Daily Appeal.

THE JUGGLER'S DUEL.

While the old frigate *Brandywine* lay at Gibraltar, the American Consul, Mr. Sprague, came on board with a man who wished to join the ship, and after some consultation, said man was received by the captain as a sort of steward, he having agreed to work for his passage and board, and was assigned considerable besides. His name was Joe Lattit, and he was a regular specimen of the strolling Yankee; but he dressed well, and was remarkably good looking, though in his face there was a peculiar look that indicated that he preferred fun to sound sense, allowing, however, that the fun had some sense in it. The moment I placed my eyes on the man I knew that I had seen him before, and when I had an opportunity to speak to him, I found that he had been a performer of legerdemain and ventriloquism in the United States, and there I had seen him. He had traveled through England, France, Italy, and a part of Spain, with his implements of deception, and had just brought up at Gibraltar as our ship came up. He brought his whole kit aboard in a large chest, which he got permission to stow in the bedroom, where it would be kept perfectly dry. He had quite a pile of money, which he placed in the purser's hands for safe keeping, but he would tell none of us how much. But he was very liberal and open-hearted, and it was not long before the crew blessed the hour that brought him aboard, for he was the very soul of wit and humor.

At long 8 our ship went to Port Mahon, and here our "Yankee" was ordered to go ashore. One fine sunny morning a party of us went ashore, and Joe Lattit was among the number. Joe was dressed in perfect shore-going rig, and appeared a gentleman of consequence. Near the middle of the forenoon a few of us entered a cafe, or drinking saloon, and the only occupant besides the keeper was a Spanish officer, evidently an infantry captain, from his dress. We called for wine, and had it served on the table next to the one at which the officer sat, Joe seating himself so that his back came against the back of the Spaniard; but he did not notice when he sat down how near he would be.

Our laugh had just run high, and just as Joe had said something unusually funny, he threw himself back, and thereby hit the Spaniard with such force as to cause him to spill a glass of wine upon his bosom. The fellow leaped to his feet, but before Joe could beg pardon for the intentional indignity, he commenced a storm of oaths and invective, partly in Spanish and partly in broken English. His language was so abusive that Joe's temper was up in a moment, and he jumped to his feet and attempted to be reasoned with, but the raving man from head to foot, and then said:

"Go on, sir; your language is beautiful—very beautiful for a gentleman."

"Ah! you call me no gentleman, eh?" said the officer in a towering passion.

"If I were going to call you you, I should call you a jackass," calmly and contemptuously added Joe.

"Ah, sha!" half growled the Spaniard, rolling his black eye wildly and furiously. "Now by Santa Maria, you shall answer for that. Sir, you—you—you little cursed puppy! Ah—ash! Now you shall fight!"

Joe would have laughed the matter off, but he found the captain was determined to fight, and he was in duty bound to accept the challenge. The keeper of the cafe was called to one side, and informed me that the officer was Captain Antonio Bizar, one of the most notorious duellists of the place—that he was always quarrelsome under the influence of liquor—that his companions always left him alone rather than to have a fuss with him.

"Not five minutes before you came in," added the keeper, "one of his fellow-officers left him because he was ripe for a fuss. So you had better get your friend away."

I spoke to Lawrence, and told him all that had just been told me, but he only smiled, and assured me there was nothing to fear. I felt uneasy, for he was very mercurial, that he had some cafe fun in his head, and I let things.

"My name is Joseph Lattit, sir—a citizen of the United States, and a General of the Order of Sublime Knights of Malta!" said Joe, drawling, turning to the Spaniard. "Your name, sir?"

"Antonio Bizar, Captain in her most Sacred Catholic Majesty's Seventh Regiment of Infantry. But your office, sir? I don't comprehend."

"Oh, you wouldn't know if I was to tell you. I am simply general of a body of men who have sold themselves to the gentleman who travels around with the devil, you know." And Joe pointed most mysteriously down towards the floor as he spoke.

The Spaniard smiled a very bitter, sarcastic smile, and then quickly took up two large and keen knives that lay on the bar, and tossed them, one after another down his throat, making several sqr'ks as he did so, that they took their passage downwards. The fellow had evidently never seen anything of the kind before, for he was astonished.

"Now, sir," said Joe, making one or two more grimaces, as though he felt the knives somewhere in the region of the diaphragm, "you shall have your pistols. I go for the pistols, and you shall have satisfaction. Will you wait?"

"I can procure pistols," said the officer, forgetting his astonishment and coming back to his anger.

"I shall fight with my own. If you are a gentleman, you will wait."

Joe turned to us and bade us wait for him.

"Here! here! Oh! gentlemen, where be my knives—my knives?"

"I'll pay you for them when I come back," and he then beckoned for me to come out. I did so; he took the knives—one from his breeches and the other from his bosom—and told me to keep them until he returned.

It seems that Joe found a boat ready to take him to the ship at once, for he was gone more than three quarters of an hour; when he came back he had two superbly mounted pistols with him. He loaded them with powder in the presence of the officer, and then handing him a ball, asked him if he would mark it, so that he would know it again. The fellow hesitated at first, but at last marked one with a mad gesture, and bit it between his teeth.

"I shall know that," he said, "unless it is battered beyond recognition."

"Now select your pistol," said Joe.

The man took them and examined them, but he was satisfied they were both alike, and both good, so he said Joe might take the last one. So our steward put the balls in and rammed them carefully down.

The whole party now adjourned to a wide court back of the cafe, where twelve paces were marked off, and then the combatants took their stations. I trembled for Joe, for I saw not but he would make fun of the affair. "Count," said the Spaniard impatiently.

"One—two—three!"

The word fired first, and with most deliberate aim. Joe fired in the air. Then the latter walked deliberately up to his antagonist, and taking a ball from between his teeth, handed it to him.

"You can use that next time," said Joe.

The officer looked first at Joe's teeth, and then at the ball. It was surely the one that had been put in the pistol, and now he had seen his foeman take it from his mouth. He was unmistakably astonished.

"Come, let's load again," said Joe.

"Sen Pablo," exclaimed Bizar, "you must use some—some—what you call him?—some trick, sh? I shall load the pistol myself."

"Do so," said Joe calmly, and as he spoke he coolly handed over his powder flask.

The Spaniard poured an extra quantity of powder, and having poured it in the pistol, called for a rammer. He then put the same ball in he once before. Meanwhile, Joe had been loading his pistol.

"One moment," uttered Joe, reaching out his hand. "The caps are in the butt of your pistol. Let me get them."

The fellow handed over his pistol, but kept his eye upon it. Joe opened a little silver spring at the end of the butt, and, true, there were some percussion caps there. He took out two, and having capped his own pistol, he tossed it into the air, catching it very adroitly as it came down, and handed back the pistol to the Spaniard. I had watched Joe most carefully, but I saw nothing out of the way, and yet he had performed some feat.

"Now," said he, "I'll put a ball in my pistol, and then we will be ready."

He slipped something in that looked like a cartridge, but no one saw it.

"Now," cried the Spaniard, "let's see you hold this in your mouth."

Again they took their stations and again they were ready.

"One—two—three!"

And the Spaniard fired first by aim, Joe firing in the air as before. And again Joe stepped forward and took the self-same ball out of his mouth and handed it to his antagonist. The fellow was completely dumfounded and swore the rest.

"You no fire at me!" gasped the captain.

"I did fire at you the last time," said Joe, in a tone of thunder; "thus far I have only shown you that powder and ball can have no effect on me. Twice have you fired at me, with as true a pistol as was ever made, and both times I caught your ball between my teeth, while I have fired in the air. I meant that you should live long enough to know, that for once in your life, you had seen a man not the old fellow himself, (pointing downward,) at least one who is his employ. There old gentleman will take the compliment of a Spanish Captain of Infantry, and I'll send you along. Come, load again."

But the astonished Spaniard did not seem inclined to so. A man who swallowed cutting knives as he would sardines, and who caught pistol balls between his teeth, was not exactly the man for him to deal with. While he was pondering upon what he had seen, Joe took a handful of bullets from his pocket, and began to toss them rapidly down his throat, and when their mouths were filled he picked up a ball above good sized stones, and sent them after the bullets.

"Holy Santa Maria," ejaculated the Spaniard, while his eyes seemed starting from their sockets. "What a man! By my soul, 'tis the Devil!"

And as he thus spoke he turned on his heel and hurried away from the place. After he was gone, Joe beckoned for me to give him the knives, and did, and then saw him slip them up his coat sleeves. When we returned to the cafe he approached the keeper.

"You want your knives," he said.

But the poor fellow dared not speak. Joe put his hand to his right ear and pulled out one of the long knives. Then from his left ear he drew the other. The inn keeper crossed himself in terror, and shrank trembling away. But we finished our wine, and having paid for it, turned to go.

"Here," said Joe, "I have not paid for the use of the yard yet," and as he spoke he threw down a piece of silver on the counter.

"No! not!" he shrieked the poor fellow. "Don't leave your money here, don't!"

Joe picked it up, and went away laughing. When we reached our ship he explained to me the secret of his pistols. They were a pair he used in his legerdemain performances, and such as all strolling performers carry for the purpose of catching balls, &c. The main barrel of the pistol had no connection with the nipple for the cap, but what appeared to be a socket for the ramrod, was, in fact, a second barrel—to be sure, smaller than the other, but yet as large as the bore of any rifle-pistol—and with the bore concealed by the primer tube in some artful, the apparent barrel of the weapon might be filled with powder and ball, and no harm could be done. When Joe first returned with his pistols, of course he had both of these secret barrels loaded with blank charges, and then the other loading was for nothing but effect in appearance. At the second loading, Joe charged the second barrel of his own pistol, while the Spaniard was loading the main barrel of his. Then, of course, it became necessary to make an exchange, like Bizar would have never got his weapon off. As soon as Joe got the other pistol into his possession, and made the exchange we spoke of at the time, he had only to press a concealed spring in the side of the stock, and he had the whole charge, which the other had kept for, emptied in his hand. So he had the marked ball to dispose of as he chose.

"Ever after that, while he remained at Mahon, Joe Lattit was an object both of curiosity and terror on shore, for on account, all colored to suit the exaggerated conception of the cafe-keeper, had been spread over the city, and the pious Catholics there wanted nothing to do with such a man, only to keep on his good-humored side.

PROPOSED SAILINGS
OF THE
British and North American Royal Mail
STEAMSHIPS,
BETWEEN
New York & Liverpool Direct,
AND BETWEEN
BOSTON'S LIVERPOOL,
THE BOSTON SHIPS ONLY CALLING AT HALIFAX,
FOR 1859.

VESSELS.		FROM Liverpool to New York	FROM New York to Liverpool
ARABIA	Captain E. G. Lott	Saturday, 8th Jan., 1859.	Wednesday, 12th Jan., 1859.
ANDES	Captain Edward G. Lott	Saturday, 22d Jan., 1859.	Wednesday, 26th Jan., 1859.
EUROPA	Captain John Leitch	Saturday, 5th Feb., 1859.	Wednesday, 9th Feb., 1859.
ASIA	Captain W. F. Miller	Saturday, 19th Feb., 1859.	Wednesday, 23d March, 1859.
ARABIA	Captain James Stone	Saturday, 5th March, 1859.	Wednesday, 9th March, 1859.
AFRICA	Captain Neil Sinclair	Saturday, 19th March, 1859.	Wednesday, 23d March, 1859.
NIAGARA	Captain James Anderson	Saturday, 2d April, 1859.	Wednesday, 6th April, 1859.
CANADA	Captain Lang	Saturday, 16th April, 1859.	Wednesday, 20th April, 1859.

NEW YORK LINE—DAYS OF SAILING.

FROM Liverpool to New York	FROM New York to Liverpool
Saturday, 29th Dec., 1858.	Wednesday, 19th Jan., 1859.
Saturday, 8th Jan., 1859.	Wednesday, 26th Jan., 1859.
Saturday, 22d Jan., 1859.	Wednesday, 9th Feb., 1859.
Saturday, 5th Feb., 1859.	Wednesday, 23d March, 1859.
Saturday, 19th Feb., 1859.	Wednesday, 9th March, 1859.
Saturday, 5th March, 1859.	Wednesday, 23d March, 1859.
Saturday, 19th March, 1859.	Wednesday, 6th April, 1859.
Saturday, 2d April, 1859.	Wednesday, 20th April, 1859.
Saturday, 16th April, 1859.	Wednesday, 4th May, 1859.
Saturday, 30th April, 1859.	Wednesday, 18th May, 1859.
Saturday, 14th May, 1859.	Wednesday, 1st June, 1859.
Saturday, 28th May, 1859.	Wednesday, 15th June, 1859.
Saturday, 11th June, 1859.	Wednesday, 29th June, 1859.
Saturday, 25th June, 1859.	Wednesday, 13th July, 1859.
Saturday, 9th July, 1859.	Wednesday, 27th July, 1859.
Saturday, 23d July, 1859.	Wednesday, 10th Aug., 1859.
Saturday, 6th August, 1859.	Wednesday, 24th Aug., 1859.
Saturday, 20th Aug., 1859.	Wednesday, 7th Sept., 1859.
Saturday, 3d Sept., 1859.	Wednesday, 21st Sept., 1859.
Saturday, 17th Sept., 1859.	Wednesday, 5th Oct., 1859.
Saturday, 1st October, 1859.	Wednesday, 19th Oct., 1859.
Saturday, 15th Oct., 1859.	Wednesday, 2d Nov., 1859.
Saturday, 29th Oct., 1859.	Wednesday, 16th Nov., 1859.
Saturday, 12th Nov., 1859.	Wednesday, 30th Nov., 1859.
Saturday, 26th Nov., 1859.	Wednesday, 14th Dec., 1859.
Saturday, 10th Dec., 1859.	Wednesday, 28th Dec., 1859.
Saturday, 24th Dec., 1859.	Wednesday, 11th Jan., 1860.
Saturday, 8th Jan., 1860.	Wednesday, 25th Jan., 1860.

BOSTON LINE—DAYS OF SAILING.

FROM Liverpool to Boston.	FROM Boston to Liverpool.
Saturday, 15th Jan., 1859.	Wednesday, 12th Jan., 1859.
Saturday, 29th Jan., 1859.	Wednesday, 26th Jan., 1859.
Saturday, 12th Feb., 1859.	Wednesday, 9th Feb., 1859.
Saturday, 26th Feb., 1859.	Wednesday, 23d March, 1859.
Saturday, 12th March, 1859.	Wednesday, 9th March, 1859.
Saturday, 26th March, 1859.	Wednesday, 23d March, 1859.
Saturday, 9th April, 1859.	Wednesday, 6th April, 1859.
Saturday, 23d April, 1859.	Wednesday, 20th April, 1859.
Saturday, 7th May, 1859.	Wednesday, 4th May, 1859.
Saturday, 21st May, 1859.	Wednesday, 18th May, 1859.
Saturday, 4th June, 1859.	Wednesday, 1st June, 1859.
Saturday, 18th June, 1859.	Wednesday, 15th June, 1859.
Saturday, 2d July, 1859.	Wednesday, 29th June, 1859.
Saturday, 16th July, 1859.	Wednesday, 13th July, 1859.
Saturday, 30th July, 1859.	Wednesday, 27th July, 1859.
Saturday, 13th Aug., 1859.	Wednesday, 10th Aug., 1859.
Saturday, 27th Aug., 1859.	Wednesday, 24th Aug., 1859.
Saturday, 10th Sept., 1859.	Wednesday, 7th Sept., 1859.
Saturday, 24th Sept., 1859.	Wednesday, 21st Sept., 1859.
Saturday, 8th Oct., 1859.	Wednesday, 5th Oct., 1859.
Saturday, 22d Oct., 1859.	Wednesday, 19th Oct., 1859.
Saturday, 5th Nov., 1859.	Wednesday, 2d Nov., 1859.
Saturday, 19th Nov., 1859.	Wednesday, 16th Nov., 1859.
Saturday, 3d Dec., 1859.	Wednesday, 30th Nov., 1859.
Saturday, 17th Dec., 1859.	Wednesday, 14th Dec., 1859.
Saturday, 31st Dec., 1859.	Wednesday, 28th Dec., 1859.
Saturday, 14th Jan., 1860.	Wednesday, 11th Jan., 1860.
Saturday, 28th Jan., 1860.	Wednesday, 25th Jan., 1860.

Important Instructions.

The undersigned, Agent for the Owners of the above lines, feels the same is equivalent to the British lines, to or from Liverpool, touching at Halifax, and will forward to California, free of cross expense to Great Britain, to 24 cents—not prepaid, optional. Newspapers, each, one cent. Pamphlets, per ounce, 24 cents. Parcels, not to exceed 50 pounds, whether the paper is sent from or through Boston or Halifax, are required to be accompanied with cross British postage, by a pattern stamp, equal to the amount of British postage, which, in addition to the cash, forms the cross or better postage to Boston.

Prepaid letters and printed matter may be sent from the United States to any part of Great Britain, or any of the two ones of United States postage cash, if they do not exceed the weight of half an ounce, and at the rate of 24 cents, or fractions of an ounce, where they exceed that weight, or multiples thereof, to the United States, and the same will be subject to an additional like charge of 24 cents, to be collected on their arrival in Boston, or cities on Thames, Seine and Nayd, in which Prussian Bremen, or the Hanseatic, or to other foreign countries, the cross British postage will be collected, and the Kingdom, to be chargeable with one cent an ounce, or fraction of an ounce, on newspapers, and pamphlets, and two cents on letters, the cross or better postage to be made.

Prepaid letters and pamphlets may be sent from the United States to any part of Great Britain, or any of the two ones of United States postage cash, if they do not exceed the weight of half an ounce, and at the rate of 24 cents, or fractions of an ounce, where they exceed that weight, or multiples thereof, to the United States, and the same will be subject to an additional like charge of 24 cents, to be collected on their arrival in Boston, or cities on Thames, Seine and Nayd, in which Prussian Bremen, or the Hanseatic, or to other foreign countries, the cross British postage will be collected, and the Kingdom to be chargeable with one cent an ounce, or fraction of an ounce, on newspapers, and pamphlets, and two cents on letters, the cross or better postage to be made.

Single rate or lower postage to or from Bremen by the Bremen or Hanseatic mail, or to other foreign countries, per each two three cents, being the United States and foreign postage, on letters, and newspapers, or other parts of the continent may also be by the line, subject to cross rates, for which we forward, postage inclusive, to Great Britain or Ireland, or France, Algeria, 15 cents the quarter ounce—prepaid or optional. Newspapers, pamphlets, per ounce, 2 cents. Parcels, not to exceed, pattern, (samples,) papers of music, prospectuses, circulars, per ounce, 2 cents. Letters and newspapers to France, Algeria, or cities of Turkey, Syria and Egypt, 20 cents per half ounce. Letters and newspapers, Malta, Gibraltar, Greece, Constantinople, Turkey, Asia, Egypt, Jerusalem, Jaffa, Kerusalem, Lanaka, Mecca, Medina, Mocha, Muscat, Persian Gulf, Red Sea, Suez, Sumpe, Smyrna, Smyrna, Tiflis, Trebizond, Tripoli in Syria, Tunis, Tunis, Tripoli in Barbary, Scutari, Scutari in Turkey, or any of England, or by payment of the cross British postage, or the cross British postage, or the cross British postage, or