

to rest on sufficient authority to be entitled to absolute credit. To the last moment she appears to have been advancing. About this time the batteries began to fire. Their shot is said to have been directed towards every point where an enemy might be expected, and it is not improbable that some were aimed against the ketch.

"The period between the time when the Intrepid was last seen, and that when most of those who watched without the rocks learned her fate, was not very long. This was an interval of intense, almost of breathless expectation, and it was interrupted only by the flashes and roar of the enemy's guns. Various reports exist of what those who gazed into the gloom beheld, or fancied they beheld; but one melancholy fact alone seemed to be beyond contradiction. A fierce and sudden light illuminated the panorama, a torrent of fire streamed upward, that in shape resembled the great eruption of Vesuvius as it has been described by Pliny, and a concussion followed that made the cruisers in the offing tremble from their truck to their keel. This sudden blaze of light was followed by a darkness of two-fold intensity, and the guns of the batteries became mute, as if annihilated. Numerous shells had been seen in the air, and some of them descended on the rocks, where they were heard to fall. Their fuses were burning, and a few exploded, but much the greater part were extinguished in the water. The mast, too, had risen perpendicularly with its rigging and canvass blazing, but the descent veiled all in night.

"So sudden and tremendous was the eruption, and so intense the darkness which succeeded, that it was not possible to ascertain the precise position of the ketch at the moment. In the glaring, but fleeting light, no one person could say that he had noted more than one material circumstance, the fact that the Intrepid had not reached the point at which she aimed. The shells had not spread far, and those which fell on the rocks were so many proofs of this important truth. There was no other fact to indicate the precise spot where the ketch exploded. A few cries arose from the town, but the subsequent and deep silence that followed was more eloquent than any clamor. The whole of Tripoli was like a city of Tombs.

"If every eye had been watchful previously to the explosion, every eye now became doubly vigilant to discover the retreating barks. Men got near the sides of the vessels, holding lights, and placing their ears near the water, in the hope of detecting even the sound of muffled oars; and often was it fancied that the gallant adventurers were near. They never re-appeared. Hour after hour went by, until hope itself began to fail. Occasionally a rocket gleamed in the darkness, or a sullen gun was heard from the frigate, as signals to the boats; but the eyes that should have seen the first were sightless, and the last tolled on the ears of the dead.

#### DUELLING AT SEA.

Among the passengers on board a ship bound from New Orleans to one of our northern cities, there was a young lady, the only female passenger, and two gentlemen: one a young buckskin of eighteen, and the other apparently forty-five; both of whom became very much enamoured with this lone passenger. For some time they were both entirely ignorant of the passion of the other for the young lady; at length Mr. Chucks, the oldest of the two, desirous of learning the pedigree and circumstances of his charmer, and whether her market was yet to be made, opened a conversation with Mr. Green, the other lover; when a mutual confession ensued respecting the regard they both entertained for the unknown young lady, and their intention, if possible to secure a claim to her affections, if they were not already bound in holy ties to another. This confession, instead of palliating the case of either, threw a new obstacle in the way of both. One consultation succeeded another, both became very determined and avowed their intention to solicit her attention and regard. They were soon at open hostility—Mr. Chucks received a challenge from Mr. Green—he accepted it—Mr. Chucks chose horse pistols for his weapons, which were procured from the mate of the ship; the day and hour were appointed—they agreed to stand at ten yards distance diagonally upon the deck, that there could be no harm done to any but themselves. However, before the hour arrived, Chucks, who was a stout corpulent man, concluded that he had not an equal chance with his antagonist, who was of a small stature and very slim, and unlike the Irish barrister, was unwilling that Green should shoot at his own bigness marked out upon himself, probably fearing that if he did not hit the heart, he might injure the sap. However, after much parleying and some rough words, it was proposed that each should shoot at a target just the bigness of the other. Green readily consented to this, but Chucks still contended that Green had the advantage of him, but as life was not at stake he finally consented. The targets were prepared, and after shooting three times a-piece, to the great surprise of the other passengers, Chucks proved the best marksman. Green stepped directly up to Chucks and took him by the hand, acknowledging at the same time his defeat, and giving him his word that he would relinquish all claims to the lady, save those of sad recollection. The matter being decided, the veteran lover proceeded to pay his respects to his silent charmer, who had been kept in entire ignorance of the high regard in which she was held, and the cause of the duel. To the astonishment and mortification of Chucks, she informed him that she had been married twice, and was then the mother of several

children—that being predisposed to consumptive affections, she had visited her friends in the south to spend the winter, and was now returning with improved health to relieve her husband, who was an industrious mechanic, of those domestic duties which her absence incurred.

One of the incidents of savage warfare was an attack by the Indians, in 1708, on the then frontier village of Haverhill, called by them Pentucket, which is described in the following beautiful lines, by John G. Whittier:

#### PENTUCKET.

How sweetly on the wood-girt town  
The mellow light of sunset shone!  
Each small bright lake, whose waters still  
Mirror the forest and the hill,  
Reflected from its waveless breast  
The beauty of a cloudless west,  
Glorious as if a glimpse were given  
Within the western gates of heaven,  
Left, by the spirit of the star  
Of sunset's holy hour, ajar!

Beside the river's tranquil flood  
The dark and low-wall'd dwellings stood,  
Where many a rood of open land  
Stretch'd up and down on either hand,  
With corn-leaves waving freshly green  
The thick and blacken'd stumps between;  
Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,  
The wild, untravell'd forest spread,  
Back to those mountains, white and cold,  
Of which the Indian trapper told,  
Upon whose summits never yet  
Was mortal foot in safety set.

Quiet and calm, without a fear  
Of danger darkly lurking near,  
The weary labourer left his plough—  
The milk-maid carol'd by her cow—  
From cottage door and household hearth  
Rose songs of praise, or tones of mirth.  
At length the murmur died away,  
And silence on that village lay—  
So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,  
Ere the quick earthquake swallow'd all,  
Undreaming of the fiery fate  
Which made its dwellings desolate!

Hours pass'd away. By moonlight sped  
The Merrimac along his bed.  
Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood  
Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,  
Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,  
As the hush'd grouping of a dream.  
Yet on the still air crept a sound—  
No bark of fox—no rabbit's bound—  
No stir of wings—nor waters flowing—  
Nor leaves in midnight breezes blowing.

Was that the tread of many feet,  
Which downward from the hill-side beat?  
What forms were those which darkly stood  
Just on the margin of the wood?  
Charr'd tree-stumps in the moonlight dim,  
Or paling rude, or leafless limb?  
No—through the trees fierce eye-balls glow'd  
Dark human forms in moonshine show'd,  
Wild from their native wilderness,  
With painted limbs and battle-dress!

A yell, the dead might wake to hear,  
Swell'd on the night air, far and clear—  
Then smote the Indian tomahawk  
On crashing door and shattering lock—  
Then rang the rifle-shot—and then  
The shrill death-stream of stricken men—  
Sank the red axe in woman's brain,  
And childhood's cry arose in vain—  
Bursting through roof and window came,  
Red, fast and fierce, the kindled flame;  
And blended fire and moonlight glared  
Over dead corse and weapons bared.

The morning sun look'd brightly through  
The river willows, wet with dew.  
No sound of combat fill'd the air,  
No shout was heard,—nor gun-shot there:  
Yet still the thick and sullen smoke  
From smouldering ruins slowly broke;  
And on the green sward many a stain,  
And here and there, the mingled slain,  
Told how that midnight bolt had sped,  
Pentucket, on thy fated head!

Even now the villager can tell  
Where Rolfe beside his hearth-stone fell,  
Still show the door of wasting oak  
Through which the fatal death-shot broke,  
And point the curious stranger where  
De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare—  
Whose hideous head, in death still fear'd,  
Bore not a trace of hair or beard—  
And still, within the churchyard ground,  
Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,  
Whose grass-grown surface overlies  
The victims of that sacrifice.

"I'm laying down the law," as the client said when he floored his counsellor.

THE STORMY DAY.—It was a half-drizzling, half-stormy day, in the middle of November—just such a day as puts nervous people in a bad humour with themselves and everybody else. Job Dodge sat brooding over the fire immediately after breakfast. His wife addressed him as follows:—"Mr. Dodge, can't you mend that front door latch to-day?" "No," was the answer. "Well, can't you mend the handle of the water pail?" "No." "Well, can't you fix a handle to the mop?" "No." "Well, can't you put up some pins for the clothes, in our chamber?" "No." "Well, can't you fix that north window, so that the rain and snow won't drive in?" "No—no—no," answered the husband, sharply. He then took his hat, and was on the point of leaving the house, when his wife, knowing that he was going to the tavern, where he would meet some of his wet-day companions, asked him kindly to stop a moment. She then got her bonnet and cloak, and said to her husband, "You are going to the tavern; with your leave I will go with you." The husband stared. "Yes," said the wife, "I may as well go as you; if you go and waste the day, and tiddle at the tavern, why shall not I do the same?" Job felt the reproach. He shut the door; hung up his hat; got the hammer and nails; did all his wife had requested, and sat down by his fire at night, a better and happier man.

DOCILITY OF THE CAMEL.—Strings of camels are continually passing, each comprising about forty-five, and headed by a man upon an ass, who leads the first, the others being mostly connected by slight cords. It is a beautiful sight to see the perfect training and docility of these animals. The caravans, as the weather is becoming warmer, are beginning to travel by night, generally halting at about ten or eleven o'clock in the morning. The care of the camels seems to be very much left to the children. I have just watched a string of them stopping on an open plain: a child twitched the cord suspended from the head of the first; a loud gurgling growl indicated the pleasure of the camel as it awkwardly knelt down, and the child, who could just reach its back, unlinked the hooks which suspended from either side the bales of cotton; another child came with a bowl of water and a sponge, and was welcomed with a louder roar of pleasure as it washed the mouth and nostrils of the animal. This grateful office ended, the liberated camel wandered off to the thicket, to browse during the day; and this was done to each of the forty-five, which all unbidden had knelt down precisely as the one I have described, forming a circle which continued marked during the day by the bales of goods lying at regular distances. On a given signal, in the afternoon, about three o'clock, each camel resumed its place, and knelt between its bales, which were again attached; and the caravan proceeded on its tardy course. I am not surprised at finding the strong attachment of these animals to the children; for I have often seen three or four of them, when young, lying with their heads inside a tent in the midst of the sleeping children while their long bodies remained outside.—*Excursions in Asia Minor.*

Let the scoffers at utilitarian doctrines say what they will—only in a life of usefulness to others, can happiness be found here; and just so far as any one prefers self to others, and devotes himself to selfish delights, just so far will be his profound, internal dissatisfaction. We believe this to be an immutable truth, and the true explanation of the unhappiness of mankind.

We never yet knew a man disposed to scorn the humble who was not himself a fair object of scorn to the humblest. A man of a liberal mind has a reverence for the little pride that seasons every condition, and would deem it sacrilege to affront, or abate, the respect which is maintained with none of the adventitious aids, and solely by the observance of the honesties.

ADVICE.—Let the high, if they rose by their own exertions, be humble, inasmuch as they were once of low estate; and if they were born to the condition in which they now are, let them remember that their elevation is a mere circumstance over which they had no control.

LANGUAGES.—There are said to be no less than 3,424 known languages in use in the world; of which 937 are Asiatic, 587 European, 276 African, and 1,624 American languages and dialects. By calculation from the best dictionaries, for each of the following languages, there are about 20,000 words in the Spanish, 22,000 in the English, 25,000 in the Latin, 30,000 in the French, 45,000 in the Italian, 50,000 in the Greek, and 80,000 in the German.

A MILK TESTER.—A correspondent of the Boston News discloses the following simple process for the detection of water in milk:—

"Take a tumbler—across it lay two small sticks, as large as a quill—on these sticks place a tumbler, say two thirds full of milk. This is tumbler above tumbler—the one being empty and the upper one full or nearly full. This done, take a piece of linen or cotton one and a half inches wide, and sufficiently long to reach from near the bottom of the inside of the upper tumbler, in which is the milk, to an inch or two below it on the outside, letting the end hang into the lower tumbler. This forms a perfect syphon. All the water in the milk will run off into the lower. It will look white, to be sure, from having run through the milk—but it will be water—pure water.