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[Written for the Bradford Reporter.]

A Fragment.

The years, the years! how noiselessly they creep Along this waste of being. Stealthfully They work with influence invisible, Yet in their imperceptible advance All earthly things must feel their power. They creep Upon the face of beauty and its sheen Darkened. The light and joyousness Of childhood's cheek, grow faint and fade away Beneath the shadows which their airy wings Cast o'er their sunny tracts of life. How doth The rigid brow of manhood lose its cast Of bold adventure and grow tremulous And pale-shaken, when the flying years With noiseless arrows have drunk up The spirit-fountains of the soul. Meanwhile, No new vicissitude diversifies The march of their existence. Still they move As rapt as when they saw the earth's Primal landscapes clad with verdant groves— Ere ever voice of man or beast or bird, Awoke the stillness of the new-born world; Or ever Nature, working in her sphere 'Midst forms and shapes and kinds innumerable Of untold-beauty, found response and saw Herself disclosed and worship'd by Intelligences of her own—changeless Themselves, though changing all.—Yonder new babe, A tiny being, rock'd in earliest repose upon its mother's bosom, feels The freshest glow of life in heart and limb; Unconscious of all else. Some fleeting years Pass smoothly on: the stranger learns to act With pain or more or less adorned, till His little tragical life is done: And new again he sleeps upon the breast Of Earth, our general parent, which shall leave Not till the last trumpet shall sound its dreadful alarm And wake the slumberer.

The years, the years; with temper torn an force They thunder by. In their majestic march They hurry onwards to their final close And consummation all created things. Methinks I hear the solemn melody Of vast revolving spheres, that mix and whirl In undistinguishable mazes through The infinite of space. And stunning sounds Of elemental war and battle shock, And busy hum of every living thing, Arise in awful chorus to salute My newly open'd ears. The earth, the sea, The liquid depths of ether, turn with life Painful or happy, and the farthest realms Of space are instinct with intelligence And motion. Winds that shake the mountains top And earthquake's struggling under ground, the huge Leviathan that founders through the deep, Nor less the countless living things that fill Earth's smallest particle—the water-drop, The green leaf and the rose's delicate tint, Display the workings of the boundless Mind. Nor we alone, the beings of a day, Do live—the universe has one great Soul That lives and moves and breathes in every thing— And bears the burdens of existence. The universe is living. Hills and rocks And mountain and stars and seas and shores endure Change and vicissitude in endless round, And ever as the solemn years sweep by, The pulses of the universal Soul Heave through old Nature's mighty frame. Our life, A meteor-blaze across the azure sky, Endures but for a moment and is gone— A dancing bubble on the ocean wave, It bursts and sinks into the general mass Of waters. But the soul that breathes our breath— The ground on which our particular life Is painted, is eternal; and while all The fleeting forms that mock our vision come And go, it holds its lofty state above All change, all passion, hope, desire or fear.

TOWANDA, July 27th, 1845.

Getting to Sea.

BY HARRY DANFORTH, AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

We were blockaded at Newport. Our vessel was a sharp, Baltimore-built craft, heavily sparred, and carrying twenty guns. She had never been beaten by a square rigged vessel on wind. If once at sea, therefore, we should have little to fear. But for three weeks we had been lying idly at anchor, and as winter was coming on, the crew began to be impatient. At last a norther blew the blockading squadron from the mouth of the harbor, and the skipper resolved to seize the occasion and attempt to get to sea. The sun had declined towards the low shore of the opposite island, when, in obedience to a note from the Captain, we met him at the wharf to repair on board. Our ship lay but a short distance off, and as we pulled towards her I contemplated her exquisite proportion for the twentieth time. Her long low hull sat so light upon the waters, it scarcely seemed to touch them. The tall, jaunty masts, crossed by the long black yard, rose to an immense distance overhead, raking far away aft and tapering aloft whiptail-like. The bowsprit showed itself high up in front, the stays bracing it taut to the foremast, and appearing to extend thence, in mazy lines of hamper, to every part of the ship. From the mainmast to the pennon drooped nearly to the water, now and then stirring lazily in the almost imperceptible currents of air. The hull was painted of a deep black; the only other color perceptible about the ship was the blood-red of the open ports. A few quick strokes brought us on board. The decks were white with constant hollystoning, and the brass ornaments around were burnished to their utmost polish. Immediate attention was given to muster. They numbered, all told, one hundred and twenty souls.

The ensuing evening broke clear, without a particle of haze. The stars, however, had not yet faded from the firmament before the cold gray light of approaching day, when all hands were piped to make sail. We fired a gun, sat the colors, and loosed the top sails.— Then the shrill whistle of the boatswain rang through the ship, and the cry, "all hands unmoor," floated over the water. The men started merrily to their work, and soon the cable hoisted. Then followed the quick order to brace the head-yards aback and the after-yards full; the windlass was manned again, a sheer was given to port, the anchor tripped, and the job hoisted. Her head now fell rapidly off, and we began to hear the water bubbling under her stem.

"Fill away the head-yards—haul out the spanker," thundered the officer of the deck, and, his orders being obeyed, we were soon fairly under way, shooting out of the inner harbor with easy velocity, like a sea-bird taking wing.

By this time the sun was half way above the low hills, to the eastward, and the lofty spars, and then the decks were lighted up by his rays. A pleasurable excitement diffused itself in every heart, caused by the rapid motion of the vessel, and the beauty of the scene around. Behind us lay the town, the white steeples of some of the grander mansions glistening in the sun, while a low murmur rising from its crowded buildings betokened that its inhabitants were beginning to stir. From the fort broad on our starboard we heard the beating of the reveille, and its martial tones came stirring on our ears. Both the outer and the inner harbor were dotted with sails, mostly those of fishing boats or vessels trading up the river. A cable's length or so, from Fort Wolcott lay a tawny rigged brig, with her posts up, and a few men seen lazily about her decks.— She was a privateer that had slipped in a few days before, after a highly successful cruise. As we drew nearer to her, however, man after man showed his head above her bulwarks until her whole crew was visible, watching us as we came down. We were soon side by side.

"Give them three cheers, my lads," said the skipper, as we shot past.

Instantly the deafening huzzas arose, died off, and rose again; and when this round was complete, the crew of the privateer sprang into her rigging and answered us, while the officers on her quarter waved their caps for a parting salute. In a few minutes, the brig was far astern.

We were now opposite Fort Wolcott, when we fired a salute to set all drawing sails.— Newport lights were soon left astern and before two hours Block Island was visible from the deck. The broad ocean was now before us, and we took our exuberant spirits. The sky was without a cloud, the waves danced and sparkled in the sunbeams, the freshening breeze whistled pleasantly in the rigging, and the log told us that we were leaving the shore with a velocity that would soon place us beyond the reach of danger, especially if the fleet of the enemy remained a few hours longer out of sight.

"A sharp run this, Alcott," said one of my brother lieutenants. "We shall have to thank our stars if we don't find any of the enemy in our track."

"I don't know," I replied; "our craft is a clipper, and can go into the very eye of the wind."

While I was speaking my eye had been turned to the look-out at the mast-head, and with the steadiness with which he gazed down to leeward I suspected he saw a sail in that quarter. I was not mistaken. Simultaneously with my remark he hailed.

"A sail—broad on the lee-beam!"

All eyes were turned toward the designated quarter, and, with the aid of our glass, we made out the stranger to be a heavy ship, apparently under a crowd of canvass, standing from us. We kept on our course, however, and directly saw a second, and then a third sail under our lee, all crowding on every thing to come up with us. It was evident that they were the van of the English squadron, returning to their blockading station, and that they had made us out from the mast head and given chase.

The sea was smooth, with a gentle breeze, so that we feared nothing so long as we kept as far on our present tack as possible; accordingly we continued our course until the nearest of the squadron was but two miles distant.— She was a light frigate, who had drawn far ahead of her consort. As she came dashing up toward us, careening slightly, her pyramid of canvas rising gracefully from her hull, and her peak blowing out from her main-topmast head, she presented a stirring picture. Even the skipper, who usually could see nothing to extol in an enemy, joined in the general praise.

"She is a handsome craft," said he, pausing at the end of his usual walk on the quarter deck, and wheeling sharp on his heel, after a military fashion he had acquired on shore.— "I did not think his Britannic Majesty had a frigate so beautiful! But ha!—the fellow is going to fire at us. He is close within range, too. It won't do," he continued as if conversing with himself, "to go nigher one might get one's spars crippled."

His remarks were cut short, by the shooting of a jet of flame from one of the forward ports of the frigate, followed by a puff of thick white smoke, which immediately floated backwards against the hull part of it passing over her decks in thin white wreaths to leeward, and part clinging to her dark sides and settling down on the water. We had time to notice these things fully before we heard the ball whistling overhead.

"By the Lord!" ejaculated the skipper, "he flings his shot farther than I thought he could. It was well aimed, too—eh, Andrews?" he said, addressing his first lieutenant. "This won't do—we have gone as far as we can on this tack; it is time to put about. Clear away the long thirty-four, however," he thundered, suddenly elevating his voice, "and give that chase a shot."

The gun of which he spoke was a heavy piece, mounted amidships, for the purpose of crippling vessels we might be in chase of and which were out of reach of our cannonades.— The command was obeyed with alacrity, the crew had caught on the instant, the spirit of the skipper.

"A little lower," said the old tar, who was the captain of this favorite piece: "a mite yet—there, that's it my hearties. This is a beautiful sea, leads, for a range—no pitching and jerking, as if one's teeth were to be drawn out—but easy and calm as a fresh water pond.— Now we have all right—stand off."

With these words he applied the match, and instantly stooping down, with one hand on a shipmate's shoulder and his head stretching forward eagerly, he watched the course of the ball. In a few seconds we saw the splinters fly from the dark hull of the frigate.

"Hit her, by G—d, the first shot. I'd bore her through and through, damme if I wouldn't, if the skipper would only give me a chance. But I suppose now we're off to the windward."

The old tar's prediction, uttered so mournfully, was correct, for the skipper, however willing he might have been to indulge his crew in his harmless bravado, did not wish to endanger his craft by remaining longer within reach of the enemy's guns. Accordingly the smoke from our piece had scarcely blown away from the deck, when he issued orders for all sail to be made and the ship close-hauled. We were soon, therefore, eating into the wind's eye with every thing set that would draw.

The enemy, however, did not seem disposed to allow us to escape so easily. The moment his shot was returned and he saw us going off dead on the wind, he threw out lighter canvas, and, bracing himself sharp up, began a serious chase. But before the trial had been continued half an hour, he saw that we were more than a match for him, and giving up all hope of overtaking us in a pursuit, began to fire on us, in the hope of crippling our spars. His first shot went through our mizzen topsail.

"Hah!" said the skipper, wheeling again suddenly on his heel, while his brow gathered into a frown as he gazed at the frigate; and then he muttered to himself in an under tone, "I have got the little Atlas into hot quarters," and again he look angrily and uneasily at the frigate, from whose side, at that instant, another sheet of flame leaped forth.

We watched anxiously the approach of the shot—so anxiously that the few seconds occupied by it in traversing the distance between the frigate and ourselves appeared protracted into an age. Our situation was, in reality, one to awaken the most serious apprehensions.— With the wish to run to sea as far as possible on our first tack, we had allowed the enemy to approach within a dangerous proximity, which the accuracy with which his guns were pointed rendered doubly crucial. A single well-aimed shot might carry away some indispensable spar, and before the damage could be repaired, the frigate might gain on us sufficiently to make our capture inevitable; for the lessening by a mile the distance that separated us would render all attempts to escape futile, as, in that case, with the present smooth sea, the foe could pick off our important spars as surely and easily as a practical duelist could split his bullet on a knife, nine times out of ten.

We held our breath, then, fore, during the passage of the ball, nor were we relieved when it struck the transom knee, scattering the splinters in every direction. "They know more of gunnery on board yonder frigate than in most vessels in his majesty's navy," whispered the third lieutenant to me. "We are in a pretty pickle. Depend on it, they have only been trying their range, and that we shall soon have a broadside rattling about us."

He had scarcely spoken when the frigate, which hitherto had been firing on us with her bow guns, yawned slightly, and simultaneously with flame, while the cannon balls were visible receding over the waves in their passage towards us. For an instant we experienced again the most intense anxiety. At last the iron shower burst upon us. One ball shattered the bulwarks but a few feet from where I stood, knocking the splinters twenty feet into the air. One of these splinters was driven, as if it would drive a dagger into the body of a seaman who happened to be near me. The poor man fell bleeding and gasping to the deck, from whence he was carried below; and before an hour he was a corpse.

"The main top-mast head is injured," reported the captain of the top. This was a serious piece of news, and I noticed that a look of anxiety came over the captain's face, nor did it disappear until the damage had been examined and reported to be comparatively trifling, though in a stiff gale the spar would have certainly given way before it could have been strengthened. The repair of the injury was instantly begun; and a feeling of relief spread abroad when we came to examine the remainder of the damages and found them to be in material, since most of the shot had passed over or fallen short.

We were now rapidly drawing out of reach of the enemy's fire. We had gained perceptibly on him before he resorted to his batteries, but since then his velocity had been diminishing while ours remained unabated, the consequence was that he was now fast falling astern. He appeared sensible of this, and made another effort to arrest our progress with his guns. This time he yawned widely and discharged his whole broadside at us, but every shot fell short. We now merrily bade him farewell, thinking the peril past.

The day, meantime, had passed the meridian, and night was fast approaching. The sea continued smooth with gentle breezes. All our light sails being set, we were rapidly increasing the distance between us and the pursuing squadron, when suddenly four bells in the afternoon watch a sail was discovered to windward, which we soon made out to be a schooner with all her canvass abrad, evidently watching us. Our glasses were immediate-

ly put in requisition, and she was discovered to be heavily armed, with every appearance of belonging to the blockading squadron. A fast-sailing schooner, originally an American privateer, had lately been captured and commissioned by the British admiral at Halifax to cruise off the Sound of Long Island. It was highly probable that she was the vessel in sight.

"If so," said the skipper, "she is a clipper on a wind. She will hug it close, and pepper at us with her long Tom, in order to cripple us so that the squadron may come up and complete the capture. I wonder if any one on board knows her."

A weather-beaten topman presented himself with this inquiry was made on the forecastle. He had been chased in a pilot-boat about a month before by the schooner, and could easily recognize her. The old fellow was asked if and a glass handed him.

He took it, after he had made his bow and placing his tarponel carefully on the deck, proceeded, with a great deal of importance in his air, to adjust the slides, so as to get the exact range for his eye. This, with some delay, he succeeded in doing. Then he took a long look at the schooner, during which the skipper and his officers stood by scarcely able to conceal their impatience. When he had apparently satisfied himself, he removed the glass from his eye, and with the same slow exactness closed the slides and handed it to the captain, still, however without uttering a syllable.

"Well," said the skipper, now losing all patience, and speaking in his quick way, as he always did when excited, "what do you think? You have taken a look long enough to recognize her, if you ever saw her before."

"That's what I was bound to do," answered the imperturbable tar, "seeing all depended on sartant in this matter. Slow and sure is what they used to teach us in old Massachusetts, and I take it that that was a good rule then is a good rule now."

"But the schooner," interrupted the skipper. "The schooner's a schooner, that's sartin," replied the topman, turning a quid leisurely in his mouth, "and if she ain't, he continued, perhaps noticing the angry frown beginning to lower on the captain's brow, "the same craft that chased us off Montauk, a matter of a month ago or so, then I know nothing of the rigging of a fore and aft."

The officers looked at each other with blank faces. A silence ensued. Then the skipper gave orders to beat to quarters. At the first tap of the drum the men were at their stations, restless with impatience to terminate the suspension of our present situation.

As we were close on a wind, and the schooner coming down free it was not long before we could see her decks, which appeared crowded with men.— The setting sun, as it wheeled its broad disc into the western ocean, dyed the horizon with the gorgeous colors of the expiring dolphin, levelled its slant rays on her white sails, and brought her boldly into relief.— As the billows heaved and fell against the golden orb, their white spray flashed like molten silver; while the tops of the waves between it and us glistened gloriously along the wake of the sunbeams. For some minutes we forgot everything else in admiration of this scene.— Gradually the luminary sank beneath the horizon; and one after another of the brilliant tints in the western sky faded into others less splendid, the gold changing into crimson, the crimson into purple, and that finally subsiding into a pale, cold apple-green.

White, however, twilight was gradually stealing over the seaboard in this quarter, bringing with it the vague feeling of loneliness which always attends that hour on the ocean, the moon, long since risen and now almost at her meridian, was flooding the waters around with her silvery light. Insensibly her beams changed the character of the prospect to the windward. The apple-green disappeared from the firmament, and night silently set in. The horizon grew vague and shadowy; thin indistinct masses of what appeared mist hung around the seaboard, which contrasted strikingly with the floods of effulgence poured down from the full moon, in our immediate vicinity. There was not a cloud in the sky.— The stars were mostly hidden, though here and there one larger than the rest, twinkled with a subdued light. And as the beams of the moon fell on the snowy sails of the schooner, surrounded by its shadows, it seemed like some aerial barque.

We were now within range of each other, when suddenly the schooner hauled her wind and stood away on the same tack with ourselves. Immediately afterward the foot of her foresail lifted and a cloud of smoke puffed up forward. Almost before we could comprehend these manoeuvres a shot went hissing and whizzing ahead of us, and plunging into the sea a few fathoms off, threw up a column of spray.

"By the gods!" exclaimed the skipper, "just as I expected. But if the fellow thinks we carry only carronades, and believe us by keeping aloof from them he can cut our spars to pieces with his long Tom, and so ensure our capture when the squadron came up, he'll be mistaken. We may get crippled, but we'll have a trial on him, at any rate. Forward there, Tackle, and see what your bull dog can say."

"Ay! ay! sir," answered the captain of our thirty-four; "we'll give a good account of him. Now, look out, my hearties."

As he spoke he sighted the gun and immediately afterward we heard the report and saw the shot skimming away over the waters. It did not, however, hit the enemy, but passed quite a pistol shot ahead. Tackle gave vent to an impatient oath, and took care to keep his eye from meeting that of the skipper, who stood on the quarter deck.

"Bowse her out, my lads," exclaimed the old water dog, "and we'll try her again.— Yellow Bess won't fail us a second time, or my name ain't Thomas Tackle."

with an impatient humph. After waiting a second, he ran his eye again along the gun, and from the length of time he occupied before he succeeded in pointing it to his satisfaction, we knew that his pride was aroused, and that the ball would tell home. While he was yet sighting the gun, a shot from the long Tom of the schooner rang through the rigging overhead.— But not a muscle of the old fellow's countenance moved. Quick as lightning he applied the match, and as the smoke eddied off palely in the moonlight, we saw the ball from his piece knock off the white splinters from the after part of the schooner and then pass in on her deck, no doubt doing much damage.

"Huzza!—there she takes it," cried out Tackle; "the varmints have it now on full allowance, plenty of yankee balls and British splinters. We'll give 'em more before we have done with them. I'll pick off their spars directly as I used to knock over the decks in the Egg Harbor thoroughfares. Bowse her out—bowse away merrily. We'll show 'em what we can do."

Several shots were now exchanged with considerable animation, the enemy returning our fire briskly from his long Tom. But the distance between us was so great as to render this kind of warfare of but little peril, for many of the shots fell short and the few that hit the schooner had mostly spent their force.— Tackle, however, soon proved to our satisfaction his superior gunnery, for scarcely a ball that carried far enough missed its aim. Had we been able to get nearer to the foe, we should have bored her through and through, but she hugged the wind miraculously, and soon gained enough on us to render it certain that she could beat us on our present tack, a thing not so surprising, however, when her fore and aft rig was considered. Having satisfied herself of her superiority in this point she allowed us again to approach, and began a rapid fire on us from her piece once more, in the hopes of disabling us. We replied, however, to her fire as rapidly, and with more certainty, making every effort to get nearer, and close.

But she evaded, dextrously keeping us just within range. By what miracle our spars escaped unharmed I know not, but after keeping up the contest for some time, we were still unharmed, except by one or two trifling hurts. Several shot however had taken effect on our hull. On the other hand, we had cut away the main peak halyards of our adversary, and riddled her sails so thoroughly that she began perceptibly to lose her advantage in sailing. A successful shot from Tackle's piece, at length, cut her foresail loose, and it came down by the run.

We now gained rapidly on her. Every exertion appeared to be making to repair damage, but before the foresail could be replaced we had run up comparatively close on her quarter, and were doing terrible execution with our gun. She was not long without spurs on her part, however; and her long thirty-four was working with such rapidity and precision as to make us heartily wish to get beyond its range. But our only chance of doing this safely remained in cracking on every thing and so working to windward.

"Hot work this, sir," said Tackle, as the skipper came forward and addressed him; "but it's a smooth sea, and nearly as light as day. I've had a shot already at that long gun of theirs, and I'm no Egg Harbor man if I don't dismount it yet. There's nothing else in our way when that's gone, except a broadside from their carronades when we pass them, and we can pepper them after that fashion quite as well as they can pepper us. That's it, now for cutting legs of that barking devil of theirs."

The shot hissed through the air, and almost before we knew it had left the piece, reached its destination. There was a perceptible confusion on the deck of the schooner; their gun was dismounted, as the old tar had threatened.

"Huzza!" he exclaimed, unable to conceal his exultation, waving his smoke grimed, hat around his head, and the crew, now equally excited, took up the shout until the welkin quivered with the sounds.

Our gallant craft seemed to catch the enthusiasm and start forward like a high mettled colt when he feels the spur. We were soon drawing across the schooner's bows with every man at his quarters, and the matches lighted. Our piece, meanwhile, had kept doing the execution. Most of the head-sails of the schooner had been shot away, so that she now lay unmanageable and at our mercy.

"Haul down your flag," thundered our commander, as we ranged up across her forefoot, "or I'll sink you."

"There was no answer, unless a sullen tho' feeble shout of defiance might be called one, that floated across the silent waters."

"Then God have mercy on you!" said the skipper, and, leaping from the gun where he had stood, he gave the command to fire. Instantaneously our sides were shrouded with flames; the ship reeled backward, quivered from keel to truck, and the iron tempest sped on its work of destruction. We heard the splintering of timbers, the cracking of spars, the shrieks of the wounded, and the fall of the foremost into the water. When the smoke eddied away partially, so as to give us a glimpse of the foe, we saw him lying a perfect wreck.

"We have surrendered!" cried a voice from the schooner. A boat was instantly despatched on board. When we mounted the deck there were scarcely half a dozen persons to be seen, for most of the crew had flung themselves from their guns and ran below before we delivered our raking fire. The shout of defiance we heard had proceeded from the officers and a few resolute veterans who stuck to them.

That will be something to be talked of," he said rubbing his hands in glee. "The English will never forget our having captured their crack schooner in sight of their squadron and set her on fire. By jove! this has been a glorious night. We are getting to sea to some purpose."

This bold resolution was instantly carried into effect. The men were ordered up one by one through the hatchway, disarmed, and commanded to take their places in boat. The wounded were then carefully removed, those who could bear it were placed with their companions, and the rest given in charge of our own surgeon.

"Now, my lads," said the skipper, light up the bonfire, and let us by its light see where the British squadron lies."

The boats pulled sullenly away in the direction of the fleet, which they would have no difficulty in reaching, as the night was clear and the sea smooth. Meantime the schooner was fired in several places, and having satisfied ourselves that the crew could not return and extinguish it, we once more stood away to windward. Soon the flames began to break up the hatchways, rolling before them huge volumes of pitchy smoke that settled away to leeward, as if a gigantic black curtain had been dropped from the sky in that direction.— Against this gloomy background the lurid conflagration shone in bold relief. The fire spread now with inconceivable rapidity. It licked up the masts quite the shrouds, leaped into the fore-rigging, and shooting its thousand starry tongues in every direction, caught to the tops and other parts of the mazy hamper, until the schooner was a sheet of flame that blazed high above the main mast and streamed far down to leeward, illuminating the horizon with the light of noon-day.

The burning cinders floated off like showers of stars, and scattered on the waters continually. The crest of every wave in our immediate vicinity glowed like molten gold. At length the flames reached the magazine, for suddenly a jet of flame of intense brilliancy shot into the sky, while the huge mainmast went up to the sky like an arrow from a bow. Instantly—quicker than the thunderbolt follows the flash—we heard a stunning roar that made our ship reel like a drunken man; then followed the splashing of timbers on the deep, the hissing as they sunk into silence and darkness.— A we struck and speechless, we stood gazing, as if spell-bound on the spot where the schooner had been.— Nothing was to be seen there; but behind it still hung that ominous cloud. I drew a long breath. At that instant the moon, which had been concealed by the pall of smoke, broke through its upper edge and poured her pensive beams across the deep. It was like the opening of a magic curtain. By its light we saw the boats pulling rapidly away to leeward where on the farthest seaboard, the schooner was visible.

The night passed without further incident. We kept on our course, gradually losing sight of one after another of the enemy, until when morning dawned we found ourselves alone on the deep. Not a sail was in sight. I ascended to the mast head to look out for land to the westward, but we had run it out of sight, and were fairly at sea. The breeze was rapidly freshening and the comb began to gather on the hitherto lazy and monotonous waves.— There was every appearance of a rising storm, when we shaped our course for the African coast.

THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.—Professor Durbin, in his work on Europe, gives a sketch of the catacombs of Paris. He states that that part of the French metropolis which lies upon the lower side of the Seine is the oldest; and from time immemorial, the stone for building was obtained from quarries lying under the city. It is supposed that the excavations extend under one-sixth of the city. In 1785, a suggestion was made to convert them into receptacles for the dead; and it was finally decided that the remains of the millions that had passed away from the capital during ten centuries, should be removed to these subterranean abodes. The rubbish was removed, and pillars built up in solid masonry, and particular portions of it separated from the rest by strong doors, with locks, to serve as first receptacles. In 1786, the bones were conveyed in funeral cars, from one of the principal cemeteries, and were precipitated into the caverns below. The contents of other cemeteries, were soon piled in the catacombs, which were rapidly augmented by the masses of the revolution. A little building is erected outside *Barriere d'Enfer*, in which is the opening of the lull. The professor and his party descended by ninety steps, and found themselves alone in the caverns. They followed their guide about twenty minutes and came to a strong door, each side of which was ornamented with pillars of Tuscan architecture. This door was open, and as the party passed through the threshold, the strangers found themselves surrounded by walls of human bones, which the glare of their tapers showed to be regularly piled up from the floors to the roof of the quarters. The bones of the legs and arms are closely laid in order, with their ends interwoven; and at regular intervals, skulls are interspersed in three alternate ranges, disposed so as to present a perpendicular range is seen, still further varying the general outline. Passing along what seemed to be the interminable ranges of these piles of human beings, they came to several apartments ranged like chapels, with varied dispositions of legs and arms and grinning skulls. How low, how strange, remarks the author, were the associations of the place. "Over our heads was rolling the vast tide of life in the gay and the wicked city; its myriads of inhabitants were jostling each other on the high road of business, while here were the remains of four times their number, lying in silent and motionless piles in the depths below."