

billows broke all around her, but not a wave had dared to kiss her decks.

The storm increases, sir, said the first lieutenant, touching his hat.

Furl the top sails and set the try sails, roared the commander, above the howling of the blast. Dark forms glided up the rigging like shadows, and soon the top sails were furled, the try sails, at the same time caught the wind, and the spanker almost started from the bolt rope.

Have axes laid by the masts, and call all hands, said the captain.

All hands, cried the boatswain.

All hands, shouted his mates, and all hands stood upon deck. Then might one man look another in the face, and read wonder and terror mingled together there.

We have carried away the spanker, sir, shouted the captain of the after guard, as he went across the deck like lightning, in a fold of the tattered canvass.

Let it go, said the officer of the deck.

Cant over the spanker boom, brace the yards to the wind, and away they went like the turning of the spokes of a wind-mill wheel.

Here she comes, shouted the starboard cat-head watch, as he jumped from his post.

A moment more and the three-decker was near at hand—on one side and stretched out to leeward was the black ledge, and to windward was their consort, unmanageable, in the act of running them down.

Hard up your helm, shouted the officer of the deck, but it was too late, the Culloden came sweeping down like a deer before the hounds. Her mainmast tottered in its step, her top sails hung in tatters, the jib hung flapping at her sides, the waters gurgled along her careening guns, and then, to complete the horror of the scene, the men at the wheel were thrown senseless upon the deck.

She broached to for a moment, then away went her top-masts and flying jib, and down came her mainmast with an awful crash.

We are lost, shouted an old seaman, to his messmate in the Corvette's rigging.

There is no hope, said the captain, as he stood calmly amid a dozen officers, holding on to the companion railing—good bye, gentlemen—Heaven bless you—you have done your duty.

O God! shrieked a sailor's wife, as she ran across that sorrowful deck, and pressed the infant to her breast—my husband, my child. At this moment the captain of the Corvette sprang to her side, he looked at the old quarter master, her husband, who stood at the wheel.

No hope, said the old sea dog; farewell, Bess and my darling. It was enough, in a moment the sailor's wife and child were launched into the deep, and floated astern on a grating, while the captain, with a fixed look, stood at his quarters.

Crash came the Culloden, upon her consort, and in a moment the Corvette went down into the dark waters, and the heavy three-decker passed over her.

Wild was the yell that rose above that midnight wail to heaven, dreadful was the gurgle of the billow as it closed over pennon, spar, and sail. A moment, and she rode the billow like a thing of life—another, and the sea snake crawled through her port holes, and slimy things sported upon her decks of glory.

Breakers ahead, shouted the master of the Culloden, as she coursed along on her cruise of death.

We cannot weather them unless we clear the wreck, said the commodore.

Cullodens away, clear the wreck, thundered the first lieutenant, and throwing down the trumpet, he caught an axe, and headed the gallant waisters.

Away went the wreck with a tremendous crash; a single sea broke over the poop, sweeping it as though a fire had passed over it; and then the old three-decker hauled her wind, and shot past the ledge like a flash of light.

We are clear, said the commodore, breathing a long breath,—can you see anything of our consort's wreck?

A white mass is floating upon the water to windward, sir, cried the signal midshipman.

It's a woman and a child, said the quarter master; let us save her. An hundred persons, officers and men, now hung over the side with ropes—the sea having become much smoother inside the reef—and soon the quarter master's widow and child lay dead upon the vessel's deck.

No hope, said the doctor of the Culloden, turning away from the bodies with eyes filled with tears.

Let them be buried with their messmates, said the commodore, in a husky voice. The bodies were soon sewed up in one hammock, and then with a seaman's prayer they were launched forth to join the swollen hundreds that danced upon the agitated billows, cold in death.

Morning came, and with it a calm, the ocean was like a sleeping mill pond; the light house stood solitary in the distance—the Culloden lay at anchor in shore without a spar—a part of the wreck rested upon the Dead Man's Ledge—upon its taffrail a lonely heron perched—and the wave, as it gently broke against the foot of the rocks, and washed the sand from the stern, showed to the gaze of the beholder the name of the gallant Blenheim.—Gentleman's Magazine.

PRAIRIE SKETCHES.

NIGHT GUARDING.

It is midnight, and the moon does not rise till one. A hand is laid upon the shoulder of a sleeper, who stretched upon a buffalo robe, with a saddle beneath his head and a blanket above him, enjoying that slumber which is the attendant only of true weariness. After a shake or two, and a name being called, the sleeper utters a grunt expressive of dissatisfaction, and then exclaims, perhaps, with a pause and start,

Hallo? Who's that?

Come—guard! is the reply.

The aroused sleeper, after a stretch and a roll, and perhaps an oath, throws off his blanket, and pulls his rifle from beneath his buffalo robe. After securing his arms, and belting, perhaps, a thick blanket coat around him, he moves towards the expiring camp fire, when he examines his watch to see that he has not been called too soon, or perhaps pulls a pipe from his pocket, which having duly filled and lighted, he places in his mouth, and then off he goes, disappearing in the gloom to take his station outside the camp. An instant or two elapses, and the relieved guard is heard whistling some merry, dancing tune as he comes from duty, to amuse himself a few moments, throwing fresh sticks on the fire, perhaps exchanging a joke and a laugh with some messmate who has been awakened by the disturbance of changing guard, or perhaps he digs into the ashes for an ear of corn which he had left there to roast when he went out to guard, and now he plumps down cross legged before the fire to enjoy a delicious midnight lunch. Half of the hot ear is probably broken off and thrown in generous sportfulness at his waking messmate, who instant seizes and devours the favourite morsel, throwing back in return, perhaps, a pocket liquor flask by way of "acknowledging the corn." This little affair being arranged, the returned guard draws his solitary bed a little nearer to the fire, and disposes himself for the remainder of his night's slumber, talking facetiously to an imaginary wife, telling her to lay over and not use both pillows, to give him more room, draw the curtain and behave herself. Such are very apt to be his closing words as he drops to sleep, and in a few moments the camp is again wrapped in silence.

Now let us pay a visit to the guard whom we have just despatched on duty. There he stands in the dark, leaning upon his rifle in utter silence, by the side of the farthest mule staked outside of the camp. What can the eye distinguish in the darkness? Knowing the waggon are there, you can discover their white tops; but otherwise you might fancy the faint light came from some clearing in way of the clouds in that direction. In addition to this, you recognise a man's form, and a few of the nearest horses and mules all else is black. What is heard? The mules munching the grass, fit it is near a water course, the ripple or rush of the water, if buffalo are near, you hear their low bellowing, like a distant ocean surge, or like wind moaning through hollow caverns; perhaps an opposite sentinel whistles or sings a merry air, but this might serve to guide an enemy, and is not often indulged in; these sounds you may hear, but at times death itself is not more solemn, or more still.

Hush! Observe! The mule beside the sentinel lifts its head from the grass, gives a short blow with its nostrils, pricks back its ears and stares before it into the darkness. Mark the sentinel! The instant he observed the action of the mule he crouched upon the ground, and cocked his rifle, and now observe with what intense watchfulness he peers into the pitchy depth in search of danger. Suddenly a footstep is heard approaching, and instantly the stillness is broken by the quick challenge of the sentinel.

Who goes there? Speak!

The answer shows the person to be the captain or sergeant of the guard, taking his solitary walk round the encampment, and now the sentinel is sure to want a dry cap for his rifle, or a bit of tobacco, or the loan of a pipe, anything to detain the sergeant a few moments in conversation, and should the sergeant be in a sociable humour, perhaps they may both sit down upon the grass and while away fifteen minutes in guessing how long the travel will continue to be through the dangerous country, where the disagreeable duty of guarding is considered necessary.

The sentinel is again alone, and, hush! Again the grazing mule shows tokens of alarm! You hear the faint click of the rifle as the guard suddenly cocks it, and again he prostrates himself in the grass, with his head cautiously raised, and his eye fixed, in the direction indicated by the gaze of the startled mule. Something moves—no—the silver moon is rising, but the light is yet so indistinct as to be even more perplexing than the darkness; but something does move. It is not the waving of a tuft of grass in the night breeze, for it has changed its position. The guard is certain of this, and steadily keeping his rifle aimed at the moving object he gives the challenge.

Who goes there? Speak!—Speak!

and his fore finger is curled around the trigger to fire, when he takes an instant more to pause, and as the moonlight falls more clearly upon the earth, he becomes aware that the intruder is a wolf prowling around the camp in search of food. Relieved from his alarm at the same moment that the cheering moonbeams come to lighten his solitary duty, the sentinel laughs at his mistake, and perhaps examines his watch, peering closely at it by the moon, or feeling the hands with his finger, to see how long he has got to remain on guard.

And how glorious does the moon rise upon the prairie! How beautiful is the moon rising in any clime or upon any scene! But that sympathy, that notion of companionship, which some spirits seem to find in the silver night, Queen, can never appear so like a real and actual influence as when you are removed far from your fellow men, and feel yourself alone in the wilderness. When you see that heaven still smiles on you though man is distant, and your soul whispers that the God that made you can be near, perhaps nearer to you there, than when walled round by a circle of friends and kindred.—Penny.

MALIBRAN.

Madame Malibran was continually at variance with the directors of the Opera. They remonstrated with her on the little regard she paid to the preservation of her health, and the probable injury her voice would incur from her fondness for every species of amusement. Unlike other singers she never spared herself. On all occasions she was ready to volunteer her services. She amused herself with reading, dancing, and all sorts of violent exercises, and fondness for late hours was highly prejudicial to her vocal powers. One evening she had promised me her company at an evening party. The managers unexpectedly determined that a benefit, at which she was bound to perform, should take place that night. Madame Malibran remonstrated, but in vain. Monsieur Robert was obdurate.

Well, said Maria, make what arrangement you please. I will be at the theatre because it is my duty, but I'll go to Madame Merlin's because it is my pleasure. She kept her word. After playing Semiramide she came to my house, sang three songs, ate a hearty supper, and waltzed till long after the dawn of day. She did not, however, always escape the ill consequences of this imprudence, though the public were but little aware of the state of suffering under which she appeared before them. On one occasion, having passed the whole night at a ball, on her return home, finding that she had to play that evening, she retired to bed and slept till noon. On rising she ordered her saddle horse, galloped off, returned home at six, partook of a hurried dinner, and away to the Opera, where she was to play Arsace. Having dressed for the party, she was about to announce her readiness, when, overcome by exhaustion, she fell down in a fainting fit. In an instant the alarm was spread and assistance was summoned. Twenty different remedies were tried, twenty bottles of perfume and other restoratives proffered, and among others, a bottle of hartshorn. In the confusion of the moment Monsieur Robert (who was terrified out of his senses by this unfortunate occurrence) unluckily seized the hartshorn, and applied it to the lips instead of the nose of the fainting prima donna. Madame Malibran recovered, but alas! the hartshorn had frightfully blistered her lips. Here was an unforeseen misfortune; the house was already filled; the audience were beginning to manifest impatience. It was now too late to change the performance—Monsieur Robert knew not what apology to offer.

Stay, exclaimed Madame Malibran, I'll remedy this. Taking up a pair of scissors, she approached the looking glass, and though suffering the most acute pain, she cut from her lips the skin which had been raised by the blisters. In ten minutes afterwards she was on the stage, singing with Semiramide Sontag. It has often been said that she indulged in the use of strong spirits; that, in fact, she was addicted to intemperate drinking. This was a mistake, arising from her occasional use of tonics. To these she had recourse when her failing strength required artificial stimulus. When nature refused to assist her, which was frequently the case, she would fly to these restoratives. It was not any partiality for strong drinks. To accomplish her triumphs, she set physical force at defiance, nothing daunted her. In the instance above mentioned, her lacerated and bleeding lips caused her to suffer severe pain throughout the whole opera. To gratify her audience at Manchester, she sang three times the duet from "Andromeda" within a few hours of death—a death caused by extreme and unceasing exertions.

De Tocqueville, in his Democracy in America, pays the following bold tribute to the worth of American woman.

As for myself, I do not hesitate to avow that, although the women of the United States are confined within the narrow circle of domestic life, and their situation is in some respects one of extreme dependence, I have nowhere seen women occupying a loftier position (that is, of moral influence), and if I were asked now that I am drawing to the close of this work, in which I have spoken of so many important things done by the Americans, to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of the people ought mainly to be attributed, I should reply—To the superiority of their women.

In London, a little girl, who had been some time under water, was retored to life by electricity, after all other remedies had failed. The shocks were passed gently through the head and breast, and along the spine, while the power was gradually increased. In ten minutes she gave signs of life, and in three quarters of an hour was in a fair way of recovery.

Exercise and amusement, combined, produce tonic effects—increasing all the secretions and powers of life.