

TRUE PIRATE STORIES.

CAPTURE OF THE CHESAPEAKE BY BRAINE AND OTHERS.

How it was Carried Out by Quick Work—The Shooting of Schaeffer—The Steamer Recaptured at Sambre—Exciting Incidents After the Arrival at Halifax.

The steamer Chesapeake left New York at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, the 5th of December, 1863, on her regular trip to Portland, Me., a voyage that usually required about thirty-six hours. The steamer was owned in New York by Henry B. Cromwell, and was in command of Captain Isaac Willett, an experienced master who had followed the sea for thirty years. The crew, all told and including the stewards, numbered eighteen persons, and there were twenty-two passengers, a small number as compared with the lists of those carried the previous summer and autumn. The cargo was a large and valuable one, much of it being cotton and wool. From the fact that the state of Maine had then, as now, a prohibitory law, it may be inferred that the wine was for medicinal and mechanical purposes, but that it was shipped in large quantities for Portland is recorded for all time on the oath of Daniel Henderson, mate.

Among the passengers were John C. Braine, Brooks, Collins, Clifford, Seely, Robinson, Gilbert and Robert Cox, Parr, McKinney, Wade and five others. Braine and his St. John recruits had left the latter city by the Boston boat about the first of December, reaching New York a day or so before the Chesapeake was to make her trip. They came on board without tickets, and when the fares were collected Braine paid over \$87 for passage money. Captain Willett knew Braine by sight, having had him as a passenger from New York to Portland about a fortnight before, at which time Braine was making his observations as to the easiest way in which a capture could be effected.

Nothing unusual occurred during Saturday night and Sunday. At midnight on the latter day the second mate, Daniel Henderson, finished his watch, went to his room and was soon asleep. Captain Willett was also asleep, and the steamer was in charge of the chief mate, Charles Johnston. At one o'clock the Chesapeake was about twenty miles north-north-east of Cape Cod. The hour had arrived for the blow to be struck.

The body of armed men had everything their own way, of course. With part of the officers and crew asleep and the others unsuspecting any design against them, it could not well be otherwise. The surprise was complete, and the only man, apparently, who talked of resistance, was shot dead on the spot and his body thrown overboard.

This was Orrin Schaeffer, the second engineer, who was in charge of the engines at the time of the attack. He was a tall, powerful man who would be likely to defend himself, but the stories as to how far that resistance justified the crowd of armed men in killing him do not agree. It was afterwards claimed by Braine that Schaeffer fired three shots from a revolver and attempted to clear the deck with the apparatus for throwing scalding water, but it was averted by others that Schaeffer did not even have a pistol. As to the use of the hot water apparatus, it would have been difficult for him to have managed it alone, and he could not have got it ready in less than twenty-five minutes.

Charles Johnston, the chief mate, was also shot at and wounded in the left arm and the right knee. The chief engineer, James Johnston, had been awakened by the shots, and hurrying out on deck found the body of Schaeffer lying at the engine room door. There was no life in it. The chief engineer then went below, where he was met by David Collins, who put a pistol to his head. Johnston caught his arm and told him to "hold on." Then another man, supposed to have been Brooks, shot at Johnston, the ball taking effect in his chin.

Captain Willett had been aroused by the chief mate, when Schaeffer was shot, and going on deck was also fired at. Several other shots were fired at him, and finally Farr put a pistol to his face, told him he was a prisoner in the name of the Southern Confederacy, and caused him to be secured with handcuffs.

Six of the 22 passengers had bought tickets in New York, and did not appear to be of Braine's party. One of them, however, Robert Osborne, formerly master of the schooner Fellow Craft, was made pilot. The other five passengers were not interfered with in any way. Four of them were from the State of Maine, while the other belonged to New Brunswick. Chief engineer Johnston was put in charge of the engines under guard, and the firemen of the Chesapeake were also put at work under similar restrictions.

Braine was now in full command of the Chesapeake; every part of the steamer was guarded and such of the crew as were not required for work were kept in the forecastle. The name "Chesapeake" on the steamer was painted out, and the distinguishing yellow streaks on the smokestack were changed to black. The course was shaped for Grand Manan, and the steamer reached Seal Harbor about 7 o'clock on Tuesday morning. There they lay at anchor two or three hours and then resumed their course up the Bay of Fundy.

After leaving Grand Manan, Braine and Parr took Captain Willett to his room, where he was handed a copy of Captain Parker's instructions to Braine to capture the steamer. He was then ordered to give up his coasting license, the papers relating to the cargo, and the \$87 in money which he had collected from Braine as

passage money for the party. He, of course, had no resource but to comply. They were then a short distance below Dipper Harbor and were soon afterwards hailed by the pilot boat of George Mulhern, of St. John. The steamer was stopped and two men were aboard from the pilot boat. One of them was called "Mr. McDonald" and the other was Captain Parker, formerly known as Vernon G. Locke, formerly of Shelburne and now captain of the Confederate privateer Retribution. Parker took command of the Chesapeake and steamed for Dipper Harbor, where the captain, passengers and crew, except the engineers and three fishermen, were put on board the pilot boat, which had been taken in tow. Osborne remained with the Chesapeake. The steamer then proceeded up the bay, until it was about three miles below Partridge Island, where the pilot boat was cast off. Captain Willett and the others reached St. John early on Wednesday morning, the 9th of December.

The news of the capture of the Chesapeake created great excitement in St. John, where so many of those engaged in the adventure were well known. There were not wanting rabid sympathizers with the pro-slavery party who applauded the action of Braine and his men, but on the other hand it was freely characterized as an act of piracy and murder. A sort of rumors were current as to other projected enterprises of the same kind, and so much was danger apprehended that before the steamer New England left for Eastport, Portland and Boston, on her regular trip, a search was instituted among the passengers for concealed weapons. Chief of Police John E. Marshall, with some of his men, was present during the search, for which he was roundly rated by some of the newspapers, until it was shown that he was merely there to prevent a breach of the peace, and took no part in the searching. The investigation disclosed only one revolver among the passengers.

In the meantime, the Chesapeake, in charge of Parker, had steamed down the bay, and around the Nova Scotia coast to Shelburne, encountering a heavy gale, with snow, on the passage. At Shelburne a quantity of the cargo—flour, sugar, tobacco and port wine, was put ashore, some of it being exchanged for wood and coal and the rest, presumably, sold at a low figure. The steamer lay at anchor until after the following Sunday, the 18th, and during this time Braine left the vessel and made his way to Halifax. At Petit Riviere, 25 miles from Liverpool, two men, one of them a former U. S. consul, attempted to arrest him. He demanded their authority and they applied to a magistrate, who refused to interfere. They then attempted to take Braine by force, but the bystanders interfered and he was allowed to pursue his journey. He reached Halifax, and disappeared from there, but he arrived in St. John by train on the evening of the 21st of December.

From Shelburne the Chesapeake went to La Have, got some wood from a schooner and disposed of some of the cargo. Thence they went to Sambre, 20 miles from Halifax, to which latter city Parker went, returning with schooner load of coal, two engineers and two fishermen. The Chesapeake began to take in coal at two o'clock in the morning of Thursday, the 17th. She lay about four miles inside of Sambre, and one and a half miles from the shore. There had been another arrival at Halifax in the interval. The U. S. gunboat Ella and Annie, in command of Lieut. Nichols, arrived there on Tuesday, took coals at Cunard's wharf and heard of the Chesapeake's being around the coast. Thereupon the gunboat steamed for La Have and from thence to Lunenburg, where it was received that the captured steamer was in Sambre.

Very early Thursday morning while Johnston was preparing to leave the vessel in the care of the new engineer, Capt. Parker was surprised by the appearance of a gunboat in the harbor. It was the Ella and Annie. Parker ordered the engineer to get steam on, but was told that it could not be done in time. Then he proposed to scuttle the vessel, but the rapid approach of the pursuer rendered this out of the question. Thereupon Parker and his men got away from the Chesapeake as fast as they could, most of them going ashore, though Wade got aboard the schooner Investigator and concealed himself.

Parker having thus abruptly given up his command, Johnston hoisted the stars and stripes upside down and the gunboat was soon alongside. The flag was righted, and Lieut. Nichols took charge. Quick as had been the original capture of the Chesapeake, the recapture was even more speedy.

It was at first the intention of Lieut. Nichols to take the steamer to Eastport, Me., but after getting out of the harbor he reported to the U. S. S. Decatur, and was ordered to take the prize to Halifax and hand her over to the civil authorities for adjudication. This was the proper course, for the capture of a vessel in neutral waters and carrying her to a United States port would have led to a good many complications. The vice-admiralty court subsequently awarded the Chesapeake to her owners, on their giving security for any claims that might arise against the vessel or cargo.

Before leaving Sambre, Lieut. Nichols had searched around the harbor and captured three of the fugitives. One of them was George Wade, who was aboard the Investigator. Could some of the newspapers have their way, this act would have been magnified into another Trent affair. As it was, nothing more was heard of the alleged outrage.

When the Ella and Annie and the Decatur arrived in Halifax with their prize, the rumor spread that three British subjects, captured in British territory, were aboard the Decatur. Several citizens of Halifax at once laid the matter before General Sir Hastings Doyle, administrator of the government, and he issued an order that no United States vessels then in port were to leave until the matter was settled. The captain of the Decatur readily consented to surrender the men, however, and at 1 o'clock that day, January 13, was the hour fixed for sending them ashore. At that hour a large number of people gathered at the Queen's wharf to receive them. Among those who attended officially were the provincial secretary, acting U. S. consul Gunnison and Sheriff Sawyer. There was another man there officially, but

in a different kind of a way. He was Lewis Hutt, of the Halifax police force, but not in uniform, who had a warrant for the arrest of George Wade, charged with the murder of Orrin Schaeffer.

Dr. W. J. Almon (now Senator Almon) who had interested himself in securing the release of the prisoners, was among the spectators. In company with him were Dr. Peleg Wiswell Smith, afterwards sheriff of Digby, and Alex. Keith, jr., nephew and partner of Alex. Keith, the wealthy brewer. These stood pretty close to the spot where the boat from the Decatur was to land the men.

At the appointed hour, a boat was seen approaching, and in it were the three men who were to be liberated. That they were still prisoners, however, was plainly proclaimed by the fact that they were handcuffed to a circumstance at which a good deal of indignation was felt and expressed by the crowd in waiting. As the boat drew in to the wharf a number of interested persons were crowded together at the landing. A moment later the three prisoners had stepped ashore and were in front of Policeman Hutt did not propose that all of them should remain so. As quickly as the release was made he stepped forward to arrest Wade, but as he did so there was a hustle in which several of the leading citizens took part. Dr. Almon got between Hutt and Wade, while Dr. Smith and Mr. Keith were also conveniently in the way. There was another boat close at hand and evidently not there by mere chance—and Hutt, jumping into it, made his escape. Hutt drew a pistol, but it was jerked from his hand, and he excitedly shouted, "Stop that boat! Stop that boat, in the Queen's name!" Wade got away, however, and was not afterwards arrested. He is now, I believe, living in one of the up river counties of this province.

Hutt laid information against Drs. Almon and Smith and Mr. Keith for interfering with the police in the discharge of their duty. They were examined before the mayor, P. C. Hill, and Ald. Roche, father of Wm. Roche, M. P. P., sitting as magistrates. It will be readily understood that the case excited a vast amount of interest. Attorney General Johnson was present on behalf of the crown, while the accused were defended by J. W. Ritchie, Q. C. The witnesses examined were Policemen Hutt, Hood and Burke, City Marshal Cotton, Sheriff Sawyer, Lieut. Regue, 19th Regiment, and Wm. Gray. The accused pleaded not guilty. Dr. Almon making an elaborate speech on his own behalf, while the others made brief statements of the case. The three were held in a joint bond of \$800 each, with two sureties for \$400 each to appear at the supreme court in April. When the Attorney General Johnson was present on behalf of the crown, while the jury found no bill, and so the matter ended. The arrest of others of the Chesapeake's captors and the proceedings in St. John on the charge of piracy and murder will require another paper. ROSLYNDE.

Photographing the Royal Family. Count Ostronoff, the well known society photographer of London talks interestingly about his art and his experience in a recent number of Women at Home. Speaking of taking portraits of the royal family he said: "Yes, we have taken nearly all their portraits, I believe. Her Majesty the Queen will communicate with us, fixing a date. Upon the day appointed we proceed with a camera, backgrounds, etc., to Windsor, where Her Majesty is photographed in a studio, which was, I believe, originally used by the late Prince Consort, one of whose hobbies was photography. Some photographers have three or four cameras going at once, so that they may be ready to take a picture at any moment, and more than one. Her Majesty is an excellent sitter, most gracious, kind and considerate. The Princess of Wales always makes a admirable photograph, although she is taken under the most disadvantageous circumstances possible; at Marlborough House, there is absolutely no suitable place for portrait taking, the only spot where sufficient light can be obtained for the purpose is a sort of veranda. But, as I before remarked, the Princess always makes a good photograph; her features are so regular and so peculiarly adapted to portraiture that it is absolutely impossible to produce a bad picture. The Duke of Connaught is one of the few members of the Royal Family who have honored us with sittings at our studio."

A Victory For The Colonel. Notwithstanding Colonel Bangs is only a militia color, and never had a title in his life until a year ago, he does not like to see his colonelcy on all occasions, and for some time he has looked with disfavor upon the cards of his wife, which read: "Mrs. Colonel Bangs." The other day she told him to order her some more cards. "Certainly, my dear," he responded, for the colonel is as gallant to his wife as most men are to other women. "But if I do I shall have that 'colonel' omitted."

"Oh, no," she protested; "what do you want to do that for?" "Because it shouldn't be there." "Why not? It is only a designation of who I am, and you are Colonel Bangs, aren't you?" "Of course, I am." "Then why am I not Mrs. Colonel Bangs?" The colonel bowed. "For the same reason, my dear," he responded, "that when I was Mr. Bangs, you were not Mrs. Mr. Bangs," and the colonel won a victory.

Three Kinds of Wine. The head waiter goes the round of the tables collecting orders. "What wine will you take, sir?" First Customer: "A bottle of ordinary claret." Second Ditto: "A bottle of Saint-Estephe." Third Ditto: "A bottle of Pomard." A minute later, through the door, a man enters, and all the diners heard, with stupefaction these words proceeding from the butler's pantry:—"Calixte! Three bottles of red!" "Daube is mad as a hote as his picture that was on exhibition." "Wasn't it noticed?" "Yes, took a prize." "What's he mad about, then?" "Well, it was a picture of cows, and it was awarded the prize for the best picture of sheep."

The Swallow as a Carrier. Mr. H. Kaye, the landlord of the "Cross Keys Inn," Oldham, Eng., has made an experiment which goes to show that the swallow may yet become valuable as a carrier. Mr. Kaye keeps a number of pigeons, and lately a swallow built in the eave. This swallow he caught, and after cutting its tail, he sent it along with some pigeons to Stafford, a distance of fifty or sixty miles, giving instructions that it was to be let loose at the same time as the homers. The instructions were carried out, and one of the first birds to arrive at Delph was the swallow.

Applying a Sure Test. "Mr. Dingus," said the young man, twirling his hat nervously, "I have called to ask you for your daughter Phoebe. I am not rich, but I have good business prospects and—"

"Young man," interrupted the parent, eyeing him keenly, "before we discuss this matter further will you oblige me with a loan of \$5?" "I will not, sir," replied the youth firmly. "Then take her, my boy," said Mr. Dingus. "You've got more sense than I thought you had."

The Founder of the Japanese Navy. The founder of the Japanese navy was an Englishman named Will Adams, who went to the Eastern sea as pilot of a Dutch fleet in 1598, and was cast away in Japan a couple of years later. He became a Japanese noble and constructor of the navy to the Yoocon, but was never allowed to return to England. He died about twenty years afterwards, very ingeniously leaving half his property to his wife and family in Japan. After his death he was deified. A few years ago his tomb and that of his Japanese wife were discovered.

From Different Standpoints. Five-year-old Flossie had been battling with her mother all day. "There, child," said the latter on putting the child to bed, "sleep well, and don't be so cross when you wake up."

"I notice," retorted little Flossie, "when it's me you say 'cross; when it's you, you say 'nervous.'"

Rudyard Kipling, of Vermont, is now mentioned as the new laureate of England. This resident of Europe, Asia and America might make a good laureate; but it would be a little incongruous whenever a new prince was married to have to hunt all over the planet to find the laureate to celebrate the event in verse.

Chaplain—"This prison is run on wise and modern plans. You can occupy yourself at the tasks you prefer. If you have a trade or business, you can work at that. Have you one?" Number 2248—"Yes, sir; but I don't s'pose there's much show for me here; I was an aeronaut, boss."

Debt Collector: "I am collecting accounts for Scissors, Snip, and Co." Debtor: "Collecting accounts, are you? Very well, I have two or three of their accounts which you are welcome to add to your collection."

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