

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME VIII.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 24.

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

## TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, February 2, 1858.

### The Thriving Family.

BY MRS. L. E. SPOONER.

Our father lives in Washington,  
And has a world of cares,  
But gives his children each a farm,  
Enough for them and theirs.—  
Full thirty well-grown sons has he,  
A numerous race indeed,  
Married and settled all, you see,  
With boys and girls to feed,  
And if we wisely till our lands,  
We are sure to earn a living,  
And have a penny too to spare,  
For spending, or for giving.  
A thriving family are we,  
No lordling need deride us,  
For we know how to use our hands,  
And in our wits we pride us;  
Hail, brothers, hail—  
Let nought on earth divide us.

Some of us dare the sharp north-east;  
Some clover fields are mowing;  
And others tend the cotton plants,  
That keep the loons a-going;  
Some build and steer the white-wing'd ships,  
And few in speed can mate them;  
While others rear the corn and wheat,  
Or grind the flour to freight them,  
And if our neighbors o'er the sea  
Have to be carried to and from,  
To send a loaf their babes to cheer,  
We'll work a little harder,  
No old nobility have we,  
No tyrant-kind to ride us;  
Our sages in the Capitol  
Enact the laws that guide us,  
Hail, brother, hail—  
Let nought on earth divide us.

Some faults we have—we can't deny  
A foible, here and there;  
But other households have the same,  
And so we'll not despair.  
'Twill do no good to fume and frown,  
And call each other names, you see,  
And 'twere a burning shame to part  
So fine a family.  
'Tis but a waste of time to fret,  
Since nature made us one,  
For every quarrel cuts a thread  
That beautiful love has spun,  
To draw the cords of life and fast,  
Whatever may betide us,  
And closer cling through every blast,  
For many a storm has tried us.  
Hail, brother, hail—  
Let nought on earth divide us.

### Lectures on Astronomy.—No. 5.

BY PROFESSOR MITCHELL.

This eminently distinguished and enthusiastic astronomer, last evening, at the beginning of the final lecture of the course in this city, said, if I could have had my choice, I would have had the clouds removed from before the stars for one solitary night during my lectures; at least on this last night, for I wished to move out among the fixed stars, and as the journey is so difficult, I would wish all possible obstruction removed; but I nevertheless will endeavor to carry you as far as the human eye, aided by the telescope, has yet gone. Heretofore I have confined my remarks to our system and its movements and laws, and shown that these worlds are moving through space, each subservient to the stability of the rest. We are to leave this system, boundless as it is, and travel over distances which, in the present moment, we have not dared to conceive of. I know and realize the difficulty of treating of the vast distances of these innumerable objects in such a manner as to make it distinct to the human mind; but shall attempt to make it plain. If I should take you to Neptune, the most distant planet yet discovered, and from that distance look back on our system, we should find the sun, which is so brilliant, diminished to the size of Venus.

Do not suppose that it throws out as little light as Venus does to us; do not suppose it is dark there, but even as small as it appears, it gives more light than one hundred of our full moons; it is still day-light there. If looking this way we see this sun appearing thus, what do we see in casting our eyes in the opposite direction, directly across the mighty gulf of fixed stars? On a unit of measure has been the radius of the earth's orbit around the sun; we must now take another, and that is the distance to the nearest fixed star; if we can attain this we go on to measure the distances of the stars and systems. The first thing that is necessary is to get the parallax of the star, which is the apparent change of the place of the star, occasioned by the real change of place by the observer, (as may be illustrated by every day occurrences on the earth.)

Is it possible to measure this apparent change in the fixed stars? If we can do this we can then measure the distance. The objection to the Copernican system said the earth could not move around the sun, its axis in any part of its orbit being parallel to what it is in any other, for as this latter is true, its poles would mark out circles among the fixed stars, corresponding to that of the earth's orbit.

Instead of having the pole of the earth always directed to one point in the Heavens, the pole must mark out a circle among the fixed stars two hundred millions of miles in diameter. But as the earth does so move, its whole orbit must shrink to a mere point when viewed from the nearest fixed star. When the telescopes and other instruments were invented by which delicate measures could be obtained, then again the mind attempted to travel out to the fixed stars. For the purpose of discovering the distance to the stars by parallax suppose a hole dug in a splid rock, and a telescope fixed therein, pointing vertically to the Heavens; and across the tube lines of a spider's web (such as are used by astronomers, and which may be considered almost as mathematical lines), be placed crossing each other at the centre, and which may be the exact point among the stars this intersection marks out at any one time be recorded, i. e. suppose at a time any star is vertical the time be recorded, then another day, at the same moment, the same star be vertical, and then another and so on through the whole 365. If it is the same there is no change; but if during the year the star de-

scribes a small revolution in orbit, then that circle is the parallax of the star. This is exactly the course which he noticed moved, but not so as to indicate its parallax.

It was apparently moving, it was true, but this apparent motion was caused by the motion of light and that of the earth forward in its orbit—called the aberration of light. He also discovered that the axis of the earth was not at all times parallel, and from these two great discoveries resulted the discovery of the distance of the fixed stars.

We now come to the second great effort of astronomers for the discovery of the parallax. Galileo with his telescope attempted this; when the stars were examined there were sometimes seen together two, three, four, six, or so thick that they were in clusters. Now Galileo thought that these were together only optically, one being double the depth in space the other was; the light from the most distant passing close by the other. He thought this would be a guide for the discovery in question. If I occult, or hide, an object behind me, and it comes out first on one side and then on the other it will represent these stars. It was thus the problem of the parallax was predicted by Galileo. Herschell took up the case of these binary stars, showed how the parallax and the precession of the equinoxes, the nutations, the aberrations and aberrations would all follow from this discovery.

Did he succeed? No. He found—and here he was amply rewarded—that these binary stars were moving, both about a common centre of gravity. Was it possible that these stars were ever governed by the same law that governs this system? These announcements filled the astronomical world with wonder. If these stars were really suns, binary in their motion, then was astronomy just commenced. How difficult then would it be to compute the orbits of these binary stars! It was undertaken—What law governed their movements? The law of gravitation was applied, and it was found that this law was applicable, and it was found that we could predict with certainty their orbits and places as well as those of our system. To proceed with the history of the discovery when this plan failed, it was thought all was lost; but the skill of the astronomer was not exhausted—it was found that the micrometer would not measure great distances as well as it would small. Fraunhofer made one that would alike measure both great and small distances, which he called a heliometer. It was placed in the hands of Bessel, a distinguished astronomer of Konigsberg.

Bessel was urged to undertake this problem of the parallax. Might he not make a choice of some particular star? What was to guide him? By comparing the fixed stars as now seen, with the places which they formerly occupied, it was discovered there were not fixed; a great change had taken place since the time Hipparchus; in later times it became manifest that not a single star was absolutely fixed. But if the stars were all in motion, might not the sun be so too. Therefore, the change of the stars might be occasioned by the movement of the sun forward through space. Here, then, was one ground for selecting a star; the one that moves the fastest must be the nearest.

Again: He would take a double star. He consequently took No. 61 of the Swan. He marked its position thoroughly. He referred it to one perpendicular to this, and also to one in the prolongation of the line which joined those two. A year of unintermitting observation passed round; he notes, all the changes, and eliminates all those for which causes can apply, and still he finds something left for that of the earth in its orbit.

He waits another year without making known the result; again the result is the same, but still he makes no announcement of the discovery; he waits and observes another year, and another after another, and finds the same result as in the preceding year—there can be no mistake—the parallax is discovered, and the fact announced! But how measure it? If I speak of millions of miles you are lost; let us use another unit of measure. Light moves twelve million of miles in a minute; at this velocity it would take ten long years for light to come from this star—[making the distance over 63,000,000,000 miles.]

Now, if you have got here with me, we will proceed further into space. Since I have reached this city, I have received a letter from Prof. Struve, of Dorpat, communicating the information that he has recently discovered the parallax of seven new stars. The distance of none can be less than that of 61 in the Swan. So soon as we obtain the radius to the nearest star, the question arises whether they are scattered equally through all space, or whether there is any law regulating the clusters?

If we look out on a clear night we see a belt called the milky way sweeping all around, forming a circle, and studded with stars. Let us see if we can circumscribe its bounds; in order to do this it is necessary to explain what is meant by the space penetrating power of the telescope. If the pupil of the eye is expanded to twice its dimensions, the eye could penetrate twice as far. We cannot see stars of the sixth magnitude with the eye alone, and these are twelve times as distant as those of the first magnitude; therefore, if the pupil of the eye is increased to twice its size we can go twenty-four times beyond the nearest stars; but this can be done by the telescope by approximation; by the pupil of the object glass. To illustrate, suppose an indefinite plane and poles placed at the distance of successive miles, each bearing a board, on which are placed different sizes of type, such that I can read the second, though not the third. With a more powerful glass I can read the third, but not the fourth, &c.

In this way we can tell one distance beyond what we can distinctly see, and thus tell us the radius of the mighty circle in which we are moving through space. Would I could take this audience with me this evening to examine these things, as I have, through the instrument which I command; but it is separated from us by too great a distance. Herschell begins his observations in the sword handle of Perseus, upon a small tuft as it were—a

slight haze—and finds the spot visible and the stars distinct, and behind this another hazy appearance; he takes up another glass, which renders this haze distinct, but reveals still beyond this another haze, and behind this still another; he then takes up the forty foot telescope, and finds the whole pure blue of the heavens studded with diamond points; and with what pleasure did I sweep out on the pure blue of the heavens into the mighty depth beyond the milky way! It is found that there are five hundred stars, each beyond the other as far as the nearest is from us. [The last must then be at least over thirty thousand millions of millions of miles distant.]

Next to the milky way, the object is to find what is beyond. Is there anything beyond? Have we reached the end? No; if we were there we should find 10,000 mighty island universes beyond, whose suns must be at least 1000 millions, and can we take in all these and tell their places! It is found that we can.

Lord Rosse's 54 feet telescope showed one from which it must have taken light 60,000 years to wing its flight to us. If we take up this star which thus throws light on Lord Rosse's telescope, and place it back in space so far that its dim haze could just be perceived, how far is it there? Thirty millions of years would have to roll round before light from this star could reach our earth.

Such are the distances of these bodies; we had them in rings, presenting a fringed appearance, and in all fantastic shapes, and all under the same law of gravity, and perfectly stable, by the action of each upon all the other stars under the law of gravity.

We find these mighty clusters and island universes are not placed according to any regular law—the principal stream of these clusters is moving in a direction perpendicular to the direction of the milky way itself. Some move about each other, two in the constellation Hercules performing a revolution once in 37 years, others in the northern crown once in 42 years, and some require 20,000 years to make a revolution. Go now to the quadruple stars in Lyra, here there are two revolving around each other in 1000 years, and there two performing a like revolution in 2000 years, while both of these couples are making a revolution about a common centre, (at the same time that they are sweeping onward through space,) which it must require at least one million of years to complete. What then must be our sun's revolution!

I said last winter that Maedler, (a celebrated Prussian astronomer, successor to Struve, at Pulkova) after years of labor, after watching the stars till he had computed the rates of motion of a great many, and the direction in which they were moving, found the centre about which all the hosts of heaven are sweeping; but though it is not absolutely certain that he is perfectly correct, still, as he has at least approximated to it, we may take it as the grand centre.

According to this computation it would take 117 millions of years to complete the orbit of the sun. With this we can form some idea of eternity; take 117 millions of years as a unit with which to come back to the same place we are now. Then may we run through infinity. We are led from this to contemplate the infinite being who regulates all these vast bodies in their endless cycles.

If you would know his glory, look to the mighty suns above you, multiply them by the systems beyond, which are more numerous than the stars of our system.

Then call to mind the objects which have existed so long—at least 30 millions of years, else their light had not yet reached us. All these mighty laws which govern this vast complicated network of motions are but the expression of the will of the Almighty. Take all the force on the earth and combine it, it cannot move the earth at all. God has moved it 68,600 miles since I commenced speaking—(just 60 minutes had then elapsed.)

But if God has moved not only these bodies which we behold, but all suns of all systems and held all stable, then if there is not an Omnipotence here it is impossible to comprehend it. But all these movements are full of perturbations, all constantly acting, and God knows that all are so arranged that the stability is perpetual, and that it shall never end.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.—While the last generation was flourishing, there dwelt in what is now a famous city not a mile from Boston, an opulent widow lady, who once afforded a queer manifestation of that odd compound of incompatibles, called "human nature."

It was a Christmas eve, of one of those old-fashioned winters which were so bitter cold. The old lady put on an extra shawl; and as she hugged her shivering frame, she said to her faithful negro servant: "It is a terrible cold night, Scip; I am afraid my poor neighbor, widow Green, must be suffering. Take the wheel-barrow, Scip. Fill it full of wood. Fill on a good load; and tell the poor woman to keep herself warm and comfortable. But before you go, Scip, put some more wood on the fire; and make me a nice mug of flip!"

## Commodore Paul Jones.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

### DESPERATE COMBAT WITH THE SERAPIS.

Stretching from thence along the English coast, Jones cruised about for awhile, and at length fell in with the Alliance, which had parted company with him a short time previous. With this vessel, the Pallas and Vengeance, making, with the Richard, four vessels, he stood to the north; when, on the afternoon of Sept. 23d, 1779, he saw a fleet of forty-one sails, hugging the coast. This was the Baltic fleet, under the convoy of the Serapis, of forty-one guns, and the Countess of Scarborough, of twenty guns. Jones immediately issued his orders to form line of battle, while with his ship he gave chase. The convoy scattered like wild pigeons, and ran for the shore, to place themselves under the protection of a fort, but the two war-ships advanced to the conflict.

It was a beautiful day, the wind was light, so that not a wave broke the smooth surface of the sea, and all was smiling and tranquil on the land, as the hostile forces slowly approached each other. The piers of Scarborough were crowded with spectators, and the old promontory of Flamborough, over three miles distant, was black with the multitude assembled to witness the engagement. The breeze was so light that the vessels approached each other slowly, as if reluctant to come to the mortal struggle, and mar that placid scene and that beautiful evening with the sound of battle. It was a thrilling spectacle, those bold ships with their sails all set, moving sternly up to each other. At length the cloudless sun sunk, behind the hills, and twilight deepened over the waters. The next moment the full round moon pushed its broad disk above the horizon, and shed a flood of light over the tranquil waters, bathing in her soft beams the white sails that now seemed like gently moving clouds on the deep.

The Pallas stood for the Countess of Scarborough, while the Alliance, after having also come within range, withdrew and took up a position where she could safely contemplate the fight. Paul Jones, now to his element, paced the deck to and fro, impatient for the contest; and at length approached within pistol shot of the Serapis. The latter was a new ship, with an excellent crew, and throwing, with every broadside, seventy-five pounds more than the Richard. Jones, however, rated this lightly, and with his old, half-worn out merchantman, closed fearlessly with his powerful antagonist. As he approached the latter, Captain Pearson hailed him with "What ship is that?" "I can't hear what you say," was the reply. "What ship is that?" rang back, "answer immediately, or I shall fire into you." A shot from the Richard was the significant answer, and immediately both vessels opened their broadsides. Two of the three eighteen pounders of the Richard burst at the first fire, and Jones was compelled to close the lower deck ports, which were not opened again during the action. This was an ominous beginning, for it reduced the force of the Richard to one third below that of the Serapis. The broadside now became rapid, presenting a strange spectacle to the people on shore: the flashes of the guns amid the cloud of smoke, followed by the roar that shook the coast, the dim moon-light, serving to but half reveal the struggling vessels, conspired to render it one of terror and of dread. The two vessels kept moving along side, constantly crossing each other's track; now passing each other's bow, and now the stern; pouring in such terrific broadsides as made both friend and foe stagger. Thus fighting and maneuvering, they swept onward, until at length the Richard got foul of the Serapis, and Jones gave orders to board. His men were repulsed, and Capt. Pearson hailed him to know if he had struck. "I have not yet begun to fight," was the short and stern reply of Jones; and backing his topsails; while the Serapis kept full, the vessels parted, and again came alongside, and broadside answered broadside with fearful effect. But Jones soon saw this mode of fighting would not answer. The superiority of the enemy in weight of metal gave him great advantage in this heavy cannonading; especially as his vessel was old and rotten, while every timber in that of his antagonist was new and staunch; and so he determined to throw himself aboard of the enemy. In doing this, he fell off far-mostly from the jib-boom of the Serapis, carried it away, and the two ships swung close alongside of each other, head and stern, the muzzles of the guns touching. Jones immediately ordered them to be lashed together, and in his eagerness to secure them, helped with his own hand to tie the lashings. Captain Pearson did not like this close fighting, for it destroyed all the advantage his superior sailing and heavier guns gave him, and so let drop an anchor to swing his ship apart. But the two vessels were firmly clenched in the embrace of death; for, added to all the lashings, a spare anchor of the Serapis had hooked the quarter of the Richard, so that when the former obeyed her cable, and swung round to the tide, the latter swung also. Finding that he could not unlock the desperate embrace in which his foe had clasped him, the Englishman again opened his broadsides. The action then became terrific: the guns touched muzzles; and the gunners, in ramming home their cartridges, were compelled frequently to thrust their ramrods into the enemy's ports. Never before had an English commander met such a foeman nor fought such a battle. The timber rent at every explosion; and huge gaps opened in the sides of each vessel, while they trembled at each discharge as if in the mouth of a volcano. With his heaviest guns burst, and part of his deck blown up, Jones still kept up this unequal fight, with a bravery unparalleled in naval warfare. He, with his own hands, helped to work the guns; and blackened with powder and smoke, moved about among his men with the stern expression never to yield, written on his delicate features in lines not to be mistaken. To compensate for the superiority of the enemy's guns, he had to dis-

charge his own with greater rapidity, so that after a short time they became so hot that they bounded like mad creatures in their fastenings; and at every discharge the gallant ship trembled like a smitten ox, from kelson to cross-trees, and keel over till her yard-arms almost swept the water. In the meantime his topmen did terrible execution. Hanging amid the rigging, they dropped hand-grenades on the enemy's decks with fatal precision. One daring fellow walked out on the end of the yard with a bucket full of these missiles in his hand, and hurling them below finally set fire to the head of cartridges. The blaze and explosion which followed were terrific; arms and legs went heavenward together, and nearly sixty men were killed or wounded by this sudden blow. They succeeded at length in driving most of the enemy below deck. The battle then presented a singular aspect: Jones made the upper deck of the Serapis too hot for the crew, while the latter were her lower decks so dreadfully with her broadsides, that his men could not be there a moment. Thus they fought one above and the other beneath, the blood in the meantime flowing in rills over the decks of both. Ten times was the Serapis on fire, and as often were the flames extinguished. Never did a man struggle braver than the English commander, but a still braver hero opposed him. At this juncture the Alliance came up, and instead of potting her broadsides into the Serapis, hurled them against the Poor Richard—now poor indeed! Jones was in a transport of rage, but he could not help himself.

In this awful crisis, fighting by the light of the guns, for the smoke had shut out that of the moon, the gunner and carpenter both rushed up declaring the ship was sinking. The shot-holes which had pierced the hull of the Richard between wind and water had already sunk below the surface and the water was pouring in like a torrent. The carpenter ran to pull down the colors, which were still flying amid the smoke of battle, while the gunner cried, "Quarter, for God's sake, quarter!" Still keeping up this cry, Jones hurled a pistol which he had just fired at the enemy, which fractured his skull, and sent him heaving down the hatch way. Captain Pearson hailed to know if he had struck, and was answered by Jones with a "No;" accompanied by an oath, that told that, if he could do no better, he would go down with his colors flying.—The master-at-arms hearing the gunner's cry, and thinking the ship was going to the bottom, released a hundred English prisoners in the midst of the confusion. One of these, passing through the fire to his own ship, told Captain Pearson that the Richard was sinking, and if it would hold out a few moments longer, she must go down. Imagine the condition of Jones at this moment, with every faculty, silenced except the one at which he still stood unshaken, his ship, gradually settling beneath him, a hundred prisoners swarming his deck, and his own consort ranking him with her broadside, his last hope seemed to expire. Still he would not yield. His officers urged him to surrender, while cries of quarter arose on every side. Undismayed and resolute to the last, he ordered the prisoners to the pumps, declaring if they refused to work he would take them to the bottom with him. Thus making panic fight, he continued the conflict. The spectacle at this moment was awful: both vessels looked like wrecks, and both were on fire.—The flames shot heavenward around the masts of the Serapis and at length, at half-past ten, she struck. For a time the inferior officers did not know which had yielded, such a perfect tumult had the fight become. For three hours and a half had this incessant cannonade, within yard-arm and yard-arm of each other, continued, piling three hundred dead and wounded men on those shattered decks. Nothing but the courage, and stern resolution of Jones never to surrender saved him from defeat.

When the morning dawned the Don Homtme Richard presented a most deplorable appearance: she lay a complete wreck on the sea, riddled thro' and literally stove to pieces. There were six feet of water in the hold, while above she was on fire in two places. Jones put forth every effort to save the vessel in which he had won such renown, but in vain. He kept her afloat all the following day and night, but next morning she was found to be going. The waves rolled through her; she swayed from side to side, lying like a dying man, then gave a lurch forward, and went down head foremost. Jones stood on the deck of the English ship and watched her as he would a dying friend, and finally, with a swelling heart, saw her last mad disappear, and the eddying waves close, with a rushing sound, over her as she sunk with the dead who had so nobly fallen on her decks. They could have wished no better coffin or burial.

Capt. Pearson was made a knight, for the bravery with which he had defended his ship. When it was told to Jones, he wittingly remarked that if he ever caught him at sea again he would make a lord of him.

Landaus, of the Alliance, who have evidently designed to destroy Jones, then take the English vessel, and claim the honor and the victory, was disgraced for his conduct. Franklin could not conceal his joy at the result of the action, and received the heroic Jones with transport.

The remainder of this year was one of annoyance to Jones. Landaus continued to give him trouble, and the French government constantly put him off of his requests to be furnished with a ship. But at length the Alliance, which had borne such a disgraceful part in the engagement with the Serapis, was placed under his command and he determined to return to America. But he lay wind-bound for some time in the Texel, while an English squadron guarded the entrance of the port.—During this delay he was subject to constant annoyance from the Dutch Admiral of the port. The latter inquired whether his vessel was French or American; and demanded if it was French, that he should hoist the national colors, and if American that he should leave immediately. Jones would bear no flag but that of his adopted country, and promised to depart, notwithstanding the presence

of the English squadron watching for him, the moment the wind would permit. At length, losing all patience with the conduct of the Dutch Admiral, he coolly sent word to him that, although he commanded a sixty-four, if the two vessels were out at sea, his insolence would not be tolerated a moment.

The wind finally shifting, he hoisted sail, and with the Serapis floating in the breeze, stood fearlessly out of the harbor. With his usual good luck, he escaped the vigilance of the English squadron, cleared the channel, and with all his sails set, and under a "staggering breeze," stretched away towards the Spanish coast. Nothing of consequence occurred during this cruise, and the next year we find him again in Paris, and in hot water respecting the infamous Landais, whom Arthur Lee, one of the American Commissioners, at Paris, presented to the French court. At length, however, he was appointed to the Ariel, and ordered to leave for America, with military stores. In the meantime, however, the French king had presented him a magnificent sword, and bestowed on him the cross of military merit.

On the 7th of Sept. he finally got to sea, but had hardly left the coast when the wind changed, and began to blow a hurricane. Jones attempted to stretch northward, and clear the land, but in vain. He found himself close on a reef of rocks, and unable to carry a rag of canvas. So fierce was the wind, that although blowing simply on the naked spars and deck; it barred the ship waist deep in the sea, and she rolled so heavily, that her yards would frequently be under water. Added to all the horrors of his position, she began to leak badly, while the pumps would not work. Jones heaved the lead with his own hand and found that she was rapidly shocking water. There seemed no way of escape, yet as a last feeble hope he let go an anchor, but so fierce and wild were the wind and sea, that it did not ever bring the ship's head to, and she kept driving broadside towards the rocks. Cable after cable was spliced on, yet still she surged heavily landward. He then cut away the foremast, when the anchor, probably catching in a rock, brought the ship round. That good anchor held like the hand of fate, and though the vessel jerked at every blow of the billows, as if she would wrench everything apart, yet she still lay chained amid the chaos of waters. At length the mainmast fell against the mizenmast, carrying that away also, and the poor Ariel, swept to her deck, lay a complete wreck on the waves. In this position she acted like a mad creature, chained by the head to a ring that no power could subdue. She trembled, and plunged, and rolled from side to side, as if striving with all her might to escape to the rocks, over which their torn rose like the spray from the foot of a cataract. For two days and three nights did Jones thus meet the full terror of the tempest. At last it abated, and he was enabled to return to port. The coast was strewn with wrecks, and the escape of the Ariel seemed almost a miracle. But Jones was one of those fortunate beings, who, ever seeking the storm and the tumult, are destined finally to die in their beds.

Early in next year he reached Philadelphia, and received a vote of thanks from Congress. After vexatious delays in his attempts to get the command of a large vessel, he at length joined the French fleet in its expedition to the West Indies.—Peace soon after being proclaimed, he returned to France; and failing in a projected expedition to the Northwest coast, sailed again for the United States. Congress voted him a gold medal, and he was treated with distinction wherever he went. Failing again in his efforts to get command of a large vessel, he returned to France. Years had now passed away, and Jones was forty years of age. He had won an imperishable name, and the renown of his deeds had been spread throughout the world. The title of chevalier had been given him by the French king, and he was at an age when it might be supposed he would repose on his laurels.

But Russia, then, at war with Turkey, sought his services, and made brilliant offers; which he at length accepted, and prepared to depart for St. Petersburg. On reaching Stockholm he found the gulf of Bothnia so blocked with ice that it was impossible to cross it; but impatient at this delay, he determined to sail round the ice, to the southward, the open Baltic. Hiring an open boat, about thirty feet long, he started on his perilous expedition.—Knowing that the boatmen would refuse to accompany him, if made acquainted with his desperate plan, he kept them in ignorance until he got fairly out to sea, then he drew his pistol, and told them to stretch away into the Baltic. [Escaping every danger, he at length on the fourth day reached Revel, and set off for Petersburg, amid the astonishment of the people, who looked upon his escape as almost miraculous. He was received with honor by the Empress, who immediately conferred on him the rank of rear admiral.]

In 1798 he was taken sick at Paris, and gradually declined. He had been making strenuous efforts in behalf of the American prisoners in Algiers, but never lived to see his benevolent plans carried out. On the 18th July, 1792, he made his will, and his friends after witnessing it, bade him good evening and departed. His physician coming soon after, perceived his chair vacant; and, going to his bed, found him stretched upon it dead. A few days after, a despatch was received from the United States, appointing him a commissioner to treat with Algiers for the ransom of the American prisoners in captivity there. The National Assembly of France decreed that twelve of its members should assist at the funeral ceremonies of "Admiral Paul Jones," and an eulogium was pronounced over his tomb.

Thus died Paul Jones, at the age of forty five, leaving a name that shall live as long as the American navy rides on the sea.

CURIOUS BONNET.—Among the curiosities in the British Museum, is a tortoise shell bonnet, which came from the Navigators' Island, and was presented to the institution by the Queen.