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Poetry.

THE RALLYING CALL.

Heroes of our country are gathering round,
With faith and freedom to fling to the ground,
They are strong to destroy, and their democrat rage
Church, Crown and Peerage alone can assuage.

Britons, arouse ye! the call has gone forth
To muster your clans from the South to the North;
To haste to the beacon, with patriot zeal,
To rally—your strength round the banner of Peel.

An hour is approaching when monarchy's sway,
The traitor sneered, shall be frittered away;
The church of our fathers, the old hallowed pile,
Condemned by the goddess to cease from our life.

Strike for the freedom which Hampden secured,
The faith for which Ridley the martyr endured,
The nobles who dauntless your ancestors freed
From the yoke of the Baron of fair Romneyede.

Wellington's name rear the standard on high,
It waves in the breeze—let it float in the sky,
Remember he'er sullied that standard in war,
Never shall traitors it purify mar!

Your pleasures forsaken, your comfort foregone,
Your affections are due to your country alone;
The land of our fathers that calls you to save,
The home of the free, 'tis the queen of the wave.

THE SAMPHIRE GATHERER'S STORY.

BY ARTHUR HUME FLENNETT.

It was hot, sir that Mr. Clements descend-

How fearful," I exclaimed, scarcely venting to look down a precipice at least six hundred feet in depth.

To repeat in a few words what had occupied my ear, and omitting his numerous digressions the samphire gatherer's tale ran thus:

At the close of the last century he and his wife, samphire gatherers by trade, had assisted in lowering one Mr. Clements down the cliff upon rather extraordinary circumstances.

Mr. C. was returning home along the Downs, and then retired out fashionable town of Devon, when he recognized a boat about a mile from the shore resembling one in which his wife and sister were in the frequent habit of passing hours, in a little bay or inlet of the coast near his house.

He hastened home to have his doubts removed as to their identity, and returned back to the spot where he had first observed them. He then found, to his extreme regret, that the boat had been deserted of its occupants, who had been wandering on the rocks under the cliff. To approach them by sea on either side in time to rescue them from their impending danger was impossible.

The tide was rising fast, and their destruction had inevitable. In this emergency the samphire gatherers were thought of, and sent down the cliff by means of ropes, Clements in and upon descending the cliff, in the hope of finding his wife upon some rock or spot where she might remain in safety till the arrival of the boat.—Thus far had the samphire gatherer's tale on in the history he was relating to me.

He was strolling along the cliffs, when he perceived, as I have already mentioned, and pointing to the spot where Mr. Clements descended, following his example, and taking a seat on the grass near him, the old man continued his tale.

I give it in his own words—

Well, sir, when we found we could not find him to let one of us go down in his stead, as usual, secured a cork-bar in the earth a few feet from the edge of the cliff, then twining the rope around it, in order to use as the steadiest hold on Mr. Clements, and I under his arms. We then made change his coat for one of our frocks, such as we see the common people wear in these parts, and taught him how to put his feet steady against the cliffs—as it were thus; and I him take the rope between his hands above the knot, and told him to lean out on the rock as far as he could, and to work with his feet, and to look up and watch for the stones and rubbish which the rope might dislodge. We told him all this, and bade him not to be frightened at birds, as they would not harm him—the boat set, sir, and they always made a horrid ching if you go down the cliff after they

are gone to rest—and, that if he altered his mind, and wished to come back, he had only to give the rope one or two pulls and we'd haul him up directly. "No—no," said Mr. Clements, "there is no necessity for that; when I get to the bottom, wait for a quarter of an hour; if at the end of that time I give you no signal for you to pull me up, you will know that the ladies are safe, and then make what haste you can and get a boat from—"

"I am ready now," said he, in a faint voice, and his teeth chattering all the while with fear. Never was a man so frightened as he was at that moment.—Well sir, father and I once more lifted the rope, and Mr. Clements leaned back over the edge of the cliff. Down he went. We soon lost sight of him.

"Working with his feet, as father had told him, we slowly supplying our rope as he required it, he moved safely down for a bit; then he rested on a jutting rock. All this time he kept his eyes fixed on the sky, pressing cautiously with his feet against the chalk, his body at almost right angles with the cliff, his hands grasping the rope, or sheltering his face from the shower of dirt and stones which it dislodged. He had got about one hundred feet from the top, when suddenly slipping from the cliff, his chest and face were flung violently against it. He endeavoured to gain his footing against the rocks, and in doing so broke a resolution which he had formed, and looked beneath him. It was a rare sight that, for the first time. Well do I remember how my head swam as I looked at the water far, far below, and the waves that one could see, but not hear, as they broke over the shingles. Presence of mind, on which Mr. Clements so vaunted himself, where was it then? He was about to pull the rope, but he thought of his poor wife, and one thought of her was enough. On he went; to regain a footing was impossible. Father and I kept gradually lowering the rope, and with his face to the cliff, his hands outstretched, catching at each object as he passed, enveloped in a shower of chalk and stones which he had not the strength to avoid, gasping and panting for breath, poor Mr. Clements sided down for about another hundred feet. Here the cliff arched inward, forming an immense hollow, like yonder rock, sir; and swinging too, round and round, as it were, betwixt heaven and earth, down he went. At one moment the wide ocean met his dizzy gaze; at another, the flocks of the startled birds flew around his head, uttering their shrill and hungry cries. Again, sir, he found himself sliding down against the side of the cliff, his flesh all sore and torn, and his body and arms in absolute torture from the pressure of the rope. Again in agony he made a frantic effort to regain a footing, but in so doing, fastened one of his legs in a narrow fissure or opening in the rock. Vain was the struggle to release it; Mr. Clements was either too weak, or the limb too firmly secured in the rock. All his efforts were use less; and I shudder, at the bare recollection while I tell it, we continued to supply the rope. Hanging by his leg head downward, there he lay, the cormorants and sea-mews fitting around him, and joining in his frightful shrieks."

"Horrible! was he long thus?"

"Not long sir. Father soon discovered that there was no weight or pull on the rope; and judging from his experience of what had occurred, we raised it a few feet and released Mr. Clements from his painful situation.—From this moment, he told me, he was unconscious as to whether he was ascending or descending, until he heard his name called in a faint voice. He opened his eyes. We had lowered him over the arch of an immense cavern, within which, all was darkness. The sea was rolling in beneath him; his feet touched it; he felt that he must either swim or drown; he feebly grasped the rope; a thrill of joy ran through his veins as he found an unexpected footing on a rock concealed by the waves in about three feet of water; the depth around for the present mattered not.—He remained for a few moments on the rock. His name was again called; it sounded from within the cave,

Extricating himself from the rope, he made an effort to swim—found that he had more strength than he had thought—swam forward through the darkness up the cavern—struggled—sank—rose again—heard his name called louder and nearer—made one effort more—felt the sand, the smooth sand under his feet—staggered forward—reeled, and fell exhausted in the arms of his wife."

"And his sister?"

"The ladies were both there, sir. The cavern was about fifty feet in depth, and sloping upwards towards the back, and partly filled with weeds, stones and sand. Hither Mrs. Clements and her sister had resorted to take refuge from the rising tide. They had landed from the boat on the rocks, at some distance below the cave, in the hope of finding a pathway or outlet by which they could escape up the cliff. After a long and hopeless search, they bethought themselves of the boat, and to their extreme terror, found that it had been carried away by the rising tide, which now partly covered the rocks. They had just time to climb into the cavern over the fallen rocks under the arch, when the waters sweeping in, closed up all entrance except to a swimmer. Although the tide was fast rising, the ladies cheered each other with the hope they should escape. Fortunately the darkness at the back of the cavern was sufficient to prevent their discovering the height to which the water usually rose."

"As you may imagine, Mr. Clements was sometime before he recovered his senses. His wife was kneeling beside him, chaing his brows, when her sister started up, calling attention to the rope, by which he had descended. We were pulling it up; and he shook his head as it disappeared over the arch of the cavern. Well he knew how useless it would have been for them to use it. "It matters not," said he; "they (meaning me) have gone to—"

"We shall have been here soon; we are safe," and so on, endeavouring to keep their spirits up, while he well knew that in the darkness the chances were that the boat would never find the cave.

"Two hours air—two long hours passed on in this way, and Mr. Clement had given up all hope. The water kept rising, till at last the wave broke at their feet; and each instant threatened their destruction. The ladies were almost dead with fear and cold; when a large heavy, Dutch built boat—you don't see such now sir; swept with scarcely a sound, under the arch into the cavern, her prow coming in close upon the spot where Mr. Clements and the ladies were. They did not hear until she was within the cave, and no wonder, for the oars were muffled, and those who were in her were as silent as the grave. It was part of the cargo of a French smuggler, lying a few miles off, that her crew assisted by some of the fishermen, were about to land, and they had taken shelter in the cavern, having been alarmed at the approach of a boat up the coast. Fortunate was it, that Mr. Clements prevented the ladies from calling out for assistance from them—"

"Why I should have thought at such a moment that even smugglers—"

"Not they, sir—not they; and Mr. Clements knew it. Desperate men like them would have left the poor things to drown, or have murdered them. No; Mr. Clements knew better. He tried a last and dangerous chance; but it was his only one. Listen, sir; while the men had their heads turned to the opening of the cavern watching the boat pass, the six of which had driven them into it, he led the ladies gently into the end of the boat. They could not hear him for the noise of the waves. There was plenty of room for them and he drew a sail over them, and was just stepping in after them when one of the men turned, and he had only time to conceal himself under the bows of the boat before she was again moving silently out of the cave, with, as her crew little suspected, the addition of two to her number since she had entered it."

"They went about a quarter of a mile down under the cliff, and landed a boy, who disappeared like a cat up the rocks. A dead silence ensued; no one ventured to speak; the men

rested on their oars, and the boat gently rose and sank with the waves. At last the silence was broken; something dark was hauled down the cliff at a short distance from the boat. It fell heavily on the rocks. "God forgive him, he's tossed him over," muttered one of the men. And so it was, sir. The poor man on the look out was asleep near the top of the cliff; and we often hear of these men rolling over in their sleep. There is always a reason for it, sir. They were going to land their cargo, when they heard a gun in the offing from one of the king's cutters. The alarm had been given. Not a moment was to be lost, and, straining every nerve, they bore out to sea."

"They were about two miles from the shore when some of the men declared that it was a lost job, and that they could go no further. Mrs. Clements was quite senseless with cold and exhaustion, but her sister listened eagerly to what the men said. They had some angry words, but the meaning of the conversation she could not understand. There was a little boat astern of the larger one, which they drew to, and entered one by one, the last man calling out as he stepped in:—"Now then, boys, pull for your lives; they'll make 'ter us when they find they've lost their prize."

"The boat had disappeared in the surrounding darkness before the terrified lady comprehended all; and then, sir, the frightful truth flashed upon her. The devils had scuttled the boat, and it was sinking fast. She said one prayer, and turned to kiss her sleeping sister, when Mr. Clement's voice sounded almost at her side. There he was, sir—there he was, in the self-same pleasure boat that had been the cause of all their misfortunes. He had just time to lift the ladies out of the boat, and to get clear of her, when she went down. The crew came up and took them on board all safe; but many months passed before Mrs. Clements recovered from the evils of that dreadful night."

"What became of Mr. Clements when he left them in the cave?"

"He held on to the boat a few minutes, till they got outside, and then swam to the rocks, where he found the little pleasure boat, and entering it, followed the track of the larger vessel in time to save the life of Mrs. Clements and her sister."

"The sun is setting, sir," said the samphire gatherer touching his hat to me. "I must be going homeward—mayhap," he added, as he turned away on his path, "one of these days, when you are strolling on the rocks below, sir, you will look at the cavern where Mr. Clements found his wife. You can imagine much better than I can describe, what must have been their feelings in such a place, and at such a time. Good evening, sir."

GRANT THORNBURN'S OPINION OF BACHELORS.

Those consummate blockheads, the bachelors, they too must join the hue and cry to defame and defame the most beautiful part of creation. Conscious that they are running contrary to all laws, human and divine, they come forth with hard words in place of argument, they are not able to support a wife; why it costs you more in six months for the soda water you drink, and the cigars you smoke and give away, (two articles that you can well dispense with, and an article too that your fathers never saw,) than it would take to support a sensible woman for a twelve-month. He that hangs creation on his arm, and feeds her at his board—he that hears the young ravens when they cry, will never suffer the young Yankee to starve. When you have got money enough to buy furniture, you will then go to house-keeping, and marry. Here the fowl of the air will teach you—in the spring he looks out for his mate—he has not got a stick or a straw towards house-keeping; together they gather the sticks and the straws; in a few days a dwelling is prepared for the young. But the bachelors in every thing put the cart before the horse, always wrong end foremost with them. They say, as soon as they get a net they will look out for a bird, thus running quite cross grained in the face of nature.