ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

S MOORE, PUBLISHERS. $1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

VOLUME 28. ERIE, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 13, 1858. NUMBER 44.

THE FISHERMEN.

BY J. G. WHITTIER

Wind upward breezes
Sing the lay smain
Down the sail, and anchor
Drop in the quiet main.
We leave the rubber landmarks
On the land we and the steed
Orion and the Pleiades
Be our guides henceforward shall guide us,
The breath of heaven shall speed.

From the hill top looks the steeple,
And the light house from the sand
And the scattered pines are waving
Their kindred from the land
Good bye, good bye, my lads, behind us,
Good bye to the homes we leave one sigh,
Good bye to the change and chances
Of the ocean and the sky

Good bye, brothers, for the icebergs
Of Labrador,
Gleaming spectral in the moonlight
Good bye the low, black shores
Where, like snow, the gannet's feathers
On Labador's rocks are shed,
Where the noisy murre are flying
Under black clouds overhead

Where the mist the rock is holding,
And the sharp roof lurks below,
Where the sun shall smile in summer,
And the storm tempests blow
Where the gray and rolling vapor,
Drifting onto morn,
Where the seals are hauling
Their young on to land born

Where the Red Island,
With its white cross on its crown!
Where the Caribou
Feed on the mountains bare and brown!
Where the Caribou's tall antlers
Over the dwarf wood freely toss,
Where the footstep of the Micmack
Is as sound upon the moss

We will drop our lines, and gather
Of Adonis's treasures in,
Where the mottled mackerel
Turns up a steel dark fin.
We will coat Sold of harvests,
Where the tribes our grain;
Where the teaming waters
Of those they reap the plain!

Our sails spread the carpet,
We will spread the hearth of home,
Where as in the old time
Gather round us shall come
The spirits of the chamber
And the tale of Yuletide lay,
Which all our dwellings
Shall be spoken Want away.

Then the mist upon bar jackets
Of the air congeals,
Where wind stiff and slowly
Blows the frozen reels;
Then the fog be dark around us,
Then the storm blow high and loud
Our whistle down the wild wind,
Our laugh beneath the cloud!

In the darkness as of daylight,
Then the water as on the land,
We are looking on us,
And beneath us is his hand!
We will find us soon or later,
Some rock or in the surf,
We cannot meet him better
Than in working out our lot

Then, hurrah! the west wind
Is washing down the bay,
Our sails are filling—
Now my lads, give way!
Eastward landsman clinging
To the earth, like a weed—
The heaven shall guide us,
The breath of heaven shall speed!

From Harper's Magazine.

BROTHER TOM.

A splendid fellow—my brother Tom—my pride upon his last birthday, stood six inches in his boots, trim patent leathers, but Tom himself—in weighed a hundred and sixty pounds patent leathers, but Tom himself—in I had never worn patent leathers, nothing over twenty. It sufficed for him then. I could never aspire to which he graced so well. He was my fellow. I had read of heroes in and brilliant Adonii—that's a than Adonises—in novels; and of the handsome, fascinating, irre of New York society. Yes; the Avenue and its exquisites had mingled amidst undulating emotions of admiration and hesitation—the by jealousy, perhaps, in our quiet in——County State The city of New York was New York, and we could yield at to some excellences there—of course, aware that it confers of a questionable repute, and equivocal, which we heartily Whatever its excellences might there it could not boast a more of *la jeune homme* than my I would have bet—had I been a Tom was, sometimes—upon our specimen of that genus, against all Shall I expatiate upon form and I dilate upon his large dark of a fine girl, and they would May I hint the rare pro luxuriant beard, and the curving out mustache? I will not trust gentle fair reader, Mr. Publisher, not wantonly trifle with their feel of our rural belles at a party at our the time I speak of, only remark after what a handsome fellow Tom in two days afterward exhibited high delirium! She *affected to have* taken way home; and while she was in the the doctor forbade all access to her. no doubt she raved of Tom; for they her off within a month after she got young fellow who professed to have been with her for two or three years, and to said she was devoted. But I under maneuvers. One thing I may say she has made an excellent wife, so in which I infer that she is gradu resigned to the loss of Tom. I Tom himself; but he assured never thought of it"—"shouldn't I should think not, indeed! was eighteen he had visited New a month there. Of course he was to be compared to what he was at But even then I admired him.

Upon his return he confided to momentous affair in his life—the young lady had fallen frightfully in him. "Frightfully" was the very I believe. He always contem to New York out of compassion lady, if it were only to let her see again before she died. He thought it would fall into consumption dur year, and die in the next spring. I it. He was never sent for, how be concluded that she had quiety "never told her love." I always that Tom was a little overcome by that for during that suppositious fatal was affected with "spring fever," from sympathy with the case in He got well however; and, as I had survived his twenty second birth-

came in one evening, and brought his and a letter from New York—as usual, as his brother and other relations in business there. On reading the suddenly and smiled. will be a fine chance for your gallantry, boys; a couple of New York belles are coming down to practice upon you."

"How, father? Who?" exclaimed Tom, eagerly pausing in the midst of a fantasia on his German flute, which he played to perfection. A thought, though seemingly foreign to the subject, had entered his head, and, whether through the influence of little darling in the village, who, it must be confessed, was an absolute Julina upon the Jonathan, or from what not follow, I suppose, that he would desire strikingly Tom's name and time upon the bespoken date.

"Who are they, father?" repeated Tom.

"Your cousin Jane, and her particular friend, Miss Adela Frome."

Tom started as if a mosquito had bitten him. And I—I—took quietly back to my chair with an easily suppressed feeling of satisfaction, relieved by the assurance that Tom's susceptibility had not been fatally in the New York case.

"Adela Frome!" said Tom.

"Yes," returned my father, "do you know her?"

"Well—yes; I saw her, you know, when I was in New York."

"O yes," said my sister, "Adela is the young lady who so much affected Tom—"

"I beg your pardon, Grace," said Tom, "but if there was any sentiment between us—"

"Fie, Tom!" interrupted my mother, "you would not be so ungallant as to insinuate that it was all on the young lady's side."

"Not by any means, mother. I was never made sensible of any attachment in the case, either way." Tom flung it off with cool indifference.

I looked incredulous, and merely remarked, "We shall see."

That night, before we went to bed, Tom renewed his confidence with me on the New York affair. He said, with vast emphasis, that it was impossible for him to describe or for me to understand the thrilling emotion with which he had heard the name of Adela Frome, even from such unsympathizing and matter-of-fact lips as our father's. He was not aware before how indelibly her form and face and name had been impressed upon his heart. A moment's reflection, he said, he had suggested to him the possibility of losing her—or rather, he hinted, the terrible thought that Gus Webster might endeavor to thwart his love, and become a competitor for the fair Adela's hand. If he did, he insisted upon it that Gus should meet him in the field and give him the satisfaction of a gentleman. He began to rant about for a friend—a second, considered, happily for me, that it would not do to call upon a brother; and at last postponed the further consideration of the subject indefinitely.

Who was Gus Webster? Why, he was a sort of a splendid fellow of our village as well as Tom, but did not seem to know how to make the most of himself, as a man ought to do. He was about the age of Tom, and almost as handsome—I have heard that some of the girls thought him quite so. But there is no accounting for feminine tastes. I liked Gus very well, and father had even said that he wished Tom was more like him. He certainly did not mean in person—I could not detect any other superiority, and would not, I suppose, if I could.

Tom's confidence went further. He intimated upon becoming Adela's lover the moment she set foot in——. He would declare himself at an early opportunity, and in good time make her his wife. So it was quite settled in my mind that Adela Frome was to supplant Mrs Wells, and sister. And I went to sleep and dreamed of my nephews and neices by the score, and of the presents that I, in my respectable bachelorhood, should make them, when I paid them a visit and dandled them on my knee.

One evening in the ensuing week Tom had returned with the light, family carriage from the railroad station, and had drawn up in the little recess before the house. I was feigning a little business below a small shrubbery on the line of the road, whence I could see the occupants of the carriage dismount without being myself observed. Tom threw the reins upon the horse's back and leaped down himself. As he did so, the shaft broke, the splintered end flew up, cut the horse's leg and he started. At a bound he was off, but half a dozen leaps brought him on a level with my position. Springing into the road, I caught the bearing rein, and with a sharp jerk on his bit checked his pace, and in a moment he was firmly in my hand, though trembling in every fibre of his body. Tom had run up and received Cousin Jane as she leaped out on one side, while Adela springing out upon the other, gave me a look of touching gratitude, and hastened round the rear of the carriage to the relief of Jane who had fainted in Tom's arms.—

We passed a very pleasant evening. Jane was full of animation, and overwhelmed me with acknowledgments of the brave exploit which had saved their lives. I had to put a stop to her gratitude by vowing, that if she burdened me any further, I would never do it again. Adela had simply remarked that she owed me a debt. It was doubtful if she could ever requite, and then, with unfeigned concern, asked if the horse had been hurt. For the rest, Tom monopolized her. He had scarcely eyes or ears for any one else.—And no wonder. She was very beautiful. Jane was a pleasant, lively, piquant, and intelligent girl. I was quite interested in her gay and spirited sketches of New York and the various social phases in which she presented it to my imagination. Occasionally her enthusiasm commanded the attention of Tom and Adela, and then, as opportunity invited her, the latter would throw in a casual remark, which imparted a higher zest and happier, pleasanter, if more sedate aspect, to the scene. There was a marked contrast in the habits, tastes, and dispositions of the two girls, yet I soon discovered that they were inseparable friends.

We were chatting away gaily, though for my part I did but little of it, when father came in and introduced Mr. Augustus Webster, Tom's courtesy never failed him. He received our young friend with all outward cordiality, but I soon observed that he was determined to contest every inch of his approach to close intimacy with Adela. Tom could always be engaging when the ladies, and he seemed to be in excellent winning condition with Adela by his side. It was soon apparent that Mr. Webster was content with the position assigned to him—a seat on the other side of Jane. And was it to my chagrin at all that I shortly discovered in him a formidable rival for Jane's attentions? Perhaps not. She certainly found him a more congenial and delighted companion than me, and I became only second in the scope of her remarks. And so I was relieved. Relieved for what? To secure freedom of the eye and ear—to pass upon the loveliest being that had ever, I imagined, entranced mortal vision, and to listen to the sweetest voice that had ever ravished the ear. And these were blended in that wonder of my creation, as she seemed to me, the gentle Adela Frome.

And there he sat, gazing, withering into her eye, at—my handsome, manly, irresistible brother Tom. He was pinning her body and soul. Like a bird within the dangerous fascination of a snake, she delighted to lave in my rural squiate. She scarcely dared to raise her eyes even to his, and when she did, they seemed to glance with fearful timidity occasionally to mine, as if he imagined over us from the too handsome and too manly part of her young heart. An exquisite creature, who dared not dream of the depth of happiness in which Tom was reveling with extravagant delight. How could he possibly talk to her as he did? What magic did he possess by which to preserve the cool, imperturbable ease of heart, and mind and tongue, while, as I very well knew, he was her most devoted slave? Oh! how I longed for so much of that precious jewel, confidence—I was about to say impudence—as would enable me boldly to approach and share with Tom a little of that sweet converse which was all his own. And I could not. And—I trouble as I confess it—a twinge of something like the first turn of a screw applied to the poor wretch upon the rack, thrilled about the fibres of my heart, and contracted the muscles of my chest. There was a momentary sense of suffocation, and an almost audible whisper in my inner ear, syllabled that horrible word, JEALOUSY!

Jealousy—and of my brother Tom! I knew it not an hour before. I saw it palpably before me.—There was nothing for me but flight, and that without a pause. For the first time in my life my home had suffered an abatement of its sacred influence. My home! no, it was no longer home to me. Nothing less than "the wide, wide world" could now and henceforth be a home to me.

Tom came into our room that night—we had always slept in the same room—

"Fred, my dear Fred, is she not beautiful? I could not have believed it. She was a lovely little witch when I saw her four years ago, but now she is positively enchanting!"

"A little witch!" it was sacrilege to talk so. I did not say it—merely thought it.

"Did you observe how completely I was captivated by her—most hopelessly enamured?"

"I did not observe *that*," I said, "but I thought she was—fancy that is, delight—I may say at least, *very much pleased* with you." The fact is, I hesitated at too strong an expression; a thing I had never done about my brother Tom before. And that hesitation—I really felt as if it were verging on fratricide. And it was a sort of a lie too for I knew that she was "frightfully" in love with him, and would certainly perish if she lost him.

"Pleased, was she?" He took it calmly enough. Honest fellow, he never attributed that to my partiality. "Ah! Fred, you flatter me, I fear. But I really think she was a little pleased, or something of the sort. At all events, she did not look at Gus twice after he was seated. She only looked occasionally at you, and so that's all right."

"As *me*, I said, hastily, disclaiming such a fancy. "As *me*, Tom! Well, that is a pleasantry. Why she does not know there is such a fellow as I in existence."

"Oh! does she not? You would think otherwise if you had heard how she spoke of the cool intrepidity with which you risked your life for hers; and of the easy unassuming grace with which you—"

"Tom, no more of that—no more," I said, almost passionately, for my blood began to leap along my veins with unnatural alacrity.

"Pun, my word, Fred, I would give something handsome to have that affair of the carriage for a basis to go upon—a *point d'appui* from which to assail her heart. Why, she referred to it half a dozen times, and looked *volumes* with the most tender sort of affection. I am sure she will always esteem you as the best of brothers."

"Sisterly affection!" "The best of brothers!" What pleasant phrases in their proper association! What hideous, hateful thoughts and fancies they conjured up within my brain! No, no, I could not bear it. Fly, I must. Fly! and wherefore? No, I will perish here. Life were a worthless thing without her. I will die if I must, at the very altar rail. And so I determined to give to the heart's *world one proof*, at least, of that love which knows no other alternative but death!

A month had passed, and the two fair enslavers of three aspiring youths still tarried at my father's house. I felt my doom, as it were, under the relentless hand of some invisible power, gradually, but surely, closing upon me. Tom and Adela were companions in the morning walk and the afternoon drive. Webster and Jane were similary associated, as I saw and believed was the necessary consequence of Tom's devotion to the charming Adela. Half a dozen times, perhaps, Tom had confided to me the special charge of his beloved, assured that she was safe from his dreaded rival while in my hands. And Webster, as if conscious of the trust thus devolved upon me, never obtruded upon us, or seemed disposed to abate his attentions to Jane; although I felt that he was suffering an intense privation. For me—oh! those were seasons of paradisical delight. Yet I discovered that Adela was less free and familiar with me than with Tom. At times, she even seemed embarrassed; and again, there was a tenderness in her tone that thrilled my spirit with an agony of joy. We could readily find congenial themes of conversation, and I soon felt that she was well informed upon the most interesting subjects. Easily arising above commonplace remark, we engaged each other in pleasant discussion of the litterary world; and she glided amidst the beauties and graces of letters and art with the ease and familiarity of Flora in a conservatory of the choicest flowers. Upon one theme she was always reserved, and that was my brother Tom. She would calmly assent to some general appreciation of him, and then adroitly change the subject. And I—oh! the guilt that was in my heart—would as adroitly thrust him before us, I verily believe only to cast the spirit which she put him aside. Alas! it wrung my heart with the conviction that the delicacy of her love only insisted upon holding the lover as a forbidden subject of comon conversation.

One evening Tom had driven to the station to receive some parcels for the house, and we walked in the sunset by the roadside a mile or two to meet him. Webster and Jane were some distance in advance of Adela and myself. By some inexplicable process of remark, we had transpassed upon the mystery of love. We were discussing the contrasts and durability of attachments as presented in fiction and experienced in fact. At that moment Tom drove up, and passing for Webster and Jane, they stepped into the carriage. A few paces and we came up. I was about—or rather designing—to hand Adela to a seat by the side of Tom, and return alone, when Adela, playfully, but with the decision she could exercise at will, said waving her hand to Tom

"Go on, we'll follow and enjoy the evening air. Mr. Fredrick and myself are debating a very interesting topic—one that will entertain us on the way. I am sure he will forego the ride and consent to accompany me," with an inquiring look.

I don't know how or what I replied, but muttered something about Tom, who would prefer to walk, perhaps, and I could drive the carriage home. Tom, however, thought it best to conform to Adela's suggestion; and to my surprise, and I confess my inexpressible delight, I saw the carriage presently moving off homeward, and myself alone with Adela. I cannot tell what expression was in my face as I turned to look a moment upon her, but hers was radiant with beauty. The archness which it seemed to have involuntarily assumed as the disguise of Tom's and the carriage was utterly gone, and superseded by a softened tenderness which pervaded every feature. Her eyes were brimming with tears, and a tide of crimson flushed for a moment her cheek and brow, and then gently receded, as if to hide within the betrayal of some secret emotion. I felt that there had been an instant self revelation, and in that instant I cherished to my heart the first developed hope, and nurtured the first aspiration of my delirious love.

Our subject was resumed, but how I have forgotten. I know that the theme somehow kindled into a mutual glow the tongues, the hearts, the lips that feasted on it. I know that it was full two hours before we reached home; and I know that, under a spreading apple-tree in the orchard, which we chose to cross in our way to the house, our discussion ended in a heart-warm tender, mutual embrace. There was a flutter of her white dress in the moonlight, and she disappeared by a side-door, which admitted her unperceived, to her own apartment.

I stood fascinated. The dew of her lip was yet upon my own, when I heard the voice of my brother Tom. I dared not answer, for I felt the audible voice whispering mischievously about my heart, "There, go tell your brother Tom of that!"

He approached me.

"What! moon struck, Fred!" He never suspected, poor fellow! "Where is Adela?"

I replied that she had gone into the house as soon as we returned.

"Oh! you have been back some time, then? I wondered what had become of you."

I did not answer.

"Fred," said Tom, passing his arm through mine, "I have concluded to propose to Adela to-morrow. I don't know, but I am half inclined to think that Gus intends to do so very shortly; I must be beforehand with him. To tell you the truth, I have several times determined to do so, but though, as you see, she loves me to distraction, yet there is a—a sort of something which rather repels me whenever I approach the matter."

Oh! what a wretch was I to walk by his side calm as the evening around us, and happy as a prince. Indeed, I would have exchanged the rare and treasured joy of my heart for no principality in Christendom.

It was noon on the following day, as I sat in the library, that Tom entered hastily, and threw his hat into one chair, his body into another, and his patent leathers, with his heels in them, into a third. Thrusting his hands through his luxuriant hair, he turned upon me.

"Fred, by all the—" (saints, he should have said) "she has rejected me—*me*, Fred, mark!"

I looked up, and like Oliver Twist, I supposed my look must have asked for more.

"It's all a sham, I am sure. I pressed her for an objection—a single objection; my person, habits, condition, expectations—all right there, my boy. She hinted, as I understood her—though it was very delicately done—that her heart was not entirely at her own disposal. I might almost have inferred from what she said that she loved another; but I don't believe any thing of that sort, you know, Fred."

"Has she ever given you reason to believe that she entertained any other sentiment than that of friendship toward you?" I asked.

"Never till to-day, Fred."

"To-day?" I said, a little nervously.

"Yes, to-day. I'll explain. I saw her enter the drawing-room this morning and followed her there in a minute or two. You know there are a dozen of our family daguerreotypes lying upon the table. I saw her take up mine, gaze upon it a moment with tenderness, press it to her lips, and conceal it in her bosom. This I saw by the mirror opposite the door, as I paused a moment before it entered. It was more than enough to encourage me to seize the opportunity as I had designed, declare my love, and propose for her hand. The sequel you have already. She actually rejected me, yet walked off with Tom Wells in her bosom! What do you think of that, my boy? Are not these women the very—"

"Stop a moment, Tom," said I. I did not like the profanation, and arrested the word—"Are you quite sure it was your miniature, Tom?" I asked. The philosophy of love may explain the fact—I can not—but I had somehow lost a portion of my reverence for Tom's irresistibility, and in the cause in which I was now embarked was brave as Julius Cæsar.

"Why, whose could it be, if not mine?" Tom asked, with the most generous confidence. "Gus has never had the impudence to leave *his* there. I tell you what, Fred, I had my suspicions when Adela hinted what she did. If that's the case, Gus Webster or Tom Wells—one or the other."

We had instinctively moved toward the drawing-room, and Tom had already caught up one of the daguerreotypes. His and mine had been done at the same time, by the same artist, and the cases were precisely alike. He touched the spring of that in his hand, and there was the elegant "counterfeit presentiment" of—my brother Tom!

"That's strange," said Tom. "Here's father—she hasn't married him off; and here's mother and sister. Why, Fred, where is yours?"

"Mine," said I, "was here this morning.—But the fact is, in my discussion with Adela last night, I made a suggestion to her, and she was to signify her concurrence with it by appropriating my miniature this morning. My proposition was as good as accepted, I believe, last night, for we had interchanged the usual courtesies of the occasion just before you joined me in the orchard."

There was a rustle of silk behind us. Tom had drawn off a little and fixed his wondering gaze on me as Adela came between us, urged by her apprehensions of the consequences.

"Yes," she said, "dear Tom, I have appropriated your brother's daguerreotype, and by so doing intimated my acceptance of his proffered hand and heart."

Tom stood one moment the very personification of exquisite surprise; the next, he threw himself into a chair, clapped his hands upon his sides, and went off into an uncontrollable burst of laughter—not loud, but rollicking with the keenest relish of a feast of humor all his own. In this exploit Tom at least was irresistible—his mirth was contagious. I joined in the laugh, and Adela with some difficulty restrained her features. There was something so jolly and yet so felicitously ludicrous in the scene, that it was impossible not to enjoy it with him. At length, Tom spring from his seat, caught my hand in one of his, and Adela's in the other, and exclaimed.

"Well, by Jove, Fred—Adela—this is the best joke of the season!"

Webster and Jane came in from a morning walk, and it was then understood that they had concluded an arrangement a day or two before.

"And so, Gus, you were never in love with Adela—never had a design that way—eh?"

"Never thought of such a thing, Tom; but I confess my danger, had not your charming cousin engaged my attention."

"Well, that is rare! Why, of what a weight of care, consideration, and responsibility I should have been relieved had I only known that before! Fred and myself were—"

"But you don't mean to say, Tom," hinted Gus interrogatively, "that you never loved Adela—that you have been flirting all this time?"

"Ask him," replied Tom. "Did I not make a solemn consecration of myself to her this morning? I love her, forsooth! Indeed, I do. And shall love her all the better, perhaps, as a sister, in spite of the hodge of our loves that I thought she ought to become Mrs. Wells, and I was determined to maintain it—if I could. It is quite as well in Fred's hands, and the sly rogue is very well satisfied with it."

I smiled and submitted with the utmost resignation, and some complacency, to the soft impeachment.

"And may I ask," said Tom "when you and Adela first realized that my diligent attentions were superfluous—in other words, Fred, when did you first discover your love for her?"

"When she sprang from the carriage, I think, as I held the restive horse on the night of her arrival."

There was a twitching at the corners of his mouth.

"And you, Adela—when did your heart yield its admiration to this quiet brother of mine?"—

"As I sprang from the carriage, I think, when he held the restive horse on the night of my arrival," she answered, archly.

"Love at first sight, by Jove! Well, you are both perfect in your catechism, and may soon be admitted to the church. Fred, the honor of the family has been, so far, gallantly maintained in your hands. I am content to leave it there; and shall, very probably, subside into the respectability of bachelorhood."

"Never, Tom, never. You are a thousand times too good for such a fate as that." Such was the verdict of our company. And I am sure, reader, you will agree with me, whether he shall be Bachelor or Benedick, that he is a splendid fellow—my Brother Tom.

The Collision Between the Leander and the North America.

The following narrative of a dreadful collision, which took place on Thursday morning, the 11th, off Hollyhead is furnished by a passenger:

The Leander was a fine ship of 900 tons, and sailed from Liverpool to New Orleans, with a fine southern breeze, and 9 o'clock on Tuesday morning, having on board the captain, his wife and son, one passenger, two mates, steward, cook, and fourteen seamen. She was in light order, having about 300 tons of salt and 159 tons ballast on board. We made point Lynas at 3 o'clock, Skerries at 5, Hollyhead at 6, having run all this time eight and nine knots an hour, with a fresh breeze, and all plain sails set. All went on well until one or two A. M., on Thursday, when I was awakened by a terrible crash of timber, and my first impression was that the ship had been struck by lightning. I arose and tied on my life belt, and tried to open the state room door but it was jammed fast. I heard the mates voice cry "Run to the passengers rooms," and immediately him and the captain's son burst open the door, and the mate broke the window and got out, I followed him that way. Going forward to the cabin, which is on deck, with a slightly raised walk round three sides of it, I found the captain's wife, son and second mate. I then knew we were run into, and cut the lards through the deck, slash the main rigging, starboard, on the lee side. The Captain's wife exclaimed, "The ship is sinking; oh! save me, somebody." It was too true, and while she spoke, the ship settled fast in the water. I went aft again, to the bulwarks. A man rushed past me, put the wheel down, and jumped overboard. I took one look forward and saw the waves rise on every side, and then pour in like a cataract. Then I was carried far down by the ship, and came high up struggle with the waves with the others in like circumstances. The time of these occurrences must be counted by seconds, as not more than five minutes elapsed from the first shock until the ship went down. The steamer that ran us down was a short way off, and in about ten minutes I was picked up. She turned out to be the North American, from Portland to Liverpool. All the saved numbered twelve, viz: the captain and his son, the captain's wife, second mate, and eight men mate, steward, cook, six men and myself. The others being lost. The case of the second mate is peculiarly distressing. He was the only son of his mother and she was a widow. We had every kindness shown us on board the steamer, and the passengers raised money enough to give the mate £5, and the crew £1 each. How the accident occurred, I know not, nor who was to blame—this will no doubt be investigated. All I know is that some are saved, and it is God's mercy that any of us are alive to tell it."

JAMES KERR.
Liverpool, passenger.

A Remarkable Scene in Russia—The Abolition of Serfdom.

A banquet took place at Moscow, on the 9th of January, in honor of the proposed emancipation of the serfs. One hundred and eighty persons were present, and the first toast was the "Health to the Emperor." This elicited a speech from M. Panloff, the parts of which we subjoin.

GENTLEMEN:—A new spirit animates us; a new era has commenced. Heaven has allowed us to live long enough to witness the second regeneration of Russia. Gentlemen, we may congratulate ourselves, for this movement is one of great importance. We breathe more like Christians, our hearts beat more nobly, and we may look at the light of heaven with a clearer eye. We have met to day to express our deep and sincere sympathy for a holy and praiseworthy work, and we meet without any nervousness to mar our rejoicing. Yes, gentleman, I repeat it, a new spirit animates us, a new era has commenced. One of our social conditions is on the eve of a change. If we consider it in a past light, we may perhaps admit that it was necessary that it should have been allowed to be as it was from the want of a better administrative organization, and of the concentration in the hands of the government of the means which have since given so given so great a developement to the power of Russia. But what was momentarily gained to the State was lost to mankind. The advantage cost an enormous price. Order without—anarchy within—and the condition of the individual cast it shadow over society at large.

The Emperor has struck at the roots of this evil. The glory and prosperity of Russia cannot rest upon institutions based on injustice and falsehood. The change in the economical condition of our national existence will arouse our individual energies, the want of which is one of our greatest evils. Let us hope that this great idea will comprise the generous sentiments of the man and the Christian.

Several other eminent persons delivered addresses, and the sentiments expressed, generally, were liberal and enlightened.

THE GULF STREAM.—There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows.—Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina coasts, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked, that this line junction with the common sea water may be traced by the eye. Often one-half of the vessel may be perceived floating in gulf-stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea; so sharp is the line and want of affinity between these waters, and such too the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of these of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common water of the sea.—*Lieut. Maury.*

[From the Shippensburgh (Pa.) News.]

ALMOST TOO ROMANTIC TO BE TRUE.

For some days past considerable excitement has been felt in some circles in this community, in reference to an affair in humble life, the particulars of which we cannot permit to pass by unnoticed. So far as we have been able to gather the facts of the case, they appear to be as follows:

About three years ago, George Fry, of this vicinity, became enamored of a beautiful Gipsey girl, who, in company with a number of her people, had encamped in a wood near this place.—Mr. Fry's love was fondly reciprocated by the fair Gipsey, and she consented to marry him.—But "true love never did run smooth," and so it happened in this case. The consent of the father of the lady could not be obtained to her marriage with "a man not accustomed to gentility!"

However, "Love laughs at locksmiths!"—When Mr. Fry found that he "could not win the favor of the old folks," he set about planning ways and means to steal the object of his affections. In this he was not unsuccessful. One night, when the hard-hearted old man was wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, and all around was lonely and drear, Mr. Fry approached the camp of the wanderers, and was met by her for whom his heart had long in agony sighed! After fondly embracing her, he solicited her to accompany him, without delay, to a village a few miles distant. Without hesitation she complied with his request, and on the following day they were married. * * The rage of the old Gipsey, when he found that his daughter had "eloped," can better be imagined than described. Nothing could soothe his temper save the return of his child. In vain he sought for her. Nothing could be heard from her.

Finally, when he found that he himself could find no traces of her, he offered a heavy reward to the person who would discover her whereabouts, and in the presence of several "kidnappers," he exhibited large quantities of gold and silver, which induced them to make the effort, and a few evenings after, in a most inhuman manner, they accomplished their object. In the absence of Mr. Fry they wrested her away and delivered her over to the hands of a father unsusceptible of the divine feelings of love. Immediately the entire group of Gipsies fled from the country. Rumor said that they had returned to England, from whence they hailed.

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Two years noiselessly glided by, and nothing was heard by Mr. Fry from his absent wife, although he long cherished the hope that she would escape from her "tyrannical parent," and return to him whom she loved. Time, however, gradually rusted Mr. Fry's love for his Gipsey wife. He felt that it was "not good to be *alone*" so long, and at the end of two years, he again united his destinies with another of Eve's fair daughters. Suffice it to say, with the latter, he experienced no visible difficulty. Things moved smilingly along—Mr. Fry lived happily with his wife and the rest of mankind. But, alas, how short-lived are some conjugal combinations! Last week Mr. Fry's *first wife*—the Gipsey wife—in company with "George Fry the second," arrived in this place, in search of him. By the assistance of Officer Shade, she was successful in finding him.

Limited space forbids us from entering into details, at this time, of the excruciating suffering Mrs. Fry has undergone since her departure from her home. Her second marriage was a severe shock to her, but she emphatically declares her exclusive right to him. It appears, by the way, that Mr Fry's second wife was "a widow," that her husband went to California some years ago, and, soon after his arrival there, it was rumored that he was murdered. A few weeks since a letter was received from him by her, we have been informed, in which he states that he will return, in the next steamer, &c. What the *finale* of this romance will be is beyond the power of human ken.

Beautifully Said.

We make the following beautiful extract on the homestead exemption law, from a letter written by a distinguished Judge of Tennessee:

"Secure to each family, whose labor may acquire it, a little spot of fresh earth that it may call its own—that will be an asylum in times of adversity, from which the mother and the child ren, old age and infancy, can still draw sustenance and obtain protection though misfortune may rob them of all else, and they are still free—still entitled to walk the green earth, and breath the free air of heaven, in defiance of the potency and power of accumulating wealth and domineering of the pretending and ambitious.—The sacredness of that consecrated spot will make them warriors in time of external strife. 'Those shocks of corn,' said Xenophon, 'inspire those who raised them to defend them. The largest of them in the field is a prize exhibited in the middle of the State to crown the conqueror.'—Secure a home to every family whose labor may obtain one against the weakness, vices, or misfortunes of fathers, and you rivet the affection of the child, in years of manhood, by a stronger bond than any consideration that could exist.—He will remember where he gambolod in his early youth, the stream upon whose flowery banks he felt a mother's love; and the green spot within that little homestead where sleep the loved and the lost."

NEW NEWSPAPER REGULATION.—We are requested to state that new regulations have been adopted by the respective Post Office Departments of this country and Great Britain for the treatment of newspapers in the mails found to contain writing, or any enclosure, the object being to check the fraudulent practice referred to, which is now prevailing in both countries to a much greater extent than formerly.

These regulations prescribe that newspapers posted in the United States for the United Kingdom, or vice versa, if found to contain writing or any enclosure, shall at the option of the dispatching country, either be stopped and sent to the dead-letter office, or be forwarded charged with full letter postage, United States and British combined; and if the writing or enclosure be detected in the country to which such newspapers are sent, a like course shall be adopted.—The Post Master General has therefore instructed the respective United States exchange offices to forward all newspapers, addressed to Great Britain found to contain writing or any enclosure, charged with *full letter rate postage*; and postmasters throughout the country are particularly enjoined to scrutinize such papers carefully, with a view to detect frauds of this character.—*Wash. Union.*

WANTED A WASHINGTON SQUAW.—The Washington *States* gives an account of the first reception of the season at the White House, from which we extract the following:

"The sons of the forest, painted and plumed in battle array, were ranged along one side of the room, and gazed with stoical apathy at the novel sight. They were evidently very vain of the attention shown them by many of the ladies, and one old fellow, very finely painted, confidentially remarked to his interpreter, when the blooming lady was introduced: *'I give em three horses for squaw—very nice squaw.'*"

A Lightning Rod Man In A Fix.

At Cincinnati, the other day, Mr T. Kingston, who puts up lightning rods, climed to the top of the spire of St Paul's Cathedral, 285 feet, where, having left his ladder below, he clung by his arms and legs, fastened the last foot of the rod and attached its point—quites heavy pieces of metal—securely, as he supposed, to the cross surmounting the steeple. He had just completed this difficult and dangerous work, watched by a number of persons in the street below, and while looking at the work and experiencing that satisfaction which results from hard earned and labor accomplished, of a sudden, something heavy struck him and made his brain reel until he could hardly see. Instead of losing his hold at once, as would seem to have been the natural and inevitable result, clung with a power beyond himself and a will superior to his own, closer and instinctively to the spire. He knew not what had occurred, and to his confused senses it appeared that the steeple was falling; or that some strange cause was about to bring the vast structure to the ground.

Some forty seconds—an age to him—must have elapsed before he sufficiently collected his scattered thoughts and subverted consciousness to know that the entire upper part of the rod had fallen upon his head, causing the blood to trickle over his forehead, and nearly blind him. He was in a dreadful perplexity and most dangerous position. He feared, if he moved, he would go sweeping the air to a terrible death upon the stony street below—and at the same time he knew he could not, in the disordered state of his nerves, and bewildering weakness, retain his grasp, more the results of fate than feeling, much longer. If he strived he might fail; if he remained he certainly would; and so, determined to make at least an effort for his life he put one foot down very cautiously, then his arms, and then moved the other foot; and after half a minute of exertion, and great danger, he touched the topmost round of the ladder, and in a few seconds more was inside of the steeple and safe.

Then it was Mr K's great courage and strength forsook him; his nerves and muscles relaxed; he grew sick unto death; his knees gave way; his vision swam, and he sunk upon the platform motionless and insensible. He must have lain there half an hour before he could rise and walk, and he did not recover from the shock for more than a fortnight afterward.

The people gazing up at him from the street describe the scene as painful and exciting in the extreme. When they observed the rod fall, a thrill of horror ran through their hearts, and two women swooned away; for they expected to behold him the next moment dashed to pieces at their feet.

Singing in Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's Church.

A correspondent of the New York *Musical Review*, in speaking of this distinguished divine, says:

The prayer concluded, Mr Spurgeon gave out the well-known hymn beginning.

"Before Jehovah's awful throne."

He read it through, having first announced that the tune would be *The Old Hundred*, and then read each verse separately before it was sung.—It is scarcely possible to give an idea of the grandeur produced by those ten thousand voices, grand tune with a fullness of breadth rarely heard. After singing the second verse, Mr Spurgeon said: "I will *read* the second verse, and you will *sing* the fourth; and let your voices be as the sound of many waters!" His audience responded to his wish. The words of the verse were:

"We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise."

Most magnificent was the shout of praise that now went up. Not a voice was mute, save where occasionally some one's nerves were overpowered by the massive rolling chorus that rose on every side. Never did we so realize what congregational singing might become. It was an uplifting of voice and heart, such as one can hope to hear only a few times in the course of life.—Much of this grand effect was no doubt owing to the majesty of the tune itself, much to the fact that all the congregation knew it, and perhaps not a little to the practice of reading each verse before it was sung—a practice we have always thought a very reasonable one, especially among the poor, and those who cannot read.

FREEZING ON LAKE MICHIGAN.—On Sunday morning last the lake was frozen over out as far as the eye could reach—no water being visible. Saturday night was by no means as cold as we have had previously. The formation of the ice was probably owing to the stillness of the water, and to the fact that an easterly wind had driven all the floating ice to the shore. It is a phenomenon that is seldom witnessed. A large yawl mounted on runners and drawn by six horses, made this port from Waukegan yesterday. It was filled with a jolly company, who were on a novel sleigh ride. The star spangled banner waved gracefully from the stern of the craft. After partaking of a repast at the Harding House the company started back; apparently in excellent spirits.—*Kenosha Tribune.*

A first rate joke took place quite lately in our Court Room. A woman was testifying in behalf of her son, and swore "that he had worked on a farm ever since he was born."

The lawyer, who cross-examined her, said "You assert that your son has worked on a farm ever since he was born?"

"I do."

"What kind of work did he do the first year?"

"*He walked.*"

The lawyer evaporated.—*Hartford Courant.*

CURE FOR RANCID BUTTER.—A writer in the *Journal of Industrial Progress* recommends that butter should be kneaded with fresh milk, and then with pure water. He states that by this treatment the butter is rendered as fresh and pure in flavor as when recently made. He ascribes this result to the fact that butyric acid, to which the rancid taste and odor are owing, is readily soluble in fresh milk, and thus removed.

HOW TO SAVE YOUR SHOE SOLES.—It consists in melting together tallow and common pitch, in the