

A wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it runs through the realm of Years,
With a ceaseless rhythm and a steady rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
And blends with the Ocean of Years.

A Tale of the Sea.
From Ballou's Dollar Magazine.

THE RUNAWAY SHIP.

By CHARLES CASTLETON.

I had command of the old ship "Ever-shot," a good ship, and one which had put much money into the hands of her owners.

We had doubled the southern capes of Africa, and were just poking our nose into the Indian Ocean, when a circumstance transpired which was destined to try our nerves somewhat.

"Some homeward bound Indian, probably," remarked Mr. Lee, my mate.

"I nodded assent, and then went to the cabin and told my passengers that if they had any letters to send home, they had better have them ready, for perhaps we were about to meet a ship bound to Old England!

The wind was now a little south of east, so that we stood upon our course northeast with freedom, and the toiling ship was heading very nearly upon us, though as we came nearer she kept away a little further to westward.

"Is it an English ship?" asked my white-haired old passenger.

"I think it is," was my reply; and just as I spoke, my second mate came down from the foretop, where he had been with a glass, and noticed that his face looked troubled, and also that he kept back some remark which he was upon the point of dropping, at the same time regarding the old passenger with a look which seemed to indicate that he was in the way I took the hint, and carelessly it walked forward.

"Why sir, that ship is the old Dorset."
"The Dorset?" I replied. "Impossible!"

"But I am sure," persisted Becket. "There's not another ship in England with such a figure-head. Those two girls aren't to be mistaken."

"But are you sure that she has that figure-head?"

"Certainly. You'll be able to see it from here in a few moments."

"But," said I, "the Dorset has not yet had time to reach Sydney, let alone getting back as far as this."

"Of course not," answered Becket, with a keen glance about him; "but don't you think a ship could run away without doing the errand she had in hand?"

"No," said I, "but she had not yet had time to reach Sydney, let alone getting back as far as this."

"What do you think about it?" asked Becket, who had been watching me.

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That was the question. What should we do? The ship had now come to within half a mile, and all doubts respecting her identity were at an end. I now knew that she was the Dorset, and of course felt confident that the convicts must by some means have gained possession.

"She didn't have the best crew that ever was," remarked Lee, nervously. "I knew some of her men, and they were as precious a set of scamps as ever breathed."

This made the matter worse still. Of my whole crew, I could muster but thirty men, counting the three able passengers, having set five men on shore at St. Helena sick with fever, and being unable at the time to make their places good.

"What should we do? To let the ship pass under such circumstances seemed hardly the thing for an Englishman, and to engage with such a renegade crew, seemed sheer madness. I asked my officers what they thought—and they thought just as I did. I explained the matter to my three passengers, and they said they would help if they could be assured there would be any use."

"Ship ahoy!" I shouted through my trumpet.

"Hullo!" came from the other ship. "What ship is that?"

"The Ben Franklin," answered the same voice, the owner of which wore a Scotch cap and red shirt.

"Where are you bound?"

"To New York."

"Belong there?"

"Yes."

At this moment she had ranged ahead far enough so that I could see she had the American flag at her peak, which had been before hidden by her canvas. There were certainly forty men leaning over her rail, and I knew at once that we could not openly overtake them. At that moment, however, my ship was near enough, I could have jumped on board and engaged with those men single handed. What had become of poor Harry Bumstead, thought I, and the few men who might have remained faithful to him!

While these thoughts, and a thousand others, were wildly rushing through my mind, the Dorset passed on. I saw a face at one of the quarter windows. I seized the glass and levelled it. It was the face of Harry Bumstead, as sure as fate! And he waved a handkerchief towards me with the most frantic gesticulations.

The sense of pain was just sinking into my whole soul, when an idea flashed across my mind that caused me to fairly leap from my berth. All was now hope and bustle in my brain, and as soon as possible I got my wits into working order.

"Put the ship upon her course again," I ordered.

"We can do nothing?" said Becket, interrogatively.

"Wait," said I in return. "It isn't too late yet."

found we had more than enough for a brace of pistols and a cutlass to each man. After this I had the pumps rigged, and hardly had this been accomplished before the lookout reported a sail. I hastened forward, and could plainly see the outlines of the top-hammer of a heavy ship looming up darkly against the sky. I had the lanterns hoisted, and then set the men at work at the pumps. Ere long, the ship came near enough to hail. She put down her helm, and laid her course to run under our stern.

"Ship ahoy!" came from the Dorset—for I could make out the drapery of the figure head.

"Hullo! send a boat on board!" yelled, Lee, just as the Dorset passed under our stern.

"We've sprung a leak, and our ship is sinking."

"What have you got aboard?"

"Furniture and provisions, and forty thousand pounds in money."

The Dorset heaved to, and lowered a boat, which was soon alongside full of men. The villains quickly began to come over the side.

"Haven't settled much yet," one of them remarked, as he noticed how high we stood.

"We've kept the pumps going well," I said.

"Where's your gold? Let's have that first."

"This way," said I, moving to the poop.

"Down!" I uttered and as I spoke, I gave the man nearest me a blow with my cutlass across the head that knocked him down.

"Hullo!" came in reply.

"Send another boat. We can't bring half. Send quickly, for the old thing is sinking."

The Dorset soon lowered one of her quarter-boats, and came alongside, with ten men in it. They came hurrying over the side, and fell upon them—not wildly, but with regular system—and in a short time they were secure.

My course was now simple. I first saw every man so firmly bound that he could not even move, and then I called twenty-four men into the two boats, still alongside, leaving only six men on board of my ship. We pulled for the Dorset as smartly as possible. When we came to her gangway, I saw several heads peering over the rail, but we had taken the precaution to put on the Scotch caps of the convicts, and they had no suspicions. Becket was the first on her deck, and I followed next.

"Got the money?" asked a coarse fellow.

She is Dying.

The following is sublimely beautiful and pathetic, and could only have been dictated by a heart that has experienced all the bitterness that is therein expressed. If any body can read it without moisture in the eyes, they are worthy of marble.

"Hush! she is dying! The sun-light streams through the plate glass windows—the room is fragrant with the sweet breath of the Southern flowers—large milkwhite African lilies—roses a nightingale would stoop to worship; Cape jessamines and camellias with their large glossy leaves."

Through the open casement steals the faint, musical tinkle of playing fountains; the light, tempered pleasantly by rose curtains of embroidered satin, kindles up gorgeous old paintings with a halo bright as a rainbow. It is as if fresher sunshine were falling eastward on the bow of beauty."

The canary sings in his gilded cage—her canary; and the mocking bird raises his clear notes higher and higher on the perfumed air. Why do you clench your hands until the nails draw the rich, rosy blood through the thin quivering skin? Why do you grind your teeth together, and hiss between them, that one word, hush! It's a beautiful home, I am sure, and that lady with her hand upon her bosom, is as fair as any dream vision of the painter."

Surely nothing could be purer than that broad, high brow; nothing brighter than these golden curls.

And she loves you, too! Ah! yes, any one can read that in the deep violet eyes, raised so tenderly to your own. Ah! that is it; your young wife loves you.

She linked to yours the existence of an angel when she knelt beside you at the marriage altar and placed her hand in yours. For twelve long golden sunny months an angel has walked or sat by your side, or slept in your bosom.

You know it! No mortal woman ever made your heart bow before a purity so divine!

No earthly embrace ever filled your soul with the glory beyond the stars; no earthly smile ever shone so unchangingly above all noisome things, as your earthenware call care and trouble. She is an angel, and other angels have been singing to her in the long days of this pleasant June time.

"Hush!" you say, but you cannot shut the anthem notes of heaven from those unsealed ears! Louder, lighter, swells the smile on your young wife's lips.

"She whispers, 'Dearest, I'm almost home, and you will come by and by, and I am going to ask God to bless you!' But you cannot hear it—you turn away, and the big tears gather in the violet eyes.

You had held her there on your bosom all day—all night; are you tired? But you cannot answer. Closer—closer you clasp the slight, fair figure; painfully you press your lips to the cold brow—Carrie is dead!

What is it to you that the sunshine is bright; what that its cheerful rays fall on the broad lands—our lands? What is it now that she can walk on them no more? And what is death—her death? Few people knew her; no vice-president must be chosen to fill her place; no nation will raise a monument to her memory! But she was yours; great God of ours—your all!

No—yours and God's; and your year of joy is over, and she rests on His bosom now in heaven.

They have dug a grave for her. Spring flowers brighten over it, and the green grass smiles with daises and violets. You go there, and ask God if you, too, may come home! and when no answer comes, your proud heart rises up in bitterness, and with the bold, wicked words upon your tongue, you pause for guardian angels look down from heaven, and whisper—"hush!"

THE VIRGINIA WASHINGTON MONUMENT. The casting of the horse for this monument at Munich, is one of the great feats of modern foundry, as fifteen tons of bronze had to be melted and kept in a state of fluidity. For several days and nights previously a large fire was at these huge masses, which required to be stirred at times. When the bronze was liquified, an ultimate essay was made in a small trial cast, and to heighten the color some more copper was added. Successively all the chambers through which the metal had to flow in the form were cleared of the coal with which they had been kept warm, and the master examined all the air spiracles and the issues of the metal; and then three mighty strokes opened the fiery gulf, out of which the glowing metal flowed in a circuit to the large form. The sight was magnificent; and in the little sea of fire stood the master, and gave his commands about the successive opening of the props. Hot vapor poured from the air spiracles; in the conduits the metal boiled in waves; still, no decision yet, as the influx of the bronze in the very veins of the figure could be but slow. At once flaming showers jumped out of the air conduits, and the master proclaimed the cast to have succeeded. A loud cheer followed, when the master approached Mr. Crawford, the artist of the Washington Monument, to congratulate him on this success. Another cheer was given to M. de Miller, the chief of the royal foundry at Munich, who had personally conducted the work.

MISS FANTASTIC says if she ain't dead, she has lost her vital spark—the man who used to "sit up" with her.

Tit-Bits.

From Mrs. Steven's "Old Homestead."

The maple-trees shook their golden boughs, as if they had been hoarding up sunshine for months, and poured it in one rich deluge over their billowy and restless leaves.

A man must possess fire in himself before he can kindle up the electricity that thrills the great popular heart.

Home is emphatically the poor man's paradise. The rich, with their many resources, too often live away from the hearth-stone, in heart, if not in person; but to the virtuous poor, domestic ties are the only legitimate and positive source of happiness short of that holier heaven which is the soul's home.

There are moments in human life when persons, linked together in a series of events, may form tableaux, which stand out from ordinary grouping, like an illustration stamped in strong light and shadow on the book of destiny.

The all-seeing One, who judges the thought as well as the act, will make no distinction between life drained drop by drop from the soul, and that sent forth at a blow with the red hand.

Neither men nor women become what they were intended to be, by carpeting their progress with velvet; real strength is tested by difficulties.

One night when it had been raining, in the winter—while the great trees were dripping wet—out came the moon and stars bright, with a sharp frost, and then all the branches were hung with ice, in the moonshine, glittering and bending low towards the ground, just as if the starlight had all settled on the limbs, and was loading them down with brightness.

A light wind had followed the frost, and all the mossy turf was carpeted with leaves, crimson, green, russet and gold. Sometimes a commingling of all these colors might be found on one leaf; sometimes all these colors might be found on one oak steepled over their heads, fringed and matted with blood red, as if the great heart of the tree were broken and bleeding to death, through all the veins of its foliage.

Could you have seen them slumbering beneath the humble roof, smiling tranquilly on their pillows, you might have fancied that those little rooms were swarming with invisible spirits from paradise that had come down to make a little heaven of the poor man's home. Indeed, I am not quite sure that the idea would have been all fancy.

For Charity, that brightest spirit of heaven, was there, and what a glorious troop she always brings in her train! Talk of flinging your bread upon the waters, waiting for it to be cast up after many days—why, the very joy of casting the bread you have earned with your own strength upon the bright waves of humanity, is reward enough for the true heart.

The barn was a vast rustic tower that night. One end was heaped with corn ready for husking; the floor was neatly swept; and, overhead, the rafters were concealed by heavy garlands of white pine, golden maple leaves, and red oak branches, that swept from the roof downwards like a tent. Butternut leaves wreathed their clustering gold among the dark green hemlock, while smutched cones, with flame colored leaves, shot through the gorgeous forest branches. The rustic chandelier was in full blaze, while, now and then, a candle gleamed out through the garlands, starting them to the roof. Still the illumination was neither broad nor bold, but shed a delicious starlight through the barn, that left much to the imagination, and concealed a thousand little signs of love making, that would have been vented on more slyly had the light been broader.

Occupation! what a glorious thing it is for the human heart. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows, that a little exertion might sweep away, into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy, toil not with the waves—wrestle not with the torrent—rather seek, by occupation, to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that may brighten the future—flowers that will become pure and holy, in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow man.

WIT is thirty-nine the number of lashes which the Christian selects as the maximum for Christian flogging!" asked the Bramin Poo of Old Roger.

Old Roger thought a moment. The question was a keen one, and conveyed a severe reproof.

"I suppose," said he, "it is to keep it within the limit of forty-tude."

The Brahmin stroked his long beard, and the tassel of his cap vibrated like a pendulum.

We recommend the following from Harper, as the most decidedly original of anything we have yet seen: 50 you be—A tub; 80 oh! poa—A top; the 80—Oat; See 80—Cat; Pea 80—Pat; See O double you—Cow; See you be—Cub; See a bee—Cab; Do you double tea—Butt; Do a double ell—Ball.

Falshoods of Exaggerations.

Besides the falshoods which people dangerously speak there is a kind which springs from negligence, hastyness, or a warm indignation. Dr. Samuel Johnson was of opinion that most lying arises from indifference about the truth, rather than from a wish to deceive. People are not sufficiently anxious to be correct; they say anything that comes uppermost, or what they think will please, without reflecting whether it be strictly true or not. It is a common error of tradesmen, from a desire to please, or worse reasons, to promise to have work done at a particular time when they are not sure of their ability to do so, or know positively they are not able.

Many persons, also, either from heedlessness, or design, say what they think will create surprise, without supposing that they are doing any harm. Perhaps there is some truth in what they say, but it is so magnified or exaggerated, with the view of exciting wonder, that it has the character and effect of falsehood. Such people are in the habit of using the words, "vast, immense, grand, sublime, magnificent, tremendous," and others of that nature, when words of a more simple meaning should be employed.

"Father," said a boy one day, I saw an immense number of dogs—five hundred I am sure—in the street last night. "Surely not so many?" said his father. "Well, there were one hundred, I'm quite sure." "It could not be," said the father; I don't think there are a hundred dogs in the village." Well, sir, it could not be less than ten; this I am quite certain of. "I will not believe that you ever saw ten," said the father; for you spoke as confidently of seeing five hundred as of seeing this smaller number. You have contradicted yourself twice already, and now I cannot believe you." "I saw at least our Dash; and another one."

This is an example of erroneous reporting through eagerness to make out a wonderful case. For the same reason, an uneducated man, who had been in the West Indies, hearing some one speak of the sun rising at mid-summer about four in the morning, said, "O, that is nothing to what he does in Jamaica. I have seen him rise between two and three." This man did not know that that was impossible, and that we must go towards the poles, and not towards the tropics, in order to see the sun rise very early.

It is common too, to hear people say that they have not been so warm in all their lives; that some one's gown is the prettiest they ever saw; or that they never were so happy as at Mrs. Smith's party; when it is obvious that they are alleging what is utterly impossible for them to be quite sure of. A little real respect for truth, and desire to follow it at all times, aided by a little reflection on the meaning of the words we are about to utter, would save us from falshoods of this kind.

There is yet another species of falsehood, which consists in saying one thing but meaning another; this ought at all times to be avoided, the same as positive lying. Persons who resort to this mean practice think that, because they do not lie in the words they use, they do not commit any actual sin or crime. But this is a mere delusion. The lie is committed by the attempt to convey a false or wrong meaning, for the purpose of misleading, and such a mode of speaking is therefore both deceitful and sinful.

In the whole business of the world, truth is of great importance. We should not only observe it in everything relating to ourselves and our neighbors, but we should seek to ascertain it, and hold fast by it, in all things. If we study history, we should endeavor to get the books of best authority. If we cultivate science, we should make sure that we receive nothing which is not satisfactorily proved. Nothing but good testimony can prove the truth of an event; and nothing but experiment, and a careful observation of facts can prove the truth of anything in science.

We should allow no opinion to rest in our mind unless we are certain, and have taken pains to make ourselves conscientiously certain, that it is right, and not founded in error. Every wrong opinion, or supposition of what is false, tends to do harm in the world; while everything we know for truth, and every opinion and sentiment that we know to be rightly founded, tends to the good of mankind.—Chambers.

THE LAW AND THE CONSTITUTION.—A new, or, as some say, an old reading of this caption, is had as follows:

Judge Wiles, as he is called, was once presiding in San Augustine, when a legal bully attempted to intimidate him.

Thompson having succeeded in packing a jury to suit his purpose, turned his attention to the Court, and remarked—

"If your honor please, here is the law which governs this case," at the same time drawing a Bowie knife of an unusual size, and laying it before him across an open book.

"Forewarned, forearmed," said the Judge, and drawing from beneath his hunting shirt, not a colt, but a horse pistol, he very calmly rejoined—

"This sir, is the constitution, and is paramount to the law."

Mr. Thompson, finding himself thus ably matched, gracefully acquiesced. The "better part of valor is discretion," says Falstaff.

We have heard of a cute trick by which those wandering women called gipsies, practiced often on young women. A number of young ladies were out walking in the country, when they met a gipsy woman who offered, for half a dollar apiece, to show them their future husbands' faces in a pool of water that was near. In their frolic they agreed to it, and paid her the money, the more readily as she promised to refund it if she did not fulfil her engagement. The girls were led to the water, each anxious to get a sight of her intended, but instead of the form and face they expected, they saw only their own rosy cheeks and laughing eyes below.

"Surely, you are mistaken woman," said one of them, "we see nothing but our own faces in the water."

"Very true, Miss," replied the gipsy, "but will not these be your husbands' faces when you are married?"

A GENTLEMAN said he should like to see a boat full of girls set adrift on the ocean, just to see which way they should steer. "Oh," replied a lady present, that's very easily answered. They would steer for the Isle of Man, to be sure."