and the Representation of the "WE ARE ALL EQUAL BEFORE GOD AND THE CONSTITUTION."-James Buchanan J. J. Gerritson, Unblisher. Montrose, Susquehanna Connty, Penn'a, Thursday Morning, Ahril 22, 1858. Volnme 15, Unmber 16.

## DEMOCRACY, BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Oh, fairest, born of love and light, Yet benfing brow and eye severe On all which prices the holy sight, Or wounds the pure and perfect ear!

Besutiful yet the temple rise, Though there profaning gifts are thrown; And fires unkindled in the skies Are glaring round thy alter stone.

Still sacred-though thy name bo breathed By those whose hearts thy truth deride ; And garlands, plucked from thee are wreath' Around the haughty brows of pride.

O, ideal of my boyhood's time ! The fatth in which my father stood, Even when the sons of lust and crime Had stained thy peaceful courts with blood

Still to those courts my footsteps turn, For, through the mists that därken there, I see the flame of freedom burn-The Kebla of the patriot's prayer !

The generous feeling pure and warm. Which owns the right of all divine-

The prompt self-sacrifice-are thine. Beneath thy broad, impartial eye How fade the lines of caste and birth! How equal in their suffering lie

The grosning multitudes of earth ! Still to a stricken brother true, Whatever clime bath nurtured him ; As stooped to heal the wounded low

The worshipper of Gerizim. By misery unrepell'd, unwed

By pomp or power, thou see'st a Max In prince or peasant-slave or lord-Pale priest, or swarthy artisan,

Through all disguise, form, place or name. Ben ath the flaunting robes of sin, Through poverty and squalid shame, Thou lookest on the man within.

On man. as man. retaining yet, Howe'er debased, and soil'd, and dim, The crown upon his forchead Set-The immortal gift of God to him.

And there is reverence in thy look ; For that frail form which mortals wear The Spirit of the Holiest took, And veiled His perfect brightness there.

Net from the cold and shallow fount Of vain philosophy thou art, He who of old Syria's mount,

Thrilled, warm'd by turns the listner's hea In helv, words which cannot die, In thoughts which angels lean'd to know, Proclaimed thy message from on high-Thy mission to a world of wo.

That voice's rcho hath not died ! From the blue lake of Galileo, And Tabor's lonely mountain side; It calls a struggling world to thee.

Thy name and watchword o'er this land

I hear in every breeze that stirs, Acd round a thousand altars stand Thy banded party worshippers. Not jo these altars of a dar,

As party's call, my gift I bring ; But on thy olden shrine I lay A freeman's dearest offering, The voiceless utterance of his will-His please to freedom and to truth. That manhood's heart romembers still The homige of its generous youth,

Seated upon a rough clap-board bench, with her elbows on her knees and her gaze fixed upon the flickering fire, was a woman dressed in antiquated, uncouth garb, made up promiscuously of skins, cloth, and the lighter qualities of female raiment. Her arms were bare, and the looseness of the garb like a snake, and diverging in three differ-about the bust revealed a long, scraggy throat, ent directions, about ten inches apart. Light-Moll Davis, the Witch of Castle-Craig, still nade up seemingly, of tendon's and veins .---Her face, framed in a mass of long, tangled hair, was hideous for its wild, haggard looks crevice of the tock, whence it flung three flames. Her thought had taken words again, and prominent cheek bones; the glare of her wiered like areams of light down the barren and she uttered aloud ; gray eyes was flendish; the curl of her shriv- slope. Moll then returned to her former seat, eled lips heartless and dangerous. Her arms and again fixing ber gaze on the fire fell into he shall. He thinks to have the girl for a and hands were wasted and fleshless, and her a reveria.

form seemed but a human shadow. But let us change the scehe. "I wonder- why Mack don't come,' she About a mile to the uorth of Castle Craig. nuttered. . He ought 'o been ver afore this.' the ravine broadens into a rich and fertile For a few moments she remained silent, but a fiendish fire kindled in her eves, while she seemed to think, and then she broke out iù a wild laugh. ` 'Ha, ha, ha! what a bold game I'm play-

sented the appearance of a well-cultivated ing 1 How long it takes me to complete it ! larm. Five years I've been in this old cavern ; five At the right hand side of the ravine, imyears I've dogged the footsteps of the Squire, beded in the forest trees, stood a large manhut I'll be revenged at last | Yes; Mack's sion, built of blue stone, quarted from the side plan's a good one. Like for like-blood for of the mountain. It. was an old-time structure, but she's fainted.' blood-honor for honor! They think I'm with turnets and deep casements, and massive erszy-call me the 'Witch of the South Pass,' walls, telling of an earlier age, when some and hasten by with quick steps, whenever one of the cavaliers had crossed the Potomae they look up at Castle Craig. Ha, ha, ha 1 from Virginia and settled there, far away they don't know Moll Davis. They don't from the human habitation.

know that she's got a history' Ah'! A deep sigh bloke from her withered lips, and a moment after she dashed away a tear This mansion was the residence of Marcus Hawihorne, callel Squire by the mountain peasantry, who lo'd him in high esteem. Let from her eves. - This old withered hag still us enter. In a neatly furn shed apartment, had a heart ! adorned with the old style massive furniture. "What's the use to think about that ?" she sat a young girl of apparently eighteen

muttered, suddenly closing up the fountains years. She was very beautiful, with her mild arms, and gazed into her face. 'Ah, Ilclen' of soriow. 'I've nothing left now but to blot blie eyes, and smooth flaxen hair, which out the stain.' "Mother Davis, Mother Davis !' drawled a

plaid dress gave her a rustic air, which was hold, rough voice without the cave, and interperfectly charming. Her gaze seemed to be fixed upon an aged man, with giey hair, and large, but subdued features, who paced up Davis. It's so dark one can't see nothin'. and down the room with a measured tread The old hag quickly seized a pine touch at her feet, and thrusting it into the fire, it kin apparently wrapt in thought. Sometimes her raze would wander from the old man to an dled into a blaze, and she hastened to the en old fashioned portrait which hung, in a large tiance. She returned in a second, followed by a tall, gaunt man, of unusual proportions, rame, against ti o wall. 'Father!' she said presently, 'I have ofter and apprently of thirty years of age, but his long, bu-by bair and scraggy beard'eviden iv thought, in looking at mother's portrait, that alded much to his real period of life. He sile could not have been a very handsome

was doubtless more than twenty five, but his woman." prawny form and features presented a most 'And why !' asked the old man,' turning stalwart aspect. suddenly toward her, and then glancing up "Why didn't you hang out your witchlight at the picture. "

this evenin'?' he said, in a drawling, good-nstured tone, as he threw himself heavilt 'I scarcely know, but there is something rough in the face, that seems to chill me, upon a bench, and stretched out his enorm us said the girl. 'It is a bad portrait,' replied the old man. legs toward the fire. 'I've got purty fair starply, as he continued to pace the room. trotters, but hang me if I didn't think I'd The girl noticel that his step was quicker, track my neck over the path !'

"We must be careful how we use the witch and his brow more grim and dark. It grew ight, Mack, when we're about such business quicker still, the brow darker still, until i as the present, it'd draw too much suspicion.

became quite agitated. Then he seemed to But why didn't you come earlier l' calm himself by a powerful effort, and came 'Nothin' like precaution, Mother Davis, as uid sat down h rous say, and for that reason I waited until 'Helen !' he said, looking her earnestly in he mountain fulke had come home at as how hey wouldn't see me come here. You see the face. There is a famile group, but still deferred it. You are now of that age when they don't know-only listf suspect-the very honorable relations what exist between you should know every mystery of your fam us' said Mack, with a peculiar twinkle of his grav eves. He paused. 'And do you think they even suspect that on he my son !' asked the old ling, fiercely. "What is the secret, father !" she asked, Wal, I dunno; they only know me as alarm, although his recent emotions had a-Luzy Mack,' who never worked a day in his oused her curiosity. 'No, no, no, to-night; I cannot tell you life; but they've seen me about these primises so much, that I rather guess they have o ni ht. To morrow, you shall know all.' some such idee as that.' 'That would be fatal to our plans : but At that moment, a bold, manly voice was rou must be mistaken,' said the hag, quickly. heard singing in the ravine without, and a binsh mounted to the checks and brow of the We must, however, go to work at once .-

'Thank you for your condescension,' said quick footsteps was heard behind them, and Mack, as he left the cave with a low laugh. Ins they turned, a heavy blow sent Claude The woman went to lone corner of the reeling senseles upon the ground, and a rude room, and took from one of the niches of the arm clasped the waist of Helen. Her wild rock, a queerly constructed torch-light. It scream of afflight tang on the air, and then appeared to be three prongs of pine, twisted all was still, for the became unconscious in

ing each of the ends, she passed through the sat by the fire in her cavern home, with aperture, and stuck her magic torch in a elbows on knees, gazing musingly in the

'Yes, once Mack places her in my power, mistress, bot he little dreams of a revelation to be made. He will rave and swear, but that will do no good ; his must hear his dis-appointment. We'll all got to do that. I've valley, where the ranges of the mountain are doue it for many long years. When she is broken off The timber here censes, save once more in my power, Castle Craig will be here and there a small strip of wood; and at without a hunting spirit; its witch will be the time of which I write, the landscape pre- gone. I wonder if she will have the power to make me human again ?'

Her reverie was interrupted by the hasty entrance of Mack, bearing in his arms the fainting form of Helen.

'Quick | Master Davis | I've.got the prize, 'Give her to me l' cried Moll, springing forward and wizing her from his arms. 'Is her lover dead P

'Wal, I dunno; I hit him a purty hard lick, eplied Mack.

Go and see ; if he be dead, he must be concea'ed somewhere, so as to drown ass icion. Mack darted through the aperture.

'How beautiful she is !' murmured the old hag, as she held the fair girl in her scraggy you little know who it' is, that holds you to plainly bound her fair brow, and her simple her bosom. But you soon will I You soon will !!

Hans Griger, and although himself an emi-When Mack reached the spot where he grant, he had reared around him a family of had captured the girl, he found the school-master still insensible. His stanning blow sons and daughters of American soil, all of whom partook of the old man's political sen had struck the temple, and well nigh extin iments. In fact, his household presented guished life. Not knowing whether he was what in those days might be regarded aldead or alive, Mack thought the best place of most as an anomaly, an ent re family of tru-"ecretion was the cave. He picked him up blue whigs. But with all his zeal and whole in-his, stalwart arms, and started up the heartedness, Hans was constrained to do a h. He had not proceeded far, however, what he did with great caution and secrecy, before he discovered that life was not yet exfor he lived among those who would catch at unct in the burthen he bore. The man recovany disloyalty to the king as a pretext for ered slowly to a sense of his condition, and violence and ontrage. The safety, not only of his property, but of his person and the per-

that conviction instantly restored all his functions. They, at this moment had reached a portion of path bordering on a ledge of rock and the sound wen now commenced a struggle to free bimself from the cluntch of his captor. It was a terrible and brief struggle. for Mack, in attempting to hort his victim over the precipice, was dragged over by him,

quiet old farmer. So he kept his own coun-el, and when urged by them to take part in and they were bo.h dashed to pieces, at the bottom! the royal cause, he excused himself on ac count of old age, and the duties devolving

The old stone house was set in a wild upgrowing family. But on the other hand he missing from her room. She had not been seen by any of the household from the mowild with excitoment, and raved like a madvaders of the provines. man. Messengers were sent to all the respectly, that your actions might by governed by athe planters, and wood men in the mountain and valley; but none had seen ber. It was terrible to witness the smony of of Marens Hawthorne, as he stood upon the portico of vithout manifesting the least excitement or the old stone house, and waited for the return of each messenger, who had gone in search of bis daughter. Presently his attention was arrested b:

"Moll Davis, the witch of Casile Crnig, are ous upon any of his men; dispirited as they away without shy incident of moment, and "one ond the same / I have long contem were, in consequence of their late retreat from the night she passed at the house of a planter. "plated violence upon you, as a means of the assault upon Ninety Six, the General call. But before the close of the second day, while "getting my child, and once, at the hour of ed for volunteers who were willing to under-midnight, stood over you, with the wenpon take it. The call was for some time answer-on a party of armed tories. Coming from the "of death in my hand, but lleaven whisp-ed only by muttered grievances. Wearied direction of General Greene's camp, there "ered to me to spare your life for repent-with long and forced marches in the van of suspicions were excited, and leveling their "ance. Some years ago, I took under my a pursuing enemy; and discouraged by a tem- muskets at her, they commanded her to halt. "charge, as a traveling companion and as-"sistant of my schemes, the ron of a poorporary reverse, each soldier clung to the This she did without hesitation, or any em-"woman who could not provide for him. "The boy was "Lazy Mack," who was "raised to believe that I was his mother,

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present momontary respite from hardship. barrassment, when one of the fellows, seising toil and carnage. None seemed willing to the reins of the horse, demanded whence undertake the fearful responsibility. she came and whither she was going. she came and whither she was going. But at this moment a new and unexpected "I came from my father, Hans Griger, and "and in the capture of Helen to night has "lost his life. You will find him at the character appeared in the drama. A girl in I go to my brother, who is near Orangeburg." he garb of a peasant presented herself at the

was her brief response. "foot of the Craigs. And now, farewell. camp and demanded an audience with the "Before you proceed, you will go with us "Relen and I go to another land. Search General. With a look of surprise, the picket to my house. I am sure my wife will be glad to see you," said the tory. "the wide world through-you will not inquired : "What have you to do with the General ?"

"find me. For the last time, JANE HAWTHORNE.

The old man clasped his hand to his brow s he finished, and uttering a deep groan he fell to the floor-senseless. My grandmother wiped her spectacles, as

he finished, and turning to me, as I now turn to you, reader, asked : "How like you the legend of CASTLE-

CRAID P

## The Heroine of the Saluda.

In the District of Fairfield South Carolina, here lived during the American Revolution. he men, and their curiosity was excited. an honest old German Farmer, who amidst It was hard for them to conjecture what all the infections of a tory atmosphere, remischief might be blewing under the simple mained true to the cause of the land of his and homely garb, it was at last gravely condoption, an earnest, ardent, uncompromising cluded that she must be a spy from the tory dvocate of independence, and although not under aims, a valuable auxiliary in the strug-

General Greene was in no enviable humor le for American nationality. His name was at the moment of her sarrival in front of his narque. The messages that he wished to send o his two Generals were of immense importance, and driven to vexation by what he denominated the pusilanimous spirit of his men, who, one and all had, by a tacit silence, reperform the duty, when the unexpected visi-

fancies of his men, the General ordered that she should be immediately brought into his Nathaniel Greene. presence, and accordingly she was ushered into the marque. She was now really embar assed, but the General's vexation had changed sons of those who relied on him for protection, o good natured surprise by the unexpected i.i.t, and he addressed her with so much case, were at stake. There were tory eyes upon him, and the vindic ive hatred of that class

that in a moment her confidence was restored. of spirits towards anything like rebellion, is and she proceeded to make known the object too well known to doubt the result of any of the interview. "General," she suid, " they tell us at the appearance of disloyalty on the part of the

farm that you want a person to carry a messige to General Sumpter."

"I do indeed, my good girl, and will pay handsomely any one who will perform that upon him in the ovrees of his young but service for me." "I will do it, if yon ple

Assured by their manner that they intended "That I will tell him," was ber answer. no personal harm to her, she consented with "Good !" exclaimed the picket; so he apparent cheeerfulness. The house to which summoned the corporal, who conducted her they led her, hay about ball a mile distant, to the officer of the guard, who sent word to and having arrived there, she was immediately the officer of the day, who sent word to have unviou arrived merciane was immediately the officer of the day, who sent word to have up in a close room. Apprehending ley, gallantly conducted her in person to the that she might be subjected to a search, the marque of the General. There was a look of quick minded girl ate, piece by piece, the timidity, but not of fear, on the face of that deepatch that had been entrusted to her by

General Greens, and scatcely had she comoung creature, as she passed along the streets of the camp under the wondering gaze of the pleted the dry and unsavory repast, when the idle soldiery, but her step was firm and her expected wife of the tory entered the apartinent, and commenced a close and prying scrutiny of her clothes, hair and person. Thus bearing unawed. It was no strange thing to see a woman in camp, but long before the isitor has reached head quarters, the circummuch we must place to the credit of the totance of her imperitive demand to see the ries, who, with all their brutality towards the General in person had been whispered among patriots, had the delicacy to leave the examination of the person of this-girl to female hands.

Finding nothing of a suspicious character upon her, she was at length permitted to depart, and on the following day, the arrived

safely at the camp of General Sumpter, and delivered to the officer word for word, the message with which she had been entrasted. The message had much to do in breaking the power of the British, and closing the account of the Revolution in South Carolina. The plans of the enemy were frustrated ; the forges of the province were concentrated, and fused to convey them, he was in the act of the battle of Eutaw Springs followed. Emily writing an order, detailing messengers to Griger was for a long time the toast of the patriot army in the South; and the "Heroor was aunounced. Not pattaking of the ine of the Saluda," was never forgotten by that brave and faithful patriot-General

GOING TO. "SPREAD HERSELF."-We find the following "hoop" rolling the rounds of our exchanges; it is from the Sau Francison Globe :

As a newly married couple, evidently from the country, were promenading. Montgomery street last evening, their curiosity was sudden ly aroused by the appearance of some mysterious looking article, dangling in a large window. They eyed them with the deepest concern, first on one side then on the other, until at length the husband, having completely exhausted his imaginative powers, drawled

CASTLE CRAIG: -OR.

The Witch of the South Pass.

BY H. HAMILTON,

\* Castle Craig ?

- A deep lavine in the south mountainone of the branches of the Blue Ridgemade, as it were, by the ancient course of some of the valley streams. Upon one side the mountain looms up in a regular ampitheatre, while on the other the rarge is broguess,' said Mack, drawlingly. ken and craggy, with, for some distance. scarce a bush to cover its rugged brow. One which to abduct her ?' of the rocks protruding over the rest, seemed supported by the others, like castle walls, fornishing a kind of house, or shelter. From

the depths of the ravine it looks as if the en-Mack. trance to it was as large as a hall door, while above, and around the gray, irregular rocks, seem like the keeps and jurrets of a castle .---From this it derived its name.

Many years have passed, since my old grand-mother who has lived to the age of ninety years, first told me the legend I am about to narrate; and many years-thirty, Pass' 'll come with fire and torch to burn at least-had passed since the days of its reputed occurrence. I had often been to see git Helen Hawthorn in this cave, and I'll gu the spot, and gazed admiringly at its wild beauty, until I became awed by its rugged grandeur. Yet a spell of fear always crept over me, and caused me to leave it in solemn slicace. So, it appears, had been its effect upon the denizens of the valley and mountain thirty years before. But then for, a different

cance. The laborer, as the evening shadows settled over the ravine, and he stilled home wearied from his toil, looked up at the grav rocks and quickening his pace, would mutter, with a shudder of fear.

"Castle Craig !"

The mountaineer, whose music through the long day was the ring of the axe, in chorus with his bold song, luoked out from his cabin windows, at night upon the cold rocks on the opposite side, and murmuring its name, would go back silently to his great log fire, and gazing into its embers, with elbows on thing, Mother Davis ?" knees, would muse upon the strange place and its mysteries. Some two hundred yards down, or murder the school-master, and carabove the ominous spot, as we pass up the ry off the girl,' said Moll, with a satisfactory ravine, a small path is discovered, making chuckle. an assent of the acclivity. It is partially cov-ered over with leaves, but ere the darkness fally sets in, we may be able to trace it. Let us follow it. Ascending some fifty yaide, it suddenly diverges to the south, and a few moments' walk-hindered by our frequent stumbles and falls over the rough rocks-and we stand at the entrance of Castle Craig. But that entrance, instead of being large, gradu-ally converges to an opening of less than two breathin' existence for this world, and I'd feet. Entering the sperture and progressing not live to have the gal.' a few paces, we start back to the first secret of the dread.

There is a rough and irregular apartment, or gather cavern, with an arched roof and jagged floor, of an average space of twelve if to go. 🛸 feet. The shadows are growing dark without but there is plenty of light in that room .--A great wood fire is burning in the rear, the smoke from which seems to escape through a crevice in the rock above ; the blaze crackles able to get over it with the ged in my arma, and flares, making five spirits to dance and said Mack. glide about the floor) and walls, in a wild -1 thought you had traveled it long enough revel of phantasy. Are they the mysterious to know it, said Moll, with a slight sneer.

dwellers of this cavern home, and is this their 'I could find it if I was blind. How comeyer, and fear the Witch of Coule Craig ?' Lightere ? No; there is snother fumate. I must collige you, I reckon.' Ere the had time to reply, the so

young girl. Have you seen Squire H w horne to day ? 'As you will, father.' she said in an affec-\*Yes, and the pretty Helen, too, I rayther tionate tone. Leave no for a while, Helen, I would be And have you thought of any plan by love,' said the old man. "Wal, yes, Iscalkilate, it would be easy 'Kiss mo first, father.'

She knelt down before him, and he took enough to get her yer in the cave; but do you think we could keep her here l' said er lips, cheek and brow. God bless you, my child !' he murmured. "Oh, yes!' cried the hag, with a sati-factowith some emotion. She-rose from her knees and glided softly ry chuckle; 'for you could not get one in all this settlement to come, near it. Do they

from the room. Up the long stairway and not stand in dread of mot Have I not poi through the corridor to her own apartment, soned their cattle, and burned their timber ? she bounded like a fawn. A cloak and bon Aint every one of 'em afraid each night to go to sleep, for fear the 'Witch of the South net were quickly donned, and retracing her steps, she glided from the large portico of the stone house, and harried away. Whither goes this frail, tender girl out in their houses over their heads 1 Bah 1 But

bail she'll never git out alive ! 'Wal, I donno but what you're right Mother Davis,' said Mack, good-humoredly. They have a soit o' unnatural fear of you; and, in plint of fact, I believe they'd as soon meet the old gentleman with horns, who

keeps hot fires down below, for his own musement.' "But how do you expect to get the girl ?"

"Wall, Ill tell you. You see the gal has lawyer, a sort o'danly school master, who teaches letters, and readin's, and figgers, and sich like, in the old cabin above. But

he's poor as a mountain rat, and old squire'd never consent to her marryin' him any more than he would give her to me. So almost every evenin' she steals from the house, and meets the young school-master, and they take a walk down the ravine, sometimes almost so far as Castle-Craig. Do you see any-

'I rather guess your design; yon will knock blow

'Your seein' qualities is extraordinar good to night, Mother Davis,'s said Mack, s so dark.' smiling.

'I won't murder the school-master. If he was found dead near this place, suspicion which we have trod these many nights; and would fall at once on you or I; and though you certainly have no fears, when I am with the folks hereabout wouldn't come to your you ? You cannot fear me !' cave, they might give me a sly shot when

"No, no, Claude, I could not fear you, who are so good and noble, the exclaimed, ernestly. He twined his arm around her waist, and

her voice quiver-

'You are right', said the hag, thoughtfully; they commenced to descent to the ravine. The but when do you expect to do this ? frequent rains had filled the centre witha Just as soon as I can; it may be a week; smooth floor of sand, so that, despite t it may be to night, yet.' And Mack rose as darkness, the path was perfectly perceptile Loving words were whispered in low voice 'The sooper the better,' said the hag.

But, Mother Davis, hang out your witch-Castle Craig. light; the path's so dark, that I'd never be

> brave angel put faith in these idle rumo Ere che had time to reply, the sound

seeing a party of wood men bearing the bodies of two men toward the house. He rushed frantically toward them, expecting to see the mangled body of his daughter.

'Please, Squire, said the foremost of the party, here be two dead bodies we found in the gorge ; one be the school-master, good soul, and the other be "Lazy Mack," who

never worked any.' The old man was relieved to find no evidence of his daughter's death, but his agony her fair face between his hands, and kissed only increased at the delay.

"Where did you find these mangled corpses T he asked. 'Right underneath o' Castle Craig. There be suthin' very strange there, this mornin !' answered the man.

'Ah ?' cried the squire, 'what is it; besides the double murcer ?' 🖃

'Why, the witch light is still Durnin', and the sun be an hour high." 'Ah l' exclained the old man, clasping bis

brow in though, 'can this hag have practiced her damning violence upon my daughter. to the night; out into the deep ravine, where Follow me ! Convey these men into the danger often lucks, and the strong man.

house; gather my household, and all of you moved by the superstition of the age, is often made to tremble, and tell wild tales of the follow me." "Where, Squite ?" . tange sights he has seen ! Ab ! Helen 'To Castle. Criig !' he cried, as he rushed Hawthorne heard the manly voice who sang wildly down the ravine: here a moment before; it touched a chord-

The old man was somewhat feeble, and e strongest in her heart-the chord of love, notwithstandirg his deep incentive, his strength was searly wasted ere he reached d made it vibrate. It drowned her curiosi v for her father's secret, and it was with dethe path, and by that time the stordy mounlight that she received his summons to leave taineers and his household, had joined him.

They toiled up the path, and at last reached Down the ravine she glided, for some fifty rards, until she approached the trunk of a the entrance of the cave. The old man was allen and decayed oak. It was too dark to the first to erter, but he stirted back with an listinguish objects at bot a few yards, and exclamation of surprise, which was echoed by he spoke in a low tone a name which made those who followe !.

The cave was empty. Castle Craig was in solitude.

'Claude !! "What be this ?" said one of the foresters, 'Helen !' said a manly voice ; and the form a-man of medium stature rose up from picking up a piece of folded paper, and prethe log, and stepping forward, clasped her in senting it to the squire.

The old man opened it, and discovered his aims and imprinted a kiss upon her few irregularly written words in red; they had evidently been traced with the natural 'Oh, Claude !' she murmured, partially disengaging herself from his embrace. 'You froit of the 'mk bali," veculiar to that climate, were very wrong to cone to tryst to night; it and a stick must hava served for a pen. There

were strange words on that paper, however, never known to any but Marcus Hawthorne, 'But what of that ?' he replied tendedy. but to him they had a wonderful report. We know the smooth path to the ravine,

They ran as follows : "MARCOS HAWTHORNE : Run your mind back twenty years, to your early "days, when you roamed by the waters of "the blue Juniatti, in the old State of Pennaccordingly halted on the banks of the Salu-"svlvania, Do vou rememberJane Carlton? da, in the immediate vicinity of our old friend, "You married her, and for two years she

Hans Griger. To accomplish this procautionary measure, "devoted her life and love to you, with all "the fondness of a true wife. At the end "of that time, you basely deserted her. tak-"ing with you her child, her darling Helen: | ter, who were then, with their separate com-"For years she sought you in every part of "the country, sometimes in the disguise, tween the Edisto and Santee rivers; but the ed to General Marion. It was urged by some all had gone, he walked up to an elderly gen-"and sometimes in the necessity of a beg-"gar. At last chance directed her to vour "retreat, and for five long years she has parties of the enemy, the conveyance of a send some one else in the same direction, but day, brother." "watched you and her child with anxiety, message to either was a trust of great diffi- the General settled, that by saying she was "Where do "until the latter has grown to be a young "and bandsome girl-too pure to remain "and bandsome girl-too pure to remain considered fatal to any one who shuild pos- whether she reached her destination of not "longer in the care of so base a father isss the hardihood to undertake it. Not ubbody should share her laurela." "Jane 'Carlton-your deserted wife-and | wishing to force a duty so critical and bazard-

lost no opportunity of conveying useful innot for pay." formation to the commanding officers of the natriot forces, which, from time to time, en-" Yei

"I reckon you know where he is, and Lam " " " " opposition to the in mre I can find him," she added, without ap-Emily Griger was the eldest child of this pearing to notice his looks of astonishment. "But do you know the danger of the un-

faithful, but i nobtrusive old patriot. At that time, eighteen years of age, ills had been dertaking ?" inquired the veteran. " There is not a man in my whole grows that is miling eared in all the peculiar virtues of German o perform the required duty." housewifery, and German economy. She "I don't think it's because they're afiaid could bake the bread, brew the malt, wash to sir," she replied, delicately. "The soldiers the clothes, milk the cows, or if need be, re tired and worn out, and I don't blame drive oxen upon the plantation of her father.

hem for wanting a little rest. But I can do Yet, with all these solid accomplishments. 1.0-0 of a more delicate and effeuinate nature giri 1 ke u o." were not forgotten; and in her character "You are a brave girl; who are your pawere I lended with the useful the most virtuentsl ous and gentle attributes of her sex. She

"My father is Hans Griger. Your camp is possessed a tender heart and clear judgment a lively sense alike of her duties to her God. on a part of our plantation." "Hans Griger! I know him well!" ex-

her country and her fellow mortals, exhibiting a character at once firm. free and amin At the time of which I write, an organized

band-of tories, sustained by a few British troops, had completely swept over the neighly drones swarming around me." boring district of Ninetv Six, and fortified "I have my father's consent already," she themselves in a village of that name, from said. "He told me I might ask you. He which scouts, were continually scouring the would have sent one of my brothers, but the whole province, carrying with them the brand

only one large enough is a soldier in General of the incentitury and the dagger of the assas Sumpter's army. So, if you please, I'll set out immediately." sin; the whole being under the command of the infamous and notorious tory, John Cruger, " My child," said the General, "the task is a native of the city of New York, at that

too severe for you, independent of the danime holding a commission of Lieutenant Colonel from the enemies of his native land. journey of three days, and most of it through To reduce this borde of villains and drive a wilderness." hem from their strong hold, the Ameri-"I'm not afraid of the woods sir, and as to the

an General, Green, was dispatched, but with journey, I was brought up to hard work, and force inadequate to the task. He had laid for that matter to hard riding too. Indeed, seige to the fortress of Ninety-Six, but findsir, I think I can do the messagee for you ing it stronger than had been supposed, was better than a soldier; for I am hearty, and compelled to submit to the delay necessary they are weary; besides, a soldier will o the erection of counterworks, and finally anrely be taken prisoner if he is seen by the began the assault. But as the details of this tories, and your despatch will be lost."

tern encounter are familiar in history, I "Well, you shall go after you have seen hall not dwell upon them; suffice it to say, your father again, and obtained a renewal of hat when the tory commander was on the his consent. There is my message already point of surrendering, information was conwritten, but in case you should lose it by any eved to him that Lord Lawdon, having beard means, I will relate its contents. I know I of his critical situation, was at that moment may trust a daughter of Hans Griger, and a hear at hand with a sufficient force for his heroine like you. Should you lose this dissuccor. The effect of this information, while patch, and afterwards succeed in reaching the t inspired the garrison with renowed energy, as most disastrous upon the beseigers, and camp tell General Sumpter, that Lord Rawdon Horace Greeley to deliver an address at their General Greene found himself compelled to is moving towards Granby, and he must hasraise the siege and withdraw his little force. ten to throw his division in advance of the enemy and defeat his object. General Marion He hastily crossed the Saluda river, and reand Colonel Lee will be at hand to assist reated in the direction of the Enorce, leaving he tories still masters of the district. Lord him. Remember these words, my brave girl. Rawdon, after reaching the fortress of Ninety. |-and depart as speedily as you may. God bless Six, and finding all safe, set out in pursuit of you! Go." With these words he presed General Greene, but ever tually deemed it her hand heartily. She seized the precious

orudent to give up the chase and turn his at- packet, saying eagerly : "You shall soon hear from me, General," antion to the occupation of Friday's Ferry at Cranby, and the concentration of a strong and hastily quitting the camp, she returned force at that place, with the ultimate view of to the house of her father. In less than half sweeping the entire continental power from an hour this noble girl was on the back of a the province. To prevent this plan, General fleet horse, and with the despatch carefully Greene determined to intercept the expected concessed in her dress, she dashed down the and other brutal noises. Try to help me id reinforcements of the British commander, and | road on the banks of the Saluda. It was not this respect, if I go, as I mean to. long before the circumstance was noised through the camp, and many a brave fellow who had never feared to face death on the

bat le field hung his head in very shame that General Greens found it necessary to send a young girl should have seized upon the conclusion of a morning service, he waited instructions to Generals Marion and Sump- glory of such an enterprise. Volunteers were for some one to invite him to dinner. One mands, scouring the country somewhere be- of whom was accepted, and he was dispatchprecise position of either was unknown, and that the girl could not possibly reach Sump- tleman and gravely said : as the entire district was overrun by predatory | ter's camp, and hence it would be necessary to culty and danger. In fact, the attempt was as good as any two men in the army, and The first day of Emily's journey passed

"Well, Sal, consara my picter if them

sin't the queerest looking things I ever heard "Then twisting himself about, and giving the contents of the window another look, he added. "What on airth kin they be! What do you guess the darned things are !" "Why, Jake, don't you know-krinelins

whole arms that is milling

and hoops !" "Do you will !" cjaculated Jake rofuly-"Them's 'em, is they r' and he again ran his eves about the strange apparel. "I think they are so sweet," ventured Sal. when, at the same moment, a lady dressed in t sir. and nobody will think of suspecting a the very height and breadth of the fashion rashed klong.

Jake had seen enough. His mind was made up. Sal must have "krineline."-Without saving a word his started to enter the store, but was stopped at the door, by her with all sorts of entreaties not to carry the lamed the General. "As true a friend of joke any further. But Jake was determined. our cause as any, man in America, as 1 have | He had taken a fancy to the goods, and could nore than once had occasion to testify. If he not vest until his better half was supplied willing, you shall have your wish, if it were with them. She drew back but it was of no only an example and a rebuke to the coward- avail. He gathered her arm tightly in his own, and making a long stride into the es-

tablishment, ezclaimed : "Come along, old gal, you're my wife now and-ef you shan't spread yourself."

A WHIESY SELL-A stuttering wag of our acqu intan e, one day lest week, rushel into a bar-room, where a couple of thirsty

loafers were seated about the stove. Between ger you must incur. Why, it is at least a bis thumb and foro-finger, he held a quarter of a dollar, elevating which, he said : 'G-g-g gentleman, one and all-th-this is

m-my i-t-t-t--' By this time, the crowd had nearly all faced the bar.

'I say this is my totat 'Exactly,' said one, 'brandy and water.' 'N-no, b-b-but I say th-th-this is my t-ttwenty five cents, a and'I call you to witness

th-that I new p-p-pay the b-b-bar-keeper for five drinks I had yesterday.' So saying he flipped the quarter on the counter, and disappeared leaving the expented recipients of treat to reflect on the fact that doubtful things are mighty uncertain.

CANDID AND THUE. The Agricultural Society of Lafayette County, Indiana, invited County Fair next fall. The philosopher accepts the invitation, in a characteristic note, of which the following extract is a fair specimen :---

"You, of course, have already observed . what a farce is often made of these agricultural addresses-the great rush to hear at the outset-the indifference and falling off of hearers, after a few minutes-and the drowning of the speaker's voice at intervals, by the roaking of other buils and braying of more loud-mouthed if not more eloquent donkeys I I was completly drowned out at your State Fair, some years back, by a band of mueic;

HOBACE GREELEY."

23 It is related of a clergyman who had raveled some distance to preach, that at the now offered as thick as blackberries, only one by one, however, the congregation departed, without noticing him .- Finally, when nearly

Will you go home and dine with me to

Where do you hve !' "About twenty miles away, sir," 'No,' said the man, coloring, 'but you must go with me! This the minister did cheerfully.

× ...

by the lovers, until they came in sight if

'See!' cried Helen, chinging closer to him, 't witch-light is out to-night !. Some ne deviltry is abroad.' Ha, ha l' laughed Claude, 'does my lit