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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, November 25, 1854.

Selected Poetry.

A SONG OF WINTER.

BY MRS. FRANCES H. GREEN.

His gathering mantle of fleecy snow,
The Winter-King wrapped around him;
And flashing with ice-wrought gems below
Was the regal zone that bound him.
He went abroad in his kingly state,
By the poor man's door—by the palace gate.

Then his minstrel winds, on either hand,
The music of frost-days humming,
Flew fast before him through all the land,
Crying, "Winter—Winter is coming!"
And they sang a song in their deep, loud voice,
That made the heart of their king rejoice:

For it spoke of strength, and it told of power,
And the mighty will that moved him;
Of all the joys of the fireside hour,
And the gentle hearts that loved him;
Of affections sweetly interwrought
With the play of wit and the flow of thought.

He has left his home in the starry North,
On a mission high and holy;
And now in his pride he is going forth,
To strengthen the weak and the lowly—
While his vigorous breath is on the breeze,
And he lifts up Health from was Disease.

We bow to his sceptre's supreme behest;
He is rough, but never unfeeling;
And a voice comes up from his icy breast,
To our kindness ever appealing:
By the comfortless hut, on the desolate moor,
He is pleading earnestly for the poor.

While deep in his bosom the heart lies warm,
And there the future lays her cherisheth—
Nor clinging root, nor seedling form,
Its genial depths embracing, peristeth.
But safely and tenderly he will keep
The delicate flower-gems while they sleep.

The Mountain heard the sounding blast
Of the Winds from their wild horn blowing,
And his rough cheek paled as they passed,
And the River checked his flowing—
Then, with ringing laugh and echoing shout,
The merry school-boys all came out.

And see them now, as away they go,
With the light, bright plain before them,
In its sparkling girdle of silver snow,
And the blue arch bending o'er them;
While every bright cheek brighter grows,
Blooming with health—our winter rose!

The shrub looked up, and the tree looked down,
For with ice-gems each was crested,
And flashing diamonds lit the crown
That on the old oak rested;
And the forest alone, in gorgeous array,
For the spirits of winter kept holiday!

So on the joyous skaters fly,
With no thought of a coming sorrow—
For never a brightly beaming eye
Has dreamed of the tears of to-morrow—
Be free and happy, then, while ye may,
And rejoice in the blessing of to-day.

Selected Tale.

THE CRUISE OF A GUINEAMAN;

From a *Whisperer's* Log.

BY JOHN W. GOULD.

CHAPTER I.

"Jack, Garnet," quoth Tom Seymour, as we stood upon Pier No. 1, North River, one afternoon in July, 18—, "do you see my brig, yonder? She is a sweet craft—carries twenty long eighteen, and a long forty two, besides two twenty-four pound carronades on the poop, and two on the fore-castle;—two hundred men, who are stationed and quartered as in men of war; three officers, whom I call, for the sake, second and third lieutenants, and master; and half-a-dozen boys for reefs. Now I want a first lieutenant, and you are the very fellow ship with me, and we'll run down to the Trades in ten days, and then—when! Go away, salt water! She is a Baltimore Clipper, sails like the devil and will put the wind's eye out on a bow-line—Give her one point five, and she's off like a shot. Will you go?"

"Thank you," I replied, "I am somewhat ticklish about the neck. I would rather be hung round the waist. You are too strong to be honest; and when you are on blue water you will make some mistake about the subject of property; and then the first man of war you fall in with will string you all up at your yard arm, and that's an elevation for which I am in no way ambitious. I would rather die in my bed when the time comes."

"Well," replied Tom, "I am sorry you are so particular about your cravats; but will you go on board and take a look at her? I have short time this morning, and shall trip my anchor in half an hour and go to sea. Come, I'll leave you at quarter time."

We jumped into his boat (a twelve-oared cutter) and pulled for the brig. As we neared it a boat's crew called "piped the side," four boys manned the gangway as we passed over, and we were received upon deck in true man of war fashion.

"Why, Captain Seymour," said I, "you have a regular man of war brig here."

"Yes," he replied, leading the way to his cabin, "she's a Johnny War. Mr. Carline, (second lieutenant) hoist in boats, and get ready for weighing anchor, sir."

"Now, Garnet," he continued, as we were drinking wine in the cabin, "you had better reconsider one or two of the coast of Africa, where we are bound."

"Save your breath to cool your porridge, friend Seymour," said I, "for I tell you flatly I will not go; and you may as well set your mind at ease on that point, for I have no more dodge about me than the mainmast."

"All this instant, a reeler reported all ready for weighing anchor."

"Call all hands up anchor, then," said he—Garnet, will you take the trumpet, just to oblige

me! I have some writing to do before we leave the port."

I took the deck accordingly. The captain was manned, the anchor run up, and sail made; and with a smacking breeze from the northwest we dropped down the bay. Just before we reached the quarantine, Seymour came on deck.

"Captain Seymour," I said, "you will please take command. I wish to be set on shore here—Port, quartermaster. Boatwain's-mate, call away three-cutters."

"Belay all," interrupted Seymour. "Lieutenant Garnet, you are in for it, and shall go with me anyhow."

"Perhaps I shall," said I, dispatching the trumpet at his head, as I walked forward to the starboard gang-way to look out for a shore-boat. There was none near, and looking aft, I saw Seymour clear away the end of the main royal hiliard, and tie it in a running bowline. That manoeuvre showed me that there was no time to be lost, and as we were now in the narrows, and within a hundred yards of Staten Island shore, I buttoned my roundabout, and hailing Seymour, "Here goes for the coast of Africa!" jumped overboard and struck out for the land.

Seymour, however, was as wide awake as I, and as I rose to strike out the second time, his running bowline came over my head, and caught me round the body, and I was hauled on board before I knew what was the matter.

"There," said he laughing, as he met me at the gangway, "you see I am bit of a Guachio, and can throw a lasso on a pinch. You are hung round the waist, now, just as you wished not long since."

My reply to his wit was a blow with my fist which tumbled him across the deck in fine style; but before I could repeat it I was overpowered, and being taken to the poop, was lashed hand and foot to a carronade.

"Now, then, Lieutenant Garnet," said Seymour, "when we get out of sight of land, I'll loose you; but if I were to do it sooner I'm afraid you would be overboard again."

As I could not do better, I quietly submitted to my fate, because swearing would do no good. So now behold me bound for foreign parts—first lieutenant of a brig of war—anchored head and stern astern of a carronade. As we passed the forts, the first object which met our view was the frigate Constellation, at anchor in the lower bay.

"The devil!" said Seymour, clapping a spy-glass to his eye; "she dropped down yesterday, and had, I supposed, gone to sea. I remember they looked at me pretty hard as they passed me at anchor, and now they are waiting to catch me. I'll weather them yet."

As we neared the frigate, I observed some motion aboard of her; and in an instant aft, all the ports of the main-gun deck, on the starboard side—the side toward us—as she rode at anchor—were taken out, and the tampions of all the battery followed.

"Do you see that, Captain Seymour?" said I smiling.

"I do, Lieutenant Garnet," was the reply. "Port quarter master."

"Port, sir."

"Mr. Carline," he continued, "take the deck, sir, while I uniform. Keep her head for the stern of that frigate."

He went into the cabin, and in a moment re-appeared in the full uniform of the United States Navy, cocked hat, sword, a pair of pistols in his belt, and a cigar in his mouth. As he came upon the poop, a sheet of red flame glanced from one of the Constellation's ports, which was followed by the emphatic report of a thirty-pounder. The ball by accident of course, struck our cut-water, and made us minus a figure-head.

"The English of that," said Seymour, "is 'come to, you rascal!' Since my friend, the commodore, wishes it, I'll do that thing. Port, quartermaster. Keep her for the bow of the Constellation. Loose royals and topgallantsails, for we're a stiff breeze, and I have no idea of being afraid of them. Send up our black ensign, signal-quarter-master, at the peak, fore and main, and under the American flag! There!" smacking his lips as the dread banner floated gaily on the breeze, over the stars and stripes, "that will do better. Lieut. Garnet, what say you?"

"Go to the devil!" I replied, for I was not in the best of humor.

"If I do, Lieutenant John Garnet," said he, complacently, "I have the satisfaction of knowing that you will sail in company."

"Cast loose both batteries," he continued, "and load each a round-shot, a stand of grape and canister, and fill the long forty-two to the muzzle."

When we were about two hundred yards from the frigate, dashing ahead at ten knots, he ordered the drums to beat to quarters, took his stand upon the starboard-quarter rail to con the brig, and sung out:

"Slack the lee-braces—round in the weather ones—starboard the helm, hard-a-starboard!"

We fell off before the wind, and past abreast the Constellation, as she rode head to the wind, so closely that the muzzles of her long main-deckers almost touched our bulwarks. The captain of the Constellation stood atop upon the signal locker; and Seymour coolly tossing his cigar upon her deck, hailed her:

"Brother commodore, if you are short of hands, I'll lend you a hundred, and take payment in round shot and canister."

"Commodore Montague," I hailed, "I am detained here by force. Compel my release, sir."

"Heave-to, you sir," said Montague to Seymour and send that man aboard of me instantly."

"I'll see you—first," was Seymour's resolute reply.

"Heave to, instantly," replied Montague, "or I'll sink you."

"Do it, and be — to you," replied Seymour, drawing his cutlass in defence. "Man the starboard battery! Port, hard-a-port—stand by—mind the weather roll—fire!"

We passed under the Constellation's stern, raking her, as each gun came to bear, dismounting her stern chasers, and clearing her main-gun deck entirely, for the moment.

"Starboard the helm!" hailed Seymour, firing a pistol at Montague.

We fell off before the wind, and keeping the Constellation's three masts in one, made all sail for the bar, there being no time for chat, as she of course would instantly slip her cable, and bring her broadside to bear. Our fears were groundless, though Seymour's matchless effrontery was all that saved him. While the Constellation's guns actually bore upon us, we were restrained from firing by their amazement at the impudence of the "little fellow;" and at this moment they could not fire if they would. Their captain bars were shipped, and everything was in readiness for weighing anchor, when we were in sight; but our strange conduct perplexed Captain Montague, and our raking broadside completely unnerved him. Our shot unshipped his captain-bars, cut up his messenger, and totally demolished the bits where the cable was united; in consequence of which, the cable ran out until it was brought up by getting taut in the haul-hole, and there it was jammed perfectly fast.

The combination of so many unusual events produced an unwanted result; and for the first time since tar and oakum came into fashion, a United States ship was in confusion; and before order was restored we were across the bar, and nearly out of shot, without the loss of a man. Perceiving that I might as well make the best of a bad bargain, I hailed Seymour:

"Cut these lashings, Tom; I will do as you wish since I can't avoid it."

"You are a clever fellow, Garnet," said he, complying with my request; "I like your spunk. You are just the man to be my first lieutenant, will you take that command?"

"I will," said I, "and I will be obeyed and respected accordingly."

"It is a bargain," he replied, grasping my hand; and turning to his crew, he informed them of my elevation, and commanded their obedience.

"The Constellation has slipped her cable, sir," reported the signal-quarter-master, "and is making all sail in chase."

"Very good," answered Seymour, "she cannot catch us."

"You are wrong there," I said, "she brings the breeze with her, and as it will soon blow a gale, she will have the advantage."

"Night is coming on," said Seymour, "and we'll dodge them. That we can do at any rate."

"You will please remember, Captain Seymour," said I, "that you have a Yankee to deal with; and moreover, the fellows whose skins you chafed with grape and canister will feel rather touchy, and keep a bright look-out."

"Ay," replied he, smiling, "and the commodore, too, will like an opportunity to return my pistol shot. Take the deck, Garnet, while I work up my reckoning, and make my will."

It was now growing dark, and the array of clouds in the northwest and the increasing swell of the sea, plainly showed that a gale was coming. It was therefore, necessary to get all the start we could before it came on to blow; for in a gale the Constellation, being larger and heavier, could carry sail longer than we, and of course would overtake us. I accordingly gave orders to set fore and main-royals, and fore and main topmast studdin'-sails, and as she bore that well, I added to 'gallant-studdin'-sails, boarded the starboard tacks, and putting her head south by west, we were off at twelve knots an hour.

It was now nearly dark, but with our night glasses we could see the Constellation, under sky sails and royal-studdin' sails, steering directly for us, with the speed and fury of an avalanche.

"Well," said Seymour, watching her with his spy-glass, "unless Montague takes in his sky sails and royal-studdin' sails pretty soon, he will have the royal mass over the side, for the breeze is much fresher with him than with us."

At this moment a heavy squall struck the Constellation; as soon as it cleared up the signal quarter-master reported that her sky sails and royal-studdin' sails were blown away.

"That's good news," said Seymour chuckling; "Garnet, we'll distance them yet."

"She has bent new sky sails, sir," reported the quarter-master, a moment after.

"The devil she has!" said Tom, stopping short in his walk—"why, she's in earnest. Set our royal-studdin' sails, and sky sails, Mr. Garnet—we'll pull her!"

I obeyed the order, and away we went, with our studdin'-sail tack, and royal and sky sail back stays, as fast as bars of iron.

For a while nothing material happened, and each about held her own; but at two bells in the evening watch the Constellation's sky sails royal-studdin' sails blew away, and the sky sail masts overboard.

"That is a fair hint," observed Seymour; "Mr. Garnet, we'll save our sky sails and royal-studdin' sails. Take them in, sir."

The order was obeyed, and for a moment the brig was easier—but the wind freshening very much, we were obliged soon after to furl the royals; and, shortening sails as it became necessary, at four bells in the evening watch we were under main-top-gallantsails, while the frigate had all three top-gallantsails and main royal standing, coming on "hand over fist." At six bells she was within range of our long forty-two—a heavier gun than any she carried. It being run out at a stern port, Seymour pointed it himself, and watching the send forward, fired. The ball struck the frigate's figure head, scattering it about in fine style.

"There," said Seymour laughing, "we are even now. She knocked my figure head to pieces in the bay, and now I have given her as good."

After we had fired a few times, the frigate's officers began to give tongue; and, each hoping to disable the other, shots were exchanged with great

gusto, although it was too dark to see the effect—But, in spite of everything, she continued to gain upon us, and at two bells in the mid watch was within two miles of us, the wind blowing a gale, under whole topsails and courses, while we had a reef in each.

As a last refuge, we bore off before the wind, continuing to blaze away with our long forty-two, while she, as we kept her three masts in one, could not fire a shot; but, although our shots evidently told, they did not do much mischief.

At four bells in the mid watch, she was within half a mile, and was preparing to give us a broadside, which would have paid off all scores, when a tremendous squall suddenly came up, and it became entirely dark.

We hauled our wind instantly, boarded our larboard tacks, put out every light, and kept silence fore and aft. The frigate, not aware of that manoeuvre, continued her course, and in five minutes dashed past us and we were safe, being dead to windward. It continued very dark for half an hour, and when it finally cleared up a little, the Constellation was nearly half down in the south-east. So we escaped her that time, and when we had stood northeast long enough, we squared away, and as the gale moderated, made all sail for the southward and eastward.

A few days after these occurrences, the look-out aloft, one morning, reported a sail ahead crossing our course.

"Keep her away for that vessel, sir," said Seymour to the officer of the deck, "and call all hands to make sail."

Taking the deck, as according to man of war rules, it was my duty to do when all hands were called, I made all sail a trifle quicker than lightning, and then surrendered the trumpet to the officer of the watch.

The stranger perceived that we were chasing him, made all sail to avoid us; but it was not so easy to escape, when it put the wind out of breath to keep up with us, and accordingly we were very soon so near that they, in obedience to our signal gun, hove to. We hove to, also, and a boat being lowered and manned, Seymour said to me:

"When I wave my handkerchief, Garnet, send up our black ensign at the main, and fire a gun across the fellow's bows; and jumping into the boat, he boarded the stranger, whom we now perceived was an outward bound English East India-man. We were so near, that I distinctly saw all his motions. Leaving the crew in the boat, he boarded the Englishman alone, and meeting her captain in the gang way, he saluted him very politely, and took a turn or two with him upon the deck, as if inquiring the news. Shortly after, however, he apparently made some disagreeable remark, for both stopped, and began to gesticulate violently, as if their discourse was becoming interesting; and Seymour, drawing his handkerchief from his pocket, carelessly waved it, by way of accentuating his discourse. Instantly the sable banner of piracy floated at the mainmast, and an eighteen pound shot, traveling across the Englishman's fore foot, put an end to his opposition, and he began to execute Seymour's mandates. A lot of kegs were shortly after passed into our boat, in a manner that showed that, at the least, they were heavy, and Seymour, courteously bidding Captain Bull adieu, pulled aboard.

"Hoist those up carefully my lads," said he.

"What have you here, Captain, Seymour?" I inquired.

"Only a few thousand guineas, Garnet," he replied, "which I borrowed from that ship."

"He'll be lucky," said I, "if he ever gets his pay."

CHAPTER II.

One morning, about forty-five days after we left New York, we made land in the Gulf of Guinea—Crowding all sails we rapidly approached it, and were within five or six miles, when a long, black, suspicious-looking schooner, shot out from behind a small island, a short distance ahead, and without asking any questions, bore down for us.

"Ready about ready, ready!" hailed Seymour, with startling quickness, seizing the trumpet. The helm was put down, and in an instant we were on the other track, standing out to sea.

"I know her!" ejaculated Seymour—"she is an English man of war, and is commanded by one of the sharpest rascals that ever drew pay and rations. He calls his schooner the 'Dare-Devil,' and no name was ever so appropriate, for both master and vessel. He attacks everything, large and small; laughs at steel and gunpowder, and I do not believe he knows what fear is. The world is not wide enough to hold both of us, and come what may, there will be one rascal less on the seas at sunset. I have sworn vengeance against him, and I will take it so amply that none shall live to report to the Lords of the Admiralty in what manner one of His Majesty's cruisers went to the devil."

When we were twelve or fifteen miles from the land, we tacked again, and although the breeze was a stiff one, set every inch of canvas and stood for the shore. The schooner continued her course, and standing on opposite tacks, we rapidly neared each other. Our ports were closed, and as we made no use of our guns, the English evidently supposed that what appeared to be long eighteen, were actually quaker-guns, made of the best of wood—for show, not use—and that our plan was to cross their hawses, and run in-shore.

As soon as we were within range, they opened upon us with a long twenty-four; and, to do them justice, they tossed their iron with most terrible exactness and considerable effect; but as her shot killed us, they did not interfere with Seymour's plan.

Ordering the men to lie down upon deck, to avoid the Englishman's fire, he continued to walk upon the poop as composedly as if he were ball-proof; although, as her battery (long-twelve) began to take effect, the shot flew thick as hail, tearing open our bulwarks, and knocking the white splinters about in every direction. As we ap-

proached still nearer, her musketry opened upon us in full volley; yet, although he was the target of every shot, he seemed totally unconscious of danger. With a flushed cheek, and an eye flashing fire, he stood proudly erect, and delivered his orders to the man-at-the-wheel as composedly as if he were seeing a studdin'-sail.

When our flying-jib boom was nearly locking with her, he suddenly shouted, with a voice like a trumpet-call, "Starboard the helm!" We fell off from the wind, and rising upon a wave, our heavy bows struck the fated vessel amidships with a tremendous crash. We passed clean over, cutting completely in two; an unearthly yell arose from a hundred and fifty brave fellows, as they sunk quick to the bottom; and when we flew aft to catch a glimpse of the wreck, nothing was visible save the pennant at the to'-gallant-mast-head, which for an instant floated upon the surface of the deep, and was then drawn down after the hapless wretches who had so often shed their blood in its defence!

Having passed the vortex caused by her going down, the brig was hove-to; as I suppose for the purpose of picking up the survivors, if there were any. But such was not Seymour's plan—and one poor fellow, who, stunned and strangling, rose to the surface, clinging to a spar for dear life, was not even allowed the miserable privilege of floating until the sharks of the burning sun of the Equator should put a period to his agony, but was deliberately shot by Seymour himself, acting upon the stern maxim that "Dead men tell no tales!"—A deed of so dark a hue was never before perpetrated under the azure sky, nor on the deep sea, since the unborn surges slumbered in chaos, and darkness lay upon the face of the deep.

"Mr. Garnet," said Seymour, recovering his rifle as if he had been shooting a duck, "fill the main-top-sail, and stand in shore."

Three times I raised the trumpet to my lips to give the necessary orders, and as often withdrew it; and finally, being totally unable to command either my voice or my feelings, I dashed it down upon deck, and walked away without a word.

Seymour looked up at me in surprise, and then deliberately picking up the trumpet, gave the requisite commands with his usual composure—When we were under way, standing for the shore, he ordered the boatswain to call "all hands to splice the main-brace, remarking that the toast should be, 'Here's wishing the dare devils a pleasant passage to—!'"

"Garnet," said Seymour, when we were about three miles from the shore, "do you see that head-land yonder, in the south-east? It is the northern cape of the bay which we shall enter, and is now sixteen miles distant. I wish you to observe the course we take to fetch it, and then say if this coast was not cut out for the express benefit of the slave-trade."

We continued our course, steering head on, until within half a mile of the shore, and then hauled our wind, and put her head due south keeping parallel to the beach. About ten minutes afterward, the look-out, on the fore-top-sail yard, sung out:

"Breakers ahead!"

Seymour was standing upon the poop, looking astern; he turned short around at this announcement, and hailed:

"Fore-top-sail yard there! Two points on the starboard bow, you lubber, distant two miles."

"Captain Seymour," said I, in surprise, "your eye-sight is better than mine. These breakers are not visible from deck."

"I know it," he replied, "but I am as well acquainted with every inch of this coast as you are with the pavement of Broadway. I could sail a line of battle ship through this channel, in perfect safety the darkest night old ocean ever saw, by the lead alone. Straight as you go, quarter-master."

"Rise, no higher," repeated he at the gun.

"These breakers," continued Seymour, "are caused by a reef of rocks, running across the mouth of that bay and stretching ten miles each way, parallel to the beach, and distant from it, on the average, half a mile. Inside the reef we have a clear, safe channel, carrying ten fathom water, to within a ship's length of the beach, and at both ends a safe entrance. Now all this is for our particular benefit; for, in order to enter that bay a vessel must go all the distance around; and while a man of war comes in at one end we can slip out at the other—If this does not prove that Jeffrey Flat foot had a hand in laying out the coast of Africa, you may call me a marine."

"Pretty good reasoning, friend Seymour," said I; "you've made it very plain that the Devil is chief cook and bottle-washer for the slave trade. I don't wonder it prospers so well, since he is at the wheel."

We were now inside the reef, and sailing along rapidly, were within a mile of the entrance to the bay, when a small canoe shoved off from the shore, and we were boarded by one of the most hideous-looking black rascals that ever walked on two feet. Running up the side like a monkey, he tumbled over the gangway, and accosted Seymour, who met him there, as an old friend; and after jabbering away a few minutes in some barbarous lingo, he took a bottle of rum which Seymour had ordered for him, rolled into his canoe, and ran it high and dry on the beach. He brought himself to anchor in the sand, and began to discuss the contents of the said bottle with an earnestness which plainly showed that they would not part company until one or 'other knocked under.

"Mr. Garnet," said Seymour, walking aft, "my good friend there has informed me that there are two English frigates at anchor in the bay. I must send them both to sea in twenty minutes after I enter. Do you speak Portuguese?"

"Si, Senhor," said I, "and every other language; excepting, always, the gibberish of that black friend of yours."

"Very good," he replied; "I shall report myself to the English as Don So-and-so, (with a string of titles as long as the main-to'-bowline,) commander of the Brazilian brig of war Achille, 24, on a cruise;

and will spin them a yarn which will clear the bay of them as soon as they can up anchor. I have Brazilian uniforms for all the officers and myself, which we will bend now and walk into the bay under Brazilian colors."

We rigged ourselves accordingly, and mustering upon the poop, sailed into the harbor with the Brazilian ensign at the peak. It was quite small, and the English frigates were at anchor near the center of it, some distance asunder. Gradually shortening sail, we backed our main-top-sail abreast the Commodore's ship, within about two hundred yards; and when we had lost headway, I coasted out in Portuguese—(for their edification.)

"Let go the starboard anchor!" twisting the wheel, and the o's and the r's about in every direction—

We then forded sails, squared the yard by the lifts and braces, hooked the yard-sockets, hoisted our boats, and manning the captain's barge with Portuguese, Seymour pulled aboard the English flag-ship. He was received with the usual honors, and had been on board but a few minutes when three small flags were run up at the mizen, and a gun fired to wake the other frigate. Not being conversant with the English code of signals, I did not know what to make of this, when an old quartermaster, who had served under Nelson, perceiving my ignorance, informed me that it was, "Hoist in boats, and prepare to weigh."

The English ships were now all alive. Boat after boat was dropped alongside from the gun-warp, and hoisted in, two at a time, (one each side) decks cleared up, and captains manned. At this moment Seymour came over the gangway of the flag-ship, and as he shoved off, the Brazilian flag was sent up at the fore, and saluted with eleven guns. We returned the salute—British ensign at the fore, with the same number—and as they, having weighed anchor, swept past us, making sail, we gave them three cheers, which were duly returned.

"Seymour," said I, when the tattle was over, "what did you tell that fellow?"

"Oh!" said he, recovering breath after a severe fit of laughter, "it was not any of your land-yarns, slack-twisted stuff; it was an out-and-outer. When I first boarded her, I began by asking very coolly in Portuguese, what were the names of the frigates, where they from, and where bound, and whom I had the honor of addressing, etc. The crusty old commodore, having answered my questions in a few words as possible, in Spanish, desired to know the same of me, and asked if I could speak English—But devil the bit of English could I speak; No 'No intendes, English, Senhor," said I, with a fawn as long as the job-down haul, and then proceeded to tell him that my name was 'Don So-and-so,' that my brig was the Brazilian brig of war Achille on a cruise; that we fell in, this morning with a suspicious looking schooner, mounting eighteen guns, under English colors, and gave her chase; but as she stood out to sea, and sailed very fast, we had given over the chase, because we had been on short allowance of water for ten days, and had only one Jay's allowance left, and dared not stand out until we had filled; that I came in here for an apple, and intended to sail the next day, and catch the slaver if possible, and sling up the rascals at my yard arm; and added, by way of a clincher, that I wished they would not trouble themselves about her, but leave her for me, as I had set my heart on sending her to the bottom.

"That will do for marines," said the commodore to his first lieutenant, in English; "on short allowance of water, indeed! If he had said short allowance of courage, he would have come nearer the truth. He was afraid the slaver would be a Scotch prize to him, if he meddled with her. He will take the best of good care not to chase her again—He set his heart on sending her to the bottom, indeed—ha, ha, ha!" And the old knight laughed loud and long at my bravado. Then turning to me, he asked in Spanish all about the schooner, when I saw her, the course she was steering, when I first sighted her, etc, and ended by ordering his first lieutenant to hoist in boats, and prepare to weigh, making signal to the other frigates to do the same. He then talked about matters and things; asked and told the news; and when I took leave wanted me to the gangway very politely, expressing his sorrow that he had not time to visit me, but hoped that as I should sail to-morrow, we should meet on the sea, and perhaps have the pleasure of capturing the pirate together; adding, with a wink to his first lieutenant, which nearly capitalized my gravity, that nothing would gratify him more than to fight in such valiant company. So much for so much," continued Seymour, bursting into a roar of laughter, in which all hands heartily joined: "Hurra for John Bull!"

By the time our mish had subsided, the English frigates were out of sight, having doubled the northern point of the bay. Seymour having satisfied himself of this fact, said to me:

"All hands up anchor! Mr. Garnet, this bay is no place for us."

After giving the requisite orders in preparation, I desired to know for what purpose he weighed and whether we were bound.

"We are going up the river, to be sure," he replied, "in order to get our live lumber aboard."

"I see no river," said I, looking carefully around the bay.

"I will show it to you in fifteen minutes," answered Seymour; "so now up anchor, for the wind is fair, and we've no time to lose."

The anchor was soon at the bows, and sail being made, we stood for the head of the bay, which, as I have already said, was quite small—about three miles in length, and one in width at the mouth—narrowing, of course, to ward the head. The land around it was considerably elevated, and densely covered with tall mangroves—and nowhere could I see the least indication of a river—the coast of the bay being of a uniform elevation. We went on, however, with all sail set—and as we neared the head of the bay, I observed that the water did not show so much as usual, but still I saw nothing of the river. When about a cable's length from the beach, Seymour sung out:

Selected Tale.

THE CRUISE OF A GUINEAMAN;

From a *Whisperer's* Log.

BY JOHN W. GOULD.

CHAPTER I.

"Jack, Garnet," quoth Tom Seymour, as we stood upon Pier No. 1, North River, one afternoon in July, 18—, "do you see my brig, yonder? She is a sweet craft—carries twenty long eighteen, and a long forty two, besides two twenty-four pound carronades on the poop, and two on the fore-castle;—two hundred men, who are stationed and quartered as in men of war; three officers, whom I call, for the sake, second and third lieutenants, and master; and half-a-dozen boys for reefs. Now I want a first lieutenant, and you are the very fellow ship with me, and we'll run down to the Trades in ten days, and then—when! Go away, salt water! She is a Baltimore Clipper, sails like the devil and will put the wind's eye out on a bow-line—Give her one point five, and she's off like a shot. Will you go?"

"Thank you," I replied, "I am somewhat ticklish about the neck. I would rather be hung round the waist. You are too strong to be honest; and when you are on blue water you will make some mistake about the subject of property; and then the first man of war you fall in with will string you all up at your yard arm, and that's an elevation for which I am in no way ambitious. I would rather die in my bed when the time comes."

"Well," replied Tom, "I am sorry you are so particular about your cravats; but will you go on board and take a look at her? I have short time this morning, and shall trip my anchor in half an hour and go to sea. Come, I'll leave you at quarter time."

We jumped into his boat (a twelve-oared cutter) and pulled for the brig. As we neared it a boat's crew called "piped the side," four boys manned the gangway as we passed over, and we were received upon deck in true man of war fashion.

"Why, Captain Seymour," said I, "you have a regular man of war brig here."

"Yes," he replied, leading the way to his cabin, "she's a Johnny War. Mr. Carline, (second lieutenant) hoist in boats, and get ready for weighing anchor, sir."

"Now, Garnet," he continued, as we were drinking wine in the cabin, "you had better reconsider one or two of the coast of Africa, where we are bound."

"Save your breath to cool your porridge, friend Seymour," said I, "for I tell you flatly I will not go; and you may as well set your mind at ease on that point, for I have no more dodge about me than the mainmast."

"All this instant, a reeler reported all ready for weighing anchor."

"Call all hands up anchor, then," said he—Garnet, will you take the trumpet, just to oblige

me! I have some writing to do before we leave the port."

I took the deck accordingly. The captain was manned, the anchor run up, and sail made; and with a smacking breeze from the northwest we dropped down the bay. Just before we reached the quarantine, Seymour came on deck.

"Captain Seymour," I said, "you will please take command. I wish to be set on shore here—Port, quartermaster. Boatwain's-mate, call away three-cutters."

"Belay all," interrupted Seymour. "Lieutenant Garnet, you are in for it, and shall go with me anyhow."

"Perhaps I shall," said I, dispatching the trumpet at his head, as I walked forward to the starboard gang-way to look out for a shore-boat. There was none near, and looking aft, I saw Seymour clear away the end of the main royal hiliard, and tie it in a running bowline. That manoeuvre showed me that there was no time to be lost, and as we were now in the narrows, and within a hundred yards of Staten Island shore, I buttoned my roundabout, and hailing Seymour, "Here goes for the coast of Africa!" jumped overboard and struck out for the land.

Seymour, however, was as wide awake as I, and as I rose to strike out the second time, his running bowline came over my head, and caught me round the body, and I was hauled on board before I knew what was the matter.

"There," said he laughing, as he met me at the gangway, "you see I am bit of a Guachio, and can throw a lasso on a pinch. You are hung round the waist, now, just as you wished not long since."

My reply to his wit was a blow with my fist which tumbled him across the deck in fine style; but before I could repeat it I was overpowered, and being taken to the poop, was lashed hand and foot to a carronade.

"Now, then, Lieutenant Garnet," said Seymour, "when we get out of sight of land, I'll loose you; but if I were to do it sooner I'm afraid you would be overboard again."

As I could not do better, I quietly submitted to my fate, because swearing would do no good. So now behold me bound for foreign parts—first lieutenant of a brig of war—anchored head and stern astern of a carronade. As we passed the forts, the first object which met our view was the frigate Constellation, at anchor in the lower bay.

"The devil!" said Seymour, clapping a spy-glass to his eye; "she dropped down yesterday, and had, I supposed, gone to sea. I remember they looked at me pretty hard as they passed me at anchor, and now they are waiting to catch me. I'll weather them yet."

As we neared the frigate, I observed some motion aboard of her; and in an instant aft, all the ports of the main-gun deck, on the starboard side—the side toward us—as she rode at anchor—were taken out, and the tampions of all the battery followed.

"Do you see that, Captain Seymour?" said I smiling.

"I do, Lieutenant Garnet," was the reply. "Port quarter master."

"Port, sir."

"Mr. Carline," he continued, "take the deck, sir, while I uniform. Keep her head for the stern of that frigate."

He went into the cabin, and in a moment re-appeared in the full uniform of the United States Navy, cocked hat, sword, a pair of pistols in his belt, and a cigar in his mouth. As he came upon the poop, a sheet of red flame glanced from one of the Constellation's ports, which was followed by the emphatic report of a thirty-pounder. The ball by accident of course, struck our cut-water, and made us minus a figure-head.

"The English of that," said Seymour, "is 'come to, you rascal!' Since my friend, the commodore, wishes it, I'll do that thing. Port, quartermaster. Keep her for the bow of the Constellation. Loose royals and topgallantsails, for we're a stiff breeze, and I have no idea of being afraid of them. Send up our black ensign, signal-quarter-master, at the peak, fore and main, and under the American flag! There!" smacking his lips as the dread banner floated gaily on the breeze, over the stars and stripes, "that will do better. Lieut. Garnet, what say you?"

"Go to the devil!" I replied, for I was not in the best of humor.

"If I do, Lieutenant John Garnet," said he, complacently, "I have the satisfaction of knowing that you will sail in company."

"Cast loose both batteries," he continued, "and load each a round-shot, a stand of grape and canister, and fill the long forty-two to the muzzle."

When we were about two hundred yards from the frigate, dashing ahead at ten knots, he ordered the drums to beat to quarters, took his stand upon the starboard-quarter rail to con the brig, and sung out:

"Slack the lee-braces—round in the weather ones—starboard the helm, hard-a-starboard!"

We fell off before the wind, and past abreast the Constellation, as she rode head to the wind, so closely that the muzzles of her long main-deckers almost touched our bulwarks. The captain of the Constellation stood atop upon the signal locker; and Seymour coolly tossing his cigar upon her deck, hailed her:

"Brother commodore, if you are short of hands, I'll lend you a hundred, and take payment in round shot and canister."

"Commodore Montague," I hailed, "I am detained here by force. Compel my release, sir."

"Heave-to, you sir," said Montague to Seymour and send that man aboard of me instantly."

"I'll see you—first," was Seymour's resolute reply.

"Heave to, instantly," replied Montague, "or I'll sink you."

"Do it, and be — to you," replied Seymour, drawing his cutlass in defence. "Man the starboard battery! Port, hard-a-port—stand by—mind the weather roll—fire!"

We passed under the Constellation's stern, raking her, as each gun came to bear, dismounting her stern chasers, and clearing her main-gun deck entirely, for the moment.

"Starboard the helm!" hailed Seymour, firing a pistol at Montague.

We fell off before the wind, and keeping the Constellation's three masts in one, made all sail for the bar, there being no time for chat, as she of course would instantly slip her cable, and bring her broadside to bear. Our fears were groundless, though Seymour's matchless effrontery was all that saved him. While the Constellation's guns actually bore upon us, we were restrained from firing by their amazement at the impudence of the "little fellow;" and at this moment they could not fire if they would. Their captain bars were shipped, and everything was in readiness for weighing anchor, when we were in sight; but our strange conduct perplexed Captain Montague, and our raking broadside completely unnerved him. Our shot unshipped his captain-bars, cut up his messenger, and totally demolished the bits where the cable was united; in consequence of which, the cable ran out until it was brought up by getting taut in the haul-hole, and there it was jammed perfectly fast.

The combination of so many unusual events produced an unwanted result; and for the first time since tar and oakum came into fashion, a United States ship was in confusion; and before order was restored we were across the bar, and nearly out of shot, without the loss of a man. Perceiving that I might as well make the best of a bad bargain, I hailed Seymour:

"Cut these lashings, Tom; I will do as you wish since I can't avoid it."

"You are a clever fellow, Garnet," said he, complying with my request; "I like your spunk. You are just the man to be my first lieutenant, will you take that command?"

"I will," said I, "and I will be obeyed and respected accordingly."

"It is a bargain," he replied, grasping my hand; and turning to his crew, he informed them of my elevation, and commanded their obedience.

"The Constellation has slipped her cable, sir," reported the signal-quarter-master, "and is making all sail in chase."

"Very good," answered Seymour, "she cannot catch us."

"You are wrong there," I said, "she brings the breeze with her, and as it will soon blow a gale, she will have the advantage."

"Night is coming on," said Seymour, "and we'll dodge