

# The Sumter Banner.

DEVOTED TO SOUTHERN RIGHTS, DEMOCRACY, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

WILLIAM LEWIS,  
JOHN S. RICHARDSON, Jr., } PROPRIETORS.

"God—and our Native Land."

TERMS—\$2 IN ADVANCE

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## THE SUMTER BANNER

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**TERMS,**  
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ONE DOLLAR per square for a single insertion. Quarterly and Monthly Advertisements will be charged the same as single insertions, and semi-monthly the same as weekly insertions.  
Obituaries and Tributes of Respect, over twelve lines, charged as advertisements.

## Original Poetry.

For the Banner.  
**The Thirty Charms that form the Accomplished Bride.**

The ambitious fair who strives for beauty's prize,  
And hopes to Helen's glorious fame to rise,  
These thirty charms must have to bless a lover's eye.  
Three white, three black, and three of rosy hue,  
Three long, three short, three slender to the view,  
Three large, three small, three straight, as many wide,  
All these together form the accomplished bride.

## AN EXPLANATION OF THE FOREGOING.

Assist me love whilst with a painter's art,  
I show the world the Mistress of my heart.  
Come Kate, come; thou shalt my model be,  
Thou art the Maid that's made for love and me.  
White is her skin, more white than winter's snows,  
Her shining teeth are placed in ivory rows,  
And her fair eye-balls poorly whiteness shows;  
Black are the spiral ringlets of her hair,  
Her glassy brows two sable arches are;  
Her large black eyes set all my soul on fire,  
They look complying love and soft desire,  
Her lips are fragrant rose-buds moist with dew,  
Her nails transparent and of a rosy hue,  
Her glowing cheeks the tender tints display,  
Which streak a summer sky at break of day;  
Her neck and waist are slender, long and straight,  
So are her fingers—formed to captivate;  
With dimpled smiles, her little mouth invites,  
Ambrosial kisses and supreme delights;  
Small ears lie lurking in her shining hair,  
Her well formed hands are small and soft and fair;  
Short are her feet, her nose not long to view,  
And short her chin, but round and diaphanous too.  
Her forehead large, but would a critic please,  
Blue tinged with veins, and bent with graceful ease;  
But her fair bosom all my thoughts employ,  
Her spacious bosom heaves luxuriant joy;  
Above her nose just where the forehead bends,  
Between her brows, a downy space extends;  
A space as wide, to love alone revealed,  
Between her swelling breasts lies close concealed.  
Three cupids nestle—there the wantons play,  
'Tis love's own path—'tis Heaven's high milky way;  
Last to complete her for the accomplished bride,  
Her lips are finely formed and rather wide.

Sumterville, Oct., 1854.

A VALUABLE SHAWL.—In the Crystal Palace, New York, there is an exhibition an India Cashmere shawl, made in Thibet by the patient industry of one of the most celebrated artists of India, Hadji Mohammed Hassan, for a prince of the royal blood, which is invoiced for duty at the Custom House at \$2700.

The Scripture is unto us what the star was to the wise men; but if we spend all our time in gazing upon it, observing its motions, and admiring its splendor, without being led to Christ by it, the use of it will be lost to us.—Rev. T. Adams.

## The Wreck of the Arctic.

In our paper of last week we gave an account of the loss of the steamer Arctic, on her passage from Liverpool to New York, with a large number of her passengers. Since then further particulars have been received. It was stated by some of the survivors who hastily fled from the scene of calamity, that they saw the wreck go down, and that Capt. Luce was on board at the time. Nevertheless, the Captain arrived in safety at Quebec, and with him, nine of the passengers and crew. A large portion of the engineers and the crew, as well as one or two of the officers, were evidently false to their duty, and deserted their posts at an hour when their aid every way was essential. They behaved like cowards and wretches rather than men—and the fact that thus far we have not heard of the rescue of a woman or child, is, perhaps, the bitterest and most withering commentary that could be offered upon their atrocious conduct!

Captain Luce remained on the Arctic to the last. When the ship went down he went down with her, and on coming to the surface again, gained a foothold upon one of the paddle boxes that floated by, from which, out of eleven who got there with him, he himself and Mr. George F. Allen were alone preserved. He does not give the names of any of the others—but simply says they were "one by one relieved by death." He saw when he first arose "over two hundred men, women and children struggling together in the water amid pieces of wreck of every kind." He says—"I was in the act of trying to save my child, when a portion of the paddle box came rushing up edgewise, just grazing my head, falling with its whole weight upon the head of my darling child. Another moment I beheld him lifeless in the water." His son, who is lost, is about twelve years of age, and a cripple. Captain Luce was taken off by a passing vessel, and conveyed to Quebec, and from there wrote to Mr. Collins of New York, the owner, a letter of some length, detailing the circumstances.

From the letter of Captain Luce we learn that at the time of the collision no fog bell or alarm whistle was sounded on board the Arctic; the reason of which was that during the day the weather had been nearly or quite clear; at ten o'clock that morning it was so much so as to allow him to take an observation, and up to the time that he went below it had been at no time so foggy as to render these precautions necessary; the fog would, it is true, occasionally wrap them closely around for a few moments, but then it cleared up again soon, so that the eye could reach from one mile to six. Captain Luce had been below working his reckoning about fifteen minutes, during which time, unknown to him, the fog had become very dense, and the two steamers coming head on for each other, approached unopposed to the fatal onset. Captain Luce heard the command to starboard the helm, and ran upon deck just in time to witness the collision. He acknowledges that the fatal step was the loss of the chief mate and seaman who accompanied him upon his humane errand. At a very early period after the collision the firemen and crew, more especially the former, threw off their allegiance to discipline, and looked out for their own safety. The boat on board the ship would, if properly stowed, have saved 300 persons; but the brutal selfishness of the crew thrust the majority back to die. In the first boat that was lowered for the purpose of saving passengers were several ladies. All of the families on board gathered on the quarter-deck, and after the first shock of terror, became comparatively calm and collected. In the only boat that remained, the largest life boat on deck, Captain Luce placed Mrs. Collins and her family, the Browns family, and many other ladies; and but for the unfortunate necessity that this boat was required to assist in the construction of the raft, they would undoubtedly have been saved. As it was, he launched the boat, intending after the raft was made, to again place the ladies in it.—How his intentions were frustrated is too well known. The passengers, when all hope was past, gathered upon the quarter deck; but instead of exhibiting external signs of terror and despair, they nearly all assumed a cheerfulness.

All length, with a sigh of agony and a wail that pierced the heavens, the great hull reeled to and fro, and settled down beneath the dark waters, leaving their boiling surface covered with a dense mass of struggling, drowning humanity, grasping at the wreck of matter that floated around them. Like oil upon the waters, the mass soon spread out in all directions, and many of them sank within Cap-

tain Luce's sight, to rise no more. But all were provided with life preservers, which would buoy them up for a long period, and as this spot was directly in the path of European ships, and signal guns of distress were fired up to the last moment, it is fair to presume that some may have been picked up. At this period of the year, too the ships outward bound are as five to one against those destined for the United States, so that for some time yet we may hope for the safety of some of them. Capt. Luce said that when he had risen to the surface, and gained a portion of the paddle-box, he ordered those in the boat to row to it, and take off some of the eleven persons that were crowded upon it. But they heeded him not, and though they were without oars, they might yet have reached the frail raft by paddling with their hands. Captain Luce reached his home at Yonkers, New York, on Monday evening last, where he was met by his neighbors and friends with every demonstration of delight. Indeed, throughout the entire route from Montreal he was everywhere hailed by vast crowds, who went forth to meet him with joyful congratulations and honest, hearty sympathy.

The following is a list of the lost and saved of the Arctic, as far as ascertained:  
Total number of passengers (250) and crew 139 on board of the Arctic, 389 Taken to Quebec, by the Huron, 14 Arrived at New York, by the Lebanon, 18 By the two boats at St. John, 45 By the Cambria, at Quebec, 10

There are three boats as yet unaccounted for in one of these, which was well provided with water and provisions, were the following named persons:

Mr. Gourley, 1st officer, Mr. Graham, 4th do, Mr. Brown, 1st asst. eng. Mr. Willet, 3d do, do, John Moran, Bremen, Patrick McCauley, do, Mr. Thompson, engineer, Thomas, Wilde, boatswain, Mr. Rogers, chief engr, Mr. Walker, 2d asst. eng. Dan. Connelly, fireman, John Finnagan, do Mr. Kelly, engineer.

There were no less than sixty-one women and nineteen children on board the Arctic, not one of whom was saved, as far as intelligence has reached us. The life insurance offices of New York city suffer to the amount of eighty thousand dollars by the loss of life on board the Arctic.

The Arctic was built in New York in 1850, by William H. Brown, and was considered as staunch a vessel as was ever constructed. She measured 2500 tons register, and cost \$700,000. The ship and machinery were insured for \$540,000 by various American insurance companies, and it is understood that they were also in England. The cargo was insured for over \$300,000, principally in New York.

The French steamer Vesta, which came in collision with the Arctic, and was supposed to have immediately gone down after the crushing collision, arrived at St. John's, New Brunswick on the 30th ult., in a shattered condition. The Vesta belongs to one of the wealthiest houses of Granville, which equips vessels for the fisheries of Newfoundland. She went to St. Pierre with a load of salt, and was returning to France with one hundred and forty seven passengers, (fishermen and salters,) and twenty of the crew. At the time of the accident, the Vesta was travelling at the rate of ten knots. Exteriorly she has even been worse handled than the Arctic, for her bows were literally carried away; but the division of her hull into compartments saved her. The water which was precipitated by the large opening into the forward part of the ship was arrested by a compartment of plated iron. The Vesta carries written in ineffaceable traces the history of the naval drama in which she played so terrible a part. Her hold open to the light, and one of her masts broken, tell how violent must have been the collision. But what tells more are the boat sides of her iron compartments, in which she still carries pieces of wood from the Arctic—the last and melancholy remnant of this magnificent ship. The Vesta lost in the collision thirteen of her men, who, seized with fear, either threw themselves into the sea, or were in the boat destroyed by the Arctic.

## Wreck of the Arctic.

INTERESTING PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF MR. SMITH, OF MISSISSIPPI.

I was a passenger on the Arctic. We had been out from Liverpool seven days, and were in about longitude 52 degrees, and somewhere about fifty or sixty miles off Cape Race, on the coast of Newfoundland, when the dreadful occurrence took place on Wednesday, the 27th Sept. During the day, up to the time of

the accident, the weather had been quite foggy, and I was somewhat astonished and alarmed several times when on deck, seeing the weather so thick, that I fancied not more than three or four of the ship's lengths ahead could be seen, and she going on at full speed, without any alarm bell, steam whistle or other signal being sounded at intervals, in some such manner as I had been accustomed to in a fog on other vessels. At about 45 minutes after the meridian, eight bells had been struck, and while sitting in my state room in the forward cabin, the earnest cry of a voice on deck, (who I at the moment took to be the man on the look-out,) to "Stop her," "stop her;" "A steamer ahead," was heard with alarm by myself and all others in the cabin; at the same time the man giving the alarm could be heard running off towards the engine room. I stepped out of my state room, and while endeavoring with Mr. Cook, my room mate, to calm the excitement among the ladies in the cabin, and before the man giving the alarm on deck had reached the engine room, we were made aware of the concussion by a somewhat slight jar to our ship, accompanied by a crashing noise against the starboard bow. It was a moment of awe and suspense, but I think we all seemed to satisfy ourselves that the shock was slight, and that as we were on so large and strong a vessel, and no serious damage had happened, or could well happen to such a ship, in an occurrence of such a nature.

With such a reliance on, my own mind, at any rate, I was very quickly on deck, and in detached accounts from other passengers, learned that a screw steamer, with all sail set, had struck us on the starboard bow, and glancing at our starboard wheel and wheel-house, struck her again, and she passed off astern of us out of sight, immediately, in a thick fog. I saw on the first glance at our bulwarks that all was right with us, but instantly began to get alarmed, from our careening over on the side we had been struck, as well as from the call for the passengers to keep on the port side. I understood, also, at this time, that one of our boats had been cleared away and lowered with our first officer and six of the men, to render assistance to the other vessel, and that our ship was making round in search of her also. I saw Captain Luce on the paddle-box, giving orders in one way and another, and most of the officers and men running here and there on deck, getting into an evident state of alarm, without seeming to know what was to be done, or applying their energies to any one thing in particular, except in getting the anchors and other heavy articles over on to the port side of the ship. I looked over the starboard bow and saw several large breaks in the side of our ship from eight to twelve or fourteen feet above the cut-water, and I was convinced that in the ten or fifteen minutes time our wheels were further submerged in the water than usual.

Our ship seemed to right herself somewhat after getting the deck weight on the larboard, but it was too evident that Capt. Luce himself, as well as all hands, were becoming aware of our danger, and from the tremendous volume of water being thrown out from our steam pumps, I was convinced we were making water at a fearful rate. Then came in full view before us the other vessel, presenting a most heartrending spectacle; the whole of her bow, for at least 10 feet above her cutwater, was literally crushed away, leaving to all appearance an open entrance for the sea; and how she had remained above water for so many minutes seemed a mystery. Her decks were covered with people, and all her sails on all three of her masts were set. We merely passed her again, and she was in less than a minute hid in the fog, but scarcely out of sight, when we heard a rise from her deck a loud and general wail of moaning and lamentation that told us of their burial en masse. I should think there were at least 200 souls on the deck of that ship. It was just previous to, or at the same time, that we thus came in sight of and passed her that our wheels went over two or three separate individuals in the water, as well as a boat and crew who had evidently left the other ship for safety on ours.—(One man only we picked up, an old weather-beaten French fisherman, who, having leaped from the small boat before she went under our wheel, caught a rope hanging from our ship, and was finally pulled on board of us, and from whom we learned something of the other vessel.)

Captain Luce had, by the time of our coming in sight of the Vesta, become so convinced of our own critical situation, that our only or best chance was to keep under headway as fast as possible towards the land. A deep

seated thoughtful look of despair began to settle upon every countenance—no excitement, but ladies and children began to collect on deck with anxious and inquiring looks, receiving no hope or consolation, wife and husband, father and daughter, brother and sister, would weep in each other's embrace, or kneel together imploring Almighty God for help. Men would go about the decks in a sort of bewilderment, as to what was left to be done, no—laying hold of the hand pumps with redoubled energy or with sickening effort, applying their power to the hauling of freight out of the forward hole, already floating in water before the lower hatches were opened. System of management or concentration of effort was never commenced or applied to any one object. Two separate ineffectual attempts to stop the leaking by dropping a sail down over the bow were made, and the engines were kept working the ship ahead towards the land, but in the course of an hour, I should think, from the time of the collision, the low or furnaces were drowned out and the steam pumps stopped. Then it seemed to become only a question of how many hours or minutes we would be above water.

The first officer, with his boat's crew, we had left behind from the first. The second officer, with a lot of the sailors, had lowered another boat and left the ship, and a general scrambling seemed to be going on as to who should have places in the only two remaining boats that I saw on deck. The stern tacking of another had given way from the weight of persons in it while it was swinging over the side, and I think several must have been lost with that. I saw one lady hanging to the bow tackle of it after the stern had broken loose. One of those still remaining was a large one on the quarter-deck occupied by ladies and children, and some few gentlemen. The other was on the upper deck forward, and in the possessions of a lot of firemen. Things were in this condition at about two hours after the accident. Captain Luce was superintending the lowering of spars and yards, aided mostly by passengers, for the purpose of making a raft, and complaining that all his officers and men had left him. Most of the women and children were collected round the boat on the quarter deck, seemingly resigned to their fate. Some few gentlemen exerting all their power to prevail on others to work on at the pumps, but all to no purpose, she kept on gaining in quantity as steadily as time progressed.

The engines had stopped working, and I, seeing that the Chief Engineer, with some of his assistants and firemen had got the forward boat in the water over by the bow, under the pretence I saw of working at the canvass, which was hanging over the bow, so as to sink it down over the leaking places; but seeing, as I thought, symptoms of their real intention to get off from the ship without my men in the boat, I dropped myself down near by them on to a small raft of three planks about a foot wide each, and ten or twelve feet long, and an inch in thickness, lashed together with some rope and four handspikes, and which I had just previously helped to lower into the water for the purpose of working from about the bow of the ship. Finding it bore me up I shoved off, intending to get alongside of the engineer's boat, but as I shoved off several firemen and one or two passengers dropped down into the boat, the engineer protesting against their doing so, and at the same time pushed off and pulled well away from the ship, with about twelve or fourteen persons in his boat, declaring to those on board, at the same time, that he was not going off, but would stay by the ship to the last. At the same time he or those in the boat with him, continued to pull away in what I considered was the direction of the land, and were in a few minutes lost in the fog. I now saw there was no probable chance for me but to remain where I was, on my frail little raft, until I could see some better chance after or before the ship went down.

She had now settled down to the wheel houses. The upper funnels had for some time been drowned out. People on board were doing nothing but firing signal guns of distress, trying to get spars overboard, and tearing doors off the hinges. Nothing else seemed to present itself as a means of saving the lives of some three hundred souls still on board. I have crossed the Atlantic nine times now, and nearly every previous time have had in charge one or more of my family or near relatives, but now I thanked my God that I had not even an acquaintance with me, in this my adversity. I tightened up my little raft as well as I could, so as to withstand the buffeting and straining of the heavy rolling sea, and with the aid of a long narrow piece of plank which I tore up

off the others, using it as a paddle, I kept hovering within 200 or 300 yards of the sinking ship, watching operations there and keeping myself from being drifted out of sight so as to have what company there might be left on rafts like my own, after our doomed vessel had sunk beneath the surface. In this position I saw three different small rafts like my own leave the ship, one of them with three and another with two of the firemen standing erect on them, the third with the old Frenchman we had already picked up, and one of the mess boys of the ship sitting on it.

These three rafts all drifted close by me, so near that I was hailed by one and another of them, with the request for us all, to keep near together, to which I assented, but told them that we had all better try and keep by the ship till she went down. At this time I noticed that the large boat which had been on the quarter deck was in the water and was being freighted pretty fully to all appearance with several females and a good number of males, and that the raft of spurs was at the same time being lashed together and several getting on it. I noticed, also, a couple of large empty water casks lashed together with five men on them, apparently passengers, leave the ship, and drifting towards me; while within about fifty yards they capsized with the force of a heavy swell, giving their living freight an almost immediate water grave. Three of them, I noticed regained the top side of the casks only to be immediately turned over again, and the casks separating I saw no more of them. My heart sickened at so much of immediate death, and still I almost longed to have been one them, for at the same instant, and as near as I can judge at about 1:12 the ship began to disappear, stern foremost; she entered under the surface, her bow rising a little as she slowly went under, and I distinctly heard the gurgling and rushing sound of the water filling her cabins from stern to stem as she went under, taking, I should think, from thirty seconds to a minute in disappearing, with a large number of people still upon her deck.

Thus went down the noble Arctic, leaving nothing behind but a mixture of fragments of the wreck and struggling human beings. I saw one large half round fragment burst above the surface and several of the struggling fellow-mortals get on it. This and the raft of spurs, with several on it, and the boat full of people, was all that I could distinctly make out as being left in the neighborhood of where the ship went down to windward; and the three small rafts to leeward, along with my own, were left to pass the night, now beginning to close in upon and hide away from sight. I wish I could remove from my memory this dreadful day—but such a night of extreme melancholy, despair, and utter loneliness, I hope I shall never again experience. I had, it is true, become familiarized with death, and felt as if it would be great relief to go immediately like the rest; and for this end I, with some what of satisfaction, thought of a phial of laudanum in my pocket previously intended for a better use; but, oh! how unprepared was I to see my God, and for my family's sake, how necessary I felt it was for me still to live a while longer, else I would have emptied that phial or rolled over the side of my plank most willingly. The night was cold and chilly. The dense fog was saturating my already wet clothing. I was standing to the ankles in the water, with the waves ever now and then washing me up above the knees; no hope in my mind of being drifted to the land, and in a part of the ocean where it is expected a thick fog continually hangs over the surface, precluding the hope of any chance vessel, in passing near us, being aware of our situation—all circumstances seemed to say, it is a question of how long the physical frame can endure this perishing state, or how long before a more boisterous sea turns over or separates the slightly fastened planks. Thus reflecting, I looked up to Him who ruleth the winds and the waves—to Him my heartfelt prayers.

Relieved and consoled by this my last petition, I was somewhat calmly resigning myself to await my time as long as my strength and power of endurance could hold out, when I discovered close by me a large square basket lined with tin, floating lightly by me—one of the stewards' dish baskets it proved to be—and, paddling up, to it I got it on board, and with the help of a small piece of rope I had round my shoulders, I fastened it pretty firmly on top of the plank, thus not only tending to make my raft more secure, but affording me a comparatively dry place to sit on the edge of it, and with my feet inside, forming a shelter for my legs up as high as my knees. After getting all this arranged, and while sitting and watching the water as to the weight on the raft, I was again

surprised to hear a distinct rattle against the side of the raft, which proving to be a small air light tin can, a part of a set of such used as a life preserver, I seized hold of it as an additional token of the presence of a protecting Providence.

I cut out one end of it with my pocket knife, and found it answered the purpose of what I above anything else I then needed—a baling pot—and by which I was enabled to keep my little shelter clear of water, and so acceptable as a protection from the cold, and damp blast, did I find this little willow house, that I soon found myself cramped down into the inside, thus keeping not only my feet and legs, but the lower part of my body something warm. In this sort of situation I wore away the tedious night, and the breaking dawn relieved to my sight nothing but the thick mist the unceasing rolling waves, and my own little bark. Not a single vestige of all that the night closed upon was now to be seen.—About midday the sun cleared away the mist, and the heat of his rays was truly grateful; but oh how desolate in its very cheerfulness seemed the prospect he thus unfolded. Over the whole broad expanse of waters not a sail could be seen—nothing save the figures of the two firemen, about a half a mile distant, still standing erect, and showing themselves at intervals, as every heavy swell would raise them on high crest. I had not yet felt either hunger or thirst, for which I was truly thankful, for I had but a handful of dry broken crackers in my hat, which I felt determined to save to the last, and of course no water. I dreaded the cravings of either.

The day wore on still clear until about an hour before night fall, when the two firemen, (within halting distance of whom I had worked my way again,) discovered far to the southward a ship under full sail, broadside towards us, but it was with faint hopes of success that I hoisted my handkerchief, tied to the end of the strip of wood I was using as a paddle, the firemen doing the same; with a shorter piece of wood in their possession. The ship at once, we noticed, hid to, or altered her course for a moment, giving us a hope that she had discovered something; but the night closed in again, and with it all hopes of a rescue.

I passed this night in a dozing, dreary, shivering, half-sensible sort of state, with all sorts of fancies before my drowsy and somewhat disordered mind, and all sorts of pictures in my wakeful moments, both of a pleasing and revolting character, floating before me on the dark surface of the water. Now and then during the night I fancied myself hailed by various surrounding parties, convinced as I was at the same time that none others were within halting distance but the two firemen; my disordered fancy, however, kept me for more than half the night in an agreeable state of excitement, under the firm belief that companies of boats crews were on the search for us, and most hastily did I answer every fancied or real signal.

The morning dawned again, and with its horrid scene of despair at the gloomy prospect of the same dense foggy atmosphere now and then fully developing to view the same two erect figures dancing about on the rolling surf, and in my selfish liberality I bargained with myself that I would endure still during this day, seeing that my two companions were obliged to be on their feet supporting each other in a very precarious looking back-to-back attitude, were able still to exist. I felt a little hungry this morning and eat half a biscuit.—While warming myself by about two hours paddling up towards them, during which the fog partially cleared away, and while close to them, we all became excited at the sight of a small far to the south, as I thought, but broadside towards us.

Like the one on the previous day, I had little hope of her coming much nearer, but being determined to leave no effort untried which might possibly attract their notice, I stripped myself and taking off my shirt tied it by the sleeves to the end of my paddle, and with my handkerchief on a small strip of wood tied on above it, I thought I had a tolerably conspicuous signal, and waved it to and fro for more than an hour, until the ship was nearly out of sight—and just as I had lowered it, in utter hopelessness, we all desisted, at the same instant, in the opposite direction, another sail—and on us—just entering, as it were, into our grand amphitheatre through a good distance that seemed to rise and clear away above the vessel, forming a grand triumphal archway around our creaks like a tower of promise in the control. Feeling sure, at first sight, that this was one standing towards us, I did not remain long undecided, for she began to increase in size as time slowly wore on, and although she was far