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Select Poetry.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

...une, with a smiling fac...
roses on our way,
When shall we stop to pick them up?
To-day, my love!—to-day!
But should she frown with face or care,
And talk of coming sorrow,
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?
To-morrow, love!—to-morrow!

If those who've wronged us own their faults,
...adly pity pray,
...ll we listen and forgive?
my love!—to-day!
...m justice urge rebuke,
...th from me ...row,
...ide we dare?
...orrow!
...ce again
...lips?
...sorrow,
...weep we must?
...orrow!
...less joys
...y;
...come them
...day!
...y words,
...appear
...orrow!

...American Union.

...PTAIN;

...OOM.

...st Century.

...PUS KRIMP.

"T...

...ter I.

...ship on the sea,
...my its path,
...e tempest it moveth
In power and wrath."—ANON.

...reader, allow us to introduce you to one of the Bahamas—the famous resort for all rovers of the high seas. Though these islands are generally of a low, flat order, the one where our story is laid is tolerably hilly. Never was a landscape wilder, never a scene more grandly picturesque.

On the northern end of the island of Eleuthra, near where the many islets of Berry's Group cluster in their evergreen beauty, at a point encircled by a group of small and nameless islands, there is a cove, or small bay, which is entirely shut in from the sea, being approachable only through a narrow channel which was so full of coral reefs that none but an experienced pilot could safely guide a vessel through its intricate windings. At the head of this small bay was a diminutive area of level ground, which was scatteringly grown over with tall trees, and sodded in grass and flowers, but inland it was surrounded by lofty and rugged precipices, which reared their rough and impassable ...ts on all sides, save where the waves of ...e bay rippled against the strand. Down the ...ides of these rugged precipices little rivulets leaped in foamy brightness, and after reaching the level meadow below meandered through the grass and flowers in little silvery threads down to the bay.

The level spot, which might contain twenty or more acres, was a perfect Eden. It was entirely overshadowed by tall and beautiful trees, with no rough or ungainly undergrowth, but beneath the out-spreading limbs of the grove was a level sward of rich, green grass, profusedly strewn with flowers, except in portions which had been trodden down by the feet of the inhabitants.

It is time we alluded to the latter; but let us first turn our attention to the bay.

Nearly in the centre lay a tall and rakish brig, of about two hundred tons measure... vessel built with the long, low hull, sharp, flaring bows, broad beam and tapering run. Her immensely heavy spars raked ...ntirely over her stern, and from the tall peak of her main sky-sail-mast hung a flag, which, as the breeze swung open its folds, revealed her character. It was a plain, crimson ban... ...ordered by blue, and worked in letters in ...s centre were these words, "The Iron-Clad Monster."

The vessel was evidently fitted for warlike service. Two long, brass 32-pounder pivot ...ers upon her deck; around her masts ...glittering boarding-pikes were arranged, ...guns whilst rows of brass hilted cutlasses ...racks ...k of the after cabin. There ...on her decks, and these ...fringed the trun... and trusty weapons. ...were but few men upon her deck, and the tri... ...edge of the ...were armed with truncheons at the foot of the ...

On the shore, on ...surrounded it, stood ...angular s... ...a fit residence for a ...rugged p... ...e flag, the armed men ...a magnifi... ...denoted it to be a rendez...king. The p... ...d such in fact it was, for ...and the vessel—all ...atical thieves there stored ...vous of pirates; and ...th. One man had su... ...several bands of piv... ...er them all—a man who ...their ill-gotten we... ...ut the motto well, "Dead ...preme command o... ...knew not mercy, b... ...men tell no tales." ...ously-furnished apartment ...

It is into a gorge...

of a very fine mansion in the most aristocratic part of London that we now desire to usher you. Seated within are a family group—Mr. and Mrs. Landgrave, Edward, the son, aged twenty, and Nellie, his sister, three years younger. They seemed to be eagerly discussing some important question.

"So you are resolved to go, are you, Edward?" asked Mr. Landgrave, addressing his son.

"Yes, I think it will improve my health to get a breath of sea air."

"But, you know, there are great perils by sea."

"Still, I mind them not."

"Sailors tell us there are pirates scouring every sea at this time."

"I should like to have an encounter with them; it would do me good."

"Where do you intend going?"

"On board a packet bound for America."

"To what portion of America?"

"Up the Gulf of Mexico."

"Good gracious, my son! don't think of it. In one of the Bahamas, and they lie directly on your course, is the rendezvous of one of the terrors of the sea. The Iron-Clad Monster—a boat dreaded by all—is said to cruise in those waters."

"Nevertheless I shall go."

This family was of the aristocracy of London, and Edward, the only son, was of a weakly constitution; hence his desire to go to sea, believing it would do him good.

A week from that date the ship Grantford, from London, bound up the Gulf of Mexico, was hove to under her close-reefed storm-sails. The gale, a heavy north-wester, was too violent for her to hold on her course, and she lay, pitching and heaving, like a drunken sailor over a rough pavement, with all her light spars housed, and with but a scant show of canvass spread to the wind.

Her commander (a true-hearted, weather-beaten son of Neptune was that same Jack Handspike) was standing close alongside of the helmsman, with his speaking trumpet in hand, watching the heavy rollers as they swept down upon his quivering ship, and giving from time to time, in a quick, low tone, his orders to the helmsman, as the storm-tossed bark came up or fell off under the heavy surge of the sea and the force of the gale. The officers of the ship and crew were all on deck, attending to their numerous duties; keeping a bright lookout on their preventer braces and stays, and standing by to reduce even the scanty sail which was set if necessary. It was indeed a fearful night. The sea rolled wild and dark around; the scud flew whistling through the rigging; the ship groaned and creaked like some living thing in pain as she staggered through the heaving waters.

But the good ship weathered the storm, and the next day she lay calmly at rest upon the waters, for there was not a breath of air, and the only motion of the vessel was when she was rocked upon the long seas—the result of the blow. She had yet worse scenes to pass through. A fresh breeze soon sprang up and filled the sails of the Grantford, and ere long the bending spars creaked the sailor's warning, when sail after sail was taken in or reduced by reefs, so that soon she was scudding under her close-reefed topsails, bounding over the foaming waves like a fear-chased thing of real life; neither land nor sail in sight—nothing but the broad Atlantic surrounded her—nought but rushing clouds above, nought but foaming waters below, nought but the wild, moaning winds around.

O, it is a grand sight to see a ship's hull cleave through the foamy surges, now plunging down into the cavern-like hollows of the mighty deep, then standing on their very crests like a lone tree on a hill-top. Aye, it is grand, but yet 'tis fearful.

On, before the gale, sped the Grantford, like a bird that flieth towards its nest. Her officers and crew were fearless, for the sea was regular, their masts and tackling well-rigged and fitted, and their ship in order.—They did not dream that danger was near them. On, through the course of the first day, swiftly but safely dashed the noble ship. And then, when night came on, the wind began to lull a little; but this and the general appearance of the weather indicated not the end of the storm—only a change in the direction of the wind.

The sea rolled very high, yet as long as it and the wind rolled from the same direction the ship could keep on her course and every hour give her a better offing. Midnight came on, and with it a dead calm. There was something awful in the sudden cessation of the wind and the dense darkness which accompanied it. The sea rolled on as high and wild as before, but the foam melted away like snow before a summer's sun. All now above, below, around, was dark, fearfully dark, ominously quiet.

For some moments the ship lay heaving upon the seas; her reefed sails flapping against the yards and masts, not even having steerage way upon her.

Captain Handspike had stationed all hands at the braces, ready to trim the yards when the wind again struck the ship, and was now standing beside his helmsman, watching with deep anxiety for the first gust which might come, for he knew that to be struck aback in a sea so heavy would be fearfully dangerous. Still, a few moments more, and no sign of the direction from whence it would come, though all knew that the awful calm would soon be broken.

Suddenly, as if up from the bosom of the heaving ocean, came a long, deep, unearthly moan; it swept across the waters through the thick air like the voice of some living monster in agony.

When Handspike heard it, he cast one anxious glance all around the horizon as if to see from whence it came, but it had seemed to fill the whole air; he knew not which way to brace his yards to meet the awful gale which he now knew would soon break upon him. Again came that fearful storm-groan, and the air seemed to tremble out a reply.

Bob Landyard, the chief mate, stood by the captain's side, and when, for the third time, that deep, thrilling sound crept through the air and over the dark, heaving waters, the face of that bold seaman turned as pale as the canvass which flapped above his head.

"Captain Handspike!" said he, "I never heard that but once before, and then—"

"To the brace! Bear a hand, men! Clear away larboard; haul in to the starboard," shouted Handspike, interrupting the yarn his mate was about to spin. It was time, indeed, to brace in, for while that last fearful sound was rolling off along the distant waters, the whole range of clouds in the north-east was lip up with one long, red, ragged flash of lightning; then came a peal as if the very magazines of thunder had blown up, and down, toward the ship, like a moving mountain of cloud and foam and spray, swept the storm, bearing full upon the larboard bow.

"Stand by the halliards and sheets! let go all! It'll sweep the sticks out of her if there's a thread of sail set!" again shouted Handspike, as he saw with what force the wind came on.

But ere the order was passed from his lips the gale was upon them. The ship received the tornado on her bow, and as it struck her close-reefed topsails, she seemed to press downward into the water to leeward as if the weight of a mountain was sitting upon her; down, down, she careened; her masts bent like reeds in a hurricane, and her lee-yard arms were down to the water's edge. She moved not a foot ahead, but seemed to be descending into the dark abyss of the ocean while that awful gale roared over her trembling hull and around her strained masts.

"Cut away sheets and halliards, and stand by to clear her of her top-hamper!" shouted Handspike through his trumpet. But little hope was there of a human voice being heard in such a gale, which now saved all trouble of cutting away, for the bending spars and strained canvass, unable to bear the crushing weight of the gale, snapt and burst from all fastenings, and in one moment more the ship was stripped of spars, canvass and all!—Nothing but her lower masts were left standing. And, as eased from this load, she righted a little, her bows veered off before the wind, and then, with the wreck of the masts and yards and the flying strips of her torn sails clanging about in the gale, she dashed off before the wind. The sea, now crossed by the gale, pitched in huge and angry waves, one crossing the other, now boarding on one side and then on the other.

All hands were at work clearing the wreck of spars away, at one moment half buried in the foam and spray, as the ship plunged into the water, the next lifted high on the very peak of black surges.

Captain Handspike stood clinging to the mizzen rigging, from time to time giving orders to the helmsman with his trumpet, as he saw the seas sweep down upon the strained vessel. Never was a ship exposed to a worse cross sea and a heavier blow than was the Grantford on that night.

However, she weathered it, and the next morning's sun, as it rose clear and beautiful in the east, saw her proudly riding the crested waves as they flowed in long, regular curves. But she was in no sailing condition, and Captain Handspike found himself, crew and passengers, among whom the reader may very well suppose was Edward Landgrave, in a very critical condition.

Chapter II.

Who will believe that, with a smile, whose blessing
Would, like the patriarch's, soothe a dying hour,
With voice as low, as gentle and caressing,
As e'er won maiden's heart in moonlit bower.

With look like patient Job's, eschewing evil;
With motions graceful as a bird's in air;
Thou art, in sober truth, the veriest devil
That e'er clenched fingers in a captain's hair!

That in thy breast there springs a poison fountain,
Deadlier than that where bathes the upas tree;
That in thy wrath a nursing cat-o'-mountain
Is calm as her babe's breast compared to thee!

FITZ GREEN HALLECK.

"Sail, ho!" cried the man on the lookout, aboard the Grantford.

"Where away?" demanded the captain.

"On our larboard side, bearing directly down on us."

And sure enough there she was, in plain sight of the naked eye, a tall and rakish brig, bearing directly down towards the doomed ship, and soon would be in hailing distance. A booming noise came borne by the wind across the water, which told them in very plain terms to "lay to."

"It is the pirate—that *Demon of the Sea*,—and he will soon overhaul us at the rate he is going," said Captain Handspike. "Men, get out your arms; we can but 'do or die' He shows no mercy. See," as he looked toward the advancing boat, "he has already thrown to the breeze his colors, and we may expect no quarter. Mr. Landgrave," addressing that individual as he appeared upon deck, "you are weak, and had better go below, as you are in all probability unable to stand an engagement with that demon."

"No, Captain Handspike, since I have been on the water I have regained my strength.—The sea has done much for me, and I feel able to stand up against any number of assailants, so oblige me by giving me a cutlass. I am an expert in the use of that weapon, and when I was taking lessons in the art of fencing I was counted hard to beat."

"Be it as you wish then, but you will find no common antagonist to cope with. I have heard it said these pirates are well skilled in the use of the sword." Then turning to the men, "have everything prepared; we have no firearms worth speaking about, and we must trust to the strength of our arms. Strike each blow as though you never expected to see your homes again. No quarter must be asked, for it would be useless to expect it of these blood-thirsty demons. But let them know you intend fighting. It may be that we can beat them off. Lord grant it." He would have added the present condition of the ship forbid any such hope, but he wished not to dishearten his men and so allowed the thought to pass.

By this time the Iron Clad Monster—for it proved to be that vessel—was in hailing distance, and ere a great while had passed was under the bows of Grantford, the grappling iron fixed, and the pirates were pouring over her bulwarks, but they met with a warm reception.

"Stand by men, and cut them down as fast as they step upon the deck," calmly spoke Captain Handspike.

They made a very decided stand at first, but at last Captain Handspike, crew and passengers lay weltering in their blood. Oh! it was an awful sight, to see men who but a short time ago were living and in health, now lying cold in death. But one person on the ship lived—Edward Landgrave. The pirate chieftain himself had disarmed him and was on the point of running him through with his sword when he gave a great start and his weapon fell from his grasp to the deck. Edward gazed in speechless astonishment at this strange occurrence, and remained so until the pirate spoke.

"You are safe sir; go on board my boat?"

"To whom have I the honor of owing my life?" asked Edward.

"He who, the world knows as Demon of the Sea," replied the pirate.

"Why am I saved when all the rest of my companions are slain?"

"You shall know hereafter. For the present you may take up your quarters on board the Iron Clad Monster."

Edward silently complied with the order.

After the Grantford had been searched, and everything of valure transferred to the pirate brig, she was set on fire, and left to the devouring flames, while her plunderers quiet-sailed towards their place of retreat.

Arriving there, Edward accompanied the "Demon" to his private room, and there was made acquainted with a strange narrative.

"You are, no doubt, sir, surprised at the way in which I have acted towards you, but when you are acquainted with some things which I intend communicating to you, your surprise will give place to wonder, and you will ask yourself who is this strange individual who knows so much concerning me?"—But I am a man of few words. I have spared your life, and brought you here to my island home; here you will be compelled to reside for a while, but everything possible shall be done for your convenience and comfort.—You will be allowed the run of the island, and will be considered more as my guest than my prisoner; nevertheless there will be a watch kept over your movements to see that you do not take possession of one of the small boats and leave us. When, however, you have heard what I have to say, I have no fear but what you will stay as long as I wish you."

"You indeed surprise me," replied Edward. "I cannot imagine why you, as rover of the high seas, should take such particular interest in my welfare."

"Is not your name Edward Landgrave?"

Our friend startled at hearing his name called by this person, but finally answered:

"I cannot see that it would benefit you in the least to know my name."

"It might possibly benefit *you* if not me," returned the pirate, "and I would advise you to tell me."

"Well, since I can see no impropriety in telling you, it is, but how came you with that knowledge? I am at a loss to conjecture, unless you heard some one on the ship in which I was a passenger call me by name."

"No; I heard no one call you by name.—Your face seemed familar to me the instant I saw you."

"Where in the world did you ever see me?"

"I never saw you before in my life."

"Then, how did I appear familiar to you?"

"You favor your father, or at least the person I suppose is your father. Does he not reside in London?"

"He does."

"Then you are the person I supposed you were. I am rarely mistaken. You may wonder why I have spared you. I have a motive, you may rest assured, or you would not be living now. Did you know an uncle of yours who died some years ago in Edinburgh?"

"Only by name; I never saw him."

"As I supposed. Your father's family and his were not on the best of terms, and consequently never visited."

"But how do you know this?" inquired Edward.

"You shall know presently. I have something I will communicate to you if you will listen."

"I am in your power and will *have* to listen."

"Though you are in my power I will not *compel* you to listen to anything I have to say. Still, if you say so, I will proceed?"

"Proceed, sir, proceed," exclaimed Edward impatiently.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE AGE OF OUR EARTH.

Among the astounding discoveries of modern science is that of the immense periods that have passed in the gradual formation of the earth. So vast were the cycles of the time preceeding even the appearance of man on the surface of our globe, that our own period seems as yesterday when compared with the epochs that have gone before it. Had we only the evidences of the deposits of rocks heaped upon each other in regular strata by the slow accumulation of materials they alone would convince us of the long and slow maturing of God's works on earth, but when we add to these the successive populations of whose life this world has been the theatre, and whose remains are hidden in the rocks into which the mud, or sand, or soil of whatever kind, on which they live has hardened in the course of time—or the enormous chains of mountains whose upheaval divided these periods of quiet accumulation by great convulsions—or the changes of a different nature in the configurations of our globe, as the sinking of land beneath the ocean, or the gradual rising of continents and island above—or the slow growth of the coral reefs those wonderful sea walls raised by the little ocean architects, whose own bodies furnish both the building stones and the cement that binds them together, and who have worked so busily during the long centuries that there are extensive countries, mountain chains, island and long lines of coast, consisting solely of their remains—or the countless forests that have grown up and flourished and decayed fill the storehouses of coal that feed the fires of the human race—if we conclude all these records of the past, the intellect fails to grasp a chronology of which our experience furnishes data, and time that lies behind us seems as much an eternity to our conception as the future that stretches indefinitely before us.—*Agassiz.*

A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.—A New York paper thus describes a specimen of this genus in that city: She went to the theatre and two parties in one evening, carried on three flirtations at each, and the next day refused three offers of marriage, accepted two and broke off three previous engagements, read four novels, wrote two letters and one hundred notes of invitation, practiced her music lesson, made herself a new waterfall, ate breakfast, lunch and dinner enough for two milkmen, took a walk on Fifth avenue, bought two pounds of French candy and ate it, rode to the Central Park with one of her lovers, and walked home with the other.

PRINTERS' DEVILS are generally great ladies' men, notwithstanding they have a very hard name. Some time ago one of those hard-named fellows and his lady-love were taking an evening stroll, and as they were walking along chatting briskly upon the numerous topics of the day, she suddenly caught his hand, and looking smilingly into his face, asked: "Do you know why I cannot get religion?" "No, my dear." "It is because I love the devil!"

"PARSON, I had rather hear you preach," said a baffled, swindling horsejockey, "than see you interfere in bargains between man and man."

"Well," said the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday, you would have heard me preach."

"Where was that?" said the jockey.

"In the State Prison," returned the clergyman.

HORNETS are long-lived—I kant state jist how long their lives are, but I know from instinkt and observashen that enny krittur, be he bug or be he devil, who is mad all the time, and stings every goood chance he kan kit, generally outlives all his nabers.

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