

and beat up half-a-dozen more lads as we tack for the blue-light pier; for there are plenty of them ashore in a gale like this, or my name's not Bill Jones."

In a very few moments, we were all three ready for our perilous adventure. Bill and the landlord being old sea-dogs, and myself not altogether a green-horn. I had divested myself of the most cumbersome portion of my apparel, and slipped on a pea-jacket that fitted me like a sentry-box, while the landlord, who was well accustomed to such midnight adventures, along a coast so dangerous, soon smelled as strongly of old Neptune as any of us.

We each of us carried a small flask of spirits, and the "Foul Anchor," as he was sometimes called, bore, in addition, a few fathoms of slight cordage on his arm, and a well-lighted ship's lantern in his hand.

Through the great popularity of Bill, and the natural instincts of every true sailor, on our way down to the pier, which lay some distance to the southward, we augmented our number, till we mustered nine men all told; and, winding along the different slips and docks, we soon found ourselves standing by the berth of the new life-boat, which was snugly built into one of the wide niches in the masonry of the pier. By the aid of the lantern, we had no difficulty whatever in descending the steps to the platform under the lee of the huge limestone blocks; and here we remained while Bill produced the key of the boat-house, and gave us a glimpse of the beautiful craft which lay safely moored within. We had not much leisure for inspecting her figure or dimensions, however, as, from the head of the pier, before we descended to the water, we saw the ill-fated ship's lights distinctly, and at intervals heard, mixed with the tempest, the death-like boom of her signal-gun.

"Give way there," shouted the stout-hearted sailor, as he grasped the tiller fearlessly, and saw the remaining eight of us firmly seated at the oars. "Give way there," he roared again, as he snatched the lantern from the hand of the landlord and held it above his own head for a moment. The order rang like a clear clarion above the tumult of the waters; and, answering to the command, the next instant the boat was moving as steadily as might be through the heavy, uneven swell that was working and pitching under the lee of the pier. "Steady, lads, steady," he sang out again as we shot away from the partial shelter of the gloomy mass beside us, and received the whole force of the sea right in the teeth. For a moment we quavered from stem to stern as if our craft had received some tremendous galvanic shock; but we had work to do, and with a resolve that never faltered for a moment, we stood out for the bar, notwithstanding the fearful conflict by which we were surrounded.

"That's my hearties," cried Bill once again, as he saw us gaining more sea room and giving the pier a wide berth. "And now," he continued jocosely, "let's have no catching of crabs, but a stroke as even as if we were taking the skipper ashore in the Bay of Naples."

"I could not but join in the hearty 'aye aye, comrade,' with which these few cheering words were received; nor could I but admire the coolness and courage of the brave fellow who gave them utterance. There he stood with the tiller in one hand and the lantern in the other; and as the light fell fitfully upon his handsome, bronzed face and manly form, I thought I had never before seen a more perfect specimen of the sterner sex, uncultivated and all as he was.

Man, in the full vigor of his strength, is always vain in calm and sunshine; but lead him into the presence of darkness on the desolate seas, when the winds out-roar the thunders and the sudden, red refts in heaven but serve to blot out his appalled vision, and what is he? When staggering among the clouds, upon the awful pinnacle of some mighty billow, or plunged into the midnight depths below, with the dread avalanches from above ready to descend upon him; what is he? He is as a waif—as a gossamer—as a sear leaf upon the icy blast that robs Autumn of her latest charm, and leaves

her tossing about her naked arms and weeping, like Rachel, for her children on the wooded hill-side, where but yesterday she sat enthroned in all the splendor of purple and green and gold.

So thought I, as I found myself vainly endeavoring to peer through the impenetrable gloom which surrounded us, and form some idea of the magnitude of the tremendous waves that seemed to throw us at intervals into the very sky, and recede from us suddenly, leaving us trembling in mid-air. No language is adequate to picture my sensations. The spell of darkness and the sea was upon me; and I have never been able to shake it off thoroughly up to the present moment.

Notwithstanding the dangers and difficulties that encompassed us, we still stuck manfully to our oars, and in the course of an hour or so, were well out towards our destination. We had to weather the lighthouse, however, before we could accomplish anything; and now that our boat had struggled so gallantly through the tempest, we were so close to it as to observe, at intervals, human figures moving in the lamp-room. Trifling as this latter may appear, it was cheering to us in the extreme; and redoubling our exertions we soon passed to windward of the lofty structure, and for the first time, since we left the shore, got a partial glimpse of the ill-starred vessel as she lay about a quarter of a mile from us, with the sea breaking over her every few minutes. For fear of getting in among the surf, we were obliged to keep a good stripe of blue water between us and the bar; and running down towards her cautiously, and with imminent risk to ourselves, from the waves that were now almost broadside on us, we soon found ourselves within hail of her. There we remained steady at our oars with our head to windward, and discovered that the gale had fallen so rapidly we could easily keep our own without being swept in among the breakers that surrounded her. We therefore dropped in a little closer, and found, to our astonishment, that she had gone ashore stern foremost, and, in this position, become firmly imbedded in the sand, which, fortunately for her, was totally free from rock at the precise point where she had struck. Had she been broadside to the tempest, or had she gone ashore a few fathoms to the right or left of where she lay, she could not have held together for twenty minutes; as along every part of the bar there were ugly, jagged peaks, seen at low water mark, that would have literally torn her to pieces before we could have reached her.

When we got directly under her bows, we discovered that she was a brig of small tonnage, and that, although her masts were standing, her canvas was blown into tatters, and her rigging flying about on all sides. She must have been tacking and in stays when she grounded; otherwise there was no way of accounting for the singularity of the position in which she stood. From the darkness and confusion that enveloped the deck between every sea she shipped, it was impossible to discover whether there was any living person on board; but we were satisfied that no individual in his senses would have attempted to desert her in such a sea and in such a place, previous to the time of our arrival. While in this state of suspense, another gun was fired from her stern in the direction of the glimmering lights seen on shore; and remembering that I still carried my pistols in my belt I drew one of them with my left hand and fired it into the air. In the course of a few moments we perceived a figure with a lantern, struggling forward towards her bows, and keeping himself from being washed overboard by clinging to the bulwarks whenever a wave rolled in upon him. He was an active and daring fellow, for we could see him occasionally bound along whenever the waters left him free, until at last he stood out almost on the jib boom within a cable's length of us. When we got a full view of his dusky form, we gave a long, loud cheer, by way of giving his spirits a lift, which he returned in a clear, ringing voice that was heard by every one of us. Bill being nearest him, and par-

tially disengaged, managed to make out that he was the skipper—that he had his wife and five of a crew on board—that he was never on the coast before, and had gone ashore in consequence of not being able to procure a pilot, or beat up against such a hurricane. From the noise of the breakers, and the constancy with which we kept at our oars, not one of us forward could make out a single sentence of what was passing; but I felt certain, from the awful manner in which the vessel was swaying about, that there was but little time to lose, if we were to rescue the crew, and was, consequently, glad to hear Bill yell out at the top of his voice, "pass the live stock forred before you go to pieces."

On getting the word, the captain disappeared rapidly, but quickly appeared again with a burden in his arms. This time he was tried sorely, for he was repeatedly buried beneath the billows as they rushed over the deck. Still he pushed forward with almost superhuman energy, until nearly exhausted he stood directly over the figure-head of his vessel. Now we dropped in closer and closer, until we perceived him hanging over us with what we presumed to be his wife in his grasp, while the whole of the crew made the best of their way forward, and were seen in the dim, signal lights above their heads struggling in the direction of our boat. In the twinkling of an eye, Bill cast him the end of the rope brought by the landlord. It was caught with an unerring hand and rapidly passed round the waist of his passive burden. The next moment, with a precision the most astonishing, he caught the rise of the boat, and dropped her directly into the arms of the bold sailor at the helm, whose lamp unfortunately was extinguished accidentally at the moment. In this manner the whole crew escaped from the ill-starred vessel, the captain using the rope until the last of them was out of immediate danger. We could discover that one or two of them wanted the captain to take his turn before them; but all to no purpose, for the brave fellow refused to move an inch from his post until he saw them all stowed in among our feet. But now came the difficulty of escaping himself; and there he stood alone, while the brig was rolling about in a manner that might well appal the stoutest heart. Bill understood the difficulty of his position at a glance, and throwing him the end of the rope once more, we eased off a little as if we were about to pass close under her bulwarks. The skipper caught us as we rose towards him, and was in amongst us like an arrow.

"Give way there, my hearties," roared Bill, above the thunder of the waters, when he found the captain by his side. The word was obeyed with a will, and in a few long sweeps we cleared the tottering vessel. We were now in almost total darkness, being scarcely able to distinguish each other in the rays which reached us from the light-house; but, on finding ourselves so successful, we bore up with three hearty cheers towards the lofty building, determined to remain there until morning, as our boat was crowded, and as we had enough of it for one night. The captain sat in the stern-sheets, holding the trembling hand of his poor wife, and informing his deliverer, as best he could, that they had been married but a few weeks, and that although doubtless destroyed totally, the brig and cargo, consisting of dried fruits chiefly, were fortunately well insured. Bill, in return, informed the brave seaman, that the rescue of the crew was owing altogether to a landsman who had not been long in the city, and who happened to hear their signal of distress, as he was going his night-rounds, and who was now pulling an oar forward. The poor fellow, as I afterwards learned, wanted to struggle to where I sat, for the purpose of pouring out his gratitude, but Bill restrained him, as the boat was crowded to such excess.

We were now quite close to our destination, when a sort of suppressed groan ran through our little craft. Some of our own crew had their eyes riveted on the brig from the moment they left her, and now seeing her keel over, and disappear completely, their horror was expressed audibly at the sight.

Every eye was turned quickly towards the spot where the ill-fated vessel had lain; but not a trace of her was to be seen! She was gone! The billows had swallowed her up! Although impossible to distinguish a single syllable uttered a yard from us, yet we all felt alike at the moment, in so far as the true appreciation of an escape so miraculous was concerned. Of course those who had just been rescued from the jaws of death experienced more deep and heartfelt gratitude than moved us; and I noticed that the captain's wife, who appeared to understand that the brig had gone to pieces, fainted in her husband's arms and that it was some time before she recovered. Still, we moved on, and after having passed our flasks through the boat a second time, we found ourselves rounding the old stormy tower, and within a few strokes of the friendly landing place under its lee.

As we shot beneath the shelter of the huge blocks of stone that composed the foundations of the powerful structure, a prayer of thanksgiving rose to every lip. The lighthouse keeper and his daughter, who saw us as we passed down to the vessel, were at the lofty doorway to receive us, and as they perceived us approach the massive steps that led to where they stood, the old man gave us a cheer of welcome which I shall long remember. Bill and the captain remained behind to secure the boat, and exchange grateful sentiments at the success of the one, and the Providential delivery of the other. The skipper's wife, who had been passed forward, was received in my arms; and we were the first to gain the comfortable apartment above, and the cheerful fire which seemed to endow us with new life. In a few moments I heard Bill's voice at the door, and found that he was pointing me out to the captain as the humble instrument under heaven which led to their delivery. I was engaged at the moment in observing the light-house keeper's daughter administering a little wine to the poor, frightened creature whom I had just placed in a chair beside the warm blaze, and who was as pale as death. My back was towards the captain, but, hearing his footsteps, as, overcome with gratitude, he rushed forward to embrace me, I turned round, hastily, when, merciful heavens, I found myself in the arms of my son!

#### CAN A "BIVALVE" REASON?

There is a deal of subtle humor in the annexed from a Californian print:—"Somebody asks Prentice, 'if he thinks clams are healthy?' To which he replies that he 'never knew one to complain of being out of health.' Although his opinions in matters pertaining to poetry and politics may be beyond dispute, it is evident that Mr. Prentice's knowledge of clams is confined to the eating of them, and that when he casts out a slur imputing to the clam race in general a want of feeling, he gravely errs; and if the clams had any method of expressing their feelings, we do not doubt they would contrive some plan to be revenged upon him. We have the best of reasons for believing that the clam is a 'reasoning animal,' for it not only knows enough to come into its shell when an enemy approaches, but it 'saves' the exact instant of time to close down on the rash intruder who ventures to pry into the mysteries of its living abode. A philosopher who knows all about it, has assured us that these bivalves attain the acme of happiness at high water, and why should they be happy at high water, if it is not because they know that the rising of the tide will bring to them abundance of food, and concealment from their unrelenting enemies, the diggers? They breathe, also, else why the bubbles that rise from them when feeding? Finally, they sing. If you doubt it, throw one into a frying-pan, and you will doubt no longer. The attention of naturalists is respectfully solicited to this article.

Lord Bacon beautifully said:—"If a man be gracious to a stranger, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them."