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MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

WE JOIN THE PARTY THAT CARRIES THE FLAG, AND KEEPS STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION.

VOL. 17. | MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1860. | NO. 46.

JOB PRINTING of ALL KINDS
DONE AT THE OFFICE OF THE
DEMOCRAT,
NEATLY AND PROMPTLY,
AND AT "LIVE AND LET LIVE" PRICES.

THE office of the Montrose Democrat has recently been supplied with a new and choice variety of type, etc., and we are now prepared to print pamphlets circulars, etc., etc., in the best style, on short notice.

Handbills, Posters, Programmes, and other kinds of work in this line, done according to order.

Business, Wedding, and Ball CARDS, Tickets, etc., printed with neatness and despatch.

Justices' and Constables' Blanks, Notes, Deeds, and all other Blanks, on hand, or printed to order.

☞ Job work and Blanks, to be paid for on delivery.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY virtue of sundry writs issued by the Court of Common Pleas of Susquehanna County, and to me directed, I will expose to sale, by public vendue, at the Court House, in Montrose, on Friday, Nov. 23d, 1860, at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following described pieces or parcels of land, to wit:

ALL that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the township of Great Bend, County of Susquehanna and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: beginning at an Ash, thence by land of David Taylor south, 7¾° east, 156 perches to a red oak; thence north, 83¼° west, 143 perches to a post; thence by land of Wright Chamberlin and Scott and Westbrook south, 13¼° east, 253 perches to a hemlock; thence by land of Oliver Trowbridge north, 56° east, 22 perches to stones; thence south, 44° east, 122 perches to a hemlock; thence by land of N. C. Lewis north, 44¼° west, 71 perches to stones; thence north, 102½° east, 76 perches to a post; thence north, 34¾° east, 98 perches to a corner on the river; thence down the Susquehanna river north, 57° west, 24 perches; north, 48° west, 36 perces; north, 69¾° west, 23 perches; north, 71° west, 18 perches; north, 37¾° west, 52 perches to the place of beginning; containing 291 acres and allowances, with the appurtenances, 1 house, a barn, some fruit trees and about 15 acres improved. [Taken in execution at the suit of Bias T. Young to the use of Jonathan Ogden vs. Cyrus J. Skinner.]

ALSO—All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the township of Auburn, county and State aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit: on the north by land of Westly Benscoter, east by Abijah Janes, E. J. Lacy and Seth Eddy, on the south by Jelotus Brown and Johnson Slatter, and on the west by the Bradford county line, containing one hundred and ninety acres of land, be the same more or less, with the appurtenances, one framed house, barn, shed, corn house, and about one hundred and twenty acres improved. [Taken in execution at the suit of Albert Bearbsley vs. Julius Brown.]

ALSO—All that certain piece or parcel of land situate and being in the township of Jessup, county and State aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit; on the north by James Faurot, on the east by Henry Wallbridge and Wm. Sheip, on the south by Widow Chatfield, and on the west by James Faurot, containing ninety-two acres, with the appurtenances, one house, two barns, one orchard and about ten acres improved. [Taken in execution at the suit of Increase Dewitt vs. Timothy Faurot.]

ALSO—All the equal undivided half part of a lot of land situate in the township of Great Bend, county and State aforesaid, situate on the north side of the Great Bend and Cochecton turnpike road, adjoining land of Lowrie Green on the north, by John Colsten on the east, by the turnpike on the south, by land of H. Crane on the west, being in front thirty-seven and a half feet and in depth one hundred and twenty feet, and having thereon one three story building for store and dwelling house, and out buildings, and all improved. [Taken in execution at the suit of Stillwell & Brown vs. Geo. W. Hyer and Emory J. Simons late partners, &c., as Hyer & Simons.]

ALSO—All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Great Bend, county and State aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit: beginning at a point on the northerly line of Church street and westerly corner of R. T. Stephens lot one hundred feet to the southerly corner of Thomas Hay's lot; thence north, 27° west, along the line of Thomas Hay's lot fifty feet to the easterly corner of Richard Stack's lot; thence parallel with the first described line one hundred feet to church street, and thence south, 27° east, fifty feet to the place of beginning, containing about five thousand square feet of land, be the same more or less, with the appurtenances, one dwelling house, one barn, and all improved. [Taken in execution at the suit of R. B. Little to the use of Wakeman C. Handrick vs. William Green.]

ALSO—All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Rush, county and State aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit: on the north by land of Wm. Ross, on the east by land of Charles Jerry, on the south by land of Dr. Hiram Cogswell, and on the west by land of N. J. Sherwood, being the same land recently conveyed by N. D. Snyder to S. H. Candield, with the appurtenances, one saw mill, with lath machine attached, containing about eleven acres, be the same more or less, and nearly all improved. [Taken in execution at the suit of Wm. E. Taylor vs. James W. Bosworth and N. P. Bosworth.]

TERMS OF SALE same as advertised elsewhere in this paper. JOHN YOUNG, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Montrose, October 29th, 1860.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY virtue of sundry writs issued by the Court of Common Pleas of Susquehanna County, and to me directed, I will expose to sale, by public vendue, at the Court House in Montrose, on SATURDAY, NOV. 17, 1860, at 1 O'CLOCK, p. m. the following described pieces of land, to wit:

ALL that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying being in the township of Apolacon, county of Susquehanna and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: on the north by land of John F. Sleeper, east by land late of Henry Sternburg, deceased, south by land of John Jones, Jr., west by land of Charles Chase, containing fifty acres, more or less, with the appurtenances, and about thirty acres improved. [Taken in execution at the suit of Charles J. Sleeper vs. Charles S. Chase.]

ALSO—All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Silver Lake, county and State aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit: beginning at a post, the northwest corner of land of Michael Broderick, thence north along land of John Kane, 32 1-4 to 10ths perches to a post in the south line of the reservation; thence by the reservation east 60 perches to a post, thence by land of John Kanarly, south 60 perches to a post in line of said Michael Broderick, and thence along the same west 60 perches to the place of begining, containing 55 and 2-10ths acres, be the same more or less, with the appurtenances. [Taken in execution at the suit of W. & W. H. Jessup, trustees, to the use of Ellen Rose vs. Simon Holloran.]

ALSO—All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the township of Springville, Co. and State aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit: on the north by George Thompson, on the east by — Vaughn, on the south by Augustus Meachem, and on the west by Franklin Blake-lee, containing sixty-eight and a half acres, with the appurtenances, one house and about 15 acres improved. [Taken in execution at the suit of Orin Prichard to the use of A. Lathrop vs. George Henry.]

ALSO—All that certain tract or parcel of land situate in the township of Great Bend, county and State aforesaid, bulted, bounded and described as follows, to wit: commencing at a stake and stones standing on the south side of the Susquehanna river, the northwest corner of Joshua K. Grimes' land, thence north, 45° west, along the line of said Grimes' lot seventy-seven chains and twenty-five links to a stake and stones; thence north, 45° west, 25 chains and 75 links to a stake and stones; thence north 45° east, 45 chains and 50 links to a stake and stones; thence south, three chains to a hemlock tree; thence north, 34¾° east, fifteen chains to a stake and stones on the bank of said river, being the northeast corner of N. C. Lewis' land; thence up said river to the place of beginning, containing two hundred and four acres of land, more or less, with the appurtenances, one house, one barn, and about forty acres improved. [Taken in execution at the suit of Henry Ketchum to the use of John Howell vs. Benjamin Arnold and Lucretia Arnold with notice to Terre Tenants.]

ALSO—All the right, title and interest of Isaiah Moore, defendant, to all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Oakland, county and State aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit; beginning at a post and stones, the southwest corner of land contracted to Morgan Shutts; thence north, 88¾° west, 43 and 6-10ths perches to a stake and stones; thence by land of — Dayton north, 1¾° east, 75 perches to stones; thence by the same north, 84¾° west, 22 perches to a stone set up; thence by land contracted to Jackson Schriver north, 1¾° east, 152 perches to stones; thence north, 88¾° west, 43 and 6-10ths perches to a stake and stones; thence by land of — Dayton north, 1¾° east, 75 perches to stones; thence by the same north, 84¾° west, 22 perches to a stone set up; thence by land contracted to Jackson Schriver north, 1¾° east, 152 perches to stones; thence by other land of said Dayton south, 88¾° east, 159 and 4-10ths perches to a stone heap; thence by the same south, 1¾° west, 47 and 1-10th perches to a post, the northeast corner of said Morgan Shutts' lot; thench by the north line of said Shutts lot north, 88¾° west, 22 and 3-10ths perches to a post; and thence by the west line of said Shutts' lot, 1¾° west, 179 and 9-10ths perches to the place of beginning; containing one hundred and eleven acres of land, be the same more or less, with the appurtenances, one framed dwelling house, and ten acres improved. [Taken in execution at the suit of Jackson Schriver vs. Isaiah Moore.]

ALSO—All that piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the township of Liberty, county and State aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit: beginning at the northeast corner of No. 41 Laws' tract, John Barr's survey; thence south, 2° west, 31¾ rods to a beech tree corner; thence north, 86¾° west, 27 rods to the centre of turnpike; thence, north, 52° east, along the said turpike to the south line of land belonging to Isaac Comstock; thence south, 86¾° east, 241 rods to the place of beginning; bounded on the north by land of Isaac Comstock, on the east by lot No. 42, on the south by land of A. Clalker, on the west by said turnpike; containing 50 acres strict measure, more or less, one saw-mill, one dwelling house, one barn, an orchard, and about 15 acres improved. [Taken in execution at the suit of Alanson Chalker vs. Caroline P. Stockwell and P. R. Stockwell.]

ALSO—All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Liberty, bounded and described as follows, to wit: beginning at a hemlock stake and stones at the southeast corner of lot No. 19 in John Burr's survey in said township; thence north, 2° east, 54 rods and 4-10th of a rod to stake and stones; thence north, 86° west, 135 rods and 4-10ths of a rod to stake and stones; thence south, 2° west, 61 rods and 2-10ths of a rod to stake and stones; thence south, 85¾° east, 135 rods and 4-10ths of a rod to the place of beginning; containing 50 acres, more or less; said land is bounded on the north by land of Abraham Gulle, on the west by lot No. 18, on the south by land of George Crandall, and on the east by land of Jahial Dayton, being the south half of lot No. 19, formerly known as the Kilborn lot; with the appurtenances one small house and about 15 acres improved. [Taken in execution at the suit of John S. Tarbell vs. Alanson Chalker.]

NOTICE TO PURCHASERS.—To prevent misunderstanding, notice is hereby given that Purchasers at Sheriff's sales will be required to pay the amount bid at the time the land is sold. It has become imperatively necessary to adopt this rule, and it will be strictly adhered to, except in cases where the purchaser is a lien creditor and is entitled to the fund as provided in the 1st section of the act of Assembly, approved April 30th, 1846, which is as follows:—"Whenever the purchasers of real estate at Orphans' court or Sheriff's sale, shall appear from the proper record to be entitled, as a lien creditor, to receive the whole or any portion of the proceeds of said sale, it shall be the duty of the Sheriff, Administrator, Executor or other person making such sale, to receive the receipt of such purchaser or purchasers for the amount which he or they would appear, from the record as aforesaid to be entitled to receive: *Provided*, that this section shall not be so construed as to prevent the right of said Sheriff, Administrator, Executor, or other person aforesaid to demand and receive at the time of sale a sum sufficient to cover all legal costs entitled to be paid out of the proceeds of said sale; and provided further, that before any purchaser or purchasers shall receive the benefit of this section, he or they shall produce to the Sheriff, or other person so making said sale, a duly certified statement from the proper records, under the hand and official seal of the proper officer, showing that he is a lien creditor entitled to receive any part of the proceeds of the sale aforesaid."

Montrose, Oct. 24th, 1860. JOHN YOUNG, *Sheriff*.

DRS. BINGHAM & ANEY,
PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS AND DENTISTS—New Milford Borough, Pa.

Shipped for a Wife;
—OR—
REMOVING A PREJUDICE.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES F. ALCORN.

CAPTAIN ZENAS WOODEND was a thorough-bred—a perfect hawser-laid sailor, had spent nearly all his life afloat, and considered old Neptune's dominions the only habitable part of the globe, and the votaries of the briny god the only individuals of our race worthy of the term man. All others with him were land lubbers.

Years previous he had amazed his personal friends and intimate acquaintance, by wedding the prettiest, gentlest and most amiable girl in Old Rowley, and a majority expressed that amazement in unmeasured terms.

"What can Anna Sears find to love in such an old hipopotamus?" was the oft repeated query among the friends of the fair bride.

But she had found something loveable about him, and she did love him—so very dearly that when a vague rumor of his death, in a foreign land, was circulated about the time she expected him home from his first voyage, she mourned him so sincere and deeply that her health gave way, and she died leaving one sweet pledge of her fond love—an infant daughter, to claim his protection when he *did* return, proving groundless the fatal rumor.

If Zenas Woodend had little affection for his brethren of the land, he was not heartless. He adored his wife, and for a brief period was as one bereft of reason. But the claims of his infant aroused him from grief-engendered lethargy. For her he lived and toiled from that hour, reaping a rich harvest of wealth as his reward.

During infancy and early girlhood, Annie Woodend was consigned to the care of a maiden maternal aunt, when she was sent to a renowned seminary for her sex to complete her education. Here she remained for a period of three years, during which her fond parent, who was now justly considered one of the wealthiest men in Beverly, built a superb mansion in Boston, in which he designed to install her at the close of her educational term. He still followed the sea, as he asserted half playful, half earnestly, in response to his daughter's expressed desire that he would remain as her companion and protector in her new home.

"What! give up the sea? You don't want me to die, Annie, do ye?"

"O, no, papa. But you are growing old, have wealth enough, and can afford to rest."

"Shiver my timbers if I can afford to die though, pet. O, no! My top-hamper would become so deranged in a month that I should be only a fit habitant for a cell, and a prominent candidate for a straight jacket."

"But I miss you so much, papa. Besides, what can I do all alone in this great mansion—only aunt for companion. I shall die of ennui I know."

"Nonsense! You can represent me and entertain your friends, pussy. You must have gained a little host of them at school, and if you perform the part of hostess properly you will find it ample employment. No falling in love though with any of these long-shore gentry. Your husband must be a blue jacket, D've hear? a regular sea-dog. I don't care if every hair on his head is a rope-yarn, so long as he's salt and seasoned. I'm training one for ye, pet, so keep the lubbers at long-shot till I return. Ralph must be a skipper afore he's spliced; but don't be impatient, pussy, I wont inflict a long probation. The Annie will be ready when we return, when we'll make a voyage in company, and then—yes, I'll make him a commander, and you must make him a happy man."

Ralph Rantoul, indeed!" was the maidens pouting response. "If you please I'll wait till I can find a sailor like my own dear papa—one possessing as kind a heart, but a little less enthusiasm for the sea. I fear I should be jealous of my rival papa," and the maiden's jocund laugh chased the cloud, engendered by her opening exclamation, from her sire's brow.

A year had passed, Annie Woodend had obeyed her sire's injunction, in part at least. Many a happy little party had made merry in his mansion during his absence, and she had found the part of hostess particularly agreeable. But he was home at last, and his old ship—the "White Swan," had a new master, while his private signal graced the main truck of the splendid new barque Annie Woodend, built expressly to his order, and intended for his mate, when he himself had tested her good and evil qualities on one voyage to and from a West Indian port.

She was nearly ready for sea, and he was in her cabin overhauling some papers relating to her business, when he received a call from a young gentleman, who, after a somewhat prosy self introduction, and detail of prospects, etc., electrified him by a request for permission to address his child.

"Humph! Sorry I cannot yield compliance, young sir, but I have other views for my daughter."

"But my dear sir—"

"Excuse me young man, if I add that you can advance no argument which I can entertain. It is not your fault I am aware, but you aint the proper stuff to form a husband for Annie Woodend."

"Sir—"

"O, I mean just what I say, though I have no desire to offend you thereby. I grant that your prospects are good, your reference unquestionable; that you are shrewd, intelligent, intellectual—any and everything you like, but the fact is you are a landsman, and lack the only qualification that could possibly influence me in your favor."

"And that sir?"

"Ability to brave for, and shield her from all the storms of life. If you had been a sailor now."

"Ah! I understand you, sir. You would wed your daughter to one of your own profession."

"Just so. I know she would be protected then."

"Pardon me, sir, but you have peculiar ideas which will find but few endorsers I think."

"Among you landsmen, yes. But mark me, young man, I live to please myself and secure my daughter's happiness."

"And I fondly flatter myself that I can render her happy as my wife."

"Which she will never be, young sir, so long as you're a counter-jumper, and I fancy you're rather too old to go to sea now with any hope of success."

"I regret your decision, sir, but must submit I presume."

"Just so. And permit me to remind you that further attentions on your part towards Miss Annie Woodend will arouse my anger."

"Be assured, sir, I will endeavor to avoid offending you," and bowing himself out, the young man retired, seeming not very dejected in view of the repulse he had encountered.

"Do you know a certain Rupert Marvel, Annie?" demanded Captain Woodend; as he passed his cup at the tea-table to be filled for the third time that evening.

"I do, papa," responded the young lady quietly.

"And how long have you had the honor of his acquaintance, pray?"

"Nearly three years."

"Whew! The deuce—I beg pardon pet, but you surprise me. Where and how did you form his acquaintance?"

"At the academy. He came from Virginia to see his sister, who was my very dear friend at school. I was introduced of course."

"But he is now a resident of Boston?"

"Yes, Genenieve was married to a merchant here some six months since, and Ru—Mr. Marvel came North with her, and fixed his residence here."

"As clerk in his new brother's establishment?"

"Yes, sir, I have heard that was his present position, and that he purposed becoming a partner when he had gained experience."

"So I am informed. Has he been making love to you Annie?" The maiden blushed and seemed inclined to evade the question. "Come, no reservation, pussy. I must have your confidence in this matter."

"Well—only a little, papa."

"What do you term a little? By Jove, I should imagine matters were approaching a crisis when he deemed it expedient to refer to me for permission to marry my daughter."

"Marry me, papa?"

"Well, if not that just the next thing—make love to ye—and you know of his purpose sly puss?"

"Why, papa."

"Come, come! no shamming, Annie. Answer me, have you given that land lubber any encouragement to hope that I would favor his suit?"

"Nay, papa. Do have patience. I never bestowed a smile on a land lubber yet, nor need you fear that I will."

"Then how dare he ask my permission to address you?"

"If you please, that is his secret. I only know that I am far too sincere an admirer of the hardy sons of the ocean to ever bestow a smile upon a landsman."

"Spoken like my daughter. And you shall wed a sailor, Annie. I've one picked out for ye—trained him myself—know every hair in his head—just the fellow to render any woman happy, and 'twill be your own fault if he don't assume command of you on the same day he hoists his private signal aboard your namesake."

Annie listened in silence, betraying only a mischievous sparkle of her deep blue eye, that she heard him, while he continued:

"Yes, pussy. Ralph Rantoul's my choice for ye. He's half wild with joy at the prospect of enjoying your society during the coming three months, when I expect you to fall head-over-ears in love with him."

"And if I should not?"

"O, nonsense! You know he's handsome. You can't help it."

"But we may suppose a case, papa. We cannot control the heart they say."

"Well, you must try."

"And if I fail?"

"You must choose from the profession."

"I will pledge myself to do so, papa."

"But how about Mr. Marvel?" demanded the old man, slightly mystified by her ready acquiescence.

"O, if his aspirations are to be blighted it will not be my fault, papa. He should have chosen the only path that could lead to success."

"Just so. You're a sensible girl, Annie—a little too matter-of-fact perhaps, but I'm proud of ye!" and leaving his seat, the old Captain strained the smiling girl fondly to his heart.

The Annie Woodend was hanging to Long Wharf by single fasts. Every preparation was complete, her fair namesake on board, and her veteran commander impatient to be off. But still the final order was delayed. The second officer was missing—had obtained liberty to run up town "for a few minutes," he said, but hours had elapsed and he was still absent.

"Pts no use!" exclaimed Captain Woodend, impatiently. "The rascal has deserted, Mr. Rantoul, and we must sail without him—and without a dicky. Think you can choose one from these fellows forward."

"Rather doubtful, sir. Vessel new too; we shall want a full crew."

"That's so. Suppose we try one of those fellows," and he indicated a group of wharf loungers, among whom were several seamen, waiting to behold the fairy craft cast off and spread her wings for flight.

"Worth a trial, sir. We might get a good man if he would go at such short notice."

"Ah, that's the rub. But her's to learn," and leaping on the wharf, Captain Woodend advanced to the group, demanding:

"Who wants to ship?"

"I do," was the ready response of one—a smart, active young seaman—who instantly advanced, while his compeers contented themselves with demanding:

"What berth? Where for? what wages? How long a voyage?" etc.

"Have you ever had charge of a watch?" demanded Captain Woodend, addressing himself at once to the youth.

"I have, sir."

"You'll do, I fancy, if you don't require an age to get ready. How soon can you be on board?"

"As soon's I can jump over the rail, sir."

"But your traps?"

"Are where it would take too long to get them, sir."

"And you will go as you stand?"

"Yes, sir, and make shift for the passage. Clothing will be readily found in the first port we make, where I can have more time to select and purchase.

"Just so, my lad, I'll risk *you*. Jump aboard Ease off forward. Fill away fore-topsail. Ease off that spring. Let go the bow-line on the wharf. Run the jibs up. Take in the slack of your stern-fast, Mr. ———," to the new officer, who responded with a cheerful "Ay, ay, sir," and by bowsing taut the fast, as his superior leaped from the wharf to the mizzen channels.

Five minutes later the gallant vessel was clear of all, and moved steadily down the harbor under her topsails an force-course.

"Well Mr. Rantoul, how do you like our new dicky," demanded Captain Woodend, as his subordinate entered the cabin, in response to the supper-bell, some hours later.

"We have a man this time, sir, if we did ship at venture"

"Just my idea. I thought so the moment he answered my hail on the wharf."

"He seems perfectly at home with his share of the duty, sir. I have had no occasion to issue a single direction.

"I remarked that, this afternoon. He seems to get through the work without noise. By the way, I think you've found the material for a first class mate there."

"If he understands navigation, sir."

"And if he don't I'll learn him. I like him. Ha! What are you laughing at, pussy?"

"At the readiness with which you pronounce on a stranger's merits, papa," said our heroine, promptly, blushing slightly under her parent's regard.

"Humph! Have you discovered any fault in him, Miss Malabert?"

"O, yes. He aint a bit handsome, nor is his toilet so very extensive as to render him a desirable occupant of our very little world. Quite serious faults those," responded the maiden, archly.

"There spoke the woman, Rantoul.—A sample of what you may expect if you don't provide an extensive wardrobe.—But by the way, we must remedy the last evil. You and he are nearly of a size—"

"And I have enough for both," said the mate, promptly. "I have already placed a portion of my wardrobe at his disposal."

"And do please have him divest himself of those odious whiskers, Mr. Rantoul, interposed the maiden. "Don't tell him I said so, but I am certain their removal would improve his appearance."

"What pussy would you have him disfigure his face to suit your whim?"

"O, no papa. Only humanize its appearance."

She was interrupted at this point by the entrance of the subject of the conversation, who came to report a change of wind which had caused the vessel to fall off northerly eight points."

"Just's I expected," said the captain. "Round with her if you can, Mr—"

"Transom," suggested his subordinate.

"Ah, Sransom! Rather a peculiar name Round with her and steer full and by till relieved."

"Ay, ay, sir," and casting a peculiar glance at our heroine, the youth backed out to execute the order.

The adverse breeze now became the engrossing topic, to the exclusion of all others, and when the meal was ended the gentlemen hurried on deck to discover certain prognostics of a gale.

"Ha, ha. We shall not die of ennui while waiting for an opportunity to test the Annie as a sea-boat, Mr. Rantoul," said Captain Woodend, as the latter relieved the deck. "Perhaps 'twould be as well so see all clear for reefing. We must begin early."

"Ay, ay, sir," and advancing to the main-mast, he was in the act of issuing the necessary orders, when one of the watch interrupted him with:

"Just been done, sir. Blocks hooked and gear all led."

"All right, my man!" and turning aft again, added: "There, sir! If that ain't doing duty right up to the handle."

"Prompt, I must confess. By Jove, our birth will be a sinecure this voyage. If he only keeps that up he'll be a treasure in his line."

"Who is such a treasure, now, papa? not that barbarian, I hope, whose presence in the cabin drove me from its shelter?" said our heroine, joining the group.

"Then you are afraid of him?" demanded her sir, archly, as he drew her hand within his arm.

"Nay, only of his whiskers," rejoined the maiden, smiling. She evinced a strange pleasure in recurring to the subject.

The threatened gale proved unusually severe, and particularly trying to the Annie Woodend, and offensive to her commander, whose aversion to terra-firma was never more manifest than on this occasion.

But the bitter is seldom unalloyed by sweet any more than *vice-versa*. The Annie proved herself the staunchest of sea-boats, and Mr. Transom, the most exemplary of "dickies," fully established a claim to nautical skill of a superior order and elicited more than one warm enconium, openly expressed from his veteran commander, who from that time forth contented himself with a cigar on deck, or a game of backgammon in the cabin with our heroine, and observing closely the progress of his mate's wooing.

The Annie had been eleven days at sea when she made the "Pass of Matanzas," and kept away, with the wind E. N. E., along the Cuban coast. As the afternoon advanced, the breeze gradually failed, and the powerful current of the stream catching her on the leebow, set her bodily towards the land, until sunset, when failing to perceive any indication of the much desired breeze, which usually characterizes a tropical night, Captain Woodend suggested the propriety of hauling her head more to the northward, in order to keep off the coast.

"I have heard these Spanish creoles were scarce trustworthy," said the veteran. "They have the reputation of taking undue liberties with coasters, when opportunity favors. How is it, Transom? You have been in these waters before, and should know, I fancy."

"Yes, sir, I have been here before, and would be happy to give those dark-skined gentry a good character, if possible; but I must testify unfavorably. I would be loath to trust them on any terms save defensive."

"You don't think they would attack us now, for instance?"

"I am certain they would, if they had the faintest idea they could gain a maravida by so doing. I have known them to not only attack, if I may apply that term to an apparently friendly visit, but plunder larger and more fully armed vessels than the Annie, and that in full view of one of our cruisers?"

"I hope and pray they may spare us the honor of a visit then."

"If my eyes are not deceptive your prayer is vain, sir. Is not that a boat just shooting out from behind that quay," and the second mate indicated a dark object so distant as to seem but a speck.

Captain Woodend leveled the telescope, with which he had been surveying the land a few minutes previous, and regarding the object minutely for a moment, resumed:

"Yes—a fishing craft I fancy. I wonder what they catch in the 'stream?'"

"Rich booty, sometimes, sir. We'll have them here, ere long, if this calm holds."

"You don't imagine a single boat would attempt to plunder a vessel of this size?"

"Yes, sir, and a larger. They are daring fellows—these Cuban pirates."

"Well, we must watch them. Your first watch, I believe?"

"It is, sir."

"I need not tell you how to receive them?"

"I shall be prepared for them, sir."

"And if they attempt to board, in your watch, let us know in season."

"I will, sir."

Eight bells struck at that instant, and the pair separated, Mr. Transom to relieve the deck, and Captain Woodend repairing to the cabin to obtain a cigar and our heroine, as companions of his evening promenade.

An hour later he retired. The shades of night had long since enveloped the coast and quays, while the haze which ever accompanies tropical calms, served immeasurable to deepen the gloom.

"O, yes, I know how to receive them, said Mr. Tronsom, musingly, on being left, save the helsman, sole tenant of the quarter-deck. "That boat is bound for us, I know—and I should have been prepared for her ere now—I wish we had more metal though. That signal gun is hardly the thing to go into action with. Lay aft one of ye!"

A man obeyed the sumons, when he resumed:

"Do you know anything about gunnery, Tom?"

"I should know a little something, sir."

"Why?"

"I was gunner's mate once, when you was a peg above being second dickey of a coaster, sir."

"How, you know me?"

"Didn't till to-night, sir. I thought all along your face was familiar; but them whiskers and the rig puzzled me, until I heard you giving the old man your opinion about the coves what live along the coast here—then I knew you was lef—"

"Hist! don't breathe my name here for your life! But you have the advantage of me, my man."

"You remember Tom Starling, sir?"

"Why, bless me, Tom—"

"Jes so, sir, I know'd ye hadn't forgot me, or our brush with those copper-colored rascals down here last cruise."

"Not I, Tom, or the gallantry which you displayed on that occasion. But if I don't mistake, we've a task before us, and we must accomplish it alone. I intend to surpise the old captain, and if that boat is the pirate I take her to be, I never can have a better opportunity. Jump forward and get that singal gun in time. Just whisper a warning to your watch-mates, but not a word to the watch below."

"Ay, ay, sir," and away went Tom to obey, while our hero deserted the quarter for the half-deck, from which he speedily returned bearing a keg of powder, and a second trip transferred several shots from the same repository.

"Rather a meagre munition of war, I should say," he murmured, as he raised the keg to carry it forward. "Better than none, however. Ha, ha, ha! second dicky indeed! Perhaps I wont enjoy my triumph by-and-by."

Four bells struck; the wheel was relieved, and our hero had resumed his place on the quarter-deck, when Tom Starling approached him unannounced, saying in a low tone:

"There's that boat, sir!"

"At last! Can you see her plain?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many oars?"

"Eight on a side, sir. I guess you aint mistaken."

"This has always been her cruising ground, and I was certain she'd be after us. If they hail do not reply. I see her. To your post again and get that gun to bear. O, for a breeze, now!" And as if in response to his prayer, a gentle zephyr lulled to sleep the chafing canvas, while at the same moment a faint hail, not calculated to atract attention, however, was wafted to his ear.

"Yes, it is that scourge of the coasting trade—Ramerio. Hail away, old fellow! I'll answer you by-and-by," and moving to the ganway, he laid his elbow on the rail, fixing an intense gaze on the boat, which was now heading direct for the vessel and slowly but surely approaching.

Five minutes later she was within short pistol shot, when she hailed in a subdued tone, "Boat ahoy!"

Receiving no response he repeated with more success, being answered with a faint "ahoy."

"What boat is that?" he demanded in Spanish.

"The Belle Creole of Matanza," was the response.

"What are you doing so far from land?"

"Catching benita, Senor Captain."

"A likely story! Do they bite well by starlight!"

The oars dipped again, and as the boat came on beneath their pressure, he resumed:

"Avast there! Where do you suppose you're bound?"

"Alongside your pretty craft, if you have no objections."

"But I have though. You'll sheer off if you know what is good for your health!"

"But we have some very fine benita, senior."

"Which I do not care to purchase from Carlos Ramerio."

A general start and brief pause on board the boat, convinced our hero that his surmise was correct, when he resumed:

"Now, Tom. Don't miss for your life! Give it them!"

With the word a match—hitherto concealed—flashed on the forecastle, and an instant later a bright tonge of flame leaped into a momentary being, succeeded by a crash, a wild unearthly shreik and a deafening report. The shot had stove the boat and killed several of her crew.

"My God! what does this mean?" demanded Captain W., gaining the deck in his shirt and unmentionables.

"That I have settled a pirate, sir. Up helm there! The rascal's off! See him leg it; but he can't go far. Our shot went clean through him! Will you take charge, sir?"

"O no, if that's a pirate go it! Shot went clean through him! Where the deuce did it come from?"

"The store-room, sir. Ha, down! crouch low!" and pulling Captain W. with him our hero dropped behind the bulwark, and at the instant some half dozen bullets whistled over their heads.

"The ousses! If you have any more shot, pay them for that!" exclaimed the Captain shuddering.

"Ay, ay, sir! How's that gun, Tom?"

"All ready, sir."

"Then let them have it," and as he spoke the little signal gun vomited forth a second deadly missile, which hulled the retreating boat a second time, effectually arresting her flight by transforming her into a water-logged wreck.

"We must secure those survivors, sir. Have I your permission?"

"Do as you please, sr! By Jove, Rantoul, this is something unexpected."

"The mate was dumb; utterly unable to comprehend the affair, and remained a silent spectator of the subsequent measures adopted by our hero to effect his purpose. Nor did he regain the power to demand an explanation until all the survivors—seven—of their nocturnal visitors were in safety on the barque's deck, when he learned from the brief confession of one of their number, that they were indeed members of Ramerio's band, and that the object of their visit was plunder.

'Tis needless to add that Captain Woodend was profuse in expressions of gratitude to his worthy second officer. Our heroine suffered a much slighter shock to her nerves than might have been anticipated, her father was gratified by a warm welcome from his countrymen assembled in Havanna, where his prisoners were tried for piracy, and condemned to the garrote, which they eventually suffered.

But in the mean time our hero suddenly became *non est*, on the evening of the third day after the Annie anchored. Nor could he be found, much to Captain Woodend's chagrin.

"I might have known some of these pesky Creoles would have knifed him. That's the way he went, poor fellow. I'd give five thousand dollars to see him aboard the barque again alive and well," he was wont to remark to all, who mentioned the subject.

"I do not think it, papa!" ventured Annie, one day, her countenance betraying a degree of hilarity which rather displeased her auditor.

"Humph! Needn't treat the affair so lightly, Miss Malapert. If it wasn't for that fop Marvel, you'd be sad enough I'll warrant. But if he aint dead what has become of him?"

"Deserted, perhaps," and despite her father's frown a smile played round her classic lips.

"Deserted, miss!" and shrugging his shoulders he turned away, as if disdaining to bandy words with her on the subject.

Yet the strange event had evidently effected a marked change in the maiden. Although she affected to, and did treat it lightly, she was no longer as buoyant and gay as formerly, and spent many an hour during the passage home in listless reverie, which somewhat puzzled yet pleased her sire, who deemed that he beheld therein the harbinger of a realization of his dearest wish.

The Annie was once more moored at end of Long Wharf, and her beauteous sponser was reinstalled in her former home, in which her father had joined her at the close of the second day after their arrival, when Mr. Marvel was announced, to see Captain Woodend.

"Well, sir!" was the latter's greeting on entering the parlor, "to what may I attribute this call?"

"My earnest desire to have you reconsider your decision relating to myself and your estimable daugnter, sir."

"Impossible, Mr. Marvel! Command me in any other way—"

"In that alone you can favor me."

"I have said it was impossible," and he flashed a stern regard at his visitor, starting as he perceived an enormos pair of whiskers gracing the chin, which he was certain was void of a single hair.

"What the deuce! Who are you, sir?"

"A model second dicky, and Lieutenant Marvel of the United States Navy, very much at your service, captain."

"Transom, by all that's delightful!" he exclaimed, wringing our heror's hand, and then bounding to the door he shouted:

"Annie, Annie! Come here quick." She came, her lovely face clothed in smiles and blushes.

"Do you know that scamp?"

"Of course, papa! I told you he had deserted."

"And you have been a party to the plot?"

"Only to remove your prejudice, papa," and she endeavored to place her arms round his neck; but he replused her gently, saying:

"No, no! you deceived me, pussy; you must fondle him now," and leading her to her lover, placed her hand in his, adding: "Take her, Marvel! By my honor you have won; and are *able* to protect her."

Need we add that a wedding followed speedily? Of course not, or that Captain Rantoul was obliged to content himself with possession of the mere semblance of his ideal—the figure head of his gallant barque. Those events were but natural results of the land-lubber's (?) successful ruse.

WALKING A RAFT.—There was a fellow once stepped out of the door of a tavern on the Missippi meaning to walk a mile up the shore to the next tavern. Just at the landing there lay a big raft, one of the regular old-fashioned whalers—a raft a mile long.

Well, the fellow heard the landlord say the raft was a mile long, and he said to himself, "I will go forth and see this great wonder, and let my eyes behold the timber which the hand of man hath hewn. So he got on at the lower end, and began to ambulate over the wood in pretty fair time. But just as he got started, the raft started too, and as he walked up the river it walked down, both traveling at the same rate. When he got to the end of the sticks, he found they were pretty near shore, and in sight of a tavern; so he landed, and walked straight into the bar-room he had come out of. The general sameness of things took him a little aback, but he looked the landlord steadily in the face, and settled it in his own way.

"Publican," said he, "we are two gifted with a twin brother, who keeps a similar sized tavern, with a duplicate wife, a comporting wood-pile, and corresponding circus bill, a mile from here?"

The tavern keeper was fond of fun, and accordingly said it was just so.

And, publican, have you among your dry goods for the entertainment of man and horse, any whiskey of the same size of that of your brother's?"

And the tavern man said, that from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, he had.

They took the drinks, when the stranger said, "Publican, that twin brother of yours is a fine young man—a very fine man, indeed. But do you know, I'm afraid that he