

THE COLUMBIAN SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

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DR. S. ARMOR, HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, COLUMBIA, PA. Residence—Washington House, Jan. 23, 1858.

THOMAS WELSH, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Columbia, Pa. OFFICE, in Whipple's New Building, below Black's Hotel, Front street. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. November 23, 1857.

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN, DENTIST, Locust street, a few doors above the Old Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Pa. Columbia, May 3, 1856.

H. M. NORTH, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Columbia, Pa. Collections, promptly made, in Lancaster and York Counties. Columbia, May 4, 1856.

J. W. FISHER, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Columbia, Pa. September 9, 1856-7.

GEORGE J. SMITH, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BREAD AND CAKE BAKER. Constantly on hand a variety of Cakes, Breads, Pastries, etc. No. 100, Front street, between the Bank and Franklin House, Feb. 2, 1856.

WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY, For Coughs, Croup, etc., for sale at McCORKLE & BELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Oct. 1, 1857.

WOLLEY'S All Healing and Strengthening Salve, for sale at McCORKLE & BELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, Columbia, Oct. 31, 1857.

HONEY! Just received, a small lot of Superior Honey, and for sale at R. WILLIAMS, Front street, Nov. 21, 1857.

SAPONEFIERI at reduced prices, for sale by the pound or case, by R. WILLIAMS, Front street, Nov. 21, 1857.

TOILET SOAPS!—The largest assortment in Columbia, call and examine at R. WILLIAMS, Drug Store, Front street, Nov. 21, 1857.

BRUSHES!—A general assortment of Brushes, such as Sable, Seal, Hair, Horse, Tooth and Nail Brushes, just received and for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front street, Nov. 21, 1857.

KENNEY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY!—This Celebrated Medicine always on hand, and for sale by R. WILLIAMS, Front street, Nov. 21, 1857.

CORN Starch, Farina, Rice Flour, Tapioca, Sage, Old Meal, Arrow Root, etc., at McCORKLE & BELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, Sept. 26, 1857.

JUST received, three dozen Dr. Brannon's Vegetable Balm, a certain cure for Dyspepsia, and a fresh lot of Sarsaparilla, Compound Symplic, and Corn Starch, at McCORKLE & BELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, Sept. 26, 1857.

HAIR DYE'S, Jones' Balm, Peter's and Egyptian hair dyes, warranted to cure the hair, and restore its natural color, at McCORKLE & BELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, Sept. 26, 1857.

SOLUTION OF CITRATE OF MAGNESIA, or Paracetate Mineral Water. This pleasant medicine, which is highly recommended as a substitute for Epsom salts, Seidlitz Powders, etc., can be obtained fresh every day at Dr. P. B. HERGENROTTER'S Drug Store, Front st., 12.

LAMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS. Just received at H. SUDAM & SON'S, a new and beautiful lot of Lamps of all descriptions. May 2, 1857.

A SUPERIOR article of burning Fluid just received and for sale by H. SUDAM & SON'S, Front street, Columbia, December 20, 1856.

A LARGE lot of City cured Dried Beef, just received at H. SUDAM & SON'S, Front street, Columbia, December 20, 1856.

HOOPLAND'S German Balm. For sale at McCORKLE & BELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, July 25, 1857.

COUNTRY Produce constantly on hand and for sale by H. SUDAM & SON'S, Front street, Columbia, Dec. 20, 1856.

HOMINY, Cranberries, Raisins, Figs, Almonds, Walnuts, Cream Nuts, etc., just received at H. SUDAM & SON'S, Front street, Columbia, Dec. 20, 1856.

A SUPERIOR lot of Black and Green Teas, Cocoa and Chocolate, just received at H. SUDAM & SON'S, Corner of Front and Union sts., Dec. 20, 1856.

JUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of Glass Ink Stands, at the Headquarters of New York, Columbia, April 18, 1857.

EXTRA Family and Superfine Flour of the best brand, for sale by H. SUDAM & SON'S, Front street, Columbia, Dec. 20, 1856.

JUST received 1000 lbs. extra double bolted Buckwheat Meal, at H. SUDAM & SON'S, Front street, Columbia, Dec. 20, 1856.

WEIKEL'S Instantaneous Yeast or Baking Powder, for sale by H. SUDAM & SON'S, Front street, Columbia, Dec. 20, 1856.

HARR & THOMPSON'S just celebrated Compound and other Gums, the best in the market, at McCORKLE & BELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Old Fellows' Hall, April 23, 1855.

WHY should any person do without a Clock, when they can be had for \$1.50 and upwards? SIRENKER'S? Columbia, April 23, 1855.

HARR & BRUNER CO. OILS, PAINTS, & VARNISHES. Fresh supply of the popular Turpentine, and for sale May 10, 1856. Front Street, Columbia, Pa.

Poetry.

The Wind.
O Wind! your sweet breath on my cheek
She comes from a December rain:
It wakes a dream no tongue can speak,
It wakes a new and nameless pain.
You lead the rose-branch in my face;
You bend the tall grass in your gleam;
And kiss the lily with your rare grace,
But wake in me no dream or pain.
I hear you trampling through the wood:
The dead leaves rustle beneath your feet;
And by the beach I pause and brood,
On days when dead leaves rustled sweet.
For then her small feet through the wood,
Rustled the dead leaves as she came
Unto the beach, where manhood
The jessam twines its clots of flame.
I watch the pansies struggling up
Between the dead leaves' crisp gold.
O lily! thus Memory lifts her cap,
From out my heart's dead light and mould.
And down the path, behind the trees,
She comes as she came long ago:
Her soft robes in the thymy breeze—
I see them flutter to and fro.
I wait to hear her call my name,
In tones her loving welcome speaks,
And watch to see the maiden shame
Go crimsoning her rare pale cheeks.
O heart! he still the fluttering dress—
The loving words you long to hear,
Will never come again to bless,
Though still you wait from year to year.
[Knickerbocker.]

The Pilot's Wife.
Bravely the Pilot sailed to sea,
Down the bay and out of the Narrows;
His sails were trim, and the wind was free,
And his crew were merry as morning sparrows;
But none were blither of heart than he,
As he went sailing out of the Narrows.
He sailed to meet the mighty ships,
From distant countries across the ocean,
With a jolly crew on his lips,
That sang of a sailor's brave devotion.
So with a laughing voice, and lands on lips,
The Pilot went sailing out of the Narrows.
But by-and-by the sky grew black,
And he heard the growl of the fierce nor'wester;
His sails were trim, and the wind was free,
And his crew were merry as morning sparrows;
For sure as a float, we're right in the track
Of a tearing, swearing old nor'wester!
The clouds came down like a wild-fowl flight,
And the north-wind roared their awful chorus;
The lightning flashed through the stormy night,
Till the skies themselves seemed split and porous;
And the brave boat sank in that ocean white,
While crew and captain perished in chorus.
But the Pilot's wife, from red sunrise,
Sits at the Battery, waiting gravely
To see her husband's number arise.
When he shall sail through the Narrows bravely,
Ah! how patient and calm her eyes,
As she sits at the Battery, waiting gravely!
The boatmen lounge on bench and grass,
As they look on her feet their heart-string softens;
They touch their hats when she sees her pass,
To the land look-out where she sits so often.
"Poor thing!" they cry, "she is crazed, alas!"
And their rough old hearts on a sudden soften.

Selections.

Christmas Day on an Ice-Berg.
I passed my Christmas day, some years ago, on board of the fine East India ship "Southern Cross," one thousand tons register. I was coming home from Melin with a two-year's leave of absence and a highly blue-bilious liver. On that Christmas day we were just south of the equator, with the thermometer standing at 90 degrees in the shade. We dined with windows and doors opened wide, and a fore-and-aft sail suspended over the cabin skylight, punka fashion, making feeble attempts to cool us with air blown off the coast of Africa. Having, on that special occasion, considered it necessary to appear all at the cuddy-table in full dress, it may be imagined what relief we experienced, dinner over and the ladies basking out, in unbuckoning our waistcoats, resigning our tight dress-coats to the backs of the seats, and ourselves to the enjoyment of the gentle evening breeze of the ocean-cum dignitate.
Having recounted our reminiscences of any past Christmas-day distinguished by incidents worth relating, we had relapsed into cheerfulness, brandy-pawnee, and meditation; the latter expression, when at sea, means thinking of nothing, and taking your time about doing it.
"Who has got the helm?" asked the captain of the steward, who chanced to enter the cuddy. (I never discovered why he persisted in making two syllables of that word.)
"Ben Spinyun, sir," answered the steward. (The creaking from the motion of the wheel here became very regular and careful.)
"Oh," said the captain; "well, start one of the men aft to take the helm, and send Ben in for a glass of grog."
The steward seemed inclined to stand on his dignity, and object to the intrusion of "Ben" into his domain. However, seeing that every one round the table looked most after-dinnerly good-natured, he obeyed the captain's order.
"This fellow," said the skipper, alluding to Ben, "is one of the best specimens I have on board of the genuine salt-water breed.—A capital sailor, he has been everywhere in the world and seen everything in or near any port where a vessel can put in; yet if we were to drop anchor to-morrow among the Toe-toe Islands, if there are any, Ben would manage to get drunk within half-a-dozen hours after being on shore, and to get done out of all his money before returning to the ship. He has been in all kinds of scrapes and adventures, and I'd lay you a wager can spin you any amount of yarns about queer-spent Christmas-days at sea.—I wish, gentlemen, that if lay in my power

to serve out roast beef and plum pudding to all these poor fellows, for when we think of the hardships of a sea-faring life—"
This was one of the captain's grievances. [Believe the old villain (who had a share in the ship) systematically served out the weakest grog and the woodiest of beef that he could procure, yet as sure as he got the "other glass," he began to talk nautical philanthropy in the above strain. Luckily, the entrance of the old seaman cut short his prosing.
A well-built, strong fellow was Ben Spinyun, with a fine, open, impudent face, and a pair of eyes that seemed to have caught their color from the sea, and twinkled over the rim of the glass of rum that the doctor handed to him at the bottom of the table, with a brightness that many a fair damsel would have envied. Not that this glass of rum was tossed off without due observances and ceremonies, for Ben was one of nature's polite men, and his hearty "Here's wishing a merry Christmas and a good voyage," had a genuine ring about it pleasant to hear.
"Fottish weather for Christmas-day, Ben," said I, as he set down the empty glass with immense care that it should rest perfectly upright on the table.
"Well, to be sure, sir," said Ben, stroking his short hair forward with his hard brown hand, "I have known it a deal colder, especially up about Canadee."
"Why, what on airth brought you in Canada on Christmas?" asked the doctor, a pleasant and very clever Yankee, who was what he called, going round the world before going through it.
"Why, you see, sir," said Ben, "I wasn't exactly there, neither; I should ha' been precious glad to have been there or anywhere else on that Christmas-day."
"Where were you then?" I asked.
"Deed, sir," said Ben, in the simplest matter-of-fact manner possible, "I was on an ice-berg."
"On an ice-berg," we echoed, and helping Ben to another glass to wind him up, we got from him the following story. I have endeavored to render his narrative as nearly as possible in his own words. His pronunciation, however, of some of them is quite unspellable.
"We was loading from Quebec, a good many years ago now, when there was some riots a going on up the country as kept back the timber we was waiting for from coming down the St. Lawrence; so 'atween, that and the laziness of the stevedor, and the captain, saving your presence, being, you see—just so, sir," (to the doctor, who was raising the glass to his lips) "we didn't get down the Gulf till precious late in the season. We came across lots of ice off Anticost, and the captain being a mighty timorous man, we'd an awful time of it across the Banks. Well, sir, we got becalmed just south of Cape Race, Newfoundland, in about 42 degrees N. latitude, on the night afore Christmas day; a beautiful night it was for to see the roaring borealis (aurora borealis) and the ice-bergs in the moonshine a looking, for all the world, like houggy (huge) piles of white chancy. I was a looking at one of 'em about half a mile or more to the norward of us, when the doctor came forward with a spy-glass to take a look at the same. He was an uncommon nice young gent, as had come out with us in the spring voyage a taking emigrants. He'd been staying up the country for the summer and fall, and was a goin' home with us, as he'd agreed when we first sailed. 'Ben,' says he to me, after looking a time through the glass, 'isn't that a bear on that ice-berg?' He handed me the glass, and sure enough, there was one of the biggest bears I ever see; just on a sort of quarter-deck by hisself at the bottom like, of a big mountain of ice as went up from it as straight as the mizen-mast, the sort of ice-berg they calls a hummock.—We could see him quite plain in the moonlight, and pretty dismal he looked. Well, sir," continued Ben, "I was taken all aback by what he says to me."
"What the bear said," exclaimed I.
"No, sir, what the doctor said. He was always up to some lark, he was; but I'm blowed if he didn't say to me, 'Ben, I must have a shot at that chap,' and down he goes to the cabin to ask the captain's leave. Our skipper had been trying to keep the cold out, for it was awful cold, till I 'spect he'd been ready to give in to most anything. How-so-ever, presently up he come on deck a holding on by the companion, for he couldn't hold up of hisself, and orders us to do whatever the doctor wanted.
"Mr. Tinnell, that was the doctor's name, knowed how to manage as soon as he heard this here order; he come forward to me at once, and sarved me out a couple of stiffish glasses of grog, and the like to all my watch, and then he whispers me to put some blankets in the quarter-boat, and have all ready to be off for a shot at the bear. There was no good in objecting, for he was a tremendous obstinate young gent, he was—and, besides which, he brought out a couple of bottles of rum to put into the boat with his rifle and thing, so it was not long afore we'd got off from the ship; he and me, and another chap, Bill Britton as was—poor Bill, he didn't think as how he'd never come back again.
"Well, sir, we pulled toward the ice-berg hand over hand, for it was dreadful cold, the air a coming off it regular fresh, and we took a good many pulls at the bottle too, to keep us warm. We could see the bear a sucking his paws, and hear him snuffing and growling as if he smelt summat wrong.

Poor brute, he found it was wrong, and no mistake, for the doctor was a dead shot.—Just as he got his rifle up to his shoulder, as gentle as could be, whether the bear saw the moon shining on the barrel or what, I can't say, but down he came with a run along the flat of ice as he was on, as if he knowed it were all up, and meant to swim for it. The doctor was too quick for him, and we just saw him lurch on his haunches and turn over, as we turned our heads when he fired. Be sure, sir, we got heartily to get to him, the doctor leading again the while. He looked over into the water just as we got close to the ice-berg, and pulled up a lot of weed as is on the edge of the Gulf stream. We was then about a dozen yards from the ice. He didn't say nothing, but I didn't like his look as he put his hand in the water afore we'd gone a bit further, and drew it out all in a hurry, with a sort of shudder. We could see the water a changing from the blue color of the Gulf stream to the regular sea-green, as we pulled through it. It was just at the edge of the stream. There was a deal of drift ice, bits like, just 'tween us and the flat of ice where the dead bear was lying, and it was careful work pulling among it. How-so-ever, we took a drup apiece, and worked on through it at last. The doctor a fastening the full grog bottle to his belt, to give the bear a dose, as he said.
"When we got to the ice-berg we found that it wasn't above a foot out of the water—the flat, I mean, where the bear was—so we made quick work and ran the painter round a big nub of ice to hold the boat, and all three of us climbed up on the ice. It was roughish work getting over it, though it looked so smooth at a distance; not a bit slippery, more like hard snow than ice. The flat as we was on was as big, about, as the whole deck, fore and aft, of the Cross. We wasn't long getting to the bear, and tried to heave him along to the boat, but he was a sight too heavy for that, so we set to work a skinning him with our knives. The doctor, all the while, looking upon the hummock of ice, as went right up like the side of a ship, over our heads. It's often come across my mind since, that he looked too cool then, considering how up he'd been to start.
"We'd well nigh finished our bear, when all at once we felt the ice a beginning to rock and shake. This got afore a minute or two, to a regular pitching, like a little cock-boat in a channel breeze. Along with this we heard a sort of roaring, and a hollow, splittin' kind of sound, as seemed to be all round us, and under us, and all about, and which made us stop like as if we'd been shot. I looked at my mate, who looked as poorly as a sick cod, and had got the skin of one of the paws as he'd just finished held up to protect him like. Just then the doctor leans over me, and, 'Ben,' says he, 'bolt down to the boat as hard as you can, and we'll bring on the skin. I warn't long a going to where the boat had been and sure enough it were clean gone, painter and all. Not an oar or anything to be seen.
"If I live to the age of Methusalem, I shan't forget that moment. I was regular all a heap like when the doctor came up with Ben and the skin. The ice-berg a rocking all the time like a big eradle, and with a regular heap of the weed we saw when we was pulling to it, piled all round on the edge of the ice.
"We was all three a holding together to keep ourselves up, on account of the working of the ice, when all at once it became quiet again and as firm as the earth. Depend upon it we looked at one another then, just to keep up our pluck; and the doctor never saying a word, unstraps the rum and holds round the bottle. After a longish pull we began to talk again, and then we managed, 'tween ourselves, to discover the precious pickle we was in, for a sort of fog had come down while we was a skinning the bear, and we couldn't see a couple of fathoms nowhere; and big drops of rain, as big as bullets, was a drifting hard in our faces, for all the world as if it was somebody a spitting.
"After a long talk hollering ourselves hoarse to try and make 'em hear aboard, we determined to wrap ourselves up in the bear skin, and wait for daylight. It was pretty well big enough to hold all three, and the doctor had got a blanket besides.
"I wasn't a very jolly sort of thing, as you may guess; but, somehow, we could say nothing to the doctor, he seemed so tremendous down in the mouth at what he called his 'cursed folly' in coming at all. Arter we'd taken a suck or two at the bottle, we felt better, and then he told us what it was as made the cracking and roaring in the ice, and how we come to lose the boat. All very natural it seemed too, only I've forgot how it was."
"Go on with your story, Ben," said our doctor; "I'll tell how all that happened when you have done."
"Well, sir," said Ben, after turning off another glass of rum as if it had been water, "we stopped without moving a peg for a mortal long while, only giving a holler now and then to the ship, just not to throw away a chance. I should reckon it must have been pretty far into Christmas-day afore we turned out of the bear's skin, for the sun was beginning to get low, and so was our spirits, I can tell you. There wasn't no signs of its getting clearer. I found myself a becoming precious sleepy, and I knowed that warn't a safe feel; so we turned out, all three, to have a walk, and try if we could hit on any way a swarming up to the top of the ice-berg—"

Luckily, this wasn't to be done, nollow; it was one wall of ice going straight up, and afore the fog come, you had to turn your head back with your face quite flat, to see the top of it, and it was as broad again as the Thames at Grinnidge.
"It struck me then as it was quite straight somehow, and the sort of deck we was on seemed to have got a slant since we first came on it. I said as much to the doctor, and off he started like mad to the side where our flat bit was joined on to the body of the ice. I thought he was going to pitch himself in, for he went down on his knees, and was a-looking into the water for ever so long. Presently he came back, quite cool and determined looking; and then I saw as he was like coming down hill towards us, instead of coming along a flat.—'Anything the matter?' said I. 'Well,' says he, 'taking a stiff pull at the grog, and waiting till we'd done that same too, 'well, there is something the matter; we'd best square ourselves as best we can, for we're turning over.'
"Sure enough it was time. The ice heaving top-heavy from the melting of it down under the water, was turning over—side-ways like—that is, sideways as we was standing, with our backs to the ice behind us, and a looking out to sea from the flat we was on. It went on getting more up hill every minute, till at last we was obliged to lie down right on the top edge where it was a rising further and further out of the water, on top of the weed lying in a heap there. It was the awfulest position as ever I was in. I dream about it sometimes now when I'm ashore, though it was a good many years ago. There was just a little chopping sea all round, and the ice rising out of it underneath us, as we looked over the edge where we was lying on, was as clear as glass. The whole ice-berg seemed to be a groaning with pain, there was such a splittin' and cracking, which seemed to come from its very middle. There was the doctor on my left hand a holding on, and with his rifle right under him, and the bear skin covering the pair of us. Bill had got the blanket and was on the far side of the doctor; and, he sure, we was precious quiet; it warn't no time for talk. I heard the doctor a saying something to hisself, quite solemn and low, and it seemed to do me good somehow, a listening to him. Well, we got very slowly raised a couple of fathom above the water, when all at once we began to go up at a tremendous rate; we was shot up another couple of fathom in no time, and then came the most fearsomest crash as ever I heard. I clenched my teeth and held on, arms and legs, as hard as I could. I couldn't have looked up to save my life; but I heard a something like a gun go off close to me, and a screech as would have frightened the dead, and a noise, like as if all the sky had fallen into the sea. I don't know anything as I can think of as it was more like. Then there come a sort of swimminess in my head, as I felt we was going down again fast, and expected to feel myself go right under water. All at once we stopped, and I felt we being driven on through the water at a spanking pace, for the spray came right up over us. It freshened me a bit, and I just looked out afore me, when, sure enough, we was a driving on through the water as if the ice had gone mad. I couldn't bear to look round for the others as was laying 'tween me and where the body of the ice-berg had been when I last looked. I was pretty near done, and that was as I must hold on tight anyhow I best could.
"It might have been a matter of five minutes afore the ice we was on stopped the uncommon rate it was a going at, and it was full another five minutes afore I could have the pluck to look up. I never saw so much in one look in my life, and thought at first I was gone mad or was dreaming. We were right on the top of a lump of ice, about as big as this ship. There wasn't nothing to be seen of the hummock of ice as we'd been under when we was a skinning the bear. I know how it was at once. In turning over, the flat of ice we was on had split off from the main body, and had dropped and floated with the thickest end (which was luckily the one we was on) uppermost. I 'spose the ice-berg a turning over had driven the water afore it, and sent us on at the rate we'd been going. I was a deal shorter time seeing all this than it takes me to tell it in, and when I'd seen so much I felt the swimming feel coming over me again so as I couldn't see no more for a bit, except that I noticed the fog had cleared away, and it looked like evening a coming down.
"Presently I felt some one a nudging me on the side, and I looked up and see the doctor a looking me in the face as I turned my head. I can see the look as was on his face now. His eyes were wide open and staring; the top of his face (for his cap had fell off) was all white excepting two blue spots on his cheeks, but his chin was as black as soot. He was trying to say something to me with his mouth open wide as if he was hollering. After a bit I heard a sort of whisper, which made my blood run cold. 'Where's Bill?' was what he said, and 'Where's the rifle?' I flushed over me all at once, the sound I'd heard, and the screech a fullering it, and brought on the swimminess again. I felt him a moving up, and caught hold of him just as he was toppling over into the water. 'I've shot him,' says he, a trying to get loose, and sure he'd a thrown hisself in if I hadn't got my legs a-agin him, as it were, to keep him on the ice.

There was the mark of the powder from the pan of the rifle he'd been a lying on, all over his breast and making the black mark on his chin. It had gone off as we was jerked from the ice-berg, and must have shot poor Bill.
"I've a most done gentlemen," continued Ben, after a short pause. "The 'citement of saving him roused me a bit, and I looked out, for it was clear enough by this time, and there was the ship a mile astern of us, all becalmed and with a boat along-side. I managed to give a hail after trying a good many times. At last they see'd us and fetched us off, pretty near dead beat. They cruised about, ever so long, a looking for poor Bill, but found nothing of him."
Ben was evidently affected, and we were all silent for some time. I poured out a tumbler of port with a trembling hand, and asked him how the doctor fared after.
"Well, sir," said Ben; "he was dreadfully out of, and had a kind of fever on him, and talked and raved like mad. He got better afore we arrived home, and was only melancholy like. I heard tell as he found that he'd come into a heap of money. Anyhow, I know as he behaved very handsome to two little uns Bill had left behind him with ne'er a mother. He talked a good deal to me during the voyage, and I found about a week afore we'd got to port that he'd settled twenty pound a year on my poor old mother, which is the only creature in this world as I has to care for, and for which I hope, as God will bless him," said Ben, with a fine honest tear in his eye, and, taking up his cap with a "Thank you kindly, gentlemen, for a listening to my yarn," he left the cabin.

The Boy Executioner.

A STORY OF THE DESERT.
A merchant of Tripoli, named Yezid, was traveling to Egypt. With him were his wife and two children, and two other merchants. They rode upon camels, and camels bore their merchandise. In their way they were to cross the Lybian Desert, their business being below the tropic.
At the close of a hot, sultry day, worn, weary and athirst, the party reached the small oasis of Lebon, which was nearly in mid-desert. There they found water for themselves and camels, and an ample place for repose. The tents were pitched, and the beasts secured in their feeding places, and after this the evening meal was prepared.
Yezid had gathered his family about him and read a chapter from the Koran, and his wife and youngest child had retired for the night. He sat, with his elder boys, discussing some mercantile matters, when the tramp of horses' feet was heard upon the sand. Starting quickly up, he hastened to the door of his tent, and looked forth upon the desert.
"What is it, father?" asked the eldest son, who had also arisen.
"There comes a band of horsemen," returned the merchant, pointing to the westward.
"Aye—and they are of the wild Tibbous, too," the son rejoined, the dim moonlight revealing the quaint garb of the coming party. "We are in danger."
Yezid at once sprang from his tent, and aroused the other merchants, but he was too late. The Tibbous came dashing up, eight in number, with the pale moonbeams reflected from their bright cinerets.
Malek, the youngest child of Yezid, heard the loud din, and in sudden alarm he left his couch, and crept out beneath the back of the tent. How long the noise lasted ere he awoke he knew not, nor did he have time for thought, for hardly had he reached the open space when he saw some men unfastening the camels. He stopped only to see that they were of one of the tribes of the Tibbous, and then he crept back into the tent for the purpose of giving the alarm.—He searched for his father, but could not find him. He then went out by the front way, and was just in season to see the Tibbous driving off the camels.
The boy—he was only fourteen—would have given some alarm, but at that moment his eyes rested upon a prostrate form close by his feet! He stooped down and turned the pale, cold face of his elder brother to the moonlight. His hand touched something warm upon his brother's shoulder—he looked—"twas blood."
"Father! father!" the boy cried.
But no father answered him. Then he arose, and found another prostrate form.—He bent over it, and saw that it was the body of his other brother—and this one was dead, too. At a short distance another form lay—a female—his mother. He found his father, too, and the two other merchants—but dead—all dead! The Tibbous had murdered them every one, and carried off everything of value, save the tents.
Poor Malek wept and tore his hair, and rent his garment in twain. He had loved his parents and his brothers, and he was frantic now. When he had become weak from excessive grief, he threw himself upon the blood stained grass, and there he lay for hours among the dead, with the moonbeams resting upon his pale cheek, and glistening upon his tears.
Finally the boy started to his feet, and gazed once more about him. For a long while he stood thus, and then he raised his clasped hands to heaven.
"A poor child is left alone upon the wild desert. His life has been made dark in it.

early morn, and all he loved have been stricken down in death. My mother, where art thou? My father, where art thou? My brothers—oh! what has befallen them? Dead! dead! dead! And who hath done it? The chieftain of the Tibbous hath been here with his men, and this is the work of their hands!"
Having spoken this in a mournful, impassioned strain, the boy moved to the side of his dead mother, and kissed her. He did the same to his father and brothers, and then he started up and clasped his hands again. This time a fierce fire burned in his eye, and his fine form was sternly erect.
"The Tibbous chieftain hath done it.—Malek alone, of all his family, is left to tell the story. Shall he tell that he fled from before the face of the murderer, or shall he tell how he revenged the deed? Father—mother—brothers—you shall be revenged if Malek lives!"
With a narrow tent spade which had been left behind, Malek dug the graves of his friends. He was many hours in the work—the sun rose and set again ere it was done. But the last prayer from the boy-lips was said at length, and the sand smoothed over the resting places of all that was mortal of his friends. Then the lad lay down beneath the old tent, and slept alone.
In the morning Malek arose, and having bowed himself upon the graves he had made and said his prayers, he prepared for the task before him. First he darkened his skin with some berries which he found at hand, and then he gathered up such provisions as he could find, and filled a leathern bottle with water. To follow the track of the murderers over the sand was easy enough, for there had been no wind to fill them up.
For three days the boy followed the trail, and when he awoke on the morning of the fourth, he saw a small village ahead, which lay at the foot of the rugged mountains.—He pushed on, and at the first hut he stooped and asked for food. An old woman named Noona owned the place, and she admitted the applicant at once. Malek told her he was from the mountains, and that his parents were dead. She took pity, and offered him a home if he would be a son to her.—She had lost all her children, and was alone. The Moorish boy readily accepted her offer, and from that time he had a home. Old Noona protected him, and claimed him as her own and when people asked her whence the child came, she said—"He is my dead sister's child and he found his way to my hut."

As soon as Malek dared question Noona, he began to gain light. He found that the chief of the place was named Ben Zama, and that he was a robber by profession. In time the boy learned all he could wish to know, and a part of it he learned from the chieftain's own lips. Ben Zama and seven of his chosen followers were the men who had murdered his family. He made sure of this—he knew every man—and then he turned his thoughts and energies in another direction.
He began to wander among the mountains, and at length he found the place he sought. It was where a narrow shelf of rock ran around an almost perpendicular mountain-side, and overlooked a frightful chasm, along the far-off bottom of which dashed and roared a swift, white torrent.—It was a wild, fearful place, but the boy was not afraid. Day after day he made his way to that giddy height, and there worked right bravely.
The shelf which seemed to be midway up the steep mountain's side, led from a rugged pathway which only the wild gazelle had trodden before. It was not over six feet wide at the commencement, and then led for some distance in a circuitous way, but when it became straight it widened to a broad inclined plane. This plane descended at such an angle that no man could have held himself on it, and at a distance of twenty yards it ended abruptly, leaving a broad chasm open at its foot. Some convulsion of nature seemed to have split and opened the shelf at this point, for at the distance of a few yards it commenced again, and led off around the mountain on a plane. But the chasm had been opened clear to the roaring torrent in the dim, deep distance.—The side of the mountain had been wholly cleft in twain, so that between the two ends of the shelf there was a yawning gulf.
Malek got long, strong vines, and having secured them to the rocks above, he let himself down the inclined plane. Then he brought long, dry sticks, and laid them carefully over the chasm, and when he had framed a groundwork thus, he brought grass and twigs, and broad flakes of light moss. At times he let himself down upon the steeping plane, and at others he ascended the mountain by another way, and worked upon the opposite side.
Months had passed since the boy Moor had commenced his work. It had been a work of great moment—of great magnitude—a work which few strong men would have dared to commence alone. But the boy had done it. Day after day he had labored when he dared, and week after week saw but little done. But when the months had gone, and the rainy season was at hand, the work was complete.
One morning Ben Zama sat in his tent, and with him were the seven men who had helped to murder the Moorish merchants. While they conversed, Noona's boy entered their presence. He had waited over a week to find those eight men together.