one year, \$3 60
Administrators' and Executors' Notices, \$1 75
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged acsording to these terms. TYRIAL LIST, APRIL TERM, 1858.

TRIAL LIST, APRIL TERM, 1858.

FIRST WEEK.

Nicholas Shaver (who hath survived William Shaver,) vs.

Penna: R. R. Co.

John Flemming vs. B. X. Blair et al

Thomas Clark's hoirs

Hunt. & B. T. R. R. Co.
Samuel B. McFeaters

Sterling & Alexander

John M. Watters vs. Alex. Beers et al

vs. Brachen, Stitt & Co.

vs. David Yarnor

vs. C. V. M. Pro. Co.

vs. James Clark adm'tor.

vs. Geo. W. Speer

vs. John McComb

SECOND WEEK.

Margaret Foster

vs William Foster vs John Savage I. P. Brock
Same
John Savage
Geo. W. Wagoner
Eamuel D. Myton
Clements' heirs
John Savage
William Cummings adn
Richard Ramsey
Christopher Ozborn
James Wall
Philip Spahn
Christopher Ozborn
Bidleman & Hayward
John Brewster
Jno. W. Price vs Same vs Wm. Smith & H. Davis vs Washington Gaver vs Henry Fockler vs John McCaudess et al vs James Entriken vs A. Walker .
vs Alex. Richardson
vs P. F. Kessler et al vs Jona. Wall
vs Jona. Wall
vs Moses Heilner
vs P. F. Kessler
vs James Entriken
vs James Entriken
vs Long & Rickets
vs A. S. Harrison
D. CALDWELL, Prot'y. Jno. W. Price

IST OF GRAND JURORS for a Court of Quarter Sessions to be held at Huntingdon, in and for the county of Huntingdon, the second Monday and 12th day of April, A. D., 1858.

d for the county of Huntingdon, the second Methoday of April, A. D., 1858.

John Anderson, farmer, Juniata.

Lewis Burgans, blacksmith, Huntingdon.

John Black, carpenter, Huntingdon.

Daniel Beck, blacksmith, Barree.

Philip Bolsbaugh, farmer, Porter.

William Clymans, farmer, Dublin.

John Covert, mason, Springfield.

George Darc, clerk, Franklin.

John Garner, jr., farmer, Penn.

Abraham Harnish, farmer, Morris.

George Hallman, blacksmith, Wost.

Benjamin Hartnan, furmer, West.

John Hirst, farmer, Barree.

Jonathan Hardy, farmer, Henderson.

Adam Lightner, farmer, West.

Abraham McCoy, brick-maker, Huntingdon.

David Miller, gentleman, West.

Benjamin Megahan, merchant, Walker.

William Pymm, blacksmith, Cassville.

James Stone, farmer, Union.

David S. Tussey, farmer, Portor,

Lee T. Wilson, farmer, Barree.

William White, farmer, Juniata.

J. W. Yocum, farmer, Juniata.

J. W. Yocum, farmer, Juniata.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.
John Apsgar, farmer, Union.
Edward Bergle, mason, Morris.
William Buckley, farmer, Shirley.
Gilbert Chaney, J. P., Barree,
Solomon Chilcott, farmer, Tod.
Nicholas Cresswell, gentloman, Alexandria.
Andrew Crotsley, farmer, Penn.
Hons Duff, merchant, Jackson.
William Davis, merchant, Jackson.
William Davis, merchant, Jeckson.
William Davis, blacksmith, West.
John Ely, merchant, Shirley.
James Ellis, grocer, Penn.
John Flonnor, farmer, Henderson.
Nathan Greenland, farmer, Union.
John Grifford, jr., farmer, Shirley.
Augustus K. Green, farmer, Clay.
Frederick Harman, farmer, Clay.
Frederick Harman, farmer, Cass.
James Henderson, merchant, Cassville.
Samuel Hannah, teacher, Warriorsmark.
Samuel Hannah, teacher, Warriorsmark.
Samuel Hannah, teacher, Warriorsmark.
Samuel Hannah, teacher, Jackson.
William Jackson, farmer, Jackson.
William Jackson, farmer, Jackson.
William McWilliams, farmer, Franklin.
Isaac McClain, farmer, Tod.
Samuel J. Marks, carpenter, Franklin.
Elliot McKinsthey, farmer, Shirley.
Peter Myers, tailor, Shirley.
John O. Murray, carpenter, Huntingdon.
Samuel McClain, farmer, Cass.
James Miller, saddler, Jackson.
Henry F. Newingham gentleman, Huntingdon.
John B. Ozburn, teacher, Jackson,
Alexander Port, J. P., Huntingdon.
Samuel Rolston, J. P., Warriorsmark.
Abraham Ramsey, laborer, Springfield.
Samuel H. Shoemaker, sportsman, Huntingdon.
William B. Smith, farmer, Cass.
Samuel Rolston, J. P., Warriorsmark.
Abraham Ramsey, laborer, Springfield.
Samuel H. Shoemaker, sportsman, Huntingdon.
David Stoner, farmer, Clay.
Nicholas Shaner, farmer, Franklin.
Ephraim Tuompson, farmer, Franklin.
Ephraim Tuompson, farmer, Porter.
Jonathan Wilson, farmer, Henderson.
William Wagoner, mason, Clay.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.
John B. Briggs, farmer, Tell. TRAVERSE JURORS-FIRST WEEK.

William Wagoner, mason, Clay.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.
John B. Briggs, farmer, Tell.
John Bumbaugh, sr., gentleman, Huntingdon.
Richard Colegate, blacksmith, Shirley.
John C. Cummings, farmer, Jackson.
James Carman, teacher, Huntingdon.
Nicholas Crum, millor, Tod.
John Dougherty, farmer, Shirley.
Perry O. Etchison, shoemaker, Cromwell.
William Ewing, furmer, Barrec.
Isaac Grove, farmer, Perry.
Israel Grafius, Eeq., tinner, Alexandria.
Christian Harnish, farmer, Porter.
James K. Hampson, inkeeper, Brady.
Thomas Irwin, farmer, Union.
William Johnston, tanner, Shirleysburg.
Joshua Johns, farmer, Springfield.
Samuel B. McFeeters, farmer, Tell.
Jackson McElroy, farmer, Jackson.
John B. Moreland, teacher, Clay.
Robert McNeal, farmer, Shirley.
John McComb, farmer, Shirley.
John McComb, farmer, Union.
James E. Oaks, farmer, Jackson.
John Owens, J. P., Warriorsmark.
George Price, farmer, Clay.
John Rhodes, farmer, Henderson.
George Russell, Esq., farmer, Hopewell.
Benjamin Rinker, farmer, Cromwell.
Peter Swoope, gentleman, Huntingdon.
John Emith, of Geo., farmer, Barree,
George Spranker, farmer, Prenklin.
Miller Wallace, carpenter, Brady.
George Walters, machinist, Morris.
Elias B. Wilson, J. P., Cassville.
Huntingdon, March 17, 1858. TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

PROCLAMATION.—WHEREAS, by a precept to me directed, dated at Huntingdon, the 21st day of January, A. D. 1858, under the hands and seals of the Hon. George Taylor, President of the Court of Common Pleas, Oyer and Terminer, and general jail delivery of the 24th Judicial District of Pennsylvania, composed of Huntingdon, Blair and Cambria counties; and the Hons. Renjamin F. Patton and John Brewstor, his associates, Judges of the county of Huntingdon, justices assigned, appointed to hear, try and determine all and every indictments made or taken for or concerning all crimes, which by the laws of the State are made capital, or felonies of death, and other offences, crimes and misdemeanors, which have been or shall hereafter be committed or perpetrated, for crimes aforesaid—I am commanded to make public proclamation throughout my whole bailiwick, that a Court of Oyer and Terminer, of Common Pleas and Quarter Sessions, will be held at the Court House in the borough of Huntingdon, on the second Monday (and 12th day) of April, next, and those who will prosecute the said prisoners, be then and there to prosecute them as it shall be just, and that all Justices of the Peace, Coroner and Constables within said county, be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock, a. m. of said day, with their records, inquisitious, examinations and remembrances, to do those things which to their offices respectively appertain.

Dated at Huntingdon the 15th day of March, in the year of DROCLAMATION.—WHEREAS, by

appertain.

Dated at Huntingdon the 15th day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, and the 82d year of American Independence.

GRAFFUS MILLER, Sheriff.

DROCLAMATION .-- WHEREAS, by a precept to me directed by the Judges of the Common Pleas of the county of Huntingdon, bearing test the 21st day of January, 1858, I am commanded to make Public Proclamation throughout my whole balliwick, that a Court of Common Pleas will be held at the Court House in the borough of Huntingdon, on the 3rd Monday (and 19th day) of April, A. D., 1858, for the trial of all issues in said Court which remain undetermined before the said Judges, when and where all jurors, witnesses, and suitors, in the trials of all issues are required.

Dated at Huntingdon the 15th March, in the year of our Lord 1858, and the 82d year of American Independence.

GRAFFUS MILLER, Sheriff.

SHERITE'S OFFICE, Huntingdon, March 17, 1857.

-PERSEVERE. WILLIAM LEWIS.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XIII.

HUNTINGDON, PA., APRIL 7, 1858.

NO. 42.

Select Poetry.

TO MY SOUL.

Not on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed, Compose thy weary limbs to rest; For they alone are blest

Wih balmy sleep, Whom angels keep; Nor, though by care oppressed, Or anxious sorrow, Or thought, in many a coil perplexed, Lay not thy head On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eyes shall close, That earthly cares or woes To thee may e'er return?

Arouse my soul, Slumber control, And let thy lamp burn brightly; So shall thine eyes discern Things pure and sightly. Taught by the Spirit, learn Never on prayerless bed To lay thine humblest head.

Bethink thee, slumbering soul, of all that's promised

To faith in holy prayer; Lives there within thy breast A worm that gives unrest? Ask peace from Heaven, Peace will be given; Humble self-love and pride Before the Crucified, Who for thy sins has died, Nor lay thy weary head

On thankless, prayerless bed. Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care, That calls for holy prayer? Has thy day been so bright, That in its flight

There is no trace of sorrow? And art thou sure to-morrow Will be like this, and more Abundant? Dost thou lay up thy store And still make place for more? Thou fool! this very night Thy soul may wing its flight

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear, Who tracks the ocean deep; And when storms sweep The wintry, lowering skies, For whom thou wak'st and weepest? Oh, when thy pangs are deepest, Seek then the covenant ark of prayer, For He who slumbereth not is there; His ear is open to thy cry; Oh! then on prayerless bed

Hast thou no loved one, than thyself more dear, Who claims a prayer from thee-Some who never bend the kuce, From infidelity?

Lay not thine unblest head.

Think, if by prayer they're brought, -Thy prayer-to be forgiven, And making peace with Heaven, Unto the cross they're led; Ohl for their sakes, on prayerless bed Lay not thine unblest head.

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber, Till, in communion blest, With the elect ye rest-

Those souls of countless number—.

And with them raise The notes of praise, Reaching from earth to heaven, Chosen, redeemed, forgiven; So lay thy happy head, Prayer-crowned on blessed bed.

A Select Story.

A SCENE WITH A PIRATE.

In the month of July, 1831, I was on my way from New York to the Island of Curacoa on board the American ship Patrick Henry, commanded by Captain Tuttle. We had a fine passage, and were looking forward to the end of our voyage in about a week. I was the only passenger, and of course was thrown in a great measure on my own resources for amusement, the chief of which was testing the powers of an admirable glass of London manufacture, upon every vessel that showed itself above the horizon. Our Captain was kind and civil, but there appeared a mystery about him that he did not like to have pried into, and our communication had in consequence been reserved.

In about latitude 20° and longitude 60° and 50 minutes, we were running along with a fine fresh breeze abeam and all our weather studding sails set. I was sitting alone in the cabin ruminating upon the changes of scene and society into which I had been forced so contrary to my own inclinations, and wondering whether the quiet and happiness of a domestic life was ever to be my lot, when the Captain came down and told me that, as I was so fond of using my glass, there was a vessel just appearing on the horizon to windward, and that I might go and see what she was, for he could not make her out at all. I went on deck, and mounted into the main top and began my scrutiny.
"Well, what is she?" asked the captain

from the deck. "I can hardly make her out—but I think

she is a schooner." "Aye—what's her course?" "Southwest by south, I think; about the

same as cursclves." I remained in the top a few moments, and continued looking at the stranger. "She seems fonder of the sea than I am."

I continued, "for she might have her topsails and top gallants, and studding sails to boot all set, instead of slipping along under her lower sails."

The captain made no answer, but was looking hard at her with his eye. I now perceived through the glass a white speck above her foresail, flapping against the mast. "Well, she must have heard me, for there goes her fore top-sail.

The captain now went to the companion for his glass, and after looking atentively for a short time-"What's that?" he asked: "is that her

square sail she's setting? I can't see from the deck."

I looked again.

has changed her course, and is bearing down | and letter overboard, if you think you can't But by this time the captain had mounted

the rigging and was standing beside me; he was eyeing the distant vessel keenly. After having apparenly satisfied himself, he asked me to go with him to the cabin, as he wished to talk with me alone. We descended to the deck, and I followed him to the cabin. He motioned me to a seat, and after carefully shutting the door said shutting the door, said—
"I rather expect that fellow's a pirate."

"Pirate?" I asked in alarm.
"Yes, I say pirate, and I'll tell you why. In the first place, you see, he'd no business to be sneaking along in that do-little sort of a way, as when we first saw him; who ever, that had any honest business to do, would allow such a fine breeze to go by, without showing more canvass than a powder monkey's old breeches to catch it? Next, you see, what the mischief he has to do with us, that as soon as he clapped eyes on us, he must alter his course, and be so anxious to get out his square sail. Again he looks like one of those imps of mischief, with his low, black hull, and tall, raking masts. But it's no use talking; I tell you he's a pirate, and that's as true as my name is Isaac Tuttle. And now the only thing is, what shall we do?—
The Patrick Herry ain't a Baltimore clipper, and that'ere crew will walk up to us like nothing. But I'll tell you what strikes me; if we let them rascals aboard it's most likely we'll all walk the plank; so we'll try to keep 'em out." We hain't got but an old rusty carronade and two sixpounders, and don't believe there's one ball on board, we came in you." such a hurry. Then there's two muskets and an old regulation rifle down in my state room, but they hain't been fired I don't know when, and I'd as leaf stand afore 'em as behind 'em. But our ship's as handsome a looking craft as you'll see; and couldn't we look wicked-like now, and try to frighten that cut-threat ras-

I confess I was at first startled at the cap-tain's opinion of the strange sail, and his reasoning left me hardly a hope that his judgment was not correct; but his cool and collected manner impressed me with confidence in his management, and I told him he knew in his management, and I told him he knew best what we could do, and I would second as best I could. He walked up and down the mined to find it out when more opportune cabin twice; then rubbed his hands together as if pleased with his own idea.

cal ?'

"I have it," he cried, "I'll just go on deck and put things in order, and in the meantime you'd better amuse yourself looking at your pistols, if you have any; for if he won't be content with a look at us, we'll have to fight."

I hurriedly took my fowling piece and pistols from the cases, for I somehow refused to allow myself to believe there would be any occasion for their use, yet I loaded them all with ball and in each of the pistols put a brace: this done I went on deck, where I found the captain surrounded by his crew, telling them his plan of action.

"But," said he, "maybe we'll have to fight. If them villains have a mind to try us, they'll send a boat on board, and I want to know if you'l help to keep them off. You see it's most likely they'll make you walk the plank whether you fight or not, if the get on board, and I calculate, if you do just as I tell you, we'll frighten 'em.'

There was a hearty "Aye, aye, sir," to this short harangue. "Thankee, thankee, boys," said the cap-

tain, "now we'll not show another stich of canvass but seem to take no more notice of the fellow than if we didn't see him; and if he does try to come on board, then we'll show 'em what we can do."

Our captain was about fifty years old, rather short and stout, but muscular; his face was bronzed with time and tempest, and his locks which had once been black, were grizzled by the same cause. He was an old sailor and a staunch republican; and as some of his men told tales of fights in which their captain had borne a part, I presumed he had | up the mainsail boys, haul aft the main braserved, when a young man, in the navy of the States.

.The crew were busy in obedience to his orders, cutting up a square top-gallant mast into logs of about four feet long; these were immediately painted black, with a round spot in each end, so as to bear a tolerable resemblance of pieces of cannon, and with two old six pounders were placed, one at each port on our deck, five on a side, but the ports were to be kept closed until the captain gave the order to open them, when they were to be raised as quickly as possible and the logs to to be thrust out about a foot. A platform was then made on the top of the long boat, which was fixed between the fore and main masts, and the carronade or fourteen pounder was hoisted up. Thes things being arranged, the captain went below, and the crew mustered in knots to wonder and talk about what was to be done.

In the meantime we had not shifted or hoisted a single sail, but were as if perfectly regardless of the schooner. Not so with her, however, for beside a large square sail and square top sail on the fore mast, she had run out small fore topmast, studding sails, and onward she came, right before a pretty smart breeze, yawning from side to side, at one moment sinking stern foremost into the trough of the sea, as an enormous wave rolled out from under her; and at the next forced headlong onward by her successor, while a broad white sheet of foam spread out around her, giving beautiful relief to her hull, certifying how rapidly she was going through the water, I could not help thinking of the captain's expression, for she certainly did "walk up to us like nothing," and as there appeared no et to his mouth, and hailed the boat which time to lose, I went down to the cabin to as-

sume my weapons. The captain was there arranging some papers. and a bottle was before him, into which

he had put a letter. "Maybe," said he, "something'll happen to me; for if them bloody pirates won't be cheated I will be the first to suffer, and naturally enough, too, for all the mischief they'll suffer will be by my orders, just because I didn't like to be overhauled like an old tar- by the breach. paulin by every rascal who chooses to say heave to, on high seas. But never mind, hit?" "Yes 'tis her square sail; as I'm alive, she only should you escape, just drop the bottle

deliver it yourself."

Now I had never seriously considered the probability that I might also be killed in the approaching melee, for I thought that the captain intended to throw open his ports and there have been approached. show his sham guns, and of course the schooner would take fright. But when he began to talk about death in such a serious strain, I began to feel very uncomfortable; and not being a natural warrior, I wished myself any place else than on board the Patrick Henry. There I was, however, without unnatural. any chance of escape, and I suggested to the captain that it would be as well for me to guns protru put a letter in the bottle also, in case of any accident to both of us, which was agreed to, and we arranged, that if either survived and had the opportunity the letter of the unfortunate should be safely forwarded to its destination. After this little preparation the cap-

tain cook me by the hand.
"'Tis well," said he, "are you willing to share with me the post of danger?" Do not suppose I am unaccustomed to the perils of a sea fight, no, young man, I've supported to leeward, the whole scene of destruction the glory of the thirteen stripes in many a burst upon my sight. The cannon had been gallant action, and have witnessed the death of those honored and esteemed as the sons of Liberty. Yet they were fighting for their or wounding almost every person in her.—country, and it was their duty to hold their The longest lifetime will hardly efface that lives cheap, but you are now a passenger, and should be under my protection—yet I ask you to share my danger. I wish some one to stand by me on the platform, and help me to manage the swivel. Hands are scarce, and I don't know where else to place

The hardy fellow's eyes glistened as he made the proposal, to which I of course instantly agreed." "Thankee, thankee," he replied, and re-lapsed into his former character.

Twas strange; he had always appeared on board his vessel as a common Yankee captain, with little to say, and with a rough, uncouth manner but little removed from his men; yet he at once, though evidently inadvertently, assumed the air and manner of a polished gentleman, and it certainly struck me that the latter character appeared more circumstances should occur.

We went on deck, and the men were still hanging about waiting for the orders of the captain to make them start. These were soon given. The cooper and carpenter were ordered to bring up all the hatchets and other offensive and defensive weapons, and with the muskets and rifles they were distributed among the crew, who received their orders to use them in repelling any attempt

half a mile of us, when she suddenly took men, I know not, but she sliped her foresail down her square sail, and hauling her wind and stood away as close to the wind as posito have a look at us. I dare say she did not sible. We saw no more of her. know what to make of our seeming indifference.

Presently a cloud of smoke bursted from her side, and a ball came skipping over the water and passed astern of us.

"I thought so," said our captain, "now lads, show her our stripes."

A ball of bunting new up to the care of the mizzen, rested an instant, and fluttered out into the American ensign. The smoke mind. I ran to the platform. The captain was there lying on his face beside the gun, was there lying on his face beside the gun, A ball of bunting flew up to the end of up at her gaff the ensign of the Columbia Republic.

"Thats tarnally the way with them blackguards, they're always making a fool of some republic."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when another column of smoke bursted from the schooner, and another ball came skipskipping along towards us, but catching a

swell it plunged, and we saw it no more.
"That fellow, now, I take it, is a good shot, so we will not wait for another. tain's mouth.

The orders were obeyed with the quick-ness of a well-disciplined crew, and our ship "No was hove to.

" Now my lads, take your stations; four to each port on the weather side, but do nothing till I tell you."

The men took their stations as directed, round on the weather side, and I followed the captain to the platform where our carronade was mounted. It was loaded to the muzzle with bits of iron, musket balls, lumps of lead, and other missiles, for the captain had truly conjectured—there were no balls on board.

The schooner hove to, and a boat was lowered and crowded with men. It approached rapidly, pulled by eight rowers. The muzzle of our carronade was as much depresed as circumstances would permit; but exteras possible, and made to bear on the water nally it was trifling—the fatal wound was about fifty yards from the ship. The captain stood with his speaking trumpet in one hand, and a handspike, with which he shift- to his side, said: ed the position of the gun as required, in the other.

"Now sir, keep steady, and obey my orders cooly," said the captain in an under-"Boy, fetch that iron that's heated in the

galley—run." The boy ran, and returned with the iron rod heated at one end, and which was handed to me.

"When I tell you to fire, fire as you value your life and those on board." The captain now put his speaking trump-

was within a hundred yards of us.

"Stop-no nearer, or I'll blow you all out of the water-keep off, or I say I'll-At that instant the man at the bow of the as he who once---." boat who appeared to take the command, gave an order, and a volley from several muskets was fired at us. I heard the balls

"Why captain, what's the matter, are you He rallied. "Nothing—they're coming."

He gave another hoist to the gun, cast his eyë hurriedly along its barrel—
"Fire, and be quick."

I needed not a second bidding, for the boat was alongside. The smoke burst from the touch hole with a hiss, and for an instant I thought the gun had missed fire, but in the next, it exploded with a tremendous report that deafened me.

"Throw open your ports, boys, and show them your teeth," roared the captain through his trumpet, and his voice seemeed hideously

In an instant every port was up, and our guns protruded their muzzles.

I fancied that I heard a crash followed py wild screams, immediately upon the discharge of the cannon, but the report had deafened me, and the smoke which was driven back in my face, had so shrouded me that I could not see, the unearthly shout of the captain had also for a moment driven the idea of my mind, and I now grasped my gun to repel boarderes. But my hearing had not deceived, for as the smoke was borne away most truly pointed, and its contents had shivered the hapless boat to pieces, killing scene from my mind-The stern of the boat had been carried completely away, and it was sinking by the weight of human beings that clung to it. As it gradually disappeared, the miserable wretches struggled forward to the bows, and with horrid screams and imprecations, battled for a moment for what little support it might yield. The dead and drive were fleeting and spleshing round. and dying were floating and splashing round them, while a deep crimson tinge showed how fatal had been that discharge. Ropes were thrown over to save those who were not destroyed by the cannonshot, but only three. out of the crew of twenty-four were saved, the greater part went down with the boat to which they clung.

The whole scene of destruction did not last ten minutes, and all was again quiet. The bodies of those who had not been shot, did not sink, but were driven by the wind and sea against the side of the ship. From some the blood was oozing, and floated around them, others in stiff convulsions in which they died were grinning or frowning with horrible expression. One body, strong and muscular, with neat white trowsers, and a leathern girdle, in which was stuck two pistols, floated by, but the face was gone, some merciless ball had so disfigured him, that all traces of human expression was destroyd .-

He was the pirate Captain.

But where was the schooner? She lay for a few minutes after the destruction of her boat, and whether alarmed at our ap-The schooner had now come down within pearance, or horrified at the loss of so many

> The excitement of the scenes we had just passed through, prevented our missing the captain; but as soon as the schooner bore away, all naturally expected his voice to give some order for again getting under weigh.— But no order came. Where was he? The musket just discharged from the boat, with the voice, that conveyed the order for the which he had pointed with such deadly ef-sect. He still held the trumpet in his hand, and I shuddered as I beheld the mouthpiece covered with blood.

"The captain's killed!" I cried, and stooped to raise him. "I believe I am," said he, "take me to the cabin."

A dozen ready hands were streched to receive him, and he was taken below and carefully laid on a sofa.

"Aye," said he, "I heard the crash, my ear knows to well the crash of shot against ces; clue up the foresail, luff her man, luff a plank to be mistaken, and my eye has her a little more steady," burst from the cap- pointed too many guns to miss its mark easily now. But tell me, is any one else

"No, thank heaven, I said, and I hope you are not so badily hurt." "Bad enough. But cut open my waistcoat-'tis here.'

A mouthful of blood stopped his utterance, but he pointed to his right side.

I wiped his mouth, and we cut off his waistcoat as gently as possible. There was no blood, but on removing his shirt we discovered about three inches on the right of the pit of the stomach, a discolored spot, about the size of a half crown, darkening towards the centre, where there was a small wound. A musket ball had struck him, and from there being no outward bleeding, I feared the worst. We dressed the wound as well

"I feel that I am dying; the letter—promise me that you will get it forwarded—'tis to my poor widow. Well, I've tempted this death often and escaped, and it is hard to be struck by a villian's hand. But God's will

be done. I promised him I would personally deliver the letter, for that I intended returning to New York from Curacoa.

"Thank you truly," said the dying man, 'you will see my Hellen and my child, and you can tell them that their unfortunate husband and father died thinking of them, This ship and cargo are mine, and will belong to my family. Stranger! I was not always what I now seem. But I could not bear that the Yankee skipper should beknown

A sudden flow of blood prevented his finishing the sentence. I tried to relieve him by a change of posture but in vain: he muttered hit about me, and turned to look for the cap- some incoherent sentences, by which his tain to receive my order to fire. He was on mind seemed to dwell on former scenes of one knee behind the cannon, and holding it battle for the republic: and of undeserved treatment. He rallied for one instant and with a blessing for his family and the name of Hellen on his lips, he ceased to breathe.

The body of our unfortunate captain was

the next day committed to the waves, amid the tears of us all. Our voyage was prose-cuted to the end without further interruption. I did not forget the wishes of the dying man; how faithfully I fulfilled them and how I have been rewarded, or how satisfactory to me was the previous history of the poor captain, need not be told. Suffice it to say that I am settled in Elm Cottage, Bloomingdale, and the happiest son-in-law, hus-band, and father in the United States.— Yankee Privateer.

The Dutchman's Sixpence.

A few years ago, when I was engaged in literary occupations in New York, there was an old Dutchman who sold "lager," good quality and fair measure, at three cents the

Among his most constant customers was Tom P, as genuine a wit as he was a good fellow. Tom had at that time a peculiar idiosyncracy, viz: that literature and lager lay on the highway to fortune, and paid his devotions and his pennies very often over old Hans' counter.

Now, although Hans sold cheap, and gave good measure, he never bated a penny or trusted a "lager" to anybody, but Tom.—So, that when the latter handed in half a dime for two glasses, or drank his measure and walked out carelessly, saying—"next time," Hans would shrug his shoulders, and remark:

"Mr. Biggiden, he so funny."
Hans one day was about to leave for Albany on a two day's visit, and his greatest anxiety was least "Shacob," his substitute, should take five cent pieces for sixpence, or

give credit. "Now, you see, Shacob, you no trust nopody—not Mr. Biggiden, not nopodies.— Ant, Shacob, not take te fivepence for te sixpence. You see, Shacob, te fivepence get te womans on it, te sixpence no got te womans. You fur stan?"

"Yaw." So old Hans went off with an easy mind. Now it so happened that Tom overheard their lecture, and at once determined on fun. In the office of the newspaper which had at that time the honor of giving his lucubrations to an admiring public, they had re-ceived from the mint a lot of new three cent pieces. Not long after Hans' departure, Tom appeared, and asked for his glass of lager, for which he handed over a three cent piece. Shacob looked at it closely, and then, with a knowing smile, handed over three coppers change. During the next two days a number of bright, new three cent pieces found their way into the Dutchman's till, and a pile of coppers were stowed away in one corner of Tom's desk.

On the third morning, Tom, who knew the old Dutchman's hour of coming down, ensconced himself in one corner of the saloon, with his head bowed over a newspaper. Even "Shacob," who was busy at the time, did not notice his entry. After a time in walked Hans.

"Vell, Shacob, how you to, poy?"

"Vell." "You take te monies?"

" Yaw."

"You no trust. Not Biggiden?" " No."

"You no take te fivepence?" "No, no, boss. Biggiden he got te prand lew money—plenty of him."

"Let me see," said Hans. Shacob exhibited his new coins, which he had carefully abstained from offering in change because they looked "so pretty."— Hans' dull eyes shone with apprehension

and enquiry.
"Vell, Shacob!" "Vell, boss-all right-dey no got to vo-

"Ant you give tree cents change?"
"Yaw."

"Mine Got, mine Got! tat tam Biggidin! He sheat me, he sheat Shacob more worsefive—ten—tirteen times! Oh! mine Got! to lager! te monnies!" Tom enjoyed the Dutchman's consternation

which he had put aside he threw them on the counter. "There, old buster; don't you be so smart next time, and when you go away, don't tell 'Shacob' not to trust 'Bigden!'"

awhile, then taking out a handful of coppers

Hans received his own "a wiser, if not a sadder man;" swore "Biggiden one tam goot fellow;" and instructed "Shacob" to give him trust whenever he wished.

Two Thoughts.

A THOUGHT FOR HUSBANDS.—Rev. Dr. Thomas Brainerd thus feellingly admonishes married men: "Iwould ask husbands to appreciate those who make the joy of their dwellings. Are not the kindnesses of wives often unnoted, unthanked, unregarded? Remember, that these companions, of your existence fill offices of dignity and high usefulness. They are shut out from the world's applause; let them rest in the assurance of your gratitude and consideration. When you see them still and cold in death, it will not grieve you to remember that your love has thrown sunshine into the shade of their allotment, that your prayers and example have given them aid in the right training of your children.,'

A THOUGHT FOR WIVES .- And thus he tenderly reminds married women of their duties: "I would ask wives and mothers to remember that life is uncertain. Valuable as they are to their husbands, their children, they are liable at any time to lie down and die. How carefully and prayerfully should they then live! How much do they need a practical and carnest piety, that their responsible duties may be all done and well done!- As their children are liable to be handed over to the care of strangers how necessary that they be led early and safely to

WHAT IS THIS WORLD?-A dream within a dream—as we grow older each step has an inward awakening. The youth awakes, and he thinks from childhood—the full-grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary; the old man looks on childhood as a feverish dream. Is death the last sleep? Noit is the last final awakening.—Sir Walter Scott.

Can you tell me Bill, how it is that a rooster always keeps his feathers sleek and

smooth ?" 'No," said Bill. "Well, he always carries his comb with him."

What wind do the ladies like best, and why?-The north wind of course, because It brings the chaps to their lips.

Why are three married couples like a whistle?

Because they go "two, two, two,"

Bar Is the "three day's grace on business paper," in any way connected with the Three