

might settled down upon the waters of the Chesapeake, the long, low, pirouette, or guano—fitted with a swivel at stern and bow—slowly issued forth into the bay.

"Southward," said the Captain, "to the ocean."

This time there was no reply, and the men bent to their oars.*

Several days after the scenes just related, and when all the inmates of Hetherington house were buried in sleep, Arthur Hetherington was suddenly awakened by a loud scream, which issued from the apartment of Eleanor.

Hastily throwing on his dressing gown, and taking his sword in his hand, he mounted to the young lady's chamber.

Mrs. Hetherington, whose apartment was next to that of her daughter, had already entered the chamber; and when young Hetherington reached the door, he descried his mistress sitting up in bed, her frame agitated by strong hysterics.

It was a considerable time before any intelligible explanation of her fright could be extracted from her; and when, after she had grown calmer, the anxious listeners were made to understand, her agitation was considered the result simply of an unpleasant dream.

Miss Hetherington's relation was briefly as follows: She had retired as usual, and had been sleeping for some hours, when suddenly she heard a noise at her window, the shutters of which had been closed on the previous night. Opening her eyes at the sound, and half rising from her recumbent posture, she had seen the shutter open, the window raised, and the next moment, a man had passed his body through the opening, and with a single bound stood at her side. He had then thrown his arms around her before she could scream, and imprinted twenty kisses upon her lips. She had then screamed, and the intruder had relaxed his grasp, passing through the window again as a mocking laugh, and disappeared, just as lights began to twinkle, and Mr. Hetherington hastened up the staircase.

Mrs. Hetherington shook her head as her daughter finished this narration; and, pointing to the closed window, said that Eleanor must conquer this foolish nervousness, which, on a former occasion, had been the jest of every one. She had not finished her homily, when Miss Hetherington suddenly pointed to the toilet-table. A folded note lay upon it, which was opened and hastily read. It contained these lines:

"Miss Hetherington has had two dreams—her master, sleeping and walking, told her so. The moment approaches when he will assert his mastery, in spite of the opposition of her solemn lover. It is useless to tell her to beware."

Hetherington's proud lip was convulsed for a moment with wrath. His fiery eyes burned like consuming brands, and he clutched his sword hilt until the blade shook in his furious grasp. That any man should dare to thus treat his intended bride!—that there should be a mortal living who would presume! Had the intruder then stood before him, the death of one or both of them would have ensued.

Little was said by the young man, however. His teeth were set close together, as if to prevent his wrath from escaping and expending itself in weak words. He bowed gravely to the two ladies, and retired from the apartment. Miss Hetherington shared her mother's bed for the remainder of the night; and, on the next day nothing was said of the occurrence. The servants had not been around, and the mystery was shared by the three persons alone.

At last, the night appointed for the marriage of Hetherington and Eleanor arrived, and every preparation had been completed. It was to be very private, at the request of the bridegroom, and none were to witness the ceremony but the household, the officiating clergyman, and a few friends of the bride.

As the shades of night descended, and the hour approached when he was to receive from her mother the hand of the beautiful and blushing girl, the young man experienced, he knew not why, a strange and ominous foreboding.

Having clad himself completely in his splendid wedding toilet, and bestowed a last glance upon the snowy fillet at his bosom, his lace cuffs, and elaborately powdered hair, to which his body-servant had just given the finishing touch, Hetherington sat down at the window opening toward the sea, and leaning his head upon his hand, gave himself up to reflection, which settled down into a mood of unwonted gloom.

It seemed to him that some terrible crisis of his life was approaching—that a dark and threatening cloud, veined with lurid lightning flashes, drew toward him, from the gloomy horizon, its serpent-like folds, which ere long would envelope him, and make him their victim. He said afterwards, that he heard hissing voices in the air, like the voices of those terrible creatures of the imagination, the *haimas*—those human serpents which foretell misfortune and revel in the indications of approaching woe. The air seemed charged with a thick and suffocating vapor, and an odor made itself plainly discernible to the young man, like the loathsome smell of a field of blood and death. Are there intimations in the air—in the winds the unseen currents of the atmosphere—of coming fate? Wise men have said so, and the testimony of thousands corroborates this presence of something—some shadow of an invisible object—an object of horror and despair.

The young man tried in vain to shake off the influence which had mastered him; he rose, walked up and down the apartment; turned toward the window again, and looked forth. As he did so, a faint red light glimmered for a moment in one of the dusky corners, then disappeared. It seemed like his life, and he turned again from the window. As he did so, his eyes fell upon the poniard which he had so strangely gained possession of—the poniard of the secret receptacle.

The drops of blood upon the blade seemed to boil and hiss as he gazed; and the antique handle formed a strange and diabolical profile which sneered at him.

"Bah!" he muttered fiercely, tossing the weapon from him as he spoke. "I'll not act the baby, and be afflicted by my shadow—by the foolish gossip of an old woman. And as for this ominous weapon—this *fatal* of the *Hetheringtons*—let the legend do its worst! I'll scotch and kill the foolish tale forever!"

As he spoke, he caught the poniard by the blade, and in doing so, inflicted a slight cut upon his finger.

"An omen!" he muttered, with scornful sneers, but trembling he knew not why; "perhaps the blade is poisoned, and this is to be the fate of the last of the Hetheringtons!—Perhaps this poniard, with which my grandfather, Geoffrey Hetherington, was killed by his cousin Richard, on the day of his marriage to Elizabeth Hetherington, of Glenarvin, is to be my death weapon, too! Who knows? And who cares!" he added fiercely. "Let fools be frightened by falling daggers, and portraits of murdered men; by omens, warnings, and insane beseechings of old cranes; I'll not! I'll not shrink back for all the invisible or visible fingers that were ever shaken in the pale faces of the world! I'm not a baby; and I'll go on in my course! Natural or supernatural—man or demon—I care not what thou art, I defy and challenge you to meet me breast to breast!"

The young man had scarcely uttered these words, when a low knock at the door made him start, in spite of himself. Arthur Hetherington was a brave man, but there are moments when the strongest nerves are not proof against the most trivial influences. There are times when the mind is so wrought upon, that we would not be greatly astounded by a walking statue, like that of the dead commander in Don Giovanni, advancing with his horrible tramp! tramp! into the brilliant banquet-room.

This was Hetherington's feeling, and starting to his feet, he braced his whole form, and in a desperate voice, bade the knocker enter. It was simply a messenger from Mrs. Hetherington, come to inform the bridegroom that the bride awaited him. He hastily thrust the poniard into his bosom, covered the hilt with his profuse ruff, and bade the servant say that he would appear in a moment.

He surveyed himself in the mirror for the last time, and almost started at the sight of his blanched cheeks and lips. A sarcastic smile greeted the spectacle, and he tossed his head away from the too faithful glass. Then, pulling his lace cuffs over his slender and nervous hands, he left the apartment.

He was soon at the side of the lovely girl, whose blushing face assumed a deeper color as he appeared. Miss Hetherington was clad with great splendor, after the fashion of the period, in a white satin gown, with blue fur-trimmed of the same material looped back with bows of ribbon. Her heavily brow was crowned with a mass of curls, with pearls interwoven—she wore many bracelets and other jewels—and upon her snowy shoulders and open stomacher reposed a cloud of gauze-like lace of the richest description. The bridegroom forgot his disquiet for a moment, in presence of this vision of youth and beauty. His gaze, however, detected an end of lace hanging from the young lady's stomacher, and with a profound inclination, he reached out his hand and replaced it beneath the satin folding. As he drew back, the bride uttered a slight exclamation. His finger had left a bloody impress upon the young lady's bosom.

A shudder ran through Hetherington's frame, and he turned as pale as death. He had thus, in the third generation, fulfilled to the letter the old crone's legend.

"It is nothing," he muttered hoarsely; "a mere scratch upon my finger. I beg you not to be disquieted."

And offering his arm to the bride, he led her into the great apartment. In a few moments they stood before the officiating clergyman, and the marriage ceremony commenced.

It was destined never to be completed.

A sudden tumult at the door attracted the attention of all present: the servants rushed forward in huddled groups; and from the darkness of the hall, upon which the shades of night had descended, strode the false peddler, the captain of the freebooters, at the head of a dozen men armed to the teeth.

Their leader carried a drawn sword in his hand, and with a sneering laugh, reached, at a single bound, the side of Miss Hetherington.

"I said I was your master, and thus I prove it!" he shouted. "To the rescue!"

And seizing the young lady in his arms, the speaker made two hasty steps toward the door. They were the last he ever took.

A hoarse and terrible exclamation, like that of an aroused lion, was suddenly heard—a poniard gleamed in the air, then descended— and the captain of the freebooters fell at full length upon the floor, which was stained with his blood—pierced by the bridegroom's dagger.

At the same moment, a pistol-shot was heard, and Hetherington rushed forward with a roar of wrath and anguish. The form of Miss Hetherington undulated for an instant, bent to and fro like a fly whose stem is broken, and then the unhappy girl stretched out her arms, and uttering a faint scream, fell at the feet of her lover, her bosom pierced by the ball, precisely at the spot where his bloody finger had been laid.

The captain of the freebooters writhed his body half erect, and leaning upon one hand, pointed with his extended finger to the dead body of the girl.

"A bonny wedding you have, brother Arthur!" he said, with a laugh of terrible triumph, which distorted his lips in a manner horrible and repulsive to behold. "I offer you my compliments thereon, my brother!—Ah, you did not recognize George Hetherington in the peddler! You did not know my old familiar writing left behind me when I respectfully saluted this fine bride of yours!—You tho't that lying rumor of my death, which I originated, and had sent to you, was true!—Fool! did you think I would die before I had my revenge! You robbed me of my father's acres!—curses on you!" added the unhappy man, in fainter accents, but with rage even more intense; "you taunted me in the old library with dishonor?—you ended by supplanting me with the only woman I have ever loved. But—my lieutenant has—obeyed me—if I fell he was—to—avenge me—as he has done—my death—by your—hand—is my best revenge—good brother! Your—bride, too," added the dying man, pointing faintly to the dead body, and grinning horribly, "take her—her—my bonny bridegroom—take your dead bride—and—my dying curse!"

The wretched man fell back as he spoke, and a rattle in his throat indicated that all was over. An awful silence fell upon the group, who stood with frightened eyes, gazing upon the bodies. As to the rest of the intruders, they had hastily fled to their craft—no one had noted their departure. All eyes were turned from the dead man, now to Hetherington kneeling between the dead bodies of his brother and his bride! He uttered not a word, though his lips moved faintly as he gazed at the bloody poniard—the *fatal* of the *Hetheringtons*—which had thus fulfilled the warning.

Then the young man's distended eyes turned turned with awful intensity toward the face of Eleanor, beautiful even in death, and thus gazing upon his dead bride, he fell forward senseless between the bodies, striking his temple, as he fell, against the jeweled hilt of the *fatal* of the *Hetheringtons*.

"Such," said D—, rising from his seat upon a projection of the old ruins, "such is the tragedy of Hetherington. I have related it to you upon the spot where it occurred. Through that door rushed the maddened lover, and under its wide arch followed the dead bodies of his brother and bride. There is the lightning-struck oak, by which George Hetherington entered Miss Hetherington's chamber—and yonder, near that blackened fire-place in the wall, stood the bed of the young lady. The mansion was soon afterwards destroyed by fire, and Mrs. Hetherington in a few years followed her daughter to the grave. As to the wretched victim of these terrible events, he disappeared and nothing was ever known—at least, accurately known—concerning him. It was said that he had abjured his skeptical opinions, and taken refuge from his despair in a bigoted adherence to the Romish church—in which he had become a monk, it was even said. Lord L—'s letter seems, however, to contradict this. At all events, you know now the tragedy of Hetherington—let us go on our way."

Such was the legend related to me by D—. It is very strange!

PENNSYLVANIA—OFFICIAL.

The following are the official returns of the State:

	Union	Free	Fillmore	Other	Total
Adams	1,129	1,129	592	886	15,159
Allegheny	9,062	13,571	592	886	15,159
Armstrong	2,689	2,683	113	76	3,311
Beaver	1,963	2,658	103	132	2,872
Bell	1,073	390	174	122	2,242
Berks	11,272	10,372	322	304	4,623
Blair	2,069	443	173	697	2,889
Butler	6,388	390	174	122	2,242
Carbon	6,317	4,682	419	316	5,417
Cameron	2,448	3,491	14	67	3,442
Cambria	2,287	894	861	107	1,172
Crawford	1,866	632	300	150	1,157
Centre	2,835	390	1400	552	2,342
Chester	3,333	5,298	620	828	6,756
Clarion	2,709	738	94	6	1,736
Clearfield	1,678	746	590	93	1,809
Clinton	14,455	618	648	34	1,390
Columbia	2,889	1,239	214	5	1,458
Columbia	1,329	539	36	41	5,495
Cumberland	3,427	1,472	1,565	14	3,051
Dauphin	3,044	1,611	2,332	107	4,054
Delaware	2,003	1,590	219	701	2,600
Elk	273	45	45	7	327
Erie	2,584	5,156	37	252	5,443
Fayette	3,554	2,089	1,128	46	3,233
Franklin	3,429	2,140	1,217	16	3,678
Fulton	970	142	561	5	798
Greene	2,477	1,321	272	14	1,697
Huntingdon	2,164	926	908	737	2,571
Indiana	1,762	2,612	121	32	2,872
Jefferson	1,463	1,063	583	32	1,678
Juniata	1,365	480	597	150	1,227
Lancaster	8,731	6,098	2,615	977	11,290
Lawrence	2,063	308	11	85	1,021
Lebanon	2,511	2,414	396	41	2,851
Lehigh	4,426	3,237	90	31	3,359
Luzerne	4,850	260	563	573	5,718
Lycoming	3,224	934	1,700	79	2,704
McKean	526	812	7	40	859
Mercer	2,709	3,086	15	103	3,804
Mifflin	1,491	216	949	61	1,266
Monroe	2,275	569	37	12	629
Montgomery	714	2,846	402	1,773	5,110
Morris	1,491	216	949	61	1,266
Northampton	5,260	1,168	644	1194	3,066
Northumberland	3,050	566	1,096	244	1,966
Perry	1,135	521	750	657	1,928
Philadelphia	8,212	7,892	1,218	11,862	21,776
Pike	862	270	10	5	285
Potter	667	1,264	4	2	1,270
Schuylkill	1,188	723	235	367	2,313
Somerset	1,763	1,438	1,044	1	2,863
Snyder	1,255	443	1,045	49	1,567
Sullivan	528	369	43	5	337
Susquehanna	2,548	2,861	8	43	3,943
Tioga	13,646	4,441	7	20	4,688
Union	1,092	1,429	171	15	1,615
Vernon	2,157	241	65	7	2,490
Warren	1,231	209	2	47	1,449
Washington	4,288	4,237	437	128	4,902
Wayne	2,259	2,172	76	37	2,285
Westmoreland	5,172	4,071	233	66	4,399
Wyoming	1,174	1,138	17	57	1,212
York	6,896	511	3,390	1,091	4,812
Total	230,500	147,447	55,891	26,338	229,586
Total vote cast in the State					469,285
Total vote for Buchanan					230,500
Union vote for Fremont			147,447		230,500
Union vote for Fillmore			55,891		203,338
Buchanan over Fremont and Fillmore, (Union)					27,162
Strait-Fremont vote in Philadelphia					26,338
Vote for Gerrit Smith in 5 counties					18
Buchanan's majority over all					26,457

FOUNDING THE ATLANTIC.—The steamer Arctic, which arrived at New York on Tuesday, has sounded the Atlantic all the way across, finding the greatest depth 2,070 fathoms (more than two miles). It was not accomplished without difficulties, as many of the instruments used were new inventions.—The bed of the ocean in the section traversed by the Arctic is a plateau, as already announced by Capt. Berriman, who had twice before sounded across the Atlantic.

The bottom in the deepest part is a very fine mud, of a mouse-gray color, so soft that the sounding instruments frequently sank several feet in the mud. They brought up specimens of the bottom at every sounding, in quills which were attached to the end of the sounding instrument. Toward the shore on each side this mud changes into a fine green ooze. No other substances were met with, no rock, nor anything that might prove fatal to a telegraph wire. There seems to be now nothing to hinder the great work, to unite Europe and America by means of a telegraph wire, an undertaking so grand that few tho't it possible. The whole distance across was found to be 1,649 sea miles from St. John's, N. F., to Valentia Harbor, Ireland. The greatest depth was found nearly in the centre between these two places. The profile of the Atlantic bed on this route is of by far easier grade than many of our railroad profiles.—*Philadelphia Argus*.

HOG SEASON AT ST. LOUIS.—The first transaction at St. Louis this season in hogs took place on the 25th ultimo. There was a sale of one thousand head of good corn-fed averaging two hundred pounds each in weight for January delivery, and the seller to pack at \$5 per one hundred pounds net. Packers state that they are willing to pay the same for other lots during the month of December. This sale (says the St. Louis Democrat) is somewhat below the anticipations of many, and cannot fairly be considered the legitimate opening prices. Hogs are plenty in the West, but the farmers are reported as entertaining large and independent views in regard to the prices which their pork shall bring them. The profits of last season and good crops have made them saucy.

APPLES.—Western apples are selling higher than ever before known at this time of the year. Sales were made in New-York, last week, at \$4 per barrel, and Long Island pippins continue to be put up there in large quantities, for exportation, at from \$6 to \$8, when rolled in papers and packed.

KANSAS.—Advices from Lawrence to the 10th inst. state, that on the Saturday previous 20 prisoners, taken at Hickory Point, were found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to five years' imprisonment at hard labor.

ing upon his dead bride, he fell forward senseless between the bodies, striking his temple, as he fell, against the jeweled hilt of the *fatal* of the *Hetheringtons*.

"Such," said D—, rising from his seat upon a projection of the old ruins, "such is the tragedy of Hetherington. I have related it to you upon the spot where it occurred. Through that door rushed the maddened lover, and under its wide arch followed the dead bodies of his brother and bride. There is the lightning-struck oak, by which George Hetherington entered Miss Hetherington's chamber—and yonder, near that blackened fire-place in the wall, stood the bed of the young lady. The mansion was soon afterwards destroyed by fire, and Mrs. Hetherington in a few years followed her daughter to the grave. As to the wretched victim of these terrible events, he disappeared and nothing was ever known—at least, accurately known—concerning him. It was said that he had abjured his skeptical opinions, and taken refuge from his despair in a bigoted adherence to the Romish church—in which he had become a monk, it was even said. Lord L—'s letter seems, however, to contradict this. At all events, you know now the tragedy of Hetherington—let us go on our way."

Such was the legend related to me by D—. It is very strange!

PENNSYLVANIA—OFFICIAL.

PENNSYLVANIA—OFFICIAL.

The following are the official returns of the State:

	Union.	Free.	Fillmore.	Other.	Total.
Adams	2,537	1,129	1,225	24	23,689
Allegheny	10,962	13,571	592	886	15,159
Armstrong	2,689	2,683	113	76	3,311
Beaver	1,963	2,658	103	132	2,872
Bell	1,073	390	174	122	2,242
Berks	11,272	10,372	322	304	4,623
Blair	2,069	443	173	697	2,889
Butler	6,388	390	174	122	2,242
Carbon	6,317	4,682	419	316	5,417
Cameron	2,448	3,491	14	67	3,442
Cambria	2,287	894	861	107	1,172
Crawford	1,866	632	300	150	1,157
Centre	2,835	390	1,400	552	2,342
Chester	3,333	5,298	620	828	6,756
Clarion	2,709	738	94	6	1,736
Clearfield	1,678	746	590	93	1,809
Clinton	14,455	618	648	34	1,390
Columbia	2,889	1,239	214	5	1,458
Columbia	1,329	539	36	41	5,495
Cumberland	3,427	1,472	1,565	14	3,051
Dauphin	3,044	1,611	2,332	107	4,054
Delaware	2,003	1,590	219	701	2,600
Elk	273	45	45	7	327
Erie	2,584	5,156	37	252	5,443
Fayette	3,554	2,089	1,128	46	3,233
Franklin	3,429	2,140	1,217	16	3,678
Fulton	970	142	561	5	798
Greene	2,477	1,321	272	14	1,697
Huntingdon	2,164	926	908	737	2,571
Indiana	1,762	2,612	121	32	2,872
Jefferson	1,463	1,063	583	32	1,678
Juniata	1,365	480	597	150	1,227
Lancaster	8,731	6,098	2,615	977	11,290
Lawrence	2,063	308	11	85	1,021
Lebanon	2,511	2,414	396	41	2,851
Lehigh	4,426	3,237	90	31	3,359
Luzerne	4,850	260	563	573	5,718
Lycoming	3,224	934	1,700	79	2,704
McKean	526	812	7	40	859
Mercer	2,709	3,086	15	103	3,804
Mifflin	1,491	216	949	61	1,266
Monroe	2,275	569	37	12	629
Montgomery	714	2,846	402	1,773	5,110
Morris	1,491	216	949	61	1,266
Northampton	5,260	1,168	644	1,194	3,066
Northumberland	3,050	566	1,096	244	1,966
Perry	1,135	521	750	657	1,928
Philadelphia	8,212	7,892	1,218	11,866	21,776
Pike	862	270	10	5	285
Potter	667	1,264	4	2	1,270
Schuylkill	1,188	723	235	367	2,313
Somerset	1,763	1,438	1,044	1	2,863
Snyder	1,255	443	1,045	49	1,567
Sullivan	528	369	43	5	337
Susquehanna	2,548	2,861	8	43	3,943
Tioga	13,646	4,441	7	20	4,688
Union	1,092	1,429	171	15	1,615
Vernon	2,157	241	65	7	2,490
Warren	1,231	209	2	47	1,449
Washington	4,288	4,237	437	128	4,902
Wayne	2,259	2,172	76	37	2,285
Westmoreland	5,172	407	233	66	3,400
Wyoming	1,174	1,138	17	57	1,312
York	6,896	311	230	1,091	4,838