THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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TO MY WIFE.

BY JAMES NACK.

The winter winds are loose again,
And, shrinking from the piercing air,
I shudder at the thought of pain
That I have borne, and yet may bear;
But, while the scenes return to view,
Which seemed to be my last on earth,
Returns the heavenly picture too,
Of all thy love and all thy worth.
Thy matchless love, that bore thee up
Through trials few have heart to brave,
That shrank not from the bitter cup
Of anguish, which my anguish gave;
That, while thy noble heart was wrung
With pity, tenderness, and grief,
Still, o'er thy couch of suff'ring, hung,
To give me comfort and relief.
A common love might weep and sigh—
To spare its grief, my presence shun,
And, in its weakness, let me die,
Lamented much, but aided none;
Thy nobler nature rose above
All trials, so they gave me aid,
And on the altar of thy love,
Thy heart, a sacrifice, was laid.
Thy sighs were hushed, thy tears suppress't,
Lest I thy sorrow should divine;
Thy eyes refused their needful rest,
To watch the fitful sleep of mine;
No sharer in a task so dear
And sacred, would thy love allow;
By day and night, still hovering near,
My "ministering angel," thou!
Thou wast my dearest hope on earth,
Since first I met thy welcome sight—
But, never had I known thy worth,
Till in affliction's darkest night;
Oh! then thy pearliere goodness shone,
A star amid the gloom profound,
Dispersed the clouds above me thrown,
And scattered heavenly radiance round.
The God of Mercy heard thy prayer,
When hope past ill receded last,
And gave to thy unwearied care,
The life that seemed already past;
That life I ever would employ
To bless thee, and thy love repay—
To give thee comfort, peace, and joy,
To be thy friend, thy shield and stay.
I will not at the past repine,
Though the remembrance wakes a sigh—
To know the worth of love like thine,
'Twere well to suffer, or to die;
But oh! at once its worth to know,
And, to enjoy its fulness, lived
No greater favor heaven can show,
And earth has nothing more to give.

THE ARTIST'S WIFE.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

In their dull, dim parlor, Mrs. Hargrave and her daughter were seated; Caroline on a footstool by her mother's side. The house was in one of those grey-looking streets which abound in London, though many a denizen of the metropolis little heeds their existence. Branching indirectly from, and therefore parallel with, some great thoroughfare, they are thoroughfares themselves, but threaded so little as such, that the fact is almost forgotten, till the necessary (or unnecessary) nuisance of a paving perplexity breaks up the high road, dams up the stream of traffic, and sends its rushing tide of vehicles for days or weeks together down the "quiet street," waking its slumbering echoes with a ceaseless roar, breaking the nightly repose of its inhabitants, and working a revolution in its local customs. But the street I mean was distinguished by a further peculiarity from the general class to which it belonged. It was an artist-street, the sign thereof being that here and there a window, as if regardless of the symetry of outward appearance, soared upwards, apparently ambitious of communicating with its neighbor overhead. And Mr. Hargrave was a painter: one of a band so numerous, that no one can fancy in the description of him, that an individual is sketched. A man of talent, not genius; with more aspiration than power; and imbued with that selfish, self-willed egotism which, though it may sometimes overshadow a great mind, much oftener dwarfs, to still narrower dimensions, and shrivels up, a little one.

I have said it was a dull, dim parlor, but not a dirty or dingy one; for neatness and cleanliness were as apparent as the shabbiness of the furniture. If curtains and chair covers were faded, it was from washing as well as from wear. Poverty reigned there with his iron sceptre, and his heel on all the flowers of life, but he wore a mask, half pride half resignation, and his aspect was less repellant than it often is, when his rule is far less cruel and despotic. The first floor of the house was occupied by the artist as a studio. There pictures were painted which did, or did not, bring golden return; there patrons—the few he had—were received; and there he indulged his dreams of future fame and appreciation, railing at the dulness of the multitude, because it failed to call him great, and—in one sense happily for himself—wrapping himself in his self-consciousness as in a protecting garment of egotism, which shut out all the vulgar cares of life. He little thought—and could not be made to comprehend—that his very selfishness was the barrier to true greatness. Intellect, knowledge, learning, a lifelong practice in the mechanism of his Art—all these he had; but he wanted the generous pulse of feeling which would have added a Soul to the evidences of Mind and warmed with the heart-fire of Genius his clever-cold creations!

He did not know—and he could not have been taught to comprehend—that the calm, patient, care-worn wife, deputed to the ignoble tasks of domestic drudgery; to the ingenious stratagems by which she strove to make one sovereign fill the legitimate services of two; and to the painful interviews when pressing tradesmen begged the settlement of long-standing accounts; had acted a finer poem in her forty years of life, than his brain had ever imagined, or his pencil executed. I have said that she and her daughter were seated in that dark parlor; but few would have guessed how occupied. The employment will appear profitable, nay, perhaps on the contrary, it may seem to belong to the pomps and vanities of life. Briefly, then, by the mingled light of winter twilight and a bright if not large fire, she was plaiting and braiding her daughter's rich dark hair. From Caroline's early childhood it had been the doting mother's pride; no other hand had ever tended it, from the days of the golden curls, through all their deepening shades, till now, in its rich profusion; it was of a dark hue which looks black until sunlight or firelight brings out its greater brilliance. Helpful in most things beyond the average of her age and condition, in one respect Caroline Hargrave was helpless to the last degree.—Beyond gathering up her long hair with a comb, or parting it in thick locks when damp from its frequent bath, the maiden of sixteen had not a notion of arranging her greatest adornment. Deep and beautiful as was the mutual attachment of the mother and her only child, to my mind there was something touching in the phase of it I am describing. The symetrical figure bursting into the perfection of its rounded beauty, was little likely to have gayer apparel than the home-made cotton gown; the little foot was commonly disguised in cheap and clumsy shoes; the small and well-shaped hand had never known a Parisian glove, and her fair young face and violet blue eyes had never been "set off" by the witchery of a "darling" bonnet. The coarsest straw, or dowdy combinations of mysterious manufacture, were the only headgear she ever possessed—but the beautiful hair! that at least the mother could control, and limb-wearied, or mind-wearied, early or late, some hour of the day she would surely find in which, with practiced hand and loving gesture, to wreath its wavy masses, one day in one fashion, the next in some other, till one might have thought variety itself was exhausted.

"Mamma!" said Caroline, looking up with a smile, and an expression of countenance that seemed a laughing contradiction to her words, "Mamma, do you know I am very vain of my hair?"

"Not vain, my love, I am sure," said Mrs. Hargrave, shaping, as she spoke, a massive plait like a coronet, for the young head that leaned upon her knee. "Not vain, I am sure, though of course you know it is beautiful."

"Dear mamma! cannot you tell what I mean?" exclaimed Caroline, "that I must have been deaf or blind last night, not to discover how beautifully you had dressed it. Really, I felt what lady Fitzroy said was quite true, that no lady's in the room looked so well as mine. And I thought how kind and how clever my dear mamma was, and how much I wished she had been there to hear her tasteful work admired." And Caroline kissed the hand that was conveniently near her lips.

"Ah, I have been so busy all the morning, that you have not told me half the particulars of the ball yet—your first ball, too. Did you really enjoy it, my darling?"

"Oh yes—was it not kind of Miss Graham to invite me?"

Now Miss Graham was what might be called a young old maid, rich and generous, good and clever, and handsome enough to make a very handsome portrait, for which she had recently sat to Mr. Hargrave. The painter despised with most supreme contempt that branch of his art, by which alone a twenty pound note was likely to find its way into his house; and had he suspected that his sitter really cared very little whether the portrait was a likeness or not, and merely thus employed him, as a delicate manner of benefiting his wife and daughter, it is probable contempt and indignation would have prevented him undertaking the commission. Yet such was the truth; and when to this trait of her character is added the fact that a week before the ball, she sent Caroline a quantity of India muslin, with the prettiest of notes, begging her acceptance of the same, saying that she had received a present of several pieces from a cousin in the East, (so she had seven years ago) and leaving her to suppose that this was one of them, though really purchased that morning at Howell's—when this second trait of character is perceived, and understood, the discriminating reader will be intimately acquainted with the shrewd, generous, rather eccentric, but very high-hearted Emily Graham.

"Tell me," continued Mrs. Hargrave, recalling to her mind, as it were a picture, the figure of her young daughter as she appeared the night before in her flimsy, floating muslin robe, and her rich dark hair, without on either, the addition or adornment of a gem or a flower, "tell me," she continued, "did you dance much, and who was it that found you partners?"

"Miss Graham herself," said Caroline; "and not only did she introduce me to partners, but to several young ladies who were there, calling me her 'young friend.' Was not this kind and considerate? And do you know I like better to talk to them than to the strange gentlemen. The latter asked me about operas, and theatres, and books I had never read, and I could only say 'I don't know' to all that was said. And then I felt confused, and that made me seem sillier than ever."

"But the ladies," said Mrs. Hargrave, with a smile, "praised your hair, and so you felt at home in the discourse—was that it, Caroline?"

"Dear mamma, can you think me so foolish? The ladies told to me about many things, and when I seemed ignorant, enlightened me. I did not feel confused at all with them, and I can hardly tell how it came about that Lady Fitzroy admired my hair, and called her daughter to observe its arrangement, recommending her to describe the style to her French maid, Annette."

"Then I suppose we shall have the honor of establishing a fashion, my child?"

"I do not think so," replied Caroline, "for the young lady shook her head, and said that if her maid could dress hair with half the simple grace that mine displayed, she might soon make her fortune at no other employment."

Mrs. Hargrave was twining the last loose tress round her fingers while Caroline spoke, and the daughter did not remark that she paused a moment, dropping her hands for that instant on the young girl's shoulder.—Then quickly completing her self-appointed task, the mother stooped to kiss the smooth fair brow before her, and dismissed her child with one of those fond words which are the sweetest music loving lips can utter—when tuned by one heart's key note, they reach another no less warm.

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The scene is again the parlor, in the "quiet street;" but three years have passed, and busy as old Time must have been about more important matters, he had condescended to leave there agreeable evidences of his passage. The room was no longer dim and dull; on the contrary, it wore a decided air of substantial comfort. Instead of worn and faded chintz, thick curtains of a plain and serviceable manufacture, kept out the wintry air; a warm carpet felt soft to the feet; an easy chair stretched out its inviting arms on one side of the fire, whilst on the other a comfortable couch extended its length. Nor was the room without an ornament. Opposite to the chimney-glass, and reflected therein, so that the picture seemed always present, was a beautiful portrait of Caroline Hargrave—in truth one of her father's most successful productions. Representing her simply attired in white, it recalled precisely her appearance on the eventful night of her first ball; and at the moment of which we are speaking, the original was not by to invite comparisons.

Mrs. Hargrave was seated on a couch, and beside her was a gentleman, a young man of three or four and twenty, who, though deeply interested in the conversation which was going on, and looking withal remarkably happy, yet raised his eyes every now and then, either to the portrait or its reflection, as if it were the presiding deity of the place. Although three years had passed, so far from the lady looking older, the case was absolutely the reverse; a truth which was the more apparent from the circumstance of her being much better dressed than before, wearing on this occasion a quiet and matronly dress of satin. Her habitual expression now was one of repose and contentment, but at this moment it was lighted by a visible, half-tearful gladness, and yet rufiled by some feeling that partook of anxiety.

"Why will you," exclaimed Wilton Broomley, for we take up their discourse at the minute when, Asmodeus-like, we look in, "why will you, my dear lady, revert to what you are pleased to call the inequality of our station? I will admit only to the inequality of fortune; and I am so eccentric as to think this an equality which renders us peculiarly well suited to each other. Dearly as I love Caroline, were I penniless it would be a sorry subject to speak of our marriage—and were she rich, I should distrust the power of my moderate income—should feel there was something wrong in our relative positions—should despair of ever knowing the exquisite sensation, the thought, that even in the most worldly sense, and in reference to mere material comforts, her future lot promises to be brighter than her past."

Mrs. Hargrave pressed his hand, and said, with emotion, "You are all that is good and generous."

"And what can really be a richer inheritance," the young man continued, "than health, talent and beauty! If an artist be fit companion for our nobles, surely his daughter may mate with a simple gentleman."

"A really great artist!" murmured Mrs. Hargrave, as if half ashamed of the insinuation the words conveyed, and yet determined to speak the truth.

"I am no connoisseur," said Wilton, "nor is this the time to discuss Mr. Hargrave's talents. If," he added with a smile, "I do not always award him the pinnacle he assumes for himself, I cannot deny him very great talents; and even by the vulgar and often false measure of success he may be tried, since his art has provided honorable and comfortable sustenance for his family, and has educated a daughter to be the paragon I think her."

"Suppose he has not done this?" said Mrs. Hargrave, looking down and playing with the fringe of her apron.

"How!" returned Wilton, "then he has a private fortune, which, for his sake, but for that alone, I rejoice to learn?"

Not so. Is it possible Miss Graham has never hinted at a means of income not apparent to the world in general?"

"Now you mention it, she once hinted at some secret, calling it a gold mine, and speaking in as mysterious a manner as if she were setting me an enigma to guess. Having no talent for any that sort of thing, it passed from my my mind, but now that you recall the circumstance, I do recollect that she clearly intimated that it was something which redounded to your honor, and that if when I discovered the fact I should not think so, I should deserve to lose Caroline, whom she would immediately endeavor to console, and provide with a worthier lover."

"Noble-hearted woman!"

"Yes, noble-hearted, and right-minded is she," returned Wilton Bromley; "and of this I am sure, that whatever she approved must have been noble and right; wise too and prudent, it is very likely, in that lower sense of wisdom and prudence to which the greatest wisdom is not of necessity allied; for Miss Graham's enthusiasm is always joined to the practical genius of common sense. So, dear lady, either gratify the curiosity you have piqued, or leave the riddle still unsolved, if so it please you."

"My heart allows me no choice; for a mean deception, carefully planned, seems to me but the ill-favored twin of a bold falsehood. Not that there is pain in telling *you* the truth;—the trial was to tell my husband."

"A mystery to him, too—wonder on wonder!"

"For a time even to him; but listen, and I will sketch the history of my married life in a few sentences. I married early, with but a small fortune, besides the riches of hope and youth. We loved each other, at least my husband loved—still loves me—as well as a vain man and an egotist is capable of loving. But I saw not his faults then, and bitter—bitter indeed was the knowledge of them when it came. Taking his dreams of fame and fortune for solid expectations, I saw my little property consumed without much anxiety; nor did I know for a long time how much it was diminished.

"Suddenly the blow fell; three years after our marriage, and when Caroline was an infant in my arms, I learned that we were penniless. I do not believe it possible that they who have never known poverty can be made to know what the struggle of life really is—forgive me, if I say this even to you;" and she pressed Wilton Bromley's hand as she spoke. "If they could be taught this knowledge, it would be, I think, the most beneficial revelation the human race could receive. The cares which depress till they degrade; the necessity of money-seeking, until the jaundiced eye sees even earth's noblest things by its own false medium; the withering of the hearts's best qualities for want of the power of exercising them; the writhing under petty obligations, writhing because they are so gracelessly conferred nine times out of ten; the serfdom of the very soul, whose thoughts even are not free."

"Believe me, I can realize all this," said Wilton, with much feeling.

"You think you can, as a thousand other generous natures have said and thought; but I tell you, there is a new sense comes to us with this sort of suffering, but a sense that vibrates only to its own agony. The rich may comprehend the condition of the helpless abject poor, the utterly destitute; but of the yet deeper trials of the struggling, they know but little more than can a blind man know of sight, even by the most vivid description, and with the strongest human sympathy.

"This life of suffering was mine," she continued, when tears had relieved the bitterness of her recollections, "for years, many years; mine, I say than ours, for, wrapped in his own dreams, Mr. Hargrave scarcely shared them. But amid all, I had one joy, my only child, my Caroline. It was my aim to keep her heart uncorroded by worldly cares, and the bitterness of poverty; I did this, and, in the very doing, my soul escaped at intervals from its corruption. In one respect, my husband's abstraction and isolation worked well. I took care that discourses about money, about poverty, should not meet her ear. Until the age of sixteen, I educated her myself, for I was able, with the help of books, to do this; although, when I attempted to make my poor acquirements serviceable as a daily teacher, I found younger and abler instructors, very naturally preferred. Perhaps my mother's love quickened my abilities; at all events, thus it was. At sixteen, Caroline went to her first ball—you remember the night?"

"I'ow well! Never has her image been entirely driven from my heart from that hour; through for a while, absence and travel might have weakened the impression. It was long before I recognized the real nature of my feelings, but I now know that in that girlish grace—see, mamma! It is beaming down upon us now"—and he pointed to the picture—"and almost childish simplicity, I met my destiny. What a beautiful portrait it is. Her father has caught just the expression she wore; too innocent of evil to be frightened, too pure and graceful to be *gauche*, her natural timidity had a fascination about it beyond all words to describe. I remember comparing her to a white dove, whose wings had strayed among the peacocks of an aviary; and then her beautiful hair! oh, I had no comparison for that!"

"You thought it beautifully dressed?" said Mrs. Hargrave, with a tearful smile.

"I don't know how it was dressed," said Wilton, adding, with the most charming ignorance of the mysteries of the toilet, "it did not seem arranged at all; the beauty of it was, it looked so natural—as it always does!"

"You know I always dress Caroline's hair?"

"Yes, I have heard her say so. What is to be done when I take her away? I must absolutely apprentice a maid to you, to be instructed in the art."

"I think you had better; the idea, I assure you, is not in the least absurd. I would take her without a fee—that would be the only point not quite *en regle*."

"Good Heavens! what do you mean? No, surely—a light is breaking on me!"

"I mean the admiration excited on the occasion you mention, first gave me the idea of turning my talent for hair dressing to profitable account. A talent originating in a mother's love and pride—though perhaps, assisted by opportunities and accidents likely enough to surround an artist's wife. The naturalness you observed, seems to be the secret of my success, and the particular by which I am distinguished from the herd of *coiffeurs*. A day or two after Caroline's first ball, I called on Miss Graham, mentioned the idea which had flashed upon my mind, received her sympathy and approbation—and more than this, her introductions were the stepping-stones to my fortune."

"Fortune!"

"Yes, fortune; at least, in comparison with our former poverty such as it has been to make twenty guines a week, in the London season, besides receiving fees from ladies' maids and others, merely to be allowed to look on while I operated. And out of the season, I am perpetually being sent for into the country, and well paid for my time and trouble. These are the 'ways and means' which have paid my husband's debts, have surrounded us with every needful comfort; and have given Caroline for two years, the benefit of the best masters in every branch of her education. Wilton Bromley will not despise his wife's mother, for having practised so very humble a branch of Art."

"He will love and honor her the more," said Wilton, pressing her in his arms, "that is, if further love and reverence from him be possible. No wonder with such a mother, Caroline is peerless. But say what did you mean by it being 'a trial, to tell your husband' this history, which to me seems beautiful?"

"He has a different pride from yours."

"And now that the results are so fortunate and evident?" asked Bromley.

"The subject is never mentioned between us—he acts as if the thing were not. But let me ring now, and send for Caroline—she has longed for days past that I should tell you the Great Secret.—*People's Journal.*

The Walk-in-the-Water.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT ON LAKE ERIE.

The era of the first steamboats is becoming antiquated, and many who pass up and down in ten hours, are forgetting the time when they were 24 hours, and sometimes longer on the passage. The advent of the first steamboat at Albany was a gala day; and for many years thereafter, it was a customary practice with those whose business did not prevent them, to go down to the landing to witness the arrival and departure of those innovations in the river navigation. The sloop masters owed them no goodwill; and not unfrequently were the collisions which took place under circumstances which warranted the belief that the skippers were the aggressors.

The first masters appointed to these boats did not "bear their faculties meekly." But elated by their distinction, assumed as high prerogatives above the sloop captain's as the man-of-war's men claimed above the commanders of merchant vessels. In fact, from the day of the North River, whose first trip was made without wheel-houses; when her paddle-wheels and piston, and her powers of locomotion against wind and tide, astonished the river population, and brought many to the conclusion that she could be nothing else, than "a live saw-mill;" to the prostration of the monopoly, the favored of the Fulton company, arrogated to themselves a despotic power in their respective commands. Who that ever were auditors of the tremendous jobations, which the first commodore used to inflict upon infractors of the prescribed rules, and the threats of immediate eviction for slight apparent cause, but has quailed for fear of being himself, bag and baggage, landed on Papsknee or Schodack; and thus insulted, be compelled to await a downward vessel in order to complete his passage. Even the Engineers and firemen derived new importance from their stations, and carried themselve accordingly. And from the greatest stoker to the huge black cook, all seemed to consider themselves Lords Paramount of the Navigation, and that they in their respective spheres might be as insolent and overbearing as the captains themselves. Thus much by way of exordium, and now to the point.

The first steamboat on Lake Erie was the Walk-in-the-Water, built by Noah Brown, of New York, for Gilbert Stewart and John B. Stewart, of Albany. While she was in process of construction, people came from far and near to witness the skill of the builder and view the magnificent proportions of the vessel; and when the time arrived when she was, to use the standing newspaper phrase, to "glide into her destined element," the population of the whole country, including the settlements of the Aborigines in the neighborhood, were congregated to behold the scene. After she was launched, and lay alongside the wharf at Black Rock, the influx of the curious was a serious annoyance to the builder.

On one occasion, after the paddle-wheels were fitted, and the house erected, an Indian boy, about 12 years old, was resolved to witness the wonder of which so much had been narrated. Accordingly, in a rickety canoe of bark, he paddled down Buffalo creek, and getting into the current of the Niagara, he was soon gratified with a view of the desired object! So great was his astonishment at the sight of the wheels revolving with the current, that he lost sight of the danger of his situation, and the bow of the boat, coming in contact with the buckets of the wheel, both boy and canoe in an instant disappeared.

Mr. Brown, who was directing some operations on the upper works, fortunately witnessed the accident, and divesting himself of his boots and coat, he sprang into the gangway abaft the wheel; for a second he paused, as he looked over the gunwale, but finding that nothing but the wreck of the canoe came to the surface, he plunged overboard and disappeared. More than a minute had elapsed (to the spectators who crowded to the gunwale in great anxiety, almost an age,) and serious apprehensions were felt that the intrepid Brown had paid the forfeit of his life, without accomplishing his benevolent purpose; when some thirty yards astern, he arose, bearing the lifeless body of the young Indian in his left hand; and taking a diagonal course to the shore, he cared himself through the rapid current with his right hand until he landed in safety with the body which he had so gallantry rescused.

After a little while, by judicious appliances, the stomach of the drowned boy was emptied, and he showed symptoms of re-animation, and by a continuance of these, he was at length effectually restored. Mr. Brown had thus the heartfelt gratification of having saved the life of a human being. But he was minus a valuable gold watch, which was lost in the attempt, and which was not recovered without great difficulty.

The Walk-in-the-Water was in train of completion, and the necessity of finding a proper commander, suggested itself to the owners. To think of selecting any body for this station but one "to the manor born," was out of the question. This was before the days of the Bunkers, the Shermans, the Rogers, and Bartholomews. A master was required to know something beyond navigation, and must be well versed in the lore of Fultoman, "Gramazye," steam gauges, safety valves, pistons, &c., or the wheels would not pass the centre. Commodore Weswall of the Chancellor Livingston, Capt. Roorback, of the Paragon, and others of high dignity on board those favored vessels, were not to be thought of; and the master of the Fire-fly (then or afterwards) was to be the first commander of the well found vessel, which was first to frighten the piscatory population of Erie, by the puffing of his engine and the dashing of his water wheels.

An old sailor, named Davis, who "had felt the fierce extremes of either zone," who knew the force of every gale, from a "typhoon" to a "white squall," or a "norther," and could blindfold, tell by the taste of the water whether he was in the middle of the Gulf Stream, or bowsing it in the Bay of Biscay; at least we are bound to believe this upon his own declaration—was selected as pilot. Davis was a thorough bred seaman, and a regular forecastle joker. A humorist in a high degree, and had spent his youth as a mate of a whaler on the Pacific, or a mariner in the Indian seas. He was as familiar with the Straits of of Babelmandel and the Persian Gulf, as with the Mozambique channel, Long Island Sound or the Bay of Fundy. Of course he was much amused by the airs of seamanship and lofty pretensions of the captain, who professed to know the art of "handling a vessel," and to be competent to stand by Neptune himself, and "give directions" in any nautical emergency.

It would do very well to indulge him in calm times and smooth water, when the pilot seemed to pay profound deference to the captain's superior judgement, and the first part of the season the weather was unusually moderate and serene. These were the halcyon days of the captain's command, and at every successful trip his consequential airs and self-sufficiency increased.

It was in the early part of October 18—, that I had occasion to pass through the Lake, and during the passage the Captain was unusually important and exacting. This tried the patience of both Davis and the crew; and some of the men on their arrival at Detroit refused to do duty. This mutiny the captain attempted to quell by the strong hand, and a scuffle ensued on the quay, in which the refractory stokers and deck hands were joined by the long-shoremen of the city, and the captain was roughly handled. By the good temper and prudent conduct of Davis the men were induced to return to duty, and all seemed willing to forget the difficulty, but the captain, who was still sulky, and who intimated to Davis that he meant to have satisfaction out of the recusants on the passage down.

For several days before our return, the clouds to the northward assumed a threatening appearance. A storm was evidently brewing, and Davis's experienced eye saw that it would be one of more than usual violence, and everything was made snug for the occasion. As we left the mouth of the river it began to puff heavily from the northwest, and we hugged the Canada shore in order to make the better weather, but the gale continued to increase, and a sea was getting up, which with the threatening aspect of the sky were quite sufficient to excite the apprehensions of a landsman. The jerking and pitching of the vessel seemed to alarm the captain, and it became plain that his pugnatious purpose, like the courage of Bob Acres in the play, was fast "oozing" away, and that he meant to postpone his vengeance upon the mutineers to a more fitting occasion. His anxious countenance, and his frequent visits to the wheel, to inquire of Davis what he thought of the weather, put the old joker completely "*au fait*," of what was passing in the captain's mind; and to all his queries, with a very solemn countenance, and turning his quid, he gave ambiguous and perplexing answers, intended to terrify the captain, the result of which was very visible. As I love to see the elements in commotion, I wrapped myself in my cloak, and took my station near the wheel, while Davis, with a keen eye, a little in advance, was looking to windward, and giving the cue to the man at the helm.—Nothing was more amusing than a colloquy with the facetious pilot, and his queer comparisons and nautical similes, were in the highest degree entertaining. As we were thus engaged, the captain approached, and instantly the countenance of Davis was set for the occasion. After some fishing questions, to which with an elongated visage, and in a solemn tone, he received unsatisfactory replies; the perturbed captain was compelled to ask directly whether the vessel was in great danger. "Why, sir, if nothing happens to the engine, or the wheel-rope, we may weather the storm; but if either of those accidents happen, and we broach-to,* there is no knowing when we may go to the bottom. Steady, Jack, steady! don't let her yaw a hair the sea is getting up fast. You see, sir," said he, turning to the captain, "that so long as we can keep close to this shore, we shall be comparatively in smooth water; but as we round Long Point our course will be considerably more easterly, and the sea will be far more rough and dangerous; and heaven send that nothing gives way, and we may be preserved from broaching-too."

We were dashing through waters at a great rate, and soon reached the dreaded peninsula, and the captain, as if anxious to know the worst, took his position beside us. The point was passed, and as Davis has predicted, the view of the sea beyond was, to a landsman's eye, at least alarming. If the vessel had before been uneasy, the pitching and jerking was increased four-fold, and the accelerated motion was any thing but pleasant, either to the captain or myself. As the face of our companion was turned the other way, Davis whispered in my ear, "Now for a little fun." Our course was so as to bring the wind and seas six points upon the stabboard bow; and, although under the vigilence of the pilot, the helm was managed with skill, not a little water came over the weather bulwarks. "Captain," said Davis, "if we should broach-too it may be necessary to veer out something to bring our head to the wind. I dare not leave my station an instant. Steady there! steady, I say! Will you be good enough sir, to step forward, and give orders that a spar may be made fast to the three-inch hawser, and all made ready for a clear run when the spar is overboard."

"Certainly, sir," said the Captain, and went forward with great alacrity.

"Now for it!" said Davis, and as he spoke, a huge sea, a "tenth wave," came rushing onward. The Captain had gotten within six feet of the windlass, when Davis, in an undertone, gave the word, "Briskly, Jack! Briskly! three spokes to starboard!" The order was obeyed, the veering prow met the huge volume in career, and it came souse upon deck, knocking our commander off his legs, and floating him three fathoms or more, back wards.

He gathered himself up with all expedition, and made his way aft. "Port your helm! port I say! another spoke, and mind your eye; so steady, steady," said Davis, in pretended reproof to the steersman.

"Lord have mercy upon us," said the captain as he came up.

"Amen! amen!" solemnly responded the pilot.

"Was that broaching too, Mr. Davis?" he inquired.

"O no, sir," was the reply; "nothing like it; that was merely shipping a sea: bad enough in all conscience, but broaching-too is quite another matter: I wish we had sea-room to scud in," he added.

"Can't we put before the wind and reach some port on the other shore?" asked the Captain.

"Lord love you, sir," was the answer, "we have an iron-bound coast under our lee—our anchors would not hold, and in 15 minutes after we struck, we should be broken up like a basket of chips. "If," he continued, "it was like the Miami, or Sandusky Bay, even if we went a shore, we might lie like a setting hen till the wind fell! But we have nothing for it now but to drive her on, and pray Heaven we do not bronch-too!"

A heavy squall now came on, and the dark scud driving over us, scarcely above our masthead gave to the scene a terrific appearance.

"Mr. Davis," said the captain "you have been a great deal at sea, have you often met such weather."

"Why, Captain," replied the pilot, "I have been once through Magellan, and five times round Cape Horn, and I have coasted the Arabian shore from Babelmandel to the the Bay of Bengal, a dozen times: I've met typhoons of Java Head, and in the straits of Funda; and many a tough gale have I weathered about the Cape of Good Hope; but I must say that I never saw such seas there."

"So then," said the Captain, "you think there is no hope for us!"

"I don't exactly say so," said Davis; "while two planks hold together there is always hope for somebody; and many a good fellow has been picked up on a hen-coop, days after the foundering of his vessel. We must take matters as they are, do every thing we can, and hope for the best, and after all our engine may fail us, and we shall have to put afore it, and it is best to be provided in the last resort. I wish, therefore, Captain, you would go forward again and order the spar lashed to the hawser, and see an anchor got ready, and the cable clear, that we may be able to let go when the time comes."

Away went the captain forward, and when he had again attained the right spot, "starboard!" was the word; and, as before, the sea came on board. This was a much heavier one, which gave the captain a more severe drenching than at first, and floated him abreast of the wheel. He arose with a rueful countenance, and in the greatest dismay. The man at the helm turned aside to conceal a grin; and the muscles of my mouth twitched horribly as I endeavored to forbear following his example; but the countenance of Davis was fixed and set to correspond with the alarm which he had excited. At length, he began to pity his victim.

"Captain," he said, "I see you are a little frightened; and, indeed, this sea is enough to scare any body. But it won't do to let the men see it, or they'll give out at once. I think you had better go below, and I promise you my word, we will do every thing we can to save the vessel; and you sir," said he turning to me, "will be more comfortable in the cabin."

We both took him at his word. The captain repaired to his state room, and did not again make his appearance. We made our passage good, and arrived at Buffalo, after a tolerable quick trip, late in the afternoon.

It was important to me that I should spend a few hours in Batavia. Booking myself at the stage office for Albany, to be taken up there, I hired a conveyance, and proceeded to that place. I had time to transact my business and to breakfast before the stage arrived, and was standing at the door of the hotel when it drove up. The first person who alighted was the captain of the Walk-in-the-Water, I hailed him with surprise.

"Whereaway, Captain?" I asked.

"Away for the North River," was the answer, "and if any body ever finds me sailing in broader water, they will find a good fellow."

And in fact, the quondam captain of the first boat on lake Erie, resumed the command of the Fire Fly. And, as if fearful of shipping seas in the deep water, he confined his voyages to a trip of six miles in the narrow channel between Troy and Albany.

*Broaching too, strictly speaking, can only happen when a vessel is running before the wind; but, if by any accident, a vessel with her tacks abroad, should fall off, and get into the trough of the sea, she is in the precise condition of a vessel broaching-too. Davis chose a term which he thought less intelligible to the Captain.—*Home Journal.*