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Dedicated to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Agriculture, the Markets, and General Information.

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square, (fifteen lines or less), first insertion One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. Deductions made in favor of standing advertisements, for a square, as follows: For three months, \$3 50; For six months, \$5 50; For twelve months, \$8 00.

Miscellaneous.

A Panther Fisticuffed and Beaten to Death.

Mr. W. R. Stockend, a shrewy, stout, active young Scotchman, associated in farming with Mr. Linklater, Tenalquet Plains in this county, recently killed quite a large panther, six feet seven inches in length, in a fair fat and boot fight—the circumstances attending which are related as follows: It seems that at the further end of a large field, about a quarter of a mile from the house, Mr. Stockend discovered quite a movement and disturbance among a lot of hogs that were kept in a field. He at once proceeded in the direction to ascertain the cause, when, to his surprise, at a short distance from the hogs, he discovered that a favorite young dog was engaged in a conflict with a panther. Determined to save the dog at all hazards, he resolved to terpose in the fight, expecting to frighten the panther up a tree hard by, when he could return to the house for his rifle and bring it down. He accordingly gave the animal a substantial kick, when it ceased its engagement with the dog, straightened itself erect on its hind legs and pitched in to him. In the meantime the young dog made a hasty retreat for some distance.

The contest now seemed to be a desperate and very unequal one, but there was no escape for it for our friend Stockend. The panther made a furious dash at him, but retaining his full presence of mind, he met it with a furious kick. The fight now assumed the character of a "rough and tumble," and a volley of well directed blows and kicks disabled the animal somewhat. He called his dog back, and the faithful young animal, as if astamed of having deserted its master in the hour of peril, and as if to make amends for its ungrateful conduct, entered into the conflict with unequalled ferocity. Mr. Stockend finally succeeded in getting one foot firmly planted upon the neck of his assailant, and keeping the other in rapid motion in the direction of the animal's head soon brought the contest to a close. He has no doubt but that the long heavy boots which he had on were the means of saving his life.

The fight lasted, first to last, about fifteen minutes, in the course of which Mr. Stockend was somewhat severely handled. His shoulder was badly scratched—he received a severe wound from the teeth of the animal in the thigh, and was badly scratched in several places, although by no means dangerously, or by which he will hereafter be disabled. Can any of our contemporaries beat the panther fight of our friend Stockend?

How to Select Flour.—1. Look at its color, if it is white, with a slightly yellowish or straw colored tint, buy it. If it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, refuse it. 2. Examine its adhesiveness; wet and knead a little of it between your fingers, if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Flour made from spring wheat is likely to be sticky. 3. Throw a little lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it adheres in a lump the flour has life in it; if it falls like powder it is bad. 4. Squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given it by the pressure, that, too, is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests it is safe to buy. These notes are given by old flour dealers, and we make no apology for printing them, as they pertain to a matter that concerns everybody, namely, the quality of "the staff of life."

The Rank is but the Guinea's Stamp.—While Lord Napier, the English Minister, was busy at Washington, his lady journeyed at the Gilmore House, Baltimore. The fashionable circles were agitated by the presence of the wife of a live lord, and her ladyship received numerous calls and party invitations. The American ladies of fashion, elaborately and gaudily attired in frounces and jewels, were surprised to find the English lady in excessively plain dress, totally free from all display, glitter and noisance. Not a single jewel was visible upon her person. The wife of Lord Napier, however, is a woman of high birth, who can trace her descent from a long line of illustrious ancestors. She is, nevertheless, remarkable—though born and educated in the heart of European refinement and civilization—for the plainness of her apparel, the simplicity of her manners, and the entire lack of ostentatious pretensions.

England never sent a better pair of representatives to this country than Lord Napier and his lady. He teaches the American men that there is a strong will felt for us on the other side of the water, and expresses a manly desire to appreciate our institutions. She teaches American women that the adventitious aid of milliners and jewellers can never confer nobility, or rather that there is but one aristocracy, which is the aristocracy of a cultivated mind and a simple and sincere heart. She administers a severe rebuke to the upstart poseur vanity which distinguishes so many of our people.

Excursing.—"Bob, Tom Jones has one of the greatest curiosities you ever saw?" "Don't say so—what is it?" "A tree that never sprouts and which becomes smaller the older it grows." "Well that is a curiosity. Where did he get it?" "From California." "What is the name of it?" "Axle-tree! It once belonged to a California omnibus." Scene closes by Bob throwing an inkstand at a half closed door.

OUR OLD TOWNSMAN.

A VILLAGE TRADITION.

BY J. WINTERPOON ERVIN.

It has been many long years ago, though it seems as if it were only yesterday—since I sat in my accustomed seat in the village church, where so many happy hours of my young life were spent. Years—many years—years of weariness and pain had fallen over my head since that time. The gay, the beautiful, and the loved have gone down to the tomb. The aged have been gathered in like a flock of sheep, and the strong man has ceased from his labors and the hardy old soldier "where the weary are at rest." The beautiful, too, have faded away like the flowers which year after year spring up on the same spot, and bloom and wither and die.

In looking around upon the congregation gathered in the village church, new and strange faces met me in places of those I knew so well in by-gone years. Now and then I can trace on the features of some blooming young maiden a shadowy resemblance to the beauties that lived a generation or two ago; but all that I loved, all that I knew—save perhaps one or two of my own generation who are now almost strangers to me—have passed away like autumn's leaves. The old church itself, the grey, tomb-stones on which, in boyhood, I loved to sit on still Sabbath mornings, and the gnarled old oaks, that interlock their limbs above my head in whatever direction I gaze, are the only familiar objects that meet my eye. A glance around sadly admonishes me that I need not seek the friends and companions of my childhood in the homes of the living. No; their names are sculptured here on the prime-looking slabs and the flag stones around, which speak volumes to my own heart of the vanity of human life, and the nothingness of human affections. I have heard many an eloquent sermon from yonder softly cushioned pulpit, but the eloquence of the silent marble where the names of our childhood's friends are written, beggars the eloquence of man. The dead are crying aloud as if to the last man who wanders like a stranger upon the earth. The names of acquaintances and friends met me at every turn, appealing to my heart as glad faces and bright eyes rise up in memories around me.

"SALLIE WINTER"

How familiar that name to my ears; yet hundreds have read it and passed on with a careless indifference which almost astonishes me. To me, it is a household word—aye, it is something more.

I remember her as she stood before me forty years ago, and little did I then think that at sixty I should return as a stranger to my own home, and read that familiar name chiseled out upon the cold marble! I am no sentimentalist, yet I can scarcely forbear a word of reproof to the careless stranger who trends heedlessly upon her grave. Forty years ago she was the pride of the village and the flower of the good pastor's flock. She was "the bright particular star" of a congregation where beauty was the heritage of many. The old looked upon her with pride and admiration, the young of her own sex with good will and kindness undiminished by her personal superiority to themselves, while not a few suitors thronged about her to enjoy the sunshine of her favor and smiles.

Oh that the beautiful must perish and that the lovely must fade. What a home would this earth of ours be, if the fairy beings that smile on us here were untouched by sorrow or blight or death; if—like their affections—they knew no age or decay.

I have looked on many a brow of beauty since the heyday of youth, and many a lovely form has crossed my path since then, but my eyes never rested upon so beautiful a vision as was Sallie Winter, when I looked upon her in her twentieth summer. Just of the medium height and modeled like a Venus, with every limb full and beautifully rounded, she was the most graceful and attractive creature that ever rested upon our earth. Her features were of the purest type of classic beauty, soft, eloquent and expressive, and her rosy lips were parted in a smile, how perfect was the beauty of her pearly teeth! On her soft and dimpled shoulders descended in natural ringlets a cloud of faxen tresses, casting a soft shadow upon her beautiful neck that seemed chiseled from parian marble, so perfect was its beauty and so pure its complexion. Her form was that of a Venus, but her gentle blue eyes shadowed by long, silken lashes betrayed in their glance that retiring modesty and purity of thoughts of which the perfect beauty of woman is itself but the symbol. Her face purely Grecian in its contour, was indeed beautiful beyond the power of language to express. I remember well, upon one arm she wore a bracelet gleaming with a coronal of bright diamonds and rubies. It must have been a costly gem, but I thought not of that then; I only remember that when its cold glitter attracted my glance, my gaze rested not upon the bauble, but upon the full beautiful arm of parian beauty upon which it was so delicately resting that an infant might almost span.

Sallie was no stranger to me. She did not burst upon me for the first time in the full splendor of her beauty, but she dazzled me none the less. We had been playmates from childhood—alas, alas! with what pain I write these words, since I have looked upon her tomb!—and in truth her beautiful face was one of the earliest among my recollections. We had grown up together and our early intimacy had opened the way, in maturer years, for an attachment more close and strong than that of ordinary friendship.

She was an only child, much petted and admired but good influences were silently operating to preserve her from the consequences of the over-protecting attachment which generally ruins the temper, and demoralizes the dispositions of only children. Of the early history of her parents I know nothing. At the period of my earliest recollections, they were residents of our village, which to me was tantamount to their having resided

there from the time of the flood, to which epoch I internally referred all things which took place before my own day. Her mother was a sweet quiet and melancholy woman, who seldom smiled, and whose affections seemed centered upon her young daughter.

When a child, I was frequently a visitor at their residence, which was a lonely and retired house on the outskirts of our village, large and roomy, plainly but well furnished, where all the inmates, except the beautiful young Sallie, spoke of each other in undertones. But for her, the old mansion would have been as gloomy as the churchyard, where, alas! she now lies.

Years—many years—years of weariness and pain had fallen over my head since that time. The gay, the beautiful, and the loved have gone down to the tomb. The aged have been gathered in like a flock of sheep, and the strong man has ceased from his labors and the hardy old soldier "where the weary are at rest." The beautiful, too, have faded away like the flowers which year after year spring up on the same spot, and bloom and wither and die.

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drug store at St. Augustine, at another as a tobacco warehouse at Mobile or New Orleans and still again he was said to be a partner in a large establishment at Havana. No one knew with exactness the kind of business in which he was engaged, but all men spoke commiseratingly of the poverty which made it necessary for him so frequently to absent himself from home for the support of his family.

As years passed on, Sallie Winter became more reserved in her demeanor, but there was still the same kindness and affection, differently manifested however, which had marked our early intercourse. We no longer roamed about over the lonely house but under the rustic arbor in the front yard or in the small comfortable and well furnished parlor, we enjoyed many a late talk, to which my memory now turns back as the happiest portion of my life.

As I approached the age of manhood the more protracted became the periods of Mr. Winter's absence from his family. He was now seldom at home for a longer period than two or three months of a year, and was the same taciturn gloomy and silent man as when I first remembered him, but I imagined I could at times detect his watchful eyes directed with a glance of satisfaction towards Sallie and myself, as though he divined and approved of our feelings towards each other. The old gentleman seldom spoke to his daughter in my presence, but at times I could hear him conversing with her in tones so kind and gentle, and so different from the short, quick and sharp manner in which he was wont to address all others, that I internally blessed him for the affection which he lavished upon one so beautiful, and far too sensitive to live in any other than the sunny atmosphere of love and kindness.

The affection of a stern and cold tempered man is like water from a flinty rock; it is the more grateful because of the pleasant surprise which it excites. The freshness which it spreads around may not extend far, but he is agreeable and striking its contrast, with the desolate waste, the barren sand, and the sterile rocks in the midst of which it sparkles, a "Diamond of the desert." Of such a nature was the affection of the stern old man for his daughter; and Sallie loved him with an almost idolatrous devotion. She often spoke to me in praise of her father sometimes, too, apologetically as though she feared that I, too, had imbibed some of those prejudices against him, which his mysterious manner of life and his strange reserve were so well calculated to engender in strangers; but more often she spoke in terms of deep veneration for a character, which, whatever faults or eccentricities might attach to it, she exhibited itself as kind and affectionate—beyond all praise—to herself.

Time flew on and I reached my twenty first year while Sallie was just in her nineteenth summer. She was the belle of our village, as beautiful as an hourie, and won the love and esteem of all. Even those who looked with an unfriendly or suspicious eye upon her father, sought to make amends for their ungraciousness towards the parent, by an excess of kindness and partiality towards the daughter, sufficient to have turned the head of one not thoroughly proof against the allurements of flattery. Many suitors were at her feet but she turned from them all, remembering only the friendship of her childhood which had ripened into love. Her strange old sire betrayed unusual emotion when I approached him on the subject of my marriage with his daughter.

"Take her, Harry," answered he, with a sigh, "and may you do well! I believe you will! She has been a good angel to me and she will not fail to be devoted and true to you, and encourage you in the path of usefulness and honor. She will have an ample fortune—more than sufficient for all your wants. It has been worn at a great sacrifice—greater than you can dream of. Take it and her; and, boy be kind—be kind to her! She is well worthy of a king! I am pleased and gratified. If my life is now suddenly cut short I will have the satisfaction of knowing that Sallie has a protector worthy of her. I have watched your character from childhood and I like you well."

On the next day, Mr. Winter left his home to be absent for some months, as was his wont attending to the toilsome business which occupied so much of his time. I endeavored earnestly to prevail upon Sallie to appoint a day for our marriage, but she was firm in her determination to await the return of her father before taking a step in which his feelings were so much interested. It was but natural that she should desire his presence at our nuptials, and I had no other resource than to await his return, an event which would not perhaps take place before the Christmas holidays. It was now the close of September, and I resolved to see some little of the world during the month or two of painful suspense before me.

Our white canvas was spread to the breeze and the good ship Henrico bound to Havana, was plunging through the waters of the Atlantic, under a steady breeze, which gave promise of bearing her in to the port before the night was quite spent. The ship was richly laden with valuable stuffs for the West India market and the Captain had besides some thirteen thousand dollars in specie to be delivered to the mercantile house of Frank & Lopez, which he was heartily anxious to deliver into the hands of the owners without delay. A voyage to the West Indies was not at that day the pleasant and agreeable thing which it now is. Many a sturdy navigator directed his vessel's prow through those tropical seas with fear and trembling, not only for the security of the treasures committed to his care, but for his own life and the lives of all who had embarked with him.

Daring acts of piracy had frequently been committed even in full view of the forts and castles of the "Antilles," and from the imbecility of the government, and the supineness of those who were commissioned to ferret out and destroy those daring marauders, no less than from their own adroitness and skill, they had managed to defy all efforts made to detect and bring them to justice. It was even hinted that the Spanish officials connived at and secretly favored, if they did not absolutely set on foot and foster, those terrible scourges of the sea. Captain Vandergraft was a cool hearted and careful man, and he put his ship under a full press of canvas in his anxiety to cast anchor

under the guns of the Moro Castle, before the treacherous breeze of the tropic would die away, and leave him exposed in those dangerous seas to be plundered by lawless buccaniers.

The breeze had been decreasing all the evening, and towards sunset, though every stitch of canvas was spread, the good ship Henrico, was barely making four knots an hour. An hour after sunset, the breeze died entirely away, and we lay motionless and still on the placid sea, with the low coast scarce a league distant on our left.

Vandergraft was pacing the deck with an air of impatience and anxiety. "This won't do, Hopkins," said he in an undertone to the mate. "Is there no air at all stirring?" "Not enough to set a feather," replied the mate, "but in two hours we'll have the land breeze upon us."

"Set your sails then so as to take the advantage of it when it comes. I don't like the looks of this place at all. I'd give a good thousand dollars to be at anchor this moment under the guns of the Moro." "Just as little safety there as here, sir," returned Hopkins. "If all they say be true, the commandant has sold himself and body to the pirates. He is as deep as they are. But Captain we are as safe here as if we were alongside our wharf."

"I don't know that said the Captain anxiously. "At all events, be sure to keep a good watch, and if any strange sail appears here we call up." The Captain then went down to his cabin leaving the mate in charge of the ship. The conversation which I had casually overheard, was sufficient to disquiet me in some degree, yet my apprehensions were not sufficiently excited to prevent me from participating in the social pleasures of my fellow passengers, who were gathered upon the deck, looking out upon the quiet sea, whose surface was broken at frequent intervals by the forms of swift moving fish, darting about, and leaving the rippling waves behind them, flashing in long lines of fluorescent light. Far away on our larboard, a few fiery clouds with silvery edges were floating in the lucid atmosphere, while all around the full orbed, unclouded moon shone down with a splendor, witnessed only in the tropics.

There were in all some ten or twelve passengers upon the deck, two of them young and beautiful Creole ladies who were admirable performers upon the guitar—the favorite instrument of the Spanish lady—and a couple of hours passed pleasantly away while I stood and listened to their strange but pleasing accents. As predicted by the mate, the land breeze sprang up and with its first breath our sails were filled and our peevish ship once more walked the waters like a thing of life. The night grew, too, had begun to descend, and the pretty young Creole ladies withdrew, and the ship's passengers retired, leaving the deck to the mate and myself and one or two sailors who kept watch.

Time flew on, I know not how rapidly, for my thoughts had wandered away to my distant home and were busy with the loved and beautiful whom I had left behind me. Suddenly I was aroused from the reverie, into which I had fallen, by the voice of the sailor on the look out, crying out, "Sail, Ho!" "Where away?" shouted the mate. "Just under our bow, sir." The mate gave the order to have the Captain called up, and came forward to examine the strange sail.

We had just rounded a point of land, and came suddenly in full view of the strange vessel, which up to that time, had remained concealed from our view by the intervening promontory. She was a long, low and dark, suspicious looking craft, with tall tapering spars, shooting up to a great height and clearly defined against the sky. She lay about three-fourths of a mile before us, and between us and the shore. Her sails were all furled, and she lay at rest on the waters.

"What is she, Mr. Hopkins?" asked the Captain, coming up on deck. "I can't make her out, sir," replied the mate "but I don't like her looks at all." "How are we sailing?" asked the Captain. "Barely six knots, sir, and all sail set," replied the mate. "Head her off from the shore then; we must give a wide berth to that dark looking customer." "We shall lose the land breeze, if we stand off too far," expostulated the mate. "No matter," retorted the Captain in a peremptory tone, "we may lose the ship if we don't."

The ship was headed off in an instant, and this manoeuvre was scarcely executed, when, one after another, the sails of the stranger were opened to the breeze. Vandergraft, who was standing by my side, uttered an exclamation of astonishment and terror. "It's the Bonaroba, sir—she answers the description of the pirate well. We must prepare to fight! Hopkins, call every man up! See the sailors armed!" Hopkins expostulated, but to no purpose. "Do you think I am going to die like a lamb?" vociferated the Captain, angrily. "Call every man to his post. If we must die, better stain the decks of the Henrico with our blood, than walk the plank like eagards, and if there is a man who won't fight, pitch him overboard out of the way."

here to prevent smuggling. Had we not better lay to, till she comes up?" "No sir; I'm not to be caught napping," replied the Captain. "No more suggestions, if you please, Hopkins. If she be a Spanish Cruiser, wait until she runs up her flag, and then lie to if you wish."

At this instant a broad flash of light illuminated the rigging of the vessel, and a flag was seen running up to the mast head. "What is it—what is it?" cried several voices. "A death's head and cross bones!" cried Vandergraft, as a ball whistled through our rigging. "I know it would be so! We shall have a broadside presently, but the rascals are afraid of attracting some ship of war to the spot—I believe we are gaining upon them, at all events."

The piratical vessel—for such it was now certainly ascertained to be—was evidently losing ground. The cause was soon apparent; the breeze was going down, and soon left the Henrico too, whose sails flapped idly against the masts, while the ships lay motionless nearly a mile apart. "So far, so good," said the Captain, encouragingly. "We are only ten leagues from the Moro castle, and there ought to be one or two ships of war cruising about. I judge so from the silence of those rascals. They are generally well posted up as to the movements of our cruisers, and careful not to use their heavy guns when in the neighborhood of a ship of war. I hope it may be the case, but I would be better satisfied if Lopez and Frank had their money in their vaults."

"Sail Ho!" shouted the man on the look-out. Vandergraft started, and exclamations of surprise and pleasure were heard on every side. Far away towards the east a fresh sail was seen in the clear moonlight, just rising above the horizon. "She brings the wind with her," said Vandergraft, for not a capful was he. I pray the wind may not fall off before she reaches us, for if there is any game in her we may beat the pirates off yet."

"The pirate is lowering her boats, sir," said Hopkins. Vandergraft turned his eyes towards the pirate, and then glanced again towards the sail on our starboard, which was rapidly rising higher above the horizon. "She will be down in a moment, and we will have the wind in half that time," said the Captain to himself. "We can fight the boats until we get the wind. Stand hard boys! There they come with a steady sweep of their oars! Give them a hot reception; and mind, Hopkins, if we get the wind right, let the ship cut through the water as fast as she will fly.—Tack off and on, to meet the stranger. Stand firmly boys, and on no account suffer them to gain a footing on the deck."

Seizing a lighted match, Vandergraft took his station by the six pounder, wheeling it around so that he could in an instant of time bring it to bear upon the approaching boat. He was as dogged and as resolute a man as ever trod the quarter deck; but I trembled for the result, when I looked around and saw some pale and irresolute faces. The ship, whose hull was now rising over the waves to our starboard, was completely hidden from the crew of the pirate, by a lofty promontory which intervened between them. It was yet to be ascertained what effect the knowledge of its approach would have upon the desperate men who were compassing our destruction.

As I started and looked at the approaching boats, my heart sank within me. How could the unwarlike crew of a merchant vessel, poorly armed and altogether unprepared in the use of weapons, and but few in number, hope to cope with well armed and terrible desperadoes, to whom sanguinary adventures were scarcely more than a pastime. There were two boats advancing upon us, crowded with pirates, and the steady and regular sweep of their oars, as their boats flew over the water, which at another time might have filled me with admiration for their skill, struck me with solemn awe. I knew that I was fighting under terrible disadvantages, and I could scarcely hope, under any circumstances, to escape with my life; yet I determined to sell my blood dearly. Thoughts of love and of home came over me, and I thought how long and fondly my return would be looked for, and how dark a mystery would forever settle upon my fate.

I was aroused from my reverie by the voice of Vandergraft, speaking in undertones to the sailor who assisted him in the management of the six pounder. I saw the resolute Captain with the lighted match in one hand, stooping at the breach of the gun, and waiting until one of the boats should come within the line of its range. I again strained my eye upon the foremost boat, momentarily expecting to hear the discharge of the gun. I heard Vandergraft spring suddenly to his feet, and the vessel shook with the discharge of the six pounder. When the smoke cleared away, I saw the crew of one of the boats throwing off their garments and preparing to desert their sinking boat.—The other dancing over the waves, was close under our bows, having left their comrades to their fate. I only saw that the pirate was lowering another boat, and sprang to the ship's side, with my cutlass and boarding pike, to oppose the demons who came upon us with their fearful cheers. Our men were timid and dismayed at the first onset, and, giving way, permitted the pirates to board us. With an oath, Vandergraft seized his naked cutlass and sprang to my side, to assist me in beating back the pirates. He fought with the coolness of a veteran, and the courage of a lion; but we were opposed by men who made a trade of war. Pistol shots were ringing in my ears from all sides fired both by our own crew and by the buccaniers, and though I was conscious that I had received a wound, I still maintained the fight, determined to strike while life was left.

The leader of the pirates was a gray haired, but sinewy and terrible man, who shouted aloud to his crew in tones that fell with startling effect upon our ear. It was a dream-like, to see the gray hairs of age floating in wild disorder over so bloody a scene. There came a noise like the rushing of a flock of birds, and a wide spread of canvas