

"LET YOUR TROUBLE TARRY TILL ITS OWN TIME COMES."

19.—Turner seldom mixed much in society, and only displayed in the closest intimacy the shrewdness of his observation, and the playfulness of his wit. His personal habits were peculiar, and even penurious, but in all that related to his art he was generous to munificence. He was never married; he was not known to have any relations; and his wants were of the most limited kind.

25.—Kissing under the mistletoe at Christmas is a custom of immemorial antiquity. It was practised in Druidical times.

Christmas Carols.—"Carol" is said to be derived from *cantare*, to sing, and *rola*, an interjection of joy. It is rightly observed by Jeremy Taylor that "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and goodwill towards men," the song of the angels on the birth of the Saviour, is the first Christmas carol.

26.—It appears from a memoir on the manner in which the inhabitants of the North Riding of Yorkshire celebrate Christmas, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1811, that "On the feast of St. Stephen large goose pies are made, all of which they distribute among their needy neighbours, except one, which is carefully laid up, and not tasted till the Purification of the Virgin, called Candlemas."

A TALE OF THE SEA.

"The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death."—FALCONER.

IN a fearful fog on the Newfoundland coast, on the morning of the 20th of June, 1822, the small schooner, *Drake*, struck suddenly upon a rock, and almost immediately fell on her side, the waves breaking over her. Her commander, Captain Baker, ordered her masts to be cut away, in hopes of lightening her so that she might right herself, but in vain. The ship was fast breaking up, and the only hope was that the crew might reach a small rock, the point of which could be seen above the waves at a little distance. A man, named Lennard, seized a rope, and sprang into the sea; but the current was too strong for him—he was carried away in an opposite direction, and was obliged to be dragged on board again. Then the boatswain, whose name was Turner, volunteered to make the attempt: in a gig, taking a rope fastened round his body. The crew cheered him, after the gallant fashion of British seamen, though they were all hanging on by ropes to the ship, with the sea breaking over them, and threatening every moment to dash the vessel to pieces. Turner drew near the rock; a huge wave lifted his boat, and shattered it to pieces; but the brave boatswain was safe, and contrived to keep his hold of the rope, and to scramble upon the stone.

Another great wave, almost immediately after, heaved up the remains of the ship, and dashed her down close to this rock of safety, and Captain Baker, giving up the hope of saving her, commanded the crew to leave her, and make their way to it. For the first time he met with disobedience. With one voice they refused to leave the wreck unless they saw him before them in safety. Calmly he renewed his orders, saying that his life was the last and least consideration; and they were obliged to obey, leaving the ship in as orderly a manner as if they were going ashore in harbour. On their way to the rock some were swept away by the waves; but at last the captain, with the survivors of his crew, stood on the little shelf. It was clear, however, that this would be covered at high water, so an attempt must be made to reach the coast, which was now quite near at hand. The gallant boatswain, who still held the rope, volunteered to make a second effort to save his comrades. He succeeded. There was now a line of rope between the shore and the rock, just long enough to reach from the one to the other when held by a man at each end. The only hope of safety lay in working a desperate passage along this rope to the land. The spray was already

beating over those who were crouched on the rock, but not a man moved till called by name by Captain Baker, and then, it is recorded that not one so summoned, stirred till he had used his best entreaties to the captain to take his place; but the captain had but one reply—"I will never leave the rock until every soul is safe." Forty-four stout sailors had made their perilous way to shore. The forty-fifth looked round, and saw a poor woman, a passenger, lying helpless, almost lifeless, on the rock unable to move. He took her in one arm, and with the other ung to the rope. Alas! the double weight was more than the much-tried rope could bear; it broke half-way, and the poor woman and the sailor were both swallowed up in the eddy. Captain Baker and three seamen remained, utterly cut off from hope or help. The men in best condition hurried off in search of assistance, found a farm-house, obtained a rope, and hastened back; but long ere their arrival the waters had flowed above the head of the brave and gallant captain.

The English tell some large stories, and, justly too, about their heavy ordnance. An American gentleman who was listening in a London coffee-house to a description of these monsters, said abruptly, "Pooh! gentlemen, I won't deny that's a fair-sized cannon; but you are a little mistaken in supposing it to be the largest in the world. It's not to be named in the same minute with one of our Yankee cannon that I saw in Charleston last year. Jupiter! that was a cannon. Why, gentlemen, it was so large that the sailors had to employ two yoke of oxen to draw in the ball." "The dence they did!" exclaimed one of his hearers, with a smile of triumph. "Pray, can you tell me how they got the oxen out again?" "Why, my dear sir," said the Yankee, "they unyoked 'em and drove 'em through the vent ole!"

Two Irishmen one day went out shooting. A large flock of pigeons came flying over their heads. Pat elevated his piece, and firing, brought one of them to the ground. "Arrah!" exclaimed his companion, "what a fool you are to waste your ammunition, when the bare fall would have killed him!"

A FARMER in Woonsocket makes merry over the mistake of an old Shanghai hen of his, that has been sitting for five weeks upon two round stones and a piece of brick. "Her anxiety," quoth he, "is no greater than ours, to know what she will hatch. If it proves a brick yard that hen is not for sale."



BOILING SPRINGS IN ICELAND.