THE SARMATIAN ON THE PATH OF STORMS.

(COMMUNICATED BY A PASSENGER.)

He who crosses the Atlantic in smoking, with favouring winds and gently undulating billows, revels in all those mysterious charms of water, sky, and air, in those impressions of vastness the ocean calls forth, in dreams of boundless, shoreless seas, of limitless joys—revels, in short, in poetic visions as broad and vast as the sea itself; but far different will be his sensations and impressions of the ocean after a storm—a continuous storm of twelve days' duration! Then it is he may quote the words of the sacred writer, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."

We passengers of the noble Sarmatian devoutly hope and pray never again to see a storm at sea. Anything so awful—so terrible—so appalling—so sublime, can scarcely be imagined. We sailed at two o'clock from Liverpool on the 7th December, the City of Berlin passing us in the Mersey, and although we met with no accident to ship or crew, the storm was so terrific that all adjectives seem *ideoles* in description. Captain Aird assured me that, during his had been thirty years on the North Atlantic, he had never experienced such a voyage; a severe gale he had met every day for two hours' duration; but a twelve days' tempest is almost unknown. During those twelve days, we had no rest day or night, to say nothing of such bagatelles as ludicrous attempts to washing, and the disasters attending the finding oneself suddenly transported from one's seat to the middle of the saloon; at table a whole glass of cold water into one's sleeve! and plate of soup in one's lap! and all the untold *Miserries* of viands and crockery! Then the Saturday (we lived, not Saturday we found we were [illegible] the storm), that fearful "knot" of our voyage! [illegible] fax; it was a sailing [illegible] wind," a sweet day [illegible] Twas as if an opera [illegible] amongst the liquid element.

The billows swept where we [illegible] three masts and over the vessel, which shivered and shook from stem to stern and often in the darkness of the night, when she rolled so fearfully, we thought a thing impossible she could ever right herself again; but a shiver, a crashing and groan of pain, and the queenly Sarmatian gained her strength afresh, and defied the Spirit of the Storm as gallantly as the immortal "Six Hundred" faced the deadly fire. In those hours of horrible blackness, with the savage howl of the winds, and the fierce roar of the waves, nothing saved us from absolute wreck but the assurance that He who stilled the tempest on the Galilean lake, still held "the winds in His fists and the waters in the hollow of His hand." Too much cannot be said of the prudence, care, and self-devotion of our noble captain and his officers; and I am sure my passengers join me in a tribute to the Sarmatian's officers, and I feel sure I express the sentiment of my fellow-passengers when I say that we consider our safety under Providence, to the care and skill of our captain, and his officers, and we feel that we owe to them a debt of gratitude we can never repay.

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DEATH OF PRINCIPAL CAMPBELL OF ABERDEEN.

A SKETCH OF HIS CAREER.

The Edinburgh *Daily Review* "of the 19th inst. contains the following sketch of the life of the late Principal Campbell, once a resident of Canada, and elder brother of Dr. Campbell, of Bay street:—

We regret to announce that the Very Reverend Peter Colin Campbell, D.D., Principal of the University of Aberdeen, died at his residence, Old Aberdeen, at twenty-five minutes past two o'clock yesterday morning. The Rev. Peter Colin Campbell was the eldest son of the Rev. George Campbell, minister of Chatton and Muckairn, Argyleshire, by his wife was a daughter of Duncan MacIlwraith (representative of the MacIlmraiths of Lockay). He received the early part of education in France, and all through life he spoke French as fluently as English. While still a young man he went to Canada, wherein he remained for several years, first as a professor at Queen's College, Kingston. The date of his ordination was 1835. While in Canada, Mr. Campbell married a daughter of the Hon. Samuel Wylie, a member of the Legislative Council of the colony. On his return to this country, he was presented to the church and parish of Cupath, in the Presbytery of Dunkeld. In 1854 he obtained the Professorship of Greek in King's College, Aberdeen, in succession to the late Dr. Hugh McPherson, the influence of the Earl of Aberdeen, who had a high appreciation of his scholarship, being exercised in his behalf—Lord Aberdeen being at the time a member of the Cabinet, being Chancellor of the University. In 1855, on the death of Dr. Jack, Mr. Campbell was appointed Principal of King's College and University, being succeeded in the Chair of Greek by Professor Geddes. On the fusion of King's and Marischal Colleges in 1860, Principal Campbell became Principal of the University of Aberdeen, becoming thus the resident head of the University and President of the Senatus Academicus. On the death of Duke of Richmond as Chancellor of versity in 1861, his Grace appointed Principal Campbell his Vice-Chancellor [illegible] duties of these offices he frequent[illegible] the University Court, the University Council, in the absence of the Chancellor. As a [illegible] and as a linguist he [illegible] known than it might have been to the ancient classics, as we [illegible] home in both Greek and Latin; and [illegible] thoroughly conversant with modern [illegible] Latin. In the Gaelic language and literature he was fully versed; and his researches into cognate and obscure regions in philosophy were not a little curious and painstaking. His remarkable memory may be mentioned in illustration. When the curious mound known as Mes-howe, in Orkney, was laid open, he went to see it; and, while there, copied as carefully as he could a prodigious number of the Runic characters found in the interior. This he set himself to translate, and the translation he at once handed to a gentleman interested in the figuring of the mound and inscribed stones. A careful tracing of the same inscriptions had beforehand been sent to Professor Stephens, of Copenhagen, the well-known Runic scholar; and on his translation being received it was found to correspond exactly with that of Principal Campbell, with a few unimportant points which were accounted for by the Principal having failed to take off the original runes with perfect accuracy. In 1866 he issued a small volume on the "Ruling Eldership," in support of the view that the elders are not presbyters in the Christian dispensation, but simply lay representatives of the churches. In 1873, chiefly for private use, he printed in a thin octavo an "Account of the "Clan Iver," or Campbell (in the "male" [illegible] which he was descended), and which is marked by a deal of careful research; private the Principal's family, and a copy of highly estimable character, and full of genial humour. In his public office he was the stanch supporter of conservatism, and exhibit himself as such when he thought duty demanded it; when occasion offered, he was by no means intolerant in the throwing forward of special opinions, and presented much pleasant humour. He had not suffered for a good many years from an asthmatic complaint, and during last summer had a slight paralytic stroke. Latterly his complaint had seated fatally in his lungs. He had a numerous family, by the late Mrs. Campbell, who survived him. His eldest son, George McIver, an assistant-surgeon in the 85th Regiment, died in India in 1865, at the early age of twenty-six.

Owing to Principal Campbell's death, the classes of the University did not commence yesterday except for a few minutes in the morning, when the professors announced the sad event that had occurred. In the afternoon there was a meeting of the Senatus of the University, at which a resolution expressing regarding the Principal's death was drawn up and inserted in the records of the University. It was also resolved that an expression of the regret of the Senatus for the late Principal, and of their sympathy with his family, should be drawn up and transmitted to Mrs. Campbell. A committee is appointed to make the necessary arrangements, which it is taken place on date at half-past one o'clock. The service on Sunday will be conducted by Dr. Mulligan.

A Singular Story.

Prompt&e Madison (Iowa) Plaindealer.

A few days ago there arrived at Burlington, on the Chicago and Burlington railroad, a man and woman whom it appears were married and were *en route* for Quincy, Ill. At Burlington the husband left the above mentioned road a change of cars and the purchase of new tickets were necessary to carry them to Quincy, Ill.

The man looked rather verdant and the woman looked rather nervous. A stranger things he didn't deceive his looks very much. The woman was young, pert looking, rather prepossessing in appearance and expressed linearly and intelligently.

When the train was nearing Burlington the husband pulled his pocket-book, which was stuffed with the sum of $60, into the keeping of the lady accompanying him. "I've had some taken this, as you have traveled more than these I have, and are better up to the ways of the world." To this the lady consented, and when they arrived at Burlington she procured the tickets and they took the first train for Quincy.

At the proper time the conductor came around to collect fare and take up tickets, and when he reached the young lady she gave up the tickets, one reading "Quincy" and the other "Lonax," this being the way she bought the tickets in order to perfect plans to get rid of him at the latter place. Lonax, the terminus of a branch of the Burlington, the lady informed the conductor, "This is Lonax, where your ticket runs out." "No, sir," replied the conductor, "this is Lonax, where your ticket runs out." "Oh! here, conductor, you must be mistaken. This is Lonax, and we are going to Quincy." "Right here he received the first evidence of his wife's infidelity, by her breaking out with these words:—

"Indeed I am not your wife, and you had better get off here, as I shall not pay your way any further. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a man like you, trying to spunge your way on a poor lone woman."

As this quietly the fellow burst into a flood of tears, and demanded an explanation of her conduct and the cause of her sudden dislocation, asserting "You are my wife, and here among strangers, in a strange land, do you intend to desert me, and leave me alone to mourn the loss of the only woman I ever loved in this world?"

His weeping excited the attention of all in the car; they gathered around them, and the further story was related by the young lady to correspond exactly with that of Principal Campbell, with a few unimportant points which were accounted for by the Principal having failed to take off the original runes with perfect accuracy. In 1866 he issued a small volume on the "Ruling Eldership," in support of the view that the elders are not presbyters in the Christian dispensation, but simply lay representatives of the churches. In 1873, chiefly for private use, he printed in a thin octavo an "Account of the "Clan Iver," or Campbell (in the male) which he was descended, and which is marked by a deal of careful research; private the Principal's family, and a copy of highly estimable character, and full of genial humour. In his public office he was the stanch supporter of conservatism, and exhibit himself as such when he thought duty demanded it; when occasion offered, he was by no means intolerant in the throwing forward of special opinions, and presented much pleasant humour. He had not suffered for a good many years from an asthmatic complaint, and during last summer had a slight paralytic stroke. Latterly his complaint had seated fatally in his lungs. He had a numerous family, by the late Mrs. Campbell, who survived him. His eldest son, George McIver, an assistant-surgeon in the 85th Regiment, died in India in 1865, at the early age of twenty-six.

NELLY O'HARA; OR THE HALF-BROTHERS.

The county Down is a district that can hardly be rivalled in the world for varied picturesque scenery and general interest; a pleasanter spot for a summer ramble could not easily be found elsewhere. No matter whether the traveller's taste prefers the romantic scenery of the uplands that border Dundrum Bay, the grandeur of Strangford Lough, with its three hundred and sixty-five islets, its ruined castles, and dangerous currents, or the cultivated beauties of Rosetrevor and Warrenpoint; no matter whether he may travel in pursuit of pleasure, health, or information, for the pleasures of the antiquary; whether he be a geologist, a Bohemian, finding pleasure in every place of Nature, or an antiquary hunting for ancient towers, Druidic remains, and other archeological treasures so common in this county, he will never lack for food for enjoyment, and he will be sure to find fresh objects of interest and beauty to reward his trouble and furnish him with plenty of pleasant memories for future hours.

Strangford, the birth-place of my mother's family, is always associated in my mind with one of my numerous visits to it, I was stopping with some friends at the house of Castle Ward, which is a lovely little village of Rossglass, on the coast of Slieve Ban (the name signifies the white mountain), a very thoroughly protected on the north and east by adjacent hills; and, although open to the sea, is only approachable by the narrow breezes. Villas, mansions, and cottages, orne, embowered in trees, surround the hill side; and, being a place of temple of health, it has become one of the most prominent watering-places in the north of Ireland. It is scarcely possible to believe in the existence of a more beautiful spot than this little town, above which the wooded hill side rise upwards until the green slopes mingle in the dark gorges of the Mourne mountains, over which Slieve Donard towers, the lord of the range, in pyramidal majesty, flinging masses of shade upon the waters of the bay.

The farm-houses in this county are much superior to those in the other counties of Ulster; the farmers are mostly built and comfortably furnished, have excellent barns and the prosperous air which is found in the midst of corn-fields and pasture-land, where natural richness has been greatly enhanced by industry and well-applied science; such cottage shows tokens of prosperity, every son of the soil looks cheerful and happy, and the traveller will soon believe that if there be an earthly paradise in the Emerald Isle it is to be found between Carlingford and Belfast Lough, between Moira and Newcastle.

One morning, I started, accompanied by a young friend, the friend with whom I was stopping, for a ramble to Slieve Donard. The mountain is full of castellated and romantic remains; having gratified our curiosity, we crossed the bay to Kilkeel, where we rested, and took a car to drive round the coast to Newcastle, a small town upon the skirts of Dundrum Bay. There we intended to rest for the night, and to make the ascent of Slieve Donard, the highest of Irish mountains, the next morning. In the evening we amused ourselves with strolling along the beach, watching the terminus of the tide at anchor in the bay with their white sails flapping lazily against the masts, or, with the overcome gaily to the breeze, and the deep. When I was first in that part of Ireland, in 1847, from my way in search of the luckiest vessels, sailing to Antrim, we went ashore on the Dundrum sandbanks (The Dundrum Bay is shallow, and dangerous to the stranger, unacquainted with the tides). Dwelling in those parts of Ireland, I had learned to be a good pilot, and, in consequence, I was in demand for a power neighbour, who had since failed, and all the little money I had left was in his hands, and he was very appreciated. The rent, which up to this period had been punctually paid, fell into arrears; his landlord, who was a good man, who served everything but the tenantry, remonstrated with the tenantry of Tullymore, and rain seemed to stare him in the face. Then, for the first time in his life, he drinking; he became a sot, who had a sweetness on his home in her dearest wish, and refused his consent to her marriage with the man of her choice.

"Poor handsome Carrick was not the eldest son—his father had been twice married, and had two children, Dermot, the elder, a man of modest disposition, was strongly attached to his father, and, in the times of several wrecks that had lately taken place; false lights had been used, and the vessels had gone to the bottom among the numerous rocks that stud the treacherous shores of Strangford Harbour; one although not a pilot, was generally pointed to the dark, sombre man who answered to the name of Dermot O'Hara.

"Black Dermot was one of the many sailors who had been rejected by Nelly, but, unlike the others, he was not given to sad hops. Believing that everything may be gained by those who wait, he advanced, and, seeing that Nelly was not to be wooed to the old man, her father; and when he found him thoroughly involved, offered more than any other man, if he would consent to take the young man back to Dundrum or to place the people; telling him the whole party wished to be present at his wedding, and that he hoped still to persuade him to come to the Atlantic. The sailor made a quick passage, anchored in the bay, and, on the evening of her arrival, Carrick was found at the foot of Slieve Donard.

"Before his death Nelly's mother, to be determined to climb the hill side and look once more at the old trysting-place, where they had parted so sorrowfully a few days before.

"He did so, and, on reaching the overhanging rock, he was astonished to find Nelly with his half brother, Dermot Dhu.

"'So you have returned?'

"'Yes!' and successful!' replied his brother; 'I have succeeded in ridding the village of the villain you have plotted. I have returned with the money to release Denis O'Hara.'

"'Carrick's reply was a light laugh as he made a spring down the rock, hoping to take him at a disadvantage, Dermot sprang upon him, and seized him by the throat, and, as they fell, they rolled and made fast.

"The struggle was desperate, when the tempest came suddenly upon them with all the horrors so common to a storm on the Irish coast. Dermot was the stronger, and, taking advantage of his position, he dragged Carrick to the edge of the rock, and, as the lightning flashed, he saw the opposing waves lashed into spray like armed warriors, and heard the roar of the breakers as it echoed through the entire was motionless, then he rushed over on her beam-ends, everything went to pieces, and the poor girl was thrown at the moment had come; but, after the first gust of wind had ceased shrieking, she, by a supreme effort, gained the plank, slowly righted, and then drove swiftly towards the shore.

"As the vessel seemed doomed to certain destruction, a fishing hooker passed under the stern, and a voice from her hoard shows the storm halting by.

"A rope was thrown, and a man hastily followed it, and, as he reached the deck, shouted, just as the man at the look-out cried 'Breakers ahead!'

"'Hold on!' and starboard braces! sain off to larboard!'

"The sailors rushed to obey, and the vessel, answering her helm, swung round and entered a narrow channel with breakers on both sides of it. For a few minutes, which seemed an eternity, the vessel was driven down the passage widened, and, like an escaped bird, making to its native element, she shot out into the open sea, and was free.

"The work of the danger was over, and after a short time, as the gale was over, the vessel anchored in Strangford Harbour; there on board owing their lives to Carrick O'Hara, the successor stood on a carron coast.

"'Old Mr. Winthrop was not ungrateful; he offered the brave young man a farm in the green lands across the Atlantic, but Carrick preferred the old home, and, besides, if he had gone he would have had to leave Nelly behind him, for the would not desert her father in his old age. However, Mr. Winthrop told him he would give him time to reflect upon his offer, and that he would write to him on his arrival in Dublin.

"On the day that Carrick met Nelly at the trysting-place on the mountain, he had received a letter stating that the brave man meet her passengers in Dublin.

"Without any adventure by the way, Carrick reached the capital, where he met his kind friend and explained his position. Mr. Winthrop at once gave him sufficient money to pay of old O'Hara's liabilities and to start him afresh. He then offered to take the young man back to Dundrum to pound the people; telling him the whole party wished to be present at his wedding, and that he hoped still to persuade him to come across the Atlantic. The sailor made a quick passage, anchored in the bay, and, on the evening of her arrival, Carrick was found at the foot of Slieve Donard.

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