

FEBRUARY 11, 1860.]

"Ay—I've been badly beaten and bruised among the cruel rocks."

"And are you the only one of the crew saved?"

The youth asked, as they came near to the entrance.

"Oh!" returned Maurice, with a shudder, "there were some others spared from the death of the storm; but they met a worse fate!"

"Ha!"

"They were slain as I was about to be!"

"Did you see it?"

"No; but I found one poor man dying, and he lived long enough to tell me the fearful story—to tell me that they had killed him!"

"And they had spared you thus far, probably, to gain some intelligence from you?"

"Yes—to learn where the gold and silver had been stowed."

"And you told them?"

"Yes."

The youth regarded the man he had saved for some moments in silence, and then he said, in a sort of reflective tone—

"Well, well,—I don't know as I can explain things now; and, perhaps, there is no need of it. You've seen Wolfsgang?"

"Yes."

"He is my father. Of course I've been here, or with the wreckers, ever since I can remember, and yet this is the first time I ever interfered directly with the chieftain's authority." As he spoke thus he cast his eyes over the space which could be seen outside of the cave, and then he sat down upon one of the boxes which had been brought in.

Maurice, who had sunk down upon a large bale of goods, embraced the opportunity to express his gratitude for the generous deed which had been done; and as he did so, in language noble and touching, his young friend seemed deeply moved, and regarded him with new interest.

"I love to have you thank me," said Oswald Wolfsgang, as Lester ceased speaking; "for such words of gratitude are new to me. And yet I must own that I did not know who or what you were when I first interfered. I had resolved that not another man should be murdered in my presence if it was within my power to prevent it. It happened that you were the first to command a fulfilment of my vow."

"Are all men butchered who chance to be cast alive upon these rocks?" asked our hero.

"No,—not all. But I am betraying secrets. I have saved you thus far, and I will save you still if I can. Tell me, what led you upon these rocks?"

"The beacon which had been kindled away upon some hill beyond here. It was placed there on purpose to lure my ship to her destruction."

"Are you sure of this?"

"Of course I am. I knew it the moment I saw the rocks."

"Well," said Oswald, in a lower tone, "very few survive that knowledge! Ha!—here comes my father! I've commenced this, and I'll carry it out now at all hazards."

At this point the towering form of the wrecker chief appeared at the entrance. His brow was like a thunder-cloud, and his whole frame quivered with rage.

"How now!" he exclaimed, when he saw the twain. "Oswald, hast thou dared to trespass upon my authority?"

"Father," replied the youth, rising from his seat, and speaking with respect, but yet with a strong tone of firmness, "I did drive two men from a bloody work, and thereby saved the life of this man."

"You did not know that I had ordered him to be slain, did you?"

"I did not ask as to that, sir. I had simply resolved that this man should live."

"Ah! Would you cross my will thus, boy? Beware, sir, or I may forget that thou art of my blood!"

The youth was upon the point of making a hot reply—he would certainly have said, had he spoken the words which had framed themselves in his mind, that he wished the relationship could be forgotten—but he took a second thought, and wisely concluded that he had better not try any experiments in the way of light sarcasm, or mere flinging of words. Still, he had taken his ground, and his very look showed that he meant to be firm.

"Father," he said, without a tremor, and without even a quiver of the eye, "I have sworn in my soul that this man shall not die here by violent hands. I have obeyed thee for many years, and in many things, and now, in this, I must have my way."

Wolfsgang's mighty frame quivered like the leaves of the aspen, and his huge fists were clenched as though ready for some fearful work; but the storm which was within him did not burst forth. He ground his teeth till they sounded almost like the

stones of a mill, and the fingers were pressed upon the broad palms until they seemed to have concentrated the muscular energies of the body, and drawn the electricity from the heart and brain. When the spasm was passed he spoke, and his voice was very calm and passionless. In fact, it was too calm.

"My son," he said, "I did not know that such a freak had entered your head. However, I am willing to understand you. Come this way a moment." As he spoke he turned from the cave, and Oswald followed him out.

When they had reached a little distance from the rock, the chieftain stopped, and turned upon his son with a heavy, threatening frown; but not all his power of authority could move the brave youth one jot or one tittle. He urged, and he threatened, but to no effect. No matter what was said. It is enough that Oswald bowed to no command, and was afraid of no threat; and that Wolfsgang finally gave up. He had threatened to kill his boy, but when the life was offered he dared not take it. He was greatly astonished at the youth's bold audacity; and, had his own authority not been in question, he might have admired the heroism. However, he finally promised that the American captain should not be harmed, and then they returned to the cave.

"Well, sir," the wrecker said, addressing our hero, "I have promised my boy that you shall not be harmed—at least, for the present. But mind you, only my great love for him has induced me to this. You are not at liberty yet."

"Nor would I be until I have help," returned Lester, speaking as though he felt much confidence in the dark man. "I am weak and faint, and my limbs are sore and bruised. Will you not add to your already expressed kindness by granting me some assistance of leechcraft?"

By this time Wolfsgang had so thoroughly gained control of his passions that he appeared perfectly calm and self-possessed, and without the least show of ill-feeling he bade the young captain follow him from the place.

"You may assist him, if you will," he said to his son.

Oswald at once moved to Lester's side, and offered his arm, which the latter thankfully accepted, and then they followed the chieftain from the place. At a short distance from the cave they struck a path which led up from among the rocks, and ere long they reached a point of elevation from which our hero could obtain a view of the fatal rocks, and a portion of the adjacent territory. These rocks were nearly a mile in extent, and in some places were thrown up into cliffs and crags, while in others they spread out into ledges and ragged tables. At high water they were more than half covered, but when the tide was at its ebb they looked dark and wild enough. To the northward, beyond the line of breakers, the shore was covered with a stunted growth of wood, extending out into the sea, so as to leave the rocks in a sort of shallow bay; while to the southward the view was cut off by an abrupt promontory. Inland the landscape was wild and rugged, being made up of a succession of hills and crags and ledges, with here and there dark patches of woods. To the left the tops of some old walls were visible; and, as they reached the summit of an eminence, these walls proved to be parts of an old castellated structure which occupied a strong position upon the top of a broad ledge.

(To be continued.)

## SHIPWRECKS IN 1859.

THE casualties among British shipping during the past year have been attended with a considerable loss of life and property. The melancholy interest especially excited by the loss of the Royal Charter, and then the Blerwie Castle, has not yet subsided; and as the subject of these terrible catastrophes has become one of the topics of the day, a brief notice of the most remarkable may appropriately find a place in our pages.

On the 23rd of January a very heavy gale occurred in the Channel, and two vessels were wrecked under somewhat similar circumstances. The Diana, trading from Hamburgh to Cardiff, sailed from the former port on Dec. 27th, and had reached the Lizard, when heavy head gales compelled her to make for a port of refuge. Sighting St. Katharine's light, she stood in for a pilot, but, not obtaining one, tried in vain to weather the sands off Chichester harbour. Two anchors were let go but could not bring her up, and she drove on the beach in Brackelsom bay, striking heavily in a tremendous surf, which soon broke her up; the crew were saved with difficulty. The iron-screw steamer, Czar, of Hull, having left Woolwich a few days previously, encountered the same

gale. When near the Land's-end on the 23rd, her engines became disabled, and she drove on the Vogue rocks. The commander and thirteen others perished—six of the crew being saved by the gallantry of the coast guard, and eleven more by the life boat of the steamer, which was providentially got clear. Early in the same month, the barque Franklin, which had sailed from Pensacola for Queenstown, on December 2nd, encountered a succession of heavy gales, till, on January 4th, the ship became water-logged. The weather then moderating, the master steered for the nearest port, to save, if possible, the vessel and cargo. On the 7th, however, another gale arose, and the vessel went over on her beam ends, the sea making a complete breach over her, and washing everything out of her. In four hours she righted, but those on board could find neither food nor water, and during three days they endured the horrors of extreme cold and starvation. The Manhattan, from Liverpool to New York, sighted the wreck on the 10th, and took them off in a most deplorable and exhausted state.—On the 9th of January the ship Centurion, of Glasgow, fell in with the wreck of the Dromahair from Quebec, which had encountered a succession of heavy gales, reducing her to the condition of a mere hulk, but, being loaded with timber, she could not sink. The stores were washed out of her, and for twenty-two days the crew endured such severe suffering, from cold and hunger, that several became insane, and died before help came. The survivors were taken off by the Centurion.

On the 8th of February the schooner Elgin came into collision with the steamer Prince Patrick, off Fleetwood. The schooner was cut almost in two, and in a very few minutes went down with her crew, consisting of five persons.—On the 27th, the Princess Frederick William, one of the fastest of the Dover and Calais mail packets, was entering Calais harbour, at 1.15 a.m., with a heavy sea running, when she touched on the bar, and a sea dashing her against the pier, her engines became disabled, and she stranded on the sand. In the hurry to enter the life-boat, which was immediately lowered, three passengers were drowned—the rest were safely conveyed to shore; and, on the following morning, the steamer was towed off, with little damage.

On the 14th of March a fearful scene occurred at the mouth of the Tyne. A number of small vessels, overtaken by a violent gale, made for the Tyne, and several of them struck on the bar. One of these, a schooner, went to pieces; those on board perishing in the sight of crowds on the shore, and of the crews of three life boats, who heard the cries for help but could render none.

On April 3 the screw steamer General Williams foundered in a gale, when on a voyage from London to Constantinople. The crew were taken off by a French brig only a few minutes before the steamersunk.

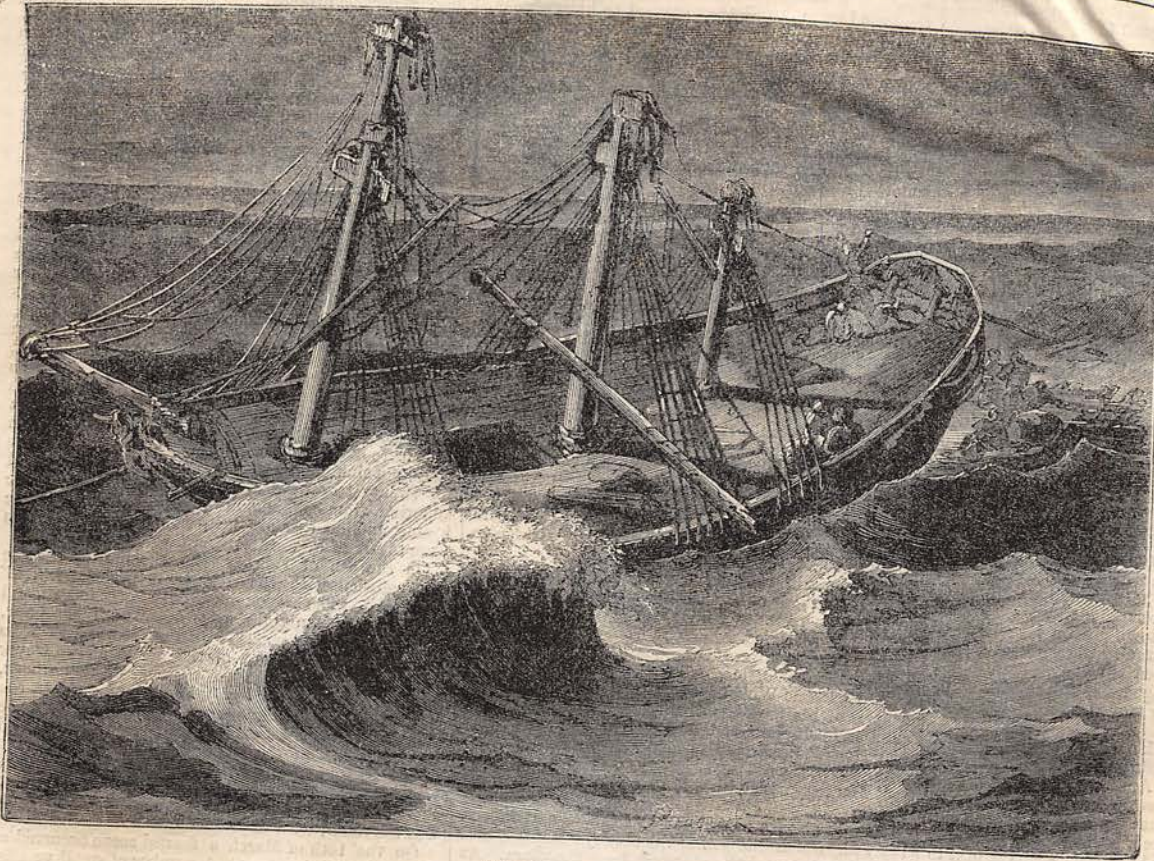
On the 3rd of June the Eastern Monarch troop ship, from Kurrachee, with a large number of troops on board, anchored at Spithead, where the captain had determined to call for fresh provisions. At half-past 3 a.m., two hours after casting anchor, all on board were awoke by a terrific explosion in the after part of the ship, which was soon a mass of flame. Boats were speedily lowered, many small craft in the harbour came to render assistance, and the passengers and crew were safely landed, with the exception of a woman, a soldier, and five children. The ship was completely destroyed.

On the 11th of June, the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer Alma, Captain Henry, left Aden with 400 passengers. Early on the morning of the 12th, the captain, mistaking the position of the ship, ordered the course to be altered, and soon afterwards she struck on the reefs or islets seventy miles to the north of Perim. The passengers, including many ladies and children, were safely got on to the reef, where some sails were rigged up as a protection from the weather. A scanty supply of provisions was obtained from the wreck, and a boat was dispatched to Mokha, whence a messenger was sent to Aden for assistance. From Aden her Majesty's steamer Cyclops was speedily dispatched to the reef, and rescued the passengers and crew.

On August the 6th the Admella steamer, from Adelaide to Melbourne, struck on a reef off Cape Northumberland, and a considerable number of passengers perished. On September 20th, the South-Western Company's steamer Express struck on a reef off the coast of Jersey—the accident having arisen from a mistake in the position of the vessel.

On the 26th of October a very violent gale raged along nearly all parts of our coast, and large numbers of small vessels were either driven ashore and totally lost, or sustained serious damage. The most serious calamity, however, was that which befell the Royal Charter. This fine packet ship, from Melbourne to

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SHIP ON THE ROCKS.

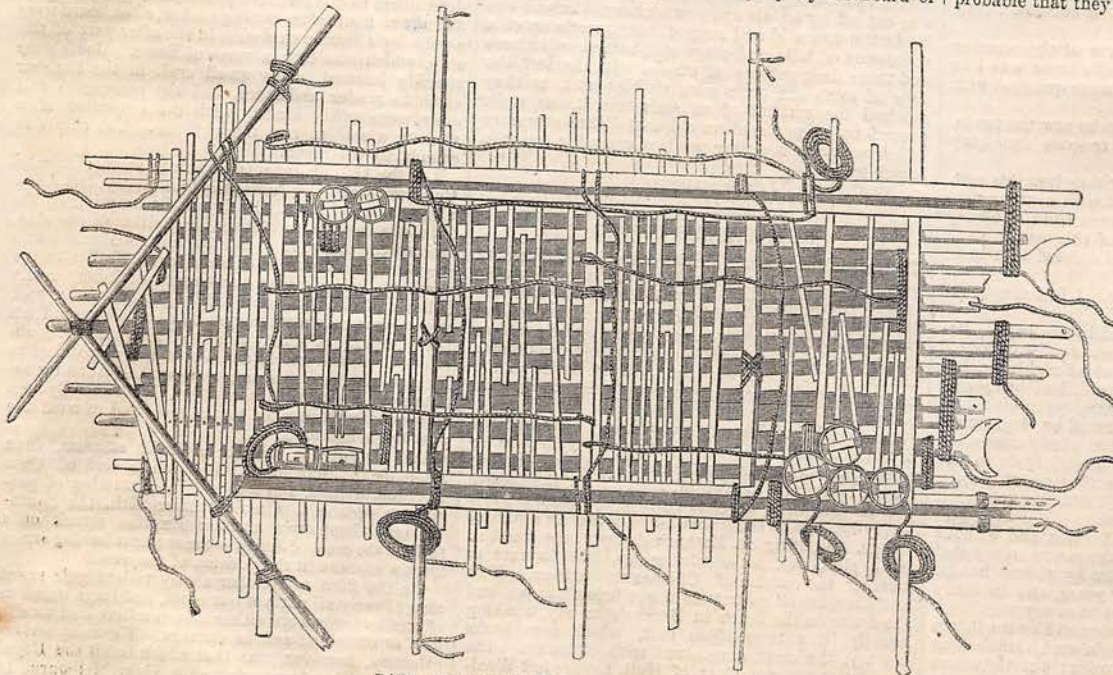
Liverpool, having on board 350 passengers, had crossed the ocean in safety, and reached Queens-town on October 24th, where she touched. A few of the passenger landed here, and thus escaped the fate of their shipmates. On the 25th she left Queens-town, and passed Holyhead on the same evening. The night was now growing wild, and the captain kept near the shore in order to meet with a pilot, but in this he failed. The gale increasing, at 10 p.m. two anchors were let go east of Point Lynas, but at midnight one cable parted, and, although the engines

were kept at full speed, the other soon snapped also. The vessel drifted rapidly on shore, and at 2.30 a.m. she struck, and the sea made a complete breach over her. A hawser was passed to the rocks, and by its means some 25 persons were saved—a few being washed on shore alive. The remainder, more than 300 persons, including the commander, perished. The ship had a considerable quantity of gold on board, of which a large proportion has since been recovered by divers. The loss of the vessel was made the subject of a lengthened inquiry by the Board of

the boats of the unfortunate ship excited some attention, and with a few of the relatives of those on board raised a hope that some of the people might have escaped from the wreck, and have got on board an outward-bound ship. This, however, is exceedingly doubtful. The Blervie Castle was a first-class, stout, oak-built ship, and, bearing in mind how speedily she was broken in two, it is easy to imagine that the boats could not have withstood the fury of the tempest with any better result. It is very probable that they were crushed with the ship.

These are but a few of the heavy disasters at sea during the past year. Notwithstanding our improvements in shipbuilding, the accuracy of our charts, and the general steadiness and propriety of officers and seamen, the catalogue of wrecks still continues truly formidable. "Ships are but boards, and sailors are but men."

At the same time that so many catastrophes have to be recorded, it is gratifying to know that during the past year the lifeboats of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, at various points of our coast, were called into operation on fifty-six occasions, the result being that 134 lives were saved off twenty-three wrecks, besides assisting five vessels safely into port. On twenty-three occasions it happened that when the lifeboats had put off, in reply to signals of distress, the vessel either got out of danger, or her crew were rescued by other means. Again, crews assembled several times to give assistance, but were not required to put off to sea. For these valuable services the crews were paid nearly 600*l*. Nearly all these services



RAFT AS CONSTRUCTED DURING A WRECK.



AURORA INTERRUPTS THE HARVEST FESTIVAL.

took place in stormy weather and heavy seas, and often in the dark hour of the night, and yet not a single accident happened either to the lifeboats or to any one of the gallant fellows who had put off in them. On these, and on occasions of quarterly exercise, the lifeboats were manned probably by no less than 4,000 persons.

The graphic illustration which accompanies this brief sketch conveys a vivid idea of the terrible scene presented by a wreck. Only those who have shared the peril can fully realise the horrors of a shipwreck, but we can all understand something of the frightful position of those who are so circumstanced, and how, as the good ship gradually sinks, the cry of "the raft" inspires new hope. By a raft, hastily and rudely constructed of ropes and broken pieces of the ship, many thousand lives have been saved. Of course, the various circumstances in which the vessel may be placed render it impossible to furnish any exact directions for the manufacture of a raft, but the plan which we introduce may give some idea of such construction. It is precisely similar to that which was employed with success by the crew of an unfortunate vessel. Its proportions were about sixty feet in length and twenty-one in breadth; it was formed of the masts of the ship's planks, yards, &c., firmly moored together by ropes, and made into a sort of floating platform; and on this about 200 persons ventured. Most of them were ultimately saved.

To have the boats always ready at all times; to have sufficient boats to bear the passengers and crew; to accustom the passengers, on a lengthened voyage, to turn out suddenly, as they would be compelled to do in case of accident,—are matters which should be strictly attended to by officers in command. Considering the large number of casualties which annually take place, it is obvious that extra precautions should be taken.

There is, however, one quality which, in circumstances of danger, and especially in cases of shipwreck, is of more value than many precautions—we allude to presence of mind. Persons of calm and composed mind may find a way of escape under circumstances apparently the most hopeless; while those who give way to panic insure their own destruction.

**LEFT TO THEMSELVES;**

*Or, Arab Life in London.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOPE EVERMORE."

CHAPTER XXVI.

And moody madness  
Laughing wild,  
Amid severest woe.—GRAY.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills  
We're heard the lowing herds along the vale,  
And flocks, loud bleating, from the distant hills,  
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale,  
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,  
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep  
That, drowsy, nestled to the sighing gale,  
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep,  
Yet all these sounds ybient, inclined all to sleep.

THOMSON.

OUT of deference to the family, who were all "advocates of temperance," Gentleman Hazeldean did not produce or even mention the hidden champagne—to him an indispensable luxury—but he was trying to persuade the pretty Trupp girls, between whom he was seated, to adjourn with him to the brook, under pretence of getting watercresses, but, in reality, to make them taste champagne for the first time, and to imbibe the sparkling elixir himself.

Madam Hazeldean, and the farmer and his wife, were very glad to see something very like a flirtation going on between Georgiana Trupp (a very handsome brunette of twenty-two) and Gentleman Hazeldean. He was evidently pleading and she resisting—but with all the giggle, blush, and titter of a country girl. They little guessed that he was pleading to her as an advocate of Bacchus, not Cupid. They were all very anxious to see him settled, and they dreaded his marrying a fine town lady, who would quite estrange him from them and from Greenfields.

Georgiana Trupp was a good girl, and had £5,000; and she had been invited, with her sister, to this hay-making, in the hope of Seymour taking a fancy to

her during the pleasant intimacies of the hay-harvest.

"Come, Seymour," said Madam, "try to persuade Miss Trupp to take a wing of that chicken; or at least a merrythought," she added, smiling.

"Yes, mother," he replied, "a merry thought, and some tongue to give it expression."

Seymour wanted to be thought a wit, and Miss Trupp did think him so, for she laughed heartily, as she said, "What are you going to take yourself, Mr. Seymour?"

"Oh, as for me, I'm piously disposed," he said, drawing a pigeon pie towards himself.

"How funny you are!" said Georgiana.

"Why am I like this dish?" he asked, helping Jane Trupp out of a cut-glass dish to a delicate light-green mixture of gooseberries and cream. "Do you give it up? Because the ladies make a fool of me."

"Have made one, you mean," said Georgiana. Trupp, blushing crimson.

"Very good, and having made a fool of me, won't refuse me I hope," he said, helping Georgiana, who again exclaimed,

"How funny you are!"

"Do come to the brook with me, do, there's a dear good girl," said Gentleman Hazeldean.

"Won't it look odd?" asked Georgiana.

"No, not at all," replied Seymour, gathering a branch of honeysuckle, rich in fragrant tassels, twisting it into a wreath, and twining it round her glossy black head—all were laughing merrily.

As he did so, and Jane Trupp whispered "It will be orange blossom next time," and Madam was thinking what a handsome pair they made, and all eyes were fixed on Seymour,—suddenly his cheeks grew pale, his lips white, his eyes seemed about to start from their sockets, his hair stood on end, and an exclamation of terror burst from him. He stood transfixed, rigid as marble, and one hand stretched out towards the hedge—through a gap in which appeared a long, lean, very white hand and bony arm, quite bare, the hand clutching with a claw-like grasp the intervening branches of briar-rose, and its owner apparently unconscious of pain,