

also to 'jump the life to come,' if they can recede impunity in their present career. Let them read Macbeth with care, and get from its wondrous page a terrific glimpse of the world. Let them look on poor, weak, deluded human nature when trusting in itself. Let them see the highest earthly rank, when unblessed by Heaven—the haughtiest, loftiest, steadiest mind, when turned from God to follow, with its own rash steps, the mezes of life. Let them, while they are pure and innocent, remain so. Let them keep the quiet conscience of the gentlewoman, even if, to do so, they are obliged to remain in her lowly position. Let them never, for 'the dignity of the body,' poison the quiet of the soul. Let them tread the darkest, weariest paths of common life, rather than fill their minds with any delusive and hollow hope of worldly advantage. Put no rancors in the vessel of your peace, whatever be the temptation. Cling to him alone whose promises are fulfilled. Commit no act, greater or smaller, which can prey on your imagination and poison the good which may be in store for you. Put no damned spot upon your hand. Once there, it is ineffacable by all the washing of the ocean—by all the perfumes of Arabia; and however great may appear the temptation, keep the eternal jewel, Innocence, from 'the common enemy of man.'

From the New York Youth's Gazette.

The Vatican, a magnificent palace, in Rome, is said to consist of seven thousand rooms. It is advantageously situated on an eminence, one of the seven hills on which ancient Rome was built. The parts the most admired are the grand staircase, the pope's apartments; and, above all, the vatican library, so beautiful a fabric, that it is said it will admit of no improvement, and also the richest in the world, both in printed books and manuscripts.

HORRIBLE MODE OF TORTURE AND EXECUTION IN MONTE VIDEO.

In the various uses to which they apply the hides of bullocks, that of punishment is not left out. It is related of them that they sow up their prisoners in a wet hide, leaving out the head and neck only; and in this condition lay them on the ground in the sun to dry. In the process of drying, which the hide soon does, in the powerful effects of the sun, it becomes contracted and produces the most excruciating tortures on the unfortunate prisoner by the increase of pressure; but if night arrives before he dies from its effects, the hide relaxes again with the moisture of the air, only to prolong his sufferings on the next day, which generally is the last. So cruel a death is ever worse than that which the boa constrictor can inflict, and the invention of it is said to belong to a barbarian named Ramiriz.

SOUNDS.

The difficulty of transmitting sounds to a great distance arises from the sound spreading and losing itself in the surrounding air; so that if we could confine it on one side, as along a wall—on two sides, as in a narrow street—or on all sides, as in a tube or pipe—we should be able to convey it to great distances. In the cast iron water-pipe of Paris, which formed a continuous tube with only two bendings near its middle, the lowest whisper at one end was distinctly heard at the other, through a distance of 3,120 feet. A pistol fired at one end actually blew out a candle at the other end, and drove out light substances with great violence. Hence we see the operation of speaking tubes which pass from one part of a building to another, and of the new kind of bell which is formed of a wooden or tin tube, with a small piece at each end. By pushing in one piston, the air in the tube conveys the effect to the piston at the other end, which strikes against the bell—this piston being, as it were, the clapper on the outside of the bell.

SWIFTNES OF MEN.

It is said that men who are used to it, will outrun horses, by holding their speed longer. A man will also walk down a horse, for after he has travelled a few days, the horse will be quite tired, but the man will be as fresh for motion as at the beginning. The king's messengers walk in Persia, 108 miles, in 14 hours. Hottentots outstrip lions in the chase, and savages who hunt the elk, tire it down and take it; they are said to have performed a journey of 3,600 miles in less than six weeks.

BOOKS.

Your domestic comfort will be incomplete without books. The mind wants a supply as well as the body, and reading constitutes one means of such supply. These must vary in some measure to suit your taste and education. Always have a few easy elementary books, in which you can teach the children their lessons; and a few books and papers laid convenient for reading whenever any part of the family has a little leisure. Be careful, however, that every book and

paper be such as you would wish your children to peruse; and that they contain nothing of an immoral or an irreligious tendency. Besides a good dictionary, and as many other books as you can afford, see that every one of the children is supplied with a Bible, so that you may, at any time, all read together. This is better than buying one large Bible at a great expense. What can be pleasanter during the winter evenings than a supply of good books?

From Graham's Magazine.

'HATH NOT THY ROSE A CANKER.'  
PRESSED with the weight of morning dews,  
Its slender stalk the rose was bending,  
And red and white in changing hues  
Upon its cheek were sweetly blending;  
But underneath the leaflets bright,  
By blushing beauty hid from sight,  
Enamored with its fragrance rare,  
The canker worm was feasting there.

O! thou who in thy youthful days  
Ambition's wreaths art proudly twining,  
And fondly hoping worldly praise  
Will cheer thine after years declining,  
Beware, lest every tempting rose  
That in ambition's pathway grows,  
Conceal beneath its semblance fair  
The lurking canker of despair.

And thou who in thine early morn  
For sin the paths of truth art leaving,  
Remember, though no pointed thorn  
May pierce the garland thou art weaving,  
Yet every bud whence flowers bloom  
Shall its own living sweets entomb;  
For deep the canker worm of care  
Is feasting on its vitals there.

Thou too, the beautiful and bright,  
At Pleasure's shrine devoutly kneeling,  
Dost thou not see the fatal blight  
Across thy roselike chaplet stealing?  
Time hath not touched with fingers cold  
Those glossy leaves of beauty's mould;  
And yet each bud and blossom gay  
Is marked for slow but sure decay.

O! ye who sigh for flowers that bloom  
In one eternal spring of gladness,  
Where beauty finds no darkened tomb,  
And joy hath never dreamed of sadness;  
Elysian fields are yours to roam  
Where groves of fadeless pleasures bloom;  
O! linger not where sorrow's tears  
May blight the cherished hopes of years.  
MRS. LOIS B. ADAMS.

From Graham's Magazine.

HARRY CAVENDISH.  
By the Author of 'Cruising in the last War,'  
the 'Reefers of '76,' &c.

THE LAST SHOT.

'I hurried on my clothes, and following him to the deck, saw, at the first glance, that the good doctor's fears respecting the strange sail were not without foundation. She was a sharp, low brig, with masts raking far aft, and a spread of canvass towering from her decks sufficient to have driven a sloop of war. The haze of the morning had concealed her from sight until the last five minutes; but now the broad disc of the sun, rising majestically behind her, brought out her masts, tracery and hull in bold and distinct relief. When first discovered, she was within long cannon shot, but standing off to windward. She altered her course immediately, however, on perceiving us, and was already closing. She carried no ensign, but there was that in her crowded decks and jaunty air which did not permit me to doubt a moment as to her character.

'A rover, by —,' said the skipper, who had been scrutinizing the strange sail through a glass; 'and she is trable our force,' he continued, in a whisper to me. 'We have no choice, either, but to fight.'

I shook my head, for it was evident that escape was impossible.

'She sails like a witch, too,' I replied, in the same low tone, 'and would overhaul us, no matter what her position might be.'

'I wish we were a dozen leagues away,' said the captain, shrugging his shoulders, 'there is little honour and no profit in fighting these cut-throats, and if we are whipt, as we shall be, they will slit our windpipes as if we were so many sheep in a slaughter-house. Bah!'

'Not so,' I exclaimed enthusiastically, 'we will die sword in hand. Since these murderers have crossed our path we must, if every thing else fail, suffer them to board us, and then blow the schooner out of water. I myself will fire the train.'

'Now, by the God above us, you speak as a brave man should, and shame my momentary disgust, for fear I will not call it. No, Jack Merivale never wanted courage, however prudence might have been lacking. But little did I think that you, Cavendish, would ever show less prudence than myself, as you have to-day. You seem a changed man.'

'I am one,' I exclaimed; 'but that is neither here nor there. When once you freebooter gets alongside, Harry Cavendish will not be behindhand in doing his duty.'

My superior, at any other time, could not have failed to notice the excitement under which I spoke, but now his mind was too fully occupied to give my demeanor a second thought, and our conversation was cut short by a ball from the pirate, which, whistling

over our heads, plumped into the sea some fathoms distant. At the same instant a mass of dark burning shot up to the gaff of the brig, and, slowly unrolling, blew out steadily in the breeze, disclosing a black flag, unrelieved by a single emblem. But we well knew the meaning of that ominous ensign.

'He taunts us with his accursed flag,' said the skipper energetically; 'by the Lord that liveth, he shall feel that freemen know how to defend their lives and honor. Call aft the men, and then to quarters. We will blow you scoundrels out of water, or die on the last plank.'

Never did I listen to more vehement, more soul-stirring eloquence than that which rolled, like a tide of fire, from the captain's lips when the men had gathered aft. Every eye flashed with indignation, every bosom heaved with high and noble daring, as he pointed impetuously to the foe and asked if there was one who heard him that wished to shrink from the contest. To his impassioned appeal they answered with a loud huzza, brandishing their cutlasses above their heads and swearing to stand by him to the last.

'I know it, my brave boys—I remember how you fought the privateer's men,' for most of his old crew had re-entered, 'but yonder cut-throats are still more deceitful and blood-thirsty. We have nothing to hope for from them but a short shrift and the yard-arm. We fight, not for our country and property alone, but for our lives also. The little Falcon has struck down too many prizes already, to show the coward's feather now. Let us make these decks slippery with our best blood rather than surrender. Stand by me, if they board us, and—my word on it—the survivors will long talk of this glorious day. And now, my brave lads, splice the main-brace, and then to quarters.'

Another cheer followed the close of this harangue, when the men gathered at their quarters, each one as he passed to his station receiving a glass of grog. As I ran my eye along the decks, and saw the stalwart frames and flashing eyes of the crew, I felt assured that the day was destined to be desperately contested; and when I thought of the vast odds against which we had to contend, and the glorious deeds which this superiority would make room for, I experienced an exaltation which I cannot describe. The time for which, in the bitterness of my heart, I had prayed, was come; and I resolved to dare things this day which, if they ever reached the ears of Annette, should prove to her that I died the death of a gallant soldier. The thought that, perhaps, she might regret me when I was gone, was sweeter to me than the song of many waters.

Little time, however, was left for such emotions, for scarcely had the men taken their stations when the pirate, who had hitherto been manoeuvring for a favourable position and only occasionally firing a shot, opened his batteries on us, discharging his guns in such quick succession that his sides seemed one continuous blaze, and his tall masts were to be seen reeling backwards from the shock of his broadside. Instantaneously the iron tempest came hurling across us, and for a space I was bewildered by the rending of timbers, the falling of spars, and the agonizing shrieks of the wounded. The main-top-mast came rattling to the deck with all its hamper at the very moment that a mesmate fell dead beside me. For a few minutes all was consternation and confusion. So rapid had been the discharges, and so well aimed had been the shot, that, in the twinkling of an eye, we saw ourselves almost a wreck on the water, and comparatively at the mercy of our foe.

'Clear away this hamper,' shouted the skipper, 'stand to your guns forward there, and give it to the pirate.'

With the word the two light pieces and the gun amidships opened on the now rapidly closing foe; but the metal of all except the swivel was so light that it did no perceptible damage on the thick ribbed hull of our antagonist. The ball from the long eighteen, however, swept the decks of the foe, and appeared to have carried no little havoc in its course. But the broadside did not check the approach of the rover. His object was manifestly to run us foul and board us. Steadily, therefore, he maintained his course, swerving scarcely a hair's breadth at our discharge, but keeping tight on us as if scorning our futile efforts to check his progress. We did not, however, intermit our exertions. Although crippled we were not disheartened—despairing, we entertained no thought of submission, but rallying around our guns, we fought them like lions at bay, firing with such rapidity that our decks, and the ocean around, soon came to be almost obscured in the thick fleecy veil of smoke that settled slowly on the water. Every few minutes a ball from the pirate whizzed by in our immediate vicinity, or crashed among our spars; but the increasing clouds of vapour, clinging about the pathway of our foe as well as of ourselves, made his fire naturally less deadly than at first. For a short space we even lost sight of our antagonist and the gunners paused, uncertain where to fire; but suddenly the lofty spars of the pirate were seen riding above the white fog, scarcely a pistol shot from us, and in another minute with a deafening crash, the rover ran us aboard, his bowsprit jamming in our fore-rigging as he approached us head on. Almost before we could recover from our surprise we heard a stern voice crying out in the Spanish tongue for boarders, and immediately a dark mass of ruffians gathered, like a cluster of

boes, on the bowsprit of the foe, with cutlasses brandished aloft, preparatory to a descent on our decks.

'Rally to repel boarders!' thundered the skipper, springing forward, 'ho! beat back the bloodhounds from your decks,' and with the word, he made a blow at a desperado who, at that moment sprang into the fore-rigging; when my superior drew back his sword it was red with the heart's blood of the assailant, who, falling heavily backwards with a dull splash, squatted a second on the water, like a wounded water fowl, and then sank for ever. For a single breath his companions stood appalled, and then, with a savage yell, leaping on our decks, fiercely attacked our little band. In vain our gallant tars disputed every inch of ground—in vain one after another of the assailants dyed the deck with his blood—in vain by word and deed the skipper incited the crew to almost gigantic exertions; nothing could resist the overpowering tide of assailants which poured on in an unremitting stream from the brig, bearing down every thing before it as an avalanche from the hills. Step by step our brave lads were steadily forced backwards, until at length the whole fore-castle was in possession of the foe, and a solid mass of freebooters was advancing on the starboard side of the open main hatch, in eager pursuit of the retreating crew. I had foreseen this result to the conflict, and instead, therefore, of aiding to repel the boarders, had been engaged in loading one of the lighter guns with grape, and dragging it around, so as to command this very path—a duty which I had been enabled to perform unnoticed by either party in the fierce excitement of the *melee*. I had hardly masked my little battery, and not three minutes had elapsed from the first onset of the boarders, when my mesmates came driving towards me, as I have described, beaten in by the solid masses of the enemy. Already the fugitives had passed the hatchway, and the foremost desperadoes of the assailing column were even now within three feet of the muzzle of my gun, when I signed to my confederate to jerk off the tarpaulin which had masked our piece. The pirates started back in horror when they saw their peril, but I gave them no time to escape. Quick as lightning I applied the match, and the whole fiery cataract was belched upon them. Language cannot depict the fearful havoc of that discharge. The hurricane of fire and shot mowed its way lengthwise, through the narrow and crowded column, scattered the dying and the dead beneath its track, as a whirlwind uproots the forest trees; while groans, and imprecations, and shrieks of anguish rent the air, drowning the sounds of the explosion, and the crashing of the grape, amongst its victims.

'Now charge!' I shouted, as if seized with a sudden frenzy, springing into the very midst of the foe, 'charge them, my gallant braves, and sweep the murderers from the deck. No quarter to the knaves! Hew them to the brisquet, and following every word with a blow, and seconded by our men who seemed to catch my fury, we made such havoc among those of the pirates whom the grape had spared, that, astonished, paralyzed, disconcerted, and finally struck with mortal fear, they fled wildly from the schooner, some regaining their craft by the bowsprit, some plunging overboard and swimming to her, and some leaping headlong into the deep never to rise again. Seizing an axe, and springing forward, I hastily cut our hamper loose from the foe, and with the next swell the two vessels slowly parted.

'Now to your guns, my men,' shouted the skipper, unconscious of a dangerous wound, in the excitement of the moment, 'give it to them before they can rally to their quarters. Fire!'

We poured in our broadsides like hail, riddling even the solid sides of our foe, and making his decks slippery with blood, and all this before the discomfited freebooters could rally to their guns and return our shots. Our men, fired with an enthusiasm which approached to madness, loaded with a speed that seems to me now incredible, and the third broadside was shaking every timber of our little craft, before a solitary gun was discharged in reply from the pirate.

'Ah! he has woken up at last,' said my old friend, the captain of our long Tom, 'and she may yet regain the day if we don't fight like devils. Bring me that shot from the galley.'

'In God's name, what do you mean?' said I, as he coolly sat down by his piece. 'In with the ball and let the rover have it—not a moment is to be lost.'

'Aye! I know that, lieutenant; and here comes the settler for which I waited,' he exclaimed, as the cook brought a red hot shot from the galley, 'I thought I'd venture on a little experiment of my own, and I've seen 'em do wonders with these fiery comets afore now. There—here she has it,' he exclaimed, as the shot was sent home, 'now God have mercy on them varmint's souls.'

From some strange, unaccountable presentiment, I stepped mechanically backward and cast an eye at the brig, which had now floated to some distance. As I did so, a trail of fire glanced before my sight, and I saw the shimmering shot enter her side. Thought was not quicker than the explosion which followed, shaking the sea beneath and the sky above, and almost deafening the ear with its unearthly concussions, while instantaneously a gush of flame shot far up into the sky; the masts of the vessels were lifted perpendicularly upwards, and the whole air was filled with shattered timbers and mangled human bodies that fell the next minute pattering around us into the