

Miscellaneous.

THE LADIES.

The man who does the Foreign Literary articles for the New York Tribune, in his last letter, says: "Some two dozen 'newspots' have made their debuts since I last wrote. Here is one. Silence, ladies and gentlemen, for Mr. Longfellow's song. What a large ear that bird has for music, as Pat said of the donkey!"

"Let God be praised for all His ways,
But more for having made the ladies;
He serves us all, both great and small,
But most in having sent us ladies."

"There's nothing in the world so sweet,
There's nothing such a treat as ladies;
The joys of heaven cannot compete,
With those we find in tender ladies."

"Whatever pain our fate may bring,
While separated from the ladies,
We'll fancy every pang a wing,
That helps us on towards the ladies."

"The haven's rich to where we fly,
Brimful of love and living ladies;
In spite of every stormy sky
We'll strive to die among the ladies."

THE ARCTIC CALAMITY.

Further Accounts by Captain Luce—Thrilling Incidents—Hopes of the Safety of Others.

From the New York Times of Tuesday 17th.

Captain Luce left Montreal yesterday morning for New York. When the train from the north reached Troy, nearly five thousand people had collected at the depot in that city, to greet him, and it was with great difficulty that he was transferred to the Hudson River Railroad cars, on which the Superintendent had generously set apart a car for his use and that of his friends. He was met at Troy by Mr. S. H. Fearing, his brother-in-law.

Accompanying him were Mr. George F. Allen of this city, Mr. James Smith, of Natchez, Miss., and Ferdinand Keyn, a young German who was rescued with him. As soon as Captain Luce was seated, he was greeted by scores and hundreds of people, who insisted on shaking him by the hand. Several ladies came in with daguerreotypes of their lost friends, to ascertain if they could recognize them and give them any intelligence of their fate.

At all the stations where he stopped, Captain L. was greeted with cheers, and when the train reached Yonkers, the place of his residence, he found two long lines of citizens formed, through which he walked, receiving warm congratulations and a hearty welcome.

From Captain Luce our reporter, in the course of conversation, obtained information on a variety of interesting topics, which we present below:

After the collision with the Vesta, it will be remembered that a boat was sent from the Vesta, which was run over by the Arctic. Ferdinand Keyn, the young German who was saved on the piece of the wreck with Captain Luce and Mr. Allen, threw over a rope to one of the occupants of the boat, and by this act he was rescued. He proved to be a French fisherman named Francois Gajoick. Subsequently, when they were floating about on the ocean, in sight of the Cambria, and unable to attract attention from their great distance, this same fisherman floated near to the Cambria, was discovered, and picked up. Immediately upon going on board, he intimated by signs that there were others on other pieces of the wreck in the immediate vicinity, and this led to the rescue of Captain Luce and others. It is thus seen that the act of Keyn, in throwing a rope to the Frenchman, Gajoick, was the means of preserving the lives, not only of the latter, but of Captain Luce, himself, Mr. Allen, and the few remaining survivors.

Some of the most interesting facts that our reporter obtained from this interview with Captain Luce, were the positions occupied by the different parties who were supposed to have been lost when he last saw them.

When he saw that they must inevitably be lost, and every person on board as keenly appreciating this fact as himself, (Mr. Dorian's boat having cut loose from the raft) all on board gathered together to the upper deck. The passengers, each in turn, came to Captain Luce, gave him a farewell shake of the hand, and many of the facts connected therewith Captain Luce distinctly remembers.

A large number of persons got on water casks; some lashed two together, thinking they were thus secured. But in many instances the lashing became loose, and of course the casks became useless. I saw six different persons climbing up and endeavoring to sustain themselves by two casks. They kept above water for a time but finally sank.

After the vessel went down, a great majority of those on board, as they rose, got on the raft which had been built. A large number got on small pieces of the wreck, doors and other fragments floating by. These gradually separated, and each one soon lost sight of the other.

When the last boat was upon deck, Capt. L. succeeded in getting Mrs. Collins and a number of other ladies into it. But they were forced to leave as we required the boat for service in making the raft. They did so without any apparent reluctance. Capt. L. says in this connection that the ladies, after the first fright was over, were as calm as can well be imagined under such circumstances, and seemed perfectly resigned to whatever might be their fate.

PROSPECTS FOR THE SAFETY OF OTHERS.

"I think it quite possible," said Captain Luce, "and not at all improbable, that we will ultimately hear of the safety of others. At this season, most of the vessels that pass near the spot are outward bound; and I see no reason why others may not have been picked up, the same as I and my companions were. After the gale, however, would ride out the gale in safety, and might have been picked up days afterwards; and provided the boat was properly managed, by having her head kept to the sea, I do not see why the occupants need suffer materially from the heavy seas.

SINKING OF THE ARCTIC—DEATH OF CAPTAIN LUCE'S SON.

The Arctic settled stern foremost. She went over gradually, until the upper deck got level with the water, when the waves swept over us.

"As I went down," said Capt. Luce, "after the sinking of the vessel, I was carried down a great distance, with my son Willie in my arms. I opened my eyes to see if I could discover light through the water. It was some time before I could do so, and then it seemed a very long time before I reached the surface. When I did so, I could only have held out a few moments. I saw Willie near me, with a life preserver on him, and was just struggling to reach him when a piece of the paddle-box came up, with great force, and fell upon him, striking him upon the head.

"I struggled to get away, and on looking around, I saw that the box was sliding upon the water. A short distance back, poor little Willie was lying dead. During my struggle I had my head cut badly, which caused it to bleed profusely, and I was compelled for some time afterwards to wash it frequently, to keep the blood from blinding my eyes. Mr. Allen and I got upon the paddle-box at about the same time. By some it is supposed from the newspaper accounts, that the piece we were on was the entire paddle-box. This is not so; it was only a part of it, about twelve feet square, and we stood in the canoe.

"Some eight or ten others got on the same fragment with us. During the time we were there all the food we had was a small boiled chicken which Mr. Allen had taken from the table before leaving the ship. This was divided among those who were on board. After the ships hove in sight I felt some thirst and considerable exhaustion, but so far as the want of food was concerned, I think I could have got along for a long time.

"We had a trunk on the wreck, from the contents of which we supposed it belonged to some female nurse. As late as the early part of the last night there were six of us remaining of whom three fell down from exhaustion and were washed off by the sea. Young Keyn, the German boy who was with us, suffered intensely. He happened to have some biscuit with him which had become soaked with the salt water, and eating these only increased his thirst, and to make matters still worse, he drank some of the sea water. His sufferings were beyond all description.

Twice he jumped overboard, saying he would rather die than suffer as he was doing; and each time he pulled him back on the wreck. At one time he cut open a vein on his arm, and stuck his blood. The last time he jumped over was about 15 minutes before we discovered the Cambria.

"At daybreak we discovered to the northward of us a sail, steering directly towards us. At length she changed her course and steered away. About fifteen minutes after Keyn was rescued from self-destruction a second time, Mr. Allen discovered a sail standing for us. She was about seven miles off. She was seen through an arch which seemed to form in the fog, and gave us a clear view through it directly in the line of the ship. She continued standing towards us, but after a while changed her course. Upon this our spirits again drooped. It was during the time she was thus manoeuvring that she picked up the Frenchman, who had belonged to the Vesta, and he immediately informed the officers of the Cambria—which proved to be her name—that there were probably other survivors in the vicinity, upon which Capt. Russell went aloft with his spy-

glass, and discovered us. He stood towards us, took us first on board, then Mr. Smith, then a piece of the wreck containing three firemen, and another with two others.

"After I found that Mr. Dorian was the only, and indeed the only man belonging to the sailing department of the ship, and when everything had been done to keep the ship from sinking, he went vigorously to work to assist me in making a raft and getting spars over for that purpose. He was constantly cheering on those around him, and telling them to keep cool and help him, and he would give them a raft that would hold them all. He did his utmost to accomplish it. He behaved most manfully throughout.

"After I had got on the paddle-box, I hailed to Dorian, who was in the boat, and within sight, to come to us, though I do not know whether he heard me or not. Had all within the boat felt disposed, they could by paddling with their hands have reached us, but without the aid of all with him, Mr. Dorian could have effected nothing.

"I instructed Mr. Baalham to get a boat down, to put a compass in her, and have her ready to receive passengers. He did so, when again the fireman and others sprang over the bulwarks, falling one on top of the other into the boat. And, seeing that this was likely to be continued, I ordered him to drop out of the way and follow us under the stern of the ship. To my surprise, however, it was not five minutes before he was out of sight, and with not more than one-half of the persons on board which his boat was capable of carrying.

"Mr. Baalham asked me if he should put my little boy in the boat. I said—'No; I should not allow it until other people were provided for—that he must take his chance with me.'

"Captain Luce informed our reporter that the smallest boat which left the ship with the Engineer, was capable of carrying safely more persons than the largest boat took away; and that the boats on board were large enough to have carried three hundred persons safely.

"Each one of the bilge injections threw out a column of water as large as a barrel constantly. Each one of the four steam pumps threw a column of water six inches in diameter, with tremendous force; and the four deck pumps worked by hand would discharge a column of water of the same diameter. In spite of all this the ship sunk rapidly."

THE RAG BUSINESS

The newspapers of our large cities contain swindling advertisements of men who profess on the remission of a dollar by mail, to put the writer in possession of a way to make an honest living. Speaking upon this subject, the editor of the Louisville Journal suggests a way by which hundreds of young men may make a living, some of them perhaps a fortune, in a branch of business hitherto unknown. It is not to take a horse and wagon and peddle segars," according to the famous response to the green horn whose misfortune has recently been going the rounds; but to take a horse and wagon and collect rags. Go through the country, he says, put it into the heads of hundreds of families who never thought of such a thing, to save up their rags, and await your next visit, and the thing is done. Many will not save rags, because it is not worth while to take them to the mill, but in no family great or small, is there not to be found one member, who will put away the rags, which will be converted into gold without any trouble to him on the periodical call of the rag merchant.

Let everybody—no matter who—save their rags and think it not beneath the dignity of a journalist to call attention earnestly to a journal to call attention earnestly to a very simple way of obviating what threatens to become a serious evil. And you, enterprising young men, keen to make a fortune, if any one would point out to you some new path to be opened up, take courage and a rag wagon.

Some twenty years ago, a poor devil who was starving on the streets of Paris was struck with a bright idea. He did not sleep upon it. He went round to all the eating houses and made a contract to take away all the refuse bones which were heretofore thrown away, and he turned his bones to such good account that he died, some short time since, a millionaire on the accumulation of this apparently wretched trash—worthless in small quantities, but which he found means to dispose of to so good account that the cents became dollars, and so on. The great matter is to turn the drippings of every little source into one reservoir; in themselves they are insignificant and ineffectually evaporate or sink into the earth, but, united, they form the rivulets and streams and mighty oceans upon whose bosom floats the wealth of kingdoms, the commerce of the world.

Mrs. MULLANE'S ATTACK OF CHOLERA.—The Toledo Blade tells the following hard yarn: While every-body was scared at the cholera and very many were dying off with it we cannot wonder at the fact, that several came very near being buried alive.

Well, Mrs. Mullane as we shall call her, was taken sick at 12 in the day—had cramps at 3, and went dead at 6 in regular order. But whether an empty whisky bottle, which was found at the head of her bed, had anything to do with it, deponent saith not. Pat Mullane, her husband, that was, felt bad—some husbands do when they lose their wives! and wouldn't let the body be taken from the house till morning. So the watches were set, and the wake was had, and things were going on well enough, when all on a sudden there was a movement in the coffin in which the body had been placed, without the lid being on. The men wondered, and the women trembled. They went to the coffin. Mrs. Mullane was thumping lustily with her elbow on the side of her coffin!—The watchers were breathless—the hairs upon their heads stood out like wires. Soon the voice of the dead broke forth. Not sepulchral and solemn but loud and angry. "Pat! ye baste! git over to your own side of the bed! There's niver a bit of room atween ye and the wall!" The mystery was solved—a slight cloud passed over the features of Pat, as the terrified wife raised up in the coffin and looked about her. She came near fainting but her friends soon got her into, and she still lives to teach her husband better manners than "to bury a decent woman with her since all in her body!"

A SINGULAR AFFAIR.—The Albany Journal gives the particulars of a singular affair which occurred in Schoharie county. A few months since, a family hired at an intelligence office in Albany a female "help," who proved so smart and capable as to give the most entire satisfaction. She was at work early and late, descending the cellar stairs at a single bound, jumped over tables with the dishes on, and gave other evidences of uncommon sprightliness and agility. She also contracted a marriage with one "Patrick."

Meantime, one or two of the servant girls left their situation without assigning any reasons. Finally a girl, upon leaving, informed the family that the Albany "help" was stealing every thing that she could lay her hands to. Upon searching her trunks, this was found to be the case, and she was arrested, tried before the Schoharie courts, and sentenced to three months in the Albany Penitentiary. Arrived at the jail there was a most curious denouement; the stout and hearty female "help" turned out to be a full grown and athletic young man! During the whole time he had been doing housework in Schoharie county, he had kept up the illusion in regard to his sex, deceiving the family constables, lawyers, judge, jury, and jailors, by a semi-daily application of the razor to his face.

Bussing.—Buss—*to kiss.* Re-buss—*to kiss again.* Pluribus—*to kiss without regard to sex.* Sillybuss—*to kiss the hand instead of the lips.* Blunderbuss—*to kiss the wrong person.* Omnibuss—*to kiss all the persons in the room.* Erebuss—*to kiss in the grave-yard, or in the dark.* Buss the Boiler—*to kiss the cook!*

A party of belated gentlemen, about a certain hour began to think of home, and their wives' displeasure, and urged a departure. "Never mind," said one of the guests, "sixteen minutes now will make no difference; my wife is as mad now as she can be."

One boy in a shop is as good as a man. Two boys, however, are worse than none at all. If there be but one boy in a room he is quiet and sedate as a Quaker. Introduce another, and ground and lofty tumbling and somersets over the stove are in order from sunrise till dark.

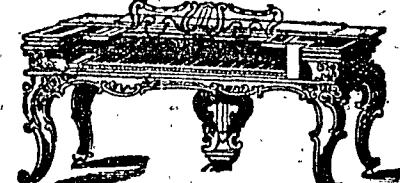
A dying West India Planter, groaning to his favorite negro servant sighed out, "Ah Sambo, I'm going a long, long journey." "Never mind, massa," said Sambo, consoling him; "him all the way down hill, and you will soon reach the end."

The agricultural fair, at York, Pa, last week, was very successful, and on Thursday over 3,000 persons visited the ground.

THANKSGIVING.—The Governor of Kentucky, like the Governor of Maine, has designated the 30th of November as Thanksgiving day.

Throw up the window! 'Tis a mourn for life. In its most subtle luxury. The air is like a breath from a finer world; And Ossian's land is in a serpent's land, Entwining the hair closely on my brow!

Philadelphia.



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Executive agent for the sale of Halle's, Davis & Co.'s Patent Suspension Bridge, BELL and other PANOS, L'GILBERT, and other Patent Medicines, Martin's Guitars, Harps, Violins, Sheet Music, Music Books, &c.

Residents of the country may be supplied by mail or otherwise with music they may wish, as low as it pur-chased in person. Having one of the largest stocks in the United States, I feel confident of satisfying all who may favor me with a call or order.

Dealers in Music supplied on the most liberal terms.—Plans to let. Second-hand Pianos for sale.

May 20, 1853-1y

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

RY, WHOLESALE and RETAIL, at the above address, Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, Number 66 North Second Street, corner of Quarry, Philadelphia. Gold Lovers' Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat cases.

Gold Lepine, 18 carat cases \$20.00

Silver Jewels, 9 carat cases \$10.00

Silver Lover, full jewelled, 12 carat cases \$15.00

Gold Spectacles, 9 carat cases \$7.00

Blue Silver Spectacles, 9 carat cases \$1.50

Gold Bracelets, 9 carat cases \$3.00

Ladies' Gold Pencils, 9 carat cases \$1.00

Silver Tea Spoons, 9 carat cases \$5.00

Gold Pens, with Penholder and Silver Holder, 9 carat cases \$1.00

Gold Finger Rings, 9 carat cases \$8.00; Watch Glasses, plain, 12 carat cases \$1.00; Linen, 12 carat cases \$1.25; other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.

STAUFFER & HARLEY,

On hand, some Gold and Silver Lovers and Lepine, still lower than the above prices.

1000 TONS No. 1 Super Phosphate of Lime.

DEBUREO'S original and genuine, warranted of Superior quality, the cheapest manu-

factured in the world. Farriers and dealers supplied at low prices.

EXTRA QUALITY LAND PLASTER.—5000 barrels extra

quality Land Plaster selected expressly for its fertilizing quality; 10,000 bushels of same in bulk; 1,000 barrels Calcium Plaster; 500 barrels Casting; 100 barrels Dentist.

PERUVIAN GUANO.—This article we offer in confidence to our customers as equal to any imported, and far superior to most in the market.

5000 bags of this superlative Guano for sale at the lowest market rates. Also, Patagonian Guano, Peruviate, Ground Charcoal, &c. &c.

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FRENCH TRUSSES, Weighing less