

## Romance and Reality in the Life of a Sailor.

On the banks of the Kennebec, in the year, 1708, a healthy boy was born. From the leading strings of a careful mother he leaped into the shrouds, and before the year 1800 he became a sailor. He reached his 21st year when he had circumnavigated the globe, and had made voyages to the North-west Coast, and to the Islands of the Pacific Ocean—regions then but little known, except to bands of warlike Indians and tropical fruit. Soon after his majority the gallant sailor gained a man's position, and continued to rise in his profession, and in the confidence of his employers. In his twenty-fifth year he was appointed master of a ship, and sailed in the employ of his owners on another voyage "around the world." Success crowned his efforts, and the ship returned with a full cargo, which added to the wealth of the enterprising owners.

After this our captain was employed for many years in the trade between this city and the West Indies. Year after year he landed full cargoes of the produce of the Caribbean Sea into the hands of his employers. Forty years ago at the age of 30 years, the captain was married. Children blessed the union, and all his worldly prospects were favorable. His family was one of the happiest in the land, and no man appeared to enjoy life better than our gallant captain. Life appeared to him as calm and quiet as the bosom of a Southern summer sea, over which for years he had sailed so prosperously. Thus he passed his days till life reached near to fifty years with him.

Twenty years since, while in the city of Havana, the captain met a woman who was a native of Spain. Her fascinations led him from the path of duty and fidelity to his New England wife and family. From the date of this intemperance the captain became a wretched pleasure. The movements of the gorging and the fatigues of his bad conduct, crept into the excitement of the bad girl, and she grew up together with an increasing multitude of debonair wine, changed his whole life, and at last came a victim to the wiles of the world, the flesh and the devil. His employers lost control over him, and soon after he was without a vessel to command. His friends, however, secured him a small brig, and sent her around Cape Horn to the Northwest coast on a trading voyage.

On the outward voyage he put into Havana, and when he sailed therefore, the "beautiful Spaniard" who was yet young, was a passenger. The voyage was successful at first, but a long one. The gay captain and his "Spanish wife" led a life of general joy, and is all the ports at which they put in were among gayest of the gay. At length the brig sailed for Boston, but she was wrecked on the coast of South America before making Cape Horn, and vessel and cargo were全部 lost. The captain, the Spanish lady and the crew were saved in the boat, and after a long voyage reached Valparaiso (the valley of Paradise). Here the parties separated—our captain to return to Boston, the woman to join the gay assembly of the women of the world, who congregated there from all quarters of the globe. On returning to Boston ten or twelve years since, the captain found that his conduct abroad was generally known. His friends had lost confidence in him and he soon lost his former position. His health failed and from the time of the honestest captain of the commercial marine in Boston, he became careworn, broken down and unhappy.

Many of our oldest citizens well remember the fallen fortunes and the early life of the "Captain," and in many of them have liberally contributed to his comfort during the past five or six years. The consequences of his gay life are now fully upon him. The bottle draws the retrospect of his past life, the Police Station House is now occasionally his place of abode, and the Police Court the scene of his misfortunes. On returning to Boston ten or twelve years since, the captain found that his conduct abroad was generally known. His friends had lost confidence in him and he soon lost his former position. His health failed and from the time of the honestest captain of the commercial marine in Boston, he became careworn, broken down and unhappy.

**AN ALLEGATOR HUNTER.**—A New Orleans paper tells a curious story of a Yankee about there, who for lack of other visible means of support, took to the new business of hunting alligators, and is getting rich by it.

"He came to this city like thousands of others, in the belief that money could be made in almost endless profusion with very little effort, and worked with disappointment, and just on the point of coming under the eye of the police as dangerous or suspicious, being without a visible means of living, he wandered into the swamps, and then into the swamps in rear of Jefferson City and neighborhood, where he made his first acquaintance with the Louisiana alligator. His bump of speculation was at once excited. Such a creature was of some utility, but hide, his oil, his tusks, perhaps his bones might find purchasers. So borrowing from a man who occupied a hut in the neighborhood a gun and some ammunition, he declared war upon the alligators. He dried their hides, he extracted their oil, he took out their teeth, and sure enough they proved to be merchantable articles.

"Concerning in May last, he had up to last Sunday, killed 400 alligators, having gained experience by practice, he now hunts by night, and carrying a pan of fire. Attracted by this unusual light, they come close up to him, when he finds it difficult in bringing a monster down at every shot. The skins of these alligators are readily sold at seven or eight cents apiece. They are manufactured into water proof boots, and the most valuable and expensive shoes to be found in our market are made from these alligator hides. The oil, tusks, and hide of these 400 alligators have produced in the hands of our new hunter acquaintances \$3,000, besides paying his current expenses. This enterprising original is now looking out for a suitable location for the investment of his gains in real estate, contending that the vicinity of New Orleans has an abundance of the raw material which forms the staple of trade."

**KIND WORDS.**—They never blister the tongue nor lips. And we have never heard of any mortal trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's good nature and good with soft words, often our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it burn more fiercely. Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter and wrathful. There is such a rash of all other kinds of words in our day that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and silly words, and spiteful words, and empty words and profane words, and boisterous and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They sooth, and quiet, and comfort, the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

**A NOVEL WAY TO CURE THE TOOTACHE.**—One day last week, one of the colored barbers at Soho, Boston was visited by a young and respectable looking white woman, who informed the toothache operator that she was suffering from a severe toothache, and that she desired his assistance to cure it. The dark complexioned individual rolled up his eyes in wild astonishment and despaired to know how he could relieve her.

"Well," said the woman, with an attempt at a blush, "I've told that a negro's kiss will cure the toothache, and I want you to try it." "I did try the negro's barber said in relating the story, "I tried his tips two, three times, and den he go away and we come back and say whether I cure her. Yeh! Yeh! I like some of de same kind of persons."

By telegraph we learn that Tom Meier, 28 Engleman, was killed on the 2d, at Natick, in an amateur prize fight with Wm. Houston, also an Englishman. They fought only five rounds. A single witness was present. Houston has been arrested.

## GREEN BAY.

### STEAMER MICHIGAN.

### WAABASH VALLEY.

### ONE

of the above steamers will leave Erie, Pa., every Thursday evening, arriving at Green Bay, Wis., on Saturday morning.

G. J. MORROW Agent.

May 22, 1858.—3.

### CASE FOR BUTTER.

WE will supply butter cases for the use of the "live" butter.

W. H. COOPER, Agent.

May 22, 1858.—3.

### WOOL, WOOLY.

WANTED.—BY THE FINEST MANUFACTURERS OF WOOL.

FOR THE HIGHEST MARKETS WITH THE BEST PRICE.

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