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BY ROBINSON & LOCKE.

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## Selected Miscellany

### TERRIBLE SUFFERING AT SEA.

#### Loss of the Ship Wm. Laytin.

##### STATEMENT OF CAPT. TUCKER.

One of the most remarkable instances of preservation from shipwreck at sea has just happened in the loss of the ship Wm. Laytin. The New York Herald says, the following statement of this disastrous wreck and wonderful preservation of the most of the crew, has been furnished us by Mr. Tucker, the commander of the ship:

##### STATEMENT OF CAPTAIN TUCKER.

The ship William Laytin sailed from this port, bound to Antwerp, under my command, on the 16th of February last. She was loaded with a rich cargo, consisting of cotton, flour and provisions. At the time of sailing, there were on board twenty-two persons, including officers and crew. The ship William Laytin was a new vessel, having been built and launched at Williamsburgh not much over a year ago. She was well built, and as staunch a vessel as sails out of the ports of New York. Our voyage was fair and prosperous for four days after our departure, but on the 20th of February we encountered one of the severest gales that sweeps the ocean. We were, at the time of this gale, in latitude 39 north, and longitude 69 west. Preceding the gale was a calm, which lasted for some hours, and during which our ship made but little headway. This was on the morning of the 20th of February.

Following this calm, came the hurricane, which dismasted my ship, making her a perfect wreck, and entailing on myself and my crew a period of suffering hardly equalled in the most disastrous and perilous stories of the sea. The wind came from the north-east and with it came a heavy, dangerous sea. The order was at once given to take in sail, which order was promptly complied with. The ship was hoisted to reef her main spencer and the head of reef-spacer. In this condition she remained all night, and rolling in the sea, which was making at times a clean breach over her decks, and threatening to sweep away everything on board. We all kept up our spirits, relying upon the strength of our vessel to weather the storm and come off all safe at last. In these expectations we were all doomed to the most painful disappointment.

On the 22d of February (Thursday) during the fury of the tempest, the ship suddenly and unexpectedly sunk forward until her decks were level with the water, and perhaps a little under water, and then fell over upon her beam ends. Our last and only resort, at this most trying juncture of affairs, was to cut away the masts, which was done as soon as possible. All three masts were cut from the decks; and in five minutes after clearing the hull, it righted again, much to the relief of all. The cause of the ship pitching forward in the manner described is unknown to me. When the ship came up again, after losing her masts, we were still in a condition truly perilous and apparently hopeless. Deprived of all sail and no longer able to keep the vessel before us, head to the wind sea, she floated a helpless hulk, swept fore and aft with almost every wave.

In about five minutes after the ship rose from her beam ends, she shipped a tremendous sea that carried overboard the poop deck, midship house, all our boats and two of our crew and the stewardess. The name of the stewardess was Ann Forsyth, and John Coster and Wm. Brown were the two lost men. Nothing now remained above the hatchless but the verandah deck, in which the remainder of the crew took shelter, each one feeling that he might be compelled soon to follow those already gone. For our better security, we each lashed ourselves to the wreck with whatever of the rigging or ship's ropes we could get hold of. This alone is what saved us from being all swept away.

In this condition, tied to the wreck and constantly drenched in almost smothered by breaching seas, we remained 6 long days and nights, each minute of which was almost an eternity of agony. We were unable to loosen ourselves or stir about the ship, for fear of being carried overboard. We waited, but waited in vain, for a hull in the sea or tempest. The first day past our lashing, and we were weak with hunger. The second day, and the knowing of hunger made all other suffering insignificant in comparison. The third day and our thirst and hunger together held us in tortures but little short of the pains of hell itself. Death at this time would have been a relief. In the meantime the hatchless of the ship had burst open, and the cargo was floating around us, but none of the provisions came within our reach.

The knowledge that our ship's hold was full of provisions, and we were starving and unable to reach it, only added to our sufferings. Still, to aggravate our pains the potash in the ship was dissolving, and making a ley that was eating into our flesh. Having no water, we each took a piece of lead into our mouths, and chewing this kept our mouths moist, and we found it to be a great relief. At this period of our sufferings, a rat was seen swimming about, and coming near enough to one of the sailors, it was captured. Never did a hunter secure his game with greater satisfaction than did the seaman secure this drowning rat. The rat was shared among the company; and never was a morsel received with a better relish. All that we had in addition to this rat, were the boots and shoes upon our feet, which were mostly used up at the time of our rescue.

On the third day of our suffering--on the 25th of February--a vessel hove in sight and we were elated with the prospect of relief. In this, however, we were again disappointed. This vessel the name of which I do not remember, came within hailing distance of us, and speaking to the captain I asked him to send me a boat. The reply was, he could do nothing for us, and leaving us to our fate sailed away from us. The sea was running very high at the time this vessel spoke to us, but we have laid to and waited for a calm or to have made some show of a disposition to help us, we thought was not too much to expect. When this vessel was beyond our sight all hope seemed surely gone. Still all the crew kept up their spirits, as indeed they did to a remarkable degree during the whole period of our suffering. During all this time the weather was cold enough to make ice. What was most remarkable, after the third day our hunger seemed to abate. On the fifth and sixth day some of the crew said they did not feel so much the want of food as they did on the third day. This was the feeling of most if not all of us. The fourth day and night passed, and no assistance came. The fifth day came, and with it snow--on this day we were hailed by the bark Sylph, Capt. Hellox, from Gadadope bound to St. Peters, Newfoundland. This vessel spoke us, and learning our situation promised to lay by till the storm abated. It still blew a gale, and the sea was very heavy. This promise revived us.

During the night of the 7th day of our suffering--the 27th of February--the Sylph drifted away from us, and the next morning was out of sight. I cannot describe our feelings when the next morning dawned up, and again showed us nothing within our vision but the tempestuous ocean. Captain Hellox, however, upon ascertaining, on the morning of the 28th, that he had lost us, crowded on all the sail his bark could carry and commenced the search for us. He was successful, and found us after a few hours search, and at ten o'clock on the morning of the 28th we were taken from our lashings on board the Sylph.

When relieved none of us were able to stand, although all of us retained our reason. One of the crew when taken from his prison of ropes, first his toes, which dropped from him as he was lifted from the ship. The potash he had eaten the day of suffering to this effect. I cannot speak too highly of the conduct of Captain Hellox and his crew, when received on board of his vessel. Every attention was shown us and every comfort at hand was freely extended to us. We left the hull of the William Laytin floating in the ocean, with her decks about level with the water.

The heaviest debt, in proportion to that of the population, is the debt of Maryland, which exceeds fifteen millions, in a population of five hundred and eighty thousand bond and free. The debt of Virginia, though but little greater numerically than that of New York--the one being twenty-six millions and the other twenty-four is more than twice as great relatively, the population being less than half, while the general resources of the State are greatly inferior. The entire debt of the nation, estimating the federal debt as well as that of the States, exceeds two hundred and seventy-five millions of dollars.

But this still fails to give an accurate idea of the total indebtedness of our country. In Europe, if we except England; most public works are constructed by the Government, so that the national debt includes the cost of the principal railroads, canals and turnpikes. But in the United States, with the exception of the Pennsylvania State Works, and those of a few other commonwealths, all such improvements are owned by private corporations. Now the aggregate cost of the principal of these works is computed to be one thousand million of dollars, of which six hundred millions alone are invested in railroads. Consequently, if we would arrive at the true indebtedness of the United States, we must add the amount of this description of securities to the amount of State and Federal ones. Twelve hundred millions of dollars are, therefore, about what we owe--which is a very respectable sum, it must be acknowledged, especially for a nation but eighty years old.--N. E. Farmer.

ONE HAPPY MAN.--The happiest man I have ever known is one far enough from being rich in money, and who will never be very much nearer to it. His calling fits him and he likes it, rejoices in its process as much as in its results. He has an active mind, well filled. He reads and he thinks. He reads his garden before sunrise every morning--then rides sundry miles by the rail--loses ten hours work in town--whence he returns, happy and cheerful. With his own smile he catches the earliest smile of the morning, plucks the first rose of his garden, and goes to his work with the little flower in his hand and a great one blossoming out of his heart. He runs with civility, as the cloud with rain; and it is with him as with the cloud, what coming from the cloud is rain to the meadows, is a rainbow of glories to the cloud that pours it out. The happiness of the affections fills the good man, and he is full of friendship and love, comradely, parental, filial, friendly, too, and philanthropic besides. His life is a perpetual 'trap to catch a sunbeam,' and it always springs and takes it in. I know no man who gets more out of life; and the secret of it is that he does his duty to himself, to his brother and to his God. I know rich men, and learned men--men of great social position and if there is genius in America, I know that--but a happier man I have never known.--Sermon by Theodore Parker.

A CAPRICIOUS CARRIER BAY.--Meanness occasionally meets with a shock that is a lesson to all concerned, especially to the victim. On the Cleveland canal a day or two since, coming to Buffalo, was a stowaway man, going to New York to buy goods. He was not what might be called a stingy man, but he was one who, when there was a cent in his hand that would might deprive him of, would sacrifice a \$50 bill to save the cent. Our friend had started from Cleveland without any breakfast, and when Erie 'hove' in sight, he gathered himself up for a general skimp, and had a carpet bag with him, and going into the dining room, at Erie, deposited his carpet bag on one chair, while he took another by his side. He was lost for about ten minutes--perfectly oblivious to anything, save that he had blessed consciousness of something rapidly and agreeably filling up his 'innards.' About this time, the landlord came around and stopping by our friends chair, ejaculated, 'Dollar, sir.' 'A dollar,' responded the stowaway man--'a dollar--thought you only charged fifty cents a meal for one--' 'That's true,' said meanness; 'but I count your carpet bag one, since it occupies a seat.' (The table was far from being crowded.) Our friend expostulated, but the landlord insisted, and the dollar was reluctantly brought forth. The landlord passed on. Our friend deliberately arose and opening his carpet bag, full in its wide mouth, disclosing a most valuable article, he seized everything eatable within his reach, nuts, raisins, apples, cakes, pies, and amid the roars of the bystanders, the delight of his brother passengers, and the confusion of the landlord, philosophically went and took his seat in the cars. He said he had provisions enough to last him to New York, after a bountiful supply had been served out in the cars. There was at least \$8 worth in the bag--upon which the landlord realized nothing in the way of profit. So much for meanness.--Buffalo Republican.

MORTALITY AMONG THE COWS.--We have it from authentic sources that the scarcity of food for stock in Trumbull, Geauga, Ashtabula, Portage and Summit counties have been so great that a most unparalleled loss has occurred among the stock of cows of the dairymen. More than four thousand have died in the county of Trumbull alone, and from all accounts the number lost on the Western Reserve will not fall short of sixteen thousand.

'The Aster,' the 'St. Nicholas,' the 'New York,' and 'Clarendon' hotels, in New York, have raised their price of board from \$2.50 to \$3 a day.

THE KING HARROLD, WHALER, WAS CRUISING ON THE KING'S MILL GROUP OF ISLANDS, IN THE PACIFIC, FOR SPERM FISH, WITH THE INTENTION OF PASSING THE WINTER MONTHS THERE, AND IN THE SPRING GOING FURTHER NORTH TO CATCH THE REAL WHALE. Thus far they had not captured a fish. At last, however, their efforts were destined to be crowned with success, and one of the crew met with the adventure which forms the subject of his paper.

He was an Irishman, named Pat--an active, strong hand, who had been promoted to perform the important duty of boat's head, or harpooner. At the first alarm, four boats left the side of the King Harrold, exerting their utmost strength to outstrip each other. An extraordinary zeal prevails on such occasions by those who man the different boats, as it becomes a point of honor which shall throw the first successful harpoon; and on this day, all the others had shot ahead of that commanded by Pat, when, just to the right of him, but a considerable distance, another whale was seen to blow, and he at once turned towards it, and pulled away from his companions.

The other boats had to muck work on their hands to pay any attention to him; and as the whales which they were in pursuit of just then rose again within thirty feet, one of the harpooners immediately drove his iron home, the two others were also 'fast' soon after; but as the iron of the second boat came out again, and the whale sank to a great depth, it was compelled to follow the third, and help in capturing its fish. This they eventually succeeded in doing, though the struck leviathan set off at full speed, in a northerly direction, tearing the boats after them, and dashing the water furiously over their bows. However, after much trouble they secured two, and then lay on their oars to allow the ship, as it would have been impossible for them to row with such a tremendous mass in tow.

While waiting for their vessel, which was at a great distance, they had leisure to look round for the fourth--that of our friend Pat--but they searched in vain for its glistering sail. It had disappeared, and their consolation was in the hope that it had been kept in sight from the mast head. The King Harrold, however, was by no means a quick sailer, and the afternoon was spent ere she reached them, and secured the two fish alongside. A man was immediately sent out to discover where the fourth boat was, but nothing could be seen of it, and at length the skipper and several of the crew followed to the same position for a similar purpose; but all in vain. Once or twice they fancied they could see a dark spot on the water to the southwest, but on looking closer it disappeared. The watch was kept up until dark, but not the slightest trace of it could be discovered.

As the captain could not cruise about, on account of the fish alongside, even had he known in what direction to steer, he determined to cut them up during the night as far as possible, and in the morning, leaving the remainder with a flag hoisted on them, seek the missing boat and its crew. He had a chance of finding them to leeward, and the ship was drifting in that direction with the trade wind and the equatorial current. It was most probable that a wounded sperm whale had destroyed the boat, and that the men had not been able to keep so long above water. The sea was certainly lumpy enough, but the fearful shark speedily scents the blood of a struck fish; and, as at the present moment five or six of these greedy brutes were swimming round their vessel, and making unavailing efforts to tear off a piece of the tough and elastic hide it would only be too certain that they would find the spot where the other boat had sunk, and was led to the unfortunate men who were exposed to their rapacious, inexorable jaws!

But there was still a possibility that the boat had drifted so far to leeward that it could not pull up again, and two lanterns were hoisted to the fore and main tops, in order that they might not in any event pull past in the gloom. After dark, at midnight, and before the dawn, the skipper had the gun fired; but the night passed away without anything being seen or heard of the lost ones. The cutting up of the whale went on actively in the meanwhile, and the boiling out was immediately commenced. Large trawls full of strips of blubber, hung overboard in a fire basket, a net made of iron hoops, and lit up the dark ocean, giving the dancing waves a singularly transparent view.

At daybreak, two of the harpooners were sent to the tops, armed with the two glasses, to again look for the missing boat. In vain had they searched the whole horizon, without being able to discover anything; when the eyes of one was attracted by a dark spot, which he closely examined. The distance was so great to allow anything to be clearly distinguished, but for all that the skipper was immediately informed of the circumstance, and speedily joined them. It was certain something was floating on the water there, whatever it may be, but it lay to windward. They must have drifted past it in the night, and the second harpooner was ordered off with a boat to discover what it was. Even if he did not miss the boat--and it did not at all look like it--it might possibly be a dead whale, and would not only repay the trouble of looking after it, but would surely put them on the trail of the missing men, as the fish, if struck, would at any rate have one of ship's harpoons or irons in it.

For nearly half an hour they pulled, following the signals on board, without distinguishing anything in their track, until the harpooner who stood in the bows suddenly fancied he noticed a dark object in front, and only just above the water. Before long he shouted, half turning to his man, and pointing in front:

'Pull away, my lads, pull away. By heavens! it's a man on a raft or boat, or something of that sort. Pull away, for I fancy we are only just in time.'

Thus uttering a loud 'halloo!' he tried to arouse a responsive echo, but no sound answered him, and the boat bounded on its course toward the extraordinary object. 'A man! a man!' the men in the boat cried, and the boat's-head, who was also standing up, shouted, 'By heavens, if that is not Patrick!'

'Patrick! it!' replied the harpooner, but where are the others?'

But every other question died away in renewed exclamation of surprise, when they came nearer, and not only recognized the fourth harpooner, the young Irishman, in the shipwrecked man, but also found that he was kneeling on a dead sperm whale, which lay with its burden a few inches above the water's edge. His left hand was twisted tightly in the line of the harpoon, which alone kept him on his slippery post, and with the other he held the shaft, which he had cut away from the harpoon, so tightly grasped, that he would not even let go when the boat shot up to him, and every arm stretched out to help him in.

The poor fellow looked deadly pale; he could not utter a single word--his eye was wildly fixed on his messmate as if he did not recognize him; he merely rose mechanically to step into the boat, but failed away as soon as he felt the firm plank under him. He had lived through a fearful night; and we must return to the point when he quitted the others with his own account.

Pat, as he thought, very cleverly steered away from the track of the other three boats and followed a single sperm, which was lazily breasting the waves at some distance from the rest of the shoal. They roved lustily on at about five hundred yards in the rear of the sperm, and gained upon it rapidly, for the fish was, as yet, ignorant of the danger that threatened it. At the same time, the sperm swayed more and more from its former course and went westward with the wind and current. Patrick now set his sail, in order to get nearer the fish without any unnecessary noise. The whale however appeared to have seen the approach of danger, for it started off at the top of its speed, so that the boat even with the favorable breeze, could not hold little upon it. Suddenly, just as they had got with great labor, within capturing distance, the sperm dived, and the boat shot over the sinking monster. 'Sail in!' the harpooner quickly shouted--but the boat glided on a little distance from the impetus it had received, and the boat steerer stood with uplifted lance, anxiously awaiting the signal to cast. While the sail flapped wildly in the whirl, and the harpooner held the sheets firmly in his hand, that they might not lose a moment in pursuit, the rowers looked down into the clear water beneath, with the hope of seeing the fish, and so discovering the direction it was about to swim in.

'There's something swimming,' said one of the hands, in a half-suppressed and anxious tone of voice; 'it's coming up from below.'

'Hush!' said the harpooner--'gently--or you'll startle him--what?'

'There he comes--there he comes!' three or four shouted simultaneously, and grasped instinctively at their oars.

'Back--back for your lives!' the harpooner cried at this moment, who was well aware of the peril to which they were exposed if the columns, in rising, merely grazed their boat. Almost at the same instant the oars fell into the water, and the boat had scarcely shot its own length back, when the gigantic monster dived to a powerful sperm fish, with its jaws half opened, rose to the surface, and then bounded forward, as if to escape the strange object whose presence he was now aware of. In the bow of the boat, and close above the mountains of blubber, which actually rose under his very feet, stood the boat steerer with uplifted lance; but his arm trembled, and still within reach of the fearful foe, who could crush them at a single blow, he did not dare to hurl the harpoon into the flying monster.

'Give it him!' Patrick howled; shouted, perfectly careless of danger, and only thinking at the moment of the chase--'Hang the fellow, he'll let the fish slip through his hands; and seizing his own lance, he appeared to be anxiously awaiting the moment when he could hurl the sharp steel into the back of his prey--The boat-steerer still hesitated, but only for a moment; for if he suffered the opportunity to slip, it was a question whether they would ever again come up with the startled whale. The sail had again caught the wind, and the harpooner held the tiller firmly with his knees to bring the boat head round, and rush after the flying foe. At this instant the harpoon whizzed through the air deep into the monster's back, and was imbedded in the tough blubber. In a second the sail was again taken in, and the boat-steerer springing back, the tiller, made room for the harpooner to throw his lance, and give the leviathan of the deep his death blow. Patrick stood in the bows, with his face raised for a cast and the crew tugged away at the harpoon rope, to bring their barque close up to the captive fish. Patrick bent back, and with the flukes of the gigantic brute lashed at the waves close to them, and it rose once again to escape the danger which was impeding the death-bearing steer sank deeply into the soft flank of the foe.

In a second the harpooner withdrew it to repeat the blow, and the whale in its fury, suddenly turned at bay, causing the sea to hiss and foam by its rage.

'Thick blood!' the crew shouted at this moment; but the voice of the harpooner was heard, 'Back for your lives!' And while the boatswain threw his forehead and weight on the tiller, and leaned overboard to bring her head around, the crew

could slip their oars, the furious brute came up with open jaws, and seizing and crushing this plank, for it was as tender as if made of paper. Patrick saw the danger, knew what impended over them, and with an unshaken hand he again hurled a lance at the enemy and pierced its eye--but he could not save the boat--The maddened brute probably did not feel the new wound in the death struggles. For, having cut the thick, black blood, and only thirsting for revenge, it tore the boat in pieces, and the floating, blood-stained waves soon closed over a mass of fragments and swimmers, who only tried to clutch at a plank in the instinctive feeling of self-preservation. Patrick had, quite unconsciously, seized the line to which the harpoon was fastened, winding it round his arm; the whale dragged him along through the discolorated waters, and he would inevitably have been drowned had the fish lived a few moments longer. But the first east had gone home, and rising again to the surface, the whale swam once or twice in a circle, lashed the trembling waves with its gigantic flukes, and then floated slowly and dead upon the blood-stained sea. Patrick, who had risen with it, and had been so unwillingly taken in tow with the whale, swam quickly up to the floating monster, and seizing the harpoon still sticking in it, raised himself up at the very moment when a piercing shriek sounded close behind him. In horror he turned round; but he felt as if stabbed to the heart when he saw, at no great distance from him, the dark dorsal fins of two sharks, which the gurgling in the water just behind him and the lashing of the waves, betrayed the spot where one of his comrades was fighting the fight or death in the merciless clutches of a third brute.

Here and there a few of the unhappy men belonging to the boat, were still floating on oars and planks, but only three left of the merry fellows who, but a few minutes before, had boldly looked danger in the face, and now the hyenas of the deep were feeding beneath them. Of what avail was the powerless blow of the arm--time let them, or the fell despair? It was music in the ears of the cold, fearful monsters, with their cat-like eyes and giant strength; and the bloody foam which at the next moment floated on the surface of the water, was the morsel of the unhappy men, and revealed a their graves.

'This is fearful!' roared Patrick, who had hardly strength enough to keep on the back of the whale that still offered him protection--'fearful thus to die and no help! And his eye sought desperately across the watery waste for the saving ship, which was tacking to pick up the other boats, far, far away on the horizon. And when they missed him, and sought for him, and could not find the boat with the glass, and sailed about for days in search of him, of what avail would that be to him? Only hours--minutes, perhaps--were allotted to him, and his murderers were bounding in their insatiate greed after their prey. Shuddering he concealed his face in his hands, almost forgetting his own peril, to see the death struggles of his comrades around him, which was only a counterpart of what awaited him, but the hissing and beating of the waves compelled him at last with that instinct of self-preservation which clings to a straw, to think of his own salvation, or at least to defer his fate as long as possible, in order to leave room for any possibility of help--The harpoon in the back of the whale, which drove still deeper into blubber, served him a support to keep him on the surface to mass. For, although he thought once or twice about cutting out the head and using it as a weapon of defence against the greedy sharks, still he immediately gave up the idea again. Once washed into the sea, even the sharp steel would be no protection against the agile shark, which would seize its prey, eventually, and then draw him down in spite of all the wounds it might receive. But one thing he could do. The handle of the harpoon, a sharp stout oak stick of about two inches diameter, was still firmly fixed in the steel. This he pulled out, cut away from the line with the lanyard knife every sailor wears on his person, and then fastened the cord to the ring of the harpoon. And while he twisted the cord tightly around his left hand to have a better hold, he seized the shaft with renewed confidence, and awaiting with tightly clenched teeth and flashing eyes, the attack of the foe, which however was deferred for some time.

The sharks were satiated for a while, and played in the streams of blood which stained the water around, rather than eat the fresh prey; they tried at times to catch hold of the slippery, broad carcass of the whale, or swam lazily or sleepily a omead among the broken fragments of the boat, seizing a plank and holding it for a while between their teeth, and then pushing it before them with their round spade-shaped paws. The weather, unfortunately, was quiet and calm, and the rippling waves, in which the water rose and sank, washed over Patrick, but not one of the sharks had come near enough to scent him; and perhaps, that he would be able to hold his own unassailed until the ship could come up to save him, or, at least, send his boats. But there was no prospect of release for a long, long time. For even at the distance he then was, it could not escape the sailor's practiced eye that it was keeping away from him. The other boats, there fore, had caught their fish, and with their booty alongside, would not be able to look after him. At the same time the sun burnt hot and scorching on his forehead, and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. Water--the limpid waves bathed his feet, and should be perch of thirst? He knelt down and washed his forehead and temples, and eyes and lips, in order to have a slight refreshment, and then he bound

his handkerchief around his head, for he had lost his hat at the destruction of the boat, in order to protect it in some measure from the scorching beams.

Through this movement, however, the attention of one of the sharks must have been attracted to him, or else, though satisfied and over satiated, it could not resist its desire for more prey, for just as he raised his hands, he noticed that one of the largest dark fins, which projected above the water, was swimming in a direct line towards him. He had, in fact, scarcely time to raise himself and prepare his weapon of defence, when a tremendous fellow of some thirteen feet in length shot up to him, and tried to run over on the back of the whale stuck off what was still upon it. But with the danger, all the sailor's daring courage returned to him, and swinging the heavy shaft in his hand, and holding the rope firmly in the other, he struck the head of the monster such a powerful and well directed blow that the shark, half-stunned, slipped off the whale and sunk ere it could prepare for a renewal of hostilities, or perhaps make up its mind to such a serious step. But other sharks had been attracted by the noise and splashing, and although they did not dare an immediate attack on the bold mariner who ventured to withstand them in their native element, still they continually swarmed in narrow circles around the spot where he was sitting, and once or twice came so near that Patrick gave them one or two hearty blows across the jaws, to teach them to be respectful to him and keep their propinquity. But the shark is a greedy, obstinate brute, and even if dangerously wounded, always attempts to save its booty it has scented, as long as it retains the necessary strength. So it was in this instance--Again and again the heavy stick was required to teach them that there was nothing here for them to fetch--at least, so long as the young Irishman felt himself strong enough to struggle against hunger and thirst, the scorching sunbeams, and the constant, fearful excitement of his nervous system in the tremendous danger that ever surrounded him.

And the ship--no hope of salvation thence! Deeper and deeper sank the sun, and the ship lay to windward, with its brightly glistering sails. But the beasts that swam around him became more and more ravenous, and tried in vain to drive their teeth through the tough skin of the sperm whale; and when the stars were lighted, and gradually illuminated the whole sky, as far as the bright strip which still lay on the western horizon, he watched the glistering beams shooting ahead of the flapping waves, as the sharks swam restlessly backwards and forwards, and the peril that beset him grew worse with the night.

He clearly saw the lights of his vessel hung out for him--he even noticed, when it grew quite dark, the bright glimmer of the lubber-lark, and even the pale light which came from the stoves of the off-tryers, and were reflected in the idly-flapping sails. But what availed that to him? His strength was fast leaving him, and his tormenter left him no rest. The goodly of the brutes, a young fish scarcely more than eight feet in length; once went so far as to seize the harpoon, and held sufficiently long to be left half-dry upon the sperm by the retiring wave, but the oak stick struck it such a fearful blow across its treacherous, crafty-looking eyes that the shark glided off the slippery whale, turned up his white stomach, and sunk.

But others took the brute's place, and only the glistering streak in the dark water revealed their approach, and the wretched unhappy man to prepare himself for the renewal of attack.

How a hour thus passed in this fearful contest for life; but fresh hope was aroused in him when the ship drew nearer and nearer to him, and the signal guns clearly and distinctly reached his ear. At last he was able to recognize the forms on deck, as they moved backwards and forwards in the flickering light.

'Alooy--ahoy!' his wild despairing cry was wafted across the waters, as his comrades drifted past without the noticing him--'aloooy!'

Again he was compelled to defend his life; for the sharks attracted by the sound of a human voice, came up from all sides, and their dark dorsal fins cleft the surface of the water in every direction. His blows fell repeatedly, and the end of the tough shaft was already splintered--blows which would have fallen on a ox, but produced no further effect upon a shark than to make it retire for a little while. And the ship?--here it drifted, almost within hail--Again a signal gun reached his ear, and he again employed the ensuing pause to send his cry for assistance across the water to the spot where salvation lay--so near, and yet so unattainable. But the wind came from that quarter; though he could so distinctly hear the sound of the gun, and even distinguish the different voices on deck, he was unable to make them hear him. He only made his enemy around him more and more a tive and impatient, and their attacks became almost incessant.

His strength, his good spirits--which had till now been kept up by the hope of salvation--sank when he saw the ship drift past--sank when no means were left him to announce his proximity. The love of life alone kept him upright, and urged him to defend it against the savage brutes until his last breath.

This night passed away a sun day at length broke in the far-distant east. He saw it all; he saw the sun rising from its ocean bed, recognized the outline of his vessel, the graceful masts and the billowing sails--and he attempted to make a last effort to announce his existence, and tried to pull off his shirt and wave it in the air--a signal certain to be seen by the lookout at the mainmast--but he was not able to do it. His limbs were stiff and rigid, and his rot a related his service, and he could

not stir his arms, the furious brute came up with open jaws, and seizing and crushing this plank, for it was as tender as if made of paper. Patrick saw the danger, knew what impended over them, and with an unshaken hand he again hurled a lance at the enemy and pierced its eye--but he could not save the boat--The maddened brute probably did not feel the new wound in the death struggles. For, having cut the thick, black blood, and only thirsting for revenge, it tore the boat in pieces, and the floating, blood-stained waves soon closed over a mass of fragments and swimmers, who only tried to clutch at a plank in the instinctive feeling of self-preservation. Patrick had, quite unconsciously, seized the line to which the harpoon was fastened, winding it round his arm; the whale dragged him along through the discolorated waters, and he would inevitably have been drowned had the fish lived a few moments longer. But the first east had gone home, and rising again to the surface, the whale swam once or twice in a circle, lashed the trembling waves with its gigantic flukes, and then floated slowly and dead upon the blood-stained sea. Patrick, who had risen with it, and had been so unwillingly taken in tow with the whale, swam quickly up to the floating monster, and seizing the harpoon still sticking in it, raised himself up at the very moment when a piercing shriek sounded close behind him. In horror he turned round; but he felt as if stabbed to the heart when he saw, at no great distance from him, the dark dorsal fins of two sharks, which the gurgling in the water just behind him and the lashing of the waves, betrayed the spot where one of his comrades was fighting the fight or death in the merciless clutches of a third brute.

Here and there a few of the unhappy men belonging to the boat, were still floating on oars and planks, but only three left of the merry fellows who, but a few minutes before, had boldly looked danger in the face, and now the hyenas of the deep were feeding beneath them. Of what avail was the powerless blow of the arm--time let them, or the fell despair? It was music in the ears of the cold, fearful monsters, with their cat-like eyes and giant strength; and the bloody foam which at the next moment floated on the surface of the water, was the morsel of the unhappy men, and revealed a their graves.

'This is fearful!' roared Patrick, who had hardly strength enough to keep on the back of the whale that still offered him protection--'fearful thus to die and no help! And his eye sought desperately across the watery waste for the saving ship, which was tacking to pick up the other boats, far, far away on the horizon. And when they missed him, and sought for him, and could not find the boat with the glass, and sailed about for days in search of him, of what avail would that be to him? Only hours--minutes, perhaps--were allotted to him, and his murderers were bounding in their insatiate greed after their prey. Shuddering he concealed his face in his hands, almost forgetting his own peril, to see the death struggles of his comrades around him, which was only a counterpart of what awaited him, but the hissing and beating of the waves compelled him at last with that instinct of self-preservation which clings to a straw, to think of his own salvation, or at least to defer his fate as long as possible, in order to leave room for any possibility of help--The harpoon in the back of the whale, which drove still deeper into blubber, served him a support to keep him on the surface to mass. For, although he thought once or twice about cutting out the head and using it as a weapon of defence against the greedy sharks, still he immediately gave up the idea again. Once washed into the sea, even the sharp steel would be no protection against the agile shark, which would seize its prey, eventually, and then draw him down in spite of all the wounds it might receive. But one thing he could do. The handle of the harpoon, a sharp stout oak stick of about two inches diameter, was still firmly fixed in the steel. This he pulled out, cut away from the line with the lanyard knife every sailor wears on his person, and then fastened the cord to the ring of the harpoon. And while he twisted the cord tightly around his left hand to have a better hold, he seized the shaft with renewed confidence, and awaiting with tightly clenched teeth and flashing eyes, the attack of the foe, which however was deferred for some time.

The sharks were satiated for a while, and played in the streams of blood which stained the water around, rather than eat the fresh prey; they tried at times to catch hold of the slippery, broad carcass of the whale, or swam lazily or sleepily a omead among the broken fragments of the boat, seizing a plank and holding it for a while between their teeth, and then pushing it before them with their round spade-shaped paws. The weather, unfortunately, was quiet and calm, and the rippling waves, in which the water rose and sank, washed over Patrick, but not one of the sharks had come near enough to scent him; and perhaps, that he would be able to hold his own unassailed until the ship could come up to save him, or, at least, send his boats. But there was no prospect of release for a long, long time. For even at the distance he then was, it could not escape the sailor's practiced eye that it was keeping away from him. The other boats, there fore, had caught their fish, and with their booty alongside, would not be able to look after him. At the same time the sun burnt hot and scorching on his forehead, and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. Water--the limpid waves bathed his feet, and should be perch of thirst? He knelt down and washed his forehead and temples, and eyes and lips, in order to have a slight refreshment, and then he bound

his handkerchief around his head, for he had lost his hat at the destruction of the boat, in order to protect it in some measure from the scorching beams.

Through this movement, however, the attention of one of the sharks must have been attracted to him, or else, though satisfied and over satiated, it could not resist its desire for more prey, for just as he raised his hands, he noticed that one of the largest dark fins, which projected above the water, was swimming in a direct line towards him. He had, in fact, scarcely time to raise himself and prepare his weapon of defence, when a tremendous fellow of some thirteen feet in length shot up to him, and tried to run over on the back of the whale stuck off what was still upon it. But with the danger, all the sailor's daring courage returned to him, and swinging the heavy shaft in his hand, and holding the rope firmly in the other, he struck the head of the monster such a powerful and well directed blow that the shark, half-stunned, slipped off the whale and sunk ere it could prepare for a renewal of hostilities, or perhaps make up its mind to such a serious step. But other sharks had been attracted by the noise and splashing, and although they did not dare an immediate attack on the bold mariner who ventured to withstand them in their native element, still they continually swarmed in narrow circles around the spot where he was sitting, and once or twice came so near that Patrick gave them one or two hearty blows across the jaws, to teach them to be respectful to him and keep their propinquity. But the shark is a greedy, obstinate brute, and even if dangerously wounded, always attempts to save its booty it has scented, as long as it retains the necessary strength. So it was in this instance--Again and again the heavy stick was required to teach them that there was nothing here for them to fetch--at least, so long as the young Irishman felt himself strong enough to struggle against hunger and thirst, the scorching sunbeams, and the constant, fearful excitement of his nervous system in the tremendous danger that ever surrounded him.

And the ship--no hope of salvation thence! Deeper and deeper sank the sun, and the ship lay to windward, with its brightly glistering sails. But the beasts that swam around him became more and more ravenous, and tried