Daily Appeal.

LOVE ME MUCH, AND LOVE ME LONG.

BY MRS. M. W. STRATTON.

From the Quaker.]

"Love me little, love me long,"
Thus mused the lady fair and young,
But for woman's fond heart—brave!
She loves deeply, and her cry
Love me much, and love me long,
Is the burden of her song.

Trusting all her soul's devotion,
On Love's wild, mountain-ocean
Hoarding dream, her hope not proper,
Her young minds mingles there
Whispered then she ever be
Content with any less than thee?

Little knows the woman's heart,
Who deems her half content with part—
Content with a divided treasure—
Wooed by rule, and wooed by measure
Love me much, and love me long,
Is the burden of her song.

Love her wholly—love her ever—
Love her then, or from her never
Ever her fancy roamed around thee,
Sire she curse the hour she found thee,
Who to breathe of love, yet scorned,
So to her like funeral knell.

The maiden love may turn to scathe,
And maiden woes repent their bathe;
Love is love, and hath ever been
A cool and vacillating offering.
Love me much, and love me strong,
Is the burden of her song.

And to your poverty or wealth—
Or to your sickness, or to health—
Keeping the pinnacle of fame,
Or in the lowest depths of shame,
Where then art, there will she be,
Clinging firmly still to thee.

Let no lay condition, stealing
Of your heart, cooled its feeling;
Let no fancied necessities,
Weaken the cities from jealous bonds.
Love me much, and love me long,
Is the burden of her song.

Such the love that she would gain!
All nobler feelings centre in vain,
Or, cooling, breaks a blighted spell,
And true to weep her last farewell.
Love me deeply, love me long,
Is the burden of her song.

When hope if power, and life is over,
And pleasures many, sorrows few,
Then wearily the weary part,
With many a fond and faithful heart;
For memory brings, in after years,
Regret, remorse, and bitter tears.

COLUMBIA, Sept. 16, 1859.

WHO IS KING?

BY J. R. NAYNARD.

There is a host of men who boast
Of Castile, Boston, Boston,
[illegible] the mighty power
[illegible] "ink" has in store,
Of which the world so easily
[illegible] mighty thing,
And two journals in Boston share
The "PRINTERS' INK is King."

The mark of gold, of wealth untold,
Of PRINTERS' INK may work,
Nor will his book, or design to bow
To one so lowly born;
For PRINTERS' INK has built its throne
Where none its tribute bring;
And to all, mankind, it informs
Boast "PRINTERS' INK is King."

King of the World of Thought ordained—
No sceptred sway it claims—
Where superior's yielding, willing plied,
Liberals their servile chains.
Its power is mild, its sway is gentle,
Will men proud subdues (?)
Its empire is the world, its throne Hall,
That "PRINTERS' INK is King."

THE PIRATE OF CAPE ANTONIO.

BY CAPT. JAMES P. ALCORN.

[From the New York Mercury.]

"Who shall be mine, good Marco! By all the saints, I swear it!" And the speaker, a perfect Adonis in form and features, elevating his clenched hands, moved incatinly from beside his auditor, who, folding his arms, leaned back in his chair, regarding the former with a meaning smile, as he sought vent for his excitement in a burst of laughter. The speaker, Fensing, at length, the impetuous gent resumed:

"Some one has betrayed me, Marco. When we last met and parted, she was tender as a dove, and I had reason to be sanguine of success with her proud future; but now he writes, "Having been grossly deceived in the person relying himself, Don Carlos Montanbon, I hereby acquaint him with my desire that we remain strangers henceforth (?) while she, in whom my very hopes were centered, writes, "Will Don Carlos Montanbon pardon me necessity which obliges me to inform him that henceforth we meet only as strangers?" There is an epitaph for you! Not one word by explanation of the decision it makes known."

"No explanation is necessary. If, as you think, your vocation has been betrayed, your affections must be left to demand none."

"Nor shall I. She shall be mine—whatever destiny, she shall share it!"

"Good! Our hand upon it! We warmly welcome a female ally; but how are we to obtain her?"

"How?"

"Yes, how? Will you woo the lady in fresh disguise, or, commencing the old of your treasury hand, carry the hacienda Ribelas by storm, and bear off in blooming mistress?"

"Peace, good Marco. I have not decided, nor can I, while ours are in such confusion. I must sleep on it. But in the meantime be wary. Look well to the hand. True and faithful as I have ever found them, some one of their numbers is false to me now."

"It may be; yet why suspect these who have braved death by your side and beneath your eye, when fortune herself may have proved the false? Love has made you blind, Manfred. You forget that on the plaza you are daily expected to see cause of scores of Habanaros, who have good reason to remember the Pirate of Cape Antonio."

"Hush! the very walls have ears here in Habana. Although I glory in that title when alone, I would not have it spoken here for untold ounces."

"Ha, ha! No Marino either, *padrino* mio, if rumor speaks truly."

"Ay! Indeed. The Count Del Norte hath high expectations for his eldest son, which would be blasted, were it known that that son was the scourge of commerce in the West Indian seas."

"Ay, or that he was paying court to the fairest creole in Cuba."

"Ha! What mean you?"

"Simply that the fair daughter of our good King Philip would scarce consent to share a heart with a maiden of dusky hue, however winning she might prove."

"You know my secret, then?"

"So it appears."

"From whom had you your information?"

"Many, of course. I've been in Madrid ere now."

"Hush rumor been, indeed, so busy there as to couple with mine the name of Isabella, the Beautiful?"

"And if it *did*, why should you care? The woman's task to guard her own reputation."

"Ay, and to guard the reputation of 'Her Royal Highness.' But good Marco, absence has dispelled that dream; and could I but secure the love of 'Donna Inez,' I'd be content to end my days in Cuba."

"A rover chief?"

"No. Anshment man. 'Tween you and I I've had enough of roving. 'Tis a merry life, indeed, a short life, and suits not my fancy."

"And the reason is, you are in love. Embark at once, Manfred—one sniff of a strong breeze with a prize in view, and as old rover's word hot, all this romance would vanish."

"No prescription, if you please, good, Marco; or if you must give scope to your medical propensities, pray prescribe a course more palatable. But a truce to jesting. Meet me on the plaza at noon to-morrow, when I shall be able to communicate my decision regarding Inez."

"I will not fail. What score?"

"Nothing."

"Do enter fee?"

"Why?"

"I dared to hope you would and your orders to prepare to spread our wings again severally as the St. Ignacio left Spain the next new moon, now three days distant; and rumor says with a goodly store of ingots in her run."

"Ha! Your rumor hath lied, for I must be looked on. Of course, we'll follow. Let no time be lost until the schooner's ready. We need not follow far in chase; and in a week can be back again. Rouse socks."

"Rouse socks, signor!" And with the words the speaker vanished, leaving his chief to ruminate upon some means for the fulfillment of his design.

CHAPTER II.

"I'm grieved to think you love this mere adventurer, Inez. The daughter of a Ribelas should aim higher than to mate with one whom ocean roams, and with whose name suspicion is so busy."

"Suspicion is not always proof of guilt, my father. I love Don Carlos well—as my very life I love him. But if I deemed him guilty of a single crime, I'd rather die than wed him."

"Spoken like my daughter! And did I deem him worthy of your hand, my child—were he without a penniless, I'd freely give him wealth, station, and a wife whom a prince might wed nor be ashamed of."

"Is you wish, father, I wed?"

"I did. And you?"

"Wrote just as you had dictated. But, oh my father! how I longed to inform him why my letter so cruel!"

"And did not?"

"Nay! You do not doubt me, father?"

"I would be most unjust, if I did. But I have some reason to be sanguine that arrangements for ourselves and suite on board the St. Ignacio, to sail For Cadiz three days hence."

"To Spain, my father? What takes you thither now?"

"Important business, child, combined with a desire to procure you change of scene, in which you will find much to divert your thoughts from their present sad channel."

"But I would rather remain at home, dear father. I've longed to see your native land, and roam at will among the mountains of old Castile. But now I fear I should experience but little pleasure there—my heart would be ever away."

"Nonsense, Inez! You'll regain all you have lost—ay, and more; since having an experience, you can hereafter detect deceit, even though veiled by pleasing manners and specious address. You will go?"

"Of course, if you desire it. Home would be no home for me, if dismayed by my father's absence. But I'd prefer to see Don Carlos, bidding him a last adieu, and—and—"

"What, my child?"

"An explanation of my last cruel note."

"Of course, if he wishes it, he will be here ere long to demand an explanation, and disprove the charge. If on the contrary, the general charge strikes home, his chance will attest the fact, and may by even you be considered proof sufficient."

"Methinks 'tis hard; yet, bowing to your decision, I shall, dear father, pray and trusting he will soon appear." And bending toward her sire, the gentle girl pressed her lips for the kiss which he bestowed, ejaculating:

"Bless thee, my child! May the saints bless and protect thee ever!" And pressing a second kiss upon her lips, Don Emanuel Ribelas led his daughter to the door of the apartment from which she passed.

"Ah, yes! She loves him tender," mused the old don, half aloud. "Would to Heaven! I knew not, that I could unravel this mystery which so clouds his name, and motives are not! That he is not the person he represented himself, is proven beyond a doubt, though the real Don Carlos Montanban is a person of far less pleasing exterior and engaging address. It is proved, too, that he plays deeply—losing large sums, which are promptly paid, though possessing no visible source of revenue. And I must beseeform do thy own cleared, if, if what I have I observed to-day, in close confab as the plaza with that most suspicious character Don Miguel, the Jew, whom all Havana execrates. Of a truth, he is no worthy mate for my gentle Inez, and she must forget him." And having apparently settled the matter with his daughter to his satisfaction, the worthy old don sought his chamber and repose.

CHAPTER III.

'Twas a bright, beautiful morning, and the bosom of the bay of "Havannah" was breaking into gentle ripples beneath the sidying breath of the land-breeze, when the good ship St. Ignacio cast to starboard, filling her head sails as she foli off, and gathering headway as earth broad sheet was given to the breeze, and are an hour had elapsed she passed the Moro, and was standing out into the Gulf Stream, of which her sagacious commander designed to avail himself at least as far north as the Great Tusaing, if not as far as Cape Hatteras.

The St. Ignacio was heavily laden with the most valuable products of the Queen of the Antilles, in addition to which she bore as passengers several of the richest planters in the island, who, with their families and a goodly store of ingots, were bent upon a visit to Madrid, to impress their poorer brethren of Old Castile with a deeper sense of their importance, while they astonished them with the vastness of their resources.

Among these, Don Emanuel Ribelas, though the least ostentatious, was by no means the least wealthy, or to the least extent provided with the means to maintain an appearance befitting his rank. In fact, his retinue was the most numerous on board, while the treasure he bore from the island-queen represented a value infinitely greater than that possessed by any of his companions. All his fellow-passengers was with him, although his daughter was ignorant of the fact; and being in itself a princely fortune, would, of a surety, insure him a cordial reception at the court of his king, and the profound homage of the youthful nobles, from whose ranks he hoped his child might choose a husband, in whose affectionate might learn to forget the past.

Ere venturing with the voyagers on the broad expanse of ocean which separated them from their destined port, we must beg the kind indulgence of our readers and their society back to "Havannah," in which we may doubtless find something in keeping with our tale.

Scarce an hour had elapsed from the disappearance of the St. Ignacio behind the headlands, when a symmetrical, first-class clipper schooner, which had lain but a short distance astern of her, tripped her anchor, and in less than a minute was clothed in canvass from truck to deck, when, bowing gracefully to the freshening breeze, she dashed off at a round rate toward the Moro, which she saluted with a single gun as she passed, when, keeping away, she hugged the coast, steering dire t for the Yucatan Passage.

On her quarter-deck were a group of apparently free-and-easy fellows, whom, one at a casual glance, might deem a party of—excuse sionists; but to whom the keen, experienced observer could not fail to discover the commanding spirits of the craft. In fact, the group was composed of her officers, among whom Marco, and the quondam Don Carlos Montanban, were most conspicuous.

Turning to the former, as the schooner's head fell off to more nearly point at the Don Carlos, as we shall continue to designate him, remarked:

"The St. Ignacio is but a dull sailor for three weeks. Know ye, Marco?"

"That she's quite fast enough for our purpose. She may lead us a long chase yet, but if it proves remunerative, all will be well."

"Why, you are not bankrupt already?"

"Yes, indeed. Never a maravedi remains in my purse. I was cleaned out last night; and perhaps I would have lost the 'Barkers' aboard this 'beauty,' in order to regain the pile which I lost to a vinegar-faced old Hidalgo, who is doubtless meditating, somewhere in the vicinity of yonder ship's traffrail, on the manner in which he'll spend it. St. Ign! won't I enjoy his chagrin while recovering my property, some, some bright morning, not far distant?"

"Be not too sanguine, good Marco," rejoined the third. "If Don Ignacio carries gold, and may prove more than a match for our little Cyclone."

"Humph! only at a great odds, or when under the command of a skulker, like you! we'll handle their ignots, ay, and spend them! The Cyclone never was, and never will be beaten."

"Neptune forbid!" and, as if a prey to sadder thoughts, the young chief turned away, seeking refuge in his private cabin.

CHAPTER IV.

The breeze was fresh and the morning clear, when the St. Ignacio hauled her wind for deeper water, having followed the course of the stream as far north as Cape Fear. But, her sheets were scarce belayed, when the lookout shaft, hailing the deck, reported a stranger sail bearing down on the weather-bow.

"Can you make her out?" demanded the officer in charge.

"Not clearly, sir. Shows all square forward, but nothing more."

"Keep an eye on her and report."

"Brigantine, sir, and looks suspicious!"

"Clear ship for action!" was the commander's prompt order, on receiving the lookout's report; and for the space of some ten or fifteen minutes all was bustle and confusion on the thronged deck of the merchantman.

At the close of hurried the preparation was complete, and the men went to quarters, which they had scarce gained when the stranger displayed her bunting, heaving a round shot across the ship's fore-foot, which caught her commander's attention to the sombre flag, and its dread emblazonry.

An hour later the St. Ignacio's flag was lowered, in token of her to the pirate Lafitte, who ran his half-dismantled vessel alongside his prize, and was in the act of taking possession, when he was startled by a broadside from a fresh antagonist, whose approach had been unnoticed by all until heralded by the deeptoned thunder of her artillery.

'Twas our friend Cyclone, who, in hot chase of the richly-freighted merchantman, had been in sight just before the commencement of the action, and hearing down, recognized in the attacking vessel the same craft of his country; when perceiving the flag of Spain descending from the gaff of his intended prize, he hastened to pour in a broadside for the honor of old "Castile."

"We fight not as rovers to-day, my lads!" shouted Montanban. "Yonder wretch makes war only against Spain, and boasts that he never spares Spaniard. We have not him, and shall the dastard go unpunished?"

"No—no!" shouted the crew as one man.

"Then strike for Spain and Castile, lads! Lay us aboard, good Marco! Ready with the batteries!"

And all ready to meet the foe, Montanban sprung into the rigging and led the boarders.

The crew of Lafitte, bent on plunder, instead of rallying to the defense of their vessel, commenced the work of butchery, as was their wont, when the crew, in half-mutiny, gathering courage from the presence of succor, rallied in defense of their lives, for which they made a desperate stand, until overpowered by numbers and cut down. Then, when the victors rushed into the cabin, heedless of the near proximity of their fresh antagonist.

A minute later, the Yellow Jack fell, when Montanban boarded, at the head of his trusty band, and rushing aft, entered the cabin as the first of the inmates fell a victim to their bloodthirsty sensibility.

Singling out a huge negro—who was about to dispatch a kneeling passenger—he drove his sword through his heart, and was in the act of withdrawing his weapon, when the wounded man, with a fearful imprecation, cleaved his skull to the chin, when, as the victim fell, he exclaimed:

"Hold! Spare the life of your friend, and I am—"

"Marco!"

"Ay, Marco! Marino! Lafitte! Pirate! Rover! Call it what you will, but—"

"Hush! Not a word! Not a word! Not a word! Not a word! Not a word! Not a word!"

"Ha, ha! No Marino either, *padrino* mio, if rumor speaks truly."

"Ay! Indeed. The Count Del Norte hath high expectations for his eldest son, which would be blasted, were it known that that son was the scourge of commerce in the West Indian seas."

"Ay, or that he was paying court to the fairest creole in Cuba."

"Ha! What mean you?"

"Simply that the fair daughter of our good King Philip would scarce consent to share a heart with a maiden of dusky hue, however winning she might prove."

"You know my secret, then?"

"So it appears."

"From whom had you your information?"

"Many, of course. I've been in Madrid ere now."

"Hush rumor been, indeed, so busy there as to couple with mine the name of Isabella, the Beautiful?"

"And if it *did*, why should you care? 'Tis woman's task to guard her own reputation."

"Ay, and to guard the reputation of 'Her Royal Highness.' But good Marco, absence has dispelled that dream; and could I but secure the love of 'Donna Inez,' I'd be content to end my days in Cuba."

"A rover chief?"

"No. Anshment man. 'Tween you and I I've had enough of roving. 'Tis a merry life, indeed, a short life, and suits not my fancy."

"And the reason is, you are in love. Embark at once, Manfred—one sniff of a strong breeze with a prize in view, and as old rover's word hot, all this romance would vanish."

"No prescription, if you please, good, Marco; or if you must give scope to your medical propensities, pray prescribe a course more palatable. But a truce to jesting. Meet me on the plaza at noon to-morrow, when I shall be able to communicate my decision regarding Inez."

"I will not fail. What score?"

"Nothing."

"Do enter fee?"

"Why?"

"I dared to hope you would and your orders to prepare to spread our wings again severally as the St. Ignacio left Spain the next new moon, now three days distant; and rumor says with a goodly store of ingots in her run."

"Ha! Your rumor hath lied, for I must be looked on. Of course, we'll follow. Let no time be lost until the schooner's ready. We need not follow far in chase; and in a week can be back again. Rouse socks."

"Rouse socks, signor!" And with the words the speaker vanished, leaving his chief to ruminate upon some means for the fulfillment of his design.

CHAPTER IV.

"I'm grieved to think you love this mere adventurer, Inez. The daughter of a Ribelas should aim higher than to mate with one whom ocean roams, and with whose name suspicion is so busy."

"Suspicion is not always proof of guilt, my father. I love Don Carlos well—as my very life I love him. But if I deemed him guilty of a single crime, I'd rather die than wed him."

"Spoken like my daughter! And did I deem him worthy of your hand, my child—were he without a penniless, I'd freely give him wealth, station, and a wife whom a prince might wed nor be ashamed of."

"Is you wish, father?"

"I did. And you?"

"Wrote just as you had dictated. But, oh my father! how I longed to inform him why my letter so cruel?"

"And did not?"

"Nay! You do not doubt me, father?"

"I would be most unjust, if I did. But I have some reason to be sanguine that arrangements for ourselves and suite on board the St. Ignacio, to sail For Cadiz three days hence."

"To Spain, my father? What takes you thither now?"

"Important business, child, combined with a desire to procure you change of scene, in which you will find much to divert your thoughts from their present sad channel."

"But I would rather remain at home, dear father. I've longed to see your native land, and roam at will among the mountains of old Castile. But now I fear I should experience but little pleasure there—my heart would be ever away."

"Nonsense, Inez! You'll regain all you have lost—ay, and more; since having an experience, you can hereafter detect deceit, even though veiled by pleasing manners and specious address. You will go?"

"Of course, if you desire it. Home would be no home for me, if dismayed by my father's absence. But I'd prefer to see Don Carlos, bidding him a last adieu, and—and—"

"What, my child?"

"An explanation of my last cruel note."

"Of course, if he wishes it, he will be here ere long to demand an explanation, and disprove the charge. If on the contrary, the general charge strikes home, his chance will attest the fact, and may by even you be considered proof sufficient."

"Methinks 'tis hard; yet, bowing to your decision, I shall, dear father, pray and trusting he will soon appear." And bending toward her sire, the gentle girl pressed her lips for the kiss which he bestowed, ejaculating:

"Bless thee, my child! May the saints bless and protect thee ever!" And pressing a second kiss upon her lips, Don Emanuel Ribelas led his daughter to the door of the apartment from which she passed.

"Ah, yes! She loves him tender," mused the old don, half aloud. "Would to Heaven! I knew not, that I could unravel this mystery which so clouds his name, and motives are not! That he is not the person he represented himself, is proven beyond a doubt, though the real Don Carlos Montanban is a person of far less pleasing exterior and engaging address. It is proved, too, that he plays deeply—losing large sums, which are promptly paid, though possessing no visible source of revenue. And I must beseeform do thy own cleared, if, if what I have I observed to-day, in close confab as the plaza with that most suspicious character Don Miguel, the Jew, whom all Havana execrates. Of a truth, he is no worthy mate for my gentle Inez, and she must forget him." And having apparently settled the matter with his daughter to his satisfaction, the worthy old don sought his chamber and repose.

CHAPTER III.

'Twas a bright, beautiful morning, and the bosom of the bay of "Havannah" was breaking into gentle ripples beneath the sidying breath of the land-breeze, when the good ship St. Ignacio cast to starboard, filling her head sails as she foli off, and gathering headway as earth broad sheet was given to the breeze, and are an hour had elapsed she passed the Moro, and was standing out into the Gulf Stream, of which her sagacious commander designed to avail himself at least as far north as the Great Tusaing, if not as far as Cape Hatteras.

The St. Ignacio was heavily laden with the most valuable products of the Queen of the Antilles, in addition to which she bore as passengers several of the richest planters in the island, who, with their families and a goodly store of ingots, were bent upon a visit to Madrid, to impress their poorer brethren of Old Castile with a deeper sense of their importance, while they astonished them with the vastness of their resources.

Among these, Don Emanuel Ribelas, though the least ostentatious, was by no means the least wealthy, or to the least extent provided with the means to maintain an appearance befitting his rank. In fact, his retinue was the most numerous on board, while the treasure he bore from the island-queen represented a value infinitely greater than that possessed by any of his companions. All his fellow-passengers was with him, although his daughter was ignorant of the fact; and being in itself a princely fortune, would, of a surety, insure him a cordial reception at the court of his king, and the profound homage of the youthful nobles, from whose ranks he hoped his child might choose a husband, in whose affectionate might learn to forget the past.

Ere venturing with the voyagers on the broad expanse of ocean which separated them from their destined port, we must beg the kind indulgence of our readers and their society back to "Havannah," in which we may doubtless find something in keeping with our tale.

Scarce an hour had elapsed from the disappearance of the St. Ignacio behind the headlands, when a symmetrical, first-class clipper schooner, which had lain but a short distance astern of her, tripped her anchor, and in less than a minute was clothed in canvass from truck to deck, when, bowing gracefully to the freshening breeze, she dashed off at a round rate toward the Moro, which she saluted with a single gun as she passed, when, keeping away, she hugged the coast, steering dire t for the Yucatan Passage.

On her quarter-deck were a group of apparently free-and-easy fellows, whom, one at a casual glance, might deem a party of—excuse sionists; but to whom the keen, experienced observer could not fail to discover the commanding spirits of the craft. In fact, the group was composed of her officers, among whom Marco, and the quondam Don Carlos Montanban, were most conspicuous.

Turning to the former, as the schooner's head fell off to more nearly point at the Don Carlos, as we shall continue to designate him, remarked:

"The St. Ignacio is but a dull sailor for three weeks. Know ye, Marco?"

"That she's quite fast enough for our purpose. She may lead us a long chase yet, but if it proves remunerative, all will be well."

"Why, you are not bankrupt already?"

"Yes, indeed. Never a maravedi remains in my purse. I was cleaned out last night; and perhaps I would have lost the 'barkers' aboard this 'beauty,' in order to regain the pile which I lost to a vinegar-faced old Hidalgo, who is doubtless meditating, somewhere in the vicinity of yonder ship's traffrail, on the manner in which he'll spend it. St. Ign! won't I enjoy his chagrin while recovering my property, some, some bright morning, not far distant?"

"Be not too sanguine, good Marco," rejoined the third. "If Don Ignacio carries gold, and may prove more than a match for our little Cyclone."

"Humph! only at a great odds, or when under the command of a skulker, like you! we'll handle their ignots, ay, and spend them! The Cyclone never was, and never will be beaten."

"Neptune forbid!" and, as if a prey to sadder thoughts, the young chief turned away, seeking refuge in his private cabin.

CHAPTER IV.

The breeze was fresh and the morning clear, when the St. Ignacio hauled her wind for deeper water, having followed the course of the stream as far north as Cape Fear. But, her sheets were scarce belayed, when the lookout shaft, hailing the deck, reported a stranger sail bearing down on the weather-bow.

"Can you make her out?" demanded the officer in charge.

"Not clearly, sir. Shows all square forward, but nothing more."

"Keep an eye on her and report."

"Brigantine, sir, and looks suspicious!"

"Clear ship for action!" was the commander's prompt order, on receiving the lookout's report; and for the space of some ten or fifteen minutes all was bustle and confusion on the thronged deck of the merchantman.

At the close of hurried the preparation was complete, and the men went to quarters, which they had scarce gained when the stranger displayed her bunting, heaving a round shot across the ship's fore-foot, which caught her commander's attention to the sombre flag, and its dread emblazonry.

An hour later the St. Ignacio's flag was lowered, in token of her to the pirate Lafitte, who ran his half-dismantled vessel alongside his prize, and was in the act of taking possession, when he was startled by a broadside from a fresh antagonist, whose approach had been unnoticed by all until heralded by the deep-toned thunder of her artillery.

'Twas our friend Cyclone, who, in hot chase of the richly-freighted merchantman, had been in sight just before the commencement of the action, and hearing down, recognized in the attacking vessel the same craft of his country; when perceiving the flag of Spain descending from the gaff of his intended prize, he hastened to pour in a broadside for the honor of old "Castile."

"We fight not as rovers to-day, my lads!" shouted Montanban. "Yonder wretch makes war only against Spain, and boasts that he never spares Spaniard. We have not him, and shall the dastard go unpunished?"

"No—no!" shouted the crew as one man.

"Then strike for Spain and Castile, lads! Lay us aboard, good Marco! Ready with the batteries!"

And all ready to meet the foe, Montanban sprung into the rigging and led the boarders.

The crew of Lafitte, bent on plunder, instead of rallying to the defense of their vessel, commenced the work of butchery, as was their wont, when the crew, in half-mutiny, gathering courage from the presence of succor, rallied in defense of their lives, for which they made a desperate stand, until overpowered by numbers and cut down. Then, when the victors rushed into the cabin, heedless of the near proximity of their fresh antagonist.

A minute later, the Yellow Jack fell, when Montanban boarded, at the head of his trusty band, and rushing aft, entered the cabin as the first of the inmates fell a victim to their bloodthirsty sensibility.

Singling out a huge negro—who was about to dispatch a kneeling passenger—he drove his sword through his heart, and was in the act of withdrawing his weapon, when the wounded man, with a fearful imprecation, cleaved his skull to the chin, when, as the victim fell, he exclaimed:

"Hold! Spare the life of your friend, and I am—"

"Marco!"

"Ay, Marco! Marino! Lafitte! Pirate! Rover! Call it what you will, but—"

"Hush! Not a word! Not a word! Not a word! Not a word! Not a word! Not a word!"

Strauss, Lehman & Co.

STRAUSS, LEHMAN & CO.,

202 Main Street.

OCTOBER 10, 1859.

JUST RECEIVED:

THE LATEST STYLES,
THE PREVAILING PATTERNS,
THE NOVELTIES OF THE SEASON.

Our stock now complete comprises every variety of goods.

SILKS, PLAINS
SILKS, FIGURED,
SILKS, STRIPES;

SALIU A JUPE;
SALIU VENITIENNE;
SALIU BUTTON DU ROSE;

CASHMERES;
CASHMERES;

PLAIDS;
PLAIDS;

SKIRTS OF ALL KINDS;
SKIRTS OF ALL SIZES;
SKIRTS OF ALL PRICES.

AND THERE IS NO HOAX,
WE GOT MANTLES AND CLOAKS
FOR ALL THE FOLKS.

SO PLEASE CALL,
AND SEE ALL,
WE GOT THE GOODS
WE GOT THIS FALL.

STRAUSS, LEHMAN & CO.,
202 Main, 3d door north of Jefferson st.

Chancery Sales.

CHANCERY SALE OF A

VALUABLE TRACT OF LAND, IN Shelby County, Tenn.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Chancery Court in Memphis, rendered May term, 1859, in the case of Mordecai Hunton and R. S. Jones vs. Newton Ford, administrator of Thomas Moll, and others, I will on, in all here on the 1st day of November, 1859, in front of my office, in the city of Memphis, proceed to sell, to the highest bidder,

Wednesday, November 2, 1859,

A Valuable Tract of Land, Lying in Shelby county, Tennessee, containing about One Hundred and Twenty-seven and two-thirds Acres,

And bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a stake and three ash pointers in the west boundary line of 2,196 survey in the name of Wm. Brown, Seth Wheatley's south-east corner of his 600 acre survey; thence east 1,320 poles to a stake and three ash pointers in the west boundary line; thence west 226 poles to a willow oak, Mrs. Wheatley's north-east corner; thence south 194 poles to the beginning.

TERMS OF SALE.—The above described tract of land will be sold on a credit of seven and thirteen months, in equal installments, purchaser to execute notes with approved security, a lien to be retained on the premises until payment of purchase money. Sale at 11 o'clock A. M.

JOHN C. LANIER,
oct5-dawtds Clerk and Master.

CHANCERY SALE OF

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE AND IMPROVEMENTS ON THE MEMPHIS & CHARLESTON RAILROAD

PURSUANT to a decree of the Chancery Court at Memphis, rendered May term, 1859, in the case of James M. Hughes vs. Thomas Porter and Sarah Jane Peters, I will, on

Tuesday, November 1st, 1859,

in front of my office, in the city of Memphis, proceed to sell to the highest bidder,

A Valuable Tract of Land

situated on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, in Shelby county, Tennessee, and bounded as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the south-west corner of a tract of land containing about 200 acres, in the name of James Porter on the 6th of July, 1852, the same being Reed Hall's south-east corner, runs thence east to a stake with the Memphis and Charleston Railroad 14 chains and 50 links to M. W. Lindsey's corner; thence north with said Lindsey's west boundary line to a point so far north that a line running thence west parallel to the Charleston boundary line of Reed Hall's boundary line, and thence south to the beginning corner, making 82 acres of land in the south-east corner of said 200 acre tract, together with all the improvements thereon.

TERMS OF SALE.—The above described tract of land will be sold on a credit of seven months, purchaser to execute note with approved security, a lien to be retained on the premises until payment of purchase money. Sale at 11 o'clock A. M.

JOHN C. LANIER,
sep29-dawtds Clerk and Master.

CHANCERY SALE OF

Valuable Real Estate, IN SOUTH MEMPHIS.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Chancery Court at Memphis, rendered May term, 1859, in the case of Hiram H. Thompson vs. Wilson Shannon, Edwin O. Perrin and others, I will, on

Wednesday, November 2, 1859,

in front of my office, in the city of Memphis, proceed to sell, to the highest bidder,

A Valuable Lot of Ground, Lying in South Memphis, and known upon the plan of the town of South Memphis in Lot No. 3, in Block No. 4, being the lot of ground surveyed to R. O. Perrin by decree of the Probate Court of Shelby county, on the 24 of February, 1853, in book 19, pages 816 and 817.

TERMS OF SALE.—The above described lot will be sold upon a credit of six and twelve months, purchaser to execute notes with approved security, with a lien retained on the premises. Sale at 11 o'clock A. M.

JOHN C. LANIER,
oct5-dawtds Clerk and Master.

CHANCERY SALE OF

Valuable Lands AND TOWN LOTS.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Chancery Court at Memphis, rendered May term, 1859, in the case of Caleb Cope & Co. vs. E. P. Phillips, Granville C. White and others, I will, on

Tuesday, November 1st, 1859,

in front of my office, in the city of Memphis, proceed to sell to the highest bidder

A Valuable Tract of Land, situate, lying and being in Shelby county, Tennessee, on the Memphis and Somerville Plankroad about three miles north—and of Memphis, bounded on the east by the plantation of the heirs of Kennedy deceased, and on the west by the plantation of Daniel Hunter, containing

One hundred and eighteen Acres.

ALSO—At the same time and place, in pursuance of the above mentioned decree, and a decree of said court in the cause of Joseph Tuey vs. David Lanier, G. H. Monsarrat and Phillips and White, I will sell to the highest bidder,

A Valuable Lot of Ground on Lauderdale street, in the city of Memphis, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the intersection of the south line of the first alley north of Gaston street, with the east line of Lauderdale street, thence south with the east line of Lauderdale street 100 feet to a stake; thence eastwardly at right angles with Lauderdale street 200 feet to a stake; thence northwardly in a line parallel with Lauderdale street 100 feet to a stake and last named alley; thence westwardly with said alley 200 feet to the beginning.

TERMS OF SALE.—The above described tract of land and lots will be sold on a credit of seven, twelve and twenty-four months, purchaser to execute notes with approved security, with a lien retained on the premises. Sale at 11 o'clock A. M.

JOHN C. LANIER,
oct5-dawtds Clerk and Master.

CHANCERY SALE OF

Valuable Tract of Land, NEAR RALEIGH, TENN.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Chancery Court at Memphis, rendered May term, 1859, in the case of Rankin Robinson and others vs. William M. Sanderson and others, I will, on

Wednesday, November 2, 1859,

in front of my office, in the city of Memphis, proceed to sell to the highest bidder,

A Valuable Tract of Land, Lying in Shelby county, Tenn., near the town of Raleigh, and known as the Rankin Robinson tract, containing 200 acres Rankin tract of land, belonging to the estate of William Sanderson, deceased, and marked No. 2 on the plat of said tract of land, to be divided made in said cause and next north of and adjoining the 100 acres sold in said cause to James W. King, and of the same dimensions as said King's.

TERMS OF SALE.—The above described tract of land will be sold for one-third cash, balance in one and two years, in equal installments, purchaser to execute note with approved security, a lien to be retained on the premises until payment of purchase money. Sale at 11 o'clock A. M.

JOHN C. LANIER,
oct5-dawtds Clerk and Master.

CHANCERY SALE OF

Valuable Real Estate, On Poplar Street.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Chancery Court at Memphis, rendered May term, 1859, in the case of Hiram H. Thompson vs. Wilson Shannon, Edwin O. Perrin and others, I will, on

Thursday, October 20th, 1859,

in front of my office, in the city of Memphis, proceed to sell, to the highest bidder,

Two Valuable Lots of Ground, Situated on Poplar street, in the city of Memphis, known and designated on the plan and subdivisions of the Church property, as Lots 3 and 4, in Block No. 4, bounded as follows, to-wit: Lot No. 1, beginning at a stake on the southern line of Poplar street, being Bethel's north-west corner, thence south on and with Bethel's line 187 feet to a stake; thence east parallel with Poplar street, 50 feet to a stake; thence north 187 feet to a stake in the south side of Poplar street 50 50-100 feet from the beginning; thence west on and with the line of said Poplar street to the beginning. Lot No. 2, is described as follows: Beginning at a stake on the south side of Poplar street, the north-east corner of Lot No. 1, thence running south on and with the west side of lot No. 1, 187 feet, more or less, to a stake in the line of said alley, the south-west corner of lot No. 1; thence westwardly on and with the line of said alley, 50 feet, more or less, to a stake on Yates' line, thence north-wardly on and with Yates' line to a stake on the south side of Poplar street, 187 feet, more or less; thence east wardly on and with the line of Poplar street, 50 feet, more or less, to the beginning.

TERMS OF SALE.—The above described lots will be sold on a credit of twelve months, purchaser to execute notes with approved security for the purchase money. Sale at 11 o'clock A. M.

JOHN C. LANIER,
oct5-dawtds Clerk and Master.

Chancery Sales.

CHANCERY SALE OF

24 VALUABLE LOTS ON LINDEN AND LAUDERDALE STREETS.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Chancery Court, at Memphis, rendered May term, 1859, in the case of Julia Warner vs. Wm. Henry Hazel, Tennessee Hazel and others, I will, on

Saturday, November 5th, 1859,

on the premises proceed to sell to the highest bidder

Twenty-four Valuable Lots, situated at the intersection of Linden and Lauderdale streets, in the city of Memphis, Shelby county, Tennessee, being the whole of the tract or parcel of land hereinafter conveyed by Albert L. Miller to Wm. H. Hazel, deceased, and known as Lots No. 1 in block 32 on the plan of South Memphis, having a front of 207 feet on Linden street and running back with Lauderdale street 50 feet, (except 75 feet on the west side of said lot, which has heretofore been sold off.) Said tract or parcel of land has been subdivided into 24 lots, and will be sold in lots by said purchaser—a plat of the subdivision of the same can be seen at my office by those who may wish to examine the premises, or upon application to the undersigned.

TERMS OF SALE.—The above described Real Estate will be sold on a credit of one, two and three years, purchasers to execute notes with approved security, with a lien retained on the premises.

JOHN C. LANIER,
Clerk and Master.

CHANCERY SALE OF A

VALUABLE TRACT OF LAND, Near Collierville, Tenn.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Chancery Court, at Memphis, rendered May term, 1859, in the case of James J. Bell, administrator of O. D. Amour, dec'd, vs. Wm. Thomas Armstrong and others, I will, on

Tuesday, October 25th, 1859,

in front of the Post Office, at Collierville, Tennessee, proceed to sell to the highest bidder,

A Valuable Tract of Land, Lying and being in Fayette and Shelby counties, Tenn., near the town of Collierville, containing

One Hundred and Sixty Acres, being the portion of said land allotted to my intestate in the division of the Wesley Hall estate, in township No. 1, and range 4, and being the same portion of said land conveyed to me by Thomas Armstrong and others, by deed of record in Shelby county, Tenn., and in Fayette county, Tenn., being the north 160 poles to a stake with a post oak and white oak pointers, thence south 160 poles to a stake; thence east 160 poles to a stake; thence north 160 poles to a stake; thence west 160 poles to the beginning, containing by estimation 160 acres.

TERMS OF SALE.—The above described tract of land will be sold on a credit of twelve months, purchaser to execute note with approved security, a lien to be retained on the premises until payment of purchase money. Sale at 11 o'clock A. M.

JOHN C.