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WHOLE NO. 155

SELECT POETRY.

IT IS ALMOST MORNING.

BY J. L. BATES.

I.
Watching lone one stormy night,
Over a daughter's pillow,
While the bark in wild affright
Leaped the bounding billow,
And the gale moaned wide and wild,
With a voice of warning,
Thus a mother soothed her child:
"It is almost morning!"

II.
Ah! how oft the weary heart,
Bowed in utter sorrow,
Languidly watched the hours depart,
Waiting for the morrow!
And, when hope had almost fled,
Hailed the welcome warning:
"Lift once more the benumbed head,
It is almost morning!"

III.
Often hath the erring soul,
Through the midnight dreary,
Prayed for light to make it whole,
Waiting, worn and weary;
Watching, long for the day,
And the joyous morning;
"Hie hither with thy sins away,
It is almost morning!"

IV.
Patriot, for thy native land
Though thy heart be bleeding;
Slave, beneath a tyrant's hand
Vainly interesting;
Dark although the night may be,
Not a star adorning,
Lo! the daylight glides the sea!
"It is almost morning!"

V.
To thy unaccustomed feet
Though the way be weary;
Though thy brow the storm may beat,
Life seemed wild and dreary;
Moon nor star make glad the skies,
With its solemn warning:
Look about with Faith's clear eyes:
"It is almost morning!"

VI.
From the moribund sin
That hath bowed thy spirit;
From the evil thoughts within
That we all inherit;
From the wrong so hard to bear;
From the cold world's scolding;
From the midnight of despair;
"It is almost morning!"

VII.
Dark although the night may be,
Mad the billows hoary,
Morning walks along the sea,
Morning, light, and glory!
Breaks for thee the night of life:
List, a double warning:
From all earthly care and strife,
"It is almost morning!"

Wm. L. Cooke.

SELECTED STORY.

THE COLLISION.

BY WM. L. COOKE.

The Active sloop-of-war had been lying all day becalmed, in mid-ocean, and was rolling and pitching about in a heavy ground swell, which was the only trace of the gale she had lately encountered. The sky was of an ashy and serene blue as if it had never been deformed by clouds; and the atmosphere was bland and pleasant, although the latitude and the season might both have led one to expect different weather. Since the morning watch, when the wind after blowing straight an end for several days together, had died suddenly away, there had not been enough air stirring to lift the dog-vane from its staff, down which it hung in motionless repose, except when raised by the heave and roll of the sea. Her courses had been hauled up, and she lay under her three topsails, braced on the opposite tacks, ready to take advantage of the first breath of wind, from whatever quarter it might come.

The crew were disposed in various groups about the deck, some sitting away in listless ease the interval of calm, some with their clothes-bags beside them, turning it to account in over-hauling their luggage, while others noted idly about on the fore-castle and in the waste, eyeing ever and anon, the horizon round, as if already weary of their short holiday on the ocean, and impatiently waiting for some sign of a breeze.

To a true sailor there are few circumstances more annoying than a perfect calm. The same principle of our nature which makes the traveler on land, though journeying without any definite object, desire the possibility to whip up his horses and hasten to the end of his stage, is man in a striking degree among seamen. The end of one voyage is but the beginning of another, and their lives are a constant succession of hardships and perils; yet they cannot abide that the elements should grant them a moment's respite. As the wind dies away their spirits flag; they move heavily and sluggishly about while the calm continues; but rouse at the first whisper of the breeze, and are never gay or more animated than when their canvas swells out to its utmost tension in the gale.

On the afternoon in question, this feeling of restlessness at the continuation of the calm was not confined to the crew of the Active. Her commander had been nearly all day on deck,

walking to and fro, on the starboard side, with quick, impatient strides, or now stepping into one gangway, and now into the other, and casting anxious and searching looks into all quarters of the heavens, as if it were of the utmost consequence that a breeze should spring up and enable him to pursue his way. Indeed, it was whispered among the officers that there were reasons of state which made it important they should reach their point of destination as speedily as possible; though where that point was, or what those reasons were, not a soul on board knew, except the captain—and he was not a man likely to enlighten their ignorance on the subject. Few words indeed, did any one ever hear from Black Jack, as the referers nicknamed him; and when he did speak, what he said was not generally of a kind to make them desire he should often break his taciturnity.

He was a straight, tall, stern-looking man, just passed the prime of life, as might be inferred from the wrinkles on his thoughtful brow, and the slightly grizzled hue of the locks about his temples; though his hair elsewhere, was as black as the raven. His face bore the marks both of storm and battle; it was furrowed and deeply embrowned by long exposure to every vicissitude of weather; and a deep scar across the left brow told a tale of dangers braved and overcome. His eyes were large, black and piercing, and the habitual compression and curve of his lip indicated both firmness and haughtiness of character—indications which those who sailed with him had no reason to complain of as deceptive.

But notwithstanding his impatience, and the urgency of his mission, what yet it was, the Active continued to roll heavily about at the sport of the big round billows, which swelled up and spread and tumbled over so lazily, that their glassy surface were not broken by a ripple. The sun went down clear, but red and fiery; and the sky, though its blue faded to a dusky tint, still remained unclouded by a single cloud. As the broad round disk disappeared beneath the wave, all hands were called to stand by their hammocks; and when the stir and bustle incident to that piece of duty had subsided, an unwonted degree of stillness settled on the vessel. This was owing in part, no doubt, to the presence of the commander, before whom the crew were not apt to indulge in any great exuberance of merriment; but the sluggish and unusual state of the weather had probably the largest share in the effect. The captain continued on deck, pacing up and down the starboard side; the lieutenant of the watch leaned over the taffel, his trumpet idly dangling by its becket from his arm; and the two quarter-deck midshipmen walked in the gangway, beguiling their watch with prattle about home, or gay anticipations of the future.

"We shall have a dull and lazy night of it, Vangs," said the master's mate of the fore-castle, as he returned from adding on the log slate another "ditto" to the long column of them which recorded the history of the day. The person he addressed stood on the feet of the bowsprit, with his arms folded on his breast, and his gaze fixed intently on the western horizon, from which the daylight had now so completely faded, that it required a practiced and keen eye to discern where the sky and water met. He was a tall, square-framed, aged-looking seaman, whose thick gray hair shaded a strongly marked and weather-beaten face, and whose shaggy overcoat, buttoned to the throat, covered a form that for forty years had braved the storms and perils of every sea. He did not turn his head, nor withdraw his eyes from the spot they rested on, as he said, "We shall have work enough before morning, Mr. Garnet."

"Why, where do you read that, Vangs?" inquired the midshipman; "there is nothing of the sort in my reckoning."
"I read it in a book I have studied through many a long cruise, Mr. Garnet, and though my eyes are getting old, I think I can understand its meaning yet. Hark, ye young men, the hammocks are rapped down, and the watch is set, but there will be no watch in, this night, mark my words."

"Why, Vangs, you are turning prophet," replied the master's mate, who was a rattling young fellow, full of blood and blue veins. "I should n't wonder to see you strike tarpaulin, when the cruise is up, rig out in a broad brim and straight togs, and ship the next trip for parson."
"My cruises are pretty much over, Mr. Garnet, and my next trip, I am thinking, is one I shall have to go alone—though there's a sign in the heavens this night makes me fear I shall have too much company."

"Why, what signs do you talk of, man?" said the young officer, somewhat startled by the quiet and impressive tone and manner of the old quarter-master. "I see nothing that looks like change of weather, and yet I see all that there is to be seen."
"I talked in the same way once, I remember," said Vangs, "when I was about your age, as we lay becalmed one night in the old Charlotte, East Indianman, heaving and pitching in the roll of a ground swell, much as we do now. The next morning found me clinging to a broken topmast, the only thing left of a fine ship of seven hundred tons, which, with every soul on board of her, except me, had gone to the bottom. That was before you were born, Mr. Garnet."

"Such things have been, often, no doubt," said Garnet, "and such things will be again—may, may happen as you say, before morning—But because you were once wrecked in a gale of

wind that sprung up out of the calm, it is no reason that every calm is to be followed by such a gale. Show me a sign of wind and I may believe it; but for my part, I see no likelihood of enough even to blow away the smoke of that cursed galley, which circles and dances about here on the fore-castle, as if it was master's mate of the watch, and was ordered to keep a bright look-out."

"Turn your eyes in that direction, Mr. Garnet. Do you not see a faint belt of light, no broader than my finger, that streaks the sky where the sun went down? It is not daylight, for I watched that all fade away, and the last glimmer of it was gone before that dim larzy-streak began to show itself. And carry your eye in a straight line above it—do you not mark how thick and lead-like the air looks? There is that there," said the old man, (laying his hand on the bowsprit, as he prepared to sit down between the night-heads,) "will try what stuff those timbers are made of before the morning breaks."

Young Garnet put his hand over his brow, and half-butting his eyes, peered intently in the direction the old seaman indicated; but no sign pregnant with such evil as he forebode, or no appearance of the wished for breeze, met his vision. Imputing the predictions of Vangs to those megrims which old sailors are apt to have in a long calm, or perhaps to a desire to play upon his credulity, he folded his pocket more closely about him, and taking his seat on the nettings in such a position that he could look back against the fore-rigging, prepared to settle himself down in that delicious state of repose, between sleeping and waking, in which he thought he might with impunity doze away such a quiet watch as his promise to be. He had scarcely closed his eyes, however, when a sound wrung in his ears that made him spring to the deck, and at once dispelled all disposition to slumber. It was the clear trumpet-like voice of the captain himself, hailing the fore-castle.

"Sir!" bawled the master's mate.
"Have your hammocks clear for running, sir; your chumbers led along, and the men all at their stations!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" sang Garnet in reply, and then muttered to himself, here's the devil to pay, and no pitch hot. What is the meaning of all this? I wonder? Has the skipper seen old Vang's streak of brass too? or does he hope to coax the wind out by raising such a breeze on deck? and he stepped upon a shot box, and cast another long, searching glance into the western horizon, but there was no sign there which to his inexperienced eye boded any change of weather. "Fore-castle, there!" again sounded from the quarter-deck, but it was now the voice of the lieutenant of the watch, hailing through the trumpet.

"Sir!" answered the mate.
"Send the fore-castle men aloft to furl the fore-sail. Quarter-gunnies and after-guard, do you hear! lay aloft—lay out—furl away!"

These and other similar orders were quickly obeyed, and stillness again succeeded. But the attention of all on deck was now aroused; and every one watched in silence for someless questionable fore-runner of wind than was yet visible to their eyes. They all noticed, however, that the sky had grown thicker and of a dingier hue, and that not a single star peeped through the gloom. But there was a breath of air yet stirring. The topsails continued to flap heavily against the masts, as they were swayed to and fro by the motion of the vessel; the lower yards creaked in their slings; and the ship heaved now one way and now another, as she yawed and swung round, completely at the mercy of the swell. The seamen gathered in groups at their several stations, and waited in silence the result which all now began to apprehend.

But while these feelings of indefinite fear were entertained by those on deck, the watch below were disturbed by no such anxiety. The officers in the gun-room were variously occupied according to their tastes and inclinations; some amusing themselves by reading, some writing, and others stretched upon the chairs or in their berths, dreaming away the intervals of rest. The midshipmen in the steerage had gathered round their mess-table, and were engaged in lively chat and repartee, and in cracking nautical jokes and witticisms upon each other. Their discourses were plentifully interlarded with sayings; for these juvenile sons of Neptune however slender their seamanship in other respects, have commonly great volubility in rattling off the technicals of their profession, and surprising facility in applying them to the ordinary topics of conversation. With the omission of a single letter, the distich describing Hudibras might be applied to them, or, if a poor pun be allowable, it may be said to fit them to a T,
—Their cannot open
Their mouths, but out there falls a rope.

One of the merriest and noisiest of the group in the Active's steerage was a little, rose-cheeked, bright-eyed reefer, whose flaxen hair curled in natural ringlets around his temples, and was surmounted by a small, low-crowned tarpaulin hat, cocked knowingly on one side, in amusing imitation of the style of the full grown jack tar.

"Hullo Jigger, how does she head now?" cried the little wag to one of the messboys, as his bandy legs made their appearance down the companion ladder.

"She head ebery which way, Misser Burton," answered the black, his shining face dilated with a prodigious grin, showing he relished the humor of the question. "It is a dead calm on deck, you know, Misser Burton, and de main yard is brace frat aback."

"O, I see," rejoined the urechin, "they have hove her to, Jigger, to give her half a lemon to keep her from fainting. She has outsailed the wind, and is lying by to wait for it!"

"Lying by, indeed!" said another; "she is going like a top!"
"And if she keeps on," added a third, "she will soon go as fast as the Dutchman's schooner when she stood into port under a heavy press of her sails!"

"Oh, I have heard of that schooner," resumed little Burton, the first speaker. "It was she that sailed so fast, that when they broke up her hatches, they found she had sailed her bottom off!"

"Her skipper," interrupted another, "was both master and chief mate, and they made the duty easy by dividing it between them, watch and watch."

"Yet the Dutchman grew so thin upon it," added little Burton, "that when he got home his mother and sister couldn't both look at him at once!"

"And his dog," said the other, "got so weak that it had to lean against the mast to bark!"

"Come, come, take a turn there and believ, cried one of the older midshipmen, who was stretched at full length upon a locker. "Come, you have chased that joke far enough. Heave about, and see if you can't give us something better on 'other tack!"

"Well, Tom Derrick, if you don't like our rig-tip us a twist yourself. Come, spin us a yarn, my boy, if you have your jaw-tacks aboard!"

"No, no, Charley Burton, I can't pay out any slack to-night. I am as sleepy as a lookout in a calm. My eyes feel like the mariner's when his eye is served so taut, he couldn't make his eyelids meet. Hullo, Jigger, rouse out my hammock from that heap and hang it up—You know where it is, don't you?"

"Ki! I wish I had as much tobacco as I know which Misser Derrick's hammock is," sagely replied the negro.

This characteristic speech produced a hearty burst of laughter; and in chat and merriment of this sort the evening slipped away, until tea for extinguishing the lights arrived, and the quarter-master came down to douse the glim.

"Well, Vangs," cried the ever-ready Burton, "it's blowing an Irishman's hurricane on deck, isn't it—straight up and down, like a pig's eye?"

"It is all quiet yet," replied Vangs, "but the sky has a queer look, and there will be a hurricane of a different sort before you are many hours old, Mr. Charles."

"Is there then really any prospect of wind?" asked the midshipman whom we have called Derrick.

"There is something brewing in the clouds we none of us understand," answered the old man in his low quiet tone. "We shall have more wind than we want before long, or I am out in my reckoning."

"Let it come but east foremost, if it chooses, and the sooner the better," said young Burton laughing; "any weather rather than this, for this is neither fish, flesh, nor red herring. Let it blow, Vangs, and I wouldn't mind if it were such a breeze as you had in the old Charlotte, you know, when it blew the sheet anchor into the fore-top, and it took three men to hold the captain's hair on his head!"

The old quarter-master turned a grave and thoughtful look on the round face of the lively boy, and seemed meditating an answer that might repress what probably struck him as untimely mirth; but even while he was in the act of speaking, the tempest he had predicted burst in sudden fury upon the vessel. The first indication of its approach was the gust, which broke upon their ears like the roar of a volcano. The heaving and rolling of the ship ceased all at once, as if the waves had been subdued and chained down by the force of a mighty pressure. The vessel stood motionless an instant, as if instinct with life, and covering in conscious fear of the approaching strife; the tempest then burst upon her, but east foremost, as Burton expressed it, and the stately mast reeled and fell over her, like a tower struck down by a thunderbolt. The surge was so violent, that the ship was thrown almost on her beam-ends, and everything on board not secured in the strongest manner, was pitched with great force to leeward. Midshipmen, mess table, hammocks, and the contents of the mess locker fell rustling, rattling, and mixed in staggering disorder, on the lee scuppers; and when the ship slowly righted, straining and trembling in every plank, it was a moment or two before those who had been so unexpectedly heaped together in the bows, could extricate themselves from the confusion and make their way to the upper deck.

There a scene of fearful grandeur was presented. The sky was of a murky, leaden hue, and appeared to bend over the ship in a nearer and narrower arch, binding the ocean in so small a round, that the eye could trace, through the whole circle, the line where the sickly-looking heaves rested on the sea. The air was thick and heavy; and the water, covered with driving snow-like foam, seemed to be packed and flattened down by the fury of the blast, which scattered its billows into spray as cutting as the sleet of a December storm. The wind howled and screamed through the rigging with an appalling sound, that might be likened to the shrieks and wailings of angry fiends; and the ship fell before the tempest like an affrighted thing, with a velocity that piled the water in a

huge bank around her bows, and sent it whirling and sparking in lines of dazzling whiteness, soon lost in the general hue of the ocean, which resembled a wild waste of drifting snow.

There was one on deck, however, who had foreseen this awful change, and made preparations to meet it; and when the tempest burst, in full, fell swoop, upon his ship, it found nothing but the bare hull and spars to oppose its tremendous power. Every sail was closely and securely furled, except the fore storm staysail, which was set for a reason that seamen will understand; but being hauled well aft by both sheets, it was stretched stiffly amidships, and presented nothing but the bolt-ropes for the wind to act upon. The masts and yards, with their snug and well bound rolls of canvas, alone encountered the hurricane. But even these were tried to the uttermost. The topmasts bent and creaked before the blast, and the royal poles of the topgallant masts, which extended above the cross-trees, whipped and thrashed about like pilant rods. The running rigging rattled against the spars, and the shrouds and backstays strained and cracked, as if striving to draw the strong bolts which secured them to the vessel.

For more than an hour did the Active lie along in this way, like a wild-horse floundering and screeching at his utmost speed, driven onward in the van of the tempest, and exposed to its fiercest wrath. At length the first fury of the gale passed away, and the wind, though still raging tempestuously, swept over her with less appalling force. The ocean, now, as if to revenge itself for its constrained inactivity, roused from its brief repose, and swelled into billows that rolled and chased each other with the wild glee of ransomed demones. Wave upon wave, in multitudinous confusion, came roaring in from astern; and their white crests, leaping, and sparkling, and hissing, formed a striking feature in the scene. The wind, fortunately, issued from the right, and drove the Active towards her place of destination. The dumb pall of clouds, which from the commencement of the gale, had totally overspread the heavens, except in the quarter whence the blast proceeded, now began to give way, and a reddish light shone out here and there, in long horizontal streaks, like the glow of expiring coals between the bars of a furnace. Though the first dreadful violence of the storm was somewhat abated, it still raved with too much fierceness and power to admit of any relaxation of vigilance. The commander himself still retained the trumpet, and every officer stood in silence at his station, clinging to whatever might assist him to maintain his difficult footing.

"Light, oh!" cried the lookout on one of the catheads.

"Where away?" demanded the captain.

"Dead ahead!"

"What does it look like, and how far off?" shouted the captain, in a loud and earnest voice.

"Can see nothing now, sir; the glim is doused!"

"Here, Mr. Burton," cried the commander, "take this night glass; jump aloft on the fore-yard, sir, and see if you can make out an object ahead. Hurry up, hurry up, and let me hear from you immediately, sir! Lay aft to the braces!"

"Fore-castle, there! have hands by your staysails—sheets on both sides. Fore-yard, there!"

But before the captain had finished his hail, the voice of little Burton was heard, singing out, "Sail off!"

"What does she look like, and where away?"

"A large vessel, lying under bare poles—starboard your helm, sir, quick—hard a starboard, or you will fall aboard of her!"

This startling intelligence was hardly communicated before the vessel described from aloft loomed suddenly into sight from deck through the thick weather to leeward. Her dark and shadowy form seemed to rise up from the ocean, so suddenly did it open to view, as the driving mist was scattered for a moment. She lay right athwart the Active's bows and almost under her fore-top—as it seemed while she pitched into the trough of an enormous sea—and the Active rode on the ridge of the succeeding wave, which curled above the chasm, as if to overwhelm the vessel beneath.

"Starboard your helm, quarter-master! hard a starboard!" cried the commander of the Active, in a tone of startling energy.

"Starboard?" repeated the deep solemn voice of old Vangs, who stood on the quarter-nettings, his tall figure propped against the mizen rigging, and his arm wreathed around the shroud.

"Jump to the braces, men! continued the captain, strenuously—"haul in your starboard braces, haul! ease off your larboard! does she come to, quarter-master! Fore-castle, there! ease off your staysail sheet—let all go, sir!"

These orders were promptly obeyed, but it was too late for them to avail. The wheel, in the hands of four stout and experienced seamen, was forced swiftly round, and the effect of the rudder was assisted by a pull of the starboard braces; but in such a gale, and under bare poles, the helm exerted but little power over the driving and ponderous mass. She had headed off hardly a point from her course, when she was taken up by a prodigious surge, and borne onward with fearful velocity. The catastrophe was now inevitable. In an instant the two ships fell together, their massive timbers crashing with the fatal force of the concussion. A wild shriek ascended from the deck of the stranger, and woman's shrill voice mingled with the sound. All was now confusion and uproar on board both vessels. The Active had struck the stranger

broad on the bows, while the bowsprit of the latter, rushed in between the fore-mast and the starboard fore-rigging of the Active, and snapped her shrouds and stays, and tore up the bolts and chainplates, as if they had been thread and wire. Staggering back from the shock, she was carried to some distance by a reluctant wave, which suddenly subsiding, she gave such a heavy lurch to port that the fore-mast—now wholly unsupported on the starboard side—snapped short off like a withered twig, and fell with a loud splash in the ocean.

"The fore-mast is gone by the board!" shouted the officer of the fore-castle.

"My God!" exclaimed the captain, "and Chas. Burton has gone with it! Fore-castle, there! Did Charles Burton come down from the foreyard?"

"Burton! Burton! Burton?" called twenty voices, and "Burton!" was shouted loudly over the side; but there was no reply!

In the meanwhile another furious billow lifted the vessel on its crest, and the two ships closed again, like gladiators, faint and stunned, but still compelled to do battle. The bows of the stranger this time drove heavily against the bends of the Active, just as her main rigging and her bowsprit darted quivering over the bulwarks, as if it were the quivering tongue of some huge sea-monster. At this instant a wild sound of agony, between a shriek and a groan, was heard in that direction, and those who turned to ascertain its cause saw the vessel again separated, a human body, swinging and writhing at the strangers bowsprit head. The vessel heaved up to the moonlight, and showed the face of poor Vangs, the quarter-master, his back apparently crushed and broken, but his arms clasped round the spar, to which he appeared to cling with convulsive tenacity. The bowsprit had caught him on its end as it ran in over the Active's side, and driving against the mizenmast, deprived the poor wretch of all power to rescue himself from the dreadful situation. While a hundred eyes were fastened in a gaze of horror on the impaled seaman, thus dangling over the boiling ocean, the strange ship again reeled forward, as if to renew the terrible encounter. But her motion was now slow and laboring. She was evidently settling by the head; she paused in mid career, gave a heavy drunken lurch to starboard, till her topmasts whipped against the rigging of her antagonist, then raising slowly on the ridge of the next wave she plunged head foremost, and disappeared forever. One shriek of horror and despair rose through the storm—and wild delirious shriek! The water swept over the drowning wretches, and hushed their gurgling cry. Then all was still—all but the rush and whirl of waves as they were sucked into the vortex, and the voice of the storm, which howled its wild dirge above the spot.

When day dawned on the ocean, the Active presented a different appearance from that which she exhibited but for a few short hours before. Her fore-mast gone, her bowsprit sprung, her topgallant masts struck, her bulwarks shattered, her rigging hanging loose and whitened by the wash of the spray—she looked little like the gay and gallant thing which, at the same hour of the previous day, had ploughed her course through the sea, despite the adverse gale, and moved proudly along under cloud of canvas, as if she defied the fury of the elements. Now, how changed! how sad the contrast! The appearance of such of the officers and crew as were moving about the deck harmonized with that of the vessel. They looked pale and dejected; and the catastrophe they had witnessed had left traces of horror stamped on every brow. The Active was still near the spot of the fatal event, having been lying to under a close reefed main-sail, which the lulling of the wind had enabled her to bear. As the dawn advanced, the upper deck became crowded, and long and searching looks were cast over the ocean in every direction, in the hope to discover some vestige of those who had met their fate during the night. Such of the boats as had not been staved were lowered, and long and patient efforts were made to discover traces of the wreck. But the search was fruitless, and was at last reluctantly abandoned. The boats were again hauled up and stowed; the Active filled away, and under such sail as she could carry in her crippled state, crept forward towards her goal. During the rest of her voyage no merry laugh, no lively prattle, cheered the steerage mess-table. The bright eyes of Charles Burton were closed—his silvery messmates mourned his timeless fate with real sorrow.

In a few days, the sloop-of-war reached her port, and was immediately warped to the dock-yard, where she was stripped, hove down, and thoroughly overhauled. The officers and crew lent themselves earnestly to the duty, and a short time served to accomplish it. In less than a week everything set up and all a taunt, the ship hauled out again, gleaming fresh with paint and looking as proud and stately as before the disaster. But where was she that had been wrecked in the encounter? Where and who were those that perished with her? Fond hearts were doubtless eagerly awaiting them, and anxious eyes strained over the ocean 'to hail the bark that never could return." No word, no whisper ever to their fate. They who saw them perish knew not the victims, and the deep gave not up the dead.

The entire repeal of the Unhappy Laws in Great Britain, says the New York Courier, has been accomplished by the recent session of Parliament. It is now lawful in Great Britain to loan money at any rate of interest, and on any description of property, either real estate or otherwise.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Child's Paper.

A NEW TIPPET'S WORTH.
"I do not want a new tippet this winter, or any thing new, dear mother," said a little girl when her mother began to tell about buying some new winter clothes; "do, mother, let me wear my old ones!" The tone and manner of the child surprised her mother, especially as she found it no sudden freak, for she had said the same thing before, and repeated it now more earnestly than ever. "Not want a new tippet, when all your cousins are to have new ones?" said the mother; "why, I never saw a child that did not like new things." "I do not know as I do exactly," said Janette. "And why do you not?" asked her mother; "why not?"
"Because," said the little girl, hesitating a moment, "because," it makes me feel real bad to be dressed up so, when there are so many children who have no clothes to wear, or houses to live in, or bread to eat; and there are ever so many in heathen countries, who have no Bibles and schools, and nothing good as I have. Oh, mother, if instead of buying a new tippet, you would only let me have the money to help them with, then I would be as glad as could be."

As the mother listened to all her daughter said, tears came in her eyes, for she was afraid she had thought more of dressing her little girl in fine clothes, than of teaching her to love others, and of finding her the means of carrying out her love. But this had been taught Janette by her Heavenly Parent, who is called the God of love. And what does Christian love ask of you and me, and every Christian child? That we must not live only to clothe and feed and improve and please ourselves. Oh, no, for we have a great many brothers and sisters in the world, who are destitute and wretched and sorrowful; and the great God gives to us, that we may share with them. He might relieve them at once from his almighty hand; but he sees fit to make us, you and me, his agents, little angels and great ones, in this good world.

And now, as winter approaches, how many children feel like giving a beautiful new tippet worth to help the poor? Perhaps you are not able to give as much as that, but are you doing something? As the November winds sweep around your snug little chamber, do you remember the poor? As you offer your evening prayer, and how sweet it is to "pray the Lord your soul to keep," do you remember the poor children who are bowing down to idol gods and monster-gods?

"And did her mother give Janette the tippet's worth?" asks some little girl, perhaps—Yes, she did. Janette wore her old woolen tippet, and "the new tippet's worth" she gave away to do good to others; and never was a happier child than she; for the Scripture says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and the Scripture make true state-ments.

WHISKEY AND NEWSPAPERS.—A glass of whiskey is manufactured from perhaps a dozen grains of mashed corn, the value of which is too small to be estimated. A pint of this material sells at retail for one shilling, and if a good brand, it is considered by its consumers well worth the money. It is drank off in a minute, or two—it fires the brain—rouses the passions—sharpens the appetite—deranges and weakens the physical system; it is gone—and swollen eyes, parched lips, and an aching head are its followers. On the same sideboard upon which this is served, lies a newspaper, the new white paper of which cost three-fourths of a cent—the composition for the whole edition costing from ten to fifteen dollars per day. It is covered with half a million of types, it brings intelligence from the four quarters of the globe—it has in its clearly printed columns all that is strange or new at home—it tells you the state of the market—gives accounts of the latest shipments, the execution of the last murderer—and the fate of the steamboat explosion or railroad disaster—ad yep! or all this, the newspaper costs less than the glass of grog—the juice of a few grains of corn. It is no less strange than true, that there are a large portion of the community who think the corn juice cheap and the newspaper dear, and the printer has had work to collect his dimes, when the liquor dealers are paid cheerfully.

How is this? Is the body a better paymaster than the head, and are things of the moment more prized than things of eternity? Is the transient tickling of the stomach of more consequence than the improvement of the soul, and the information that is essential to a rational being? If this had its value, would not the newspaper be worth many pints of whiskey—Forest City.

GROWING FISH.—The Cleveland [Ohio] City Fact, says that one of the most pleasing things exhibited at their late County Fair, was a lot of brook trout, artificially bred by Drs. Garlick and Ackley, whose labors in this line we have heretofore noticed. They showed several broods of fish in different stages of growth, and have demonstrated that it is just as easy to grow fish as it is fowls, or any other description of food.

We hope all agricultural societies will take a hint from this, and offer premiums for such a show of fish as will best illustrate the fact to farmers that they can grow the cheapest food ever produced for man upon their farms wherever they have natural water or can make artificial ponds. Let us have the premiums for the best show of fish artificially produced upon any farm." It is a matter of very serious consideration, when fresh fish sells here at the same price per pound as beef, pork and mutton.