

An Opportune Crow.

[We are no friends to war, and consequently feel more disposed to grieve over the relation of great engagements, than to exult in the victory which may have crowned the arms of our country; yet we cannot help giving this remarkable incident, as an instance of the power of resolution to vanquish apparently invincible foes. Our Temperance friends may learn a lesson from the fact, which will be useful to them in their great moral conflict with ALCOHOL.]

On the memorable 1st of June (Lord Howe's victory) Capt. Berkeley commanded the *Marlborough*, and broke through the French line between *L'Impetueux* and *Le Mucius*, each of superior force, and engaged them both. On going into action the Captain ordered all the live stock to be thrown overboard, but at the humble request of his crew permitted them to retain an old game cock, which they (the crew) had fought several times, and always with success. Though the coop was thrown into the sea, the cock was allowed to range the deck at liberty. In the action the *Marlborough* was so severely handled by her opponents that half the crew were disabled, her captain carried wounded below, her mainmast shot away, and the remainder of the men driven from their quarters. At the very juncture when the *Marlborough* was on the point of striking, there chanced one of those awful lulls in the roar of the thundering cannon often experienced in general action: in that momentary silence, when the falling of a rope might be heard, the old game cock, who had escaped the human carnage, hopped up upon the shattered stump of a mainmast, and, with a loud and triumphant flapping of his wings, sent forth such a long and lusty challenge as to be heard in every part of the

disabled ship. No individual spoke in reply to the homely but touching alarm; one universal and gallant cheer from the broken crew arose; they remembered the indomitable courage of the bird that sat undis-mayed above the bleeding horrors of the deck, and every soul on board who could drag their limbs to quarters remanned the guns, resumed the action, and forced each of their opponents to surrender. A silver medal was struck by order of Admiral Berkeley; it was hung upon the neck of the old game cock, who, in the parks and around the princely halls of Goodwood, passed the remainder of his downy days in honored safety.—*British Naval History.*

A Short Lecture to Young Men.

In *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine* we find a great deal of practical good sense, but the following advice to young men, which we clip from its pages, is particularly excellent:—

“Keep good company, or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him. *Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.* Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income. When you retire to bed think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich, if