

TRUE PIRATE STORIES. THE CRIME OF EDWARD JORDAN, PIRATE AND MURDERER.

His Deed of Blood for Which He Was Executed and Hanged in Chains—Confronted in the Court at Halifax by a Man He Supposed He Had Murdered.

A fearful thing, a horrid shape, a ghastly semblance of a human form, swayed to and fro by the winds from the ocean and the breezes from the land! There it hung in mid-air, remote from human habitation, on a lonely shore little travelled by day and avoided by all by night.

One evening, a lady of gentle birth, the wife of Governor Lord Dalhousie, unaware of the proximity of the gibbet, was driving along the quiet road at dusk, when she was startled by what seemed a mingled moan and wail.

For years after, the gibbet remained, without its burden, but still bearing a large and rusted chain, which creaked and rattled to the terror of the timid, and sounded a voice of warning to the evil doer.

More than threescore years have passed away since the last trace of this gibbet disappeared from the shore at the end of the road leading from Point Pleasant tower, Halifax.

The story of Jordan is one of which many have heard, but in regard to which it has been difficult, at this distance of time, to obtain accurate details.

The schooner Three Sisters, 63 tons burthen, sailed from Halifax for Perce, in the Gaspé peninsula, on the 17th of July in the year 1809, for the purpose of obtaining a cargo of fish.

Jordan was a native of Ireland, about 38 years of age, and had taken an active part in the Irish troubles in 1797.

Ill fortune continued to follow him, and finding his means exhausted and his credit gone, he began to drink hard.

Early in July, 1809, Jordan again came to Halifax and applied to the Tremains for further supplies, but they declined to give him any more credit except for a few things necessary for the service of his fishery.

The project seemed to be for the advantage of all concerned, and the schooner was accordingly fitted for the voyage.

On that day, as noon approached, Captain Stairs went below to the cabin, for the purpose of getting his quadrant, in order to take the sun.

Unarmed though he was, Captain Stairs determined to take the chances of going on deck rather than to risk being penned up in the cabin and killed.

A fearful struggle was going on between Stairs and Jordan for the possession of the axe which the latter had in his hands.

Having thus slaughtered the crew, Jordan rushed towards the captain to finish him, but Stairs had by this time determined to trust to the mercy of the ocean.

During the fight between the two, Matthews had called out to Jordan, "For God's sake do not kill the captain!"

Ill fortune continued to follow him, and finding his means exhausted and his credit gone, he began to drink hard.

When Stairs cast himself into the angry sea, no other vessel was in sight.

was not one chance in a thousand that he could be saved, and he himself had no hope of rescue.

Three hours and a half later, somebody on board the American fishing schooner Eliza, Captain Stoddard, discerned what seemed to be a piece of driftwood tossing on the waves.

On hearing the statements of Captain Stairs, the pro-consul communicated with the customs authorities of Boston, and a circular was sent to the collector at every port in the United States.

Sir George Prevost, governor of Nova Scotia, thereupon issued a proclamation, reciting the facts and offering a reward of one hundred pounds sterling for the capture of Jordan, Kelly and Jordan's wife.

The account of the pursuit and capture of Jordan, and of his trial, at which he was contended by the man he believed to be dead, must be reserved for another number.

THE PREACHER'S TRIAL.

AN INTERESTING CHAT WITH THE REV. W. J. CHAPIN.

In the Strain of Pulpit Labor He had Overdrawn his Health Account—How he met the Crisis and Returned to his Duties with Renewed Health.

In the pretty village of Chatham, Ill., there lives a Baptist divine whose snow white hair is the one outward sign that he has encroached upon the days beyond the allotted three score years and ten.

To a Journal representative who asked him something of his career in the ministry, Mr. Chapin talked in an interesting strain, and said that, in spite of the indications to the contrary, his life had not all been sunshine and good health.

"As my present appearance testifies, I was fortunate in the possession of a very vigorous constitution. But as it too often the case, I overestimated my physical resources, and when it was too late I learned that I had overdrawn my health account.

At the time I was preaching the gospel from the pulpit, and I became suddenly so ill that I was compelled to stop before my sermon was finished.

Mr. Chapin was present during the conversation and said: "I don't think Mr. Chapin could ever have resumed his preaching after he had the attack of la grippe had it not been for Pink Pills.

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WRONG IDEAS OF SIBERIA.

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A. B. Miller, a gentleman who was to accompany a party to Russia on a scientific expedition, in speaking of the country which his party was about to visit, had this to say: "Siberia is popularly supposed to be a barren waste, extending from the frozen ocean on the north to the sands of the Gobi desert on the south.



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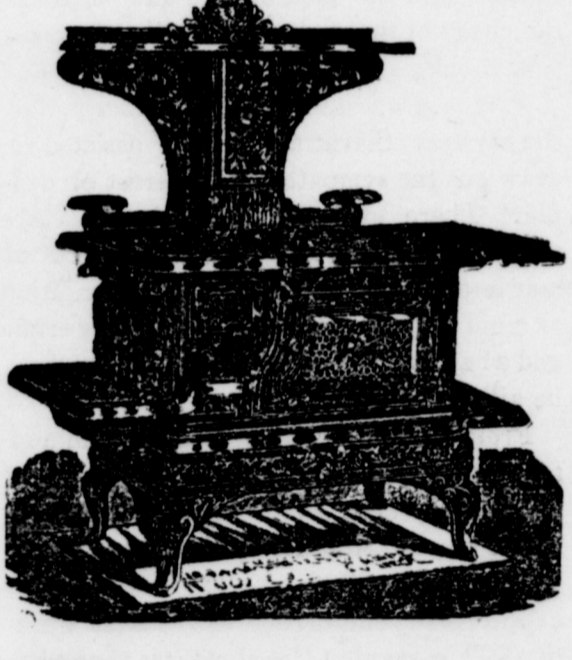
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