

son of you! Pile it on! That's the way to tell it! Our whale this time."

"Stand up, Tabor," cried P—, in a low voice.

Peeking his ear, Tabor sprang to his feet, and grasped a harpoon.

"Shall I give him two irons?"

"Yes; he may be wild."

Another stroke or two, and we were hard upon him. Tabor, with unerring aim, let fly his irons, and buried them in the sockets in the huge carcass of the whale.

"Stern all!" thundered P—.

"Stern all!" echoes the crew; but it was too late. Our bows were high and dry on the whale's head. Infuriated by the pain produced by the harpoons, and doubtless much astonished to find his head so roughly used, he rolled half over, lashed the sea with his flukes, and in his struggles, dashed in two of the upper planks.

"Boat stove!—boat stove!" was the general cry.

"Silence!"—thundered the second mate, as he sprang to the bow, and exchanged places with Tabor.

"All safe, my hearties! stern hard! stern! stern before he gets his flukes upon us!"

"Stern all!" shouted we, and in a moment more we were out of danger. The whale now "turned flukes," and dashed off to windward with the speed of a locomotive, towing us after him at a glorious rate. We occasionally slackened line in order to give him plenty of play. A stiff breeze had sprung up, caused a rough chopping sea, and we leaked badly in the bow planks. It fell to my lot to keep the water bailed out; a ticklish job, the last—for, as the second mate said, "a single turn would whip off a shin as slick as goose grease."

Notwithstanding the roughness of the sea, we shot ahead with incredible swiftness; and the way we walked past the harbour boat, whose crew were tugging and laboring with all their might, was surprising.

"Hoora for the waist boat!" burst from every lip. Three hearty cheers followed, much to the annoyance of the other boats crew and mate. We exultingly took off our hats and waved them a polite "good bye," requesting them, if they had any news to send to windward ports, to be quick about it, as it was inconvenient for them to stop just then. I believe Solomon says it is not good to be vain glorious. At all events, while we were skimming along so gallantly, the whale suddenly milked, and pitched the boat on her beam ends. Every one who could grasp a thwart hung on to it, and were all fortunate enough to keep our seats. For as much as a ship's length the boat flew through the water on her gunwale, foaming and whizzing as she passed onward. It was rather a matter of doubt as to which side would turn uppermost, until Tabor slackened out the line, when she righted. To have a boat with all her irons, hances, gear and oars, piled on one's head in such a sea, was rather a startling prospect to the best swimmer.

Meanwhile the whale rose to the surface to spout. The change in his course had enabled the mate's boat to come up; and we had on our oars in order that Mr. D— might lance him. He struck him in the 'life' the first dart, as was evident from the whale's furious dym struggle; nevertheless, to make sure, he hauled up and churned a hance back of his head.

I cannot conceive anything more strikingly awful than the butchery of this tremendous leviathan of the deep. Foaming and breaching, he plunged from wave to wave, flung high in the air torrents of blood and spray. The sea around was literally a sea of blood. At one moment his head was poised in the air, the next, he buried himself in the gory sea, carrying down in his vast wake a whirlpool of foam and slime. But this respite was short. He rose again, rushing furiously upon his enemies; but a slight prick of a lance drove him back with mingled fury and terror. Whichever way he turned, the harpoon good d him to desperation. Now and again the intense agony caused him to lash the water with his huge flukes, till the very ocean appeared to heave and tremble at his power. Tossing, struggling, dashing over and over in his agony, he spouted up the last heart's blood. Half an hour before he was free as the wave spouting in all the pride of gigantic strength, and unrivalled power. He now lay a lifeless mass—his head toward the sun, his tremendous body heaving to the swell and his destroyers proudly cheering over their victory.

GRANDEUR OF NATURE.

I'ver attentive to her interests, Nature replaces in one spot what she has displaced in another. Ever attentive to beauty, and desirous of re-creating all things into their original dependence on

herself, she permits moss to creep over the prostrate column; and ivy to wave upon the time-worn battlement. Time, with its gradual, but incessant touch, withers the ivy and pulverizes the battlement. But Nature, ever magnificent in her designs!—who conceives and executes in one and the same moment;—whose veil no one has been able to uplift; whose progress is more swift than time, and more subtle than motion; and whose theatre is an orbit of incalculable diameter, and of effect so instantaneous, as to annihilate all idea of gradation; jealous of prerogative, and studious of her creations,—expands as it were with one hand what she compresses with another. Always diligent—she loses nothing. For were any particle of matter absolutely to become lost, bodies would lose their connexion with each other, and a link in the grand chain be dropped. Besides, so delicately is this globe balanced, that an annihilation of the smallest particle would throw it completely out of its sphere in the universe. From the beginning of time, not one atom, in the divisibility of matter, has been lost; not the minutest particle of what we denominate element; nor one deed, word, or thought, of any of his creations have ever escaped the knowledge, nor will ever escape the memory of the Eternal Mind—that exalted and electric mind which knows no past, and calculates no future!— [Sublimities of Nature.

Scientific.

EXPLOSIVE COTTON.

It may be unknown to some of our readers that a recent discovery has proved that common cotton soaked in nitrous and sulphuric acid, will produce an explosive substance of greater force than that of gunpowder. America, England, France, and some one of the German States, claim the merit of the discovery. Though it has received the name of gun-cotton, it is very doubtful whether it will to any great extent take the place of gunpowder. It is found to answer well for the purpose of blasting rocks, and the fact of its being considerably cheaper than gunpowder will cause it to be extensively used for that purpose. The Ordnance Department of England have decided that its use in the British army would not serve any good purpose. In Russia and some other countries the Governments have prohibited its manufacture by private individuals. When used in guns it exerts a force greater than gunpowder; but it is liable to explode at too low a temperature, and as the gun became hot, the use of the gun-cotton would become dangerous. The following describes the method of making it:—

Take a glass tumbler or other vessel of glass, and put into it half an ounce or thereabouts of clean cotton, of good quality, press it gently to the bottom of the tumbler with a glass rod. Pour on this cotton a small proportion of the prepared acids just sufficient to saturate it—then add a like quantity of cotton upon this, and acid enough to saturate it, continue to add cotton and acid in like manner, until the tumbler is two thirds full. The acid must not be in a greater quantity than sufficient to saturate the cotton, that is, it must not be in excess, or otherwise the cotton will be dissolved.

After you have advanced thus far, loosen up the mass from the bottom, and stir it round gently. Cover it over with a piece of glass, and let it stand for thirty minutes.

It might be pressed and stirred several times with the glass rod, to insure uniformity in the quality of the cotton. At the expiration of thirty minutes put it on a plate and press it gently to remove some of the acid, then pour on it a large quantity of water; the object of adding the cotton in small quantities will now be perceived, that by pouring the water on the mass it becomes more easily washed, afterwards put it in a vessel of water, and continue to wash until every trace of the acid is removed from the cotton, then pour the cotton and water into a clean rag, wring it dry; spread it out in a warm room to dry. After being thoroughly dried and carded, it is ready for use as Gunpowder.

The acid used to saturate the cotton is composed of the following:

- Equal parts by measures of Sulphuric Acid and Nitrous Acid.

Sulphuric Acid, of good quality, which has not been weakened and discoloured by any foreign matter, and nitrous acid of the strength of 1-45, or, as chemists here, who make it for sale, label the bottle FFFP.

After these acids are mixed, they should stand long enough to become cool before using.

You can prepare the Nitrous Acid by distilla-

Put in a glass retort: 10 parts, by weight, of dried Nitrate of Potash, and 6 parts, by weight, of Sulphuric Acid; apply the heat of a lamp to the retort, and keep the glass receiver cool with a wet rag. The gas which comes over is condensed into a limpid fluid, of a deep orange color, and fumes when the stoppl is removed; all the vessels used in preparing and washing the cotton should be of glass, as the cotton would otherwise attack them and injure the quality of the cotton, by reducing the strength of the acid.

For the Ladies.

TAKE IT EASY.

- Take it easy! life at longest But a lengthened shadow is And the brave as well as strongest Dare not call tomorrow his! Take it easy—for to-day All your plans of wisdom lay. Take it easy! done with fretting. Meet your neighbor with a smile, From the rising sun to setting Love the present all the while. Take it easy! every vow Make in reference to now. Take it easy! what is hidden Or is wrong, or seemeth so, Leave it as a thing forbidden, Out of which a curse may grow! Take it easy! never pry Into what will cause a sigh. Take it easy! daily turning To the monitor within, On its altar always burning Keep an incense free from sin! Take it easy! never fear While you keep your conscience clear! Take it easy! ever leaning To the scales of truth and right; Happiness from virtue gleaming, Peace of mind from wisdom bright! Take it easy! for at best, Life is but a sorry jest.

From the N. Y. State Journal.

WOMAN IN THE LAST EXTREMITY.

It is now nearly thirty years since the proud spirited and accomplished lady of Mr. W— performed the last act in the tragedy of life, under the following thrilling circumstance.

The family had just dined, and Mrs. W— was quietly seated in front of the wide open door of their elevated mansion, side by side, but not unalteredly, contemplating the changeful shadowings which the half clouded sun of September was casting upon the chequered scenes before her. The wild winds whistled mournfully through the half leaved boughs of the jessamine and lilac. The withered leaves of the shade trees, and the faded flowers of the garden lay scattered on the green grass plat of the door yard, while directly at the foot of the hill on which stands the mansion to the present day, foamed and tumbled and boiled along in full prospect, the cataract waters of the Black River, whose everlasting din is associated with the memory of a fair child that has gone to the land of its eternal dreams.

Mr. W— had returned that morning from the army, which was stationed upon an important frontier post, at a distance of only a few hours travel from his own residence. The official capacity in which he acted, for the government gave him the responsible charge of a large amount of money, in relation to which he had for some time been suspected of embezzlement, but had so adroitly managed the matter to escape detection. A secret negotiation had been formed between the agents of the government, and certain of the neighbors of Mr. W—, to discover, if possible, the disposition which had been made of the missing money, and it was upon the very afternoon that is stated above, that the desperate experiment was tried upon the person of Mr. W—, which proved successful, so far as the government was involved, but most fatal to the wife of the officer, whose participation in the guilty transactions of her husband was confessed by Mr. W—, on the supposition which had been forced upon him, that his life depended upon his disclosing immediately the spot in which the abstracted moneys were deposited.

Immediately after dinner, Mr. W— started to the village to transact some business, and was met by the men in pursuit of the lost treasure, who prevailed upon him to accompany them into the woods under the pretence of fishing or hunting. When the party had got entirely out of the hearing of the villagers, and had arrived at the margin of a deep pool of water, Mr. W— was suddenly seized upon by both of his companions, plunged into the water, and threatened with being instantly drowned, if he did not make a full and accurate confession of the disposition he had made of every dollar of the money that was missing. In this critical dilemma there appeared to be no hope; it was utterly useless to cry for assistance, where nought but the trees of the forest looked down upon his persevering attendants, and to ask God for mercy at this unexpected moment of peril, was of no use to him who could only breathe out the prayer of a guilty soul. They plunged his head under water a few times, demanding his confession at each interval of relief, and continued to keep him under a little longer upon each successive ducking, till at last the chilling fear of death had laid its iron grasp upon his heart, and he tremblingly gave way to the importunate entreaties of his desperate companions.

The conditions of his life had been explicitly stated to Mr. W—, and it only remained for him

to comply by frankly confessing the whole of the truth. This he did by informing them that the money had been sewed into a quilt or counterpane, which they would find in a specified apartment of his house. Mr. W— was then allowed to accompany his attendants in search of the treasure under the power of a writ which had been previously provided for the occasion.

As they entered the house, Mrs. W— was found in the contemplative attitude which we have already described in the commencement of our story. She suspected the object of the visit of her husband's attendants, and did not extend towards them any of the common courtesies of etiquette. A sudden start, in which contempt and astonishment were abruptly mingled, was the only attention which she bestowed, upon the posse as it entered the house. Mr. W— proceeded to inform his lady that he had been compelled, for the safety of his life, to disclose the secret of their joint embezzlement and guilt, and that the officers in company with him would now take possession of the treasure which had concealed. The lips of the proud woman quivered, her haughty eye flashed fire and vengeance, and her whole frame was convulsively agitated during these confessions of her husband. As Mr. W— concluded, she raised her arm into that most expressive attitude of the determined orator, which tells that there is no compromise of terms to be accorded to, and pointing significantly towards her husband, she exclaimed—"Base coward! faint hearted fool! For life, then, it is, that you compromised your honour and annihilated my reputation. Go, then, and enjoy as you may, alone the mean life you have purchased at expense of all that a man would care to live for. Yes, alone, I say, for you shall not have me to share your infamy! I will put my courage to the trying test—and see you, sir, if that will fail!"

As her emphatic speech was finished she sprang out of the door, rushed through the yard, flung open the gate, and in less than one minute reached the banks of the mid stream, almost before the suspicions of her fatal intention had taken hold of the minds of the spectators of her agitated demeanor. Mrs. W— walked deliberately out upon the point of a shelving rock which projects over a most furious section of the dangerous stream, and then suddenly turned with an air of triumph, to the shore. She cast one last look upon the quiet village which lay between her and the burning west, out of which the golden rays of the setting sun were streaming over hill-top and tree, and fast found his way on roof and dome and spire and cloud. "I have gained the victory!" she exclaimed to her pursuers, and the same instant the dark river closed its winding sheet of waters about her. She had disappeared among the rocks and foaming waters of that stream out of which no earthly arm could rescue her.

It is only a few months since all the material facts we have recorded, were related to us while standing upon the identical rock which bears the name of the distinguished lady referred to, and the memory of thousands now living will readily fill up the blank we have purposely made in this hasty sketch.

Scraps.

Why is a man who keeps his eyes shut like an illiterate schoolmaster?—Because he keeps his pupils in darkness.

FAIR GAME!—Mrs. Polly M. Woodcock, of Lowell, has petitioned to the "General Court" of the old Bay State, for permission to call herself Mrs. Mary M. Wood. It seems that Woodcocks are not allowed to be caught during certain months in the year in Massachusetts, and as the petitioner is a young and pretty widow, she doesn't like to have a mere name the obstacle in the way of her happiness.—[New Heaven Courier.

A POLITE YOUNG VAGABOND.—In Dresden, a little girl was heard to call from the window of a mean house, to her opposite neighbour, "Please, Mrs. M—, another sends her best compliments, and, if it's fine weather, would you go a begging with her to-morrow?"

KILLING THE DEVIL.—A young girl from the country, lately on a visit to Mr. A—, a Quaker, was prevailed on to accompany him to a meeting. It happened to be a silent one, none of the brethren being moved by the Spirit to utter a syllable. When Mr. A— left the meeting-house, with his young friend, he asked her, "How dost thee like the meeting?" To which she promptly replied, "Like it! why I can see no sense in it; to go and sit whole hours together, without speaking a word, it is enough to kill the Devil." "Yes, my dear," rejoined the Quaker, "that is just what we want."

RUNNING FROM THE WOMEN.—A laughable incident, says the Wheeling Argus, occurred at Monterey, during the late battles there. A Texan Ranger, in advancing through the houses to avoid the batteries in the streets, broke into a room where several Mexican ladies were kneeling in prayer before a crucifix and lighted candles. They arose to their feet, threw their arms around him, and in their own language supplicated his protection. Not understanding their motives, he ran out into the streets, and resisted the efforts of others to go in, saying the women would smother them. He could stand the fire of men, but not the attack of the women.

A SILVER COFFIN.—The church of St. Alexander Nevskoi, at St. Petersburg, is named after the canonized Grand Duke Alexander, whose remains were brought there in a silver coffin. It was in the same church Kohl, the traveller, was told by a guide, pointing to a corner of the building, "There lies a Cannibal." The inscription announced it to be the Russian General Hannibal; but as the Russians have no H, they change that letter almost always into K, and hence the extraordinary and not very flattering name given to the deceased warrior.