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"MULTUM IN PARVO."

[EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOL. 2. NO. 23.]

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, APRIL, 1867.

[PRICE 5 CTS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE "GAZETTE."

## GOLD and TINSEL.

BY ARTHUR ARCHER.

### CHAPTER IV.

At last Dr. Bland declared that he was tired of the monotony of the life they were leading, and proposed that they should try boat-sailing as their next amusement. Of course this was a kind of recreation very agreeable to all parties, although neither Edward Bland nor Charles knew much about it. Dr. Bland however was a professed hand, and understood it thoroughly, and they found it much more pleasant to pass the time gliding swiftly along the coast before a good breeze of wind, than in walking moodily along the shore, looking for a change of scene from the rude monotony of the rocks.

One day Edward Bland was unwell and could not accompany his brother, the day was fine and although the wind blew strong, the Doctor urged that there was no danger, and accordingly he and Charles started out as usual in the small boat in which they were accustomed to go; this boat carried a very large sail for one of her dimensions, and was perfectly open, she was a fast sailer however, and this, in the eyes of Dr. Bland made up for the fault of her being rather crank. They were running up before the wind within a mile of the shore when Dr. Bland who had the helm, jibed the boat. Now it will be necessary to explain to our non-nautical readers what jibing means. When a boat is running directly before the wind, the sheet or rope which holds the sails is run out to its full extent, so as to catch as much wind as possible. Now if the sail is filled towards the right hand side of the mast it is plain that any considerable change in the course of the boat towards the right must bring the wind to bear on the sail so as to fill it towards the other side of the mast. This operation is called jibing and we may remark that it is more dangerous and requires more care than any other in connection with boating. When a boat is jibed the sheet should be eased

away gradually so as to prevent danger, instead of which Dr. Bland let it fly over without letting it go, and the consequence was that the sail went over with terrific force, and the boat at once upset. Both Dr. Bland and Charles Rivers were thrown into the water, but with this difference, the former swam or rather floated like a cork, while the latter immediately sank. Rivers could not swim a stroke, and the boat threw them out so suddenly that she was a long distance from him when he came to the surface for the first time.

There are some occasions in our lives when the thoughts of a life time seem to be crowded into a moment's space, when the soul with an intense activity and power which is the best proof of its immortality, casts at once aside the fetters of time, and calls up a thousand images of past events in terrible array.

Thus it was with Charles Rivers as he felt himself sinking hopelessly under the waves; and saw the water dark above his head. No hand was there to save him; no hope of life was left. Once more he rose to the surface, and as he did so, his head came in contact with some thing. He instinctively threw up his hand and caught it; it was an oar; he was saved.

Yes, saved from death! There is something in the word suggestive of strange thoughts; but it is ever thus through life. A circumstance as simple as a difference of ten feet or less in the position of an oar, may be the means of making or undoing us. Had that oar been a few feet away, our history would have been brought to an abrupt close.

Those who know what a small thing will keep a man's head above water will not be surprised that the oar should have saved Charles. He got it under his chin, and as there was but little sea, he felt himself comparatively secure. His next care was for Dr. Bland, but he need not have given himself any concern about him, for that individual was snugly seated astride the keel of the upturned boat, looking none the worse for his dip, except that the water had glued his clothes to his skin.

"Hullo, Doctor, all safe I see!"

"Yes."