ESTERTOWN NEWSPAPER GOSSIP TRANSCRIPT.

CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1873. NO. 18.

Canoe.

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dark and deep,
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er, coffee and water. The last is ought a necessity; but to drink much a habit. Some people drink little, not cause their constitutions require less an others; it is their habit. These ople never perspire so much as those o drink more. The more that is ank the more water passes away, or the stem would suffer. As it is, the strain ects it. The skin, the bowels, lungs, drawn upon. The result is, as may be turally expected, exhaustion. For is reason the man who drinks much ater, particularly during the summer nd in the hottest weather, is less able o endure fatigue. The water is of no enefit to him—that is the excess. It ust pass away, and this requires an ffort of the system, which is the sweat- ng process. Had he not the excess of ater he would not have perspired so; t would not have been there for the sys- em to expel. It is a habit to drink so uch; a false thirst is created. We ould drink only what is needed. The bit of drinking more will soon be over- me, and the person will feel much onger and more capable of bearing tigue. In winter little fluid is needed yond what our food furnishes; in sum- er, some more, but not much.

☞As an illustration of the wide- read use of a certain popular title, it is lated that a gentleman recently step- ed into a saloon in Denver, and cried at in a loud cheery tone, "Hello! come rofessor, take a drink." Six men sit- ng in the saloon at once arose and me forward, while a bootblack, whose nd was just outside the door, and a asing corn doctor smilingly accepted e invitation, and stepped in.

☞The editor of the Jacksonville, Fla., epublican compliments the honesty of e postmaster at that place because a let- r containing a ten dollar bill, addressed an old negro woman, was promptly de- ered to the party for whom it was in- ded.

TO BE LET--FURNISHED.

"Anything over to-day?" asked with a significant and ironical emphasis, a young and briefless lawyer, named Kit Hammerton, of another equally young and briefless "limb," Bill Bellenden, as he sauntered into the latter's rooms in Court street, which rooms had a very professional air—a rusty grate filled with scraps of paper and cigar-ends, a table littered with law-books, sheets of foolscap, floor ditto, leather-bottomed arm chairs, very crazy and truculent-looking, window panes that looked like thick cobwebs, all as it should be minus a client. "Anything over?" he repeated.

"Over head and ears in love and debt," answered Bellenden, "that's all. O, I got, two dimes and a smooth quarter in wafer-box."

And the Governor?"

Has departed for New York and Phil- hia, to be gone for three months. s let his town house, you know, and preparing to reside at his country at B——, was looking round for ser- s in fact. The grounds are taken of by his next-door neighbor, a gar- r. He thinks now he shan't be back ll!"

f course he came down handsomely e he left!" remarked Kit, whittling able with his penknife.

He gave me a check for my quarter's vance in advance," answered Bellen-

Have you drawn the money?"

My dear fellow, I require it all to con- ite my debts."

What a stupid proceeding!"

A necessary sacrifice. My creditors pressing. I had to compound with for the credit of the bar."

And I think you told me that not g to confide the state of your affairs ur father, you had taken up your ings on the sofa here and dined at a ating-house."

actly so, Kit."

mph, a pleasant way of passing the three months, certainly."

I shall live like a nabob for the next e months and have a little cash to ," said Bellenden, triumphantly.

As how?"

You know just now everybody is mo- out of town."

Yes, and you're obliged, thanks to want of forethought and extrava- ce, to swelter here during all the hot ths."

Listen, will you?" cried Bellenden. ear what I have written." And tak- up a sheet of foolscap, he read as fol- :

To Be Let—Furnished—A genteel ntry residence four miles from State et, with fourteen rooms, furnished in lern style, stable, granary, and large den stocked with the choicest kinds of t—near a railroad and omnibus sta- . Part of the rent will be taken out oard by the advertiser. Terms made wn on application to W. B——, No. —— Building, Court street."

Zounds!" cried Kit, his eyes starting of his head. "You aren't going to your own father's house?"

That was my plan," replied Bellen- coolly. "Why should the house re- empty for a whole quarter?"

"But the new furniture will be all spoil- ed."

"I shall only let it out to a respectable tenant."

Kit remonstrated, but in vain. Bellenden assured him that stern necessity compelled him to act, and begged to inform him that his resolution was so unalterably fixed that no power on earth could shake it. That evening the advertisement was put in the Transcript. The next morning a modest tap at Bellenden's office door produced an invitation to enter, and a highly respectable old gentleman availed himself of the permission. He was dressed in black, with a white neckcloth, wore a heavy gold chain and square, old-fashioned watch-key, and polished shoes and white stockings, and carried a buff cane, with an ivory head, the very beau ideal of an old Boston merchant.

"I called, sir, in consequence of your advertisement in the Transcript last evening."

"Pray be seated. You have an idea of moving out of town?"

"Yes, for three months only. I will drive out this afternoon and see your house, and if I like it, and the terms are not too high, I think we can manage to make an agreement."

"What family have you, sir?" asked Bellenden, with the air of a practiced landlord.

"Only my wife, daughter and self," replied the old gentleman.

"And you have no objection to taking me to board? I'm not much trouble in a house," said Bellenden.

"None whatever. Pray what are your terms?"

"One hundred and fifty dollars for the season—that is three months. I will allow you five dollars a week for my board—that takes off sixty."

"Balance ninety," replied the old gentleman, rising. "Very well, sir, if I like the house, I will call to-morrow, and pay you in advance."

"As you please, sir."

"My name," said the old gentleman, as he took leave, "is Greyling, Godfrey Greyling & Co., India Wharf. Good morning, sir."

"Greyling! One daughter!" cried Bellenden, as he paced his room. "What if he should be the father of the glorious creature I met at Gloucester last summer. The idea of being under the same roof with her almost drives me mad, and atones for much that I have suffered, and am still suffering—Greyling! Greyling!"

His conjectures were correct. Greyling called next day, paid his rent, and received the key, and the evening after, when he went out to the villa, he discovered to his delight that Julia Greyling was no other than a very charming girl whom he had casually encountered at Cape Ann the previous season. She was then visiting the place with her aunt, and whether she was conscious of a nascent penchant for our hero, or for some other reason, she had before mentioning to her mother having met a young gentleman by the seaside, with such a dear corsair expression, and such a sweet moustache!

Of course Bellenden did not come into town any more. Why should he. He had no client there—and a suit here which must not be suffered to go by default. What duets at the piane! what strolls in the garden! what walks by moonlight! what rides at sunset! It was a fairy existence. But in the sweetest cup of pleasure—surgit amari aliquid—and coiling at the bottom of his beaker of bliss, lay a serpent—the thought that all this fairy scene would soon vanish like a summer day-dream. With the birds and flowers the Greylings would be gone—he had three months of enjoyment before him. Three months! he had not twenty-four hours.

The next forenoon Bellenden was strolling in the garden, waiting for Miss Greyling to join him, when the omnibus stopped at the door, and out of that omnibus a vision of dread alighted—Mr. Bellenden, senior.

'You here, sir,' exclaimed the young man.

'You here, sir,' exclaimed the father. 'How come you to think of opening the house? Did you get word that I was coming?'

'No, sir, but I thought you wouldn't dislike it.'

'Not at all. You've saved me a deal of trouble. Servants here?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, well, let's get out of the sun,' replied Mr. Bellenden, impatiently.

'One moment, sir. I have some friends staying with me—very respectable people I assure you, sir—the Greylings—do you know them?' he added anxiously.

'No, but I've heard the name.'

'I've kept you waiting,' cried Miss Greyling, running down the steps of the piazza in a charming walking dress, 'but am quite ready now.' She stopped suddenly and blushed on perceiving a stranger.

'My father, Miss Greyling.'

'I am happy to see you, sir. Won't you walk in?'

'Hospitable,' muttered Bellenden, 'seeing that it's my house.'

'Miss Greyling,' said young Bellenden, nervously, 'I am very sorry that I must deny myself the pleasure of walking with you, but my father—I—pray excuse me.'

'O, certainly, certainly! Don't make any apologies. I couldn't think of going now. Pray walk in, sir. You'll dine with us, I hope, sir?'

'I rather think I shall, young lady,' answered Bellenden, senior, coolly.

'You're dusty and tired, father,' said young Bellenden, who dreaded a discovery. 'Won't you walk up into my room?'

'No, sir,' replied Bellenden, senior, peremptorily. 'I want to see how the drawing room looks. With what taste your poor mother, had she been alive, would have furnished it.'

And tossing his hat on the table, he walked into the long drawing-room, followed by his son and Miss Greyling.

'My father and mother, Mr. Bellenden,' said the young lady, getting before him and performing the ceremony of introduction.

Mr. Greyling had fallen asleep unconsciously on the ottoman, and sank from a sitting to a recumbent position. He started up, rubbing his eyes.

"Bless me, what a solecism? I'm afraid I was vulgar enough to doze, Mr. Bellenden. I'm very happy to see you. My wife. Pray sit down, sir.'

'Thank you sir, I prefer walking about,' replied Mr. Bellenden, senior. 'Curse his impudence,' he muttered to his son. 'Sleeping with his boots on my cut velvet ottoman. Asking me to be seated in my own house!'

'He is rather eccentric,' whispered young Bellenden, 'but most amiable of men.'

'My father,' he said in a low tone, addressing Greyling, 'is odd; very peculiar but you mustn't mind him.'

'You will dine with us *en famille*,' said Mrs. Greyling, a very amiable and polished old lady, by the way.

'I intend to, madam, certainly,' replied Bellenden, senior, who was strolling about the room examining the furniture, and occasionally changing the place of a chair, a card table or a vase.

'Traveling makes one hungry, and as the country probably produces the same effect on you, I shall make no apology for ordering dinner.' And he rang the bell. A smart man-servant answered it.

'Dinner directly, Sam,' said Bellenden, senior, and looking with an inquiring air to Mr. Greyling.

'Serve the dinner, if it is ready,' James, said Mr. Greyling, smothering his indignation.

'Confound his impudence!' said he to himself. 'Does he presume to give orders to my servants!'

'Hang his insolence!' whispered Mr. Bellenden to his son. 'Must he tell my people what to do?'

Dinner was soon announced. Mr. Bellenden, senior, offered his arm to Mrs. Greyling. Young Bellenden sailed in with Julia, and Greyling brought up in the rear. Mr. Bellenden, senior, handed the old lady to her place with great gallantry, and seated himself opposite to her to the astonishment, indignation and disgust of old Greyling, who would have broken out in remonstrance if his daughter had not restrained him. Young Bellenden clutched his napkin in agony.

Mr. Bellenden, senior, did the honors of the table with easy nonchalence, but all the other members of the family labored under a singular restraint, and the ladies sought the earliest opportunity of retiring.

'Now, James,' said Mr. Bellenden, senior, 'the champagne!'

'Really, Mr. Bellenden,' stammered Greyling, but the words fairly choked him; he leaned back in his chair, and unloosened his cravat. The poor man looked quite apoplectic.

James handed Mr. Bellenden a bottle—the wire was cut—the cork bounced out perversely, and smote Mr. Greyling on his rather prominent Roman nose.

'A random shot; I beg a thousand pardons,' said Mr. Bellenden, bowing. And he passed a foaming beaker to the irritated merchant.

'I don't drink champagne,' said Greyling, testily. 'James, give me some claret.'

'That's right, Mr. Greyling, call for what you like,' said Bellenden. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to see people make themselves at home.'

'I should think so, sir,' replied Greyling dryly, as he sipped his wine in angry gulps.

'The cellar is pretty well stocked, eh, William?' pursued Bellenden, addressing his son.

'And I beg, Mr. Greyling, you will name your favorites. What do you say to Burgundy?'

'If you desire, order Burgundy, Mr. Bellenden.'

'Of course I will,' replied Mr. Bellenden. 'Bottle of Burgundy, James.'

'You must excuse me, Mr. Bellenden,' said Greyling, rising, 'I would prefer to join the ladies.'

'Do not place any restraint on yourself. Consider yourself perfectly at home while you are here.'

'I do so consider myself, I assure you,' answered Greyling, rising, 'and I shall do so while I remain, which will be till next September.' And he slammed the door behind him in a pet.

Mr. James followed the example of his master.

'What under the sun, William,' cried Mr. Bellenden, when they were alone, 'could have induced you to invite such a vulgar, ill-bred set here? Talk of staying till September, too.'

'My dear sir,' stammered young Bellenden, 'he is a client, and promises me a large business.'

'And makes up for paying fees by quartering himself and family here for months! The old fellow's impudence beats everything I ever heard of.'

'He is certainly eccentric,' said young Bellenden. 'But if you knew him as I do sir, you would excuse his peculiarities.

'Doubtful,' said Bellenden, senior.

'But let us join the ladies. The daughter is pretty and attractive, though not—I am constrained to say it—over well-bred.'

The evening passed off pretty well, the tasteful performance of Miss Greyling on the piano soothed the troubled spirits of all her auditors. But when the hour for retiring arrived, the unpleasant feelings of the two seniors were revived.

'I trust you will pass the night with us,' said Mr. Greyling, civilly.

'Why, where else should I pass it?'

'Very well, sir,' replied Greyling.

'When you are ready, I will light you to your room—the blue chamber.'

'I am very much obliged to you, sir,' retorted Bellenden, 'but if it's all the same to you I prefer to select my own sleeping apartment.'

'Sir, I wish you a very good night!' said Mr. Greyling, taking up a lamp and sweeping out of the room, followed by his wife and daughter.

'Extraordinary!' growled Bellenden. 'Hang me, if I ever saw, read or heard of such immeasurable impudence!'

The next morning, Mr. Bellenden, senior, was up betimes, and walking in his garden. He was soon joined by Mr. Greyling, who appeared to have passed a feverish night. The two old gentlemen saluted each other stiffly.

'I hope you have passed a good night, sir,' said Mr. Bellenden.

'I didn't sleep a wink,' said Mr. Greyling.'

'Indeed? I am distressed to learn it.'

'Mr. Bellenden, sir, it is very evident that, although your son and I agree very well together, you and I cannot exist under the same roof.'

'Indeed! And I presume,' said Mr. Bellenden, ironically, 'that you are about to suggest the expediency of my taking up my quarters elsewhere. From what I saw of your conduct yesterday, I should judge you quite capable of such a proposition.'

'Mr. Bellenden, as a lawyer, you must be fully aware that I have a right to make it.'

'A right to make it!'

'Yes, sir, but I scorn to do so, and I merely came to give you notice, that I shall vacate your premises to-day, leaving it to your sense of justice to accord me reasonable damages.

'Reasonable damages!' cried Bellenden furiously. 'Haven't you taken up your quarters here bag and baggage—ordered my servants about—appropriated what rooms you saw fit to your use—cut bouquets out of my garden—sent presents of fruits and vegetables to your friends in town, acted, in a word, as if you were the master here, and now you talk of damages?'

"Well, sir!" roared Mr. Greyling; 'but haven't I paid the rent in advance?'

'The rent in advance! You're crazy, old fellow!'

But at this crisis appeared young Bellenden, alarmed, abashed and penitent. He made a full confession of the trick he had perpetrated, and then stood culprit-like, trembling, and covered with confusion. The two old gentlemen eyed each other for a moment, then burst into a hearty fit of laughter, and shook hands cordially. The young scrape-grace who had occasioned all the trouble was pardoned, and his father agreed to discharge his debts on his pledge of making a good husband to Julia Greyling. The young couple took up their abode in the Bellenden villa, preferring its luxuries and comforts to the chance of advertising for lodgings to be let—furnished.

AN OLD SAILOR'S YARNS.

A WINTER GALE ON THE JERSEY COAST: ONE-EYED CHARLEY'S ESCAPE.

"T'was the last day there ever was in some year; I forget the year, but all that were out at sea near here on that night will remember that New Year's Eve to the last moment of their lives."

Thus spoke the old sailor, by way of commencement of another yarn.

"I was 'fore the mast," he continued, "in a little propeller running regularly 'twixt here and Savannah. She wer'nt so very little, after all, for she was upwards of 200 feet long; but she was little compared to them they have nowadays 'twixt here and Europe. She was low in the water, too, and very narrow. The fellow what had her built was in the coach-buildin' trade, and had an eye to shippin' omnibuses and the like; and he made the fore-hatches so big that she was cut nearly in two at that point, having right abreast of this hatch, in the 'twixt-decks on each side, a cargo-port nearly large enough to drive a horse and cart through; so you may imagine in a sea-way she'd work a little just at this hatch, if nowhere else.

"Well, on the time I'm a tellin' you on we was bound from New York down to Savannah, and it was the very last day in the year. All through the day the weather had been overcast, with the sky that kind of a dull, lead color that sailors never like to see, 'cause they know it bodes some kind of weather and a dirty kind at that. We didn't have no cargo and only one passenger. We ought to have got away from the dock at three o'clock, but there was somethin' or other the matter with the machinery, as there almost always is in our American sea-goin' steamers, and it wern't till after five that we left, and of course it was dark afore we got down to Staten Island. Luckily we found the station-boat when we got down to the Hook, and got aid of our pilot without trouble. The wind then was light from northeast, and there was but little. I was at the wheel goin' off, and the captain and mate was astandin' right outside of the pilot-house, where I could hear all what they said. We had squared away and was arunnin' right down the beach, and was away past the Scotland Lightship and well up with the Highlands when the old man said:

"Mr. Jones, I don't like the looks of it, and I've a great mind to run back into the Horse Shoe and wait there till mornin'.

"Now the mate he'd got his anchors all stowed and everythin' snug about the decks, and he didn't like the idea of havin' all his work to do over agin', and so he says, says he:

"It looks mighty bad, sir, for a steamer to put back; there's no wind at present to speak on, and what there is, is fair. I guess I'd let her go and chance it."

"She's so light," says the old man, "that if it should come on pretty hard from the eastward we'd have all we could do to keep her off the beach.—Hows'ever we must take the chances, I suppose. Keep her up a couple of pints and we'll get supper, and arter supper, if it don't get no worse, we'll put the canvas onto her and help her along."

"Well, sir, they, goes down to supper, and the steward was a tellin' me arterwards about it, all of a sudden when they was about half done they heard a terr ible roar as if she was a blowin' off steam. The engineer, he jumps up from the table, thinkin' somethin' had busted with his machinery. The mate, who was jist a shovin' a bit of corned beef into his mouth, lays it down and says, "Its wind."

"Yes," says the old man and plenty of it, too."

"Well, they didn't eat much more supper, but was soon out on deck, and I recken the old man and the mate, too, would have giv all their old shoes to have been snug inside of the Hook at that very moment. But it was too late, then, for it was a snowin' as thick as mush and the lights was all out of sight. All that could be done was to brace the yards up sharp and haul her off shore; and if so as how the engine didn't give out, why she might keep off, and if not, why then it was "Davy Jones" for the whole of us.

"Tain't no use, sir. Steam is all very well for ferry-boats or for river-sailing, but I can't make up my mind to it for seagoin' purposes; 'tis too risky. Now if we'd abeen in a good sailin' ship we'd just have put her under three close-reefed topsails and reefed courses, and been as comfortable and safe as if in bed on shore and if she wouldn't go off on one tack, why there was two sides to her, and we'd a wore around and tried the other. And there ain't many winds—I've never seen more'n three or four—but what that canvas, if it's good, will stand; but here we was a trustin' entirely to a tea-kettle and some cog-wheels, and if the least thing giv' out, we'd a been up on Jersey beach quicker'n you could say Jack Robinson.

"Well, we braced up the yards with the starborrd braces, and hauled her up east; the wind was about east-northeast, and we trusted to the "sweet little cherub what sits up aloft" and the engine a-thumpin' down below. I never in all my born days see the sea git up so quick as it did that night. It were'nt a half hour after the breeze struck us afore the sea was mountains high, and the snow just come along in one solid sheet and was fit to blind you. The engineer was a good man and know'd his bisness first rate, and it's owin' to that that I'm a sitting' here drinkin' at this blessed minute.—She was so light, havin' nothin' into her but her coal, that when she'd rise her stern from the sea her propeller would come out of the water entirely, and would then fly round, fit to shake her stern frame let alone bustin' the machinery; and the next minute down she'd go, burying her stern almost to the taffrail.—When she was down in this way she needed all the steam they could give her to make her pass the centre; and then, agin, when she'd lift she wanted hardly any, for fear of shakin' herself to pieces; and so the engineer had to stand with his hand on the throttle-valve, openin' her wide out when she went down, and ashuttin' her off when she rose up. They had a gov'nor like onto the engine that was supposed for to do this, but in a time like that it wern't intelligent enough to trust to, and it needed human sense to calculate the right time to open and shut her off. She had a deckhouse extension nearly the whole length of her, and outside of this a low rail with a netting bulwark. The snow soon filled up all this space 'twixt the rail and the house on the weather side, and the sea come in over on to this, wet it into a heap of slush, and made that side of the deck impassable.—About nine o'clock all our signal lights giv' out, and then it was to git them down and relight them ag'in. The snow and sea together had caked up the weather fore-riggin' till it was four times its ordinary size, and was much as a man's life was worth to try to git up on that side, and the lee riggin' was a swingin' about in such a way that it was almost as bad on that side, but we didn't want to be run over, and so one of the chaps got up and brought the lantern down. We thought the lights had blowed out, but we found that the oil had hardened with the cold. You see, to save a little money, the owners had put aboard common lard oil, instead of signal oil, which will stand any weather if it is pure, and there we were out there, right in the track of vessels, without any lights. Well we took the lamps into the galley, and heated the oil boiling hot, and tried 'em ag'in in less than a quarter of an hour, they'd all be out ag'in. Howsoever, we kept at it, for we know'd that p'raps our salvation depended on them lights. I had a pretty good time of it till ten o'clock, 'cause I was at the wheel, and we kept the stove red hot in the pilot-house, but that made it seem all the worse after I was relieved, and one of the first jobs I had to do after I come from the wheel was to go up and bring down the masthead light. I thought I would have died afore I got down with it, but I stuck to it, and finally got it up again into its place. The wind and sea kept increasin' all the time, and a little after ten she refused to steer any more, and would not keep to, but would fall off till she got the wind abaft the beam, and would then gather way and come to agin. While she was off in the trough of the sea she would roll both gunwales under, and we begin to be mighty frightened for fear we would lose our smoke-stack. Goin' up arter the mast-head lamp was now worse than before, and we giv it up. We had a big globe lantern, what we used for an anchor-light, and we got that made it fast onto the fore stay as high up as we could reach standin' onto the head of the fore-stay sail. We got a cast of the lead every half hour, and up to four bells she deepened her water at the rate of about a fathom an hour, so we knowed she was a goin' off shore a little; but after ten o'clock she begin to shoal it somewhat.

"We had a chap on board what we called "One-eyed Charley," 'cause one of his eyes was out, and about five bells he goes for'ard to bring in this globe lantern off of the fore-stay. She was off her course at the time and rollin' like blazes, and just as he got the lanyard cast off she come to, and a combing sea caught her and went clean over her bows, takin' One-eyed Charley and the foremast and the lantern and bowsprit all over to the leeward together. Well, we couldn't do nothin' for him in that sea, and besides we had enough to do to get clear of the wreck, for if any of it fouled our propeller we was gone sure. We got our axes and every man worked with a will, I can tell you. We all knew that our lives depended on gittin' clear of that wreck, and we cut away at it acordin'. As luck would have it, it all went clear, and, then we felt easier. It done her a power of good, too, gittin' rid of that mast, and she kept up to the wind and sea much better than before, and by the loss of the foremast we probably saved our smoke-stack. Still we was sorry to lose Charley, 'cause he was a good fellow and a first-rate sailor.

"Well, the side-lights had been neglected, while we was a clearing away the wreck, but about a quarter past eleven the mate sings out for to bring them in agin and light them. I gits the starboard light down and takes it into the gallery for to melt the oil, when who should I see a sittin' there a warmin' hisself but One-eyed Charley. Blowed if I didn't almost drop the lantern when I first seen him, for I thought it might be a ghost. "Why, Charley," says I, 'where did you come from? We thought you was overboard.'

"Well, if I was," says he. "I wasn't fool enough to stay there. I got hold of the weather fore-riggin' and pulled myselfaboard, but I was pretty well used up and so I comes in here to rest up a bit afore I turned to work agin."

"It's really astonishin' sir, how men will be saved sometimes when it didn't look as if there was the ghost of a chance for them, and drown at other times when it would seem that no one but a born fool would slip his wind; but so it is in a seafarin' life, as anybody will tell you that has been much to sea.

"This gale got to its height about midnight, and at that time we had all sorts of weather except fine. It lightened and thundered and snowed and rained and all at once. It isn't often you have lightnin' at that season, but at midnight our whole ship was lit up by compass ants on both main and mizzen mastheads and on the gaff end. These are wild, ghastly lights that comes on all the mastheads and yardarms, and we sailors calls them the "devil's lanterns," as they are never seen except in mighty bad weather. At half-past twelve there was a cry of "fire" from aft, and we rushed to the cabin and found that the stove full of red-hot coals had fetched away, and the coals were a rollin' all over the cabin floor, and the passenger and steward was a chasin' them about tryin' to pick 'em up. There weren't much danger after all, for she was a rollin' so lively that they could not stay long enough in any one place to set it a fire, and the oil-cloth on the deck was so wet that it didn't catch easy, but that passenger will remember his hunt after them coals as long as he lives. What had happened in one place, however, might happen in another, and the old man ordered the fires in the galley and pilot-house stoves to be put out, and from that time till daylight we had no lights set. At two o'clock we could perceive it begin to moderate, and by four it was nearly calm. As the day broke the wind came out howlin' from about west-nor-west, and the weather got cold enough to freeze the handle off an iron pot. As the sun rose is shone upon our ship as upon a mass of solid ice, and we didn't get clear of that deck load of ice and snow till we got to the southward of Charleston.

SEA.

☞Eyes like diamonds, hair like a vexed mass of golden feathers, a faultless form, and a hand which no man can look upon without an intense desire to kiss, are portions of the description of a young lady who is captain of a schooner that trades with Houston, Texas.

☞How to make an Indian loaf—give him a gallon of whiskey.

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