

MEMORIES.

▲ little window, and a broad expanse
 Of sky and sea,
▲ little window where the stars look in,
 And waves beat ceaselessly;
Where, through the night, across the
 silvery foam,
The moonlight falls like blessed thoughts
 of home.
▲ little space within a crowded ship,
 A restless heart;
▲ little time to pause and think
 O'er lives apart;
To pause and think, while others pray and
 sleep;
▲ little while to bow the head and weep.
▲ little wind, but a heaven of rest
 Bent over all;
Where, through the silence of the star-lit
 dusk.
 The angels call;
Where the dead faces of the vanished
 years
Look in and smile across a sea of tears.
A quiet room—a quiet heart of peace
 With earth and sea;
▲ little corner—but a glimpse of heaven,
 An angel's company;
O, steadfast soul, O, floweret pure and
 white,
Still on my lips I feel thy last "Good
 night."

—Chambers' Journal.

Captain Jacobus.

BY L. COPE CORNFORD.

Although the time was long past mid-night, lights were still gleaming from behind the shutters of the little blind alehouse hard by the Reading road, not far from Winchester; and Captain Jacobus, riding gently up, judged it prudent to enter by the back door in consequence. The inn was a house of call for the captain, and the landlord a friend of his own, but at a time when detachments of Cromwell's soldiers were rough riding the country, it behoved a gentleman of the road to use caution. Indeed, in the estimation of Captain Jacobus, it was no insignificant item in the long score held by him against the Commonwealth that a king's gentleman should sometimes be compelled to sneak into his inn by a menial entrance. After stabling his horse the captain entered the kitchen, where the landlord, a little, dark remnant of a man, with a short pipe between his teeth, was going to and fro, busying himself amid a litter of empty bottles and greasy plates. Stopping short in his employment, the landlord nodded to his patron without a word, at the same time jerking his thumb over his shoulder towards the half-door, above which a square of the panelled wall of the inn parlor was visible. Captain Jacobus, without further hesitation, walked promptly into the parlor.

The long, low, red curtained room was brilliantly lit with a wasteful profusion of candles, a huge fire of wood roared in the fireplace, and, standing side by side, with their backs to the blaze, were two very tall, loosely hung men, dressed in the decent black livery and falling white collar affected by the Presbyterian ministers of the day. Save that the elder man had white hair and wore a beard, while the younger was clean shaven and almost bald, so that his great head glistened like a moist egg in the firelight, the two resembled each other in every particular.

Captain Jacobus took off his hat, with a sweeping gesture, and began, with some show of deliberation, to unbuckle and lay upon the table his sword and pistols. The two persons returned the salute with a grave inclination, the younger bowing just a fraction of time behind the elder, after a momentary glance at him; as if (thought the captain) the junior had so lively a habit of subservience to the senior that he manifested it unconsciously, even in the most trivial actions. Captain Jacobus disposed himself comfortably upon the settle against the wall, and called for wine. Opposite to him, the travelers' saddles were piled, together with their riding cloaks and great slouched hats.

"You travel late for gentlemen of the cassock," remarked the captain. "Have you no fear of highwaymen?"

"We put our trust in the sword of the Lord," replied the elder clergyman, piously.

"And of Gideon," echoed the younger, in a thin, high voice, extremely out of keeping with his bulk.

"Spoken very godly, and a mighty pretty sentiment!" observed the captain, rolling his liquor on his tongue. "And yet it seems to me you run something of a risk, notwithstanding."

"My son and I," returned the old man, with much tranquility, "shoulder to shoulder, have bested the devil these many years past."

"Ye, even when he traveleth abroad in the guise of a robber," the other chimed in, cheerfully.

"Ah!" said the captain. "But perhaps you never met Captain Jacobus, the cavalier, who rules this road from Reading to Winchester. They say he hath a very deadly spite against Puritans. The Parliament dispossessed him of all estate, I've heard, and he vowed the pragmatical rebels should pay for it among them."

Pausing to sip his wine, the speaker eyed the two persons over the edge of his glass. They returned his gaze in silence, with a watchful attention. "He has a mighty pleasant way with him, so I'm told, hath Captain Jacobus," pursued the captain. "None of your common, stand and deliver methods for him, but all manner of pretty knacks and strange devices. Why, now, just to give you an example; supposing he were sitting where I sit now!"—the speaker paused a moment, but the two big clergymen did not move so much as an eyelid!—"it's likely he would propose a game at the cards to you two gentlemen. Down you would have to sit with him, willy-nilly; he would have to wear the very coats off your backs. All by pure skill, you understand. No violence at all. And talking of cards," said the captain, briskly, with a sudden change of tone, "what do you say to a turn? Come! Landlord, a clean pack!"

The highwayman rose, moved an elbow chair to the table, and, looking at the two persons, with a very eloquent expression of countenance, sat absentmindedly fingering his pistols.

"I am exceedingly sorry, sir; it is impossible that I should pleasure you in so carnal a diversion," said the old man, mildly. "And, setting aside the claims of my holy office, I know not one painted toy from Toller. I will ask you to pardon me—we have ridden far to-day," and, with a courteous gesture, he sat down upon the settle in the chimney corner, and leaning back upon the bundle of cloaks and saddles, closed his eyes and folded his hands.

"And you, sir? Come, doff the priesthood for an hour! Unchain the old Adam, and give him a run! Trust me, you will be a world better for so self-denying an exercise. What's not so long since you went to college that your fingers have forgotten the feel of the cards, so glossy and ticklish. I'll warrant, Sit down, young

man, sit down, and cut for the deal, like a saint of sense!"

The momentary silence that followed was broken by a tiny click, as the captain cocked a pistol.

The bold young man started slightly at the sound, the recumbent figure on the settle opened its eyes, and the two exchanged a glance, so rapid as to be scarcely perceptible.

"Sir," answered the young man, earnestly, "you touch me nearer than you know. I am naturally eager for social diversions; and I own it seems hard that a single traveler like yourself must sit and twiddle his thumbs because his fellow guests chance to be clergymen. Yet, see how it is. Before I was a man grown, I gave my word to my father never again to touch the cards."

"Johnny," broke in the old gentleman, "I give you back your word. Do as your conscience bids you. And call to remember the House of Rimmon, sonny."

"Nay," said the captain, pleasantly, "say no more. I would not be an occasion of stumbling to any. It would be a thousand pities to risk a sojourn in purgatory for the sake of a trumpery game of cards," and, cocking the other pistol, he laid one on either side of him.

The bold young man, a good deal flustered, drew up a chair and sat down, wiping the beads of perspiration from his forehead with his coat cuff.

"It becomes my turn to entreat the pleasure, although I fear you will find me but a dull opponent," he said, with a ghastly attempt at urbanity. "Come, sir, let us to it. I am heartily glad of the opportunity."

"No, no," said the captain, shuffling the cards. "You are forcing yourself out of sheer good nature. I see it. I will have no man blacken his record in heaven for me!"

"Not a jot, not a tittle," returned the other, with an obsequious slowness. "And I take it greatly as a favor you should play with so rusty an amateur."

"Well, have it as you will, then," said the captain. "And what shall we call the stakes?"

"Shall we say—Jacobuses?" said "the bold young man, smoothly.

A doubt crossed the mind of Captain Jacobus, and he looked up sharply at the speaker. But the bold young man was laboriously dealing the cards, his white face creased in a fatuous smile; and the captain could make nothing of his expression.

"Why, yes, with all my heart," returned the captain, "Jacobuses, certainly!" and the two men settled to the game, the clergymen conning his play with the most arduous attention, often clutching his jaw and pausing to consider; and the captain, with scarcely a glance at his hand, nonchalantly tossing his cards on the table.

They played without exchanging a word; at intervals a smouldering log broke and fell upon the hearth, disengaging a shower of sparks; the old clergyman snored in the chimney corner, and the next wind rustled in the trees outside. At first the game went evenly; but, as the night wore on, a little heap of gold began to accumulate at the elbow of the bold young man, in a manner to the captain quite unaccountable. The doubt in his mind grew and pricked him. He began to watch the other narrowly, and presently detected a piece of very deft manipulation. The highwayman said nothing, but, twisting his moustache, looked the other full in the eyes. The cheat blinked, went very white, and glanced swiftly round at the sleeper, who continued to snore pell-mell; but the captain, at the moment of choosing a card, and without turning his head, saw the old man's eyes open wide and shoot an answering look of meaning at his son. The incident passed so quickly that to an onlooker the pause in the game would have been barely noticeable. Captain Jacobus, under cover of the table, unbuttoned a short skirt, and laid it, naked, on his knee.

Soon the pile of gold pieces began to wobble and change sides upon the table, when suddenly, as the bold young man laid down a card, the Captain, with an oath, drove his dagger through the back of his opponent's hand, deep into the oak. "Not again, my cuddy!" he cried.

The man screamed and fell back in a swoon, and at the sound the other person leaped to his feet with a cry, whipping a great horse-pistol from his pocket. But the Captain was too quick for him; before he could bring the ponderous engine to bear, the highwayman had caught his wrist with one hand, and trust the muzzle of a pistol into his face with the other. The clergyman's weapon exploded harmlessly, the bullet striking the ceiling.

"Now," said Captain Jacobus, releasing him, "it's my turn! Obey orders!" he thundered. "Hand up those saddles!"

The old man with shaking fingers and a very wry face, heaped up the baggage and dumped it on the table, where the litter of cards was afloat in widening pools of blood.

"Empty out the saddle-bags!" Give me but the shadow of a robbery," the other chimed in, cheerfully.

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"The perro sompoco," replied the captain, rolling his liquor on his tongue. "And yet it seems to me you run something of a risk, notwithstanding."

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CUBAN WEAPON.

THE MACHETE A TERROR IN THE HANDS OF THE INSURGENTS.

The Skilful User Cuts and Tears the Spanish Enemy and Sometimes Severs His Head.

Cuba has a terrible national weapon. In the present conflict in progress in Cuba the insurgents have done such deadly execution with it that the Spaniards have decided to arm their own infantry with it in order to be able to meet the insurgents on more nearly equal terms. This weapon is the machete.

The machete is the Central and South American agricultural tool. It is pronounced as spelled māchay-tay, with an accent on the ay of the second syllable. It is the husbandman's implement in all sugar growing countries. There are some three or four hundred styles used in Brazil, the Central American States, Mexico and San Domingo. Each country uses a different blade, and of each there are about a hundred varieties.

But wherever it appears and whatever its style, it is a murderous weapon in the hands of those accustomed to its use. It has played no small part in the history of all uprisings in the Spanish speaking provinces. But in Cuba it has done such execution that if the island should win her freedom the machete ought to be included in the coat-of-arms of Cuba libra.

In Cuba every man possesses a machete, no matter what else he doesn't own. It is the tool of the Cuban workman. With it he earns his living cutting the sugar cane. With it he cuts the firewood for his own use. Indeed, it is hatchet and knife combined for him.

Every Cuban except those who live in the big cities, like Havana, is familiar with the use of the machete. The rank and file of the Cuban insurgents, who come from the plantations, are not skilled in the use of firearms. But they make up for it by the ferocity with which they engage in close-quarter encounters with Spanish soldiers with the faithful machete. When this is the case the Spaniard fares badly and the machete man leaves a lot of bloody corpses or wounded bodies behind him.

A young Cuban explained the most common manner of using the machete. It is entirely different from sword practice; the thrust is not employed at all. The aim of the machete user is to cut, rip and tear his opponent and disable or kill at once.

When the word it passed the machete is pulled from the scabbard with an upward stroke diagonally to the right, with the longest and sharpest edge toward the enemy. This constitutes one stroke, and is aimed at the abdomen of the attacked person with the design of cutting or tearing the body. With the weapon raised to the length of the right arm the wrist is simply turned over, and the machete makes a stroke back to the left so as to slash the attacked person's neck and, if possible, partially sever it. The aim of the machete strikes downward, cleaving the body again.

This is all done with wonderful dexterity. These strokes are the easiest form of attack to learn among edged weapons. In the hands of the insurgents who are accustomed to the use of the machete and are very strong the blows are described as wicked. Many times heads are all but severed from the body, and a machete wound is usually fatal.

The machete used by the insurgents at present is a very cheap and ordinary looking affair and costs less than a dollar. It is made in England and in Germany. The blades are from twenty to thirty inches long. Some of them have a blade slightly curved backward towards the thick, dull edge with a rounded point curving back to the thick edge. The favorite and the one that has done most damage to the Spanish forces has the thirty inch blade, about three inches wide, long, straight and clean looking, and with the end cut off diagonally to a point, as a milliner cuts the ends of a ribbon bow. The handle is of rough looking bone, the handle of the blade being run through the center and fastened together with what looks like four ordinary nail heads with the heads cut off. There is no guard at all and the machete man often gets his fingers badly wounded. That is the simplest machete.

Others of the species, when I lifted them up, dropped a number of little fishes out of their mouths, which swam away hastily. The natives explained the phenomenon. The blind Chromis are the victims of sea hawks. When these birds have eaten their fill they begin to look out for tit-bits. After catching a fish they hit its forehead with their sharp beak, and keep them in their natural side pockets, where they are regularly hatched, and remain until able to shift for themselves. By this ingenious arrangement the brood is comparatively guarded against its natural enemies; it is easily fed, too, but it is a puzzle how the little ones escape being eaten alive. A month ago, says a traveler writing to a religious contemporary, I found in my number of Chromis Simonis without eyes.

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