

life played up with momentary brightness in the socket.

"You well know, Harrison," urged the commander of the *Carleton*, "what I wish to be informed—assured of."

"Ay, to be sure I do. Did the beautiful Bermudian Creole live, die or marry? To be sure. Ay, and I will tell you," added Harrison, quickly, as if suddenly warned that but a few moments more remained to him. "You alone; in no one else's hearing. Johnny," he went on rapidly, addressing his son, "I dropped a pocket-book near the fore hatchway—the fore hatchway, mind—fetch it me at once. And you, sir?" He looked at me. Lieutenant Armstrong nodded affirmatively, and I followed the lad up the common stairs. The boy went forward, but I, prompted by curiosity, remained out midships, where, unobserved myself, I could discern through the long open skylight, what was going on at the further end of the cabin, and pretty well hear what passed. I missed some words, either of anger or remonstrance, they seemed, and then Lieutenant Armstrong exclaimed passionately—

"Will you answer me, or not? say yes or no!"

"Yes, yes!" shouted Harrison, fiercely grasping what I had taken for a bell-rope. "This—this atrocious tyrant—this is my answer!"

A terrible volume of bright flame, accompanied by the roar of a thousand thunders, instantly burst forth. I felt caught and whirled into the air by a fiery whirlwind, and I remember nothing more till many days afterwards, when I awoke to returning consciousness in a hospital at Cape Coast Castle. I had been frightfully bruised and burnt, and fever had supervened, but the loss of two left-hand fingers was the only permanent injury I sustained. The lad, Johnny, had also been picked up, scarcely hurt; and from him and others of *Le Requin's* crew, the mode by which the explosion, which blew the after-part of the schooner into fragments had been effected, was pretty accurately ascertained. It was Harrison's fixed resolve—especially after he had added piracy to his less hazardous trade of man-stealing—never to be taken alive. With this view, a barrel of gun-powder was placed beneath his cabin floor, into which, when about to engage in any perilous enterprise, a flint gun-lock was inserted, the trigger of which was attached to the bell-rope hanging in his sleeping berth. Both himself and Lieutenant Armstrong must have been blown to atoms—a sad fate to befall so zealous and promising an officer, more especially just as the well-earned honors and rewards of his profession were within his reach, and time had begun to sensibly mellow and soften an unfortunate rigidity of temperament, to which, as we have seen, the sudden and melancholy catastrophe was mainly owing.

**FATAL JOKE.**

We find in the *Journal de la Belgique* the following strange story:—A distinguished painter, M. Karaitz, had just died under circumstances both ludicrous and mournful. It is a well-known fact that men of strong minds have frequently invincible aversions to certain objects. The emperor could not behold without considerable emotion knives placed crosswise. M. Karaitz shuddered at the sight of funeral drapery and tombs; he had never put foot into a cemetery. The friends of the painter were continually rallying him on this whimsical turn of his mind; and in the hope of curing him of it, they were accustomed to pass frequent jokes upon the subject. One of them who is one of our eminent engravers, proposed to try the experiment of the homœopathic system in the case of Karaitz, which should have the effect of banishing from his palette and his conversation those sombre tints which had hitherto predominated. The prospect of playing a good trick on any one is always a source of pleasure to artists, and consequently the proposal was joyously received. On Monday last they invited the landscape painter to join them in a little party of pleasure at Vincennes. After partaking of a copious repast and an excursion in the wood, they set off to return to Paris; and under the pretence of introducing Karaitz into the studio of a sculptor, they led him on the

road towards the eastern cemetery, to the establishment of an undertaker of funeral monuments. There, the first object that met his eye, was a marble pillar, on which, in golden letters, was the following inscription:—"To the memory of Karaitz, a Painter of Nature, an artist full of heart and of talent, an excellent friend and an obliging man. He died piously at the age of 37." On reading this inscription, M. Karaitz stood as if thunderstruck. His features became suddenly contracted, his eyes were convulsed, and before they had the time to prevent it, he fell upon the ground. When he was lifted up he had ceased to exist. The grief of the authors of a joke which had produced such fatal results, can scarcely be imagined. They themselves repaired to the commissary of police, requesting him to detain them as prisoners for having been guilty of causing the death of their friend.—*Lon. Athen.*

**NOVEL STYLE OF FISHING.**

We select the following exciting scene from a well-written paper, entitled "Sporting Adventures and Scenes in India." The writer is a Highland officer, who lately served with his regiment in that country:—

"While the servants were unpacking the scanty stock of provisions, one of the shikarees approached, and, having made his salaam, begged to inform the sahibs that if they so pleased he and his brother shikaree would provide them some fresh fish for their tiffin. As there were no implements generally used in that sport among the party, two friends were curious to see how this was to be effected, and the required permission was at once given, with an "All right, old fellow! thank you, fire away!"

The two shikarees, rolling up the sleeves of their upper garments, now entered the stream, the bottom of which was gravelly and hard; and drawing their swords, stood one a little above the other on different sides of the channel, the water reaching to about their knees. Three or four of the villagers, who had joined the party as guides, now entered the water higher up, and forming a line across the stream commenced wading down towards the shikaree, the two outermost feeling with their feet under each bank as they proceeded. Shortly the frightened fish began to swim down past the shikarees, who, as they passed, dexterously, with a sweep of their sharp swords, severed them in two, seldom missing their aim; while the two halves of each fish at once floated on the surface, and were thrown on the bank by a couple of men stationed in the rear of the swordsmen.

W—and A—followed down the river in a state of the greatest excitement at the novel sport; and were only prevented from jumping into the water to share it, by the fact of their nether limbs being closely encased in leathern gaiters. Eight or ten large fish had been taken, and the *chasse* had wandered some two or three hundred yards from the spot where the sahibs had left their guns, when suddenly a shriek was heard from one of the men who searched the bank with their feet: he was seen to fall back in the water; and a huge serpent uncoiling himself from his cool lair, and raising his head above the surface, took his course down the centre of the stream, lashing the water into a foam, while the villagers fled in every direction. Not so the gallant shikarees: closing together as the monster approached, they cut at him vigorously, and severely wounded him. A terrible tussel now ensued; turning upon his assailants with open mouth, the snake attempted to seize one of them, but was repelled by a shower of blows and several fresh wounds. He then once more sought safety in flight, but was pursued by his active enemies; and, being disabled by a well-directed cut, that broke his spine, was dragged to land amidst the shouts of all present. The sahibs had, indeed, charged into the river to help the shikarees; but their guns being left behind, their knives were of little use in such a *mlee*, and the victory belonged solely to the two swordsmen. The snake proved to be a very large rock snake (a species allied to the boa), and measured nearly fourteen feet in length, while the thick part of his body was as large as a stout man's thigh.

W—and A—made an attempt to preserve the skin; but the numerous wounds, the heat and closeness of the weather, and the want of arsenical soap, rendered their efforts unavailing."

**MEAN MEN.**

The editor of the *Springfield Republican* has made the discovery, that there are, in the valley of the beautiful Connecticut, "some men who are mean without knowing it—constitutionally mean. They cannot help it—it sticks out, hangs out, leaks out. They are irresponsibly mean. There is another class who appear mean, when at heart, they really are not so.—The late balloon ascension was fruitful in its lessons of human nature. It witnessed men worth \$20,000 actually peeping through cracks half an inch wide—stretching their necks to peep over a fence—positively pulling off boards that were put up to induce them to pay a ninepence! Now, it is entirely wrong to suppose that these men can help being mean. They don't see it. There were multitudes of others who, had they known that M. Petin made his ascension for the purpose of getting a living, and depended on their generosity for a return for his enterprise, would have shelled out nobly, and filled the enclosures. They did not appreciate the circumstances, and so stole their entertainment."

We have seen just such specimens of "human nature" in mercantile cities. We have seen a man worth \$100,000 bid at an auction six cents for an article he wanted, that was worth \$75! We have read of rich men who would not refuse to shave a note for 20 per cent. go out of church before the contribution box reached their pew! We have known rich temperance men who would not taste a drop of wine purchased with their own money, who would swallow a pint of Roman punch at a public table, made, too, of New England rum, and smack their lips for more! We have seen men indulge in rich food at the table of a neighbor, who would not allow it at their own, because it was injurious to the health—of their pocket! There are lots of mean men in older cities than Springfield, if there is any consolation in the fact.—*Boston Transcript.*

**A BOLD TRICK.**—The "swell mob" of London do perpetrate robberies with singular ingenuity and address, and appear never to be at fault. A lady alighted at the bank, ascended the steps, entered the vestibule, and presented a check to the paying teller, and received a very large amount of bank-notes, which she deposited in her purse, and returned to the carriage. Just as she had taken her seat, a gentleman came down the steps of the bank without his hat, wearing spectacles, and having a pen behind his ear, and said—

"Madam, we have forgotten to take the numbers of those notes; you will allow me to take them off?"

She handed him the notes, and he ascended the steps of the bank, and entered the building. The lady having waited some time, finally returned to the bank, and soon ascertained that no person had been authorized to ask for the notes.

We must say that the correspondents of some papers get it savagely when they mistake their vocation. Being extremely tender-hearted ourselves we do little besides laying articles of the kind which we get, in some little obscure—perhaps dusty pigeon-hole, where stare the dreadful "rejected."

But it does us good when a more daring spirit takes up the sword of justice and decapitates the miserable creature who pretends to be a muse. The *Chicago Advertiser* thus compliments one of his correspondents.

"If Justice, Jr., desires to flourish by the pen, we would recommend him to try the *hog pen*, next time, instead of the writing pen, for he will shine brighter among a litter of pigs than in any other class of *littérature*."

The *Cincinnati Commercial* relates the following story of a brute:—

"A married man in this city, who has been for several years past greatly addicted to drinking and abusing his wife, went to his residence in Elm street, recently, and after threatening to

kill her, began, according to custom, to hunt about the house for liquor. He finally found a bottle of what he supposed to be whiskey, when his wife, who had been watching him, rushed toward him and dashed the bottle from his hand, whereupon he struck her bleeding to the floor. He afterwards found that the liquor he intended to swallow was corrosive sublimate dissolved in alcohol. A second more and he would have quaffed the fatal poison. She who preserved his life, he felled like a wild beast to the earth, and when informed of her effort to save him, observed with a fiendish barbarity, 'She deserved a beating at any rate, and it could not come amiss.'"

**A VOLTAIC BATTERY IN A LEMON.**—Professor Bakoffner is experimenting just now in London on a new vegetable battery discovered by Surgeon Le Moit, of Paris. The battery consists of a simple lemon, which contains within itself all the necessary qualities and will last till the acid is exhausted—say eight or ten days. It decomposes water, acts powerfully on the magnetic needle, and is capable of transmitting messages by the submarine telegraph across the Channel—an uninterrupted distance of thirty miles. A combined battery of four lemons is said to have a very great power.

**ONE OF THE FAMILIES THAT DON'T TAKE THE NEWSPAPER.**—"Dad, who is Sam Francisco, that is gettin' all the gold out there in Californy—he must be the richest man in the diggins."

"Well, Johnny, I rather think he is some sorter relation to Sam Jacinto, who was killed in Texas, by General Sam Houston."

The *Toledo Blade* tells the story of a chap on a railroad, who, apprehending a collision of the cars, put his his *life preserver* on, blew it up, and leaning his back against the side of the car, resigned himself to his fate!

**SUMMARY OF NEWS.**

Cork hats are worn in London; weight four ounces. None but light-headed people wear them.

A little boy, two years old, drowned himself in Derby, from mortification at his mother having discovered that he stole a sixpence.

A resurrectionist was shot dead at Cincinnati on the 8th, in the city burying ground, while in the act of disintering a corpse.

The British Government has just granted the widow of the late Poet-Laureate, Southey, a pension of £200 per annum.

Bayard Taylor says that at Aleppo there is a hospital for cats, where old, sick, and decrepit pussies gratefully purr away their declining years.

A young man, 22 years of age, poisoned himself in Boston, last week. Cause, desperation produced by losing large sums of money at the gaming table. A sad warning!

A horned rattlesnake has been captured in North Carolina. The Indian who captured it said it seemed to be a king among the snakes of its species.

The stream frigate Powhatan has gone to Cuba to demand satisfaction for the outrage committed by the Spanish authorities in driving the Crescent City from the port of Havana.

**SHOT BY HIS VICTIM.**—In Milwaukee, 14th inst., a woman named Ann Wheeler, shot dead in the street a young man named Lace, who had seduced her, and reported the fact in the saloons in the city. Lace is a married man.

They do say that the Japan squadron "is soon to sail." If it is as long in reaching Japan as it is in getting ready, we may take our final leave of it, when it leaves our shores—for it assuredly will never get back again till the day after the "crack o' doom."—*Port. (Me.) Trans.*

**MURDER WILL OUT.**—A man living in the village of St. Thomas, Franklin County, Penn., who was supposed to be dying, made confession of his having, with two others, murdered a man about four years since—and added that the body was secreted in the grave of the wife of one of the murderers, who had died a few days previous! The grave was opened, and the body found. The murderers were subsequently arrested.