

The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

EDWARD WHELAN]

This is true Liberty, when free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES.

[EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Vol. VII.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1857.

No. 14.

Literature.

TRODDEN FLOWERS.

BY TENNYSON.

There are some hearts that, like the loving vine,
Cling to unkindly rocks and ruined towers;
Spirits that suffer and do not repine—
Patient and sweet as lowly trodden flowers,
That from beneath the passer's heel arise
And give back odorous breath instead of sighs.

But there are other hearts that will not feel
The lowly love that haunts their eyes and ears;
That would fond faith with anger worse than steel,
And out of pity's spring draw idle tears.
O Nature! shall it ever be thy will
Ill things with good to mingle, good with ill?

Why should the heavy foot of sorrow press
The willing heart of uncomplaining love—
Meek charity that shrinks not from distress,
Gentleness, loth her tyrants to reprove?
Though virtue weep for ever and lament,
With one hard heart turn to her and relent.

Why should the reed be broken that will bend,
And that dry the tears in other's eyes
Feel their own anguish welling without end,
Their summer drenched with the smoke of sighs?
Sure Love, to some far Eden of his own
Will flee at last, and leave us here alone.

Love weepeth always—weepeth for the past,
For woes that are, for woes that may betide;
Why should not hard ambition weep at last,
Envy and hatred, avarice and pride?
Fate whispers sorrow, sorrow is your lot,
They would be rebels—love rebelleth not.

WHO ARE THE GREAT OF EARTH?

Who are the mighty? sing.
The chiefs of old renown,
On some red field won the victor's crown
Of tears and triumphing?
The Northern bold, who first o'er stormy seas,
Sent down the 'raven' banner on the breeze?
Not these—Oh, no—not these!

Who are the great of earth?
The mighty hunters? kings of ancient line,
For ages traced, half fable, half divine,
Whose stone-wrought lions guard in heathen pride
Their tomb-like palaces? where now we read,
The lived and reigned, and died!
Who spoke, and millions rushed to toil and blood?
Not these—not these, indeed!

Who are the mighty? they!
The builders of Egyptian pyramids?
The unknown kings, on whose stone-coffin lids,
Strange forms are scrolle'd? or men, whose awful sway
Wrought the rock-temple, reared the cromlech gray,
Whose smoke and fire, and incense darkened day,
Not they—Oh, no—not they?

Who are the great of earth?
Mark, where your prophet stands,
The load-star needle trembles in his hand,
O'er western seas he finds for mind a throne—
Or he on whose wrapt sight new wonders shone,
Where heavenward turned, his glass made worlds his own?
Not he—not those alone?

Who are the mighty? see.
Where art's a wizard; where the marble rife
With grace and beauty quickens into life—
Or where, as danger's waves beat wild and free,
Some 'glorious arm' like Moses' parts the sea,
That a vexed people yet redeemed may be—
The statesman? sage—is't he?

Oh, no—not these the noblest triumphs prove,
Go, where forgiveness, turning like the dove,
Alights o'er life's dark flood on some lone heart—
Where men to men, truth, justice, peace impart,
As best interpreters of god-like love—
Where all life's noblest charities have birth
There dwell the great, the kings of peerless worth,
They shall subdue the earth?

WHICH WAS THE COWARD?

'Will you bear that?'
The young man to whom this was addressed stood facing
another person about his own age, on whose countenance
was an expression of angry defiance. The name of this person
was Logan. A third party, also a young man, had asked the question
in a tone of surprise and regret. Before there was time
for response, Logan said sharply, and in a tone of stinging
contempt:

'You are a poor, mean coward, Edward Wilson! I repeat
the words; and if there is a particle of manhood about you—'
Logan paused for an instant, but quickly added,
'You will resent the insult!'
'Why did he pause? His words had aroused a feeling in the
breast of Wilson that betrayed itself in his eyes. The word
'coward' in that instant of time, would have more fittingly
been applied to James Logan. But, as quickly as the flash
leaves the cloud, as quickly faded the indignant light from the
eyes of Edward Wilson. What a fierce struggle agitated him
for the moment!

'We have been fast friends, James,' said Wilson, calmly.
'But, even if that were not so, I will not strike you.'
'You're afraid.'
'I will not deny it. I have always been afraid to do wrong.'
'Bah! Cant and hypocrisy!' said the other contemptuously.
'You know me better than that, James Logan, and I am sorry
that in your resentment of an imagined wrong, you should so
far forget what is just to my character as to charge upon me
such mean vices. I reject the implied allegation as false.'
There was an honest indignation in the manner of Wilson
that he did not attempt to suppress.

'Do you call me a liar?' exclaimed Logan, in uncontrollable
passion, drawing back his hand, and making a motion as if he
were about to strike the other in the face.
The eye of Wilson quailed not, nor was the smallest quiver
of a muscle perceptible. From some cause the purpose of
Logan was not executed. Instead of giving a blow, he assailed
his antagonist with words of deeper insult, seeking thus to
provoke an assault. But Wilson was not thus to be driven
from the citadel in which he had entrenched himself.

'If I am a coward, well,' he said, 'I would rather be a
coward than lay a hand in violence on him I have called my
friend.'
At this moment light girlish laughter and the ringing of
many voices reached the ears of our excited young men, and
their relations of antagonism at once changed. Logan walked
away in the direction from which the voices came; while the
other two remained where they had been standing.

'Why didn't you knock him down?' said his companion to
Wilson.
The latter, whose face was now very sober and very pale,
shook his head slowly. He made no other response.

The moment Wilson was alone he seated himself on the
ground, concealed from the party whose voices had interrupted
them, by a large rock, and covering his face with his hands,
continued motionless for several minutes. How much he
suffered in that little space of time, we will not attempt to
describe. The struggles with his indignant impulses had been
very severe. He was no coward in heart. What was he not
ever ready to do, even at the risk to himself of both physical
and mental suffering. Clearly conscious was he of this. Yet
the consciousness did not and would not protect his feelings
from the unjust and stinging imputation of cowardice, so angrily
brought against him. In spite of his better reason he felt hu-
miliated; and there were moments when he half regretted the
forbearance that saved the insolent Logan from punishment.
They were but moments of weakness; in the strength of a
manly character he was quickly himself again.

The question of this misunderstanding is easily told. Wil-
son made one of a little pleasure party from a neighbouring
village, that was spending an afternoon in a shady retreat by
the banks of a mill-stream. There were three or four young
men and half a dozen young maidens; and, as it often happens
on such occasions, some rivalries were excited among the former.
These should only have added piquancy to the merry inter-
course of all parties; and would have done so, had not the impatient
temperament of Logan carried him a little beyond good feeling
and a generous deportment towards others. Without due re-
flection, yet in no sarcastic spirit, Edward Wilson made a remark
on some act of Logan's that irritated him exceedingly. An
angry spot burned instantly on his cheek, and he replied with
words of cutting insult; so cutting, that all present expected
nothing less than a blow from Wilson as his answer to the re-
mark. And to deal a blow was his first impulse. But he
restrained the impulse; and it required more courage to do this
than to have stricken the insolent young man to the ground. A
moment or two Wilson struggled with himself, and then moved
slowly away.

His flushed and then paling face, his quivering lips and un-
steady eyes, left on the minds of all who witnessed the scene
an impression somewhat unfavorable. Partaking of the indig-
nant excitement of the moment, many of those present looked
for the instant punishment of Logan for his unjustifiable insult.
When, therefore, they saw Wilson turn away without even a
defiant answer, and heard the low, sneeringly uttered word,
'coward,' from the lips of Logan, they felt that there was a
craven spirit about the young man. A coward he instinctively
despise; and yet how slow we are to elevate that higher moral
courage which enables a man to brave unjust judgment rather
than to do what he thinks to be wrong, above the mere brute
instinct which in the moment of excitement forgets all physical
consequences.

As Edward Wilson walked away from his companions, he
felt that he was regarded as a coward. This was for him a
bitter trial; and the more so, because there was one in that
little group of startled maidens for whose generous regard he
would have sacrificed all but honour.

It was, perhaps, half an hour after this unpleasant occurrence,
that Logan, whose heart still burned with an unforgiving spirit,
encountered Wilson under circumstances that left him free to
repeat his insulting language, without disturbing the rest of the
party, who were amusing themselves at some distance, and
beyond the range of observation. He did not succeed in ob-
taining a personal encounter, as he had desired.

Edward Wilson had been for some time sitting alone with
his unhappy thoughts, when he was aroused by sudden cries of
alarm, the tone of which told his heart too plainly that some
imminent danger impended. Springing to his feet, he ran in
the direction of the cries, and quickly saw the cause of excite-
ment. Recent heavy rains had swollen the mountain streams,
the turbid waters of which were sweeping down with great
velocity. Two young girls, who had been amusing themselves
in a boat that was attached to the shore by a long rope, had
through some accident or other, got the fastening loose, and
they were now gliding down, far out into the current, with a
fearfully increasing speed, toward the breast of the milldam,
some hundred yards below, from which the water was thunders-
ing down a height of over twenty feet. Pale with terror, the
poor young creatures were stretching out their hands towards
their companions on the shore, and uttering heart-rending cries
for succor.

Instant action was necessary, or all would be lost. The
position of the young girls had been discovered while they were
some distance above, and there happening to be another boat
on the milldam, and that night at hand, Logan and two other
young men had loosened it from the shore. But the danger of
being carried over the dam should any one venture out in this
boat, seemed so inevitable, that none of them dared to encounter
the hazard. Now screaming and wringing their hands, and
now urging these men to try and save their companions, stood
the young maidens of the party on shore, when Wilson dashed
through them, and springing into the boat, cried out:

'Quick, Logan! Take an oar, or all is lost.'
But, instead of this, Logan started back a step or two from
the boat, while his face grew pale with fear. Not an instant
more was wasted. At a glance Wilson saw that if the girls
were saved, it must be by the strength of his own arm. Bravely
he pushed the boat out into the current, and with giant strength
born of the moment and for the occasion, from his high, unselfish
purpose, he dashed the boat out into the current, and bending to
the oars, took a direction at an angle with the other boat, toward
the point where the water was sweeping over the dam. At every
stroke the light skiff sprang forward a dozen feet, and
scarcely half a minute elapsed ere Wilson was beside the other
boat. Both were now within twenty yards of the fall; and the
water was bearing them down with a velocity that a strong
rower with every advantage on his side could scarcely have
contended against successfully. To transfer the frightened
girls from one boat to the other, in the few moments of time
left ere the down-sweeping current would bear the frail vessel
to the edge of the dam, and still to retain an advantage, was, for
Wilson, impossible. To let his own boat go and manage theirs,
he saw to be equally impossible.

A cry of despair reached the young man's ears as the oars
dropped from his grasp into the water. It was evident to the
spectators of the fearful scene that he had lost his presence of mind,
and that all was lost. Not so, however. In the next moment he
had sprung into the water, which, near the breast of the dam,
was not three feet deep. As he did so he grasped the other
boat, and bracing himself firmly against the rushing current,
held it poised a few yards from the point where the foam-crowned
waters leaped into the whirlpool below. At the same instant
his own boat shot like an arrow over the dam. He had gained,
however, but a small advantage. It required his utmost
strength to keep the boat he had grasped from dragging him
down the fall.

The quickly formed purpose of Wilson, in thus springing
into the water, had been to drag the boat against the current to
the shore. But this he perceived to be impossible the moment
he felt the real strength of the current. If he were to let the
boat go he could easily save himself. But not once did such a
thought enter his heart.

'Lie down close to the bottom,' said he, in a hoarse voice.
And now, with a coolness that was wonderful under all
circumstances, Wilson moved the boat several yards away from
the nearest shore, until he reached a point where he knew the
water below the dam to be more expanded and free from rocks.
Then throwing his body suddenly against the boat, and running
along until he was within a few feet of the fall, he sprang into
it and passed over with it. A moment or two the light vessel,
as it shot out into the air, stood poised, and then went plunging
down.

The fearful leap was made in safety. The boat struck the
scething waters below, and glanced out from the whirlpool,
bearing its living freight unharmed.

'Which was the coward?' The word reached the ear of
Logan, as he gathered with the rest of the company around
Wilson and the pale, trembling girls he had so heroically saved.
Fair lips asked the question. One maiden had spoken to
another, in a little louder voice than she had intended.

'Not Edward Wilson,' said Logan, as he stepped forward
and grasped the hand of him he had so wronged and insulted.
'Not Edward Wilson! He is the noblest and the bravest!'
Wilson made an effort to reply. But he was for some
moments too much excited and exhausted to speak. At last he
said:

'I only did what was right. May I ever have courage for
that while I live.'

Afterwards he remarked; when alone with Logan: 'It
required a far greater exercise of courage to forbear when you
provoked and insulted me in the presence of those who expected
retaliation, than it did to risk my life at the milldam.'

There is a moral heroism that few can appreciate. And it
will usually be found that the morally brave man is quickest to
lose the sense of personal danger when others are in peril.

A LAWYER'S ADVENTURE.

We presume our Illinois readers will readily expand the
town of C— mentioned in the following sketch into Carlyle—

About three or four years ago, more or less, I was practising
law in Illinois in a pretty large circuit. I was called on one
day in my office, in the town of C—, by a pretty woman, who,
not without tears, told me that her husband had been arrested
for horse stealing. She wished to retain me on the defence.
I asked her why she did not go to Judge B., an ex-senator of
the United States, whose office was in the same town. I told
her I was a young man at the bar, &c. She mournfully said
that he had asked a retaining fee above her means, and besides
did not want to touch the case, for her husband was suspected
of belonging to an extensive band of horse thieves and coun-
terfeiters, whose headquarters were on Moore's prairie.

I asked her to tell me the whole truth of the matter, and if it
was true that her husband did belong to such a band?

'Ah, sir,' said she, 'a better man at heart than my George
never lived; but he liked cards and drink, and I am afraid they
made him do what he never would have done if he had not
drunk. I fear that it can be proved that he had the horse; he
didn't steal it; another did, and passed it to him.'

I didn't like the case. I knew that there was a great dislike
to the gang located where she named, and feared to risk the
case before a jury. She seemed to observe my intention to
refuse the case, and burst into tears.

I never could see a woman weep without feeling like a weak
fool myself. If it had not been for eyes brightened by 'pearly
tears,' (bless the poets that made them to come in fashion by
praising 'em,) I'd never have been caught in the lasso of
matrimony. And my would-be client was pretty. The
handkerchief that hid her streaming eyes didn't hide her ripe
lips, and her snowy bosom rose and fell like a white gull in a
gale of wind at sea. I took the case, and she gave me the
particulars.

The gang of which he was not a member, had persuaded
him to take the horse. He knew that the horse was stolen, and
like a fool, acknowledged it when he was arrested. Worse
still—he had trimmed the horse's tail and mane to alter the
appearance, and the prosecutor could prove it.

The trial came on. I worked hard to get a jury of ignorant
men, who had more heart than brain; who, if they could not
fathom the depths of argument, or follow the labyrinthine mazes
of the law, could feel for a young fellow in a bad fix, a weeping
pretty wife, nearly broken-hearted, and entirely distracted.
Knowing the use of effect, I told her to dress in deep mourning,
and bring her cherub of a boy, only three years old, into court,
and sit as near her husband as the officers would let her. I
tried that game once in a murder case, and a weeping wife
and sister made a jury render a verdict against law, evidence,
and the judge's charge, and saved a fellow that ought to have
been hung as high as Haman.

The prosecution opened very bitterly; inveighed against
thieves and counterfeiters, who had made the law a terror to
strangers and travellers, and who had robbed every farmer in
the region of their finest horses. I introduced witnesses, and
proved all and more than I feared it would.

The time came to me to rise for the defence. Witnesses I
had none. But I determined to make an effort, only hoping so
to interest the judge and jury as to secure a recommendation
to mercy, and a light sentence. So I painted this picture: A young
man entered into life, wedded to an angel; beautiful in person,
and possessing every gentle and noble attribute. Temptation
was before and all around him. He kept a tavern. Guests there
were many; it was not for him to inquire into their business;
they were well dressed; made large bills and paid promptly.
At an unguarded hour, when he was insane with liquor, they
urged upon him, and he had deviated from the path of rectitude.
The demon of alcohol reigned in his brain, and it was his first
offence. Mercy pleaded for another chance to save him from
ruin. Justice did not require that his young wife should go
down sorrowing to the grave, and that the shadow of disgrace,
and the shadow of a felon father, should cross the path of that
sweet child. Oh, how earnestly did I plead for them! The
woman wept; the husband did the same; the judge fidgetted
and rubbed his eyes; the jury looked melting. If I could have
had the closing speech, he would have been cleared; but the
prosecutor had the close, and threw ice on the fire I had
kindled. But he did not quite put it out.

The judge charged on the side of mercy. The jury found a
verdict of guilty, but unanimously recommended the prisoner
to the mercy of the court. My client was sentenced to the
shortest imprisonment the court was empowered to give, and
both jury and court signed a petition to the governor for an
unconditional pardon, which was soon granted, but not before
the following incident occurred:—

Some three months after this, I received an account for
collection on a wholesale house in New York. The parties to
collect from were hard ones, but they had property, and before
they had an idea of the trap laid. I had the property, which they
were about to assign before they broke under attachment.
Finding I was a neck ahead, and bound to win, they 'caved in'
and 'forked over' three thousand seven hundred and ninety-
four dollars and eighteen cents (per memorandum book) in good
money. They lived in Shawneetown, about 35 or 40 miles
southeast of Moore's prairie. I received the funds just after
bank opening, but other business detained me till after dinner.
I then started for C—, intending to go as far as the village
of Mount Vernon that night.

I had gone along ten or twelve miles when I noticed a
splendid team of double horses attached to a light wagon, in
which were seated four men, evidently of the high-strung
order. They swept past me, as if to show how easily they
could do it. They shortened it, and allowed me to come up
with them, and halting me, asked me to 'wet,' or in other
words, to diminish the contents of a jug of old rye they had on
board; but I excused myself with the plea that I had plenty on
board. They asked me how far I was going. I told them as
far as Mount Vernon, if my horse didn't tire out. They
mentioned a pleasant tavern 10 or 12 miles ahead as a nice
place to stop, and then drove a-head.

I did not like the looks of those fellows, nor their actions.
But I was bound to go ahead. I had a brace of revolvers, and
a nice knife; my money was not in my valise, or my sully, but
in a belt round my body. I drove slow, in hopes that they
would go on, and I should see them no more. It was nearly
dark when I saw the tavern sign ahead. At the same time I
saw their wagon stood beside the door. I would have passed

on, but my horse needed rest. I hauled up, and a woman came
to the door. She turned as pale as a sheet when she saw me.
She did not speak, but with a meaning look she put her finger
to her lips and beckoned me in; she was the wife of my late
client.

When I entered, the party recognized me, and hailed me as
an old travelling friend, and asked me to drink. I respectfully,
but firmly declined to do so.

'By —, you shall drink or fight!' said the noisiest of the
party.

'Just as you please; drink I shall not,' said I, purposely
showing the butt of a Colt, which kicks six times in rapid
succession.

The party interposed, and very easily quelled the assailant.
One offered me a cigar, which I reluctantly refused, but a
glance from the woman induced me to accept. She advanced
and proffered me a light, and in doing so slipped a note into my
hand, which she must have written but a moment before. Never
shall I forget the words. They were:

'Beware, they are members of the gang. They mean to
rob and murder you! Leave soon; I will detain them.'
I didn't feel comfortable just then, but tried to do so.

'Have you any room to put up my horse?' I asked turning
to the woman.

'What! are you not going on to-night?' asked one of the
men; 'we are.'

'No,' said I; 'I shall stay here to-night.'

'We'll all stay then, I guess, and make a night of it,' said
another of the cut-throats.

'You'll have to put up your own horse—here's my lantern,' said
the woman.

'I am used to that,' I said. 'Gentlemen, excuse me a
minute; I'll join you in a drink when I come in.'

'Good on your head! More whiskey, old gal,' shouted they.

I went out, glanced at their wagon; it was old fashioned, and
'linch pins' secured the wheels. To take out my knife and
pry one from the fore and hind wheels was but the work of an
instant, and I threw them as far off in the darkness as I could.
To untie my horse and dash off was the work of a moment.
The road lay down a steep hill, but my lantern lighted me
somewhat.

I had hardly got under full headway, when I heard a yell
from the party I had unceremoniously left. I put whip to my
horse. The next moment with a shout they started. I threw
my light away, and left my horse to pick his way. A moment
later I heard a crash—a horrible shriek. The wheels were off.
Then came the rush of the horses striking along with the wreck
of the wagon. Finally they seemed to fetch up in the wood.
One or two shrieks I heard as I swept along, leaving them far
behind. For some time I hurried my horse—you'd better
believe I 'rid!' It was a little after midnight when I got to
Mount Vernon.

The next day I heard that a Moore's prairie team had run
away, and that two men out of four had been so badly hurt that
their lives were despaired of; but I didn't cry. My clients got
their money, and I didn't travel that road again.

Gleanings from late Papers.

THE LOSS OF THE CENTRAL AMERICA.

STATEMENT OF MRS. WILLIAM MACNEILL, ONE OF THE
RESCUED PASSENGERS.—It was first known by us women that
the Central America had sprung a leak, on Friday, Sept. 12, at
2 p. m. We were all in bed sea-sick, and had not been up for
three days, because of our sea-sickness, caused by the heavy
sea. In our fright we got up, and entirely forgot our sea-
sickness. The gentlemen got pails, and told us they were
going to put coals on the fire; but it was not so—it was to bale
out the water from the hold. We soon learned something about
our real danger. The sea was fearfully high, and the ship was
tossed to and fro in great violence by the tempest; but, not-
withstanding that, the women showed great courage and self-
composure—not a tear was shed by any of them—there was the
calmness of the grave among them. The men told us to be
cheerful—that it would soon be all right; indeed, although we
considered ourselves in imminent peril, we did not know the
full extent of it. The men did all they could to keep that
knowledge from us. We remained quietly in the cabin, we
could not remain quietly on one side of the boat, because it was
all down. We had to go into the gentlemen's cabin, and there
we remained all the afternoon.

We heard the water rolling and dashing against the sides of
the ship, thinking it was on the outside, when in reality it was
in the cabin—right below us. In that condition we remained all
night, the sea running very high, and occasionally breaking
over us, the wind blowing a perfect hurricane, the ship rolling
and beating about, everything making a most fearful noise, the
rigging and spars cracking and groaning, the dishes, lamps,
furniture, &c., smashing and crashing together. It was an
awful night, but the women still endured it without tears or
moans.

At first they had gained on the water by pumping, but on the
morning of Saturday, Sept. 12, they found the water had gained
on them considerably. They then commenced to bale out with
barrels. They told us they were gaining on the water again;
but, on the contrary, the water was still gaining on them,
though we did not know it. The men, especially the first cabin
passengers, had worked hard all night, their strength was fast
failing. Sometimes they had to give up, and lay down flat on
the deck for a moment, with half-recovered breath again to rise
to battle for life and death against the encroaching waters.
Many of the men had been previously quite sea-sick, and had
not eaten anything for three days, but the peril recalled their
strength and activity, and they, or at least many of them, did
all that human power could do to save the ship. The storm
continued thus all day Saturday, and the men thus worked on
all that day, the women being still calm as death, and to death
resigned. I and many others had made up our minds that there
was no hope of being saved; we expected to die; we were
ready for death; we were prepared for it; we were reconciled
to it. It was found on Saturday that the water had been
coming in through the port-holes for some time, and efforts were
made to stop it.

Shortly after noon, the announcement that a sail was in sight
ran through the steamship, and threw us all into the greatest
excitement. Such a sudden hope, when nothing but death had
stared us in the face, at once overcame our self-control; there
was shrieking, crying and weeping; agonies of joy, where late
was nothing but agonies of death. The severe calmness that
had sat on each cheek, making it pale as lead but stern as steel,
was displaced by the flush of excitement, profuse tears and the
embrace of friends, mothers and children, husbands and wives.
The excitement pervaded the whole ship, but when its first heat
had passed away, grave doubts and fears arose. Some of the
women could not believe that the intelligence was true. 'It
is too good,' said they, 'to be true;' and when the sail could
be seen distinctly it was not known whether the craft would
hold twelve or five hundred. The sea was so high that it was
not certain whether the barque Marine, of Boston, (for such she
proved to be) could be boarded or not.

The Central America hoisted the flag of distress; the barque
Marine answered it and sailed towards us, passing the steamer
about a mile distant. The Marine was also badly damaged by
the storm, but did not leak more than what the pumps could re-
lieve her from. Our men had not eaten anything since Friday
morning, because nothing could be cooked. My husband
worked all the time; he would not sit down to eat, and said he
did not feel hungry, but could work forty-eight hours longer if
it was necessary; but as soon as the Marine hove in sight he
was willing enough to eat. He came to me and clasped his
hands to encourage me, saying there was a vessel very near and