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Select Poetry.

THE ROSARY.

BY WILLIAM BELCHER GLAZIER.

They sat together in the wood,
The maiden and the boy,
And through the shade the sunlight fell,
Like sorrow crossed with joy;
So in their hearts Love's virgin ore
Was mixed with grief's alloy.

"And take," she said, "this cross and chain,
And wear it on thy breast:
I've counted oft, each bead and link
To lull me to my rest;
And many a time this little cross
Hath to my lips been pressed.

"Thou goest from me—I no more
Shall watch about thy way;
I shall not see thy form at eve,
Or hear thy voice by day;
All that my weakness leaves to me
Is, for thy sake to pray.

"If evil lure the from the right,
If conscience plead in vain,
Ah! like an iron link to truth,
Heaven makes this fragile chain!
And may its cross burn in thy heart,
Till thou art strong again.

"If bluer, softer eyes than mine
Seem worlds of love to thee,
If other lips and other tones
Crowd out my memory,
Still be this chain about thy soul,
To draw thee back to me."

And so they parted: she to wear,
Above, an angel's crown,
And he, to feel on land or sea,
In forest or in town,
A cross and chain upon his heart,
From the far heaven let down

Choice Miscellany.

"A MAN OVERBOARD!"
OR, THE SOLITARY FRIEND.

A Thrilling Episode of Ocean Life.

I think it is now about twelve years—it may be thirteen—since the "Jacob Morgan," a ship of seven hundred tons burden, sailed from Brunswick, Georgia, for the East Indias. She was a noble ship, but if we believe the assertions of one who sailed in her, she was built for misfortunes. She was launched from her stocks at mid day, but yet the moon was seen in the heavens, when she gave her first impression to the salt water. Several years subsequent to the period when the story opens, she was driven upon one of the Martyr's Reefs, and her ill-fated timbers were strewn upon the sands of Florida.

At the time of which we write, the Jacob Morgan was commanded by Captain Ben Wallack, a powerful, broad chested man, but as kind and considerate as he was fearless and strong.—Seamen were scarce, and the ship's crew was obtained with great difficulty, and under these circumstances men had been hired who would otherwise have been rejected. The ship had been six days out, when the first mate, a Mr. Gwynn, from Providence, R. I., was suddenly taken sick and on the next morning his lifeless clay was consigned to the deep grave of the blue Atlantic.

This untimely event left Captain Wallick in a critical situation. Nat Faulkner, his second mate, was by no means qualified for the office, nor would he have taken the responsibility had the captain desired it. There was but one man in the ship who possessed sufficient knowledge of seamanship for the mate's berth, and though Wallack found that to him he must give the office, yet he did so with many misgivings. The man's name was Tom Roland, haughty and overbearing in his disposition, seeming by his general conduct to have been in the habit of commanding rather than obeying, on shipboard, and who had already begun to exercise a sort of control over the crew. But the case was one of necessity, and Tom Roland was installed into the office of first mate, and quartered in the cabin.

For several weeks things passed off extremely well. Roland proved to be a thorough navigator, a finished seaman, and a ready and efficient officer, and Captain Wallack began to think his misgivings were entirely groundless. Over the crew Roland had the most entire control, and even those who had evinced towards the Captain marks of insubordination, moved without a murmer at the slightest beck of the mate.

One morning, when Captain Wallack and his second mate had the morning watch, they both kept the deck until Roland had finished his breakfast, and when the latter took his watch at a few minutes past eight o'clock, they went below.—When they reached the cabin, Mr. Russell, the supercargo, was just rising from the table, and taking a book from the head of his ladder commenced reading. He passed a few observations upon the weather, as the Captain and his second mate sat down to breakfast, and went on with his reading. Some five minutes had passed, when Faulkner and Wallack were startled by a sudden exclamation of pain from the supercargo, and on turning they saw that he had dropped his book and sat with both hands pressed hard upon his stomach, while his features had assumed a livid hue expressive of the most acute suffering. The captain sprang quickly from the table, and laying his hand upon the sufferer's shoulder exclaimed—

"What is the matter, Mr. Russell?"

"Oh, God! I don't know! Here it is! I burn!" uttered his suffering supercargo, as he pressed his hands upon his stomach.

"What have you been eating? What have you been drinking?" asked Wallack in a frenzy of anxiety.

"Nothing, nothing. Oh! oh!" groaned the poor fellow.

Wallack cast a trembling glance at his second mate, and for a moment they both remained silent.

"It's strange," at length muttered Faulkner; "poor Gwynn was taken exactly the same way."

The Captain made no reply, but his countenance wore a strange shade of suspicion, as he gazed upon the torpid features of his supercargo.

That night the broad Atlantic rolled its ceaseless waves over another of the ship's company.—Mr. Russell had breathed his last.

Captain Wallack and Nat Faulkner had the last dog watch. Roland had gone down into the cabin, while the foremast hands with the exception of the man at the wheel, were all forward. The captain paced the quarter deck in a thoughtful, troubled mood, ever and anon casting his eye towards the companion way, where his first mate had disappeared a short time before, and then turning his gaze towards the forcastle, where the men had congregated. Faulkner was by the wheel, and several times as the captain approached him in his walk did he start to join him, but a fearful suspicion kept him back, and until the watch was changed, neither he nor Wallack spoke a word, save such as related to the management of the ship. At eight o'clock Roland came on deck for the first watch. The ship was upon the starboard tack, close hauled upon the wind, and just able to stand on her course.

As Captain Wallack gave up the deck, he requested the mate, if the wind should haul round to the eastward any, to call him. Roland replied kindly that he would, but beneath the half curling smile that rested upon his features the captain thought he could detect a lurking spirit of evil. He let not a shadow of his doubt manifest itself upon his countenance, but with a bland frankness he wished his mate a pleasant watch, and went below.

"Faulkner," said the captain, as he cast a fugitive glance at the head of the ladder, "let not a word escape you, unless it be of common place affairs, until we turn into our berths; but keep your weather eye open, and follow my movements."

Faulkner did not start at this request, for the same thoughts seemed to be passing in his own mind.

"Let's see," said the captain in a tone loud enough to be heard on deck, "I must run over my reckoning before I turn in. Mr. Faulkner, just hand me that chart if you please."

As Wallack spoke he reached over into his berth and took out his pistols, which he proceeded carefully to load, taking care the while that his back was turned towards the companion way. Faulkner followed his example, and ere long the two men retired, but not to sleep.

"Faulkner," whispered the captain, "we are in a snug fix, for I have reason to believe there is mutiny aboard. Gwynn and Russell have both been poisoned."

"So I believe," returned Faulkner, in the same low tone, "and if I am not mistaken, there'll be poison in our coffee cups to-morrow morning."

"Ha! have you seen any thing?"

"Yes. I saw Roland give the cook a small paper to-night, and they held quite an animated conversation about it. I knew from their manner that there was mischief in their minds."

"Then, in God's name, what will we do?" uttered the captain "Their plan must be all formed, and I suppose they have made arragements for the disposal of those in the forecastle who do not join them. Would to heaven I knew how many of them there are."

"You have a passage between the decks to the forecastle bulkheads," suggested Faulkner

"Yes."

"Perhaps you might gain some information by listening."

"No. If Roland leads the plot—and I know he does—he will not dare to carry on his conversation there, for they would hear him."

"Hark!" whispered Faulkner, as a suppressed voice at the wheel met his ear.

He bent his head out from the bunk, and caught the following words, which he knew to be from the lips of Roland:

"They are both asleep before this time, Hall. You look out for the deck a few minutes, while I see the boys in the forecastle."

"He's going to the forecastle," whispered Faulkner. "Now is your time to follow him."

"No—you had better go, Faulkner, for it may be that some one will come down to see me, and in that case our movements would be discovered. There's mutiny and no mistake. You know where the passage runs between the boxes; just abaft the mainmast it takes a short turn to starboard and follows along the chock down to the tanks. Slip out from your berth, and go over to where the supercargo used to bunk, and move that pannel; it moves easier than mine does."

Faulkner lost no time in obeying the captain's directions. There were two secret communications to the hold of the ship, through the cabin bulkhead, and through one of these the second mate soon made his way. Nearly a half an hour elapsed ere he returned, and during that time the captain's mind was tortured by various fearful emotions. Until the death of Russell, he had not held suspicion of direct mutiny, and his former fears with regard to Roland had nearly been quited, but now the suspicion had been sudden, and it was strong, even to very certainty. A thousand little instances came back to his mind, which singly had appeared as nothing, but which now helped to solve the mystery of Gwynn's death. Wallack had medical knowledge enough to know that the supercargo had been killed by *white arsenic*, and he now knew that his first mate came to his end the same way, though the dose of the latter must have been much smaller than that which sent poor Russell to his untimely end, and its symptoms had not been so palpable.

While the captain lay thus racking his brain, Faulkner returned from his espienage, and as he crept stealthily past the foot of his bunk, Wallack fancied he could hear his heart beat in his bosom.

"What news?" asked the captain, almost fearing to put the question.

"We are lost!" uttered Faulkner, as he clasped his hands in silent agony.

"Lost!" reiterated the captain. "No, no, that cannot be. Some of them will surely help us."

"Ben Wallack," returned the mate, in a tone that made the captain's stout heart beat more quickly, "You have not but one solitary friend on board the ship."

"All! all! are they ALL against us?"

"All but poor Nat Faulkner. I have heard the whole plot, and every part and parcel of it. Roland is an old slave dealer, and all the men, with the exception of four, whom he frightened or persuaded to join him, were from St. Domingo, from whence they came in company to pick up the first ship they could meet with, that suited their purpose. We are to be murdered to-morrow, and then Roland intends to run to the coast of Benguela, and take in a load of slaves for either Brazil or Cuba. When the bloody villian began to talk to-night, he had some thoughts of killing you, and then trying to gain me into his service, but he soon rejected the idea, and to-morrow we both die."

"Don't give up, yet," said the captain. "Some plan may be devised, to thwart them in their villainy."

"No, no, Wallack—there are sixteen of them, and we know not how to meet them. If we drink not their poison they will kill us. But there is one consolation—we will die together, honest men."

"By the power of great Heaven, we will not die!" uttered Wallack, in a tone so loud that it might have proved dangerous. "My arm is fit for half a dozen of them: No, no, Faulkner, let me think. You say Roland thought of retaining you in his piratical services?"

"Yes."

"Then I have it. I'll tell you on the watch to-night."

As the captain spoke, he heard a slight footfall at the companion way, and fearing that he might be watched, he turned upon his back, laid his hand upon the but of his pistol, he fell into a low, steady snoring, which he kept up till his watch was called at midnight.

The remainder of the night passed on without disturbance. Wallack and his solitary friend carried on such conversation as they could during their watch, and in the morning they came upon the deck half an hour before the cook had prepared their breakfast. The captain walked up and down the lee side of the quarter deck several times in a sort of angry, troubled mood, and uttering stifled curses to himself, until at length he stopped before his second mate, and shaking his finger menacingly in his face, he uttered:

"Mr. Faulkner, that makes the fourth time you have, by your lubberly carelessness, torn up the paper containing my day's work. Now, if you do it again, I will disrate you, and put you before the mast."

"Do it as soon as you please," returned Faulkner, his face reddened with apparent anger. "You won't frighten me."

"Don't be insolent, sir."

"I am not insolent

"You were."

"It's a lie!" uttered Faulkner; actually trembling at the sound of his own words, addressed to his herculean commander.

Captain Wallack took one step forward as the instant he delt him a blow upon the breast that prostrated him upon the deck.

"Capt. Wallack," said Faulkner, as he arose, from the fall; "you shall suffer for this, I will be avenged as sure as there is a God in Heaven.

The captain made no reply; but turning quickly upon his heel, he went to his cabin. Twice did Roland start to follow him, but yet he remained on deck. There was a strange light in his eyes as he caught the revengeful expression upon Faulkner's countenance, and then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he went, quickly to the caboose, and gave some hurried directions to the cook. After that he took two or three hurried turns up and down the quarter deck, and then beckoning to Faulkner, who stood sulkily leaning against the lee rail, he walked forward to the bitts. The second mate followed his silent request, and in a moment after he passed the caboose, the cook came out and threw overboard the coffee he had prepared for breakfast.

When Faulkner came up to the bitts, Roland cast a furtive glance around, and then, looking fixedly into his companion's eyes, said—

"Faulkner, have you the courage to follow up the revenge you have sworn against the captain?"

"Yes."

"But would you not dare to take his life?"

"I dare take any man's life that strikes me."

Roland's eye sparkled as he heard this; he then asked—

"But who would take his place in command?"

"Who?" returned Faulkner, with a perfect appearance of hopest intent. "Why, who is there but you that is qualified?"

"But if I were captain would you follow me?"

"Yes—even to the hoisting of the black flag, so that I had revenge."

Roland grasped his companion by the hand, and after gazing a moment into his face, he went on and detailed the whole plot he had formed for taking the ship, landing the cargo at Lower Guinea, and going into the slave trade. His recital was just the same that the second mate had heard while listening at the forecastle bulk head, and, as he concluded; he said—

"Now, Faulkner, will you join us?"

"Yes, readily; but remember, it shall be my hand that finds the life of Captain Wallack."

"Then be it so, returned Roland. And now we must have the matter settled as soon as possible, for Wallack intends to touch at Cape Verdes, and we are not more than three days' sail from there at the farthest—so you must have him out of the way to-night. I want to keep away tomorrow morning, and run down between St. Mathews and Ascension."

"But say, Roland, why have you not put Wallack out of the way before this; it seems to me, if I had been in your place, I should have made quick work of it."

"So I should," replied the villain, with a peculiar, meaning smile; but you see I have been picking them off carefully. Had I known how the land lay with you, Wallack would not have been living now."

Before night Wallack learned the result of his own and Faulkner's stratagem of the morning; but the two had to be exceedingly careful, for Roland's eyes were open to all that passed about him, and they knew that if their deception was suspected, their death would be certain and immediate. But the most part of the work was to be accomplished, for they had sixteen stout men to dispose of Faulkner learned that five of the principal mutineers—those upon whom Roland placed the greatest dependance—were in the captain's watch, while there were six or seven who were mere hirelings stationed in the watch with their leader. Wallack's main hope was in disposing of the five leading mutineers in his watch, by some stratagem, and then despatching Roland before the watch below could come to their rescue; but whatever was to be done must be done before midnight, as all hands would be on the alert for action, before the morning watch was set.

At length the captain and second mate took the first watch. Nine o'clock passed and so did ten. Wallack paced the deck in a steady, thoughtful mood, ever and anon casting his eyes about upon the crew, most of whom were forward. The moon threw its pale beams upon the herculean form of the captain, and a close observer might have seen the iron muscles as they worked in his limbs. His countenance betrayed the varying thoughts and intense anxiety that moved within him. Five times after the bell had tolled that ten o'clock had passed, did he walk from the wheel to the main mast and back. At the sixth turn, just as he reached the rack in which were coiled the mainsail halyard he stopped suddenly, with a nervous quickness, while the flashing of his eyes and the instantaneous contraction and expansion of the muscles of the face, showed that some powerful idea had shot in his mind. He quickly resumed his walk, however, and the same appearance of cool thought once more rested upon his features.

The wind was now blowing a good top-gallant breeze from S. S. E., and the ship was close hauled upon the starboard tack, and stook E. half S under single-reef topsail and top-gallant sails.

"Mr. Faulkner," said the captain, again stopping in his walk near the main-mast, at the same time motioning to his second mate to come to him.

"I have it! Watch me every motion, and fail not to catch every word I utter. At the first opportunity you get, as soon as the men are all up, secure the cabin and forecastle companionway, and arm yourself"

This Wallack spoke in a hurried whisper, and then raising his voice, he said:

"Mr. Faulkner, will you go below and tell my mate that I should like to see him a moment on deck?" Then he added in a whisper. "Tell him I have business of the utmost importance."

Faulkner looked a moment into his commander's face as if he doubted whether this order was given in earnest, but the confident, resolute countenance which met his gaze, assured him, and he immediately went below to do his errand. In a few moments he returned followed by his first mate, who had not stopped to dress himself, but came up in his simple sea denuit.

Mr. Roland, said the captain, as his mate came on deck, at the same time stepping over under the lee of the spanker, "I should not have called you had I not the most urgent necessity. If you will just step out of the earshot of Faulkner, I will tell you."

Roland stepped to the lee rail, and leaned his back against it, while the captain stood leaning against the rail at the mate's left hand.

"Roland," continued he, "I'm afraid Mr. Faulkner is up to some evil design."

"Ah" uttered the villian, while a peculiar sparkle shot forth from his eyes. "Perhaps he has not forgotten the blow you gave him."

"Look out sir, look out, Roland, or you'll be overboard."

As Wallack uttered the first syllable of this exclamation, he placed his hand upon Roland's mouth, and, with a crushing, irresistible force he bent him back over the rail. At the same time he caught the mutineer by the leg, and ere the last syllable of this axclamation fell from his lips, Roland was plunged head-long into the sea.

"A man overboad!" shouted Wallack, as he sprang to the wheel, and took the helm from him who held it. "Mr. Ronald is overboard! Cut away the life buoy there, one of you! man the main-topsail braces, both sides. Main clew-garnets and buntlines. Mr. Faulkner, rouse up all hands, and clue up! Work lively, men, or we shall lose him! Haul out the spanker!—now spring to the stern davits, boys! Cut the lashings—don't stop to cast off anything!"

These orders had been given at intervals, as rapidly as they could be obeyed, and by the time all hands were up from below, the ship was hove to, with the maintopsails to the mast.

The boat was lowered from the davits hauled under the quarter, and those who were the most anxious to save the mate, were the first to leap into it.

"Let every oar be maned!" shouted the captain, "and you'll save him yet. I can see him. He's caught the life buoy!"

The boat pulled eight oars, and with a hand at the tiller, she had nine men in her when she put off; and, as Wallack had expected, these comprised the men he most feared. Faulkner saw the whole in an instant, and unobserved by the rest of the crew, who were too intently watching the mate, whose white shirt could every now and then be seen, as he rose and fell upon the life-buoy, he sprang forward and secured the forecastle companion-way, so that the men could not readily obtain their arms. When the boat had neared to where the mate was rolling about in the salt-bath, the captain gradually gave the ship weather helm until the maintopsail was filled abaft. Then, as if the affair was the result of an accident, he exclaimed:—

"Hallo, I've let her off. Mizzon braces, boys, and we'll wear arround on the other tack."

The men mistrusted not, and in a minute the mizzen topsail was squared.

"Belay there, and jump to the head braces—They will do—belay."

As soon as the head braces had been belayed, part of the men came aft to the main deck, not yet suspecting that anything but accident had to do with the movement of the ship. The ship was now very nearly astern, and of course she was rapidly sailing away from the boat which had just picked up Roland, and turned to come back.

"Here, Howell," said the captain to one of the men, who had stopped at one of the stairboard braces, "take the helm a moment. Lay aft here all hands," he ordered, and he stepped back and beckoned Faulkner to his side.

Instinctively the men obeyed his order, "Shall I let her off sir?" asked Howell.

"No!" thundered Capt. Wallack as he drew a heavy pistol in each hand, while Faulkner did the same. "If you move the wheel a single spoke, or leave the helm without my orders, you are a dead man! Stop there!" he continued, turning to the five men who had now came aft. The first man that moves an inch till I bid him, dies on the spot! Aha, my fine fellows, you are well caught! That boat will never rourn to this ship. I threw your scoundrel leader overboard, and then I sent nine more after him. They may find the same resting place that they gave poor Gwynn and Russell! Ten of sixteen individuals who sought to murder me, have been disposed of by stratagem; with the other six, for if one of you dare speak a mutinous word, aye, if you look a mutinous look, that man is dead on the very next instant. Walleigh, Burnhm and Vaughn, step forward here."

As the captain spoke, the three men thus designated advanced from their companions, and trembling at every joint, they awaited his will. A moment he looked as though he would have utterly annihilated them with his very gaze, and then he said:

"Tell me, my men, and mind that you tell me truly—were you frightened into this bloody mutiny, or did you join of your own free will?"

"Oh, Capt. Wallack," exclaimed Walleigh, as he fell upon his knees and clasped his hands, while the others followed his examples, "we were drawn in to it sir. Gwynn and Russell had both gone, when Roland threatened us, if we didn't join him. As there is a God in Heaven, we did it to save our lives."

"And you, Howell," said the captain, as he turned to the man at the wheel.

"Walleigh knows," answered Howell, not daring to let go the wheel, but laying his right hand upon his heart, "that I refused at first, but there were twelve of them, sir, and we could not help it

"Well, my men, I believe you," returned Capt. Wallack, in a frank tone, and if you prove faithful now, I will not only forgive you, but I will never speak of your fault to your harm."

"Oh, God bless you, sir!" ejaculated they all in a breath, and the tears of gratitude rolled thick and fast down their weather beaten cheeks."

"That will do—I will trust you now," said the captain; who saw that they were now sincere in their protestations. "Now bring me some seizing stuff from the long-boat, Walleigh, and we will soon dispose of Mr. Roland's two remaining companions."

The two men were bound without trouble, and placed in the long-boat for safe keeping. They begged and they prayed that they too might be pardoned, but Wallack knew that the fear of punishment alone actuated them, and he would not trust them.

The ship was soon in good sailing trim, and put N. E. by E. and in four days she was anchored in Bonchat Road, where the two mutineers were delivered up to justice, and where Captain Wallack obtained men enough to man his ship once more for his voyage.

When the Jacob Morgan returned to the United States, Captain Wallack learned that her owners had given her up as lost. A homeward-bound East Indiaman had picked up one of her boats, which was found bottom upwards in the water, twelve hundred miles to the northward and westward of the Cape Verds.

The villian Roland, and his companions in guilt, had indeed met the same grave to which they had consigned poor Gwynn and Russell.—They had thought to make the blue bosom of the Atlantic bear them on their ungodly enterprise, but its rolling waves were only destined to burst open the gates of eternity, and usher their souls into the presence of Him who crushed them in their path of sin!

☞ We find in the *Knickerbocker*, the speech of Oliver Cromwell upon disolving the long Parliament. It purports to be taken from the Parliamentary debates. We have never seen it given at the same length before. The expression so Cromwellian in style, "The Lord has no farther need of you," does'nt appear here. It ought not to be omitted. But still here the speech is; and it's worth reading:

"It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which ye have dishonered by your contempt of all virtue, and defiled by your practice of every vice. Ye are a factious crew, and enemies to all good government. Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches, and would, like Esau, sell your country for a mess of pottage; and like Judas, betray your God for a few pieces of silver. Is there a single virtue now remaining among you? Is there one vice ye do not possess? Ye have no more religion than my horse. Gold is your God. Which of you has not bartered away your conscience for bribes? Is there a man among you that hath the least care for the good of the Commonwealth? Ye sordid prostitutes! have ye not defiled the sacred place, and turned the Lord's temple into a den of thieves? By your immoral principles and wicked practices, ye have grown intolerably odious to a whole nation. You who were deputed here by the people to get their grievances redressed, are yourselves become the greatest grievance. Your country, therefore calls upon me to cleanse this Ægean stable by putting a final period to your iniquitous proceedings in this House, and which, by God's help, and the strength He has given me, I now intend to do. I command you, therefore, upon the perils of your lives, to depart immediately out of this place! Go! Get out!—Make haste! Ye venal slaves. Begone. Take away that shining bauble there, the Speaker's mace, and lock up the doors!

Truth—Read It.—The following sentiments we clip from the New York *Merchant's Ledger*, and commend them to the careful perusal of the reader:

"He who by his conduct makes good friends on the one hand, and bitter haters on the other, gives evidence that there is something of the bold, independent, upright man in his composition, while the chicken-hearted, imbecile character is capable of making neither friends nor foes.—Therefore we say to all, but more particularly to young men, whatever you do, do it earnestly, zealousy and fearlessly. Next to being upright and faithful in the performance of your duty, be decided, and then you will make either friends or foes worth having—we say worth having, for there are some people in the world that it is worth more to have for enemies than for luke-warm friends."

Fannon's Mare.

The exploits of the famous partisan of Randolph, would make a body of facts more interesting than any tale of fiction. He was a reckless fellow—bloody minded as the hounds of Hayti. He sometimes slew the helpless and innocent in cold blood—the coward! But he had that instinctive tone and bearing of authority that kept his people within the metes and bounds of his own despotic will. He and his party were one day resting themselves by a spring, lounging here and there on the green grass, in the shade of the trees. One of his subordinates, a big, strong man, had got mad with him. His rage had been boiling in him for several days; and some fresh afront at the spring caused his anger to become ungovernable; he drew his sword and rushed at his captain, swearing that he would kill him. Fannon had stretched his slight form on the sward, and was resting with his elbow on the ground, and his head under his hand. His devoted followers were around him, and he heard the click of their locks as they cocked their rifles. "Let him alone cried Fannon, in his quick sharp tone. He lay still, calm, and self possessed, with his keen, dark eyes fixed on the raging lieutenant, as he made a tremendous plunge at his breast. But when the stroke came its object swerved away like a snake, and the baffled man plunged his sword into the ground. Quick as lightning Fannon's sharp blade passed through the gigantic frame—"Thus, and thus I punish those who disregard my authority!" and his eyes sparkled and glowed like a serpent's The man sunk to the earth forever.

But Fannon's Mare is written at the top of this sheet; and she is the heroine of this present writing. Achilles and his Xanthus and Balius, and Podargæ; Alexander had his Bucephalus; McDonald had his Selim. Fannon was a man of blood like them, and, like them he had his favorite and trusty charger; and Fannon's mare was worthy of her owner, or "even a better man." He called her the Red Doe, from her resemblance in color to the deer. She was a rare animal—fleet, powerful, intelligent, docile as a lamb, and her owner valued her, I dare say, above king or country, or the life of his fellow man. She bore him, proudly and fearlessly, in the bloody skirmish or the quick retreat. When he stood in the noisy council of his partisans, or in the silent ambush, the faithful brute was by his side, ever ready to bear him whithersoever he would.

Down on the east of Little River, the partisan and some four of five of his followers one day captured a man by the name of Hunter, a political opponent, from the country about Salisbury. This was sufficient cause of death, and Fannon told the man he should hang him. Hunter was evidently a man of the times; but what could he do, alone and defenceless, with a dozen bitter enemies? It was a case of complete desperation. The rope was ready, and a strong old oak threw out its convenient branches. Fannon told him he might pray, for his time was come! The poor man kneeled down, and seemed absorbed in his last petition to a throne of mercy. Fannon and his men stood by, and the trusty mare stood among them with the reins on her neck. They began to be impatient for the victim to close his devotional exercises. But they soon discovered that there was more earth than heaven in Hunter's thought; for he suddenly sprang on Fannan's mare, bowed his head down on her powerful neck, pressed his heels on her flanks, and darted away like the wind.

The rifles were leveled in a moment—"Shoot high! shoot high!" cried Fannon—"save my mare!" The slugs all whistled over Hunter's back, save one that told with unerring aim, which tore and battered his shoulder dreadfully. He reeled on the saddle, and felt sick at heart; but hope was before him, death behind, and he nerved himself for the race. On he sped. Through woods, ravines and brambles did that powerful mare carry him, safely and swiftly. His enemies were in hot pursuit. They followed him by the trail of blood from his wounded shoulder. He came to Little River; there was no ford; the bank was high, and a deep place in the stream before him. But the foe came; he drew the rein and clapped his heels to her sides, and that gallant mare plunged recklessly into the stream. She snorted in the spray as she rose, pawed the yielding wave, arched her beautiful mane above the surface, and skimmed along like a wild swan. Hunter turned her down stream, in the hope of evading his pursuers, and she reared and dashed through the flashing waters of the shoal, like lightning in the storm-cloud.

But Fannon was on the trail; and rushing down the bank with all the mad energy that the loss of his favorite could inspire. Hunter turned the mare to the opposite bank; it was steep—several feet of perpendicular rock—but she planted herself on the shore at a bound; and then away she flew over the interminable forest of pines, straight and swift as an arrow—that admirable mare.

On and on did the generous brute bear her master's foeman, till the pursuers were left hopelessly behind. Late in the evening Hunter rode into Salisbury, had the slug extracted from his shoulder, and after lingering some time with the effects of his wound and excitement, finally got well. And that gallant mare, that had done him such good service, he kept and cherished, till she died of old age.

☞ The old saying "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," we heard once well applied by a young man when his father came home from a funeral at which he had been a pall bearer, and gave him the black silk scarf off his hat for a neck tie.

A German in Cincinnati, owed a firm in this city, a certain amount of money. When the money was due he appeared before them, looking very sad and dejected, and declared that it was utterly impossible for him to discharge the debt then—and requested a longer time. His request was granted. About a month afterwards, one of the firm being in the Queen City, met the debtor, who advanced towards him in high spirits and very good humor. "Well," says the gentleman from our city, "how are you coming on by this time?"—"Oh, finely!" was the reply, "*my wife has died*—I had her life insured for eight hundred dollars, and have got the money—I can pay you that bill now."—*Lawrenburg Press.*