

Amelia. She screamed for help. Three or four sailors on their way to Washington Street were passing at that moment. They unceremoniously rushed to the rescue, knocked down the lecherous brute, and took away the fair Amelia. The party who saved the country girl consisted of Captain Spike, his first and second mates and Robert Goodwin.

Amelia escaped like a bird from the snare of the Fowler. She explained to her brother the history of her visit to the city. On their way to a reputable hotel, their attention was attracted by a crowd of persons at the corner of two streets. In the middle of the road was the wreck of a coach, and a span of horses covered with foam and trembling with fright; on the sidewalk lay the driver bathed in blood and gasping for life.

"Oh, brother!" said Amelia, "that is the driver who took me to that haunt of wretchedness!"

Robert and his sister returned home in safety. He had not remained in the land of gold long enough to amass a princely fortune. He realized, however, a handsome competence, and then bid farewell to the country. He found that the climate and the company of California did not suit him. After releasing his home from the mortgage, and purchasing a piece of land, one of the first acts of benevolence he did, was to procure a situation for Mary Smith, whose reputation had been blighted by false accusations brought against her by Mrs. Gowl.

Within a short distance of the metropolis of Massachusetts, in a quiet and beautiful village, on a merry morning when the birds were caroling and the flowers breathing balm, Robert Goodwin and Maria Bland were married. Amelia Goodwin and Joseph Bland soon followed their example. Rosy peace and smiling plenty are always to be found at their fireside.

THE YANKEE AND PIRATE.

There lived not many years ago, on the eastern coast of Mount Desert, a large island of the coast of Maine, an old fisherman by the name of Jedediah Spinnet, who owned a schooner of some hundred tons burden, in which he, together with four stout sons, was wont to go about once a year, to the Grand Bank for the purpose of catching cod-fish. The old man had five things upon the peculiar merits of which he loved to boast—his schooner "Betsy Jenkins," and his four sons.

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

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

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

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

"Of course."

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

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

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

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

"Are you Captain of this vessel?" asked the leader of the boarders, as he approached the old man.

"Yes sir."

"What is your cargo?"

"Machinery for steam engines."

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

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

"Well there is a little something else."

"Ha, and what is it?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Now, boys, for your lives. Seth, you clap your knife across the forethroat and peak halyards, and you, John, cut the main. Be quick, now, and the moment you have done it, jump aboard the pirate. Andrew and Sam, you cast off the pirate's grapplings, and then you jump—then we'll walk into them three chaps aboard the clipper. Now for it!"

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

"Holloa, there!" shouted Captain Spinnet, as the luckless pirates crowded around the lee gangway of their prize, "when you get them ere silver dollars, just let us know, will you?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Now," said the old man, as he levelled the long pivot gun—the peculiar properties of which they knew full well—brought the pirates to their senses, and they threw down their weapons and agreed to give themselves up.

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

STORY OF A FIRST KISS.

BY FREDERICA BREMER.

In the University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student—a lonely youth, with a great love for studies, but without means of pursuing them. He was poor and without connections. Still he studied on, living in great poverty, but keeping up a cheerful heart, and trying not to look at the future, which looked so grimly at him. His good humor and good qualities made him beloved by his young comrades. Once he was standing with some of them in the great square of Upsala, prating away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young men became arrested by a very young and elegant lady, who, at the side of an elderly one, walked slowly over the place.

It was the daughter of the Governor of Upland, residing in the city, and the lady with her was her governess. She was generally known for her beauty and for her goodness and gentleness of character, and was looked upon with great admiration by the students. As the young men now stood silently gazing at her, as she passed on like a graceful vision, one of them exclaimed, "Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth!" The poor young student, the hero of our story, who was looking intently at that pure and angelic face, exclaimed, as if by inspiration, "Well, I think I could have it."

"What!" cried his friends in a chorus, "you are crazy! Do you know her?"

"Not at all," he answered; "but I think she would kiss me, just now, if I asked her."

"What! in this place, before all our eyes?"

"In this place, before your eyes."

"Freely?"

"Well, if she will give you a kiss in that manner, I will give you a thousand dollars."

"And I!" "And I!" cried three or four others, for it so happened that several rich young men were in the group, and bets ran high on so improbable an event, and the challenge was made and received in less time than we take to relate it.

Our hero—my authority tells not whether he was handsome or plain—I have my peculiar reasons for believing that he was rather plain, but singularly good looking at the same time—our hero was led off to meet the young lady. He bowed to her and said, "My lady (my friend, my fortune is in your hands." She looked at him in astonishment, but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspirations, and related simply and truly what had just passed between him and his companions. The young lady listened attentively, and when he had ceased to speak, she said, blushing, but with great sweetness: "If by so little a thing so much good could be effected, it would be very foolish in me to refuse your request,"—and she kissed the young man publicly, in the open square.

Next day the young student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the young man who dared to ask a kiss of his daughter in that way, and whom she had consented to kiss so. He received him with a severe and scrutinizing brow, but, after an hour's conversation, was so pleased with him that he offered him to dine at his table during the course of his studies in Upsala.

Our young man now pursued his studies in a manner which soon made him regarded as the most promising scholar at the University. Three years were not passed after the day of the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second one to the lovely daughter of the Governor, as his betrothed bride.

He became, later, one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, as much respected for his learning as for his character. His works will endure forever among the works of science, and from his happy union sprang a family well known in Sweden in the present day, and whose wealth of fortune and high position in society are regarded as small things, compared with its wealth and goodness of love.—*Sartain's Magazine.*

WANTS A SITUATION.—To do almost anything, a young man about thirty years of age, who has travelled some and seen the elephant, though he has never been to California. He wishes to obtain steady employment at some legitimate business; he has verified, in his own experience, the truth of the proverb, that "a rolling stone gathers no moss," having been clerk in a retail and wholesale crockery store, sold ginger cakes on commission, worked on a farm, tended bar, kept books, sold cabbages, dug clams, raked oysters, edited three newspapers, lectured on mesmerism, practised law and medicine, taught singing school, groomed a stallion, preached occasionally, taught high school, been on the stage, made stump speeches, written plays, loafed considerably, been clerk on a steamboat and advertised for a circus. He knows a good many people in a good many places, has a good address, and is considered good looking by the ladies. He reads French and Spanish, understands music, and plays well on the barrel organ. Has managed a museum, and been sexton to a church. Is willing to work for a small salary, but will take a large one if he can get it. Any person wishing his services can obtain further information by addressing "Genius," at this office.

HORRIBLE DREAM.—We once heard a laughable joke which a henpecked husband got upon his Mrs. Caudle. He had borne her railing for many a long year; till one morning, while she was blustering away about wood, shot, potatoes, flour, &c., he remarked very pathetically:—*Jerush*, I had a dream last night—a very queer one, and it gives me some uneasiness. I dreamed that I was taken sick and died. "Well, if it was no more than that," said *Jerush*, "I wish it had been more than a dream." "But this is not all," said the husband—"I went to hell, and when I got there, I inquired of one of the Imps for the Old Devil himself, and was shown into his presence. The old fellow recognized me at once, and said he, 'have you come here to stay?' I told him I had. 'Well, I can't have you here,' said he, 'for if you stay, when *Jerush* dies she'll come—and then hell will be in an uproar all the time!'"

Soon after the completion of the narrative of the dream, there came a shower of culinary utensils about the fellow's head, which made him obliged to seek quarters elsewhere, till his Jezebel's wrath subsided.

NOVEL INTERPRETATION.—We heard the other day of an original and highly ingenious interpretation of a scriptural passage which throws the acuteness of Clarke and Henry, quite into the shade. A school-boy down east, who was noted among his playfellows for his frolics with the girls, was reading in the Old Testament, when coming to the phrase, "making the waste places glad," he was asked by the pedagogue what it meant. The youngster paused, scratched his head, but could give no answer, when he jumps a more precocious urchin, and cried out—

"I know what it means, Master. It means hugging the girls; for Tom Ross is allers hugging 'em round the waist, and it makes them as glad as can be."

"How many genders are there?" asked a school-master. "Three sir," promptly replied little blue eyes—"Masculine, feminine and neuter."

"Pray give me an explanation of each," said the master.

"Why, you are masculine, because you are a man; and I am feminine, because I am a girl."

"Very well—proceed."

"I don't know," said the little girl, "but I reckon Mr. Jenkins is neuter, as he's an old bachelor!"

"How are ye, Smith," says Jones. Smith pretends not to know him, and replies, hesitatingly—"Sir you have the advantage of me."

"Yes," retorts Jones, "I have so; everybody has that got common sense."

Smith looked unhappy.