

"Off Newfoundland, sir. If you have a mind to listen to a yarn, I will tell you all about it."

"There is nothing I should like better," answered the gentleman. So the two sat down on a bench, and the old man began his yarn.

"It's four-and-twenty years ago now since I shipped on board the steamship *Arctic*, bound for New York. There is no need to say anything about the ship, except that she was strongly built and well found. There were over two hundred and thirty passengers, and one hundred and fifty souls belonging to the ship, officers and men all told.

"We left Liverpool on the 20th of September, and on the 27th were somewhere about fifty miles off Newfoundland. The weather had been foggy for some hours, and on that day we had not been able to see farther than half a mile or so, and sometimes not nearly so far.

"Eight bells had just struck, and I was going aft to attend to some duty, when the officer on deck shouted out, 'Hard a-starboard!' On turning to ascertain the cause of this sudden order, I saw a larger steamer than ours on the starboard bow, coming stem on towards us, under sail. The next moment she struck our bows with a tremendous crash that sent a shock through the vessel from stem to stern; but she herself seemed to have suffered most from the meeting; for, as she glided by and passed astern of us, we could see that about ten feet of her bows were literally cut or crushed off, and it was evident that she could not keep afloat long.

"Our captain ordered the boats to be lowered, and pull to the help of the stranger; but only one had started before it was discovered that our own ship had sustained a fearful injury.

"As soon as this was found to be the case the pumps were all set to work, and the ship headed in for land. Efforts were made to check the leak by getting sails over the bows; but all in vain, the vessel was doomed.

"When this became known there was a panic among the passengers, and, in spite of all the captain could say, a rush