

Millheim on the L. C. & S. C. R. R. has a population of 6-700, is a thriving business center, and controls the trade of an average radius of over eight miles.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

In the year 1838 I was second mate of the Canadian brig Isabel. We had been freighting for six or eight months among the West India Islands, and picked up a good deal of money.

Neither myself nor the chief mate liked the arrangement; for in those days every sailor had the dread of pirates deeply impressed upon his mind.

We set sail, and I must confess that I passed the first night in some uneasiness. The passengers spoke but little English, and their conversation was, therefore, mostly between themselves.

In high spirits at the success of their enterprise, they laughed over their gold, and were continually boasting of the murders they had committed.

Towards the evening of this day, however, my attention was drawn to a slight altercation between the negro cook and the Spaniard Bacalardo, the man whom I had recalled as the most villainous looking of the four.

"Why sar," replied the cook, "while I was out ob de galley, dis Spanish gentleman sprinkle something on de meat. I scrape it off de best way I could. I doesn't want no interference in de 'airs ob my galley."

The faithful old negro looked angry; nor was this all—his glance and tone told me that agrim and dreadful suspicion had entered his mind.

Though it was in the month of August, the weather now, fortunately for my purpose, became tempestuous with squalls and heavy gales from the South and West.

"Ahoj the fort!" I shouted; "ahoy there the fort!" For well I knew the dark bank so close at hand.

The voice that answered was the most blessed voice I ever heard. It was from one of the Yankee sentinels, and I was gliding under the walls of old Point Comfort.

Shortly afterward the captain, mate and three of the crew became dreadfully sick. I felt a dreadful presentiment of the worst; yet what was I to do?

Our water casks were almost empty; and the pirates, who had all this time supposed me to be beating and banging about to gain the southern inlet, were very glad when I told them we would reach the coast in a few hours.

Should I arm and attack the villains? Whom should I arm and how to commence? Were the helmsman to stir from his station, a knife would be at his heart; and were the cook to leave his galley he would not walk to the end of it.

I went into the cabin where the captain and mate were vomiting in great distress, and while overhauling the medicine, more from that sense of restlessness which we all feel in the presence of sickness, than from any hope of affording relief, the companion doors were shut upon me, and the slide shoved in its place.

At the same time there was a struggle on deck, a groan and a fall; and next came a heavy splash in the water under the stern. I had felt that I could as easily defend myself in the cabin as elsewhere, for upon deck I had been entirely at the mercy of the pirates, momentarily expecting them to strike; but the

reason for their not doing so soon became evident.

Bacalardo came to the side and ordered me to come on deck. I refused, and expressed a determination to defend myself.

"We no kill you," he said, "we want you for navigate."

"What have you done with the cook?" I asked.

"We stab him; he is overboard; so is the other man. All men in the forecastle dead, we stab them all."

Then I knew that the villains had killed the three men whom the poison had rendered helpless, and that only myself and the two fearfully sick officers remained.

I told Bacalardo that I would come on deck when the captain and mate had passed all suffering. It seemed dreadful that the impatient wretches should murder them with knives, and hence I could not bear to leave them.

The pirates divided the money—about ten thousand dollars; and they then informed me that I must navigate the vessel to South America. They were all sailors, and the brig being easily handled, the task would not be very difficult.

We were now becalmed, and with the full strength of the Gulf Stream were drifting northerly at the rate of four miles an hour.

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and a knife will end all." Thus I conversed with myself.

Here and there were vessels sailing upon various courses, but I dared not approach, dared hardly look at them. As evening approached, I saw the land. It would be dark ere we should reach it, and thus far all went hopefully.

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