

A Judgment on the South.

Two hundred Southern students "left" in defiance from the "Cotton States"...

WOLFGANG, OR THE WRECKER'S BEACON.

CHAPTER I. BEFORE THE GALE.

The good ship PATHFINDER, of New York, and bound to Copenhagen, had entered the North Sea, leaving the Straits of Dover two days behind.

The commander of the ship was a young man, not over eight-and-twenty, and his name was MAURICE LESTER.

"What d'ye think of this, Cap'n?" "I think we're in for a storm, sir," the master replied.

"Then you think we'll have a hard one?" said Griffin.

"Aye," answered the captain, "with almost a shudder, 'I feel it in my bones.'"

In the meantime, Captain Lester had been watching the sea and sky as before, and he fancied that the signs of the storm were growing more and more palpable every moment.

"Do you see how strangely it looks off there?" said the captain, raising his finger towards the point where the sun was setting.

"Aye," returned Griffin, "I have been watching those dark places."

Seven o'clock came and went. Eight o'clock came and the first watch was set.

"Don't go below," said the captain, as the men of the last dog-watch left their stations.

"The men had no thoughts of going below, for they could see and feel; and they were not wholly ignorant of what was coming; so they went at work and secured the hatches with thick tarpaulins; and when this was done those who had no particular station collected about the wheel.

"What does it mean?" cried Griffin, as the boy struck five bells.

"Hark!" said the captain, almost instantly. "I guess you'll soon see. Did you feel that? Ha!—and that?"

It was a puff of wind, and a light flying of spray; or perhaps it was a spit of rain. At all events, the puff was felt; and the drops of water fell upon other cheeks than Maurice Lester's; and other ears than his heard the dull moaning which came over the dull waters.

"Aye—the storm had come. It came with wind and rain, and with an angry heaving of the sea. It came with a darkness like Erebus, and with the voice of thunder. The gale continued to increase in fury as the long night passed away.

When Captain Lester had observed the signs of the morning, he feared that the storm would continue through the day, and so he told his men. The sky wore a hue of horror, and rain was now driving down, mingling with the lashing sea. At noon it was still worse.

At length night shut in again, and not a sign yet of the passing away of the storm! The frightful howling of the tempest seemed rather to have increased than abated. The men gathered upon the quarter-deck, clinging for support to the racks and rails—for the life-lines swayed so much that they were afraid of them—gathered as near to the light of the binnacle-lamp as they could, as though even from such feeble beams they might find some comfort. But not all were there. No—not all! Four stout, true-hearted men had been swept away by the storm. Near a score were left; but how many shall see the light of another day?

At nine o'clock Captain Lester went below. He took a chart of the North

Sea, and having spread it upon the table, he sat down to examine it. He was thus engaged when Mr. Griffin came down; but he did not look up until he had finished the calculation.

"How is it?" the mate asked, as he saw his commander lay down the dividers.

"I have been making a reckoning, and I find that we have but little more sea-room left. The course we have made since we wore, has been, as near as I can calculate, north-west-by-west, so that we must have been driving towards the coast of Northumberland. I think we have plenty of room to stand on until midnight; but we cannot stand on much longer.

The captain started up from his chair, and would probably have walked across the cabin, but at that moment a heavy sea caught the ship, and gave her a pitch forward, which caused him to catch his seat as quickly as possible.

"Griffin, I have something upon my mind more than you know; and I am anxious to communicate it, too. I must tell it now, for I have a strange foreboding of coming ill. Something is to happen that will bring great calamity to some of us. I am not croaking—I am only reading what the Unseen has written in my soul. However, you shall hear my story. You have heard that my parents were both lost at sea?"

"Yes," said the mate.

"And perhaps you know that they were lost in this sea?"

"Aye—so it was. I was a boy then. They were on their way to Copenhagen, as we should be now. My father commanded the ship—she was called the 'Gara Jane.' She was named for my mother; and she was a staunch, noble craft. I was at school then, in Troy; and when I knew that my parents were dead I was well nigh mad with grief. I fancied then, in my first hours of orphanage, that my heart would break; and I, think such would have been the case if they had kept me at school.

"At half-past twelve the gale had moderated considerably. The light was now to be seen very plainly whenever the ship rose, and the captain and his officers felt sure that they were right in their calculations.

"The man who owned the ship which I first commanded was named Thornton. He had a daughter named Carrie—one of the sweetest, purest, and loveliest creatures that ever graced this poor life of earth. She was four years younger than myself; but even when I first knew her—and she was not then more than fourteen—she was a woman in intellect and grace, though a child in simplicity of love and confidence. Mr. Thornton did not object to my suit, so I loved her with all my soul, and was blessed to know that she loved me in return. It had been arranged that we should be married when she was twenty years old—that had been our plan for more than two years, Mr. Thornton having set the bounds himself. I lacked two months of the time, and I had arranged to remain at home until we were married. But—Thornton had a heavy ship freighted for Copenhagen, and her captain was dying. He could find no one to take his place but me, and he asked me to go. I could not refuse; but I asked that I might be married first. Mr. Thornton shook his head, and said no. But he had another plan which he said would be better. He had been planning to visit Copenhagen, where he had two brothers in business—they were in company with him—and he would take the next ship, and bring Carrie out with him, and we should be married there. I finally consented to take out the new ship, and Mr. Thornton, with his daughter, was to meet me in Copenhagen, and there we were to be married, and all three come home together. The evening before I sailed I spent with Carrie, and when I left her I felt that I was leaving my very life.

"Well," continued Lester, wiping his eyes, "I went to Copenhagen. I waited a month—then I heard that the American ship, 'White Falcon,' with William Thornton and daughter on board, had touched at Dover, and that all were safe and well when she left. I waited another week, and then I crossed over to Hamburg; but I could learn nothing there. Next I went to London, and there I learned enough to assure me that the ship had been lost! On the second day after she left Dover a severe storm had arisen, and several vessels had been reported lost. I sent the ship home in charge of the mate, and spent four months in searching after the lost ones; but I could gain no trace of them. Not even a piece of the wreck could I find—not a mark of the ship nor of one of its crew! I came home with a sad and heavy heart."

Maurice Lester stopped a few moments, and bowed his head upon his hands, for his feeling had almost overcome him. In a little while, however, he looked up again, and added, in a touching tone—

"Ah, my dear friend, you do not know what I have suffered—tongue can not tell it, nor can pen write it. That blow did break my heart—broke it in the reading of its tenderest cords, and in the crushing of all its earthly hopes!—Do you believe in dreams?"

"The mate started, not so much at the character of the question, as from the sudden manner in which it was put.

"Well," said Lester, in a lower tone,

"I have had a dream repeated many times; but never has it come to me so directly and so vividly as within the past three or four days. Carrie Thornton is not dead! I know she is not!—she has appeared to me repeatedly in dream, and calls upon me to save her! To-night, as I stood all alone by the mizzon rigging, trying to peer out into the thick gloom, I heard her voice as plainly as you now hear mine, and she called out for me to save her. Of course what followed was mere fancy, though even that affected me much; I thought I saw her, standing not far off, upon a huge sea, with her arms stretched imploringly towards me—saw her then, with my eyes open, as I have often seen her in my sleeping dream!"

At this point the captain was cut short in his speech by the cry of "LIGHT-HO!" from the deck. They hurried up and found the men crowding forward.

"What is it?" Lester asked.

"I think it is a light, sir," replied Parker. "Here sir—just stand here. Now turn your eye about four points upon the larboard bow.—Wait, now, till she rises.—Ha—there!—there? See!—Did you see it, sir?"

Yes—he had seen it; and he knew it must be a light upon the shore; but it was a great way off. He watched it until he had seen it several times, and then he remarked to his mate that it must be a light-house. The light was bold and distinct, and evidently at a considerable height above the level of the sea; for, had it not been so, it could not have been seen at that distance. After a short consultation, during which reference was had to the chart of the Northumberland coast, it was decided that this light must be upon Dorton Point. To the north of Dorton, as the Captain knew from personal experience, as well as from the chart, there was a snug harbor, of easy entrance. These things were settled.

As soon as it had been determined where the light was, Captain Lester made all possible haste to determine his course of action. Had the thing been practicable, he would have laid his ship to; but that could not be done. No one even gave it a serious thought. So it was determined that the ship should stand on, at least till something further was discovered.

At half-past twelve the gale had moderated considerably. The light was now to be seen very plainly whenever the ship rose, and the captain and his officers felt sure that they were right in their calculations.

"At all events," said the former, "we have no choice but to stand on, at least—"

He was interrupted by a cry from the bows that made every soul start with horror:

"BREAKERS! BREAKERS!"

"Captain Lester leaped forward, and in a very few moments he was satisfied that the warning had not been a false one; for he could not only hear the awful roar of the breaking seas, but he fancied that he could see the gleaming of the white foam as it flew high in the air. As quickly as possible the topsail was taken off, and the anchors cut loose. The ponderous grapplings plunged into the hissing sea, and the iron cables were spun through the hawse-holes like lightning. Snap went the starboard chain; and in a moment more a shock was felt as the larboard anchor found bottom; but it could not hold. The cable parted as though it had been a hempen string, and on swept the devoted ship.

"In heaven's name!" gasped Griffin, "what does this mean? See. The light is still burning as brightly as ever—at least a league away—and yet here are the rocks directly under our bows. What can it mean?"

Maurice Lester did not answer; but an old, wheel-beaten sailor, who stood at the wheel, and who had looked a thousand dangers in the face, answered for him:

"It's a WRECKER'S BEACON. I've seen such things afore. There ain't no use in firin' the gun, sir. That light was put there to lead poor Jack to his death that the coast-sharks might pick his bones."

"BREAKERS, ROCKS.—On the starboard bow!—No!—On the larboard!—Port."

But it was too late for mortal help. The ship had met her doom. She went upon the rocks with a crash that sounded high above the roar of the elements.

CHAPTER II. WOLFGANG.

Maurice Lester was near the starboard gangway when the ship struck, having started aft to look to the helm. The shock threw him upon his back, and he tried to get up; but ere he could regain his feet the flood of mad waters came surging over the bark, and he was thrown—he knew not where. He only knew that the flood came—that it caught him in its giant grasp—that it buried him as the gale hurls a feather—that his head was hurt—that his body was tossed and bruised—and then the lamp of the consciousness went out. When he came to himself it was daylight, and the rays of the sun were beaming above him. At first he did not attempt to move, any further than simply to assure himself that he was really alive and sensible; but sought to recall the events of the past, which he did, very clearly, up to the time when his ship struck upon the rocks,—he could go no farther. After this he raised himself upon his elbow, and tried to gaze about him. He found himself upon a bed of sand, between two immense rocks. He had been landed there in the deep nook, and the side gone out and left him. In a little while he rose to his feet, and managed to crawl up, by the aid of a

stranded spar, over a low part of one of the rocks.

After seeing all that was to be observed from this point, he moved on towards where he thought he should soon find an open beach, for he felt faint and sick, and he wished to find help as soon as possible. After toiling over slippery, slimy rocks, and cruel, tearing crags, until his clothing was all torn, and his flesh bruised and lacerated, he finally reached an open space among the rocks, where many pieces of the wreck had been lodged, and where he found the bodies of three of his men. He hastened to the spot where they lay—two of them being clasped in each other's arms—but he found no signs of life.

With a sad, heavy heart, Lester passed on, and presently he found two more dead ones, and one of them was David Griffin, his chief mate. He knelt down by the officer's side and raised the head; but it was cold and lifeless and the skull was broken. Gently he laid it back upon the sand, and then moved on again. And he saw more dead men also. Could it be possible that he had been the only one left alive?

Ha—what—what is this? It moves—it has life.

Captain Lester hurried forward, as fast as his feeble strength would permit, and found two men lying by the side of a heavy spar. One of them was dead; but the other gazed up into his commander's face, and stretched forth his hands as though he would ask for mercy. His name was Dick Mangle, and he had been one of the best seamen on board the ship.

"Poor Dick," said Lester, kneeling by his side and lifting his head. "Are you badly hurt?"

"They've done it for us," the sailor answered, in a weakening voice. "They've killed Tom. Ain't he dead?"

It was the body of stout Tom Brickett that lay close by, and when the captain had made himself sure that there was no particle of life in it, he reported the same to Dick.

"But," he added, "what do you mean, who has done you harm?"

"Haven't you seen 'em?" the man asked struggling for breath.

"Seen whom? What do you mean?" demanded Lester, eagerly.

Dick started up to his elbow, and gazed around; but he seemed to find nothing for which he was looking, and he sank back again. Had he not made this effort he might have spoken further, but the act of rising had exhausted him, and the last grain of strength was leaving him.

"What do you mean?" cried Lester, as he saw the poor fellow was sinking. "Has any body harmed you?"

Dick managed to raise his hand to his head—to a point above the left ear—and, as he did so, he whispered—

"Look out—they asked for the cap'n. That's where they struck." He tried to speak further, but his voice failed him.

What could this mean? Maurice Lester started to his feet and gazed around. Who had killed his men?

The captain was disturbed in his meditation by the sound of voices not far off, and upon turning he beheld four men coming up from the water. He who came in advance was a tall, muscular man; with a gaunt, heavy frame; somewhere about fifty or fifty-five years of age; and habited in a garb of blue cloth, cut into a frock, or shirt, which was secured at the waist by a broad pistol-belt.

Maurice Lester was startled when he beheld the stalwart leader and his three ruffianly companions; and considering all the circumstances, it is no wonder that he was startled. However, he had not much opportunity for reflection, for, by the time he had fairly made out the party, they were upon him.

"Hallo," the leader cried, as he saw our hero, "here we have another." And, as he came up, he added: "And I guess we've found a live one, too—one that knows something.—Say—what are ye?"

This last sentence was addressed to Maurice who quickly answered: "My name is Lester. And now, to be fair, what is your name?"

"Well—I guess you've heard it before. Men call me Ryan Wolfgang."

"You don't seem to have much strength left!—Bring him along, boys, where we can doctor him."

The sinister glances which accompanied this last remark, and the peculiar emphasis laid upon the word "doctor," struck a chill to our hero's heart. But he could not give his own safety much thought, while he was partly forced and partly carried along after Wolfgang, who strode rapidly on for nearly half an hour. He could think only of the White Falcon that had been wrecked on that coast, and of his beloved Carrie who had perished, in company with those same men, trod the same path he was now treading. What had been her fate? Had she been murdered by these wretches, or reserved for some more deplorable doom? These thoughts filled him with unutterable agony.

Wolfgang had now drawn near the water's edge; and soon coming to the mouth of a cove he entered it, followed by the three ruffians who had charge of our hero. The bottom of the cove sloped upward from its entrance for some distance, and then became almost level. The captive (for such Maurice Lester now felt himself to be) frequently hit his feet against what he thought, with chill of horror, were human bones strewn around the cavern, but he could not clearly make them out in the dim light. He also noticed that the bottom of the cove was very wet, as though it had recently been covered with water. The wrecker chiefest stopped, at last, near what seemed the end of the cave, and making a sign to his followers, they clasped manacles on the wrists and ankles of Maurice before he had time to note their intention.

"Now, Captain Lester," said Wolfgang, "you must remain in this place for a short season. You are perfectly safe here.—Silence! Say not a word! If you attempt to leave this spot, you will be slain the moment you set foot outside the cave."

Thus speaking, the chiefest and his followers silently but rapidly withdrew, leaving Maurice nearly stupefied with astonishment. As they passed from the mouth of the cave, their feet were wet by the rising waves. The tide was rapidly coming in.

After a short time, the captive looked about him with eyes somewhat accustomed to the dim light, and became satisfied that what he had supposed to be human bones were really such. There were many of them. And moving among them were huge rats, seeking for prey. The top of the cavern, in some places, was but a few feet above his head, and in one place he discovered a small aperture, through which a faint light struggled, and on going underneath it, he thought he smelt the odor of vegetation and flowers.

On turning, from the contemplation of this aperture, towards the mouth of the cave, Captain Lester observed, with alarm, that the water was creeping up the sloping bottom. What if it should fill the cavern? Ah! now he could account for the presence there of those human bones! They were the sad memorials of other hapless prisoners who had been left in that cave to perish by drowning!

Slowly but surely the waters crept along the vermin bed before them to the elevated spot on which Maurice stood. Slowly following the incoming water at length reached his feet!

At the end of the cave, within a few feet of the wall, and underneath the aperture before spoken of, was a large piece of rock, some four feet high, that might have fallen from above. To this Maurice hastened as quickly as his manacles would permit. After some exertion he succeeded in climbing to the top of it, and stood erect, his head within a few inches of the top of the cavern. But he was not allowed to occupy this retreat alone. As the water began to circle round its base, the rats also sought refuge on it in great numbers, and in vain did Maurice try to dislodge them with his manacled feet.

Soon (as it seemed to the captive) the water came rippling over the top of the rock. He felt its moisture upon his feet. And still it rose—slowly but relentlessly it rose higher—higher; and as it rose, the rats climbed up his limbs for safety. It was in vain that he brushed them off with his fettered hands. They instantly returned. They clambered up his back—to his shoulders—over the back of his neck to the crown of his head; their clammy bodies striking a chill to his very heart.

And still higher the waters rose, and more thickly the foul vermin gathered upon the devoted captive's shoulders and head, as their only places of safety. Driven frantic at last by the horrors of his situation, he was about to plunge into the surging tide and seek a watery grave, when his attention was arrested by the tread of rapid footsteps near the aperture above his head, and the sound of a harsh masculine voice, almost instantly followed by the noise of a struggle, and a piercing shriek which thrilled Maurice Lester to the very soul. He could not be mistaken in the CAROL'S voice. Again he heard it, but now in tones of entreaty. Oh, it was her voice. She was not dead! She lived and was near him! Gathering all his strength he shouted, "Carrie! Carrie! CARRIE!"

A deaf silence followed, broken only by the fearful murmurings of the still rising waters, and the splash of the rats as they fell from the wretched captive's head and shoulders, only to return again, in their fierce struggles for a perch of safety from the advancing tide, which had now nearly reached our hero's shoulders.

The above is all of this story that will be published in our columns. We give this as a sample. The continuance from where it leaves off here can be found only in the New York Ledger, the great family paper, to which the most popular writers in the country contribute, and 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 January 14, and in it you will find the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here. If you can not get a copy at any bookstore, the publisher of the Ledger will mail you a copy if you will send him five cents in a letter.

The Ledger is mailed to subscribers at \$2 a year, or two copies for \$3. Address your letters to Robert Bonner, publisher, 49 Ann street, New York. It is the handsomest and best family paper in the country, elegantly illustrated, and characterized by a high moral tone. Its present circulation is over four hundred thousand copies, which is the best evidence we can give of its merits.

What's the matter?" said Wolfgang.

"STAR & CHRONICLE" CALENDAR.

Calendar table showing months from 1859 to 1860 with days of the week and dates.

Insurance.

GET INSURED!

West Branch Insurance Company, LOCK HAVEN, PA.

HON. C. G. HARVEY, President. J. W. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

This company, on entering upon the fifth year of their business, submit the following statement of their assets and business to the public.

Whole amount of Risks \$3,800,000

Assets. Bonds and mortgages secured by first lien \$100,000

We would call the particular attention of owners of valuable stock, to the department of Life Stock Insurance.

American Life Insurance & Trust Co., (Capital Stock \$500,000.)

COMPANY'S Buildings, Walnut street, S. E. corner of Fourth—Philadelphia.

AT A BARGAIN!

The subscriber has on hand for sale Two New Buggies, which he offers at a bargain for Cash or will Exchange for a good HORSE.

NOTICE. E. L. HINES has removed his Barber Shop from the Riviere House to Market street, basement of Widow Amos' building.

G. W. SCHAFFLE'S WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Drug and Chemical Emporium

ATTORNEY AT LAW. E. P. HURSH.

WINFIELD FACTORY! Near Hartleton, Union Co., Pa.

THE subscriber, thankful for past patronage, would inform his friends and the public in general, that he continues to manufacture all kinds of Woollen Goods.

J. SCHREYER & SON ARE opening, direct from McCallum & Co.'s Carpet Manufactory, Glen Echo Hills, Germantown, Pa.

THOMAS G. GRIER, Watchmaker and Jeweller.

Dr. C. H'NEAL, HAVING resumed the practice of MEDICINE, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Lewisburg and vicinity.

Philadelphia

CHEAP EXPRESS--

Reduction of Rates. MERCHANTS and all persons engaged in shipping Goods to and from Philadelphia—consult your own interests!

WALLOWER'S LINE

of DAILY CARRS are carrying freight to and from that point at the following Greatly Reduced Rates:

1st Class 35 cts. per 100 pounds

2 do 20 do

3 do 27 do

4 do 24 do

Special 19 do

Evans & Watson's SALAMANDER BRAND, No. 304 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

STILL ANOTHER. WASHINGTON, Dec. 27, 1859.—Messrs. Evans & Watson, Philadelphia.

WE would call the particular attention of owners of valuable stock, to the department of Life Stock Insurance.

J. DUNWOODY & BRO. FLOUR, GRAIN, SEEDS, AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.

CORRECTION. Goods shipped from Philadelphia by WALLOWER'S LINE are NOT re-shipped at Harrisburg.

CARPETS at Eldridge's Cheap Store.

THE Wonder of the Age! ROBE & BATHING EXCELSIOR WASHING MACHINE

PEIPHER'S LINE TO AND FROM PHILADELPHIA.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS. PERSONS shipping Goods to Philad. will please be particular and Mark them in care of Peipher's Line; otherwise, they will be re-shipped at Harrisburg, which will be attended with delay.

SPICES! SPICES! SPICES! PURE and No. 1 Ground Pepper.

JAMES F. LINN, J. Merrill Linn, J. & F. M. LINN, Attorneys at Law, LEWISBURG, 574 Union County, Penna.

LEWIS PALMER, ARCHITECT and BUILDER, LEWISBURG, PA.

Office in the University Building 603