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SUNRISE.

"Dear heart," they said, "the sun is high. Noon came while you were sleeping." "Ah! but the dawn creeps up the sky." He said, nor heard their weeping.

Again he asked the hour of day When dusk was slowly falling; "It cannot be, for far away I hear the robins calling."

And last he said: "I must arise, For now the morn is breaking." Then closed once more his weary eyes, And knew no earthly waking.

"All through that day his mind was dim," They sadly thought; unknowing That while he lingered here, for him Another dawn was glowing.

—Mary T. Higginson, in N. Y. Independent.

A DROP OF BLOOD.

IN 1775 the brigantine Gov. Clinton left Philadelphia loaded with flour for Spanishtown, Jamaica. It was the 15th of December, and Capt. Ira Drake, her commander, expected to reach his New Year dinner on the island. Everything was auspicious, and with a north-west wind he sailed down the river. He remarked long after that he felt unusually flurried by his parting with Mrs. Drake and her daughter Emma on the wharf, but not being of an imaginative turn of mind, the impressions passed and he saw the tall poplars and red-roofed farmhouses in the Neck fade away under the winter sunset with professional indifference.

The Gov. Clinton was only 430 tons, and she left port in company with 26 others, foreign bound, most of them square rigged.

Mrs. Drake and Emma walked up Second street to their home, which was in the house, then a two-story, afterwards the tea store of the late eccentric John Lamond, who died a few months ago. To be a captain's wife in those days was to hold social position next below the magnates of Society Hill, and Capt. Drake was reported a prosperous man.

"Mother," said the daughter, "do you feel any unusual anxiety in parting with father this voyage?"

"No, my dear. Don't let such things get into your mind."

"Yes, but the Aggy Slade has been out over 60 days, and she's bound for Jamaica, too. Poor Mrs. Folsom is just wild about her husband. How I do wish father would give up the sea and stay ashore."

Shipmasters' wives had to have stout hearts in those days; there were perils on the sea then that are unknown now—a West India voyage meant poor charts, dodging among the reefs and keys of the Bahama banks, northerly hurricanes and more deadly assaults from the desperateruffians that infested the coast of Cuba and were secretly upheld by the Spanish authorities, who shared in their plunder, and at this time both Tardy and the La Fittes were known to be cruising in the gulf.

Christmas passed, and as New Year's came on a feeling of uneasiness and dread entered the Drake household. Emma had an additional source of anxiety. Sam Spain, although only 24, was first officer of the Gov. Clinton, and a splendid specimen of the American sailor, and before this voyage he and Emma had exchanged vows. And so poor Emma fretted, and made her mother anxious.

New Year's day, 1796, was cold, blustering and sleety, and after attendance at early mass at St. Joseph's both women sat down to breakfast.

"For the Lord's sake, Emma, don't tell me anything about your dreams. You make me nervous. Your father and the brig are all right, and when the Quickstep comes in we'll hear from

to help him up, when his arm was cut clean off at the shoulder by the negro. A splash in the water told the rest.

In the bow the defenders had done good work, but Capt. Drake was stretched on the bits, covered with blood. The last pirate had run out on the jibboom and fired his pistol just as a musket ball took his life, but he had done his work, for poor Spain got his bullet in the head and never spoke after. They were beaten, and under a parting volley the ruffians sprang to their sweeps, and with the loss of half their crew, made for land.

Suddenly the mainsail gave a flop. No orders were needed. The topsail halyards were manned. "Up with the flying jib, trim sheets, round in starboard braces!" was the cry, and the little brig began to surge through the water.

"See! see! the schooner's making sail, Up goes her gaff and foresail. The fight's not over, men! She'll cut us to pieces with her long Tom." Just then came the sound of a heavy gun, and so intent were the crew watching the pirate vessel that they had not seen, half a mile away, a British corvette piling on sail up to royals. She was a flyer, too, and inside of five minutes swept down on the brig, hailed and was told what had occurred.

The pirate craft was intent only on saving her men in the yawl, but it was too late. The corvette ran her down and at 100 yards gave the marauders a shower of grape that tore the boat and crew into splinters. The schooner made off, followed by the man-o'-war, and both disappeared in the southern board.

The second mate took command of the brig. Her captain had a broken thigh and a shot through his body, while the mate and four of the crew lay dead. The breeze kept steady, and on the 4th of January they came to anchor in Spanishtown harbor. Capt. Drake lived to get well and quit the sea. But before the Christ church chimes rang for another Christmas poor Emma Drake had followed her lover to a better land.—Philadelphia Times.

—A Misunderstanding.—"I say, stranger," whispered a western man who had strayed into an uptown theater where the play of "Romeo and Juliet" was going on, "I can't make head or tail of this thing. What's the name of this play anyhow?" "Romeo and Juliet." "Well, if I'd known that," said the disgusted westerner, "I wouldn't have come in. I understood the feller at the door to say it was something about Omaha and Juliet."—Harlem Life.

—To see a rainbow in a dream foretells a long journey.

The Gov. Clinton was an old tub and did her best when she reeled off eight knots on a bowline, but this time, under a fair northeast wind, she was cutting a feather through the waves of the Bahama banks on the 19th of December.

Here her good luck ended. A norther set in, driving them 200 miles off their course, and then head winds blew for a week, so that it was the last day in the year before they came in sight of the Cuban coast, and not over ten miles off Cape St. Antoine the wind failed and there came one of those dead calms peculiar to these latitudes; the sails hung without a shiver and the pennant was as straight down as a yard of pump water. But this was not the worst. Capt. Drake knew that he was in the track of the pirates and was practically helpless to keep away from them, and at this moment he was doubtless signalled off shore to some of their vessels. Everything depended on keeping a stout heart.

His six 24-pound carronades were loaded with grape and kentledge, the arm chest was opened, cutlasses and pistols were served to the crew, muskets were loaded and the cook filled his coppers with hot water, ready to repel boarders. All hands kept watch that night, and in the morning Mate Spain went aloft with a glass. He at once hailed the deck. "There is a topsail schooner lying behind that point of land off the starboard quarter. I can't make out any sail on her."

"All right, come down. We'll have breakfast. There's trouble ahead. But there are 23 of us, all good men, and we ought to make a tidy fight for our lives."

A strict watch was kept at the mast-head, and at ten o'clock a hall came: "There's a boat full of men putting off shore. It is a yawl with a tug. She's coming fast under sweeps."

The ensign was seized union down to attract some passing vessel, and all waited and watched. There were not less than 40 men in the yawl.

When it was within about 20 yards of the brig the captain cried "fire!" But as usual two of the carronades missed fire, the other scattered ten feet wide of the boat, and next it swept under the bow, the leader, a white man, springing into the chains, followed by a gang of mulattoes, negroes and Spaniards, all big men. Their captain's head just came above the bow, when he was run through the neck by a pike and dropped overboard, but his men managed to get on the bowsprit and some aboard. Two of the pirates mounted the channels and tumbled in to the waist. The cook, a negro giant weighing 300, rushed at them with a cutlass, beat down their guard and hewed them down. A third had grasped the swifter

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Dr. Matthew Henry Kollock

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