

the crew could scramble up. As luck would have it, the privateers felt so secure in their numbers and distance from any armed port, that they were all below having a carousal and compelled the prisoner to remain with them. The boat was pulled along-side, the crew softly climbed to the deck and fastened their boat to the rigging. Then three musket barrels were pointed down the cabin hatch-way, while the other men cheered, jumped about and made a noise as though the vessel were being boarded by a strong force of men. D'Entremont called to his own man below to come on deck and bring the hammer and box of nails. He was permitted to do so without interference from the surprised and terrified crew, who called out for mercy. They were ordered to pass up their weapons and this being done, the hatch was closed and nailed down. Availing themselves of a breeze, the rescuers proceeded to Shelburne. There the gallant Deacon was made the lion of the hour and the privateer's crew locked up. Two hastily armed schooners were sent out in search of the Yankee vessel but failed to sight her. The Deacon returned to his farm, family and meetings, while Bensoni D'Entremont lived to a good old age and is known in provincial history as the first French Acadian Justice of the Peace ever appointed by the British crown. His son, Simon D'Entremont, was elected to the Legislature of Nova Scotia and was the first of his race who ever occupied a seat in that assembly.

PUBLICO.

From "The Week."

HOW NOON.

Baron Von Humboldt well has told—  
When solemn night came down to screen  
The Planos of the Argentine  
With its impenetrable field  
'Round all except the stars on high,—  
How, sweeter than the matin-song  
To him and his intrepid band—  
Low-couch'd upon the yielding moss,  
And lulled by dreams of father-land—  
Sounded the sentinel's welcome cry,  
Breaking the silence deep and long,  
Whene'er the mystic Southern Cross  
Stood upright in that foreign sky:  
"Mitternacht ist vorbei!"

The pledge of fuller life I feel  
Inflowing like a friendly tide  
That makes the narrow channel wide  
And safer for the dubious keel,—  
When pausing, half in dumb amaze  
And fear on dark, untraversed ways,  
Unseen by any pitying eye,  
I ask the depth and ask the height,  
What of the weary-dragging night?  
And hold my breath for the reply,  
And strain my vision to decree  
Some token of returning light,  
A whisper falleth from the sky,  
"Mitternacht ist vorbei!"

MOSES H. NICKERSON.

Lockport.

Nova Scotia is remarkable for the number of its old people. It has a larger population of centenarians than any other country, there being one to every 19,000 inhabitants, while England has only one in every 200,000.

The N. S. Game Society have decided to offer \$100 for the arrest of persons caught snaring moose.