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# Selections.

Nil Nisi Bonum.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

Almost the last words which Sir Walter spoke to Lockhart, his biographer, were last flicker of the breath on his dying lips, he sighed a farewell to his family and passed away blessing them.

Two men, famous, admired, beloved, have just left us, the Goldsmith and the Gibbon of our time. Ere a few weeks are over many a critic's pen will be at work, reviewing their lives and passing judgment on their works. This is no review or history, or criticism; only a word in testimony of respect and regard from a man of letters, who owes to his own professional labor the honor of becoming acquainted with those two eminent literary men. One was the most with the republic; the pater patrice had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name; he came among us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most (which some people might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman, who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet; and, socially equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our heart? Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country regard for us disseminated in his own? ... His. books are read by millions\* of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England; and why to love her? It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did, to in-Irving, the posceful, the friendly, had no I don't know what sort of testimonial will ship, (Scott, Southey, Byron, and a hundred others have borne witness to their liking for him.) he was a messenger of good-will and peace between his country and ours. "See, friends!" he seems to say, "these English are not so wicked, rangeious, callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went among them a humble man; won my, way, by, my pen; and, when known,

ings which awaited Irving on his return to worthy. Almost from the first moment. his native country from Europe. He had a when he appears among boys, among colspeeches, hid himself in confusion, and the and takes rank as a great Englishman. people loved him all the better. He had He takes his seat there; he speaks, when so In that young community a man who brings but not without party faith and a sort of home with him abundant European testi- heroic enthusiasm for his cause. Still he is monials is still treated with respect I have I found American writers of wide-world re- That he may have leisure and means to purputation strangely solicitous about the opin- sue his darling studies he absents ions of quite obscure British critics, and elated, himself for a while, and accepts a richly reor depressed by their judgments), and Ir munerated post in the East. As learned a ving went home medalled by the King, man may live in a cottage or a college comdiplomatized by the university crowned. and honored, and admired. He had not in ample means and recognized rank were Ma-any way intrigued for his konors, he had caulay's as of right. Years ago there was fairly won them; and, in Irving's instance, a wretched outcry raised because Mr. Maas in others, the old country was glad and caulay dated a letter from Windsor Castle,

found every hand held out to me with kind-

liness and welcome. Scott is a great man

enger to pay them.
In America the love and regard for Irare perpetually raging there, and are carried on by the press with a rancor and fierceness against individuals which exceed British-

who took notes of the place while his kind investing his genius and intellect. old host was sleeping, might have visited the whole house in a couple of minutes.

And how came it that this house was so small; when Mr. Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands, may millions, when his profits were known to be large, and the habits of life of the good old bache-He loved once in his life. The lady he lov-"Be a good man, my dear!" and with the told story? To grieve glways was not his ness. Almost on the last day I had the fordue time? See

narrow rooms, because there was a great could only afford to keep one old horse (which, lazy and aged as it was, managed once or twice to run away with the careless old horseman). He could only afford to first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old. He was born all paragrph-monger from New York, who saw blameless cup, and fetched the public into his private chamber to look at him, Irving artiess, smiling good-will. His new country children to whom he was as a father. He deny himself the pleasure of looking especiall of whom the dear old man had shared ticles in the Times and Salurday Review)

the produce of his labor and genius. "Be a good man, my dear." One can't Chief of Letters, who had tasted and tested the value of worldly success, admiration, salt, did he not pay us with a thankful prosperity. Was Irving not good, and, of In his family gentle, generous, good-humorwriter, war had just renewed; to cry down young members of his calling; in his profes-

As for the other writer, whose departure many friends some few most dearly loved you acknowledge. Did not Scott's king of relatives, and multitudes of admiring read-England give a gold medal to him, and an ere deplore, our republic has already deother to me, your countryman, and a creed his statue, and he must have known that he had earned this post-humous honor. Tradition in the United States still fundly He is not a poet and man of letters merely, national welcome; he stammered in his lege students, among men, he is marked; worthily represented America in Europe, minded, without party anger or intrigue, peet and philosopher even more than orator. mon-room; but it always seemed to me that

eager to pay them.
In America, the love and regard for Ir.
In America, the love and re enough to attend together. "Two Kings of Brentford smelling at one rose," says Irving, looking up with his

† Mr. Irving described to me with that humor and during a year's travel-in the country, as it no one creatained a blow at Irving. All ed hts distinguished pen to Ametica (where are no one creatained a blow at Irving. All ed hts distinguished pen to Ametica (where are no one creatained a blow at Irving. All ed hts distinguished pen to Ametica (where are no one country) came to Sannyside, introduced-friendly peace-maker. That the good for lancheon, and in two days described Mr. Irving, his house, his nicces his nicces

how in every place he was honored and wel- Was this not a fit guest for any palace in less piles of others! come. Every large city has its "Irving the world? or a fit companion for any man fame of its men of letters. The gate of his litz, the old K. K. court officials and foot-Hudson River was forever swinging before Schoenbrunn. But that miserable "Wind-

If a company of giants were got together, very likely one or two of the mere six feet six people might be angry at theincontestable superiority of the very tallest of the party; and so I have heard some London wits, rather peevish at Macaulay's superiority, complain that he occupied too much of the talk and lor were notoriously modest and simple? so forth. From that wonderful tongue is to speak no more, will not many a man grieve ed died; and he, whom all the world loved, that he no longer has the chance to listen? never sought to replace her. I can't say To remember the talk is to wonder to think how much the thought of that fidelity has not only of the treasures he had in his touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness memory, but of the trifles he had stored of his after-life add to the pathos of that unthere, and could produce with equal readinature; or, when he had his sorrow, to bring tune to see him, a conversation happened all the world in to condols with him and besuddenly to spring up about senior wrangmoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love lers, and what they had done in after life, of his heart, and huries it; and the grass To the almost terror of the persons present, and flowers grow over the sacred ground in Macaulay began with the senior wrangler of 1801-2-3-4, and so on, giving the name Irving had such a small house and such of each, and relating his subsequent career and rise. Every man who has known him number of persons to occupy them. He has his story regarding that astoishing memory. It may be be was not ill-pleased that you should recognize it; but to these prodigious intellectual feats, which were so easy to him, who would grudge his tribute of homage? His talk was, in a word, ad-

mirable, and we admired it. could only live very modestly, because the when the present lines are written dealings; dear to his friends, honored by scurity, we think of ourselves to such an wifeless, childless man had a number of (the 9th of January), the reader should not had as many as nine nieces, I am told-I ally at two. It is a good sign of the times saw two of these ladies at his house-with when such articles as these (I mean the arappear in our public prints about our public men. They educate us, as it were, to but think of these last words of the veteran admire rightly. An uninstructed person in such fame. But the rewards of these men amuseum or at a concert may pass without recognizing a picture or passage of music, | not win the baton or epaulets; but God give which the connoisseur by his side may show his works, was not his life the best part? him is a master-piece of harmony, or a wonder of artistic skill. After reading these ed, affectionate, self-denying: in society, a papers you like and respect more the person which this writer's generous and untiring delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never so with regard to Macaulay's style; there obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to may be faults of course—what critic can't speak. Afflicted by a sense of shame, he base and mean, as some public men are point them out? But for the nonce we are forced to be in his and other countries); not talking about faults; we want to say, flame national rancors, which, at the time enger to acknowledge every cotemporary's nil nisi bonum. Well, take at hazard any when he first became known as a public merit; always kind and affable with the three pages of the Essays or History; and glimmering below the stream of the narathe old civilization at the expense of the sional bargains and mercantile dealings tive, as it were, you, an average reader, see new; to point out our faults, arrogance, delicately honest and grateful; one of the one, two, three, a half score of alluions to but he has some dire calamity to communishortcomings, and to give the republic to most charming masters of our lighter lan-other historic facts, characters, literature, infer how much she was the parent state's guage; the constant friend to us and our poetry, with which you are acquainted. a kind to redden the cheeks of a bashful superior. There are writers enough in the United States, honest and otherwise, who for his wit and genius merely, but as an expreach that kind of doctrine. But the good emplar of goodness, probity and pure life. or three words, to paint an individual, or to place for bitterness in his heart, and no be raised to him in his own country, where has his reading and his little stock of literascheme but kindness. Received in England generous and enthusiastic acknowledgment tures towed away in his mind, shall detect He will take the train at six o'clock in the with extraordinary tenderness and friend- of American merit is never wanting; but more points, allusions, happy touches, indicatand as they have placed a stone at Greenwich learning of this master, but the wonderful led him to this disaster, he had traveled youder in memory of that gallant young industry, the honest, humble previous toil down north and played his game with suc-Bellot, who shared the perils and fate of of this great scholar. He reads twenty cess and satisfaction. But the next mornsome of our Arctic seaman, I would like to books to write a sentence; he travels a hunding he had to be up in town in time for the hear of some memorial raised by English dred miles to make a fine description. first official hour at his bank; so he made writers and friends of affectionate remem. Many Londoners—not all—have seen the short work of it over night, and escaped to brance of the dear and good Washington British Museum Library. I speak a cour bed at half past one, A. M.; breakfasted so much as by that Catholic dome in Blooms- tered his carriage, he bethought him that retains the history of the feasts and rejoicbut citizen, statesman, a great British grateful reverence. I own to have said my harm in that resolve. If the public should grace at the table, and to have thanked Heaven for this my English birthright, freeto speak the truth I find there. Under the dome which held Macanlay's brain, and from which his solemn eyes looked out on brilliant, and wonderful store of learning was ranged! What strange lore would he not fetch at your bidding! A volume of law or history, a book of poetry familiar or

forgotten-except by himself who forgot no-

thing-a novel ever so old, and he had it at

hand: I spoke to him once about Clarissa.

and are infected by it, you can't leave it.

general, and the secretary of the govern-

House." The country takes pride in the or woman in it? I dare say, after Auster- of nil nisi bonum. One paper I have read straps with tremendous vigor, a second or carriages. regarding Lord Macaulay says "he had no so, and then looked out of the window with own charming little domain on the beautiful men sneered at Napoleon for dating from heart." Why, a man's books may not al- a face outwardly as composed as any ordiways speak the truth, but they speak his nary traveler with no burden on his mind | help him out." visitors who came to him. He shut out no sor Castle" outcry is an echo out of fast re- mind in spite of himself; and it seems to me and with clothing on his legs, may wear. one. I had seen many pictures of his house, treating old world remembrances. The place this man's heart is beating through every What the feelings of a bashful man so and read descriptions of it, in both of which of such a natural chief was among the first page he penned. He is always in a storm placed must have been, I need not tell you. would be a man. He cared not to risk his it was treated with a not unusual American of the land; and that country is best, ac- of revolt and indignation against wrong, Analysis, if we wished to defend him before exaggeration. It was but a pretty little cording to our British notion, at least, where craft and tyranny. How he cheers heroic a jury of prudes, might be justifiable; but a quarter of the time had expired, and cabin of a place; the gentleman of the press, the man of eminence has the best chance of resistance; how he backs and applauds free- you will not require it. Mr. Saxon's heart while the garments dangled unfilled, the dom struggling for its own; how he frates gave a bound. There was a lady addressold gentleman opened the door, and informscoundrels ever so victorious and successful; sing the guard, who pointed down in the discussion of the dis how he recognizes genius, though selfish rection of Mr. Saxon's head, and led her out. There also stood the ladics, looking villians possess it! The critic who says Macaulay had no heart might say that Johnson array himself in one or the other pair, gave had none; and two men more generous, and it despairingly up, and thought it best to more loving, and more hating, and more par- block the window and look extremely unintial, and more noble, do not live in our his-

The writer who said that Lord Macauley had no heart could not know him. Press writers should read a man well, and all over, and again; and hesitate at feast, before they speak of those aidoia. Those who knew Lord Macauley knew how admirably tender, and generous, and affectionate he was. It was not his business to bring his family before the theatre foot-lights, and told you. He did speak, but he was unincall for bouquets from the gallery as he wept telligible. The guard wrenched at the door. Guard!" shouted the old gentleman. over them.

If any young man of letters reads this little sermon-and to him indeed it is addressed-I would say to him "Bear Scott's words in your mind, and 'be good my dear.' " Here are two literary men gone to their account, and, laus Deo, as far as we know, it is fair, and open, and clean. Here is no need of apologies for shortcomings, or explanations of vices which would have been virtues but for unavoidable, etc. Here are two examples of men most differently gifted; each pursuing his calling; each speakbeen the fortunate lot of both to give unac- I dare say you all understand. countable happiness and delight to the world, which thanks them with an immense kindliness, respect and affection. It may not be our chance, brother scribe, to be endowed with such merit, or rewarded with are rewards paid to our service! We may us strength to guard the honor of the flag.

A Terrible Day. My friend, Harry Saxon, is the most bashful of men, and he statters; under the influence of excitement, he can hardly would fain be dead and buried. To such a man life may be a daily struggle. My friend also is liable to misfortunes; so that, with a light heart and a great capacity for enjoyment, he is usually as miserable as any Manichan could desire. I seldom meet him cate to me. And, as if by fatality, it is of

My friend, you must know, is a very amiable amateur-cricketer, out of his bank. ing not only the prodigious memory and vast or west, to a match. On the occasion which ouvert, and pray the kindly reader to bear hastily at half past five, and hurried to the with me. I have seen all sorts of domes of station as quickly as he could, arriving Peters and Pauls, Sophia, Pantheon-what there twenty minutes too early, which not?—and have been struck by none of them | cooled him—so much so that, when he enbury, under which our million volumes are he had on his light cricketing trousers, and housed. What peace, what love, what truth, might as well-since he had on a warm pair, what beauty, what happiness for all, what and was alone in the carriage—change them spread out! It seems to me one cannot sit so that he could not appear at the bank in down in that place without a heart full of light flannels. I hope no one will see any suggest there were modest cows in the pasturages he was flying by, and young corruply to partake of these bountiful books, and tible heifers, I have only to remark that Mr. Saxon was much above their level. As it was day, moreover, he could not offend the moon. Of course, I share the popular the world but a fortnight since, what a vast, belief that we were born in trousers, and never get out of them. I would merely observe that the case of Mr. Saxon was an exception to the rigid rule. Besides, since he was only relinquishing one pair to resume another, the offense, however grievous, was but momentary, you will admit. Had he be h-a-a-happy--" he began. done all the honors to the renowned modesty "Not read Clarisca!" he eried out. "If you of this island, he would have drawn the sion of danger," thinking that he spoke in was no one whom he had ever seen before, away in the third boat that had reached the have once thoroughly entered on Clarissa, second pair over the first. I can only ex- the assenting tense. cuse his not doing this by the declaration then, we will not exonerate bim. Unfortuwives. I had Clarissa with me; and, as struck him till he had shot ahead some soon as they began to read, the whole ata- miles. And again, very unfortunately, as was better than his present torment. tion was in a passion of excitement about we say when we would site the circumstan-Miss Harlowe and her minortunes, and her ces clearly fated, the young gentlemen took man. secondrelly Lorslace! The governor wife off his tight flannels before he opened his

swiftly on. Mr. Saxon made a final effort to most charitably. viting! He could not believe that his fortune could be so cruel as to send this lady straight to him at a time when, without wishing to be uncourteous, he profoundly devoted her to Jericho. He was forgetful of his experience. Some men have a great hoard of experience, and only see it by the lurid light of new distresses. Now, Mr. Saxon should, no doubt, have spoken and warned the lady off. He stuttered, I have Mr. Saxon had just time to hide his nether failings under a railway rug, which he had providentially with him, when the door off one of the carriages, and turned a few

went. Now, my friend Harry Saxon tells me he considers it a curious thing that the lady, after a little while, began to regard him with something like astonishment. But the to frenzies of distraction. At one place, a fact does not surprise me, who know him. lady entered who could not ride with her Nervousness is part of bashfulness, and, af- back to the engine. He was positivelyfected by nervousness, we are apt, without Of the notices which have appeared reling his truth as God bade him; each honest knowing it, to grimace strangely. To speak her by changing seats; and, gallant by nathring this matter than you do. I have told you garding Lord Macaulay, up to the day in his life; just and irreproachable in his metaphysically, and with enlightened obhis country; beloved at his fireside. It has excess that we grow oblivious to our actions.

> "M-adam!" said Harry, after several impotent efforts.

The lady replied, "Sir," or "Yes." He chronicles it exactly, but I forget.

"Hs-a-a-ha—are you going the whole way to t-t-t-t-town?" said Harry, grasping holding on to his rug with both hands. "No, sir," said the lady, haughtily, coldly and shortly.

"What a blessing!" thought Harry, sinkng back.

The lady opened a book.

At the next station, Harry looked at her imploringly. She would not go. "Perhaps," thought Harry, "she's going on to the last station but one!" There he was sure the carriage would be filled. He begged politety of her to tell him when

she intended to quit the train.

"Really," said the lady. "May I inquire. ir, why you are so anxious to know?"

"Not at all," said Harry, speaking enigmatically as he looked.

The lady resumed her reading. An old New Brunswick. gentleman, with two young ladies, now entered the carriage. Harry tightened and being then some five or six weeks out, and compressed the rug, and sat glaring at having neared the eastern portion of the less search, Mr. Bruce," said the captain, them

"At all events," thought Harry, "they can't muke me move." This consolatory notion had hardly whispered its barren com- both descended to calculate their day's fort to him, when a slight shock was felt. He saved himself from going into the old were too much alarmed to notice his dis: stairway descending to it ran athwart ships composure.

"What's the matter?" said the old gentleman.

The train had come to a stand. "Oh! what is it?" cried all the ladies. "Stop a minute, my dears," said the old

haps one of us had better go out and speak to the guard." "Oh, papa, you shall not go!" exclaimed

the young ladies; and the one who was alone exclaimed-

"Perhaps we shall be safer out than in." The young ladies reiterated that their papa should not go. A common eye was directed to Harry, who sat, with a flery face, trying to appear perfectly unconscious.

'Well, if I mayn't go," said the old gen tleman, "perhaps this gentleman will?" Here was a direct appeal. Harry preended not to hear.

"Oh! it must be something dreadful!" ried the ladies. "Will you oblige us, sir," said the soli

tary lady, "by getting out and speaking to the guard?" ne guardr She addressed poor Harry. She addressed poor Harry. "I should

"Inst ask him if there's any apprehen

"I k-k-k-k-I k-k-k-can'ti" savs

The ladies regarded him with wonder. All Harry's hopes were that they would get tention. "Why, Mr. Bruce," said the latter, ing up at him from the Captain's deak. ment, and the commander in-chief, and their nately, the thought of a change had not out and leave him. Danger, rain, dreadful smashes, he was indifferent to: anything

"Can't speak; sir?" said the old gentle

"Can't m-0-0-0-movel" says Harry. "No legs-ch? Dan mel" the old genleman observed. And yet the rug displaypaced up and down the Athenseum library; fine quality which occasionally leads to trou- limbel . Dear me!"

I dare say he could have spoken pages of ble, for, while he was unstrapping his bag, Several persons were out of the train by

Harry heard the old gentleman say: "We mustn't leave that poor fellow. We must

Meantime, he was at his carpet bag again. One clear minute to himself, and Harry life for one clear minute to himself. Before

"Do p-p-p-please shut the door," says crew." Harry.

"Come, sir!" said the old gentleman, 'you must come out. Give me your hand." "I k-k-k-can't, I tell you," says Harry. "But I will help you, sir," said the old gentleman.

"I won't," says Harry.

"You must be mad, sir-you must b stark mad." said the old gentleman. Pushed to extremity, Harry answered-'So I am."

"Then you must be dragged out, sirdragged out by force-main force, sir.

The guard came up, but only to say it was a false alarm. The train had shaken

opened, and the lady became his companion. sheep into mutton. All was right now, and The train whistled blithely, and off they everybody was to step in.

Off they went once more. It is really cruel to dwell on Mr. Saxon's miseries, and the incidents which were perpetually aggravating them and driving him being the only one facing it-asked to favor sir," replied Bruce, "I know no more of ture, courteous, obliging, he had to stutter a the exact truth." downright refusal. But realise his position. and I think you will admit that, for a bash- slate before him, in deep thought. At last, ful man, Mr. Harry Saxon endured four turning the slate over and pushing it tohours of mortal misery that it would be wards Bruce, he said: "write down, 'Steen hard to match. Excessive cilvilization, you to the nor'west." see, has its troubles. It may seem rather unkind to leave him in the State I have left ter narrowly comparing the two handwrithim in. I will justify this artistic stroke ings, said: "Mr. Bruce, go and tell the by assuring you that Mr. Saxon is, I have no doubt, whatever, at the moment I speak to most exqisite society.

## The Rescue.

FROM "FOOTFALLS ON THE BOUNDARY OF

Mr. Robert Bruce, originally descended from some branch of the Scottish family of must be searched; and if I don't find t ... that name, was born, in humble circum- fellow he must be a good hand at hide-ar stances, about the close of the last century, seek. Order up all hands." at Torbay, in the south of England, and there bred up to a sea-faring life.

On one of her voyages bound westward, officers was found. banks of New Foundland, the captain and "what the devil do you make of all this?" mate had been on deck at noon taking an observation of the sun; after which they you see the writing. There must be som work.

The cabin, a small one, was immediately

Immediately opposite to this stairway, just place. It's only a few hours lost at the beyond a small square landing, was the worst." mate's state-room; and from that landing there were two doors, close to each other. the one opening aft into the cabin, the other added, as the mate rose to go, "have a loo fronting the stairway into the state-room. gentleman. "Don't be so alarmed. Per- The desk in the state-room was in the forward part of it, close to the door; so that any one sittiong at it and looking over his o'clock the lookout reported an ice-beshoulder could see into the cabin.

The mate, absorbed in his calculations. which did not result as he had expected, it. varying considerably from the dead-reckoning, had not noticed the captain's motions. When he had completed his calculations, he ship, apparently frozen to the ice, and wi called out, without looking round, "I make a good many human beings on it. Short our latitude and longitude so and so. Can after they have to, and sent out the boats that be right? How is yours?"

tion, glancing over his shoulder and per- bound to Liverpool, with passengers Thereupon he rose, and, as he fronted the weeks in a most critical situation. She v

that fixed gaze looking directly at him, in proportionately great. grave silence, and became assured that it

"what in the world is the matter with you?" "The matter, sir? Who is that at your

desk?" "No one that I know of." "But there is, sir; there's a stranger

there." "A stranger! Why, man, you must be dreaming. You must have seen the steward,

down without orders?" "But, sir; he was sitting in your arm-

Baltimore and Washington, and remarked where he was staying. Immortal gods the book and of what count the train insusibly slackened speed, and this time. The old gentleman and all the chair, fronting the door, writing on your suddenly stopped. On perceiving this ladies got out too. Word was passed that slate. Then he locked up full in my face; In this little paper let us keep to the text alarming fact, Mr. Saxon pulled on the there was a general order to evacuate the and if ever I saw a man plainly and distinctly in this world, I saw him."

"Him! Whom?" "God knows, sir; I don't. I saw a man,

and a man'I had never seen in my life before." "You must be going crazy, Mr. Bruce. A stranger, and we nearly six weeks out!"

"I know, sir; but then I saw him." "Go down and see who it is." Bruce hesitated, "I never was a believer in ghosts," he said; "but, if the truth must

be told, sir, I'd rather not face it alone." Come, come, man. Go down at once, and don't make a fool of yourself before the

"I lrope you've always found me willing to do what's reasonable," Bruce replied, changing color, 'but if it's all the same to you, sir, I'd rather we should both go down together."

The captain descended the stairs, and the mate followed him. Nobody in the cab in! They examined the state-rooms. Not

a soul to be found. "Well, Mr. Bruce," said the captain. "did not I tell you you had been dreaming?"

"It is all very well to say so, sir; but if I didn't see that man writing on your slate, may I never see my home and family again!" "Ah, writing on the slate! Then it should

be there still." And the captain took it up. "By God!" he exclaimed, "here's something, sure enough! Is that your writing, Mr. Bruce?" "The mate took the slate, and there, in

plain, legible characters, stood the words "STEER TO THE NOR WEST!"

"Have you been triffing with me, sir?" added the captain in a stern manner. .

"On my word, as a man and a sailor,

The captain sat down at his deak, the

The mate complied, and the captain, afsecond mate to come down here."

He came, and, at the captain's request. you perfectly prepared to make his bow in he also wrote the same words. So did the steward. So, in succession, did every man of the crew, who could write at all. But not one of the various hands, resembled, 1... any degree, the mysterious writing.

When the crew retired, the captain satia deep thought. "Could any one have bec. stowed away?" at last he said. "The sh :-

Every nook and corner of the vessel, fre stem to stern, was thoroughly searched, at . When about thirty years of age, to wit, in | that with all the eagerness of excited cu: the year 1838, he was first mate of a bark osity-for the report had gone ont that trading between Liverpool and St. Johns, stranger had shown himself on board; but not a living soul beyond the crew and the

"Can't tell, sir. I saw the man write.

thing in it." "Well, it would seem so. We have the

wind free, and I have & great mind to kee . at the stern of the vessel, and the short ber away and see what will come of it." "I surely would, sir, if I were in yo :

> "Well, we'll see. Go on deck and giv the course nor'west. And Mr. Bruce," I out aloft, and let it be a hand you can c pend on."

> His orders were obeyed. About thr nearly ahead, and, shotly after, what I thought was a vessel of some kind close t

As they approached, the captain's gladisclosed the fact that it was a dismaste

the relief of the sufferers. Receiving no reply, he repeated his ques- It proved to be a vessel from Queb ceiving, as he thought, the captain busy board. She had got entangled in the i writing on his slate. Still no answer, and frozen fast, and had passed sere cabin-door, the figure he had mistaken for stove, her decks swept-in fact, a mt. the captain raised his head and disclosed to wreck; all her her provisions and almost t the astonished mate the features of an entire her water gone. Her crew and passenge had lost all hopes of being saved, and the Bruce was no coward; but, as he met gratitude for the unexpected rescue w:

As one of the men who had been brough it was too much for him; and, instead of wreck was ascending the ship's side, the stopping to question the seeming intruder, mate, catching a glimpse of his face, starte he rushed upon deck in such evident alarm | back in consternation. It was the very facthat it instantly attracted the captain's at- he had seen, three or four hours before, look

> At first he tried to persuade himself : might be fancy; but the more he examin w the man the more sure he became that it a was right. Not only the face, but the tree son and the dress, exactly corresponded.

As soon as the exhausted orew and famished passengers were cared for, and the bark on her course again, the mate calls for tears!" He acted the ment, slow to conceive, quick to execute a od a pair in outline. "Paralysis lower or second mate. Who else would tenture the captain aside. "It seems that was not a ghost I saw to day; sir, the man's alive

"What'do you mean? Who's alive?"