

shall I forget that moment. I was roused by it. My own conviction of my personal identity was complete; but would it avail me any thing? The story on which I had to depend was nothing in the face of the evidence to be adduced. Was such an improbable story to be believed? Should I be allowed to sit up myself as the murdered man, when the witness saw him lying dead, and the body was afterwards found in the canal? It was contrary to common sense, and would, of course, be looked upon as the desperate attempt of a hardened villain to baffle the ends of justice. I had no friends to speak to my character or condition—I was alone—friendless, and the public clamour loud against me. My own dollars were more eloquent than the prosecuting counsel.

My trial proceeded. Oh! how the opening speech went to my heart! The audience shuddered as they heard the glaring facts; and oh! what looks of horror and reproach were cast at me; prejudice, with her myriad ears, was gaping on, and gulping down the plausible story. The witnesses gave their evidence with clearness and precision. The landlord of the little public-house, where I first stopped, was called to prove his having seen the dollars in the possession of the murdered man when at his house. During all the previous proceedings, this man had never before looked at me face to face; but when he was confronted with me, he gave an involuntary start, and seemed unable to utter a syllable. He fixed his eyes intently on me, and pointed to his own cheek, and stammered out, "He is not guilty!—he is not guilty!"—Hearing this exclamation, and seeing him point to his cheek I remembered I had a large scar on my own, from a sabre wound I received years before; and when the witness had regained his composure, he proceeded to identify me as the man who came to his house, in a sailor's dress, with a purse of dollars, on the evening of the supposed murder, and asserted that I could be none other than the supposed victim of brutal violence. But the body found in the canal—had it a scar like mine on the cheek? No—the witnesses who found it remembered it had not. Hope dawned on me warmly enough. I was called on for my defence, and told my tale simply and composedly, and my heart beat calmly.

The Judge summed up the evidence to the jury, and directed, as usual, that if there was any doubt, the prisoner should be entitled to the benefit of it. The jury obeyed the direction of the Judge, and their verdict of "Not Guilty" alone afforded me the melancholy satisfaction of relating sufferings not to be found amongst the destinies of any other man in the world.

Some ill-natured people, notwithstanding the verdict, still believed me to be guilty, but the majority called me innocent; and while the newspapers were zealously arguing *pro* and *con* upon the question, I slipped myself off to America, where I am now living in tolerable ease, and no one has ever since ventured to dispute the point with me, whether I am alive or dead.

CAPTAIN ROSS AND HIS CREW.

"The look-out man gave notice of a sail in the offing. No time was lost; the boats were launched and signals made by burning wet powder when, completing our embarkation, we left our little harbour at six o'clock. Our progress was tedious, owing to alternate calms and light airs, blowing in every direction; yet we made way towards the vessel, and had it remained calm where she was, should soon have been alongside. Unluckily the breeze just then sprang up, and she made all sail to the south-eastward; by which means the boat that was foremost was soon left astern, while the other two were steering more to the eastward, with the hopes of cutting her off. About ten o'clock we saw another sail to the northward, which appeared to be lying to for her boats; thinking at one time, when she hove to, that she had seen us. That, however, proved not to be the case, as she soon bore up, under all sail. In no long time it was apparent that she was fast leaving us; and it was the most anxious moment that we had yet experienced, to find that we were near to no less than two ships, either of which would have put an end to all our fears and all our toils, and that we should probably reach neither. It was necessary, however, to keep up the courage of the men, by assuring them from time to time, that we were coming up to her; when most fortunately it fell calm, and we really gained so fast, that at eleven o'clock we all saw her heave to with all sails aback, and lower down a boat, which rowed down immediately towards our own. She was soon alongside, when the mate in command addressed us by presuming that we had met with some misfortune and lost our ship. This being answered in the affirmative, I requested to know the name of his vessel, and expressed our wish to be taken on board. I was answered that it was 'the *Isabella*, of Hull, once commanded by Captain Ross;' on which I stated that I was the identical man in question, and my people the crew of the *Victory*. That the mate who commanded this boat was as much astonished at this information as he appeared to be, I do not doubt; while with the usual blunderheadedness of men on such occasions, he assured me that I had been dead two years. I easily convinced him, however, that what ought to have been true, according to his estimate, was a somewhat premature conclusion; as the bear-like form of the whole set of us might have shown him, had he taken time to consider, that we were certainly not whaling gentlemen, and that we carried tolerable good evidence of our being "true men and not impostors," on our backs, and in our starved and unshaven countenances. A hearty congratulation followed of course, in the true seaman style, and after a few enquiries, he added that the *Isabella* was commanded by Captain Humphreys; when he immediately went off in his boat to communicate his information on board; repeating that we had long been given up as lost, not by them alone, but by all England. As we approached