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VOLUME XV.

LOWELL, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1879.

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LOWELL JOURNAL! The People's Paper.

Three Words of Strength.

There are three lessons I would write— Three words with a burning pen, In tracing of eternal light, Upon the hearts of men. Have Hope! Though clouds environ round, A day shall dawn when tempter's mirth— Know this, God rules the hosts of heaven— The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love! Not love alone for one; But man, as man, thy brother call, And scatter, like the driving rain, Thy charities on all.

Have Faith! Faith in a God who shall find Strife agh, when life's eurus rolls, Light when those eyes were blind. —Schiller.

The River of Life.

The more we live, more brief appear Our life's succeeding stages; A day shall dawn when tempter's mirth— Know this, God rules the hosts of heaven— The inhabitants of earth.

The gladness current of our youth, Ere passion yet disorders, Seems lingering like a river smooth, But the careless cheek grows wan, And sorrow's shafts fly thick, To stave that measure life so brief, (Thy seem your course quick?)

When love has lost its bloom and breath And life itself is rapid, Why, as we near the Falls of Death, Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange, yet who would change Time's course to slower speed, When one by one our friends are gone And left our bosoms void and drear?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength Identifying features; And those of youth, a seeming length Proportioned to their sweetest. —Campbell.

THE RACE FOR LIFE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

Towards the middle of July, 1840, a party of us city-bred mortals determined to take a cruise upon the salt water, and no sooner did the idea present itself than we set about putting the plan into effect. At Atkin's Wharf, at the North End, we found a small schooner, the "Othello," of about a hundred and twenty tons burden. She was a Baltimore built craft—regular clipper-shaped, long and handsome, carrying fore-top-sail and top gallant-sail, and a gaff-top-sail upon the main. She had been used some in the India trade, and perhaps for other trades. She had four port-holes, and some of our party could detect the marks upon her deck where gun-carriages had been, though the faint marks might have been made by a thousand other things just as well. The owner's name was Johnson—a short, dark-complexioned lean man, but a good seaman and a good man. The moment we proposed hiring the schooner for a pleasure trip he was pleased with the idea. He proposed that we should furnish a new mainsail, and provisions, and other necessary fixings, engage our own skipper and his crew, and that he would charter the schooner for a private member of the party. He asked no more. Of course we accepted his offer.

We found Tom Phillips lying on his oars. We knew him to be a good ship-mate, and we engaged him. Phillips was a tall, thin man, with a long neck, and one eye was blind, and another eye was lame, and finally all our arrangements were made, and on the 17th of July the "Othello" left Boston harbor, under a fair breeze, and with a happy crew on board. There were twenty-four of us in all. Johnson had had the vessel thoroughly cleaned, and she was not only neat and tidy, but we found her also a splendid sailing vessel. The water like a dolphin, and riding like a duck for carelessness and ease. As soon as we were out of sight of land we took a vote to decide which course we should pursue. There were twenty of us privileged to vote, and each one having written on a piece of paper the place he wished first to visit, it was deposited in a box by the binnacle. When the votes were all in, we examined them. Sixteen voted for Havana, one for Gibraltar, and three for "Anywhere." So to Havana we went. We had a splendid run, and when we reached the queen city of the Antilles, we found no difficulty in landing. We remained there a week, and having taken in a good quantity of fruit, we prepared to set sail again.

"Which way now?" asked Senior Torres, as we were preparing to leave.

"To Saint Domingo," answered Phillips.

"A fine trip," returned the old merchant; "but," he added, with a sort of serious smile, "you may meet Tridillo on your way."

"Tridillo?" repeated Phillips; "who is he?"

"What have you been here a week and not heard of Tridillo? Why, he is one of the most daring villains that ever lived—a pirate who has infested these seas for over three months, and whom no amount of strategy has been able to conquer. His hand is turned against the world, and he fears nothing. He has a crew as bold and bloody as himself, and he carries no weapons to tell of his deeds."

"Then he kills all whom he captures, does he?"

"Yes. He goes upon the principle that dead men tell no tales." He was formerly a sailor of this place; but some time during the year 1836 he was apprehended for robbery, and then imprisoned. He was whipped in public, but he made his escape from prison, and now he has made his appearance among our islands as a most terrible avenger. But he must soon be apprehended, for many vessels are after him."

"Does he sail in a large craft?"

"No, his vessel is not larger than yours. It is a schooner of United States build, and not a bit larger than yours; yet he carries from fifty to a hundred men and six guns."

"But how do you know so well his crew, when he kills all his prisoners?"

"From two sources. He has written two letters to the captain-general; and three men escaped from him about a month ago. They were all in a brig that he captured at night, and they jumped overboard with life-preservers on, and were picked up in the morning."

"And is he about now?"

"There is no knowing where he is. The last that we heard of him, he took a French barque of Aquilla, and murdered the whole crew. But I guess there won't be much danger, for I think

it very likely he is down on the Brazil coast now."

This was very cheering intelligence, but then we had no real fears, our hearts were too light for that. It was after dinner when we were up on our anchor and made sail, and before dark we had passed the headlands of Matanzas harbor. Then the night we had a northerly wind, and kept our course with flowing sheets. We concluded to run to the north of the island of Hayti, and on the morning of the fourth day from Havana we'd made we're northward of the island of Hayti, and we had to make a tack to the eastward. The wind was steady, and we chose to make a "long leg" on the easterly tack, so as to come down well on the next one. Our course by the compass was east-by-north, and by looking at the map it will be seen that this course lay clear, to the northward of all the islands.

"It was about seven o'clock in the morning when we lay the sheets on this tack, and in half an hour afterwards we were once more out of sight of land. I was sitting upon the main hatch, engaged in peeling an orange, when some one sung out, "Sail ho!"

"Where away?" I returned, sportively. And then Phillips asked the same question.

"Right there—just over the larboard quarter," returned the man who had spoken.

We looked, and sure enough there was a sail in plain sight, which must have come out from behind Samana. Johnson went below and got his glass, and when he returned he examined the stranger and was soon confident she must be a schooner.

"Suppose it should be the pirate?" suggested one of our party. Milk street book-keeper named Paine. That was a tremulousness in his tone as he spoke.

"No, there's no danger of that," said Phillips. "I don't care after all," going to fall in with a pirate so easily. We followed the sea now going on twenty yards and never saw one yet."

"Unless that's one," persisted Paine. "Oh—nonsense," cried Johnson, "the vessel was checked, and ere we could splice the halyards the pirate would be up with us. We turned our eyes over the taffrail and there was the villain and his crew in plain sight, his deck bristling with men, and his polished arms plainly to be seen. But while we were thus lost in fear, Capt. Johnson and Frost (the latter was the sea-man we had engaged) had spiced the sails, and the main-gaffs were again in their place. Hope had once more dawned dimly upon our deck, when a savage messenger came and drove it all away.

The vessel was now within a quarter of a mile, and as the smoke curled up again from her gun, a round shot and a stand of grape came upon us—the former carrying away our fore-topmast, and the latter tearing the throat of a fore-mast in pieces.

"By heavens! they're not die like cowards!" cried Johnson. "We have guns on board—muskets which we brought to shoot birds with. We ought to have thought of them before, but it is not too late now. Let's load 'em at once, and when we've fired 'em we can use 'em for clubs."

We had taken a lot of fowling pieces with us, and in a few moments they were brought upon deck, and each man requested to take one and load it. I was fear-struck, I acknowledged it, very much so, but yet I know there was a smile upon my face as I looked around upon my companions, whose excited fears had also quite unmanned them.

In ten minutes from the time our fore-topmast came down the pursuer was alongside. I uttered one prayer, and then turned to the coming enemy. Our vessel had broached to, and as we lay with our head half way up to the wind, the pursuer came up under our bows, and in a moment more a score of men were upon our deck. I looked at them, and their leader I recognized. I had known him on board the old Branwylene.

"Rogers!" I gasped, starting forward.

"What! old mate, is this you?" he returned, grasping my hand. "But this schooner?"

"The Othello," I answered. "We are out of the United States schooner."

"Why, it is the United States schooner Grampus, and I am commander. What a precious fool I've made of myself!" he said, after a private I had chased him from printing and lost him off Saint Domingo. My wife is blessed if I didn't think you were the same chap. You look as like him as one pea to another."

"I never saw anybody," whispered a young seaman by the name of Bolster. He spoke to Phillips, and seemed to hope that something might be done to increase our odds.

"But we were not alone, only one who bore fair marks upon his face. I think we all came in for our share of that. Whether the pursuer was a pirate or not had been settled in our minds, and the only thing upon which some of our men differed was the mode of escape. To be captured was sure death, and that, too, most horrible."

"Can we escape?" was a question asked by more than one, and asked by one more than once. Capt. Johnson knew most about our chances, and he only shook his head in doubt.

"It was a stern case, and we felt sure it must be a long one. Perhaps we could hold out until night, and then steal away."

"I'm afraid not," said Phillips, who had been watching the pirate narrowly, as the hope was spoken to him. "The case'll be settled before night."

"And this was the general impression. Toobly and then let the rascals come up and cut our throats was something we were not prepared to do, for though the pirates were gaining upon us, yet it was so slowly that there was a strange sense of hope while the distance was anything between us. Perhaps some other sail might be seen in sight, and perhaps a great many things might happen to help us."

"At seven o'clock we could plainly see the heads and shoulders of the pirates, and we could now see that their ports were open, and the guns run out. They were brass guns, for we could see them glisten in the sunlight. There was not now much over a mile between us. But remember a mile at sea does not look like a mile on the land. So on the frozen lake, when the ice is clear and smooth, and you shall skate a mile and think it a very few rods. We could see the white crest that rolled away from the pirate's bows, and we fancied we could hear the rushing of the water as she clear'd it."

"At any rate we could see the dark line of the crew, and fancied we could detect the scowls of triumph that lighted up their diabolical features."

By-and-by another gun fired, as before, to leeward; but of course we took

no notice of it. At twelve o'clock the villain fired again. He was gaining on us.

"Look!" spoke Phillips. "She's yawling."

"Going to steer off?" breathlessly questioned Bolster.

"Rather guess not. That's for a shot at us."

And so it proved; for hardly had the words passed from our skipper's mouth when he was cut off by the report of the villain's gun, and just as the report reached us a shot came plowing up the water under our quarter rail. A score of checks turned pale. Powder was about every man's ears, and a few shots like that upon our deck would be dangerous. We were not fighting men—not even sailors; injured to no hardship but that of sea-sickness, and all of us wanted to go home again safe and sound. We could see our and-twenty bulwarks on our deck, and we were to make the scene. It was an hour of terrible trial. We looked involuntarily for a means of escape, and so we cut away from the fence, a wood, a hill, or even a few trees, we might have had some hope; but nothing of the kind was to be seen. Only that endless boundless waste all about us. We had our limbs free of atoms only cooped within those fatal limits.

Another shot struck the water alongside, and sent the spray dashing upon our deck. The pursuer lost something else, and so we cut away from the fence, a wood, a hill, or even a few trees, we might have had some hope; but nothing of the kind was to be seen. Only that endless boundless waste all about us. We had our limbs free of atoms only cooped within those fatal limits.

"We're lost!" gasped Paine, as he saw what had happened.

"Not yet," returned Johnson, for our heads was checked, and ere we could splice the halyards the pirate would be up with us. We turned our eyes over the taffrail and there was the villain and his crew in plain sight, his deck bristling with men, and his polished arms plainly to be seen. But while we were thus lost in fear, Capt. Johnson and Frost (the latter was the sea-man we had engaged) had spiced the sails, and the main-gaffs were again in their place. Hope had once more dawned dimly upon our deck, when a savage messenger came and drove it all away.

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"By heavens! they're not die like cowards!" cried Johnson. "We have guns on board—muskets which we brought to shoot birds with. We ought to have thought of them before, but it is not too late now. Let's load 'em at once, and when we've fired 'em we can use 'em for clubs."

We had taken a lot of fowling pieces with us, and in a few moments they were brought upon deck, and each man requested to take one and load it. I was fear-struck, I acknowledged it, very much so, but yet I know there was a smile upon my face as I looked around upon my companions, whose excited fears had also quite unmanned them.

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THE KEY NOTE.

A Review of the Issues of the Hour in National Affairs.

Address of Vice President Wheeler before the New York Convention.

The following is the stirring speech of Vice President Wheeler on his being called to preside over the New York State Republican convention at Saratoga:

To-day we are here confronting the consequences of the magnanimity of the Government, and of its sea-sickness, and all of us wanted to go home again safe and sound. We could see our and-twenty bulwarks on our deck, and we were to make the scene. It was an hour of terrible trial. We looked involuntarily for a means of escape, and so we cut away from the fence, a wood, a hill, or even a few trees, we might have had some hope; but nothing of the kind was to be seen. Only that endless boundless waste all about us. We had our limbs free of atoms only cooped within those fatal limits.

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"I'm afraid not," said Phillips, who had been watching the pirate narrowly, as the hope was spoken to him. "The case'll be settled before night."

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"At seven o'clock we could plainly see the heads and shoulders of the pirates, and we could now see that their ports were open, and the guns run out. They were brass guns, for we could



NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MICHIGAN.

In one of the shops at the state prison there is a department in which toys are manufactured, and also various kinds of handiwork...

While a freight train on the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad was passing through the mill Monday afternoon...

Edward J. Laper was arrested Monday on the extraordinary charge of stealing 160 sheep from Lake F. Hooce, a Lapeer farmer...

The barn of Charles Royce near Detroitville was consumed by fire Saturday night. A span of horses, 600 bushels of wheat and other property were destroyed...

Joseph Novak, a man, who is a fit fall from his boat into the Kalamazoo river at Saugatuck Wednesday and was drowned. He leaves a young man and a wife...

Alvin I. Gordon is under arrest at Grand Rapids under a charge of poisoning his wife. The latter lab factory at Holland was burned Wednesday night...

The twenty-fourth session of the Detroit annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal church. An First 8 o'clock Wednesday morning...

Peter St. George, a very old and almost blind man, residing in Detroit, Michigan, county, had been blind for many years...

The twentieth Michigan infantry will hold its annual reunion at Marshall October 8. Edward D. Nelson, treasurer of the townships of Chippewa, was arrested Monday...

The forty-fourth annual session of the Michigan conference of the Methodist Episcopal church convened Monday at Lansing...

The boiler of Robert Phillips' saw-mill, near Red Ax, Harco county, exploded Thursday while the workmen were at dinner...

The farmers of Hillsdale County held a picnic at Barre Lake, Wednesday. It was decided to form a Hillsdale County Farmers' Association...

The dwelling and store of Paul Canine, of Brownstown, Michigan, was burned Wednesday evening. Loss, three thousand dollars...

East Saginaw is afflicted with a malignant disease of which, as yet, no one knows. It is estimated that the loss by forest fire in Michigan County this season will not fall short of \$25,000...

Her J. D. Pierce, the well-known "father" of the Michigan school system, died at his residence in Ypsilanti. He is far advanced in years and his recovery is improbable...

John Bohar, who was employed as a watchman in Smith & Adams camp at Summit, Michigan, was killed by a falling log while he was on duty...

The depot at Hastings was broken open Friday noon. The money drawer picked open and \$25,000 was stolen. At the recent term of the Shiawassee circuit eight divorces were granted...

The Rev. Mr. Baylis, who has been preaching in a church at Red River, three miles south of Owosso, disappeared recently, leaving his wife and child, and taking of another man along with him...

Dentworth Vandevork, a Lake Shore brakeman resident in Adrian, was thrown from the top of his train Friday night. He was killed and three cars passed over him, severing one arm, crushing the other and inflicting fatal injuries about the head and neck...

A young man named Babier was shot and fatally wounded at Frankfort Saturday by a man named Broun...

The placing mill of Linton & Frost, at East Saginaw, burned Saturday. A Great Eastern fire car, loaded with lumber and other freight valued at \$10,000, was destroyed. The mill and machinery was highly respected, insured for \$4,000...

MISCELLANEOUS.

Capt. Goldsmith and wife, crew of the miniature boat "Uncle Sam," from Boston for Europe, have been arrested at Detroit...

W. K. Bell, in the employ of Adams express company at Kansas City, was absconded Aug. 20 with \$7,500 of the company's money...

A fire at Marysville, Cal., Monday destroyed the store of N. D. Pore, and two dwellings adjoining. Loss, \$60,000...

Henry G. Stubbins died on Monday at the meeting of the wood's fair committee in New York which took action to counteract the influence of the revolution...

Hansen has agreed to row Courtney at Rochester, N. Y., for a purse of \$5,000. A strike of molders began at the Ohio Palace works, at Jeffersonville, Ind. Monday...

The north span, 125 feet in length, of the bridge over the East river, N. Y., was destroyed Tuesday. A drove of 150 cattle were being driven across the bridge...

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THE GYPTIAN.

Toward the earlier part of the fifteenth century the attention of various countries and nations attracted toward a wandering tribe entirely different in appearance and manners from the established inhabitants...

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DETROIT MARKETS.

Flour—City and pastry brands... 6.00 @ 7.15. Patent... 7.00 @ 8.00. Patent... 8.00 @ 9.00.

Wheat—No. 1 white... 53.10 @ 53.15. No. 2 white... 52.10 @ 52.15. No. 3 white... 51.10 @ 51.15.

Barley—No. 1... 42.00 @ 42.00. No. 2... 41.00 @ 41.00. No. 3... 40.00 @ 40.00.

Oats—No. 1... 32.00 @ 32.00. No. 2... 31.00 @ 31.00. No. 3... 30.00 @ 30.00.

Hay—No. 1... 12.00 @ 12.00. No. 2... 11.00 @ 11.00. No. 3... 10.00 @ 10.00.

Stocks—No. 1... 10.00 @ 10.00. No. 2... 9.00 @ 9.00. No. 3... 8.00 @ 8.00.

Grain—No. 1... 15.00 @ 15.00. No. 2... 14.00 @ 14.00. No. 3... 13.00 @ 13.00.

Produce—No. 1... 20.00 @ 20.00. No. 2... 19.00 @ 19.00. No. 3... 18.00 @ 18.00.

Meat—No. 1... 25.00 @ 25.00. No. 2... 24.00 @ 24.00. No. 3... 23.00 @ 23.00.

Butter—No. 1... 30.00 @ 30.00. No. 2... 29.00 @ 29.00. No. 3... 28.00 @ 28.00.

Eggs—No. 1... 35.00 @ 35.00. No. 2... 34.00 @ 34.00. No. 3... 33.00 @ 33.00.

Oil—No. 1... 40.00 @ 40.00. No. 2... 39.00 @ 39.00. No. 3... 38.00 @ 38.00.

Sugar—No. 1... 45.00 @ 45.00. No. 2... 44.00 @ 44.00. No. 3... 43.00 @ 43.00.

Coffee—No. 1... 50.00 @ 50.00. No. 2... 49.00 @ 49.00. No. 3... 48.00 @ 48.00.

Tea—No. 1... 55.00 @ 55.00. No. 2... 54.00 @ 54.00. No. 3... 53.00 @ 53.00.

Spices—No. 1... 60.00 @ 60.00. No. 2... 59.00 @ 59.00. No. 3... 58.00 @ 58.00.

Beans—No. 1... 65.00 @ 65.00. No. 2... 64.00 @ 64.00. No. 3... 63.00 @ 63.00.

Lentils—No. 1... 70.00 @ 70.00. No. 2... 69.00 @ 69.00. No. 3... 68.00 @ 68.00.

Peas—No. 1... 75.00 @ 75.00. No. 2... 74.00 @ 74.00. No. 3... 73.00 @ 73.00.

Chickens—No. 1... 80.00 @ 80.00. No. 2... 79.00 @ 79.00. No. 3... 78.00 @ 78.00.

Ducks—No. 1... 85.00 @ 85.00. No. 2... 84.00 @ 84.00. No. 3... 83.00 @ 83.00.

Geese—No. 1... 90.00 @ 90.00. No. 2... 89.00 @ 89.00. No. 3... 88.00 @ 88.00.

Poultry—No. 1... 95.00 @ 95.00. No. 2... 94.00 @ 94.00. No. 3... 93.00 @ 93.00.

PERSONAL.

Ernestine M. Dougherty of Illinois died at Jamaica, Monday, aged 73. Wm. H. Hunt, a well-known artist of Boston, died at his home at the Isle of Shoals...

Dr. Samuel A. Finley, ex-eargeon general of the United States, died at his residence in Philadelphia Monday. The Rev. Wm. Patton, D. D., who arrived from Europe Saturday, died at New Haven, Conn., Sunday...

Col. Thomas A. Scott arrived home from Europe Wednesday. Ex-Minister Wesley was given a public reception Wednesday in Independence Hall, Philadelphia...

Gov. George B. McClellan of New Jersey was in Detroit on Saturday. The famous book publisher Westerman, of Brunswick, is dead...

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FOREIGN.

The viceroy of India telegraphed on Friday as follows: Advice from all Khyber, dated Saturday last, say that the British troops have been sent to suppress the insurrection which has broken out in Kurdist...

It is estimated that 30,000 persons are still out of work at Glasgow. The iron trade only is doing well. The building trade is very quiet...

The latest intelligence from all Khyber, dated Saturday last, say that the British troops have been sent to suppress the insurrection which has broken out in Kurdist...

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TO LEADERS VISITING THE STATE FAIR.

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