

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XV.—NO. 35.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, February 10, 1855.

Selected Poetry.

JOHN BROWN;
OR, A PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I've a crown I can spend,
I've a wife and a friend,
And a troop of little children at my knee, John Brown;
I've a cottage of my own,
With the ivy overgrown,
And a garden with a view of the sea, John Brown;
I can sit at my door,
By my shady sycamore,
Large of heart, though of very small estate, John Brown;
So come and drain a glass,
In my arbor as you pass,
And I'll tell you what I love, and what I hate, John Brown.

I love the song of birds,
And the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John Brown;
And I hate a false pretence,
And the want of common sense,
And arrogance and fawning and deceit, John Brown;
I love the meadow flowers,
And the briar in the bowers,
And I have an open face without guile, John Brown;
And I hate a selfish knave,
And a proud contented slave,
And a lout who'd rather borrow than toil, John Brown.

I love a simple song,
That makes emotions strong,
And the word of hope that raises him who faints, John Brown;
And I hate the constant whine
Of the foolish who repine,
And turn their good to evil by complaints, John Brown;
But even when I hate,
If I seek my garden gate,
And survey the world around me and above, John Brown,
The hatred flies my mind,
And I sigh for human kind,
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love, John Brown.

So if you like my ways,
And the comfort of my days,
I can tell you how I live so unexcused, John Brown;
I never sold my health,
Nor sell my soul for wealth,
Nor destroy one day the pleasures of the next, John Brown;
I've parted with my pride,
And I take the sunny side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown;
I keep a conscience clear,
I've a hundred pounds a year,
And I manage to exist, and to be glad, John Brown.

Selected Tale.

THE COLLISION.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

The Active sloop-of-war had been laying all becalmed, in mid ocean, and was rolling and pitching about in a heavy ground swell, which was the only trace of the gale she had lately encountered. The sky was of a tender and serene blue as if it had never been deformed with clouds; and the atmosphere was bland and pleasant, although the latitude and the season might both have led one to expect different weather. Since the morning watch, when the wind, after blowing straight on end for several days together, had died suddenly away, there had not been air enough stirring to lift the dogvane from its staff, down which it hung in motionless repose, except when raised by the heave and roll of the vessel, as she labored in the trough of the sea. Her courses had been hauled up, and she lay under her three topmasts braced on the opposite tacks, ready to take advantage of the first breath of wind, from whatever quarter it might come.

The crew were disposed in various groups about the deck, some idling away in listless ease the interval of calm; some with their clothes-lugs beside them, turning it to account in overhauling their dunnage; while others moved fidgety about, on the forecastle and in the waist, evening, ever and anon, the horizon round, as if already weary of their short holiday on the ocean, and impatiently watching for some sign of a breeze.

To a true sailor there are few circumstances more annoying than a perfect calm. The same principle of our nature which makes the traveler on land, though journeying without any definite object, desire the postilion to whip up his horses and hasten to the end of his stage, is manifested in a striking degree among seamen. The end of one voyage is but the beginning of another, and their lives are a constant succession of hardships and perils; yet they cannot abide that the elements should grant them a moment's respite. As the wind dies away their spirits flag; they move heavily and sluggishly about while the calm continues; but rouse at the first whisper of the breeze, and never gay or more animated than when their canvas swells out to its utmost tension in the gale.

On the afternoon in question, this feeling of restlessness at the continuation of the calm was not confined to the crew of the Active. Her commander had been nearly all day on deck, walking to and fro, on the starboard side, with quick, impatient strides, or now stepping into the gangway, and now into the other, and casting anxious and searching looks into all quarters of the heavens, as if it were of the utmost consequence that a breeze should spring up and enable him to pursue his way. Indeed it was whispered among the officers that there were reasons of state which made it important they should reach their point of destination as speedily as possible; though where that point was, or what those reasons were, not a soul on board knew, except the captain—and he was not a man likely to enlighten their ignorance on the subject. Few words, indeed, did any one ever hear from Black Jack, as the reefers nicknamed him; and when he did speak, what he said was not generally of a kind to make them desire he should often break his taciturnity.

He was a straight, tall, stern-looking man, just passed the prime of life, as might be inferred from the wrinkles on his thoughtful brow

and the slightly grizzled hue of the locks about his temples; though his hair, elsewhere, was as black as the raven. His face bore the marks both of storm and battle; it was furrowed and deeply embrowned by long exposure to every vicissitude of weather; and a deep scar across the left brow told a tale of dangers braved and overcome. His eyes were large, black and piercing; and the habitual compression and curve of his lip indicated both firmness and haughtiness of character—indications which those who sailed with him had no reason to complain of as deceptive.

But notwithstanding his impatience, and the urgency of his mission, whatever it was, the Active continued to roll heavily about at the sport of the big round billows, which swelled up and spread and tumbled over so lazily, that their glassy surface was not broken by a ripple. The sun went down clear, but red and fiery; and the sky, though its blue faded to a dusky tint, still remained unclouded by a single cloud. As the broad round disk disappeared beneath the wave, all hands were called to stand by their hammocks; and when the stir and bustle incident to that piece of duty had subsided, an unaccounted degree of stillness settled on the vessel. This was owing in part, no doubt, to the presence of the commander, before whom the crew were not apt to indulge in any great exuberance of merriment; but the sluggish and unusual state of the weather had probably the largest share in the effect. The captain continued on deck, pacing up and down the starboard side; the lieutenant of the watch leaned over the taffel, his trumpet idly dangling by his becket from his arm; and two quarter-deck midshipmen walking in the gangway, beguiling their watch with prattle about home, or gay anticipations of the future.

"We shall have a dull and lazy night of it," Vangs, said the master's mate of the forecastle, as he returned from adding on the log state another "ditto" to the long column of them which recorded the history of the day. The person he addressed stood on the heel of the bowsprit, with his arms folded on his breast, and his gaze fixed intently upon the western horizon, from which the daylight had now so completely faded, that it required a practiced and keen eye to discern where the sky and water met. He was a tall, square-shouldered, aged-looking seaman, whose thick gray hair shaded a strongly marked and weather-beaten face, and whose shaggy overcoat, buttoned to the throat covered a "o'm that for forty years had braved the storms and perils of every sea. He did not turn his head, nor withdraw his eyes from the spot they rested on, as he said, in a low tone, "we shall have work enough before morning, Mr. Garnet."

"Why, where do you read that, Vangs?" inquired the midshipman; "there is nothing of the sort in my reckoning."

"I read it in a book I have studied through many a long cruise, Mr. Garnet, and though my eyes are getting old, I think I can understand its meaning yet. Hark ye, young man, the hammocks are piped down, and the water's set, but there will be no watch in this night, mark my words."

"Why, Vangs, you are turning prophet," replied the master's mate, who was a rattling young fellow, full of blood and blue veins. "I shouldn't wonder to see you strike tarpanlin, when the cruise is up, rig out in the broad brim and straight tugs, and ship the next trip for parson."

"My cruises are pretty much over, Mr. Garnet, and my next trip, I am thinking, is one I shall have to go alone—though there's a sign in the heavens this night that makes me fear I shall have too much company."

"Why, what signs do you talk of, man?" said the young officer, somewhat startled by the quiet and impressive tone and manner of the old quarter-master. "I see nothing that looks like change of weather, and yet I see all that there is to be seen."

"I talked in the same way once, I remember," said Vangs, "when I was about your age, as we lay becalmed one night in the old Charlotte East Indian, heaving and pitching in the roll of a ground swell, much as we do now. The next morning found me clinging to a broken topmast, the only thing left of a fine ship of seven hundred tons, which, with every soul on board of her, except me, had gone to the bottom. That was before you was born, Mr. Garnet."

"Such things have been, often, no doubt," said Garnet, "and such things will be again—nay, may happen as you say, before morning. But because you were once wrecked in a gale of wind that sprung up out of a calm, it is no reason that every calm is to be followed by such a gale. Show me a sign of wind and I may believe it; but for my part, I see no likelihood of enough even to blow away the smoke of that cursed galley, which circles and dances about here on the forecastle, as if it was master's mate of the watch, and was ordered to keep a bright lookout."

"Turn your eyes in that direction, Mr. Garnet. Do you not see a faint belt of light, no broader than my finger, that streaks the sky where the sun went down? It is not daylight for I watched that all fade away, and the last glimmer of it was gone before that dim brassy streak began to show itself. And carry your eye in a straight line above it—do you not mark how thick and lead like the air looks?—There is that there," said the old man, (laying his hand on the bowsprit, as he prepared to sit down between the nightheads,) "will try what stuff these timbers are made of before the morning breaks."

Young Garnet put his hand over his brow, and half shutting his eyes, peered intently in the direction the old seaman indicated; but no sign pregnant with such evil as he forebore, met his appearance of the wish for breeze, met his vision. Imputing the predictions of Vangs to those megrims, which old sailors are apt to have in a long calm, or perhaps to a desire to have in a long calm, or perhaps to a desire to play upon his credulity, he folded his peacoat more closely about him, and taking his seat on the nettings in such a position that he could lean back against the force-rigging, prepared to settle himself down in that delicious state of repose, between sleeping and waking, in which he thought he might with impunity doze away

such a quiet watch as his promised to be. He had scarcely closed his eyes, however, when a sound wrung in his ears that made him spring to the deck, and at once dispelled all disposition to slumber. It was the clear trumpet-like voice of the captain himself, hailing the forecastle.

"Sir!" bawled the master's mate.

"Have your halyards clear for running, sir! your chutes led along, and the men all at their stations."

"Ay, ay, sir!" sung Garnet in reply, and then muttered to himself, "here's the devil to pay, and no pitch hot. What is the meaning of all this? I wonder? Has the skipper seen old Vang's streak of brass too? or does he hope to coax the wind out, by raising such a breeze on deck? and he stepped upon a shot box, and cast another long, searching glance into the western horizon, but there was no sign there which to his inexperienced eye boded any change of weather."

"Fo'castle, there!" again sounded from the quarter-deck, but it was now the voice of the lieutenant of the watch, hailing through the trumpet.

"Sir!" answered the mate.

"Send the fo'castle men aloft to furl the foresail. Quarter-gunnery and afterguard, do you hear! lay aloft—lay out—furl away!"

These and other similar orders were quickly obeyed, and stillness again succeeded. But the attention of all on deck was now aroused; and every one watched in silence for some less questionable forerunner of wind than was yet visible to their eyes. They all noticed, however, that the sky had grown thicker and of a dingier hue, and that not a single star peeped thro' the gloom. But there was not a breath of air yet stirring. The topsails continued to flap heavily against the masts, as they were swayed to and fro by the motion of the vessel; the lower yards creaked in their slings; and the ship headed now one way and now another, as she yawed and swung round, completely at the mercy of the swell. The seamen gathered in groups at their several stations, and waited in silence the result which all now began to apprehend.

But while these feelings of indefinite fear were entertained by those on deck, the watch below were disturbed by no such anxiety. The officers in the gun-room were variously occupied according to their taste and inclinations; some amusing themselves by reading, some writing, and others stretched upon the chairs or in their berths, dreaming away the intervals of rest. The midshipmen in the steerage had gathered round their mess-table, and were engaged in lively chat and repartee, and in cracking nautical jokes and witticisms upon each other. Their discourses were plentifully interlarded with seaphrases; for these juvenile sons of Neptune however slender their seamanship in other respects, have commonly great volubility in rattling off the technicals of their profession, and a surprising facility in applying them to the ordinary topics of conversation. With the omission of a single letter, the distich describing Hudibras might be applied to them, or, if a poor pun be allowable, it may be said it fit them to a 4, for

They cannot see
Their mouths, but out there falls a rope.

One of the merriest and noisiest of the group in the Active's steerage was a little, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed reeder, whose flaxen hair curled in natural ringlets around his temples, and was surmounted by a small, low-crowned tarpanlin hat, cocked knowingly on one side, in amusing imitation of the style of the full grown jack tar.

"Hullo Jigger, how does she head now?" cried the little wag to one of the messboys, as his handly legs made their appearance down the companion ladder.

"She head every which way, Misser Burton," answered the black, his shining face dilated with a profuse grin, showing he realized the humor of the question. "It is a dead calm on deck, you know, Misser Burton, and de main yard is brace frat aboard."

"O, I see," rejoined the upkin, "they have have her to, Jigger, to give her half a lemon to keep her from fainting. She has out-sailed the wind, and is laying by to wait for it."

"Laying by, indeed!" said another; "she is going like a top."

"And if she keeps on," added a third, "she will soon go as fast as the Dutchman's schooner when she stood into port under a heavy press of boltopres, the sails having blown clear out of them at sea."

"Oh, I have heard of that schooner," resumed little Burton, the first speaker. "It was she that sailed so fast, that when they broke up her hatches, they found she had sailed her bottom off."

"Her skipper," interrupted another, "was both master and chief mate, and they made the duty easy by dividing it between them, watch and watch."

"Yet the Dutchman grew so thin upon it," added little Burton, "than when he got home his mother and sister couldn't both look at him at once."

"And his dog," said the other, "got so weak that it had to lean against the mast to bark!"

"Come, come, take a turn there and belay," cried one of the old midshipmen, who was stretched at full length upon a locker. "Come you have chased that joke far enough. Heave about, and see if you can't give us something better on 'other tarrack.'"

"Well, Tom Derrick, if you don't like our rigs, tip us a twist yourself. Come, spin us a yarn, my boy, if you have your jaw-tacks aboard."

"No, no, Charley Burton, I can't pay out any slack to-night. I am as sleepy as a look-out in a calm. My eyes feel like the marine's when his cue was served so taut, he couldn't make his eyelids meet. Hullo, Jigger, rouse out my hammock from that heap and hang it up. You know where it is, don't you?"

"Ki! I wish I had as much tobacco as I know which Misser Derrick's hammock is," eagerly replied the negro.

This characteristic speech produced a hearty burst of laughter; and in chat and merriment of this sort the evening slipped away, until the

hour for extinguishing the lights arrived, and the quarter-master came down to douse the glim.

"Well, Vangs," cried the ever-ready Burton "it's blowing an Irishman's hurricane on deck, isn't it—straight up and down, like a pig's eye?"

"It is all quiet yet," replied Vangs, "but the sky has a queer look, and there will be a hurricane of a different sort before you are many hours older, Mr. Charles."

"Is there then really any prospect of wind?" asked the midshipman whom we have called Derrick.

"There is something brewing in the clouds we none of us understand," answered the old man, in his low quiet tone. "We shall have more wind than we want before long, or I am out in my reckoning."

"Let it come butt-end foremost, if it chooses, and the sooner the better," said young Burton laughing; "any weather rather than this, for this is neither fish, flesh nor red herring. Let it blow, Vangs, and I wouldn't mind if it were such a breeze as you had in the old Charlotte, you know, when it blew the sheet-anchor into the foretop, and it took three men to hold the captain's hair on his head!"

The old quarter-master turned a grave and thoughtful look on the round face of the lively boy, and seemed meditating an answer that might repress what probably struck him as an untimely mirth; but even while he was in the act of speaking, the tempest he had predicted burst in sudden fury upon the vessel. The first indication those below had of its approach was the wild, rushing sound of the gust, which broke upon their ears like the roar of a volcano. The heaving and rolling of the ship ceased all at once, as if the waves had been sublated and chained down by the force of a mighty pressure. The vessel stood motionless an instant as if instinct with life, and covering in conscious fear of the approaching strife; the tempest then burst upon her, butt-end foremost as Burton expressed it, and the stately mast reeled and fell over before it, like a tower struck down by a thunderbolt. The surge was so violent, that the ship was thrown almost on her beam-ends, and everything on board not secured in strongest manner, was pitched with great force to leeward. Midshipmen, mess-table, hammocks and the contents of the mess lockers fell rustling, rattling, and mixed in strange disorder, to the lee scuppers; and when the ship slowly righted, straining and trembling in every plank, it was a moment or two before those who had been so unexpectedly heaped together in the confusion and made their way to the upper deck.

There a scene of fearful grandeur was presented. The sky was of a murky, leaden hue, and appeared to bend over the ship in a narrow and narrower arch, binding the ocean in so small a round, that the eye could trace thro' the whole circle, the line where the sickly looking heavens rested on the sea. The air was thick and heavy; and the water covered with driving snow-like foam, seemed to be packed and flattened down by the fury of the blast, which scattered its billows into spray as cutting as the sleet of a December storm. The wind howled and screamed through the rigging with an appalling sound, that might be likened to the shrieks and wailing of angry fiends; and the ship fled before the tempest like an affrighted thing, with a velocity that piled the water in a huge bank around her bows, and sent it whirling and sparkling in lines of dazzling whiteness, soon lost in the general hue of the ocean, which resembled a wild waste of drifting snow.

There was one on deck, however, who had foreseen this awful change, and made preparations to meet it; and when the tempest burst, in full sweep, upon his ship, it found nothing but the bare hull and spars to oppose its tremendous power. Every sail was closely and securely furled, except the fore storm staysail, which was set for a reason that seamen will understand; but being hauled well aft by both sheets it was stretched stiffly amidships, and presented nothing but the bolt-ropes for the wind to act upon. The masts and yards, with their snug and well-bound rolls of canvas, alone encountered the hurricane. But even these were tried to the utmost. The topmasts bent and cracked before the blast, and the royal poles of the topgallant masts, which excited above the cross-trees, whipped and thrashed about like plant roots. The running rigging rattled against the spars, and the shrouds and backstays strained and cracked, as if striving to draw the strong bolts which secured them to the vessel.

For more than an hour did the Active flee along in this way, like a wild horse foaming and stretching at his utmost speed, driven onward in the van of the tempest, and exposed to its fiercest wrath. At length, the first fury of the gale passed away, and the wind, though still raging tempestuously, swept over her with less appalling force. The ocean, now, as to re-venge itself for its constrained inactivity, roused from its brief repose, and swelled into billows that rolled and chased each other with the wild glee of ransomed demons. Wave upon wave, in multitudinous confusion, came roaring in from astern; and their white crests, leaping and sparkling, and hissing, formed a striking feature in the scene. The wind, fortunately, issued from the right point, and drove the Active towards her place of destination.—The dumb pall of clouds, which from the commencement of the gale, had totally overcast the heavens except in the quarter whence the blast proceeded, now began to give way, and a reddish light shone out here and there, in long horizontal streaks, like the glow of expiring coals between the bars of a furnace. Though the first dreadful violence of the storm was somewhat abated, it still raved with too much fierceness and power to admit of any relaxation of vigilance. The commander himself still retained the trumpet, and every officer stood in silence at his station, clinging to whatever might assist him to maintain his difficult footing.

"Light, oh!" cried the lookout on one of the catheads.

"Where away?" demanded the captain.

"Dead ahead."

"What does it look like, and how far off?" shouted the captain, in a loud and earnest voice.

"Can see nothing now, sir; the glim is doused."

"Here, Mr. Burton," cried the commander, "take this night glass; jump aloft on the foreyard, sir, and see if you can make out an object ahead. Hurry up, hurry up, and let me hear from you immediately, sir! Lay aft to your staysail sheets on both sides. Foreyard, there!"

But before the captain had finished his hail, the voice of little Burton was heard, singing out "Sail oh!"

"What does she look like, and where away?"

"A large vessel, lying to under bare poles—starboard your helm, sir, quick—hard a starboard, or you will fall aboard of her!"

This startling intelligence was hardly communicated before the vessel described from aloft loomed suddenly into sight from deck through the thick weather to leeward. Her dusk and shadowy form seemed to rise up from the ocean, so suddenly did it open to view, as the driving mist was scattered for a moment. She lay right athwart the Active's bows, and almost under her fore-foot—as it seemed while she pitched into the trough of an enormous sea—and the Active rode on the ridge of the succeeding wave, which curled above the chasm, as if to overwhelm the vessel beneath.

"Starboard your helm, quarter-master! Hard a-starboard!" cried the commander of the Active, in a tone of startling energy.

"Starboard!" repeated the deep solemn voice of Vangs, who stood on the quarter nettings, his tall figure propped against the mizen rigging, and his arm wreathed around the shroud.

"Jump to the braces, men!" continued the captain strenuously—"haul in your starboard braces, haul! ease off your larboard! does she come to, quarter-master? Fo'castle, there! ease off your staysail sheet—let all go, sir!"

These orders were promptly obeyed, but it was too late for them to avail. The wheel, in the hands of four stout and experienced seamen, was forced swiftly round, and the effect of the rudder was assisted by a pull of the starboard braces; but in such a gale, and under poles, the helm exerted but little power over the driving and ponderous mass. She had headed off hardly a point from her course, when she was taken up by a prodigious surge, and borne onward with fearful velocity. The catastrophe was now inevitable. In an instant the two ships fell together, their massive timbers crashing with the fatal force of the concussion. A wild shriek ascended from the deck of the stranger, and woman's shrill voice mingled with the sound. All was now confusion and uproar on board both vessels. The Active had struck the stranger broad on the bows, while the bowsprit of the latter, rushed in between the fore-mast and the starboard fore-rigging of the Active, had snapped her shrouds and stays, and tore up the bolts and chainplates as if they had been thread and wire. Staggering back from the shock, she was carried to some distance by a reflux wave, which suddenly subsiding, she gave such a heavy lurch to port that the foremast—now wholly unsupported on the starboard side—snapped short off like a withered twig, and fell with a loud splash in the ocean.

"The foremast is gone by the board!" shouted the officer of the forecastle.

"My God!" exclaimed the captain, "and Charles Burton has gone with it! Fo'castle, there! Did Charles Burton come down from the foreyard?"

"Burton! Burton! Burton!" called twenty voices, and "Burton!" was shouted loudly over the side; but there was no reply.

In the meanwhile another furious billow lifted the vessel on its crest, and the two ships closed again, like gladiators, faint and stunned, but still compelled to do battle. The bows of the stranger this time drove heavily against the bows of the Active, just about her main rigging, and her bowsprit darted quivering over the bulwarks, as if it were the arrowy tongue of some huge sea-monster. At this instant a wild sound of agony, between a shriek and a groan, was heard in that direction, and those who turned to ascertain its cause saw the vessels again separated, a human body, swinging and writhing at the stranger's bowsprit head. The vessel heaved up into the moonlight, and showed the face of poor Vangs the quarter-master, his back apparently crushed and broken, but his arms clasped round the spar, to which he appeared to cling with convulsive tenacity. The bowsprit had caught him on its end as it ran in over the Active's side, and driving against the mizenmast, deprived the poor wretch of all power to rescue himself from the dreadful situation. While a hundred eyes were fastened in a gaze of horror on the impaled seaman, thus dangling over the boiling ocean, the strange ship again reeled forward, as if to renew the terrible encounter. But her motion was now slow and laboring.—She was evidently settling by the head; she panted in mid career, gave a heavy drunken lurch to starboard, till her topmasts whipped against the rigging of her antagonist, then rising slowly on the ridge of the next wave she plunged head foremost, and disappeared forever. One shriek of horror and despair rose through the storm—one wild delirious shriek! The water swept over the drowning wretches, and hushed their gurgling cry. Then all was still—all but the rush and whirl of waves as they were sucked into the vortex, and the voice of the storm, which howled its wild dirge above the spot.

When day dawned on the ocean, the Active presented a different appearance from that which she exhibited but a few short hours before. Her foremast gone, her bowsprit sprung, her topgallant masts struck, her bulwarks shattered, her rigging hanging loose and whitened by the wash of the spray—she looked little like the gay and gallant thing, which, at the same hour of the previous day, had ploughed her course through the sea, despite the adverse gale, and moved proudly along under cloud of canvass, as if she defied the fury of the elements. Now, how changed! how sad

the contrast! The appearance of such of the officers and crew as were moving about the deck, harmonized with that of the vessel.—They looked pale and dejected; and the catastrophe they had witnessed had left traces of horror stamped on every brow. The Active was still near the spot of the fatal event, having been lying to under a close reefed mainsail, which the lulling of the wind had enabled her to bear. As the dawn advanced, the upper deck became crowded, and long and searching looks were cast over the ocean in every direction, in the hope to discover some vestige of those who had met their doom during the night. Such of the boats as had not been staved were lowered, and long and patient efforts were made to discover traces of the wreck. But the search was fruitless, and was at last reluctantly abandoned. The boats were again hauled up, and stowed; the Active filled away, and under such sail as she could carry in her crippled state, crept forward towards her goal.—During the rest of her voyage no merry laugh, no lively prattle, cheered the steerage mess table. The bright eyes of Charles Burton were closed—his silvery voice was hushed—his gay heart was cold—his messmates mourned his timeless fate with real sorrow.

In a few days, the sloop-of-war reached her port, and was immediately warped to the dock yard, where she was stripped, hove down, and thoroughly overhauled. The officers and crew lent themselves earnestly to the duty, and a short time served to accomplish it. In less than a week, everything set up and all a taut, the ship hauled out again, gleaming fresh with paint and looking as proud and stately as before the disaster. But where was she that had been wrecked in the encounter? Where, and who were those that perished with her?—Fond hearts were doubtless eagerly awaiting them, and anxious eyes strained over the ocean "to hold the bark that never could return."—No word, no whisper ever told their fate.—They who saw them perish knew not the victims, and the deep gave not up its dead.

SULPHUR.—This mineral product is the key which opens the door to chemical manufactures. From it we make sulphuric acid, (oil of vitriol) and without sulphuric acid many of the largest factories would cease to exist. By its aid we are enabled to produce so many substances, that the bare mention of them would fill the whole paper. Bleaching, dyeing, soda-making, metal-refining, electro-plating, electro-telegraphing, &c., are primarily indebted to this acid.—Many of the most valued medicines could not be made without it—such as ether, cologne, &c. Sulphur being the chief ingredient of gunpowder, modern warfare could not go on comfortably without it. A people that does not possess lucifer matches stands beyond the pale of civilization; yet matches cannot be made without sulphur—not because matches are dipped into melted brimstone before they are tipped with the phosphoric composition which ignites them, but because this very material could not be made without the indirect use of sulphur. In England we consume sixty thousand tons of sulphur annually, which is imported to this country from the volcanic regions of Sicily. For political reasons, the King of Naples has recently prohibited the export of sulphur to any of the kingdoms now at war. Reckoning the value of sulphur at £5 per ton, implies a loss of £300,000—a pretty liberal "peace-offering" from the King of the Two Sicilies.—This loss of sulphur will be very severely felt for a short time in England; but eventually it will be of great service, as we have as much brimstone in this country as commerce requires—a fact that will soon be made manifest by the demand for it; and when once it is seen that our own resources are sufficient, the King of Naples need never expect us to go to his shop any more. It was thus during the last war, that we prevented the French people from cutting Jamaica sugar; so they set to and made sugar from beet-root, and we have lost so much trade ever since.—*Septimus Piesse.*

ARKANSAS GIRLS.—The Memphis Express tells the following story of a friend of the editor's who went over into Arkansas recently, to attend a "break down," that is a dance:

"The ladies upon the occasion, were arrayed in their best, with all the gay colors that an uncultivated taste could suggest. The gentlemen were dressed in homespun clothes, and none but our friend had broadcloth upon his back. During the evening, sweet potatoes of enormous size, roasted in the ashes were handed round to the company, together with a handful of salt for each guest. A beautiful young lady soon became smitten with our friend (perhaps by his magnificent moustaches), and resolved to dance with him. She therefore turned to a friend, and addressed her in these words:

"Sal, hold my tater while I trot round with that nice hoss what's got on store clothes."

Our friend was clinched accordingly; he could not extricate himself from the grip of the rustic beauty, and was obliged to "trot round" after her for one mortal hour before he could obtain a respite from his labors. He made his escape the first opportunity, resolving that he would never again go to an Arkansas "break down."

HOME POLICY.—If you wish to keep your town from thriving, turn the cold shoulder to every young mechanic or beginner of business; look upon every new comer with a jealous scorn; discourage all you can; if that don't do decay his work, and rather go abroad for wares of his kind than give him your money. Last, though not least, refuse to patronize the town papers. Then, "go to seed."

"Perseverance," said a lady, very earnestly, to a servant, "is the only way to accomplish great things." One day eight dumplings were sent down stairs, and they all disappeared. "Berty, where are all those dumplings?" "I managed to get through them, ma'am." "Why, how on earth did you contrive to eat so many dumplings?" "By perseverance, ma'am," said Berty.