

to arrest the progress of the disease for about a week? The physician replied in the affirmative, and prescribed with apparent confidence. The master quitted his bed on the strength of the prescription, and the vessel sailed for Cromarty. A storm arose, and there was not a seaman aboard who outwrought or outwatched the master. He began to droop, however, as the weather moderated, and his strength had so failed him on reaching Cromarty, that his sailors had to carry him home in a litter. The fever had returned, and more than six weeks elapsed after his arrival ere he had so far recovered from it as to be able to leave his bed. The story is, I believe, strictly true; but in accounting, in the present day, for the main fact which it supplies, we would perhaps be inclined to attribute less than our fathers did to the skill of the physician, and more to the force of imagination and to those invigorating energies which a sense of danger awakens.

Old Saunders M'Iver, the mate of the *Elizabeth*, was one of the most devout and excellent men of the place. There was in some degree, too, a sort of poetical interest attached to him, from the dangers which he had encountered and the strange sights which he had seen. He had seen smoke and flame bursting out of the sea in the far Pacific, and had twice visited those remote parts of the world which lie directly under our feet, — a fact which all his townsmen credited, for Saunders himself had said it, but which few of them could understand. In one of his long voyages, the crew with whom he sailed were massacred by some of the wild natives of the Indian Archipelago, and he alone escaped by secreting himself in the rigging, and from thence slipping unobserved into one of the boats, and then cutting her loose. But he was furnished with neither oars nor sail; and it was not until he had been tossed at the