nigher here, seh!—been dead dese tree weeks."

A New Revolutionary Story.  
**ONE EYED SAUL,**  
OR THE  
TORY LEAGUE OF SEVEN.  
A TALE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.  
BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.  
Author of "NICK WHIFFLES," "BUCK BRISON," "HALF-WITTED NAT," "MARION'S BRIGADE," "THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY," etc.

Continued from last week.  
CHAPTER IV.  
IN THE SWAMP.  
Casting anxious looks behind them, the fair fugitives saw the flames of their burning home, and groups of men struggling in the light of the red glare. It was a mournful, thrilling spectacle, and they hurried on to escape it. Jupe, who had proved courageous and active, and encouraged them by precept, and example.—Ruth Haviland, being a little behind her companions, heard the footsteps of pursuers and admonished her friends of the fact, who needed no stimulus to excite them to the greatest effort of which they were capable. They reached the Swamp and took shelter in it like frightened birds. The laurel was well nigh impenetrable; innumerable vegetable arms were stretched out to oppose them, a network of vines and branches disputed their passage. Their hands were lacerated by contact with continually projecting points, and shreds of their garments were left upon every brake and briar. Urging their way along in the darkness and terrible intricacy, they soon and unwillingly became separated, while their attempts to find each other involved them in new labyrinths. Torn, bleeding, fainting with fear and exhaustion, Jessie Burnside sank upon the earth.

For a time her mental and physical faculties were in such a whirl of a tempest, that the consciousness of everything around, seemed slipping away from her.—There remaining with her, only a heavy realization of something fearful and shocking. At length the chilliness of the ground and the night-air cooled her system and restored her coherency of thought. She raised herself and supported her head upon her hand. Her disheveled tresses, her disordered garments, and her lacerated person reminded her of the ordeal through which she had passed. There was a latticework of vines around and above her. She thought of the sudden change of her circumstances. When the sun went down last; she had a comfortable and beloved home; now she had none, but was a hunted, persecuted fugitive, cowering in a darksome swamp, the resort of wild beasts and lawless men. She could not be so selfish as not to think of her companions. Who were they? She shuddered at the possibility of what might have befallen them. A painful recollection in regard to her brave defenders added unspeakably to the distraction of her mind. Far off in the depths of the swamp she heard the shriek of the panther, the howl of the wolf, and the dismal notes of the owl.—Frightful contrast to the peace and security of Laurelwood! Looking upward through the tenuous foliage into the sky, she beheld a black cloud of smoke—all that remained of her father's mansion, save a few charred and smouldering brands that still sent up a mournful incense from the family hearthstone. She wept, sorrowed, prayed—for it is upon God, at last, that the tossed, stricken, and disappointed mind turns. The instincts and experience of the whole human race prove beyond the shadow of question, that He alone can confer blessing and consolation upon the bereaved, afflicted, and world-cursed soul. Prayer to Him made her calmer. A strange, balmy influence, unexpected and sweet, stole into her being. She would not, she did not quite despair.

There was a sound in the laurel hedges. She listened with every sense awake.—Persons were working their way through the tangled masses in the direction of her covert. Their progress was slow and difficult. She heard muttered curses and imprecations. Her fears were immeasurably increased, for the voice of Martin Vantassie was so odious, and made so many disagreeable impressions upon her memory, that she could not but recognize its slightest tones. She shrank and crouched to mother earth for protection, as the startled partridge hides itself beneath a bough or in the friendly brake, to escape the hurling shot of the hunter.

Discovery appeared inevitable, for the crackling of the limbs and the struggling and the low-breathed curses came nearer and nearer. "Perdition seize these brambles!" exclaimed Vantassie. "One can neither stand up nor lay down, go forward nor go back!"

Jessie heard the speaker cast himself recklessly upon the ground a few yards from her. The laurel bent and complained beneath his weight, communicating a wave of motion to the vines around her. A volley of oaths followed the remark. "You're in bad temper Cap'n," said another, who proved to be Simon Arrow-smith. "Who wouldn't be in bad temper to be hauled in this way?" growled Vantassie. "Twice the gal seemed to be in my power to-night, and twice have I been defeated by that unknown devil, One-eyed Saul of the Swamp."

"It's the gal—there's were the shoe pinches. The loss of the silver plate is what troubles me. 'Twas a fool's trick to set the house afire and burn it up, after all. There was enough on us to take Laurelwood by storm, and we ought to done it. I'd been content with the hood."

[Continued from first page.]