

"And I," said James, "would have written a journal, and put it on the cabin table, to be found after I was dead, as poor Sir Hugh Willoughby did; or, if there were no pen, ink and paper, I would have cut notches in the mast, to number the days, like Robinson Crusoe."

"I think you are a bit of a blockhead, Jemmy," said the young sailor; if you did nothing in your days, they would not be worth notching and numbering. I would have got the Captain's chart and compass, and tried to make a course of one sort or another, and then, if I was wrecked at last, it would be time enough to think of playing Robinson Crusoe."

"As for me," said the grandfather, smiling, "my first feeling, when I found myself fairly over the Bar, was joy at having escaped from my savage shipmates. They are angry enough now, thought I, and swearing at me at a desperate rate, but they cannot get at me this time. I shall have plenty to eat and to drink, and the cat-o'-nine-tails and I shall be friends this voyage. I went to the captain's cabin, I made some grog, and drank to my own health, to the health of Old England, to the good ship Ravensworth, and to canny Newcastle; and growing bolder, noisier, and merrier with every toast, at last I filled a glass to my mother."

"My mother! Scarcely had I heard myself pronounce her name, when the word, the single word, in the midst of all my revelry, sobered me. You don't know how fearfully it sounded in the dark, silent ship! In one instant, I felt all the loneliness, all the danger, all the horror of my situation. My mother! she was weeping for me now, but what would she say to-morrow, when she heard that I was gone alone on the wide sea? I had left her sick and sorrowing; should I ever see her again? My mother! she might look out far, and look out long; my ship and I were on a 'wide turnpike'; the salt waves might roll over us for years, without bearing a plank or a cask, or a rope within the reach of man, that could tell a dumb tale of the wreck of the good old ship Ravensworth."

"These and many other thoughts, crowded on my mind, as I started at the words my lips had uttered, and felt the silence of the ship. At length, I threw myself on the floor, and burst into tears;—into that agony, that heart-bursting grief which only children surrender themselves wholly to one impression. When that impression had worn itself out, fatigue, aided by the quantity of spirits I had taken, did its usual work, and I sobbed myself to sleep."

"When I awoke in the morning, the sleeve of my checked shirt was still wet with my tears, and that helped me to remember where I was. I got up, and ran on deck to look about me. I was glad the good west wind still blew me away from

land, for I had sense enough to know that the worst that could happen to me would be to be cast on the rocky coast of Northumberland or Yorkshire. My last hope was, to fall in with some vessel either from Holland or the Baltic, and I looked round for a sail, but not one was to be seen along the clear line of the horizon. The ocean looked grey, the sky looked clear, the morning star was glittering, the clouds were pushing one another away to make room for the sun, and a fresh, steady breeze, still came over the waters.

"Now, for the first time I began to consider whether I could do any thing towards my own safety. I thought, that as long as the provisions lasted, and as long as there was plenty of sea-room, I was safe, and that at last I must fall into the course of some ship, home-bound, as I said before, from the Baltic. But my vessel was drifting about hither and thither, at the will of the winds and tides. How should I manage to make her keep a straight course, and prevent her from driving too much to leeward? I knew about as much of navigation as you do, Willy; that is, I could make a little boat of my own manufacture sail across a pond. I remembered, that when I put the rudder in a particular position, the boat always used to get across at last, and I thought perhaps the Old Ravensworth might do so likewise. 'I will make her carry sail,' said I, 'and fasten the rudder, and she must go somewhere; she is only a bigger boat in a broader pond.' Fortwith, I set to work; with some difficulty I hoisted the fore-stay sail, and hauled out the mizen; I lashed the helm midships, and then, being easier in my mind, I went to get some breakfast."

"For three weeks I was upon the German Ocean, without seeing a moving ship or a living creature. Yes, living creatures did I see, by the bye, for numbers of fishes used to surround the ship, and sometimes two or three great ones would follow her for a whole day. Several times I fancied they were waiting for me, and then I looked fearfully at the great waves reared around me like a wall, and thought, what is there to prevent me from being swallowed up by the sea, and devoured by those frightful hungry things? On one of these occasions, I found myself repeating a prayer that my mother had taught me a long while ago, before I went to sea. It was the Lord's Prayer; and though I said it at the time mechanically, rather as a charm than as a prayer, it brought to my mind some other things my mother used to tell me, of how there is a heaven to go to when we have done with this world, and a great deal beside, that you know and feel, but which I only half knew, and had never felt before."

"Well, to cut my story short, after having been three weeks at sea, one morning when I went on-deck, I saw land! Yes, I saw

plainly a flat, low line of land, to the eastward. I did thank God then in the depth of my heart, as well as with my lips, and with a trembling hand I hoisted a signal of distress. Soon after, I saw a fish-boat coming out towards me, and as soon as I could discern plainly the shapes and faces of the men, and hear them hail I was so overjoyed that I could scarcely refrain from throwing myself into the sea, to swim towards them. As soon as I caught a glimpse of their blue caps and broad breeches, I knew them for Dutchmen—I was on the coast of Holland."

"The fishermen's wives received me with untold kindness. They could not understand a word I said, but they kissed me and fed me, and wiped my tears away. My story was soon made known. A gentleman of Harlaem immediately wrote word to the proprietors, of the fate of their vessel, and soon afterwards I was sent back to my mother, as happy as a king, with my pockets full of money, to tell the marvellous tale, and shine the hero of the day at Newcastle."

"This was not all. My adventure brought me into notice, and was the cause of all my success in after life; for many of the friends I then gained, are my friends still,—and the word *friend*, among North-country people, does not mean nothing. My mother lived in peace and plenty the rest of her days, and I was set free from my tyrannical master, and, what was better than all, one good man sent me to school, where I learned to read:

"To read—by the way, that reminds me that the candles are come, and I must finish Napoleon before I go to bed; so off with you, lads, and leave us in peace."

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

The finest point from which Constantinople can be viewed is just above our place of abode. It is from a belvidere built by M. Truqui on the terraced roof of his house. This belvidere commands the entire group of the hills of Pera, Galata, and the little talllocks which surrounded the port on the fresh water side. It is the eagle's flight over Constantinople and the sea. Europe, Asia, the entrance of the Bosphorus, and the sea of Marmora, are all under the eye at once. The city lies under the foot of the spectator. If we were allowed to take a glance at only one point of the earth, this would be the one to choose. Whenever I ascend to the belvidere to enjoy this view, (and I do so several times a day, and in variably every evening,) I cannot conceive how, of the many travellers who have visited Constantinople, so few have felt the beauty which it presents to my eye and to my mind. Why has no one described it? Is it because words have neither space, horizon, nor colours, and that painting is the only language of the eye? But painting itself has