

A LONELY VOYAGE.

MYER GERSHON, who has been on a visit to London, returned by the steamer 'Greece.' He reports that in mid-ocean, the watch at the bow reported to the captain that he descried ahead what seemed to be a part of a wreck. As it neared the ship the object was discovered to be a small skiff, and in the darkness the figure of one man was descried. The captain immediately gave orders to stop the engines, and to get the ropes ready to pull the man on board. The sea was running high. The skiff came quite near to the ship, appearing and disappearing at intervals—now on the top of an immense wave level with the deck of the vessel, the next minute hidden from sight in the billows. The captain, calling to know who was in the boat, was answered in a strong German accent: "I am Jack Andrews, from Gloucester, Mass." He told further that he was bound to Liverpool; that his skiff was named 'Centennial,' and that he had been out fifteen day. He then asked the captain to compare reckonings. His was long, 46, lat. 39; the captain's was the same. Andrews informed the captain that he slept by day, and before going to sleep he took in his rudder and took down all sails; during sleep his craft drifted with the waves. He was awake at nights. The captain made a final appeal to him to come on board, stating that if he refused he would probably regret it when the vessel was out of his reach. To this Andrews emphatically answered, "No, sir; good night," and throwing his sails to the wind was soon lost to sight. Andrews sits in the centre of his boat with a lamp burning before him, exposing the dial of what seemed to be a compass. The deck afore and aft is covered with canvass, under which, besides the compass and lamp, were several barrels, containing, no doubt, provisions, water, etc. Nothing has been heard of Andrews since that night. —Troy Press.

HABITS OF AUTHORS.

We are told that Charlotte Bronte used to sit patiently and laboriously writing, day after day, with a lead pencil in little paper books made by herself, which she held close to her eyes—for she was near-sighted—all absorbed in her own imaginations, as if her characters were real men and women, whose minute history she was putting on record. And the language stood in the pencilled manuscript almost as it afterward did on the printed page, for she thought no time was so favorable for fastening upon the right word as the moment of composition; and if it did not come naturally with the idea, as in her case it usually did, she waited for it, and it suggested itself and fell into its place. Such was the fidelity of this woman, who never put her hand to a book until she was sure that she had something to say.

Edgar A. Poe used to think over his subject until it was complete in his own mind before he took a pen to write, and his manuscript was exceedingly neat and eloquent; while, on the other hand, N. P. Willis, who was to appearance the most off-hand of journalists, was in the constant practice of changing the phraseology of his articles, over and over again, even after they had gone into the hands of the printer, and the sheets were disfigured with many erasures and alterations, showing that the paragraphs, which show as if dashed off on the spur of the moment, were in reality constructed with the utmost pains.

Another of the fastidious was Lamb. He wrote very slowly, and every word was subjected to the severest criticism, and the one which expressed the nearest shade of meaning was fixed upon. Macaulay made a general plan on large sheets of paper, with lines far apart; then filled in, crowding sentence upon sentence, until the whole was a marvel to see, and when change for the better, or illustration or amplification seemed impossible, copied in a fair hand for the printer.

Sir Walter Scott said that when he began "Waverly" he had no idea what would come of it; he had no plot at all. In the morning he would think it over awhile, then rush on, and the characters took care of themselves, and it all came out right in the end. While he was engaged on his novels, he became subject to attacks of cramp in the stomach, and he lay on a sofa and dictated nearly all the "Bride of Lammermoor," and the whole of the "Legend of Montrose." When a paroxysm of pain again seized him he would stop with a groan, and then begin where he left off. He used to arrange in his own mind the portion for the day before his amanuensis came, which was ten o'clock, when he would commence and go right on, sustaining all the characters, and detailing the conversation without confusion or mistake, and so interested that sometimes he would spring to his feet and act it all out.

The same thing as to want of plan is said to have been true of "Pickwick" and some of the novels of Thackeray. The author of "Pendennis" and "Vanity Fair," was wont to dally with his subject before he set himself to work, starting with half a quire of paper, on a part of which he made comic pictures, a part he tore up, and on the remainder, after walking about in the most doleful manner, he began in earnest.

Dickens, in his earlier days of authorship, wrote only when he felt in the mood, but afterward became thoroughly systematic, and when the hour came he was at his table, allotting a certain part of the day for work, and from this rule nothing could tempt him to depart; for it was upon persevering industry, not special inspiration, that he depended. Southey was another of the methodical writers. His days were indeed all busy; for, as he said, speaking of supporting his large family, his means lay "in an inkstand."

Surroundings, circumstances and the hour have all been potential in their influences. Christopher North chose the night, and sat in his shirt sleeves, in a small study, at a table littered with papers, books and pictures around, writing rapidly with a quill pen, his thoughts kindling more and more as the hours went on. Campbell rose early and did his work before breakfast. Carlyle

takes a good vigorous English walk of several miles, far enough to get himself into a glow, and then is ready for his pen.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES IN ROME.

A CORRESPONDENT of the 'Daily News' writes—The other day, at Monte della Giustizia, near the central railway station—in the immediate neighbourhood, that is to say, of the baths of Diocletian, and not a thousand miles from those of Constantine—the Commission of the Archæology came upon the pipes of lead through which the water was distributed to its various destinations. Each pipe had engraved on it the name of its maker, and also the name of the proprietor to whom the water conveyed by it belonged—a species of property of peculiar value in ancient Rome, if we may judge from the laws and regulations with which it was surrounded. Near these pipes was also found a limestone *cippus*, bearing an inscription on which the source of the three waters—the Aqua Marcia, the Aqua Tepula, and the Aqua Julia—was indicated; an inscription of especial value as supplementing what we know of the subject from Frontinus, the elder Pliny, and Vitruvius. Oddly enough, a private Christian oratory was found close by—one of those oratories which the Roman patricians constructed in their places when Christianity had become publicly recognised, and numbered emperors among its professors. It belonged evidently to the fourth century—the time when the teaching of Christ was being corrupted by asceticism, and that crusade against the body, or, as it was called, "the flesh," was begun, which prescribed the neglect of ablutions as a virtue, and to which may be traced the personal uncleanness characteristic of the Romish capital to this day. Among the treasure trove of the Commission is an exquisite human figure, unfortunately wanting the head; it was found imbedded in the wall, like a hamadryad in the oak. Similarly utilised, on the same spot, was a square pedestal surmounted by the bust of a bearded or Indian Bacchus—so called in contradistinction to the Infant Bacchus, the Victor Bacchus, or the Horned Bacchus. Returning to the tombs, the Commission have also alighted on some very fine Etruscan vases—dating from as distant a time as the regal or Republican period—and showing in their exquisite design and workmanship how little even at that early time the artist in pottery had to learn from his modern compeer. The excavations on the Via Nazionale have yielded a rich crop to the Commission. In unusually good preservation has been found a statuette representing a traveller as footsore and weary—he has thrown himself down by the wayside. He is asleep, and his cloak is so wrapped around his person as to shelter him alike from the sun and the dusty wind. Nothing can surpass the skill with which the folds of the garment have been rendered, or the proportions of the "loosened limbs" or the bonds of slumber in which they are held. Near this *chef d'œuvre* the Commission have also discovered a house of patrician quality, belonging (so runs the inscription) to one Avidius Quietus. "Avid the quiet" its owner must have been, to judge from the remains of the Nymphæum, with its suggestion of the monotonous splash of fountains and their sleep-inviting influence. The house had been destroyed to make room for the Baths of Constantine, one part being retained to be incorporated with the new building to which the rest formed the foundations. Such are a few of the more memorable discoveries made by the Archæological Commission of the Roman Town Council during a single month—discoveries which bring back with astonishing vividness the life of the old Mistress of the World, and at once widen and sharpen the knowledge of the classical scholar.

AN IRISH SKETCH.

One thing Ireland may well be proud of and that is the faith of her people. A person may visit Italy and France and in those countries no doubt will see many pious souls, but in Ireland he sees, as a general thing, a good, pious people. On Sundays, from early morn to noon, at which time the last mass is generally said, the churches are crowded, and not crowded by people who go to mass simply to comply with the laws, but by pious people who go to their duty, I suppose at least twice a month. The number of communicants that may be seen approaching the holy table is really edifying. And this may not only be witnessed on the first or second Sunday of the month, but on every Sunday during the year. But it is not alone in the churches that the people of Ireland are remarkable for their goodness. Enter any of the places of amusement, any of the public houses, and you hear no cursing or swearing, no obscene language so common in other countries. The only person I ever heard utter the most sacred name in Ireland, in an *awful* manner, was a young swell who had just arrived from the States. He was looked upon by those who heard him as being somewhat insane. In Ireland you see but very little drunkenness. The law in reference to selling liquor on the Sabbath is very strict, and even if there were no law to prohibit the sale of liquor, I think the people would use but very little of it. One thing is certain, the Irishman at home is good. If in a foreign country he proves to be anything else, his fall may be traced to the bad company with whom, on a l's des, he is likely to become acquainted. In America they, as a general thing, are looked upon as not being worthy of much notice, but if the American would take the pains to travel through Ireland, and study the manners and customs of the people, he would find them in respect to morality and religion, defying comparison with any other country in existence; whilst in appearance they are far superior to the sickly Yankee, and in intelligence and education nothing inferior, although they have not the *public school system* to give them high-toned knowledge, that of late has made the American and his nation the laughing-stock of the world. —Correspondent of 'Lake Shore Visitor.'