

my favorite element ; and as I did not wish to be burdensome to my friends, I left them once more, contrary to all parental and fraternal entreaties, and joined the merchant service, thinking that a foreign voyage might perhaps recruit my health.

My leave-taking of my brother was most solemn and affecting ; he entreated me to return back with him, but I would not. He shook his head mournfully, and murmured " Farewell ! " I could see him keeping his eye on the vessel, till his figure became like an atom, and presently it vanished from my anxious gaze.

Our voyage was tempestuous ; the evening of our departure was greeted by no solar ray ; and the wind, which, in gloomy murmurs gave " fearful note of preparation " for a coming storm, soon increased to a hurricane. Our little world was tossed about at the mercy of the waves ; the night was spent in fear and anxiety. 'Twas then I thought of home ; I imagined I heard my brother beseeching me to return ; but to hear a voice was then impossible ; the thunder rolled and the forked lightning flashed in awful majesty. The morning came, but the tempest raged with unabated violence, threatening to hurl us into the yawning abyss. In this manner we were tossed about for two days at the mercy of the winds and waves, having lost two masts. On the night of the second we were driven on shore on the coast of Norway, near Bergen. The captain, who was a cowardly fellow (in mercy to whom I do not name the ship), went ashore, with four others, in the only boat we had, promising to return. I was certainly offered a place beside the chicken-hearted commander, but I preferred to await the return of the boat, in the company of those that remained.

Hanging to the wreck for hours, no boat came to our rescue ; and as the vessel was now under water, I resolved on swimming ashore, where I saw lights moving to and fro—no doubt to aid the wreckers in their greedy business. Seeing a spar floating by, I jumped upon it, and I was soon away from the vessel ; the tide seemed to aid my efforts, for I was carried towards the shore. In my eagerness to hold on by the spar, my watch-glass was broken into pieces, which were lodged into my side, and this, no doubt, brought on fainting from loss of blood. But there is a wonderful tenacity in life, and I still held fast, although unable to make any effort. I became insensible ; a gurgling noise assailed my ears, and I sank, as it were into a dreamy sleep. In this situation I was cast on shore, and how long I remained in this state I know not. I heard voices in the midst of the storm, and the sound of footsteps near, but I could neither speak nor open my eyes. My first sensation arose from the rough handling of some of the people, who talked together in, to me, an unknown tongue. Still unable to open my eyes, or to move, I remained insensible, until I felt my hand lifted up, as if to feel the pulse. Instinctively I clutched the hand in a *grasp* that it was found impossible to disengage it from. The form and pressure of that *grip* was immediately understood, and I was lifted from the strand in the arms of a foreigner *brother*. He held some spirits to my lips, and, after a shiver or two, I opened my eyes upon a scene of wreck and ruin. I was conveyed to the house of my preserver, the glass was picked out of my side, and I was consigned to a couch, where I was carefully watched.

By the kind attention of my newly-found brother, I soon recovered, and heard that all had been lost ; for what had been saved from the deep had fallen into the hands of the wreckers.

The kind hearted fellow who had acted the true Samaritan introduced me to the consul, also a brother, who supplied me with clothes and other necessities. As soon as I was in a fit state to move about, I determined on returning home, for I had a presentiment that death had put his mark upon me, as my pulmonary complaint increased daily. Accordingly, I took the first ship which was bound to the port of London. . . . Here ends the sailor's narrative.

He arrived in London much emaciated, where he found an asylum in his sister's house ; but he longed to see his old mother once more ; and, with staff in hand, the frail, weather-beaten fellow went and secured a berth in one of the Leith smacks, (there were no steamers then), which was to sail next day. He returned back, his luggage was put on board, and he retired to rest with the hope that he would once more see his parent, who having been apprised of his intention, anxiously awaited the arrival of the ship. It arrived, but her boy was not there ; the captain knew not how to account for the mystery, for he had seen him the night before, with his own hand, write his name on a piece of paper, and pin it to the curtain of his bed ; and there it remained. By next post his afflicted family were made acquainted with his dissolution.

His last filial effort was too much for him ; he died three hours before the vessel sailed. He was only twenty-five years of age ; his voyage is o'er, and with him the " dream of life is past " ; his shattered hulk is now free from earthly storms, awaiting, it is to be fervently and devoutly hoped, a translation to the Grand Lodge above.
—*The New York Square.*