

# The Potter Journal

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

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## POTTER JOURNAL

Published by H. W. McALANEY, Proprietor.

Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best of the Potter county, owning no guide except that of principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedoming our Country.

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HAVING lately added a fine new assortment of JOB TYPE to our already large assortment, we are now prepared to do all kinds of printing, cheaply and with neatness. Order is solicited.

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Itch! Itch! Itch!  
SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!  
WHEATONS OINTMENT,  
Will Cure the Itch in 48 Hours!  
All kinds of Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Chills, Blains, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Price 50 cents. For sale by all Druggists. By sending 100 cents to WHEELER & POTTER, Sole Agents, 170 Washington street, Boston, it will be forwarded by mail, free of postage, to any part of the United States. June 1, 1866. Sp. notice way 177.

We copy the following from Our Young Folks, for March, thinking it sufficiently spicy to be relished by everybody.

Darius Green and his Flying-Machine.

If ever there lived a Yankee lad,  
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,  
Who, seeing the birds fly, did not jump  
With flapping arms from stake or stump,  
Or spreading the tail,  
Of his coat for a sail,  
Take a soaring leap from post or rail,  
And wonder why  
He could not fly.

And flap and flutter and wish and try--  
If ever you knew a country duncie  
Who did not try that as often as once,  
All I can say is, that's a sign  
He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green;  
The son of a farmer--age fourteen;  
His body was long and lank and lean--  
Just right for flying, as will be seen;  
He had two eyes as bright as a bean,  
And a freckled nose that grew between,  
A little curly hair for I must mention  
That he had riveted his attention  
Upon his wonderful invention,  
Twisting his tongue as he twisted his strings,  
And working his face as he worked his wings,  
And with every turn of gimlet and screw  
Turning and screwing his mouth round too,  
Till his nose seemed bent  
To catch the secret.

Around some corner, of new-baked pies,  
And his wrinkled cheeks and his squinting eyes  
Grew puckered into a queer grimace,  
That made him look very droll in the face,  
And also very wise.

And, as he must have been, to do more  
Than ever a genius did before,  
Excepting Dardanus of yore  
And his son Icarus, who wore  
Upon their backs  
Those wings of wax  
He had read of in the old almanacs,  
Darius was clearly of the opinion,  
That the air is also man's domain,  
And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,  
We soon or late  
Shall navigate  
The azure as now we sail the sea.

The thing looks simple enough to me;  
And if you doubt it,  
Hear how Darius reasoned about it:

"The birds can fly,  
An' why can't I?  
Must we give in?  
Says he with a grin,  
That the bluebird and phoebe  
Are smarter 'n we be?  
Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller  
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us hollow?  
Does the little chattering, sassy wren  
No bigger 'n my thumb know more than men?  
I'll show 'em that!  
Ur prove 'em that!

Hez got more brains than 's in my hat,  
An' I'll back down, an' not till then!"

He argued further: "Nur I can't see  
What's the 'se of wings to a humble-bee,  
Fur to git a livin' with, more 'n to me;--  
Ain't my business  
Important 's his'n is?  
That Icarus  
Made a pretty muss--  
Him an' his daddie Preadalus.  
They might 'a knowed wings made 'o wax  
Would 'a 'a made mine of leather,  
Ur suthin' ur other."

And he said to himself as he tinkered and plan'd:  
"But I ain't goin' to show my hand  
To nummies that never can understand  
The idee that's big an' grand!"

So he kept his secret from all the rest,  
Safely buttoned within his chest;  
And in the loft above the shed  
Himself he locks, with thimble and thread  
Aid wax and hammer and buckles and screws,  
Aid all such things as ingenious use;  
Two bats for patterns, curious fellows!  
A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows;  
Some wire, and several old umbrellas;  
A leather-dresser for tail and wings;  
A splice of harness; and straps and strings;  
And a big strong box,  
In which he locks  
These and a hundred other things.

His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke  
And Nathan and Jehu and Solomon, lurk  
Around the corner to see him work--  
Sitting cross-legged, like a Turk,  
Drawing the waxed-end through with a jerk,  
And boring the holes with a conical snirk.  
But vainly they mounted each other's backs,  
A-leering-drover for tail and wings;  
A splice of harness; and straps and strings;  
And a big strong box,  
In which he locks  
These and a hundred other things.

With wood from the pile and straw from the  
He plug'd the knot-holes and caulk'd the cracks;  
And a dipper of water, which one would think  
He had brought up into the loft to drink  
When he chanced to be dry,  
Stood always high,  
And Darius was sly!

And whenever at work he happened to spy  
At chink or crevice a blinking eye,  
He let the dipper of water fly,  
"Take that! an' of ever ye git a peep,  
Guess ye'll ketch a wasel asleep!"  
And he sings as he locks  
His big strong box;--

SOXO,  
"The wasel's head is small an' trim,  
An' he's little an' long an' slim,  
An' quick 'o motion an' nimble of limb,  
An' of 'em 'll be  
Advised by me,  
Keep wide awake when ye 're ketchin' him!"

So day after day  
He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,  
Till at last 't was done--  
The greatest invention under the sun!  
"An' now," says Darius, "hooray for some fun!"

'Twas the Fourth of July,  
And the weather was dry,  
And not a cloud was on all the sky,  
Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,  
Half mist, half air,  
Like flocks on the ocean went floating by--  
Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen  
For a nice little trip in a flying-machine.

Thought cunning Darius: "Now I sha' not go  
Along 'th the fellers to see the show,  
I'll say I 've got such a terrible cough!  
An' then, when the folks 'ave all gone off,  
I'll her full swing  
For to try the thing,  
An' practise a little on the wing."

"Ain't goin' to see the celebration?"  
Says brother Nate. "No; no; no! no!  
I've got such a cold--a toothache--I--  
My gracious!--feel 's though I should fly!"

Said Jotham, "Sho!  
Guess ye better go."  
But Darius said, "No!  
Shouldn't wonder 'f you might see me, though,  
'Long 'bout noon, 'f I git red,  
O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain 'n my head,  
For all the while to himself he said:--

"I'll tell ye what!  
I'll fly a few times around the lot,  
To see how 't seems, then soon 's I've got  
The hang of 't, I'll be s'ly 's a not,  
An' 't astonish the nation,  
An' all creation,  
By flyin' over the celebration!  
Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle;  
I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea-gull;  
I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stand on the  
steeple;

I'll flop up to winders an' scare the people!  
I'll light on the liberty-pole, an' crow;  
An' I'll say to the gawpin' fools below,  
"What world's this 'ere  
That I 've come near?"

Fur I'll make 'em believe I 'm a chap 'n the  
An' I'll try a race 'th their 'ol balloon!"

He crept from his bed;  
And, seeing the others were gone, he said,  
"I'm 'goin' over the cold 'n my head,  
And away he sped,  
To open the wonderful box in the shed."

His brothers had walked but a little way,  
When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say,  
"What's the feller up to, he?"  
"Don't you--the suthin' ur other to pay,  
Ur he would n't stayed to hum to-day,"  
Says Burke, "His toothache 's all 'n his eye!  
He never 'd miss a Fourth of July,  
Ef he had n't got some machine to try."

Then said the little one, spoke: "By darn!  
Let's hurry back and hide in the barn,  
An' pay him fur tellin' us that yarn!" [back,  
"Agreed!" Through the orchard they creep  
Along by the fences, behind the stack,  
And one by one; through a hole in the wall,  
In under the dusty barn they crawl,  
Dressed in their Sunday garments all;  
And a very astonishing sight was that,  
When each in his crooked coat and hat  
Came up through the floor like an ancient rat,  
And there they hid;  
And Reuben slid  
The fastenings back, and the door undid.  
"Keep dark!" said he,  
"While I 'squit an' see what the 'se is to see."

As knights of old put on their mail--  
From head to foot  
An iron suit,  
Iron jacket and iron boot,  
Iron breeches, and on the head  
No hat, but an iron pot instead,  
And under the iron the mail,  
When each in his crooked coat (a helm),  
Then sallied forth to overwhelm  
The dragons and pagans that plagued the realm,  
So this modern knight,  
Prepared for flight,  
Put on his wings and strapped them tight--  
Jointed and jaunty, strong and light--  
Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip--  
The feet he measured from tip to tip!  
And a helm he had, but that he wore,  
Not on his head, like that of yore,  
But more like the helm of a ship.

"Hush!" Reuben said,  
"He 's up in the shed!  
He 's opened the window--I see his head!  
He stretches out his wings--it 's a tail!  
An' pokes it about,  
Lookin' to see 'f the coast is clear,  
An' n'body near--  
Guess he don't 'o who 's hid in here!  
He 's riggin' a spring-board over the sill!  
Stop! luffin', Solomon! 'Burke, keep still!  
He 's a climbin' out now--O' all the things!  
What 's he got on? I van, it 's wings!  
An' that 's other broken wind 'n 't 's a tail!  
An, there he sets like a hawk on a rail!  
Steppin' careful, he travels the length (strength)  
Of his spring board, and teters to try 'em  
Now he stretches his wings like monstrous bat,  
Peeks over his shoulder, this way an' that,  
Fur to see 'f the 's any one passin' by,  
But he 's on 'f a cat 'an' a gassin' nigh.  
They turn up, at him a wonderin' eye,  
The see--" The dragon! he 's goin' to fly!  
Away 's goes! 'Jummin'! what a jump!  
Flop--flop--an' plump!  
To the ground with a thump!  
Flutt'rin' an' floundrin', all 'n a lump!"

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,  
Heels over head, and head over heels,  
Dizzily down the abyss he wheels--  
In the midst of the barn-yard, he came down,  
In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,  
Broken braces and broken springs,  
Broken straps, and various things--  
Barn-yard litter of straw and chaff,  
And much that was n't so sweet by half,  
Away with a bellow fell the calf,  
And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?  
'Tis a merry roar  
From the old barn-door,  
And he hears the voice of Jotham crying,  
"Say, Darius! how do you like flyin'?"

Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,  
Darius just turned and looked that way,  
As he stanch'd his sorrowful nose with his cuff.  
"Wal, I like flyin' well enogh,"  
He said; "but the 'ain't such a thunderin' sight  
O' fun 'n 't 'when ye come to light."

MORAL,  
I just have room for the moral here:  
And this is the moral--Stick to your sphere,  
Or if you insist, as you have the right,  
On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,  
The moral is--Take care how you light."

A WHITE MULE.--A friend told us yesterday of an amusing scene which he witnessed lately at the Old river ford, near Nachitoches, in Louisiana. A negro had a wagon and a team of six mules, which he wished to drive across. The two lead mules took kindly to the water, but one of the hind ones, a white mule, obstinately refused to enter the stream. Jumping from his seat in a furious passion, the teamster began beating the perverse animal with might and main, exclaiming between the blows, "you thinks you's white does you! But I'll show you--quick dat colored mules is as good as you is. Gee, up!"

## "WHAT WAS IT?"

A TALE OF THE NORTH PACIFIC.

In the year 185--I was in command of the *Dolphin*, a fine bark of 600 tons. We had been on a whaling voyage, and had obtained an unusually good cargo of oil, both in quality and quantity.

With our course laid for home, the crew in good health, and a fair prospect of percentage money on the cargo, what more would we want to keep the song and the jest on the lips of the crew? Time passed quickly along. "Homeward bound" has an intensified meaning to the whaler's crew, and as we bowled along with a good breeze each day getting nearer to our homes and presidies, there were few on the vessel who did not feel their spirits rising with each day's progress.

One night about eleven o'clock I was sitting at the upper end of my cabin table consulting a chart on which the vessel's course was laid down. I had been reading Dante's *Inferno*, and the horrible nature of the work had aroused my sensitive feelings to such an extent that I had determined to try how far a cigar and a walk on deck would steady my nerves. Just as I was about rising from my chair to go on deck I noticed a figure descending the companion way before me. A single glance told me that it was not one of the crew. Not one of my well-fel, sleek men could possibly look as miserable as this figure looked, even at the distance at which I saw him. Slowly, he descended the steps, grasping the hand-rail to support himself as if he were too feeble to descend without support. His back was bent, and his head lay forward on his breast as if he were carefully watching his footsteps: his feet were bare, while his head was enveloped in a piece of old sail-cloth in place of a cap. His left arm hung down by his side carefully rolled up in his coat, which had evidently been taken off for this purpose; and the arm itself appeared to be broken. Quietly and without uttering a word he approached me, and at last he sat down at the opposite side of the table to that which was my accustomed place. He then slowly raised his head, and a sight was presented to my astonished gaze, the like of which I hope I may never see again. A fine, noble face it was; but attenuated by disease and suffering, or perhaps both. The features had been good and regular, but now the cheeks were sunken and hollow; the teeth, white and even, were firmly set together, while the thin, parched lips were drawn back from them. The eyes were as black as coal, but sunk far back in the head, and I saw that they were at once fixed on me with a dull, unmeaning stare. The figure now stood up just opposite to me, and I felt myself spell-bound to my seat without the power to address it. Having looked at me fixedly for some time, the figure then walked up to my side till it touched my shoulder. Reaching out his arm, he laid a bony finger on the chart which was on the table, and before I could muster courage to articulate, lo! he had disappeared.

Recovering my composure somewhat, I sprang with a bound up the companion way and shouted for the mate. He speedily replied to my call and came dragging something behind him which kept up a continued howling. As he came nearer I saw that it was my Labrador dog Caspar, and I inquired the meaning of what he was doing. "Why sir," he replied, "the dog lay on the companion hatch until a few moments ago, apparently sound asleep when all of a sudden he sprang up with a horrible howl, and ran to his kennel forward with his tail between his legs. I went forward after him, and found him in his kennel slinking with fright, and when I put my hand in to pat him he attempted to bite me. Hearing you call, I dragged him off with me by his collar, to see if he had not been hurt in some manner, for I never saw him act so before."

I did not examine the terrified dog. I felt that he had seen my visitor as well as myself. With some difficulty I soothed him, and then went down below. Walking up to my table, I cast a glance down at the chart. At the exact spot where my visitor had placed his attenuate finger I saw a dull red mark, and on a closer examination I perceived that it was a drop of blood. The mark indicated a position in the chart which was about a day's sail from and at right angle to our course. For two hours I paced the deck wondering at what had happened. The visitor was surely no creation of my own imagination, for the dog had seen the figure as well as myself, and the spot on the chart was plain evidence. What could it mean? I half determined to ask the man's advice. He was a firm believer in spiritual manifestations, and would endeavor to solve the enigma in some way or other. But then I had always ridiculed the notion, and it was too galling to my pride to ask his advice now on that of which I had always denied the existence save in a heated imagination; so I determined to keep my own counsel. Turning in soon after I slept well and awoke refreshed--determined in my own mind to say nothing and think no more about it.

When I got on deck I found that we were becalmed! Not a ripple was on the water. The day passed away monotonously enough. The crew slept. I read and smoked, and eleven o'clock that night found me in my chair at the head of the table in the cabin. Caspar, who had quite got over his fears, lay on the hatch at the head of the cabin stairs. I could hear the pat, of his tail as a sort of greeting to the mate as he kept passing him in his walk up and down the deck. This evening my thoughts were tranquil, for I was reading a volume of Longfellow's poems and was in the midst of *Evangelina*, when I heard a howl from Caspar and the scurry of his feet as he scampered forward. Looking up I saw my visitor of the previous night again descending the companion-way. He seemed much weaker, and came slowly down, clutching the hand-rail with his one sound arm and hand. He walked across the cabin more feebly than before, and his respiration was heavy and labored when he reached the table.

He glanced at the table with an anxious look as if to see whether the chart was still there. It was not. He then gazed at me with a disappointed and sorrowful stare and disappeared. I remained quietly in my chair for some ten minutes after he had departed. When I went on deck I found the mate again endeavoring to soothe the dog, who snarled in his kennel until it was unsafe to approach him. Leaving him there I went below, and throwing myself, dressed as I was, on my cot, I tried to sleep. Unrefreshing and feverish was the sleep which visited me that night, and I arose in the morning totally unfit for work of any kind with my nerves entirely unstrung. What was expected of me? For what purpose had I been warned?--what must I do? Thus I mused during the entire day. Caspar kept close to his kennel all the time and steadily refused to eat or drink. When ever any one of us approached him he attempted to snap at us, and appeared as if entirely under the influence of some great fear. The calm had continued during the entire day, and we made no progress whatever. Again evening approached and the same hour found me as on the two previous nights, sitting at my table. This time I eagerly awaited my visitor. Would the figure again appear? I found myself hoping that it would. This time I did not attempt to read, for my thoughts were too troubled to permit of any concentration of my mind on any book. The same chart with the blood-stain on it, lay on the table before me. Would my visitor, if he came again, touch that spot, or would he give me some other sign which might indicate to me the course I ought to pursue? This time there was no Caspar to warn me, but I felt that the figure was coming even ere it appeared. Presently I saw it again coming down the stairs. This time it was evidently far weaker than before, for with difficulty could it stand, and it tottered down the steps in manifest suffering and agony. At last it reached the cabin floor and attempted to advance toward me; but no sooner had it let go the hand-rail than it sank down exhausted. I sprang up and rushed toward it; but the moment I moved the spectre vanished, and when I touched it to raise the fallen figure my hands touched the cabin floor.

And now a light seemed to break upon me. I rushed upon deck, when I found the mate and crew setting all sail to catch the breeze which had just sprung up. I immediately gave order that the *Dolphin's* course should be altered to that which would bring us to the spot marked so plainly on the chart by the drop of blood. At that night I paced the deck No sleep seemed possible to me until this hidden mystery should be revealed. We made a beautiful run, and with daylight I hoped to find--*What!* I knew not.

The dawn brought a disappointment. A dense fog lay on the face of the ocean. We could discern nothing at ten yards distance from the vessel's side. According to my calculations and by the log we should have been not far from that spot on the wide sea where I hoped to find a solution of the mystery. Toward noon the wind died away, and at length deserted us alto together. Then the fog slowly rose, and I at once, glass in hand, ascended the rigging. With eager gaze I scanned the horizon ahead and on both bows, but no welcome object met my eyes. Disheartened at I knew not what, I was about coming down when I chanced to look directly astern. Almost directly in our wake, but far astern of us lay an object, which by the aid of glass, I made out to be an open boat. I could not discern anything in it, and it appeared to be like a log upon the water. The gig was soon lowered according to my orders and a mate and a boat's crew were dispatched to inspect the boat as it lay far astern. I felt quite unequal to going myself, so agitated was I, but I had presence of mind enough to order some brandy and nourishment suitable to the sick and famished to be brought upon deck. I felt as assured that my visitor was there as if I had seen him in the boat; but whether alive or dead I dared not to speculate.

Twice I had been summoned, and twice I had neglected the summons. On the third occasion my spectre visitor had sunk, to all appearance, lifeless on the floor of my cabin. Was he dead, or was he only in a death-like swoon? I thought over the wretched incidents which had caused me to find the boat. The wind had died away when I had neglected to obey the first summons, nor did it return until after I had received this third call. Had it not again died away when it did, I should have passed the boat so far in the fog as not to be able to see it when the fog lifted. As it was, we were very nearly out of sight when the horizon became clear. Half an hour's more wind and the mystery would never have been revealed. Scarce could I restrain my impatience. However, there was no help for it. I must wait until the gig returned. After hours of suspense I at last beheld the gig approaching slowly with the other boat in tow. Unable to endure the terrible suspense I went down into the cabin. Soon I heard the gig touch the ships side and the mate giving orders to lower away the chair from the yard-arm. Then, I thought, they had found him; but he must be too feeble to climb up the ship's side. A few moments, and I heard approaching footsteps, and down the stairs was brought, with the assistance of some of the crew, my visitor for the fourth time; but now really and truly in the flesh. He was supported in the arms of the mate, but he held on to the hand-rail just as I had seen him in the three visits. His left hand hung loosely at his side, and was bandaged up just as I had observed on the three occasions of the spectre's visits.

We gave him proper refreshment and put him to bed. He gradually revived, and in a few days was able to tell us his story. He had been captain of a large vessel trading in the Pacific. The crew had mutinied, and had cast him adrift in the open boat, with nothing to eat but a few biscuits, which were thrown into the boat in derision by one of the mutineers. When these were eaten he had tried to eke out life by eating his shoes, and with water wrung from his clothes after rain and heavy dews he had quenched in a manner his thirst. When found by the mate he lay extended in the bottom of the boat in a death-like swoon and owed his recovery, perhaps, chiefly to the brandy which I had sent in the gig. In a few days more we assisted him on deck. Caspar no sooner saw him than he flew at him, and but for my interference would have torn him to pieces. During the rest of the voyage we were obliged to keep the dog chained up. As soon as we perceived the boat the *Dolphin* had been put upon her former course, and now, with a fair wind, we again sped merrily on.

I now felt satisfied that omens and signs were sometimes vouchsafed mortal men for certain grave reasons, and, though not so frequent than is usually supposed. As we neared the port for which we were bound Captain Williams (for such was the name of my visitor) was one day sitting with me in the cabin, when he asked to see the chart, as he wished to pick out the spot where I had found him. I gave him an entirely new chart, and he busied himself sharpening a pencil with which to mark the place where he had so nearly lost his life. Suddenly I heard an exclamation from him, which he followed up by saying: "My dear--I am very sorry; but I have cut my finger, and have dropped some blood on your new chart, and I see that, I have soiled the very spot which I was going to point out as that whereabouts you found me. But, he added, in a light laugh, "that will do instead to mark the place." I have two charts now, both of them exactly alike; one done by Captain Williams in the flesh accidentally; the other by--Reader, can you tell whom?

A COUPLE of old bachelors out west who lived a sort of a cat and dog life together for a good many years, but having been to camp meeting were slightly converted, and both of them concluded to reform.

"Brother Tom," says one, when they had arrived at home, "let us sit down now, and I'll tell you what we'll do.--You tell me of all my faults, and I'll tell you of all yours; and so we'll know how to get about meand' of 'em."

"Good," says brother Tom.  
"Well, you begin."

"No, you begin, brother Joe."  
"Well, in the first place, you know, brother Tom you will lie."

Crack goes brother Tom's double fist between brother Joe's blinker; and a scrimmage ensued, until in the course of about ten minutes, neither being able to count to ten, reformation was postponed.

A teacher of vocal music asked an old lady if her grandson had any ear for music.

"Wal, he said the old woman, "I mihly don't know; won't you just take the candle and see?"

A boy entered a stationery store the other day, and asked the proprietor what kind of pens he sold. "All kinds," was the reply. "Well, then, I'll take three cents worth of pig pens."