

An Adventure with a Pirate.

THERE lived many years ago, on the eastern shore of Mount Desert—a large island off the coast of Maine—a now fashionable place of Summer resort—an old fisherman by the name of Jebediah Spinnet, who with a schooner of some hundred tons burthen, in which he, together with four stout sons, was wont to go about once a year to the Grand Bank for the purpose of catching cod-fish.

The four sons were all that their father represented them to be, and no one ever doubted his word when he said that their like was not to be found for fifty miles around. The oldest was twenty-two while the youngest had reached his sixteenth year, and they answered to the names of Seth Andrew, John and Samuel.

One morning a stranger called upon Jebediah, to engage him to take to Havana some iron machinery belonging to steam engines for sugar plantations; the terms were soon agreed upon, and the old man and his sons immediately set about putting the machinery on board; that accomplished, they set sail for Havana, with a fair wind and for some days proceeded on their course without an adventure of any kind. One morning, however, a vessel was descried off the star-board quarter, which with some hesitation the old man pronounced to be a pirate.—There was not much time allowed them for doubting, for the vessel soon saluted them with a not very agreeable whizzing of an eighteen pound shot just under their stern.

"That means for us to heave to," remarked the old man.

"Then I guess we had better do it, hadn't we?" said Seth.

"Of course."

Accordingly the "Betsey Jenkins" was brought up into the wind, and her main boom hauled over to the windward.

"Now, boys," said the old man, "as soon as the schooner came to a stand, 'all we have to do is to keep cool and trust to fortune. There is no way to escape that I can see now but perhaps if we are civil, they will take such stuff as they want, and then let us go. At any rate there is no use crying about it, for it can't be helped. Now, get your pistols and see that they are surely loaded, and have your knives ready, but be sure and hide them, so that the pirates shall see no signs of resistance.' In a few moments all the arms which the schooner afforded, with the exception of one or two old muskets, were secured about the person of our Down Easters, and they quietly awaited the coming of the schooner.

"One word more," boys said the old man, just as the pirate came round under the stern. "Now watch every motion I make, and be ready to jump the moment that I speak."

As Captain Spinnet ceased speaking the pirate luffed up under the fisherman's lee-quarter, and in a moment more the latter's deck was graced by the presence of a dozen as savage-looking mortals as eyes ever looked upon.

"Are you captain of this vessel?" asked the traders of the boarders, as he approached the old mate.

"Yes sir."

"What is your cargo?"

"Machinery for steam engines."

"Nothing else?" asked the pirate, with a searching look.

At this moment Captain Spinnet's eye caught what looked like a sail off to the southward and eastward, but not a sign betrayed the discovery, while a brilliant idea shot through his mind, he hesitatingly replied:

"Well there is a little something else."

"Ha, what is it?"

"Why, sir, perhaps I hadn't ought to tell," said Captain Spinnet, counterfeiting the most extreme perturbation. "You see it was given me as a sort of trust, and it wouldn't be right for me to give it up. You can take anything else you please, for I can't help myself."

"You are an honest coddler at any rate," said the pirate, "but if you would live ten minutes longer, just tell me what you've got on board, and exactly the place where lays."

The sight of a cocked pistol brought the old man to his senses, and in a deprecating tone he muttered—

"Don't kill me, sir, don't I'll tell you all. We've got forty-thousand silver dollars nailed up in boxes just for'ard o' the cabin bulkhead, but Mr. Defore didn't suspect anybody would have thought of looking for it there."

"Perhaps so chuckled the pirate, while his eyes sparkled with delight. And then turning to his own vessel, he ordered all but three of his men to jump on board the Yankee.

In a few minutes the pirates had taken off the hatches, and in their haste to get at the "silver dollars," they forgot all else; but not so with Spinnet; he had his wits at work, and no sooner had the last of the villains disappeared below the hatchway, than he turned to his boys.

"Now, boys, for your lives. Seth, you clap your knife across the fore and peak halyards, and you, John, cut the main.—But quick, now, and the moment you have

done it, jump aboard the pirate. Andrew and Sam, cast off the pirate's grappling, an' then you jump—then we'll walk into them three chaps aboard the clipper. Now for it.

No sooner were the last words of out of the old man's mouth than his sons did exactly as they were directed. The fore and main halyards were cut, and the two grapplings cast off at the same instant, and as the heavy gaffs came rattling down, our heroes leaped on board the pirate. The moment the clipper felt at liberty her head swung off, and before the astonished buccaneers could gain the deck of the fisherman, their own vessel was nearly half a cable's length to the leeward, sweeping gracefully away before the wind, while the three men who had been left in charge were easily secured.

"Hello, there!" shouted Captain Spinnet, as the hickless pirates crowded around the lee-gangway of their prize "when you get them 'ere silver dollars just let me know, will you?"

Half dozen pistol shots was all the answer the old man got, but they did him no harm, and, crowding on sail, he made for the vessel he had discovered, which lay dead to leeward of him and which he now made out to be a large sloop. The clipper cut through the water like a dolphin, and in a short space of time, Spinnet luffed up under the ship's stern, and explained all that happened. The ship proved to be an East Indiaman, bound for Charleston, having all told, thirty men on board, a portion of whom at once jumped into the clipper and offered their services in helping to take the pirates.

Before dark Captain Spinnet was once more within hailing distance of his own vessel, and raising a trumpet to his mouth he shouted:

"Schooner ahoy! Will you quietly surrender yourselves prisoners if we come on board."

"Come and try it!" returned the pirate captain as he brandished his cutlass above his head in a very threatening manner, which seemed to indicate that he would fight to the last.

But that was his last moment, for Seth Crouched below the bulwarks, taking deliberate aim along the barrel of a heavy rifle, and as the bloody villain was in the act of turning to his men the sharp crack of Seth Spinnet's weapon rang its death peal, and the next moment the pirate captain fell back into the arms of his men, with a brace of bullets through his heart.

"Now said the old man, as he leveled the long pivot gun, and seized a lighted match "I'll give you just five minutes to make up your minds in, and if you don't surrender, I'll blow every one of you into the other world."

The death of their captain, and withal, the sight of the pointed pivot gun—the peculiar properties of which they know full well—brought the pirates to their senses, and they threw down their weapons and agreed to give themselves up.

In two days from that time Captain Spinnet delivered his cargo safely at Havana, gave the pirates into the hands of the civil authorities, and delivered the clipper up to the government, in return for which he received a sum of money sufficient for independence for the remainder of his life, as well as a handsome medal from the Governor.

Remarkable Escapes.

LORD CLIVE, of India, twice attempted to shoot himself through the head, and his pistol only snapped each time. A friend entering the room shortly after, fired the pistol off, out of the window, when Clive sprang to his feet, exclaiming: "I must be reserved for something great."

"He transformed the East India Company from a 'band of pedlars' to a government ruling one of the most populous nations of the world."

Martin Luther was once walking with his brother, when a thunderstorm overtook them and the brother was instantly killed by lightning.

Augustine had an appointment in a distant town. His guide who attended him, mistook the usual road, and thus saved him from being murdered by enemies who lay in ambush for that purpose.

Oliver Cromwell, when an infant, was snatched up by a monkey and carried to the top of a house, through a garret window. In after life he would have been drowned, had not a clergyman by the name of Johnson rescued him.

John Bunyan, when about seventeen years of age, was drawn out for sentry duty at the siege of Leicester. A comrade of his who was very anxious to take his place at that time, was allowed to do so, and was shot dead while on guard.

Phillip Doddridge was believed to be dead when born. His nurse fancied she saw signs of vitality, and the feeble spark of life by great care was saved.

John Wesley, when a child, was rescued from a burning house just before the roof fell in.

John Knox was accustomed to sit at a certain time each evening at a certain spot at a back window. One evening, without being able to account for it, he would not sit there, nor permit any one else to occupy that place. On that evening a bullet was shot in that window in order to kill him.

The Camel's Hump.

MODERN research has determined a curious circumstance of an organic contrivance in the camel and the leech, unlike as they are in structure, functions and habits, which has reference to supplying them with food from storehouses in their own bodies till supplies are attainable from other sources.

The hump is an immense collection of fat stored in reticulated cells piled one upon another, which is concentrated food. When fodder cannot be had, as frequently occurs on their long caravan travels in the desert, a peculiar set of absorbing vessels draws upon the magazine—the hump—carrying the fat into circulation till food from without puts a stop to the draft on the back.—The hump is very sensibly diminished at times—even being almost completely leveled, but that which was thus borrowed to sustain life temporarily, is immediately replaced when the stomach is set in motion again in its accustomed manner.

The medical leech or blood-sucker, low as it is in the organic scale of life, is as carefully provided for in regard to the contingencies of life as the king of the country. As the blood passes down the gullet of the leech, the current divides right and left to enter two lateral tubes, instead of entering directly into the stomach. The canals are folded, zig-zag, backward and forward in loops, as if it were, from the head to the tail. When perfectly filled the leech lets go its hold. It is then plump and full, with a stock of food on hand that may ordinarily last from one to two years, in case it has no opportunity to take another in that long time.

Snake Swallowing Snake.

You have enough of "telescoping" railroad cars in America. Have you ever heard of telescoping serpents? A few days ago, a rabbit was put into a cage at the zoological gardens in Regent's Park, occupied by two or three pythons and boa-constrictors. Soon, from the excitement of the spectators, the keeper noticed that something unusual had happened. Running around to the back of the cage he saw that an immense Indian python, 11 feet long, had swallowed, not only the rabbit, but a boa-constrictor, who hailed from South America, and measured about 7 feet. Bravely jumping into the cage, the keeper, whose name was Holland, seized the monster by the throat. Open flew the wide mouth, and out fell the first dead rabbit. Holland seized the protruding 4 inches of the tail of the Jonathized snake, and by punching the big fellow in the ribs, and slaking and squeezing him while he kept his firm grip on his throat, he compelled him to disgorge. The smaller snake backed out and glided away. He was not hurt a particle. He only seemed to wonder where he had been, as he lay with his mouth wide open on the floor of his cage. It is probable that the two snakes seized the rabbit simultaneously, and when once the smaller one came within those terrible jaws, the teeth of which are set backward, there was no retreat possible. The sharp, strong and merciless teeth could not give up even a brother snake, and though he must have regretted it, the python did his best to save his friend, even to his skin.—Letter from London.

A Distressing Conundrum.

The New Orleans Picayune tells us of an ambitious young debater in a village society who pronounced this abstruse conundrum:

"Eli's man plants a watermillion seed next to his fence; and that 'ere watermillion seed sprouts up into a watermillion vine and that 'ere watermillion vine grows, and meanders through that 'ar fence into another man's lot adjacent to that 'ere watermillion vine that sprouted from that 'ere watermillion seed and thro' that 'ar fence into this 'ere other man's lot adjacent; tharin consolidated and homologated into a watermillion, the question, fellow citizens and ladies is: To which of these 'ere men did that 'ar watermillion, so homologated and promulgated, belong? To the man who planted that 'ere watermillion seed that meandered thro' that 'ar fence into this 'ere man's lot adjacent and that so consolidated into a watermillion; or to the man who owned this 'ere lot so adjacent, whar was so promulgated the watermillion that so exergitated from that 'ar watermillion vine that meandered thro' this 'ere fence and so sprouted from that thar watermillion seed that 'ere man thar planted?"

"What's the matter, Uncle Jerry?" said Mr. —, as old Jeremiah R. was passing by, growling most furiously.

"Matter!" said the old man, stopping short; why, here I have been lugging water all morning for Dr. C—'s wife to wash with, and what do you suppose I got for it?"

"Why, I suppose about ten cents," answered Mr. —.

"Ten cents!" she told me that the doctor would pull a tooth for me some time or other."

A French chemist recommends grinding tea like coffee before pouring hot water upon it. He asserts that by this process it will be made to yield nearly double the amount of exhilarating qualities.

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

A Geographical Puzzle.

How many of our readers can fill up the blanks in the following puzzle, with the Geographical names required to tell this man's name, occupation, purchases, what he ate for supper and what he put against the door?

A man whose name was a mountain in Scotland (), learned to be a mountain in Washington, (). He lived in a house made of a county in Kansas (), and a river in Illinois, (). His only pet was a river in Nebraska, (). One day after taking a town in Virginia, (), he went out to buy his week's supplies. He bought a country in Europe, (), some plural of a river in New England, (). A river in Minnesota, (), a creek in Illinois, (), a county in Alabama, and a river in Great Britain. ()

Having made his purchases, he started for home, but the river in Great Britain became oppressive, but he did not care, as he heard thunder in the distance, and presently the rain fell in torrents. His river in Great Britain became drenched, but he was consoled by the thought that it would remove the mountain in North America ().

When he got home, he made his supper of some plural of a bay in Florida, (), a lake in Utah (), a river in Montana, (), and a town in Michigan, (). Then he placed an Island from the Atlantic, (), and a mountain from Georgia, against the door and went to bed.

Answer to enigma in last week's paper: "James P. Long, Acker, Perry co., Pa."

Curious Cases of Long Sleeping.

In the middle of the last century a young Frenchwoman, at Tolouse, had, for half a year, fits of lengthened sleep, varying from three to thirteen days each. About the same time a girl at Newcastle-on-Tyne, slept fourteen days without waking, and the waking process occupied three days to complete.

Dr. Blanchet, of Paris, mentions the case of a lady who slept for twenty days together when she was about eighteen years of age, fifty when she was about twenty, and had nearly a whole year's sleep from Easter Sunday, 1803, till March 1863. During this long sleep (which physicians call hysteric coma) she was fed with milk and soup, one of her front teeth being extracted to obtain an opening into her mouth.

Stow, in his "Chronicle," tells us that "The 27th of April 1546, being Tuesday in Easter week, W. Foxley, pot maker for the mint in the Tower of London, fell asleep and so continued sleeping, and could not be waked with pricking, cramping, or otherwise, till the first day of the next term, which was full fourteen dayes and fifteen nightes.

The cause of his thus sleeping could not be known, tho' the same were diligently searched for by the king's physicians and other learned men; yea, the king himself examined ye said W. Foxley, who was in all points found at his waking to be as if he had slept but one night."

A Strong Recommendation.

A manufacturer and vender of quack medicines for rheumatism and the growth of hair combined, recently wrote to a friend for a recommendation of his (the manufacturer's) "balsam." In a few days he received the following which we call pretty strong:

"Dear Sir:—The land composing this farm has hitherto been so poor that a Chinaman could not get a living off it, and so stony that we had to slice our potatoes, and plant them edgeways; but hearing of your balsam, I put some on the corner of a ten-acre field surrounded by a rail fence and in the morning I found that the stones had entirely disappeared, and a neat wall encircled the field; and the rails were split up into fire wood, and piled up symmetrically in my backyard. I put half an ounce in the middle of a huckleberry swamp; two days saw it clear off, planted with corn and pumpkins, and a row of peach trees in full blossom through the middle. As an evidence of its tremendous strength, I would say that it drew a striking likeness of my eldest son out of a mill-pond, drew a blister all over his stomach, drew a load of potatoes four miles to market, drew grease out of a flint, and eventually drew a prize of ninety seven dollars out of a defunct lottery."

The reputation of being plucky, determined and indefatigable is of inestimable value. It often dispels at the start opposition to one's undertakings, which would otherwise be formidable. The very fact that an enterprise has been undertaken by some individuals is a sufficient guarantee to the public that it will go through. Without stopping to make further inquiries, the people invest their money in it, with implicit confidence that it will yield handsome returns. The public sometimes confer a coveted boon upon an individual out of pure admiration for his perseverance in grasping after it. This is frequently the case in political life. Sixteen times Marcus Morton ran for Governor of Massachusetts without being elected. Finally some of the opposition, contending that so much pertinacity deserved success, voted for him on the sixteenth trial, in 1840, and he was chosen by one majority.

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