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# THE COUNTRY DOLLAR.

A WEEKLY PAPER: DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

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## POETRY.

FOR THE COUNTRY DOLLAR.

### THE PURSUED BIRD.

A FACT—BY J. R.

A youth once traw'ling on the road
Espied a pretty bird—
Its wings were black, its body red,
And flew as though 'twas hurt.

He quickly turned, and in great haste
The bird he did pursue—
But though all round the bird he chased
Beyond his reach it flew.

Anon he grasped some ground to throw
And maim it further still—
Thinking to stun it by the blow
And take it at his will.

But as he raised his hand aloft
The thought came to his mind,
That birds pretend a lameness oft
Intruders to beguile.

He dropped the gravel—muttered loud,
"Poor thing, it has a nest,
Or young, perhaps"—then stood & vowed
To let the warbler rest.

And as he journeyed on his way
He felt his conscience clear—
For hurting birds is wrong, I say,
As much so as to swear.

The heart that's dead to little wrongs
Will soon do greater still;
And he that needless pain prolongs
Will do most any ill.

LUTHERSBURG, Pa., May, 1850.

## Black Ben and the Red Dwarf.

A SERIES OF EXCITING HISTORICAL INCIDENTS RELATIVE TO THE ENGLISH PIRATES OF THE LAST CENTURY.

The English pirates under the famous Captain Davis, pursued their depradations along the whole coast of South America. The Spaniards, who then held possession of the numerous gold and silver mines, had, through luxurious and sensual indulgence, by enslaving the natives of the coast, become a cowardly and inactive race. They were therefore no matches for the freebooters of Davis. One day, soon after having made a successful excursion, where they had captured a considerable quantity of fine old wine, belonging to a rich Spaniard who had become their victim, a dead calm fell upon the ocean. But the pirate frigate, which lay motionless on the waters, was awake with life of the wildest and most tumultous kind. The Buccaneers, flushed with their recent good fortune, were giving vent to their joy in a general carouse. The lower gun deck was one blaze of light, revealing the fierce, inflamed countenances, and brawny forms of the pirates, as stripped to the skin, in madness of their revelry, they joined in a frantic dance.—Shouting, cursing, and singing obscene songs, as they threw their bodies into all manner of contortions, and whirled each around in drunken fury, the whole scene could be compared to nothing but the orgies of fiends. Presently, a loud shout arose from all the revellers, and a cry came from a hundred lips—

"Hurrah for Black Ben and the Red Dwarf! A fight! a fight! Clear the deck! Down on him, Ben! Pitch into him Dwarf!"

A ring was immediately formed, and in a moment a strangely matched pair—their naked bodies wet with the perspiration produced by dancing—stepped into the open space, amid yells of jeering laughter from the excited pirates.

Black Ben, as he was called, was one of the fiercest, most daring and blood-thirsty of the whole Buccaneer crew. He had received the name of Black Ben from his companions, on account of the enormous quantity of long, shaggy and black hair which enveloped his head, and from the matted mass of which, his angular features, seamed with numberless scars, looked out with a fiendish glare. He was full seven feet in height, and strong and well-formed in proportion.

Far different was his antagonist. A mis-shaped head of huge proportions, crowned with a thin coating of red bristles instead of hair, and half buried behind and between a mountain of back and shoulders, was supported by an attenuated body, whose long and crooked limbs made up in suppleness what they lacked in strength. Body and head scarcely reached four feet in height, and while the face of this hideous specimen of humanity presented the broad, flat features of a monkey, his small grey and fiery eyes, which kept constantly rolling with an impish expression in their sunken sockets, fully confirmed his title to membership in the satanic band by which he was surrounded.

Such were Black Ben and the Red Dwarf as they stood facing each other for combat, and furnishing, in their frightful contrast, food for the riotous mirth of their comrades. Each held in his hand a short and double edged knife, and although the Buccaneers around jeered and laughed, it was evident from the intense interest with which they watched the movements of the combatants, that they did not consider the disparity between the two so great as it apparently seemed to be.

"Stand from under, you little imp of Satan!" roared Black Ben, as he made a sweep with one of his giant arms to clutch the Dwarf by the throat, while he lifted the other in readiness to stab him with his knife when he had made good his hold.

"Ho! ho! ha! ha!" screamed the Dwarf in a shrill and unearthly voice, half in derision, half in defiance, as he doubled himself up, and rolled away like a ball from the intended grasp of Black Ben. Then springing up with the quickness of lightning, he darted between the monster's legs, and before Ben could recover himself sufficiently to turn round, and grasp him from behind, the Dwarf had plunged his dagger deep in the calf of Ben's leg, and stood again in his former position, mocking his huge foe with his shrill laugh and impious oaths. Black Ben, grinning his teeth with rage and pain, now rushed with fury on the Dwarf, and swooping down on him with his whole person, so as to cover up every avenue of escape; but again his prey glided from his hands unharmed and fairly turned a somerset over his back, and was caught by a dozen hands of the pirates, which were outstretched to his aid, amid roars of laughter and shouts of encouragement.

Again Black Ben and the Dwarf stood face to face, the blood streaming from the leg of the one, and the other without a scratch on his person.

"At it again! Give it to him, Ben!—Give it to him, Dwarf!" yelled the impatient pirates, as they passed the wine jars around, and then dashed them on the deck, or over each other's heads, whichever way came the most convenient; and amid the oaths and shouts of the Pandemonium around them, the combatants again set-to in battle. It was the last round and was soon decided. Black Ben made a feint to stab the Dwarf to the heart, but suddenly changed his aim, and brought his arm with a scythe-like movement down on the thin extremities of his tiny foe, as if to sweep him up in his grasp to the deadly point of his knife. By this manœuvre, the destruction of the Dwarf seemed inevitable, and a roar of delight burst from the pirates, now infuriated with wine, as they expected to see him writhe in the agonies of death. But the eye of the Dwarf was too quick, and his limbs too supple, to be thus overcome, and in a moment he had leaped upon the ve arm uplifted to strike him, and from thence astride the neck of his giant enemy, where twining his wiry legs under the arms of Ben, he bound them behind as with a vice, and then, before Black Ben could shake him off, the gleaming knife of the Dwarf was buried deep in his heart. As Ben fell heavily on the deck, the Dwarf leaped nimbly from his neck, and as his feet touched the deck at the same moment of his prostrate enemy, he set up a shout of victory, so shrill, so demoniac in sound, that even the pirates, inebriated as they were, started back in horror.

His triumph, however, was short. Davis had ascended soon after the fight commenced to the upper deck, to ascertain whether all was right in that quarter, and on the broad ocean around, had returned at the very moment that the deadly blow was descending from he hand of the Dwarf and rushed forward to intercept it, for the loss of so valuabue a pirate as Black Ben was irreparable. But it was too late; and his own powerful grasp was on his throat only in time to check his cry of triumph. Hurling the deformed being, as if he was but a lump of carrion, on the deck already floated with blood and wine, he shouted in a voice of thunder,—

"Enough of this, ye drunken fiends, have ye not had fighting and blood enough on the coast of Peru, without turning your blades against each other in your drunken brawls? Away to your guns, for there is a sail on the ocean that may be wafting silver to the coffers of the Viceroy of Peru."

At the mention of the words "sail" and "silver," the Buccaneers rushed to their guns, and in a moment the scene of carousal changed to one of comparative order in the busy praparations for battle. Even the dwarf had sprung up, as if nothing had happened, and taken his appointed post.—The body of Black Ben was cast unceremoniously into the sea, and in a short time all were ready for engagement. The sail however, which Davis had seen on the the edge of the horizon, had passed out of sight, with the breeze which had now for some time been rising, and the Buccaneers returned to their revelry, although in a morehuman and subdued manner.

Scenes like the one above narrated were common in the carousals of the Buccaneers, but none are so celebrated in their history, as this revel on Davis' ship on the coast of Peru, where the Red Dwarf killed Black Ben, the champion of the crew.—Not one, certainly, gives a more vivid picture of the insane fury which always characterizes their orgies, and urged them forward to execute on each other, the deeds of blood, which it was their daily business to perform on the Spaniards whom they robbed.

The buccaneers, three days after the above occurrence, were sailing on the coast of Chili, sober, but impatient for another enterprise. On the evening of [illegible] day, the Red Dwarf [illegible] he knew at [illegible] and informed [illegible] that six ye[illegible] before he point the the company [illegible] Captain Sh[illegible] at the taking of Coquimbo on this coast, and he remembered a certain bluff which could now be distinctly seen from the ship.

"And what may be behind the bluff that you are so anxious to speak about, most valiant Red Dwarf?" asked Davis, without apparently paying much attention to the personage who addressed him.

"Only this," answered the Dwarf, "we were told at Coquimbo that one Don Baltazar, who had great riches of silver, lived behind that bluff, but as we were then in a great hurry to get off the coast, we did not pay him a visit."

"Red Dwarf," said Davis, "we will go and see Don Baltazar to-night, and you shall be my lieutenant," and Davis turned and gave the order to have all things in readiness, while the form of the Dwarf swelled in importance at the unlooked for honor.

In a magnificent garden, where trees, loaded with the most luscious fruits of a southern clime, were mingled in prodigal confusion with the most fragrant shrubs and flowers, stood the mansion of Don Baltazar, a spacious stone building, plain without, but adorned and furnished within with all that the most extravagant luxury could desire.

Don Baltazar was a rich old bachelor, and a sensualist. He lived only to amass wealth from a mine that he owned, and to spend it in gratifying his appetites. His house was a perfect harem, where he lived with Chilian beauties whom he had either bought with his money, or took by violence from their homes. He was protected by some thirty soldiers, whom he had hired from the Government, when the appearance of the Buccaneers, some six years before, had spread terror on the coast.—Thus far, he had escaped their ravages, and his vigilance and fears were fast settling down into a feeling of security.

Into a light and airy apartment of Don Baltazar's house, the beams of a brilliant moon shone softly through the open casement, on the forms of the master of the mansion, and two Chilian females. A table spread with fruit and wine was before them, and while Baltazar sipped the red nectar, the two females sung in harmony one of their native melodies, which rose, with a strain of touching sweetness on the still evening air. Don Baltazar was a hale, hearty man, in the prime of life, and good looking, the singers beside him were native beauties, the wine was good, the fruit delicious, and Don Baltazar leaned back on his chair, in a dreamy state of perfect happiness. The soldiers were scattered about the house and grounds, carelessly following the inclinations, and all the rest of Don Baltazar's household also was happy.

The sudden sound of fire arms, however, soon brought Don Baltazar to his feet, changing the song of harmony into a shriek of terror, and threw the whole establishment into confusion. Don Baltazar had hardly time to recover from the first shock, before Davis, the Buccaneer, followed by the Red Dwarf and about fifty pirates, burst into the room, and informed him that it was all over; that four of his soldiers were dead and the rest bound, and that all he had to do, would be to deliver up the silver. It was useless to gainsay the command, and in a few hours the house of Don Baltazar was rifled.

The next act which followed the tragedy of Don Baltazar was the most awful deed that characterized the career of Davis.—The surviving soldiers were drawn up in a line in front of the house, and made to kneel, the Red Dwarf performing the operation, by pricking with his daggar every one who refused. The house was then fired, and as the flames curled up into the heavens, the Buccaneers, holding the muzzles of their muskets at the heads of their victims, literally blew their bodies into the fiery grave.

"Dead soldiers fight no more; and as for you, Don Baltazar, send one of these ladies for your ransom, and with the rest of your Chilian wives follow us to the ship, and at the nearest island to this coast, we will wait a reasonable time for you to redeem your head—otherwise off it goes!" and Davis, as he spoke, gave the orders to march. The pirates then returned to their vessel with their booty, carrying with them the unfortunate Spaniard and several of his women. But his redemption money arrived in good time, and neither he nor his females were harmed by Davis or his wild crew.

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TO PRESERVE HAMS THROUGH THE SUMMER.—Make a number of common cotton bags, little larger than your hams; after the hams are well smoked, place them in the bags; then get the very best kind of sweet, well made hay, cut it with a knife, and with your hands press it well around the hams in the bags; tie the bags with good strings, put on a card of the year to show their age, and hang them up in the garret or some dry room, [illegible] will hang five years, and will [illegible] boiling than on the day [illegible] This method [illegible] ars. No f[illegible] will be the hams exam[illegible] ed around the [illegible] from [illegible] will be [illegible] and [illegible] tion w[illegible] to [illegible] nt the [illegible]

## ADVENTURE WITH A BEAR.

My first adventure with a bear occurred when I was about eight years old. It was in summer, when our people led their flocks to the upper pastures, which the melted snow leaves uncovered. My parents had gone to a mountain chalet, leaving me in the valley, under the charge of a servant. One day I made my escape, and set out to meet them. I walked on, eating the bread and cheese given me for my breakfast, when, as I was passing through a wood, I saw lying asleep across my path, an animal which I took for a huge brown dog.—I felt frightened; but the wish to rejoin my parents, who had been retained from home longer than they had expected, prevailed, and on I went, gliding as silently as possible past the unknown beast. Despite, however, the little noise I made, the creature aroused himself and came towards me. Wishing to propitiate him, I threw down a bit of bread: he smelt, swallowed it with apparent pleasure, and stretched out his head as if asking for more. I ventured to caress him, which he suffered me to do, although uttering a kind of protesting growl. Throwing my basket behind me, bit by bit, in order to occupy the attention of my strange companion whose presence was anything but agreeable, I reached at length the boundary of our farm. There he ceased to follow me. I entered the chalet, where to my great joy, I found my father, and told him my adventure. He immediately seized his gun, sallied forth, and returning at night, after a fruitless chase, told me that my mornings acquaintance was no other than a huge bear, from whom I had an almost miraculous escape.

Twelve years passed on without my renewing my acquaintance with the ursine tribe. I assisted my father in managing his farm, and spent my leisure time in reading, taking particular pleasure in narratives of travel and adventure.

It happened one day that a neighbor named Raymond, a practised hunter of bears and chamois, asked me to accompany him on a mountain expedition. I gladly consented and we set out, each carrying a carbine on his shoulder, and a small sharp hatchet fastened in his belt.

It was a beautiful autumn day. Towards five o'clock in the evening, having shot only a few birds, we began to think of returning. As we were passing through a thick wood, Raymond, who was grumbling at our want of success, recollected that there lay at a short distance aside, a little meadow where chamois often went to feed. At that hour there was not much chance of meeting them, but Raymond determined to make a trial. Placing me in ambush he directed me to watch narrowly, and if he did not return at the end of an hour, to descend the mountain. I saw him plunge into the wood, and then stoop down and creep warily along.

When I found myself alone, my first movement was to inspect the post assigned to me, in order to guard against surprise. The fatigues of the day had abated not only my strength but my courage. I instinctively sought for a fir tree, less denuded of the lower branches than they commonly are, to serve as an asylum in case of necessity. I then took up my position beneath it, slung my carbine and waited patiently. The shadows of evening were fast darkening, although the setting sun gilded the western horizon. The appointed hour expired without my seeing anything, and I began to think of returning.—Just as I was about to unsling my carbine and leave my solitary position, I heard a rustling noise, too loud to be caused by the passage of a chamois. "It is probably Raymond," I said to myself, and was going to meet him, when it struck me that the approaching tread, crashing through the withered branches, was too slow and heavy for that of my cumrade. I retreated to my tree, and another moment revealed the new-comer. It was an enormous bear, with fiery eyes, who came on with lowered head, not having yet perceived me. Almost mechanically, I took aim, and fired at him; the shot, I believe carried off one of his ears; and with a terrific roar he bounded towards me. Throwing away my carbine, I climbed the tree, and when the infuriated creature raised his fore paw against the trunk, I was seated on a strong branch, about ten feet above him.—With the courage of despair I drew my hatchet and waited to see what he would do. For a few moments he continued standing upon his hind legs, against the tree, devouring me with his fierce eyes, and snorting with a loud noise; he then began to climb up. When he came near I raised my hatchet and struck. I did so with too much precipitation, for the blow merely cut one of his fore paws without severing it. Down he dropped, but [illegible] slightly wounded to give up the p[illegible] [illegible] (Loco,) [illegible] for Delta, [illegible] with his snout and paws, in order to bring it down. For a bear, the idea was n t a bad one; and I presently learned that whenever this animal fails it is not for want of perseverance. Happily, the tree I had chosen was thick, firmly rooted, and capable of resisting the enemie's efforts for a long time. The only hope I had left was that Raymond might hear the roaring of the bear and come to my succor.

Alas, every minute seemed an hour.—Night came on, and with its approach my courage give way. I could no longer see my terrible enemy; his snorting respiration, and the dull noise of his indefatigable labor reached my ears, mingled with the last faint evening sounds from the valley, whose inhabitants, happy and tranquil, were going to repose in peace, while I felt myself given up to a horrible and inevitable death. In my extremity I sought help where it is never sought in vain, and I passed that awful night in prayer. Morning dawned and the bear was still mining away. Presently the tree began to totter. I closed my eyes. But all at once he ceased to dig, and threw up his snout towards the wind. I thought I heard a distant sound among the fir trees; the bear heard it, too, and listened, lowering his head. The noise approached, and I distinguished my own name shouted by many voices. Apparently, my ferocious adversary perceived that efficient help was coming—for, having once more snuffled the breeze, he looked up at me with an expression of profound regret, and then plunged into the forest.

Five minutes afterwards, Raymond was at the foot of the tree. It was quite time; it toppled over as I descended.

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## HUMAN LIFE.

### Or the First and Last Minute.

*Minutes pass.* The anxious husband paces slowly across his study. He is a father; a man child is born unto him.—*Minutess pass*—the child had been blessed by a parent, whom it cannot recognize, and pressed to that bosom, to which instinct alone guides it for sustenance—the young wife, too, has faintly answered to a husband's questions, and felt his warm kiss on her forehead. *Hours pass.* The low moanings from the closely covered cradle, tell of the first wants of its infant occupant. The quiet tread of the nurse speaks of suffering around her; while her glad countenance says that the very suffering which she is trying to alleviate, is a source of joy, and the nameless articles which, from time to time, she arranges on the hearth, tell of a new claimant for the courtesies and attentions of those who have progressed further on the pathway of existence.

*Days pass.* Visiters are thronging the chamber; and the mother, pale and interesting after her recent sickness, is receiving their congratulations, and listening proudly to their praises of the little treasure, which lies asleep in its rocking-bed at her feet. The scene shifts and the father is there with her alone, as the twilight deepens about them, while they are planning the future destiny of their child.

*Weeks Pass.*—The eyes of the young mother are sparkling with health, and the rose blooms again on her cheek, and the cares of pleasure and home engage her attention, and the father is once more mingling with the world; yet they find many opportunities each day to visit the young inheritor of life; to watch its dreamless slumbers—to trace each other's looks in his countenance, and to ponder upon the felicity, of which he is the bearer to them.

*Months pass.*—The cradle is deserted. But the chamber floor is strewed with playthings, and there was a little one loitering among them, whose half lisped words, and hearty laugh, and sunny countenance, tell you that the entrance to life is over a pathway of flowers. The cradle is empty, but the last prayers of the parents are uttered over the small crib, which stands by their own bedside, and their latest attention is given to the peaceful breathings of its occupant.

*Years pass.*—Childhood has strengthened into boyhood, and boyhood has gamboled into manhood. Old connexions are broken—parents are sleeping in their graves—new intimacies are fo[illegible] Rober[illegible] home is about him, new cal[illegible] Tho[illegible] him.—He is abroad, str[illegible] business of life, or resting f[illegible] emp[illegible] he has chosen from [illegible] Those who began lit[illegible] up, are fast [illegible]cob [illegible] there are man[illegible] try and lov[illegible] *Years pass.* His [illegible] the circle of his activity. He dislikes to go abroad, where he finds so many new faces, and he grieves to meet his former companions, after a short absence, they seem to have grown so old and infirm.—Quiet enjoyments only are rellished—a little conversation about old times—a sober game at whist—a religious treatise—and his early bed, form for him the sum total of his pleasures.

*Weeks pass.* Infirmity keeps him in his chamber. His walks are limited to the small space between his easy chair and his bed. His swollen limbs are wrapt in flannels. His sight is failing—his ears refuse their duty, and his cup is but half filled, since otherwise his shaking hand cannot carry it to his shrunken lips, without spilling its contents. His powers are weakened—his faculties are blunted—his strength is lost.

*Days pass.* The old man does not leave his bed—his memory is failing—he talks, but cannot be understood—he asks questions, but they relate to the transaction of a former generation—he speaks of occurrences, but recollection of no one around him can go back to their scenes—he seems to commune with comrades, but when he names them, it is found that the waters of time and oblivion have long covered their tombs.

*Hours pass.* The taper grows dimmer and dimmer—the machinary moves yet more and more slowly—the sands are fewer as they measure the allotted span. The motion of those about him is unheeded, or becomes a vexation. Each fresh inquiry after his health is a knell. The springs of life can no longer force on its wheels—the "silver chord" is fast untwisting—the pitchers broken—and time "is a burthen." His children are about him, but he heeds them not—his friends are near but he does not recognize them. The circle is completed. The course is run—and utter weakness brings the cold damp, which ushurs in the night of death.

*Minutes pass.* His breathing grows softer and lower—his pulse beats fainter and feebler. Those around him are listening, but cannot tell when they cease. The embers are burnt out, and the blaze flashes not before it expires. His "three score years and ten" are numbered. Human life is finished."—*New England Galaxy.*

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SIR JOHN FRANKLIN REPORTED SAFE.—The *Devonport* (England) *Independent* publishes the following extract from a letter received by Mr. George Tucker, of Pembroke-st., Devonport, dated Hong Kong, Feb. 27, from his son, who is master's assistant on board her Majesty's ship Hastings:

"We have just received intelligence by an American whaler of the arrival of Sir John Franklin and his party at the Sandwich Islands. They saluted that place immediately they anchored, after an absence of five years. They have discovered the north-west passage; most probably they have been frozen up in the middle part of that passage for nearly three years. The captain of the whaler informed us that Sir John Franklin dispatched his first-lieutenant over the Isthmus, to sail immediately for England with the intelligence."

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*Vital Statistics of Boston.*—The winter population of Boston is estimated at 140,000. The official record gives the following curious statistics on the subject of the births, deaths and marriages in the city.—On an avarege sixteen births, five marriages and ten deaths occur daily.

*The Gallant Ujhazy*, his family, and brave compatriots, at last accounts, had reached Burlington, Iowa, on their way to their new homes in the West. A public meeting was held there, the Mayor presiding, to which resolutions of welcome and hospitality were passed with great unanimity.

*Michigan Election.*—Returns have been received from all the delegates elected to the State Constitutional Convention in Michigan, except Clinton and Shiwassee counties. They show the election of 75 Democrats, 18 Whigs, and three Abolitionist. The Detroit Free Press [illegible] the Democratic majority on the joint ballot place the [illegible] is about 8000.

Whilst a coroner, at Cr[illegible]swer, and also [illegible] in the control [illegible] engaged last [illegible] on the bod[illegible]