THE GIPSY DAUGHTER.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

In a far corner of a lovely glade in the Forest of Arden (England) in the northern part of Warwickshire, England, and in the midst of which was pitched a Gipsy camp, sat two beautiful girls, members of the vagrant tribe which had long infested that region.

One of these forest beauties was tall and queenly, and of a light, fairy-like form, with deep Blue eyes and a pensive cast of countenance, shaded by an abundance of bright, sunny-brown hair. Her name was ELECTRA, and she was the daughter of GONDEBALD, the Gipsy King's chief captain.

Her companion was LEDA, the daughter of MOHAMMED, the Gipsy King himself. She was shorter in stature than Electra; her form was more full; her face plump and dimpled; her eyes of a dark hazel, and her hair of darkest brown. Both the Gipsy girls were beautiful beyond description, and the daughters of that strange race are apt to be, and on the present occasion, both were sad—unusually sad.

Electra loved a young man of the tribe, named FABIAN, as handsome a gallant, and with as true a heart as ever beat upon a maiden's bosom. None was her confidante, and sympathized with her in everything. And they had that very morning—it was now toward the close of the warm summer day—learned of a plot, hatched by Mohammed and Gondebald, which would not only prevent the union of Electra and Fabian, but also plunge both the maidens into unspeakable and life-long wretchedness.

The plot was, that Mohammed should give his daughter Leda in marriage to Gondebald; and Gondebald, in return, was to give his daughter Electra in marriage to Mohammed. The announcement of this plan had filled the hearts of the two girls with indignation and misery; and they had withdrawn to their secluded nook to consult together, and, if possible, comfort each other. But the hope of comfort could they cherish. The power of their fathers was absolute; and so, all they could resolve upon was to die, sooner than submit to such a revolting union.

Just as they had come to this conclusion, they heard *footsteps in the forest*, and soon Fabian came in view; whereupon Leda hastily quitted the spot, that the lovers might commune alone. The meeting was a sad one, for Fabian had also heard the news. Old Dione, the Sorceress of the tribe, had told it to him; and she had also hinted that neither he nor Electra was of Gipsy parentage—that a strange mystery was connected with them both, which she might at some time unfold. She had also warned Fabian to look out for his safety. "*Wolves are abroad, my son!*" she said; "*and they thirst for the blood of one* [illegible] *Look well to thyself, and to Electra!*"

The lovers were filled with dismay. Their only hope was in flight; and upon flight they at once resolved. But whither should they flee? As they anxiously revolved this question, they heard footsteps approaching, and Electra, by Fabian's command, hastily fled towards the camp, leaving her lover to meet the intruders alone.

Fabian saw two of the most notorious ruffians of the tribe approaching, named Gower and Trogus. They were vile instruments of the Gipsy chief, ever glad to do his bidding, no matter how bloody or infamous the service. They generally travelled together, and their disciples were many; and various as there were occasions for their use. They summoned Fabian, in the King's name, to accompany them at once to Atherstone, where they were to meet Gondebald, and then set out upon some expedition of great importance. Of course, he had to obey; but as Dione's warning was still fresh in his mind, he first went to his tent and armed *himself with a couple of pistols, which he* secreted in his pockets.

Before the party had proceeded many miles through the forest, Fabian became convinced that the ruffians meant to do him harm. He was certain that they were not on the path to Atherstone; and as they drew near a frightful chasm, through which rushed a turbulent stream, he saw, by the demeanor of Gower and Trogus, that the decisive moment was at hand. He had walked between them thus far—one in his front, the other behind him—but now, under pretext of having hurt his foot, he stepped aside, and paused till the rear villain passed him, and then limped on after them. On arriving at the edge of the chasm, the ruffians suddenly wheeled around, drew their knives, and rushed upon *Fabian, of whom they thought to make* speedy work. But they were mistaken. Drawing his pistols, he shot Gower dead, and wounded Trogus in the right shoulder so severely that the ruffian fell to the earth and begged for mercy. On reflection, Fabian resolved to spare the villain's life; and at once set about dressing his wound as well as he could, with a view to getting him back to the camp. This magnanimous conduct not only astounded Trogus, but it did more—it touched his heart, and he resolved ever after to be faithful to Fabian as far as it should lay in his power. He advised our hero not to return to the camp, as the King would certainly *take further proceedings against him*; thus hinting, although he would not expressly acknowledge the fact, that Mohammed had ordered him and Gower to kill Fabian; and he also hinted about other dark deeds that might be done, and earnestly besought his preserver not to place himself again in the King's power.

But Fabian returned to the camp. The journey was slow, as Trogus could not travel fast; and it was near midnight when they arrived. Fabian went at once to the tent of Dione, and found the Sorceress up, and seemingly awaiting the arrival of some one. She was a strange-looking creature, and might have served as a model for any artist who would picture a witch to the life. Dione was a Spanish Gitano, and she had brought with her from the sunny South many an item of mystic lore before unknown among the English Gipsies.

When Fabian had told Dione his story, she rocked herself to and fro, and muttered, "So soon! so soon!" and then warning the youth to be on his guard, she dismissed him with a promise to communicate some important secrets to him on the morrow, and plan for his and Electra's future safety.

Mohammed and Gondebald soon learned through their spies, that Trogus was in his tent; and the King at once sent for him. On being questioned, Trogus told his story to the astounded plotters, who raved with fury on learning the issue of their attempt upon our young hero. They soon bent Trogus to their wishes by mingled threats and promises, and his one having been given to him, three Gipsies were sent to bring Fabian to the King's apartment.

Mohammed and Gondebald were ill at ease. The latter feared that unless he should be able to bestow Electra upon the King, he himself would never be permitted to take the fascinating Leda to wife; and the former was in a terrible rage at his young and favorite son, for the mischief he had done. The King, however, had deeper cause for disquiet and greater reason to fear Fabian, than resulted from our hero's love for and influence over Electra. Dione had whispered strange things in his ear, and hermystic warnings had caused him to ponder on these things he could not speak to Gondebald, but treasured them in his own dark breast, and tried to assume a look of easy assurance, and spoke words of arrogant confidence, but ere he could prolong his remarks, the door was opened and our hero was led into the apartment by the three ruffians who had been sent for him.

When Fabian found himself in the presence of the king and his captain, there was a sense of dread upon him which he had not before experienced. Mohammed looked dark and threatening, his brutal face being settled into an expression of most deadly meaning, while Gondebald, with his sunken black eyes and raised shoulders, looked not unlike a coiled serpent. And then the apartment, with its dingy, ragged walls, and its dirty floor, with the ghostly light from the smoky glass of the unshaded lamp, was not calculated to add anything like cheerfulness to the scene. But the youth was not left long to ponder upon these things, for he was led towards the large oaken chair in which the king sat, who addressed him without much hesitation:

"So, my fine master Fabian, you have had quite an adventure!" This was spoken in a sarcastic tone, and with the teeth closed. Our hero looked up:

"My lord," he said, using the form of address which was common among the gipsies when addressing their ruler, "if you have any accusation to make, will you make it at once? for I would know whereof I am accused."

"Thou shalt hear right quickly," replied Mohammed; and as he spoke he cast his eyes over the room, as though he would assure himself that all present might be trusted. Gondebald stood at his right hand, while farther away, behind the prisoner, were the three men who had conducted the latter from his tent. They were Saul, Jasper, and Anselmo—three hardened wretches, who were bound to the will of their master, as though they had been mere machines of torture in his hands. "Listen," the king proceeded, "and answer me truly: Did'st thou not slay our faithful servant, Gower?"

"I did shoot him; but 'twas in self-defence."

"Beware, sir! Don't add falsehood to your other crimes! Let Trogus be called."

In a few moments the wounded gipsy was brought in. He seemed to be in great pain, but he bore himself as bravely as possible before the king. Looked towards the prisoner; but it was only a furtive glance, and was not repeated.

"Trogus," spoke Mohammed, "you have been called to give us your evidence touching this youth's doings to-night. Let us hear your story."

"Ah, mind that you give us the facts as they are."

"When your hero saw Trogus aiming at his gage, and how he trembled, he knew that the forthcoming story had been already arranged.

"My lord," commenced the wounded villain, "you know you sent Gower and myself to conduct Fabian to Atherstone. We started, as you directed. When we reached the stream near the edge of the forest, we found that we had lost our way, and while Gower went forward to look out for a fording-place, Fabian and myself sat down upon the rock. In a little while Gower came back, and as he was about to tell us what he had discovered, master Fabian jumped up and shot him with a pistol which he had drawn from his bosom. I hurried forward as quickly as possible to help my companion; but the young man had another pistol, which he fired at me. The ball lodged in my shoulder. He would have killed me if he could."

"What have you to say to this?" demanded Mohammed.

At first the youth did not know what to say. He had expected something of this kind, and yet the cool falsehood of Trogus for a moment confounded him. He tried to catch the villain's eye, but without effect.

"My lord," he finally said, addressing the king, "this man hath spoken most falsely. I did shoot Gower, but not until he had tried to kill me; and when I fired at this fellow, it was to escape his poniard."

"A very pretty story," returned Mohammed, with a coarse chuckle. "Such stories are very easily manufactured by those who have done great crimes." Then turning to Gondebald, he continued—"Good captain, you have heard all—what ought we to do?"

"Why," replied the man thus addressed, as though he were reflecting seriously, "I can see but one course to pursue. The murderer must be secured until you can give him such trial as our customs demand."

"You are right, captain." And then turning to the three men who stood in waiting, he added—

"Here, sirs,—take this fellow, and lock him up. Let him be as comfortable as you can; but first see that he is secure."

Our hero felt that further expostulation would be useless, so he followed Saul from the apartment, Jasper and Anselmo bringing up the rear. In the narrow hall, the guide lighted a torch, and then proceeded to the rear of the building, and thence down into the cellar. The cellar seemed to be nearly as broad in extent as was the surface covered by the main part of the building; but Saul pushed on to a far corner, where he found a door, upon opening which a low, vaulted passage was discovered. Into this the prisoner was led, and presently another door was reached, which opened with a creaking sound, and beyond which appeared a tomb-like dungeon, with solid stone walls, and an arched ceiling into which the youth was thrust, and the door shut upon him.

What next to expect Fabian was hardly prepared to guess, though he feared it would be some evil thing.

In the meantime the Gipsy King and his captain held an earnest consultation, during which they exhibited much malice, and rage, but did not seem able to hit upon any satisfactory course of action.

"What *shall* we do?" cried Mohammed, starting up and walking across the floor. "Gondebald, I say continued, as he came back, "do you know that the country is already becoming hot about us?—that the officers of the law have a sharp eye upon us?"

"Yes, my lord—I am aware of that."

"And you know that they are liable, at any time, to come down upon us?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Then it is clear enough that we must not have any dissensions in our own camp at present. Were it not for that, this trial should come off this very morning, and the fellow should be hanged before night. But I dare not do it now. But—my captain—your countenance looks bright. What now thought is it?"

Gondebald bent his head a moment, with his finger pressed upon his brow, and then he approached his chief. What he had to say he dared not speak aloud, even in that place; so he whispered it into the king's ear. Mohammed started as he caught the idea, and convulsively grasping his wily counsellor by the hand, he exclaimed:

"Good Gondebald, it shall be done!—It shall be done!"

Near the middle of the forenoon—an hour after the conference between Mohammed and his captains—Electra sat alone in her tent. She had heard some strange rumors concerning the adventure of her lover, but as yet she had not arrived at the truth. The weight of suspense was agonizing, and she resolved to seek old Dione, in hopes that she might there gain further light. She had risen, and was about to draw her light mantle over her head, when her movements were interrupted by the entrance of Gondebald.

"Sit down, Electra, sit down," her father said. He took a seat as he spoke, and when she had done the same, he continued: "I have something to say to you. I think you have heard some news. Is it not so?"

"I have heard vague rumors," she replied.

"And I'll wager a golden crown, that you were about to go out after information. You were going to seek old Dione, were you not?"

"Yes," Electra replied; but she looked down as she spoke, for her father's gaze was fixed upon her so keenly that she could not meet it.

"Electra, listen to me." He spoke quickly and sternly, and the fair girl was startled as she heard his tones. "If you trust that old witch you will trust a *lengua*! You don't know her. In Spain she caused the ruin of a thousand virgins like yourself. Her evil eye is upon you. Beware of her, or a worse fate shall be yours than any you ever yet dreamed of. Do you know the story of the terrible charm she wears at her girdle?"

"No," the maiden replied, wonderingly; for she believed that the sorceress possessed more than mortal power.

"Did you not know that that charm was composed of human bones?"

"Father!—I heard *as*," said Electra, shuddering.

"Did you never hear what particular kind of bones they are?"

"Bones of the finger, I think."

"Aye, but that is not all. Mark me: Each bone is from the right forefinger of a girl like yourself; and she wears them to mark the number of those who have fallen into her fiendish toils. She must have a score of them to make the charm all-powerful. She now has eight and forty. She has fixed her evil eye upon you and Leda!"

"No! no!" cried Electra, really terrified. "O, it cannot be!"

"But I know!" asserted Gondebald, slowly and emphatically. "And now I warn you to beware of her. At present her power is limited; but, if *you submit to her wiles*, you are lost!"

Electra dared not dispute her father, and yet she was unwilling to believe that Dione could meditate any such cruel plan. True, she did believe that the woman was a witch, but still she felt some confidence in her personal friendship. Gondebald seemed to read the girl's thoughts, and he presently interrupted them:

"But, my child, I did not mean to speak of Dione when I began, though I am glad that the thought occurred to me, for now I have given thee a sufficient warning of a great danger. I meant to speak to you of this Fabian. Ah! you start. You are interested!"

"Aye, I am interested," the maiden replied, after a moment's hesitation. "I should be foolish were I to attempt the concealment of so palpable a truth."

"I am glad that you are so frank with me, Electra. But, to the story: Fabian is under arrest, and in close confinement, for killing Gower and attempting to take the life of Trogus; and if he comes to trial he must surely be condemned."

Electra uttered a quick cry of pain, and pressed her hand upon her heart.

"But," pursued Gondebald, who, though he watched his child sharply, yet seemed to take no particular notice of this sudden emotion, "the King desires to save the youth if he can, and he has called me to his counsel. We deliberated a very long while upon the matter. It was evident that if Fabian were brought to trial, his sentence nation must follow, for our plain laws cannot be set aside. At length we hit upon the only plan by which his salvation could be effected. We mean to let him make his escape. Do you understand me?"

"Escape?" repeated Electra.

"Yes. We mean to let him escape. A way will be opened to him, as though by accident, and he will be permitted to go free."

"With one of those powerful efforts, by which the maiden could at times entirely control the most passionate emotion, she calmed the wild beating of her heart, thus utterly concealing the feelings which were rending her soul. She could not plainly understand the plot, but that there was a plot against her lover she felt sure. Should she, at present, seek further information from her father, she feared that she might expose herself, so she spoke from the necessity of concealment which was upon her.

"I am glad," she said, "that you have told me this; for now I shall be more easy. I did feel much anxiety when I heard of Fabian's danger. We have been children together—we have been playmates together—and in later years we have been warm friends. I have learned to prize his companionship much; and I will not deny that I have cherished upon him with more, perhaps, than a mere friendly affection. But, even to bear me company, I would not have him remain here, and be in danger. I am glad, therefore, that you have planned to let him go."

Gondebald was completely deceived. He had watched *the maiden's every expression, and had* caught every intonation of her voice; and not a single sign could he detect upon which to fasten a suspicion that she did not mean and feel just what she spoke. He thought he saw her real feelings; and, furthermore, he imagined that she had been very frank with him; so he left her with a feeling of satisfaction, which doubtless would have been changed to rage could he have overheard the plot which he had arranged in his tent a few hours afterwards by his daughter and Leda. The Gipsy fathers were crafty; but what man could ever outplot a maiden when striving for her lover's safety?

CHAPTER II.

THE BLOOD-HOUNDS!

Some time near the middle of the day a man came down to the cell, and brought Fabian some food and drink. It was Saul, the robber, the Gipsy parlance, the *ostilador*. He seemed a fitting man to stand in the shoes of the dead Gower; and surely he was a ready and expert tool in the hands of the Gipsy king.

The prisoner had a thought of poison in his mind, but it did not prevent him from eating, though he did not relish the food quite so well as he might otherwise have done. Saul waited a little while, as though from curiosity, and then left. When Fabian had eaten what he pleased, he walked about the cell, feeling his way along by the wall, talking with himself as he went. In this manner he had spent an hour, or more, when he was disturbed in his reflections by the approach of some one towards his place of confinement, and shortly afterwards his door was opened, and Saul again made his appearance; but he did not this time come alone; his companion, Anselmo, bore him company.

"Well, my master," spoke the former, "how would you like to smell the fresh air, and see the stars? We have come to lead you out of this place; and I shouldn't think you'd feel many regrets in leaving it."

"That may depend upon what I gain by the exchange," replied Fabian.

"I guess the exchange will be all in your favor, that is, if you improve it. However, we'll see by and by."

When the party reached the upper hall, instead of turning towards the main part of the building, they moved on to the rear and passed out, by the stables, into a small yard, where they were joined by Jasper, a ruffian whom we have once before noticed. In this yard were secured two large, powerful bloodhounds, which leaped furiously at our hero as he entered, but their stout chains prevented their reaching him. Nevertheless, he was startled by their savage movements, for he knew their disposition too well, and he withdrew to the further corner of the enclosure. Jasper spoke to the brutes, and bade them be quiet. They obeyed him in a measure by crouching away towards their kennel and lying down; but they still kept their fiery eyes fixed upon the youth, and their low, deep growling seemed to tell that they did not fancy the presence of the interloper.

In the meantime the three ostiladors conversed apart, and finally Saul and Anselmo approached the prisoner, and informed him that he was to accompany them.

"We have learned the king's will," said Saul, "and we know now exactly what to do. We shall go with you a little way, and when you know our object I don't think you'll want to make any fuss. So don't be frightened."

"I am not used to being frightened, sirs," said Fabian quickly and proudly.

"I didn't mean that you were," responded the villain. "I only mean that you shouldn't have any *fears of us*, for I thought you looked and acted as though you fancied we would do you harm; but as I am alive, we don't mean to harm you in the least. We're not going to hurt a hair of your head."

Our hero wondered if Saul spoke true. If he did, then what meant this secret departure from the camp? And, on the other hand, if they did mean any violence, what object could they have in denying it? Perhaps, to keep him quiet, and thus render their work the more easy. He pondered upon it, and was, in the end, rather inclined to doubt the truth of the villain's assertions.

Meantime they had reached the deep wood, at a point where a narrow, blind hunting-path wound its devious way among the big *trees, and Anselmo* had taken a small lantern from beneath his frock to help light them on, for it was very dark in the deep forest. The moon was not yet up, and the stars could dark but few beams through the rank foliage of the great oaks. Saul held the prisoner by the left arm, keeping close by his side as they walked, while Anselmo kept as near upon the other side as possible. Fabian remembered his adventure with Gower and Trogus upon the rocky precipice, and he could not help feeling that these two scoundrels might be meditating the same kind of business as that which he had before frustrated. If such were the case, how should he escape? He had no weapon of any kind, while his conductors were armed to the teeth. He could think of but one chance, and that was flight. If he could break away from the villains, he might save himself.

With such thoughts in his mind he walked quietly along for some time. By and by he hesitated, and turned towards the man who held him by the arm.

"Saul," he said, with much anxiety manifest in his tone and manner, "was there poison in that food you brought me?"

"Poison? No—not a bit of it. Why—what makes you ask the question?"

"Because, I feel it here," replied the youth, pressing his right hand upon his bosom, and uttering a groan. "I do not feel right. O, if there was poison in it, tell me! If I am dying, let me know!"

"Bless your body, my master, you are foolish! There was no more poison in it than there is in a maiden's kiss."

"Then what is this faintness which comes over me? Why can I not see as I would? What is it?" And the youth put forth his hand as though he would feel his way, at the same time staggering, and leaning heavily upon his guide.

"*Mayaro Undebel!*" ejaculated Saul, stopping, and supporting the prisoner. "What is all this? you must have eaten too much and drank too much of that cold water! Hold the king he'd better send you wine! Here, Anselmo, take hold of him."

The man thus addressed set down his lantern upon the ground, and started to obey. This was the opportunity which our hero had plotted for. As soon as he saw that he had thrown the villains off their guard, he gathered all his strength for the effort, and with one blow he sent Saul reeling to the earth. He then took Anselmo, as he was rising from his lantern, and served him in like manner; and then he darted off along the narrow path, at the top of his speed. In a little while, however, it became evident to the youth that he must soon be overtaken if he kept on in the path, for his pursuers were gaining upon him every moment. They were used to forest ranging, and could glide along among the tangled boughs like beasts of prey.

Many thoughts flashed through Fabian's mind, but they availed him nothing. He regretted that he had not stopped and given the ruffians a few extra raps on the head, while he had them down; but 'twas too late now. The only hope was in concealment; so, on the first opportunity, he sprang into a thick wildwood, and was struggling bravely on, when the voice of Saul sounded close behind him. He turned his head to look; and as he did so, his foot caught in a stout vine, which sent him headlong among the underbrush. On the next instant they were upon him, with a hand on each grasp upon his throat. In a moment more Anselmo came up, and the youth's struggles were now in vain. As he lay there, pained and bewildered by the fall, and by the grasp upon his throat, they bound his arms behind him with a stout leathern thong, and then dragged him back into the path. A lurgeonk was close at hand, and having forced him down by the side of this, they bound his ankles as they had done his arms, thus rendering him utterly powerless, either for flight or resistance.

"Now," said Saul, as he straightened up from his work, "I'll tell you what you've been so anxious to know. I don't bear you any malice for the blow you gave me, nor for the effort you made to escape, for I should probably have done the same myself; though, I must say, if I'd got my hands upon you while the smart was in my head, you might have got a bitter taste of Saul's mustle. However, you're safe now, and I'll tell you what this thing all means. The king don't seek your life—he don't want to have the laws executed on you; so he gives you this chance of escape. But, mind you, you mustn't tell anybody that you were let off on purpose. You must make it appear that you escaped by your own wits. And—one thing more—you mustn't come back to the camp again. You'll be in danger if you do."

"Hold!" cried the youth, as the villains were about to turn away; "I'll it be so; you say, why do you leave these bonds upon me?"

"Because we were so ordered. The king said you'd get clear of them easy enough. Perhaps they're to save him from speaking falsely when he says he can't imagine how you got clear." Saul gave a low chuckle as he ceased speaking, and then hurried away, his companion following close behind him.

Fabian listened till the sound of retreating footsteps was lost in the distance, and then he turned his thoughts upon his present situation. It was strange, and, for awhile, incomprehensible; but finally he fancied that he could, at least, imagine something of its meaning. He had been left there to die of hunger! No one ever traversed that path save the Gipsy hunters, and they might be kept away until he had starved! As these thoughts came upon him, he strained upon the bond that confined his arms; but he found the thing was proof against his utmost strength. In a little while he tried again; and he thought that the bond gave a little beneath the strain; but he was soon satisfied that 'twas only the sinking of the thong into the flesh that had caused the apparent loosening.

He sank back once more upon the tree, well nigh exhausted; and he now noticed that the moon had risen. With the coming of the moonlight his spirits for the while seemed to revive, and he tried to set his wits upon some expedient whereby he could cast off the bonds from his limbs. He was thus engaged when his ear caught a sound which startled him.

Hark! What is that low, frightful howling that comes breaking through the forest? It is the voice of the blood-hounds! Hark! why do they howl so cruelly—so vengefully? Why are they so eager and so hot-breathed? Hark! they are close at hand, and their howls are changed to quick, snuffing cries. Ha!—See! They are here! The moonbeams stream in through an opening in the leafy canopy, and reveal the hounds, not a dozen yards away.

As if he had read it upon a fiery scroll did the whole truth unfold itself to Fabian's mind. Thus could Mohammed gain his destruction, and the people of the camp should never know the murderous villainy of the deed. They would think he had escaped from his prison, and fled to the woods, and that the dogs had been sent for and destroyed him.

But—would the brutes take his life?

The youth's blood seemed to freeze in his veins at this query came to his mind. He now remembered a remark he had heard Jasper drop, only a few hours before, in the kennel-yard, while the dogs were so uneasy. *The hounds had not eaten a morsel for four and twenty hours!*

The above is all of this story that will be published in our columns. We give this as a sample. The continuation of it, from where it leaves off here, can be found only in the New York *Ledger*, the great family paper, which is for sale at all the stores throughout the city and country, where papers are sold. Remember and ask for the New York *Ledger* of March 31, and in it you will find the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here.

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MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

FORT OF PHILADELPHIA, March 17, 1860.

SUN RISES.....6 3–8m SUN SETS.....5 57
HIGH WATER.....10 46

ARRIVED.
Steamship Kennebec, Hand, 24 hours from N York, with mdse and passengers to Jas Alderdice.
Schr Alfred Helping, Dennimore, 1 day from Odessa, Del, with corn to Jas L Bewley & Co.
Schr Victory, Chambers, 2 days from Lewes, Del, with wheat to Jas L Bewley & Co.

CLEARED.
Steamship City of Richmond, Mitchell, *Richmond*, Thos Webster, Jr.
Steamship Keystone State, Marshman, Charleston, A Heron.
Steamship Kennebec, Hand, New York, J Alderdice.
Schr J J Spencer, Dole, Pensacola, Jno S Jones & Co.
Schr Independence, Hewitt, Gardiner, Me, Leighton & Co.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Exchange.)
LEWES, Del, March 15, 9 A M.
The brig S Thurston and schr Fame, both from Cardenas, with a bark, two brigs, and fourteen schooners, are anchor inside the Breakwater. Mr Price, pilot, landed last night, and reports as above, and that yesterday afternoon, the brigs Mist, Abby Watts, Phebe A Paine, schrs Village Belle and E McLeod, left a large fleet of schrs are now going out. Wind W—weather cloudy.
Yours, W. M. HICKMAN.

BY TELEGRAPH.
(*Correspondence of the Philadelphia Exchange.*)
CAPE ISLAND, N J, March 16—10 A M.
The steamer Boston, for New York, went to sea last evening at 9¼ o'clock. The steamer Delaware, from New York, passed up this morning at 8 o'clock. Wind E NE—weather clear.
Yours, &c. THOS B. HUGHES.

BY TELEGRAPH.
(Correspondence of The Press.)
NEW ORLEANS, March 16.
Arrived, ships Addie Snow and Wm Prescott, from Liverpool.

MEMORANDA.
Bark Grayhound, Gulbrandson, for Rio de Janeiro, cleared at Savannah 13th inst.
Bark Elc Kerlin, for Pernambuco, with 2700 bbls flour, sailed from Richmond 16th inst.
Bark Sylph, Jones, for Philadelphia, was towed to sea from New Orleans 6th inst.
Bark Grapeshot, Homewood, cleared at New Orleans 10th inst, for Havana.
Brig Australia, Wylie, cleared at Havana 9th inst, for Sierra Morena, to load molasses for Charleston or Philadelphia, at $2.37½ if for Philadelphia, and $2 if for the latter, per 110 gallons—capacity 200 hhds.
Brig Minna, (Ham) Wessels, sailed from Matanzas 7th inst, for Philadelphia.
Schr M M Freeman, Nickerson, from Boston, arrived at Wilmington, Del, 15th inst.
Schr Charles William, Stanley, for West Indies, sailed from Wilmington, Del, yesterday.
Schr Patriot, Wroten, hence, arrived at Baltimore 15th inst.
Schr Lewis Chester, Somers, was up at Wilmington, NC, 14th inst, for Philadelphia.
Schr Woodruff Sims, Mason, from Smyrna, Del, at Providence 14th inst.
Schr Isabel, Taylor, sailed from Providence 14th inst, for Philadelphia.
Schr Mail, Kelly, from Providence for Philadelphia, at Newport 13th inst.

FOREIGN PORTS.
(Per steamship Circassian, at St Johns, NF.)
Arr at Liverpool 1st inst, Thetis, Ropes, and Kate Prince, Dickerson, New Orleans; 3d, Ann Sewall, Savannah; 2d, Jane Parker, Nichols, New Orleans; Annie Horsman, Hyler, and Golden Star, Mallinx, do; 3d, Gospel, Merrill, Charleston; 5th, Sultana, Brown, and Jenny Lind, Larrabee, Apalachicola; Africa, Jordan, N Orleans.
Arr at Fleetwood 3d, Diarvil, Black, and Ocelon, N Orleans; Edwin, Nuxent, Mobile.
Arr at Cowes 29th ult, J L Jones, New Orleans.
Arr at Cuxhaven 27th, Louis Napoleon, Hertig, New York.
Arr at Bremen 20th, Union, Davis, New York; 27th, Carl, Ludwig, New Orleans.
Arr at Lisbon 16th, Royalson, New York.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.
The Five Fathom Bank Light Ship (off the Capes of Delaware) has been replaced on her station
By order of the Lighthouse Board.
J. S. SKILLWAGEN, Commander U. S. N.
Lighthouse Inspector's Office, Phila, March 16, 1860.
m 17-3t

EDUCATIONAL.

AMERICAN SCHOOL INSTITUTE is a medium through which Schools and Families may obtain, gratuitously, information and circulars of the best schools. SMITH, WOODMAN & CO., 346 BROADWAY, New York, or 609 CHESTNUT Street, Philadelphia.

NEW BOARDING SCHOOL.
TUSCARORA FEMALE INSTITUTE
Will be opened as ACADEMIA, Juniata county, Pa., on the 1st day of MAY next. For announcements containing terms, &c., apply by letter, or personally, till 1st April, to the subscriber, at 1711 VINE Street, Philadelphia; after that at ACADEMIA, Juniata county, Pa.
W. G. E. AGNEW.
fe23-dtmy1*

BRYANT & STRATTON'S NATIONAL MERCANTILE COLLEGES, located at Philadelphia, S. E. corner SEVENTH and CHESTNUT; New York, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, and St. Louis. For information, call or send for Catalogue. feb-1r

SOAPS.
VAN HAAGEN & McKEONE'S CELEBRATED ORIENTAL, DETERSIVE, CHEMICAL OLIVE, EXTRA PALE, PALE, BROWN, AND FUMING TOILET, &c.
TILLIN & McKEONE, 22 and 24 S. WHARVES.
Also wholesale dealers in COCOANUT, COTTON SEED, PALM AND ELAINE OILS.

CANDLES.
PARRAFINE WAX,
PURE SPERMACETI,
CHEMICAL SPERM,
ADAMANTINE,
Assorted sizes.
Packed in plain or fancy boxes to suit an market.
For sale by the agents of the manufacturers,
TILLIN & McKEONE, 22 and 24 S. WHARVES
fe18-swtf

BURGESS' TROUT, BASS, AND SALMON RODS.—PHILIP WILSON & CO., 432 CHESTNUT Street, having taken the Sole Agency of my celebrated Trout, Bass, and Salmon Rods, Reels, &c., will supply my friends and the trade at the lowest prices. O. W. BURGESS.
mh6-3m

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

MANHATTAN
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF NEW YORK CITY.
CAPITAL STOCK.....$350,000 00
SURPLUS.....105,697 10
TOTAL ASSETS.....$325,697 10
STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE
MANHATTAN
FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK.
ON THE FIRST DAY OF JANUARY, 1860,
Made in conformity with the requirements of the laws of the State of Pennsylvania.

FIRST.
CAPITAL STOCK.....$350,000
Number of shares subscribed for 5,000.
Amount of assessments on stock paid in, in cash.....paid in full.

SECOND.

The value of the real estate held by the company.....	None.
Amount of cash on hand and in bank.....	7,931 72
Amount of loans secured by bonds and mortgage, constituting the first lien on the real estate, on which there is less than one year's interest due and owing.....	305,000 00
Amount of loans on which interest has not been paid within one year.....	None.
Amount due company on which judgments have been obtained.....	None.
Amount of stocks owned by the company	

	Par value.	Market value.
Brooklyn City bonds.....	10,000	10,500

Amount of stock held by the company as collateral security for loans, with the amount loaned thereon, and their par and market value:	10 000 00

	Par value.	Market value. Loan'd
28,900	31,038	23,100

Amount of premiums due and unpaid.....	6,453 10
Amount of interest on investments accrued but not due.....	3,162 23
	$355,697 10

Put up for Dealers in cases containing four, eight, and twelve dozen—a beautiful Lithographic Show-Card accompanying each package.

☞ A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually to every household.

Sold by all prominent Stationers, *Druggists*, Hardware and Furniture Dealers, *Grocers*, and Fancy Stores.

Country merchants should make a note of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, when making up their list, it will stand any climate.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE.
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY STATIONERS.
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY HARDWARE DEALERS.
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY HOUSE-FURNISHING STORES.
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY FURNITURE DEALERS.
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY FANCY-GOODS DEALERS
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY GROCERS.
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY COUNTRY MERCHANTS GENERALLY.
Manufactured by
HENRY C. SPALDING & CO.,
43 CEDAR Street, New York.
Address Post Office, Box No. 3,600.

Put up in cases containing either Four, Eight, of Twelve dozen each—A beautiful LITHOGRAPHIC SHOW-CARD accompanying each package. d21-m1y

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PIANO-FORTES.
MELODEONS.
PIANO FORTES.
MELODEONS.
PIANO-FORTES.
MELODEONS.
PIANO-FORTES.
MELODEONS.
Made by Raven, Bacon, & Co., Nunns & Clark, Hallett, Davis, & Co., and others.
J. E. GOULD,
my14-1y SEVENTH and CHESTNUT.

STEINWAY & SON'S NEW PATENT OVER-STRING GRAND PIANOS, SQUARE GRAND, AND SQUARE PIANOS, now preferred in concerts and in private circles by the best performers. Received the first premiums over the best makers, from judges like Gottschalk, Mason, and others. Challenge all competition. BLASIUS BROTHERS,
d5-1y 1006 CHESTNUT Street.

LARGE AND VALUABLE STOCK of Scales selling out at Greatly Reduced Prices, $30,000 worth Standard Weight Scales, comprising an assortment of all sizes.
Counter, Portable Platform, Warehouse, Hay, Coal, Cattle, and Railroad Scales.
Purchasers will find it for their interest to call and examine the above goods at
No. 425 CHESTNUT STREET, Philadelphia.
The attention of country merchants is called to the above stock. fe22-1m

FAIRBANKS' PLATFORM SCALES.
For sale by FAIRBANKS & EWING,
fe23-1y 715 CHESTNUT Street, Phila.

NEW YORK KEROSENE OIL.—100 bbls for sale at manufacturer's prices.
YARNALL & ODDEN,
fe18-1m 473 North THIRD Street.

RETAIL DRY GOODS.

SPRING CLOAKS.
Newest Spring Styles.
Striped Cloth Cloaks.
New Style Silk Hoods.
Plain Cloth Cloaks.
Cloaks made to order.
Prices from $4.00 to $50.00
COOPER & CONARD,
mh6 NINTH and MARKET Sts.

SPRING CASSIMERES.
Just opened, fifty pieces new Spring Cassimeres, comprising
Fancy Stripes, Also—Silk,
Fancy Plaids, Valencia,
Fancy Mixtures, Chevriots and
Plain Colors, Marseilles
Good Blacks, Vestings.
Ladies' Striped Cloaking Cloths.
Ladies' Plain Cloaking.
Gents' Spring Coatings.
COOPER & CONARD,
mh6 NINTH and MARKET Sts.

BEAUTIFUL NEW SILKS!!!
THORNLEY & CHISM,
EIGHTH and SPRING GARDEN,
Would invite attention to
LARGE STOCK OF SILK GOODS,
Neat checked and striped Silks for 62c.
Good quality Foulard Silks for 62c.
Very rich Foulards for 75, 87, and 94c.
Beautiful Brocade Silks, solid colors, for $1 12.
Rich chene Silks, Poil de Soie, &c., &c.
THE BEST BLACK SILKS IMPORTED,
From $1 per yard up to $1 50.
New styles of Dress Goods, embracing every novelty of the season, opening daily.
SHAWLS!! SHAWLS!!!
Our establishment has been rendered famous for sales of every description.
STELLA SHAWLS,
CRAPE SHAWLS,
THIBET SHAWLS,
BROCHA SHAWLS, and
BLANKET SHAWLS, &c.

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SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SAVE THE PIECES!
ECONOMY! DESPATCH!
☞ "A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE."

*As accidents will happen, even in well