

souls and bodies part, and we become more pure, we shall either have such companions, or the mind, being fully occupied with the goodness of God, and in executing His dispensations, shall be completely happy; so that, if their company is denied, we will not be miserable, and our existence a blank, without one particle of enjoyment,—as would inevitably be the case, were our only true objects of sublunary admiration—even adoration, removed from the face of this earth; by which poetry would cease, language be corrupted, manners become gross, religion neglected, God despised, and man, with all his pride, be, what woman exalts him above—an accountable brute.

The men at Trois Rivières were paralyzed by terror, from love of their own precious carcases, dislike of them descending to rotting places, the pain of dying, and fear of what the poor soul must endure, for ‘the white lies,’ just ‘told in the way of business,’ and ‘could not signify an ounce of snuff’: all was self! self! self!—Not so the females; they looked with more affection to relatives; hugged their children, the presence of mortality having proved for the first time, the inordinate strength of a mother’s love. They cared not for themselves.

All the vessels were again made fast, in the same manner as they had been the previous day, before the accident occurred,—we were again a-starboard and sternmost. The ship in front was a bad sailer, rolling from side to side, in consequence of being too much rounded in the ribs, and squared at the stern. As she swung, our helmsman was under the necessity of imitating the other’s movements exactly, to prevent the cable getting entangled with their tiller, and either wrenching it off, or injuring the rope, which, according to the Captain’s opinion, was worth, or had cost, a few months before, £300.

The sight must have been very beautiful from the shore, where people could enjoy it, without thinking of, or caring for the poor creatures, whose lives depended upon no accident happening to a frail rope. To us it was grand, because dread was mixed with the sensation of novelty; and every soul on board thought the grass greener, and more attractive for the palates of brutes, or tread of man, than any thing they had ever seen before. They longed to tread the sward, and feel the herbage spring beneath the rising feet.—Why? Not for enjoyment: not to admire and be grateful to the Great Being, who has clothed the world in green, as a colour that suits best with the ocular organs,—not to thank Him for having bestowed ‘a true body and a reasonable soul,’ instead of a grasshopper, coachbill, or pismire; because, few would perceive the beauties of nature, owing to excess in eating, sleeping, swilling, and snoring, that had clothed the nerves,—but more especially those which proceed from the stomach, are ramified in the brain, carrying thither the effects of ‘*aqua*,’ until the monster ‘remembers neither sorrow nor debt’—with grossness so dense, that all fineness of mental perception and enjoyment are annihilated. Why then did they so earnestly long to be ashore?—That they might guzzle in safety!!