

VANCOUVER THE VOYAGER.

THE Pacific Ocean having, as it appears, been very wantonly disturbed by an aggression altogether inconsistent with its name, we may aptly beguile half an hour with a retrospect of circumstances more immediately connected with the spot where this invasion has threatened the peace of kindred peoples. We will shut out politics as much as practicable, though it is impossible to be blind to the scandal of risking so much of human happiness for the sake of outrage in so bad a cause—a cause, too, which could not be advanced towards a just arrangement by the means employed.

Here we are startled by a glance back at the earlier times when these coasts became known to us; when the illustrious Drake explored the Pacific to that very degree of north latitude upon which this offence has been committed, and gave the name of New Albion to shores now ceded to the Stars and Stripes, but with which, it seems, the owners of that ensign are not yet contented. Two centuries elapse, and Spain has occupied the land and seaboard; our next noble figure is the gallant and ill-fated Cook, who was murdered by the savages at Owhyhee, on Valentine's day, thus saddening the merry quip, that it was all right the Sandwich Islands should be discovered by a Cook! But alas! the retrospect is dimmed when we discern so many of the bravest of the brave of British sailors flitting like ghosts athwart the gloom, and remember how they have perished in the service of their country, upholding the glory of her flag, maintaining the honour of her name, or spreading the blessings of science, civilization, and Christianity over the uttermost corners of the earth.

Of Captain Cook's three sons, all were dead within fourteen years after their father's loss; and two of them found their graves in the element his daring career so splendidly distinguished. George Vancouver was a midshipman on board his ship the "Resolution," and partook in all the labours and perils