

### "THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD."-BUCHANAN.

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 15, 1859.

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TERMS.

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WORDS FOR MUSIC.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS

night.

again in a few minutes."

rand was one of imminent urgency?" "Yes, something like life and death-

firmly. "I'll—I'll throw up my commission to-mor-

see an old woman expire.

with me to this woman's bedside.

began to draw on his neither garments.

"What crime, for the love of heaven ?"

man, hastily drawing on his coat.

'It does concern a crime."

here ?

do that.'

like all Lanland.'

BY GROEGE P. MORRIS 1 Pare these well-we part forever! All regrets are now in vain ! Pate decrees that we must sever, Ne or to meet on earth again. Other shear will bond above thes, Other shear will wond above thes, Other shear will wond above thes, Other shear will seven the sever ! All regrets are now in vain ! Fate decrees that we must sever, Ne'er to meet on earth again. Fare these well ! Like the abadom on the did

Like the shadow on the dial Lingers still our parting kiss ! Life has no severer trial, Death no pang to equal this. All the world is now before thee, Every elime to rosm at will, But wi hia the land that bore thee Onefoud heart will love thee still Yet farewell—we part forever ! All regrets are now in valo ! Pate decrees that we must say Ne'er to meet on earth again Fare thee weil! не тег

# THE HIDDEN HAND.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. AUTHOR OF "THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER 1.--- THE NOCTORNAL VISIT. Whence is that knocking? How is't with me when every sound appals me? I bear a knocking In the south entry! Hark !- mors knocking !

SHAKBSPEARE

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 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 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 even-ing of his vigorous age on this his patrimoni-al 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 cho-en 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 fea tures were large and harsh ; his complexion dark red, as that of one bronzed by long expo-sure and flushed with strong drink. His fierce, dark gray eyes were surmounted by thick, a frown, reminded one of a thunder cloud, as the flashing orbs beneath them did of light ning. His hard, harsh face was surrounded by a thick growth of iron gray hair and beard His usual habit that met beneath his chin was a black cloth coat, crimson vest, black leather breeches, long, black yarn stockings, fastened at the knees, and morocco slippers

-Washington-shut the door, you rascal! or I'll throw the bootjack at your wooden head!" see a yard past Molly's ears, and the path was so narrow and the bushes so thick we could Wool obeyed with alacrity and in time to escape the threatened misssile. After an absence of a few minutes he was

hardly get along; but just as we came to the little creek as they calls the Spout, cause the heard returning, attending upon the footsteps of another. And the next minute he entered, water jumps and jets along till it empties into the Punch Bowl, and just as Molly was cau-tiously putting her fore foot into the water, ushering in the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, the parish minister of Bethlehem, St. Mary's. "How do you do? How do you do? Glad to out starts two men from the bushes and seizes

poor Molly's bridle !" see you, sir! glad to see you, though obliged to receive you in bed! Fact is, I caught a cold 'Good heaven'!' exclaimed Major Warfield. "Well, master, before I could cry out, one of them willians seized me by the scruff of my 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 neck. and with the other hand on my mouth he says: up to my bedside for worthy Mr. Goodwin. and

"Be silent, you old fool, or I'll blow your bring him a glass of warm negus. It will do him good after his cold ride." brains ont!" 'And then master, I saw for the first time that their faces were covered over with black orape. I couldn't a-screamed if they'd let me, for my breath was gone and my senses were

"I thank you Major Warfield! I will take the seat but not the negus, if you please, to-''Not the negus! Oh come now you are going along with it from the fear that was on joking! Why it will keep you from catching cold, and be a most comfortable nightcap, disme. "'Dont't struggle, come along quietly and

posing you to sleep and sweat like a baby! Of ou shall not be hurt,' says the man as had course you spend the night with us ?" "I thank you, no! I"must take the road y oke before. sp" Struggle ! I couldn't a-struggled to a-saved yson! ! I couldn't speak ! I couldn't breathe!

Take the road again to night! Why, man mliked to have a dropped right offen Molly's back. One on 'em says, says he: "'Give her some brandy!' And t'other alive ! it is midnight, and the snow driving "Sir, I am sorry to refuse your proffered takes out a flask and puts it to my lips and hospitality and leave your comfortable roof to-

says, says he : "'Here, drink this." night, and sorrier still to have to take you with me," said the pastor, gravely" "Take ME with you! No, no, my good sir! "Well, master, as he had me still by the scruff o' the neck I couldn't do no other ways no, no, that is too good a joke—ha! ha!" "Sir, I fear that you will find it a very seribut open my month and drink it. And as soon as I took a swallow my breath come back

ous one! Your servant told you that my erand my speech. "'And oh, gentlemen,' says I, 'ef it's 'your' money or you' life' your mean, I haint it about me! 'Deed 'clare to the Lord-a-mighty I haint! "Exactly-down in the cabin, near the Punch Bowl, there is an old woman dying——." "There, I knew it. I was just saying there wrapped up in an old cotton glove in a it's hole in the plastering in the chimney-corner at home, and ef you'll spare my life, you can go there and get it,' says I.

might be an old woman dying. But, my dear sir, what's that to me? What can I do?" "Humanity sir, would prompt you." "'You old blockhead,' says they, 'we want neither one nor t'other! Come along quietly and you shall receive no harm. But at the "But, my déar sir, how can I help her? first cry or attempt to escape this shall stop you!' And with that the willain held the "Nor am I a priest to hear her confession "Her confession God has already received." mizzle of a pistol so nigh to my nose that "Well, and I'm not a lawyer to draw up 'No, sir; but you are recently appointed

I smelt brimstone, while t'other one bound silk handkercher 'round my eyes, and then took poer Molly's bridle and led her along. I could'nt see, in course, and I dissint breathe for fear o' the pistol. But I said my prayers "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 to myself all the time. Well, master, they led the mule on down the path, until we comed to a place wide "Excuse me for insisting, sir; but this is an official duty," said the parson, mildly but

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 ef they didn't want me to find where they were taking me. "Well, sir, when they'd walk about in this 'fused way, leadin' of the mule about a mile, I

"To-morrow you may do that, but mean-while, to-night, being still in the commission of the peace, you are bound to get up and go knew we was in the woods again-the very same woods and the very same path—I know-ed by the feel of the place and the sound of the bushes, as we hit up against them each "And what the demon is wanted of me "To receive her dying deposition." "To receive adying deposition ! Good Heav-en! was she murdered, then ?" exclaimed the 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

old man, in alarm, as he started out of bed 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 Be composed-she was not murdered "said the pastor. "Well, then, what is it ? Dying deposition ! see where I was; but, just at that minute, I felt the mizzle o' the pistle like a ring of ice It must concern a crime," exclaimed the old right agin my right temple, and the willain

growling into my ear: "'If you do \_\_\_!'" "But I didn't—I dropped my hand down as if I had been shot, and afore I had seen any-"I am not at liberty to tell you. She will If I had been shot, and afore I had seen any-tthing either. So we went through the gate, and up a gravelly walk—I knew it by the orackling of the gravel under Molley's feet— and stopped at a horse block, where one o' "Wool, go down and rouse up Jehu, and tell him to put Parson Goodwin's mule in the stable for the night. And tell him to put the black draught-horses to the close carriage, and light both the front lanterns—for we shall have them willains lifted me off. I put up my hand again.

Do, if you dare,' says t'other one, with

They were six. You see, master,

on the hearth was a little weny taper burning,

dark carpet on the floor. And with all there

were so many dark objects and so many

shadows, and the little taper burned so dimly

that I could hardly tell t'other from which, or

groped about. "And what was I in this room for to do? ]

couldn't even form an idee. But presently my

blood ran cold to hear a groan from behind

"Master, behind those dark curtains I saw a

her night dress. But, master, that wasn't what almost made me faint-it was that her

"Oh, no, no, no! for my life, no!" "Well, master, I hardly know how to tell you what followed—" said the old woman hes-

the curtains-then another-and another-

ws, and a black walnut bureau standing

a doo

#### "Well, master, it was so dark I couldn't | An Exciting Sea Story of the Revolution ? SEAWAIF; OR, THE

#### TERROR OF THE COAST. A TALE OF PRIVATEERING IN 1776.

### CHAPTER I.

'I'd like to know your history, Captain eawaif-I'd like very much to know your history, sir! I think I've a right to sira right, you understand. And if there is any one thing which I stick out for more peremptorily than another, it is right, sir- sail and fight well. Upon her deck many right ! That is why I, Phineas Cringle, men could be seen, showing that, if she had 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 am with her. You are a young man, yet you come so well recommended to me as a skillful seaman, a fearless man and an honest one, withal, that 1 like you, though you're not -o rough in the figure-head as good sea-dogs generally are. I have given you command of the 'Tyrannicide,' as good a craft as floats on salt water-well manned, well officered, well armed, et-cet-e-ra-et-cet-e-ra; and I better hasten aboard.' know that she'll be well commanded. But

your history, sir, your history !" 'At present, I have no history worth Cringle sprung into the boat. 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 comsettle the matter when I left, sir. mencement 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-e-ra,' as he always called himself.

He was a curious, but good old man-very eccentric in his ways, but as sound at heart as a young, unshaken oak. His age reached the schooner's gangway. 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 daugh- | in his dark eye. ter, who was just eighteen.

Mr. Cringle's short, thick-set figure was ressed in a claret, shad-bellied coat, buff dously hard pressed by his opponent, who, waist-coat, knee-breeches, (claret, like his coat), white cotton long hose, with im-mense silver buckles in his shoes. Upon to the other, who had the short, curved his head he wore the tri-cornered continen- | cutlass, much used by seamen at that day. tal hat of the day, with a red white and blue cockade placed so conspicously on it, vessel looked on, the Frenchman had made that all who looked might see that he did not fear to wear the sign of a patriot shouts of laughter from the men. American.

The person whom he spoke to was a young man, probably twenty-five years of you do somesing now, eh? he would cry, age. His eyes were large, dark blue, and as he made a lunge, which the officer, shaded by long, brown lashes; his flowing standing solely on the defensive, barely hair and soft, glossy beard was of a rich, succeeded in parrying. How you like ze dark brown ; his figure was slight, yet very graceful; his entire appearance quiet, and eh ?' he would add, as his keen blade, exceedingly genteel. But when his eye doubling over the stiff one of his adversary, looked upon you, there was a something in narrowly escaped a sheath in the bosom of its cold, clear depth-a something in the the latter. expression of his curved lip, that told you, 'Hold here, HOLD !' cried Seawaif, that when manhood was needed, he was sternly, as he stepped between the combatthere, in spite of the delicacy of his appear- ants, who instantly lowered the points of

masts, mounted high enough to work above the like a crossin' over, and their cargoes DR. JOHN M'OALLA, DENTIST --Office hammock nettings. Around her masts must be worth a mint o' money to our govcould be seen the gleam of boarding-pikes ernment folks just now, when powder, and and battle-axes. At her main-mast head lead, and shootin'-tools are so scarce !" a blood red flag floated out, bearing the motto: 'Death to Tyrants and their . We will sail as soon as ebb-tide makes

in the morning, sir,' said the captain .--'See that everything, is ready for sea, Tools !' At the fore-truck, another red flag bore the name of the schooner-' THE below and aloft. TYRANNICIDE.' Her figure-head was a 'Ay, ay, sir-this is the best news that I've heard in a coon's age! And the men serpent striking its fangs into the heart of

are just as impatient as I am. a man who wore a crown. Taking her altogether, she was indeed a saucy and 'It is well; I look to you to see that all dangerous-looking craft, calculated to both 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 pre-' teeth.' she had also strength to use them. ci.elv.'

' Ay, ay, sir !' replied the officer. The young captain did not reply to the proud owner's remarks, but, with an 'Can I do anything for you on shore, equally exulting eye, looked at the handdoctor ? inquired the captain.

some vessel, while a boat which he had 'Nossing, sare-nossing, I sank you. signaled, rapidly approached the shore. Ah pardon me-zere is one sing I 'ave for-It was surf-built, pulled by eight sturdy got. I vish, sare, if you please, two or tree young men, and an officer, also young, but pound of snuff, ze Mackaboy, for tickle my a bold and handsome boy, steered her. In nose. I 'ave forgot him.'

'You shall have it, doctor,' said the a few moments, she was at the pier. The captain as he entered the boat, which had young officer touched his hat, and said : 'If you please, Captain Seawaif, you had been ordered to be ready, and with Mr. Cringle was rowed to the pier, from which Why, Mr. Morley, what is the matter they both returned to the shore.

there ?' asked the captain, as he and Mr. CHAPTER III.

It was early morning. The red sun had just come up out of the Atlantic, and now 'The surgeon, sir, Dr. La Motte, has had a quarrel with Mr. Doolittle, the first brightened the slightly-rippled waters of officer, sir, and has challenged him to a Salem harbor: The sails of the 'Tyranduel. I believe they were getting arms to nicide' had been loosed, her cable hove short, and she only waited for the change Ah! quarreling already? I'll give

of tide to commence her cruise. them a chance to fight our country's foes, All of her boats had been hoisted but not her friends, soon !' said Captain Seathe captain's gig, and her officers, exceptwaif. 'Give way with a will, men,' he ing him only, were watching the tide very added, to those at the oars : • put me along impatiently for its change. He had been side in a hurry-I hear the clash of steel! summoned to the shore by a signal from But a few moments elapsed ere the boat Mr. Cringle, very soon after daylight,

much to his surprise-for he had, as he The captain scarcely touched the mansupposed, received his final directions the ropes as he leaped over the side, with a night before frown on his pale brow, and an angry light

When he had reached the store, the merchant met him, and said : ' Go up stairs to And he came just in time; for one of Kate, my dear captain, she has got some the combatants, his first officer, was tremenerrand for you. I tried to find out, but she would only tell you.' using a long, slim rapier of matchles

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. While the amazed, yet amused crew of the

She was not what might strictly be termed a very handsome girl, but yet was lunge after lunge at the officer, making pretty. She had a fine, plump, well-sharemarks at each lunge, which brought ped figure ; her hair was a glossy brown, almost black; her eyes of a bright hazel-

'Ah,ha? Monsieur Do-leetle; I make 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. frog-stickare, in ze hands of ze frog-eatare,

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 ance. His dress was a naval frock-coat, their weapons. 'What means this breach to see me, lady,' said Seawaif, as he stood before her, actually blushing as much as with epaulette straps upon the shoulders, of discipline in officers, and upon my plain pantaloons and boots, and a blue quarter-deck, which should and shall be she did-for a brave man is often timid nov 24 tf 45

SAMUEL H. REVNOLDS, Attorney at S Law. Office, No. 14 North Duke street, opposite the Court House. may 5 tf 16 ESSE LANDIS, Attorney at Law .....Of-fice one door east of Lechler's Hotel, East King street,

NO 5.

nester, Pas. anaster, Pas. 3. All kinds of Scrivening-such as writing Wills, 3. Seds, Mortgages, Accounts, &c., will be attended to with may 16, '56 tf-17 may 16, '56 tf-17

Correctness and despatch. may 16, '56 tFil S INON P. EBY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE:--NO. 33 North Duke street, may 11 by 17] **TREDERICK S. PYFER,** ATTORNEY AT LAW. **FREDERICK S. PYFER,** ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE.--NO. 11 NONTR DUKE STREET, WEST SIDE, LAR-CASTER, PA **REMOVAL.--WILLIAM S. AMWEG,** Attorney at Law, has removed his office from his former piace into South Duke street, nearly oposite the Trinity Lutheran Church. SPT 8 tf 12

JOHN F. BRINTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, PHILADELPHTA, PA., Has removed his office to his residence, No. 249 South 6th Street, above Spruce. Refers by permission to Hon. H. G. Lova,

Hon. H. G. Long, "A. L. HATES, "FERBRE BRINTON, "THADDEUS STEVENS. nov 24 1y\* 45

PETER D. MYERS, REAL ESTATE AGENT,

will accend to the Renting of Houses, Collecting House and Ground Rents, & Agencies entrusted to his care will be thankfully received, and carofully attended to.-Satisfactory reference given. Office b. E. corner of SEVENTII and SANSOM streets, Second Floor, No. 10. feb 17 1y 5

AMES BLACK, Attorney at Law .-- Of-bice in East King street, two doors east of Lechler's Hotel, Lancaster, Pa. All business connected with his profession, and all kinds of writing, such as preparing Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Stating Accounts, &c., promptly attended to. 16/17

to. tf-17 may 15.

may 15. UP-17 H A G E R & B R O T H E R S, Mave just received and offer for sale at lowest prices, VELVET, BRUSSELS, TAPESTRY, THREE-PLY, IVGRAIN, VENETIAN, and RAG, of the best styles and manufacture. Also, su-perior quality of FLOOR oll CLOUTLS, from one to four yards wida, FLOOR and STAIR DRUGGETS. WALL PAPERS, DROORATIONS, BORDERS, of entirely new designs in Velvet, Gilt. Glazed and Common: CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARK, SPHING, HAIR AND HUSK MATRASSES, y FEATHERS, &o. sep 7 157

8ep 7

BOOT AND SHOEMAKERS, TAKE BNOTICE! J. F. COMBS, OURRIER AND LEATHER DEALER. 1130 Market itred, bolton 1204, Philadephia, has the most extonsive assortiment of SOLE AND UPPER LEATER of all descriptiona: Bed and Oak Sole Skirting, Slaughter, French and City Calif Skins, Kips, Wax-Upper, Morocco, Linking, Lacings, Leather Apron Skins, Shee Toola, Lausts, Findings, Ac., and every article Mur-requisite for Boot and Shoemaking, Wholesale and Retail, at the lowest prices, to which he invites the attan-of the trade. oct 10 6m 40

\*30 **IDENTIFY and Set 1 IDENTIFY and Set 1 IDENTIFY and Set 1 IDENTIFY and Set 1 IDENTIFY a CALLENT ALL ODE SET 1** ON TARK and combine all valuable im-provements, and combine all valuable im-provements, and which is the *Graduating Treble Swell*. All varieties constantly on hand. **ADE** Polite attention given at all times to visitors, whether they may wish to purchase or only examine our stock. **BDE** Polite Strength on the or and the set our stock. **BDE** Polite attention given at all times to visitors, whether they may wish to purchase or only examine our stock. **BDE ADE ADE** 

LANCASTER LOCOMOTIVE WORKS, NOVEMBER 18, 1357. NOTICE -- The Directors of the Lancas-ter Locomotive Works, having made an Assignment, to the undersigned, of all its effects for the bondit of its creditors, they, therefore, request all persons indebted to make immediate payment, and those having claims, to pre-sent them properly authenticated for settlement to either of the undersigned. M. O. KLINE, JAMES BLACK,

ROCERIES! GROCERIES!!

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 HUBRICANE. There was, however, other ground of dislike

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 obsoure part of the world, hidden away from human sight, a described wife and child, poor, forlorn and heartbroken. 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 per-son 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 Hurbe, it was known for a certainty that Old Hur-ricane 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, unsided, 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 arose in the northweast, 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 driving sleet. As this was All Hallow Eve, the dreadful As this was All Hallow Eve, the dreadful inclemency of the weather did not prevent the negroes of Hurricane Hall from availing them-selves of their capricious old master's permis-sion, 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 old housekeeper, and Wool, his body servant.

Early in the evening the old hall was shut up closely, to keep out as much as posible 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 bed-room. This was the hour of the coziest 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, applied the warming-pan to his cozy couch, he fairly hugged himself for enjoymen 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 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.

whatever. At this moment Wool reappeared. "Shut the door, you villain! Do you intend to stand there holding it open on me all night?" wiferated the old man. Wool hastily closed the offending portals

"Woll, sir, who was it rung the bell ?" "Sar, de Reverend Mr. Parson Goodwin,

and he says how he must see you yourse'f, per-

sonally, alone !' See me, you villian! Didn't you tell him that I had retired ?"

"Yes, Marse, I tell him how you were gone

to bed and asleep morne'n an hour ago, and he ordered me to come wake you up, and say how it were a matter of 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." "Mos' I fetch him reverence up, sar ?"

"Yes, I wouldn't get up and go down to see

a dark, stormy road----Shut the door, you inbeg your pardon, parson, he mizzle o' the pistol at my head. "I dropped my hand like lead. So they ead me on a little way, and then up some villain always leaves the door ajar after him.' The good parson bowed gravely ; and the major completed his toilet by the time the sersteps. I counted them to myself as I went vant returned and reported the carriage ready "To the Devil's Punch Bowl"-was the or der given by Old Hurricane as he followed the took all this pains to know the house again. Then they opened a door that opened in the middle. They then went along a passage and minister into the carriage. "And now, sir," he continued, addressing his companion, "I think you had better repeat that part of the

up more stairs-there was ten and a turn, and church litany that prays to be delivered from 'battle, murder and sudden death :' for if we then ten more. Then along another passage, and up another flight of stairs, just like the should be so lucky as to escape Black Donald and his gang, we shall have at least an equal chance of being upset in the darkness of these first. Then along another passage, and up a third flight of stairs. They was alike. "Well, sir, here we was at the top o' the house. One o' them willians opened dreadful mountains." on the left side, and t'other said-

"A pair of saddle mules would have been a ""There—go in and do your duty!" and pushed me through the door, and shut and locked it on me. Good gracious, sir, how afer conveyance, certainly," said the minister. Old Hurricane knew that, but though a great ensualist, he was a brave man, and so he had rather risk his life in a close carriage than sufscared I was! I slipped off the silk handker fer cold upon a sure-footed mule's back. After many delays and perils, the paster and Old Hurricane arrived at their destination, cher, and 'feared as I was, I didn't forget to put it in my bosom. "Then I looked about me. Right afore me

called the Witch's Hut or Old Hat's Cabin. In one corner of the hut, on a ragged couch, that showed I was in a great big garret with sloping walls. At one end two deep dormer lay a gray baired and emaciated woman, evi ear unto death. On being info between them. At t'other end a great tester bedstead with dark curtains. There was a 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 drew from his pocket a Bible, administered the oath, and then said : "Now then, my good soul begin-"the truth. keep from breaking my nose against things as

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 fore of her winter

The

then a cry as of a child in mortal agony, saying: "' For the love of Heaven, save me !" "I ran to the bed and dropped the curtains, and liked to have fainted at what I saw." the face of her visitor. old man adjusted his spectacles and 'And what did you see ?'' asked the magis gave her a scrutinizing look, exclaiming at intrate.

tervals----"Lord bless my soul! it is! it aint! it young creature tossing about on the bed, fine must! it can't be! Granny Grewell-the-the-the-midwife that disappeared from here ing her fair and beautiful arms about, and tearing wildly at the fine lace that trimmed

some twelve or thirteen years ago ?" Grewell. the "Yes, master, I am Nancy Grewell, the ladies' nurse, who vanished from sight so

right hand was sewed up in black crape, and right hand was sewed up in block drap, in the several her whole face and head completely covered with black crape drawn down and fastened securely around her throat, leaving only a 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 small slit at the lips and nose to

through !" "What ! take care woman ! remember that to fear in doing so, for you are past the arm of you are upon your oath !" said the magistrate. "I know it, master! And as I hope to be earthly law now ! " I know it, master."

"And the best way to prepare to meet the forgiven, I am telling you the truth !" 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; "Go on, then." "Well, sir, she was a young creature. scarce

ly past childhood, if one might judge by her small size, and soft, rosy skin. I asked her but I have committed no crime, neither did I to let me take that black crape from her face and head, but she threw up her hands and exclaimed—

"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

itating in embarrassment. against the walls, shaking the witch's hut, as if it would have shaken it about their ears. "Go right straight on like a car of Juggernant. woman ! Remember-the whole truth ! It was a proper overture to the tale that was "Well, master, in the next two hours there

about to be told. Conversation was impossiwere 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 ble 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 Granthem willians up and down the passage out-

side of that room. Presently the steps stopped, side of that room. rresency the stepp stoppen, and there was a rap at the door. I went and listened, but did not open it." "Is it all over ?" the voice asked. ny Grewell, "upon such a night of this, that I was mounted on my old mule Molly, with my saddle bags full of dried yarbs, and stilled waters and sich, as I allus carried when I was out 'tendin' on the sick. I was "Before I could answer, a cry from the bed

caused me to look roynd. There was the poor on my way a-going to see a lady as I was sent for to tend." masked mother stretching out her white arms toward me in the most imploring way. I has "Well, master! I'm not shamed to say, as never was afraid of man, beast, nor spirit! tened back to her. "Tell him—no—no," she said.

and never stopped at going out all hours of the night, through the most lonesomest roads, TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

"Bathe every day " exclaimed the

is so be used in the most intermest roads, if so be I was called upon to do. Still I must say that jest 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 fool ensuitable did feel queerish; 'case it was the dead hour of night, and it was said how strange things neighbor Snubs right in the eye. "Why, were seen and hearn, yes and done too, in that you don't say so! I never used to think 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 right good wash, but four times a year; stuck up her ears, still as quills. Bo, party to keep up my own spirits, and partly to cour-age her, says I, 'Molly,' says I 'what are you afeard on ? Be a man, Molly!' But Molly stepped out cautions, and pricked up her long onst in the spring, onst in the summer, She was pierced for eight twenty-four onst in the full, and onst in the winter .---

How somdever, some children ketch dirt sooner than others."

naval cap. He wore no weapons "there -- as inviolate as a church to all who belong yet he looked like one who could wear a upon it !' sword gracefully, and use it skillfully.

'You can at least tell me where you at this instant was most striking. The was born, sir !' said Mr. Cringle, pursuing Frenchman, who was very lean and tall, his object.

'I cannot tell where I was born, or even who my father or mother was,' replied the He was in his shirt-sleeves, also, and wore young captain.' 'As my name indicates, the tightest kind of black breeches and am literally a waif of the sea. Drifted stockings, making his very active, but ashore from a wreck upon a little island at diminutive look even smaller than they the southwest corner of Nantucket Shoal, was taken from a chest into which I had been laid by the hands of a noble and good each ear, which it nearly touched. old man who had left the world to live a hermit life there. He named me Edward but he wore a seaman's loose trowsers, Seawaif-the first name his own ; the lat- | which though they fitted at the waist in ter. in remembrance of the manner in spider-like tightness, spread out Turkishly which I came to him. No living thing below, and there concealed the slender but myself reached the land. That old shanks of bone and skin. His loose shirt, man, Edward Zane, was more than father bulging out above his slim waist, gave an

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. of Doctor La Motte, i. several passages To him I owe everything.' 'You had no history, you said, sir? No

history, indeed! cried Mr. Cringle. 'Why, face was smooth, and his long, straight sir, already you are a bero of romance. Ť must find out who your father and mother were, el-cet-e-ra, et-cet-e-ra ! Was there nothing besides you in the chest when the good old man found you ?

Yes, sir-a Bible, a quantity of elothing 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 clothing, et-cet-e-ra?'

'No. sir. none-except a crest and coatof-arms that were on a seal ring, and also engraved on various articles of jewelry hich 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 bands grasping crossed. words over a coronet, for the crest; a and more zan zat to you, sare! I vil make 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 pull a toot !' merchant, writing in his memorandumbook. 'I've got something to do-I'll find out who your parents were or are (for | but here's my hand, and if the cap'n will they may yet be living,) if I have to hunt over the heraldry of all the world. But as ever,' come up stairs, captain, we'll take a glass of punch of daughter Kate's brewing; and then we'll go aboard of the 'Tyrannicide,' and see how matters go there. I suppose you'll go to sea in the morning.

'Yes, sir,' said Seawaif, following the merchant to the dwelling part of the house, which was in the upper part of his store said the naturally good-hearted mate. and ware-house-a thing very common in those days.

CHAPTER II.

'Isn't she a beauty ? Taut and neat 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 widow Smashpipes, as she dropped the flat clipperish, raking in spars, sharp in hull, iron upon the horse-shoe, and looked her and calculated to corry an astonishing them.'

quantity of canvas. Her rig was that of a two-topsail schooner-her lower masts ven zat day sall arrive. My instruments being very long and heavy, so as to carry | are all ready for ze amputat, ze ball-extract, of stripping my Jeems, and giving him a large fore-and-aft sails. Her tonnage ze everysing, oried the doctor, rolling up appeared to be about three hundred tons. his sleeves.

'The sooner we're away, and at work pound carronades on a side; and a long makin' somethin', the better I'll be pleasbrass thirty-two pounder, working on a ed,' said Mr. Doulittle. ' They do say pivot, shone as bright as gold between her there's a powerful sight o' transports and

before a lady; only fops, fools, and cowards are apt to be 'brave' in woman's pon it !' The attitude and look of the combatants

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 hearts and naked had cast off, not only his cap, but his wig, breasts. leaving his perfectly bald head exposed.

'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 were. His moustache, which was thick and the night for thinking of it; and so I spent heavy, was twisted ferociously over toward my wakeful hours in making for you a

little token which might remind you, when Mr. Doolittle was equally long and lank; far away, that there was one here who would pray for your safety, watch for your safe return, and tremble at every stormcloud that appears.'

Thus saying, she produced a small, white, silken banner, upon which was worked, in rich gold embroidery, the identical idea that there was an expansion of chest coat-of-arms which he had described to and body there; but in vain had the rapier her father on the day before.

'Forgive me,' she said, as she saw with through the garment, sought for more what surprise he looked upon the work.solid material than cotton shirting. His 'I accidentally, yesterday, overheard the sad story which you told to my fatherhair seemed to have been plastered to his for I was in his counting-room, copying cheeks with tallow, or some other sub-

some invoices. And I could not rest; and stance, of its own dirty-white color. so I made this little banner, as a token of "What means this quarrel? Speak remembrance from one who feels a deep gentlemen, I will permit no trifling here !! interest in your success and happiness.' ' I guess it wouldn't have been a trifle.

She ceased to speak, and timidly raised her eyes to his, as she handed him the pretty flag. 'I thank you, lady,' said Seawaif, 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 apeak, 'No, Monsieur Dooleetle, 'scuse me i and the tide will serve by the time I can you sall please-you are tout genereuse. get back to my vessel. Heaven bless you, l, sare, am ze shentilhommen sat is to and adieu !' blame. Monsieur le Capitaine I shall

He was gone. And the pretty maiden make one grande apology to your quarterstood and looked at the hand on which he deck-tres grande to Monsieur Dooleetle. had printed his last burning kiss-a salute, it is true, of respect only-looked at it as once more frents wiz Monsieur Dooleetle ; if the kiss had left a visible impression, a and if at any time he have a shot in ze leg, sign which she could look upon for all or ze arm, I vill take zem off as easy as time when she thought of him. And a still,

soft sigh came up from her heart, seeming 'Thank ye; I hope you'll not have any to linger on her red, sweet lips, as if loth chance for such operations,' said the officer; to part with them. She stook thus dreamily, until she heard the sound of men cheering; excuse us this time, we'll be as fast friends and then she went to the window, which fronted toward the harbor, and saw that idea

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CARDS.

entre Square, formerly known as Hubley's Hotel Laucaster, april 10

'Eh! bien-zat is one grande, the 'Tyrannicide' was under way. 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 frogstill you croak doctor. before I find faultwith you again,

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

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The Directors, on a review of the past, feel assured that 7 The Directors, on a review of housevolent efforts have been

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omed.

WILLIAM WHITESIDE, SURGEON W DENTIST.—Office in North Queen street, directly ver Long's Drug Store. Lancaster, may 27, 1856. 1y 16 LDUS J. NEFF, Attorney at Law.--Office with B. A. Shæffer, Esq., south-west corner of ntre Square, Lancaster. may 15, 755 ly 17 'Eh bien, I sall be excessively delight EDWARD M'GOVERN, A T T O R N B Y A T L A W, No. 6 North Dute stream-star the Court House, LANCASTER, PA. apr 6

I) EMOVAL .-- DR. J. T. BAKER, HOM-IL GPATHIU PHYSICIAN, has removed his office to time street, between Orange and East King streets, west ide. de. Reference-Professor W. A. Gardner, Philadelphia. om the conutry will be promptly attend

W. T. MCPHAIL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, DIAF 31 1y 11 BTRASBURG, LEDCAST NEWTON LIGHTNER, ATTORNEY NAT LAW, has his Office in North Duke street, nearly opposite the Court House. Lancaster, apr 1 tf 11 The captain smiled, and went down into REMOVAL .-- WILLIAM B. FORDNEY, Attorney at Luw, has removed his office from North Queen street to the building in the south east corner of

if the doctor had run his tarnel toad-sticker 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 !'