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MISCELLANEOUS.

MOONLIGHT.

VENETIAN BARGANOL.

O, speed thee, Ninetta,  
The night is so fair,  
In our boat let us hasten  
To quaff the cool air,  
For old it is nothing  
Along the bright sea,  
All silvered with moonbeams  
To float silently.  
How beautiful the soft tones  
The moonbeams how bright!  
Oh! smiling Lagoon,  
I'm mad with delight!  
Come, come, my sweet Nino,  
The boat let us glide,  
And meet the cool breeze,  
That sigh over the tide.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

**COUSIN SALLY DILLIARD.**

SCENE—A Court of Justice in N. Carolina.

A beardless disciple of Themis rises, and thus addressed the Court:—May it please your Worship and you Gentlemen of the Jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never before befallen me to be obliged to denounce a breach of the peace so enormous and transcending as the one now claiming your attention. A more barbarous, direful, marked and malicious assault—more wilful, violent, dangerous and murderous batter, and finally, a more diabolical breach of the peace has seldom happened in a civilized country, and I dare say it has seldom been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feeling as this—

which took place at Captain Rice's, in this county, but you will hear it from the witness. The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and deposed—one, that he heard the noise, but didn't see the fight—another, that he saw the row, but don't know who struck first—and a third, that he was very drunk, and couldn't say much about the scrimmage.

**LAWYER CHOPS.** I am sorry gentlemen, to have occupied so much of your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arose, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance, who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and was able to make himself clearly and intelligibly understood by the Court and Jury, I should not so long have trespassed on your time and patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat chuffly looking man, a "leelle" corned, and took his corporal oath with an air.

**CHOPS.** Mr. Harris, we wish you to tell all about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's, and as a good deal of time has been already wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be as compendious, and at the same time as explicit as possible.

**HARRIS.** "Ezactly," giving the lawyer a knowing wink, at the same time clearing his throat—Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard, she came over to our house, and axed me if my wife, she moughtn't go—I told cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of the Rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately; but howsoever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife she moughtn't go.—Well, cousin Sally Dilliard then axed me if Mose, he moughtn't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard that Mose, he was the foreman of the crop, and the crop was smartly in the grass; but howsoever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose, he moughtn't go.

**CHOPS.** In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rigmarole?

**WITNESS.** Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife, she moughtn't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard—

**CHOPS.** Stop, sir, if you please; we don't want to hear any thing about cousin Sally Dilliard and your wife tell us about the fight at Rice's.

**WITNESS.** Well I will sir, if you will let me.

**CHOPS.** Well, sir, go on.

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**WITNESS.** Well, sir, what do you want.

**CHOPS.** We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed in this impertinent story. Do you know any thing about the matter before the court?

**WITNESS.** To be sure I do.

**CHOPS.** Will you go on and tell it, and nothing else.

**WITNESS.** Well, Captain Rice, he gin a treat—

**CHOPS.** This is intolerable! May it please the court, I move that this witness be committed for a contempt; he seems to me to be trifling with the court.

**Court.** Witness, you are now before a court of justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell what you know about the fight at Captain Rice's.

**Witness (alarmed).** Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard—

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"Your bright-haired boy has gone up the cabin stairs," said the captain to the father.

Mr. Albert immediately ascended to the deck, and all the blood in his cheeks shrunk to his heart when he saw the situation of his son. But the boy gave him no time to think; for, partly turning round his neck, and taking his small hands from their resting place, he attempted to wave his father towards him.

At that moment, a sea struck the opposite side of the vessel—the boy lost his balance—he fell into the water, and a huge billow displaced him upon its swelling back.

The wretched father uttered a dreadful shriek, and sprang over the bulwark into the sea.

The man at the helm was the only person at that time upon deck. He instantly left the wheel, ran down the cabin stairs, and with a trembling lip, told the master of the accident.

"Out with the boat in an instant," roared the captain, and at the same time, running wildly about the deck, "call the fresh water, and about ship immediately!" Mated upon the shrouds directly; kept a sharp eye upon the poor gentleman and his boy, and let four arms be directed to where the waves carried them.

The captain was the first to spring into the boat, and his crew eagerly followed him. For never did a true American sailor wait for a second order, when his duty was required. Bravery and kindness of heart are often synonymous.

"Pull my lady; for God's sake pull!" cried the captain, as he kept turning round, at one time to see the mate on the mast, pointing out the direction the bodies had taken, and then steer the boat aright.

The men did not utter a word, but pulled at the oars with all their power.

"'Tis a drifting sea," said the captain. "Not one of the men answered him, but each continued to labour away."

"Have my eyes!—keep a good look out at the head of the boat, Atkins!"

Here the captain turned to look again at the directing arm upon the ship's mast; and he turned deadly cold when he saw the mate raise, as if in alarm, his hands on high.

"God of Heaven!" cried the captain, "they have, indeed, sunk!"

"I saw it," exclaimed the second officer, who was stationed at the head of the boat—"I saw it shake its jaw—and to God, save us, is that the yellowish gulph-moat between his teeth? Surely it can't be the poor child's hair?"

The dreadful catastrophe was soon testified to. A billow, lightly tinged with blood, rose across the boat, and disappeared within its centre a huge shark!

No traces of the poor father were perceivable. The captain grew sick at heart.

"Take the helm, Atkins," he said, keeping his eyes fixed on the bottom of the boat. The second mate's check had a cold tinge upon it, as he, in silence, obeyed his commander's orders. And a fine expression of still sorrow was perceivable upon every man composing the boat's crew.

Slowly and faithfully did the captain ascend the side of the ship.

"Let me not be called during the night," he said, addressing the first officer, "who not show me the log-book for some days to come."

He then entered his state room, fastened the door, and fell upon his bed, sobbing violently.

The night watch was set. But not a man disturbed the stillness of the deck with a heavy tread. The Heavens looked cold and bright.—Naught was heard through the dark hours but the light cry of the wheel, as the man at the helm looked at the binnacle light, and kept the vessel up to the wind.

[*Chrysalis Monitor.*]

**DEACON SLOCUM.**

In a small village near New Hampshire, resided about twenty years since, Deacon Lemuel Slocum, famous for piety, parsimony, and property.

A neighbour of his had met with some difficulties, and was obliged to have recourse to him for a loan. The Deacon gave him seventy-five dollars, and took his note, with good security, for a hundred.

Being unable to pay at the end of the year, the Deacon demanded a new note as his custom was, demanded principal and interest. The borrower remonstrated; but in vain. The usual declaration that "the most provide for his family," and that, "if simple interest is just, compound interest is just," silenced every appeal to his justice or generosity.

The Deacon attended meeting as usual on the following Sabbath. On the afternoon of that day, the eccentric and talented Mr. Chase, for his subject, the admonitions of St. Paul to the Corinthian church, in the fifth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians, and eleventh verse.

The first part of the reproof, we must say, in justice to the Deacon, was not applicable to him. Deacon Slocum was no fornicator, nor a drunkard, in the common acceptance of the word. When the preacher, who had been previously unusually languid, came to speak of the extortioner, he was very becomingly animated; so much so that the whole congregation, the Deacon not excepted, was highly excited with wonder and curiosity.

He charged the people not to think extortion the less crime because practised by the respectable and influential, he warned them against the vicious examples of the wealthy

and declared, that if they would wish to receive and deserve the approbation of Heaven, they ought in this, as in other things, to copy the bright example of the worthy and faithful brother and deacon, Lemuel Slocum.

Prepared, as the Deacon was for the eccentric ebullition of the pious exhorter's fancy, he became amazed at this sudden development of his own peculiar excellencies, nor could he possibly guess, for some time, at least, what might be the import of the parson's digression.

"Brother Lemuel," continued the preacher, "art thou an extortioner?—No; heaven forbid!"

The preacher then descended on the sin of hypocrisy, and advised his audience still to copy the deacon, in regard to sincerity, concluding with the question, "Brother Lemuel," art thou a hypocrite? No; heaven forbid!"

The deacon became alarmed, and the tittering and whispering of the congregation were far, very far from removing his fears, that something more was meant than met the eye.

But what was his dismay, when, turning his eyes on the preacher, he beheld his fixed on him, with the plainest expression of contempt and detestation! Still the discourse was continued, and still were the question and exclamation reiterated. The members of his own household appeared absorbed in sorrow, while the rest of the audience observed him with looks of horror.

How deep was his remorse! but it was the remorse of detected guilt, not of sincere repentance. He would have spoken but the shame of conscious guilt kept him dumb, and he was doomed to suffer, in silence, the execrating satire of the preacher, and the insufferable scorn of the assembly.

At this juncture, a gentle figure in black entered the church, and walking up the aisle, stood opposite the deacon's pew, and in the most insinuating and agreeable manner, beckoned him to advance.

Glad of an opportunity to escape, the deacon went towards the door, and followed him out of the house.

Having walked a little distance, the generous stranger addressed the deacon in these words:—"My dear friend, I knew the unpleasant situation in which you were placed by your senseless rambles and their still more senseless priest. I hastened to your relief, and have adopted this plan to relieve you of their insolence."

"I am thankful," said the Deacon, for your friendship; but, I believe I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"I am the Deacon," replied the other, with a smile of pleasant sarcasm, "but you mistake me, and I have been long acquainted with you. I think you can be ungrateful to me; for my many kindnesses to you, by refusing my request. In short, I find, that you will more effectually serve my cause, by withdrawing from the church than continuing in it; and the circumstances of this day fully authorize you to break terms with these contemptible minions."

"Your cause?" quoth the deacon.

"My cause," quoth the gentleman; for, notwithstanding appearances, your example will be followed by many, who will assist in the building of my kingdom."

At the word "kingdom," the eyes of the deacon intuitively fell on the feet of his auditor.

"Mercy on me!" he exclaimed, "when you are—"

"The devil," quoth the stranger; and seizing the deacon, snook him so violently that he awoke, and perceived his wife in the act of rousing him to receive the benediction; he having prolonged his usual nap from the text to the finale of the afternoon service.

[*Philadelphia Evening Post.*]

**PRESENCE OF MIND IN SHIPWRECK.**

From the United Service Journal.

The following narrative exemplifies, in a most striking manner, the commanding sway which a bold and daring spirit exercises over the energies of his fellow men in the hour of peril. The recital may serve to hold forth to the young officers of the British army, a noble example of resolution in the time of danger.

On the 2d June, the "Archduke Charles" transport sailed from Quebec for Halifax, having on board six companies of the Royal Nova Scotia regiment, two hundred men, and forty-eight women and children. The former part of the voyage was prosperous; the vessel had been ten days at sea, and was approaching her place of destination. On the evening of the 12th of June, a dense fog arose—stretching from north-east to south-west. The Archduke Charles was then in the track of the homeward-bound West India-men and, as is usual in such cases, every precaution was taken to prevent the danger of a collision with other ships during the continuance of the darkness. A dead silence was preserved by all on board, in order to give the greater effect to the blast of the bugle, or sound of the drum, which, at regular intervals, alternately broke the stillness, conveying to other vessels which might happen to be within hearing, intimation of the approach of the ship. In this manner passed several hours of deep solitude.

At length those on board, whose duty did not require their presence upon deck, retired to their births in anxious expectation of the morning dawn; that morning, which they hoped would see them safely anchored in the port for which they were steering, but which

many were fated to behold as the last of their mortal existence. Between the hours of twelve and one, the vessel struck. The shock was violent. In a moment, men, women, and children, hurried upon deck. Horror was depicted upon every countenance between the oldest of seamen quailed; for the people had scarcely time to reach the upper deck, when the vessel began to fill. They were not within sight of land, and even if the coast had been nearer, the density of the fog would have prevented its being visible. In this situation, it is not to be wondered at if the stoutest hearts sickened with terror. The sea ran tremendously high, and so frequently washed over the deck, that every attempt to lighten the vessel, by cutting away the masts, was found unavailing. For the remainder of the night, the darkness rendered it impossible for those on board to know the exact nature of the situation, and every individual exerted himself to the utmost to retain his hold of the wreck.

As the morning dawned, the fog partially cleared away, and the sufferers beheld the top of a rock at a short distance; but between it and the wreck there was a gulch, across which the heavy swell seemed to render the idea of passing an utter impossibility. The waves ran mountains high. It was at this perilous moment that the hopes of all pointed to the rock as the only means of attaining a chance of ultimate rescue. Each individual seemed to shrink from incurring the risk of death in the attempt to gain the wished-for point. Lieut. Charles Stewart, of the Grenadier Company, at length nerved himself to the enterprise. He secured the end of a rope round his waist, and threw himself overboard, with the heroic determination of rescuing himself and his fellow sufferers, or perishing in the attempt. He disappeared from the view of his companions, and all gave him up for lost; the word was passed that Lt. Stewart and two men (who were washed off the top of a rock at a short distance) had perished, and the atmosphere became clearer, and Lt. Stewart was seen on the rock, waving his regimental cap to those who remained on board. This sight inspired them with new vigor, and a sailor, after two or three ineffectual attempts, succeeded in joining Lt. Stewart with another rope.

By this means a communication was open with the rock, by which the men were hastening from the wreck, while the jolly boat (the only one that had escaped destruction) was actively employed in saving the women and children. Many perished in the attempt to reach the rock, for the swell had not abated, and their bodies were thrown up, a sad spectacle to the survivors. At length there was not a single individual remaining on the wreck. The unfortunate beings who had found a shelter on the rock soon discovered that they had protracted their period of suffering, for the footing which they had gained was on a sunken rock, which would soon be overflown by the rising of the tide, and a period be thus put at once to their sufferings, unless they could quickly find a refuge. This seemed impossible, for within the limits to which the fog confined their vision, nought appeared but the raging sea, roaring as if for the prey which had been snatched from its jaws. The jollyboat was at hand, and in sending her in search of land or a safer place of refuge, no time was to be lost, for the sea was gaining fast upon them. The boat was despatched, and when it disappeared in the fog, the feelings of those who were left behind scarcely be imagined, much less described. All eyes were strained towards the point at which she had been last sight of, and after an interval of intense anxiety, she was at length seen to be returning. The crew reported that at a short distance there was a rock, whose surface, being above high-water mark, promised a temporary safety. The boat was instantly engaged with all possible activity in conveying as many as it would hold.

The women and children were first removed, and while the officers were departing, the time occupied by each voyage served to show to the men that it would be impossible to remove many more before the rising of the sea would wash away all those who were upon the rock. This was the state of affairs when the boat returned, as was expected for her last freight, for the sea had nearly risen as high as the surface on which the unfortunate men were standing. A simultaneous rush was made for the spot on which the boat would touch. The commanding officer had left the rock—a few of the officers remained, and among these was Lieut. Stewart, by whose gallant self-devotion the crew and passengers were saved. The commanding officer had left the rock exhausted by his previous efforts; but at this moment he felt the necessity of setting to the men an example of resolution, in which alone, under Divine Providence, lay their only hope of relief from the perils by which they were surrounded. His former conduct, which was known to the men, had acquired for him that degree of respect which induced them to listen to him. He represented to them in plain but energetic language, that the only method of communicating with the land was by means of the boat, that if she were lost they must all inevitably perish; while, on the other hand in her safety was the only chance of rescue.

He knew that they would remember that they were British soldiers; he declared this

\*At present a Captain on half pay.