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THOMAS H. HANDY, Jr.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

The Dog that goes in for the Right.

BY REV. J. L. HATCH.

Now that your upper and bottom dog,
And your outside dog in the fight,
And each had their poet—let me be heard,
For *the dog that goes in for the right.*

When a little dog by a big one is wronged,
He goes in—with all his might—
For the little dog! or lose or win,
Does the dog that goes in for the right.

He may, for a time, be a bottom dog,
But he knows, by an instinct bright, [end,
That the dog that will come out a top in the
Is the dog that goes in for the right.

He loves his ease, and he loves his bone,
But he's not so selfish, quite,
As to care for no other dog but himself!
Not the dog that goes in for the right.

He will die, sometimes; and then you must know,
Having fought while he lived a good fight,
He will go, without fail, where the good dogs go,
Will the dog that goes in for the right.

So here's a bumper with a health and success,
To the dog that's my heart's delight,
The *noble* dog—the *generous* dog—
The dog that goes in for the right!

The Widow's Daughter.

FROM ACTUAL LIFE.

"Oh, my daughter, my daughter!" sobbed the almost frantic mother. "She has gone, she has gone. Oh, my heart will break—it will *kill* me!" She sat down and looked at us as only a mother can look when her beloved offspring scorns and despises her.

"Explain," said we, our own eyes filling with tears.

"Seventeen years ago," said she, "I married a man whose proud relations disapproved of his choice.—They disliked me because I was not rich. I dearly loved him in return for his devoted affection, and as he disregarded their taunts and sneers, we lived together as happily as such circumstances would permit us until after the birth of my second child, and then he died. Then his relations thought they would at least get possession of his property, but I gained the suit. I was still young, and my mirror told me that I was good looking. So when my mourning garb was laid aside, numerous suitors came for my hand, but I refused all of them determining to devote my life and means to rearing and educating my two infant daughters, so that the proud relations of their deceased father should have no chance to point sneeringly *at them* when they grew to riper years. I lived only for my children, and so closely did I cling to my home, and there tenderly teach and guide their budding minds, that the people said I was a foolish recluse, and bantered me about never going out as my neighbors did. But still I kept my resolution, and toiled for my children until, by-and-by, they grew larger and required a higher school. I had a few thousand dollars left, and concluded to leave my village home and go to Brooklyn, and open a boarding-house there, so that my daughters could have all the advantages of the city and its distinguished teachers. In this undertaking I lost all the money I possessed, but succeeded in nearly perfecting my daughters' education. However, the law came in to rob me of the little I had left, and I sought lodgings in New York, where, in order to provide for our support, I permitted one of my daughters to assist behind the counter of a saloon for ladies and gentlemen, in Broadway. Our circumstances improved, and I was more hopeful. But I began to perceive a change in my daughter. She became irritable and uneasy. Instead of returning to me for a parting kiss when she went out, or saluting me with joy when she returned, she averted her face and snappishly avoided me as much as possible.—One day a strange man called to see her and I inquired who he was.

"'A friend of mine,' she replied, in an ugly humor.

"'And am I not your mother?' said I, choking with painful emotion. 'You surely would not receive visits from a stranger without introducing him to your mother and your sister, and receiving my approval.' As I spoke thus, I put my arm around her neck to caress her, but she pushed me away and said with a bitter curl of her lip:

"'I'm old enough to do as I please.'

"She then abruptly left me and went to her room. Oh! how I have suffered since that hour," continued the wretched mother, wiping a fresh flood of tears from her red and swollen eyes. "I took her away from the saloon, but she behaved in a most extraordinary manner, refusing to accept the kindness offered by her sister or by myself, and resolutely persisted in going whithersoever and when she pleased. At one time, in the coldest part of winter, she took unusual umbrage at something I said, and went up into an unfurnished room, and sat sulkily on an old trunk, for not only days, but for more *than a whole week!* We tried to coax her, and did everything in our power to produce a reconciliation. Yet she stubbornly repelled all the advances we made. We carried food up to her and made her a bed, but she treated us with contempt. When she had remained in the cold room as long as she *would*, she took some of her clothes and went away to a strange house, where she boarded, until through the assistance of an acquaintance of ours, she was finally induced to return home. But she did not stay at home long, for her hatred towards us seemed daily increasing. Upon one occasion her conduct was so intolerable that I attempted to chastise her, whereupon she flew at me and *struck* me.

"Again she fled. We discovered her lodging but did not like to go where she was, in person, and we *wrote* to her, offering her *everything* if she would only come home again. I had recently purchased a nice little rose-wood bedstead, that she greatly admired, and we told her by letter that she might select the best room in the house, and the bedstead and whatever else she wanted might be *hers.* That we would not molest her—that we would supply all her wants and work for her—that we would be her very slaves *if she would but return.* And oh! what was her answer? She sent us nothing but sneers and sarcasms, and scornfully rejected our offers. Oh, my heart will break!" said the agonized mother, after a pause; "I cannot find her—she has disappeared from the place where she boarded, and I cannot trace her out."

"Is it not possible to prevail upon her sympathies?" said one. "Has she no affection?—can you not touch her feelings?"

"No, no!" sobbed the mother, "for after behaving out of all reason, and abusing her sister and I, we have both gone to her bedside the next morning with a nice breakfast, and kissed her and cried over her with prayers for *her* forgiveness, and she has then treated us with personal violence.

The mother then gave us a folded paper, saying:

"Read *that*, madam. You are an editress, and can appreciate talent in writing. *She* wrote it—*my* daughter. She often writes, and some of her pieces are very pretty. Read these lines, madam, and judge of her ability." Thus they ran:

FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN.

"Father," in the "Spirit Land!"
Cans't thou see me weeping here?
May I *never* understand,
By a sign, that thou art near?
That thou seest all my grief,
And my yearnings for thy home,
Where the *weary* find relief;
Where the *broken heart* may come,
Where doth dwell that blessed peace,
Beyond all our mortal thought?
Ah! *with life*, earth's trials will cease,
To the grave, no *further*, brought.
"Father!" in this hard life path
Wilt thou help me pass along?
Thou the heavenly comfort hast;
Thou cans't bid my soul "Be strong."
Be *my guide* and *heaven my goal*,
Father, *there* "receive my soul."

"Can it be possible?" we inquired. "It seems strange to us how a daughter capable of writing such lines, *could* behave so heartless and cruel to a good and a kind mother."

"Ah! if you knew her as well as her sister and I do, you would not be in doubt," replied the mother.

What must be the feelings of that wretched mother? As it were, after a life spent in hopeful toil to rear and educate her children so as to be a credit to their father's name, is it not terrible to be thus treated by one of them just as she is budding into womanhood and matured beauty? It must be dreadful to have an ungrateful daughter thus repay her love and long labor of devotion with sneers and blows, and then go forth to recklessly defy even good opinion. Poor woman! she showed us her hands that have done so much for that wayward child, and they were hard and rough from severe labor. She has but one consolation, and that is her other daughter who, she says, "Is all kindness and affection." We expressed our opinion of *early training* and *firm control* by parents who would have their children obey and respect them when they grow up, and suggested that perhaps *she* had been *too easy* and not sufficiently careful to govern her daughter's *will* before dangerous influences carried her entirely away. She confessed that we were *right*, and with words of sorrow and regret for the past she went in search of her daughter.

We deeply sympathize with the distressed mother and deplore the eventful fate of her cruel and wayward daughter. She is now young and pretty, but youth and beauty will not always last, and then she will find how *cold* the world can be. And sooner or later the hour *must* come when remorse will surely bring her a terrible reward.

* * * * * * *

Since writing the above, the widow's *good* daughter called to see us. She entered with a smiling face.—"Sister has come home," said she, with evident delight. "Yes, she's returned, and all is forgiven. Mother wished me to tell you. Oh, we are *so* happy!"

We replied with words of heartfelt congratulation, and sincerely trust that the mother and her daughters will never part again in their affections.—*Marie Louise Hankins & Co.'s Literary Gazette.*

THE PIRATE.

Eighteen years ago the ship I commanded was dancing over the waves, on a mission of mercy. Laden by generous contributions of a New England city, she was bound to the Cape de Verds with bread for the famine-stricken and dying. Brighter skies never gladdened the sailor's heart than those which bent over us; pleasanter gales never filled the sails of the sea journeyer than those which speed us to heaven where we should be; and now "may God have the ship in His holy keeping," the prayer which concluded the old English bill of lading, was heard and granted, we felt as we trod on the deck of the stout craft, whose errand was to succour the destitute.

We were all in high spirits, forward in the forecastle and aft in the cabin. Sailors who are so often hungry, liable at any moment to be put on short allowance, and compelled at times to fast entirely, know better than landsmen how to pity those whom famine threatens. Jack has ready sympathy for the man who has no biscuit in his locker.

It was now the fourteenth day out; just in the first grey of the morning that the mate aroused me with startling intelligence that a suspicious vessel was in sight. With the first ray of the sun the viligant officer had descried her, and she was so near as to be made with a glass. I was on deck in an instant.

The first glance at the strange ship almost dispelled the fear that the mate's alarm had occasioned.

"Why, Mr. Larkin," I said, laughing, "there's nothing suspicious about that lubberly-looking craft. She is a Portuguese brigantine—she can't sail."

"She looks like the build," said the mate, "but she is built for sailing, and she'll spread canvass, in a wind like this, that'll send her skimming like a gull over the sea. Look now at the men on her deck.

A glance through the telescope was enough to satisfy me that he was right.

The vessel was sharp built, of light draught, and rigged like a brigantine. Her masts raked very slightly; besides the canvass usual to such a rig, she was fitted to carry a lug gersail, which, when spread before the wind, increased her speed much. In addition, she was pierced for twenty-two sweeps. Her decks were crowded with men.

"It's no honest craft, Mr. Larkin," I said; "but she may not be a pirate for all that. One need not be surprised to fall in with a slaver hereabouts."

"She's no slaver, Captain."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because there are guns on deck instead of water casks."

"I did not say she had a cargo of slaves in," I replied.

"Then why does she carry so many guns on deck? If without a cargo her guns should be below; if with one, there should be more guns on deck. If that ain't a pirate, never believe me again."

As if to put an end to our speculations and clear up the mystery, the suspicious craft began to spread more canvass, and as she gathered away with the freshening breeze, there ran up to her foremast a flag which, when it reached the truck, unshook its folds in the wind. On a white ground we saw the terrible insignia of the freebooter, the death's head and cross bones painted in diabolical black. "I thought so," said Larkin, quietly—"and the ship has no guns."

"What arms have you, Mr. Larkin?" asked I.

"An old horse pistol, and the lock is out of order."

"And I have only an old fowling piece and a pair of pistols. I fear these fellows will make their own terms wirh us."

"Yes; cut our throats and administer to our effects afterwards," replied the mate, walking forwards.

We made all the sail we could, but fifteen minutes satisfied me that escape was impossible. The report of a gun from the pirate, and a shot whistling over us, speedily brought us to. The pirate came quietly along like a panther, which, sure of its prey, was in no great hurry to seize it. The moment he came within speaking distance, he hailed, and ordered me to launch a boat and come on board. We got out the quarter-boat, and I was about to jump into her, to pay my respects in person to the villians, when Mr. Larkin asked leave to go.

"If they want the captain," said he, "let them send for him. I'll see if the mate won't do as well."

He had scarcely put his foot on the deck of the pirate, when he again appeared on the rail, and descended to the boat, which began to pull back. Almost the same instant a launch was swung over the rail, into which twenty savage looking rascals, armed to the teeth, sprang and pulled towards us. Ten minutes afterwards they were on board my vessel, and began clearing away the main hatch.

The leader, a swarthy fellow, whose square, compact frame indicated strength, and whose eyes, black and hazy, and half concealed by the lids, expressed cruelty and cunning, approached the cabin hatch, where I stood, and addressed me in tolerable good English:

"Are you the captain of this vessel?"

"Yes," I replied.

"What's your cargo?"

"Flour."

"Where from?"

"Boston."

"Where to?"

"Cape de Verds."

"Why, they're all starving there," he said, opening his eyes and looking full at me.

"Yes; and the flour in my vessel was freely given by good Christians to feed those starving people."

The rascal continued his deliberate gaze a moment, then turned towards his men, who by this time had broken into the main hatch, and in a rough, commanding tone spoke a few words in Spanish, which I could not make out. The men looked up with astonishment, and then withdrew to the side, where they stood gazing cautiously towards their captain—for such was my interrogator. He thrust his hands behind him, and walked to and fro for five minutes; then he said sharply to me:

"You Americans are all heretics; why should you send flour to feed starving Catholics?"

"Because they are our fellow men; and their Saviour is our Saviour," I answered, astonished at the conduct of the man.

"If you lie to me," he cried with a fierceness that startled me—"If you lie to me, I'll nail you down to your own deck. Is this cargo the free gift of your countrymen to the starving?"

"I'll prove it to you by my papers," I answered.

"I don't want to see your papers," he returned, "swear it." As he spoke he crossed himself devoutedly.

"I swear," I replied solemnly.

The pirate lifted his cap, and beat his head devotedly, when I mentioned the Trinity. He stood still, with his head bent over, while one might moderately have counted fifty. When he raised himself up, it seemed to me there was less ferocity in his countenance. His eyes were no longer half closed, but open and dear in their depths. I looked steadily at him.

"Captain," said he, courteously, "can you supply me with two or three casks of water?"

I gave the order, and the water was lowered into the boats. A word from him sent his cut-throats over the side, but he lingered behind, and, after a moment's hesitation, as tho' he had half-repented of his resolution, and was ashamed of what he was doing, he approached me with his hand extended.

"God bless you!" he exclaimed, as he felt my grasp, "and send you where the starving are praying for bread."

The next moment he was gone.—It is very probable that the piratical rascal was afterwards hung, as he deserved to be. But however terrible his fate, I am sure that from his heart, seared and made callous by crime, and self-desecrated, there burst forth a little warm gleam of light which mitigated somewhat the desolation, and relieved though it could not entirely dispel the gloom of his dying hour.

[From the Buffalo Courier, August 25th.]

Blondin at Niagara Falls.

He Crosses in Shackles, and Returns with the Cooking Stove—Stops Midway and does his Cooking.

The announcement that Monsieur Blondin was to perform unheard of and unparalleled feats upon his rope at the Falls, and the wide-spread reputation he had acquired by his former exploits, drew to the Falls yesterday afternoon an immense concourse of people. As was the case last week, every regular and excursion train was crowded, and the boats had all they could carry.

The first train from this city, at 9 o'clock, took down seven cars; the 1 P. M. train had nine cars; and the excursion train at 3 o'clock, had seventeen cars—all full. Many were undoubtedly prevented from going to the Falls by the rain during the forenoon and the cloudy weather at noon. The storm, however, passed away, and the weather was clear and cold, with a fresh breeze.

On Sunday night, nineteen ropes used as guys to the cable were cut on the Canada side. During the day, on Sunday, fire was discovered in the brush on the bank under the ropes, and was promptly put out.—The intention was probably to burn the ropes. Failing in this, the knife was resorted to. The guys, of course, dropped into the river, but were immediately replaced.

M. Blondin was late in making his appearance in the enclosure, and a good deal of anxiety was manifested by the crowd, when, shortly before 5 o'clock, the cheers of the multitude on the bank above the grounds notified us of his approach. About ten minutes before 5, M. Blondin, accompanied by Justus Spertzell, of this city, and two others, drove up to the stand in a carriage. M. Blondin stood up on the seat, shackled from head to foot. In the carriage was the cooking stove and culinary utensils, and Mr. Spertzell carried a basket, in which were the eggs, butter, flour, pepper and salt, &c., which were to be used in preparing the omelet.

Blondin immediately proceeded to the end of the rope and commenced his preparations for the start. He was dressed as on former occasions, except the shackles. These consisted of a tin collar round his neck, bracelets of the same round his wrists and ankles, and from the collar to each wrist was a chain made of flat pieces of tin, each link about three inches long, and chains of the same material were fastened to the ankles and wrists. With these upon his person and his balancing pole in his hands, he started off for the Canada side. After proceeding probably a hundred yards, he stopped, stood upon his head and went through with the same tight rope performances which we noticed last week.—After crossing that portion of the rope where there are no guys he left his balancing pole and returned as we have already described, with his body suspended beneath the rope.

Upon reaching the middle of the rope he went through with a number of exercises, hanging by one arm then by one leg, supporting himself on his chest and swinging his arms and legs—all this we have described on a former occasion; the only difference yesterday was that his performances were done with the shackles upon him. He again returned to where his balancing pole was, took it up and reached the Canada shore in seventeen minutes from the time he left the American side.

While he was crossing on the rope the carriage containing the stove and fixtures was driven round by Suspension Bridge to the other end of the rope. This stove was of Russia iron, the same material as the best stove pipes are made of. It was got up by Mr. Fassett, of the Falls, and weighed, with fixtures fifty-six pounds. It was two feet six inches long, eighteen inches wide, and about twenty inches high. It had one length of ordinary stove pipe, with two oven doors and a hole in the top of it. The fixtures consisted of three tin plates, one tin dish with three chains fastened to it. This was to be used in passing down the omelets. There was also a small hand bellows and a large spirit lamp. Two pieces of wood about ten feet in length were passed through the feet of the stove which were to support it upon the rope and guys. Two leather straps were fastened on either end of the stove intended to hold it upon his back.

About five minutes past 6 o'clock, M. Blondin appeared upon the Canada end of the rope. He was dressed as a French cook, and wore the clothing of the chief cook at the International Hotel. This consisted of a white cap, white jacket and apron. Soon after appearing at the other end of the rope, Blondin then fastened the stove to his back, and, with his balancing pole, started for the American side. He walked along quite smartly until he had crossed the centre of the rope, when he paused and laid down his balancing pole. He next sat down upon the rope and unfastened the stove. He now rose to his feet, and having fastened the stove to the main rope by means of cords, got over the stove to the other side, and sat down, facing the American shore. The wind was blowing very fresh, and he had great difficulty in lighting the lamp, the matches seeming to go out. In a second or two a dense smoke was seen to issue from the stove-pipe, and deafening yells arose on both sides of the river. He commenced to prepare the omelet. Having put flour and water into a pan, he stirred it up, and sat the pan down. He next broke a couple of eggs and beat them, and poured them into the pan with the flour and water, and added the seasoning. The blaze could now be distinctly seen issuing from the top of the stove. In a minute or two the omelet was baked, and he threw it up, turned it and caught it in the pan again.

Two omelets were baked, and signal given to the steamer Maid of the Mist, which was stationed a short distance above, to come down. This steamer was crowded from stem to stern. The pan containing the omelets was let down by means of a string, but the current was so swift that the boat was carried several hundred yards down the stream.—She had great difficulty in ascending against the current, and was compelled to come in towards the American shore, and when she had got a good headway on, started for the pan, and the passengers on board of her made a rush and secured the contents. The scramble, as seen from the bank above, was ludicrous. One would grab a small piece of the omelet, and for fear some one else would get it, would swallow it. Another would obtain a small portion and go off to the stern of the boat to exhibit it, and on the way would be tripped up and loose it. Others who were fortunate enough to secure some of it, did it up carefully in their handkerchiefs for future exhibition.

M. Blondin having fed the hungry crowd on the steamer, put out the lamp, packed up his kit, and having stepped over the stove, sat down on the rope and fastened it to his shoulders. He evidently had hard work to regain his feet with the stove on his back and balancing pole in his hands. He made several attempts to get up, and finally succeeded and came across safely, consuming just 45 minutes in the passage. On reaching the shore he was greeted with immense cheers. The train for Buffalo having arrived from the bridge, we were compelled to come away without seeing Blondin after his arrival. His performance as announced in the bills was carried out to the letter, and we have every confidence that he will perform all that he promises.

His next exhibition will take place on Wednesday next at 8 o'clock in the evening, when he will cross and recross the chasm of Niagara river on his rope, surrounded by Bengal fires. This will be the grandest and most effective performance ever witnessed in this country.

It will be recollected that Mr. John Fremont's chief claim to the Presidency in 1856, was based on the circumstance that he had climbed the Rocky Mountains. It is pretty generally known Mr. Horace Greely is just now undergoing a similar privation, and it is supposed that he is qualifying himself to become the Republican candidate of 1860 for the Presidency.

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