

The Albany Register.

Encounter with a Pirate.

It was a beautiful evening in the month of June, that most of a crew and all of the passengers were lounging on the deck of the Isabella, a merchant vessel bound for Jamaica from England.

As is frequently the case in these waters, the wind died away with the daylight, and everything seemed as calm as a Spring scene at home. The water was hardly ruffled; but still, sudden squalls are so often the close followers of calm spells in the vicinity of these islands, that the captain had given orders that all should be made "soused aloft."

It was the first trip for me in the western waters, and I was very much amused at the many boobies, as they are properly called, who wanted to settle down some where on the rigging, and sleep as contentedly as if they owned the vessel.

While amusing myself throwing little pieces of wood and other things at one of these birds that had taken up his quarters for the night, I heard the man on watch cry: "Sail on the larboard bow."

At this time slavers and pirates were very common in the Caribbean Sea, and hence I experienced a very unpleasant sensation on hearing the cry of "sail."

Under ordinary circumstances it would have been a very pleasant episode in the dull life of a passenger on a merchant vessel, to have a chance of exchanging compliments with some others than his daily companions of the voyage; but now, in waters infested by pirates, the feeling was a very different one, especially so since we had a rather valuable cargo, and the Isabella would have been a first class prize.

The sun had set some three hours before the sail was seen, so that it was difficult at first to determine what she was; but after the Captain had taken a good survey through his night glass, he made her out to be a schooner with royal and main sails set.

I asked him, with some fear and trepidation, what he thought she was, and his answer did not make me feel any more comfortable: "She is the Flying Dutchman, or some such craft," he said.

He still kept a close watch on her movements through his glass, as she appeared to be standing right across our forefoot. At length he cried out to the man at the wheel: "Bring her head up to the wind. We'll see what she is." And then turning to the mate he told him to have everything in readiness for the struggle, as he had determined not to let his vessel go easily.

run her down very shun. It was just about an hour before day-break when our attention was aroused by a flash on our starboard quarter, and immediately after it the ball passed whizzing through our rigging.

In a moment all hands were at their places, and none too soon, for the pirate was bearing down on us with full sail. Everything seemed, to point to a desperate conflict. The pirate would try and make the attack short, sharp and decisive, and the Isabella would be on the defensive altogether, unless the trade wind would spring up.

Down she came on us with full sails, like an eagle bearing on its prey. The Captain had given his orders to the crew not to make any show of resistance until the pirate would throw on the grappling-irons, preparatory to boarding.

"Then," said he "every man for himself; and he that kills the most of the Portuguese scoundrels shall be rewarded accordingly."

At the time of firing she was not over half a mile away, so that soon her bow was across our stern. It is impossible to describe the excitement and enthusiasm which prevailed among the crew, many of whom had been at different times upon war vessels, and had a passion for that kind of service.

The pirate seemed to think that we were going to offer but a feeble resistance, for as soon as they passed our stern their little craft turned around, as obedient to the helmsman as a horse to his rider, and at once made preparations for boarding us.

Their ropes and irons were prepared, and the men all armed like ourselves, with cutlasses and muskets. As soon as the first grappling iron was thrown over the stern of the Isabella, the Captain gave orders to fire.

We had run out two carronades from their port holes, and loaded them with musket balls wrapped up in canvas; and as soon as the order was given, both of them were discharged.

Although several of the pirate's crew were killed and a number wounded by this discharge, still the iron was securely fastened, and two others thrown on board. Up to this time none of us had used our small arms, but as soon as the three iron balls had been fired, the commanding officer of the pirate was the first to board the Isabella, followed by about twenty five as fierce looking desperadoes as I ever met.

Day was now dawning, so that we would not have to labor under the disadvantage of darkness; and as soon as the pirate's Captain jumped on board, a hand to hand scuffle ensued; the muskets were thrown aside, as being of no use, and the cutlasses were wielded well.

THE COMING COMET.—For years predictions about the appearance of a wonderful comet have been made with unrivaled regularity. Since the beginning of the late war these prophecies have been annually repeated.

Each year astronomers have calculated the erratic movements of the fiery visitant. They measured the parabola of its wind-swept way, and knew the precise moment the shining pillar would flame across our vision. But none of these prophecies have been realized.

One comet, searching for society through the solitudes of space, came in sight about 1862, but it only stayed some three days. This was promptly decided to be a wandering son of a comet, and not the phenomenon that was to startle us with its brilliancy continued for months.

So other prophecies were delivered and have remained unrealized until this present year of grace. Now the promises are renewed. The comet is to come this time undoubtedly, and is to be the king of the comet host.

It is to come soon, and to come uncomfortably close. In size it will cover half the northern sky, and be visible in the brightest moonlight. At night it will outshine the stars and even put the moon to shame. Nay, we are to have no nights. This brilliant stranger will be a light that will make darkness visible.

Among so many prophets one ought to be found whose anticipations will be confirmed and possibly this may be the case now. Who knows?

LEAP YEAR.—Among the Cossacks of the Ukraine, leap year is eternal. When a young woman seeks a husband, she asks him to marry her on the day of the leap year, and addresses him as follows: "The goodness I see written in your countenance, is sufficient assurance to me that you are capable of ruling a wife, and your excellent qualities encourage me to hope that you will make a good husband. It is in this belief that I have taken the resolution to marry you, and I beg you will do me the honor to accept me for your spouse."

The immense reduction on freights from Chicago to the seaboard, in consequence of Vanderbilt's rupture with the Erie people, is productive of great joy to shippers, and of grief to the stockholders. So far, the Erie seems to have had the best of it. It is said that they have actually shipped, on their own account, over ten thousand and of cattle over the Central Road (Vanderbilt's line), at an average price of ten cents per head from Buffalo to New York, that being far less than it would cost them to carry the stock over their own line.

This is playing it rather sharp on the Commodore, whose fellow stockholders are anxiously praying him to end the ruinous competition, that is wearing out the road and rollingstock for no benefit.

One of the most exciting races that has taken place for several years on the upper Mississippi river, occurred on the 31st ult. The rival steamboats ran from St. Louis to Quincy, and the beaten boat, previously considered the fastest on the river, was one hour behind the winner. The latter ran from Hannibal to Quincy, 25 miles, in 55 minutes. Such affairs are safer in personal than in participation. If the winner is to have a champion belt, it is to be hoped it will be of the best wrought iron, and that she will wear it around her boiler.

A singular accident happened on the Hudson river railroad the other day. The bottom of a freight car, which had become rotten, fell out under the weight of seventeen horses while the train was in motion, and it was not noticed till the train stopped at Coldspring station. None of the horses were killed but all of them more or less injured. One of them had his hoof torn in a shocking manner.

Denver was built on the banks of an extinct creek. The creek has now become a constant stream, needing to be crossed by bridges. Salt Lake, in Utah, is seven feet higher than ten years ago and is rising annually. Civilization has brought with it vegetation into some of the territories where before was an arid desert.

Phrenology never succeeded in achieving a place among the sciences, and of late, physiologists, anatomists, and all scientists of recognized eminence, rarely ever waste time even in debating it. A writer in the June number of Good Health makes the following reference to this subject in an article on "Thought."

"Why," said Mrs. Anna Dickinson, on one occasion, stepping forward to the footlights and commencing a lecture with a flight of eloquence. "Why was I born?" "Why was I born?" she asked once more in touching accents, when a wicket boy in the gallery shouted; "I give it up."

A Sunday school teacher in Minnesota, upon inquiring of one of his juvenile pupils what he had learned during the week, was electrified by the answer that he had learned not to trump his partner's ace.

About as strong an example of the k as we ever saw is the case of General O'Neill, who coolly asks the United States to pay him \$100,000 for arresting him on his recent raid.

A correspondent asserts that when the captives gathered around the dead body of Lopez, his mother and sisters were on their knees thanking heaven for his death.

The Texas Legislature has passed the Southern Pacific Railroad bill.

SUMMONS.—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the county of Linn. G. W. Phillips, plaintiff, vs. James W. Lee, defendant. Suit to compel defendant to perform the obligations of a contract.

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