SAINT JOHN, N. B. — THE — FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1844.

The Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 9. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 5.

THE CHRONICLE

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DURANT & Co., at their office in the brick building corner of Prince William and Church streets.

TERMS—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental, (Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

Oct.	R. Sun.	S.	Moon	H. W.
5 Saturday,	5 7	6 53	12 6	4 47
6 Sunday,	5 9	6 51	morn	6 2
7 Monday,	6 10	6 50	1 6	7 12
8 Tuesday,	6 11	5 49	2 11	8 20
9 Wednesday,	6 12	5 48	3 20	9 14
10 Thursday,	6 14	5 46	4 32	9 57
11 Friday,	6 15	5 45	sets	10 39

New Moon 11th, 6h. 45m. evening.

Insurance & Assurance

FIRE INSURANCE.

The Ætna Insurance Company, and the Protection Insurance Company, of Hartford, (Con.)

THE undersigned Agent for the above Companies, continues to effect Insurance on Buildings, finished or unfinished, Stores, Merchandize, Mills, Ships, while in port or on the stocks, and on every other species of Insurable personal property against

LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,

at as low rates of premium as any similar institution of equal good standing.

The course pursued by these Companies, in transacting their business, and in the adjustment and payment of Losses, is liberal and prompt. And by order of the respective Boards of Directors, the undersigned Agent is authorized, in all cases of disputed claims, under policies issued by him, on which suits may be instituted to accept service of process, and enter appearance for his principals, in the Courts of this Province, and abide the decision thereon.

Terms made known, and if accepted, policies issued to applicants without delay.

Life Assurance.

The "United Kingdom Life Assurance Company of London, and the National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society," of London, continue to effect assurance, upon highly favourable terms.

Blanks furnished gratis, and every information given as respects either department, by application at the Insurance Agency, Melick's Brick Building, Market square.

A. BALLOCH, Agent.

St. John, November 3, 1843.

THE HARTFORD

Fire Insurance Company,

OF HARTFORD, (CONN.)

OFFERS to insure every description of property against loss or damage by Fire, on reasonable terms. This company has been doing business for more than twenty-five years, and during that period have settled all their losses without compelling the insured in any instance to resort to a court of justice.

The Directors of the company are Eliphalet Terry, James H. Wells, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr.: Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Huntingdon, Elisha Colt, R. B. Ward.

ELIPHALET TERRY, President.

JAMES G. BOLLES, Secretary.

The subscriber having been duly appointed as Agent for the above company, is prepared to issue Policies of Insurance against Fire for all descriptions of property in this city, and throughout the Province on reasonable terms. Conditions made known, and every information given, on application to JOHN ROBERTSON.

St. John, 1st March, 1844.

☞ The above is the first agency established by this company in St. John.

☞ Notice.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing under the firm of E. L. JARVIS & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Parties indebted to the said Firm are requested to make immediate payment to either of the subscribers, or to G. R. JARVIS, Esq. their Attorney, at whose Office the Books and Accounts are left for adjustment.

R. M. JARVIS,
EDWARD L. JARVIS.

St. John, June 27, 1844.

☞ NOTICE. ☜

THE Co-partnership heretofore existing under the Firm of Thomas Sandall & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Parties indebted to the said Firm are requested to make payment to Thomas Sandall.

THOMAS SANDALL,
CATHARINE SANDALL.

St. John, August 3, 1844.

ORNAMENTAL HAIR CUTTING, **and curling Saloon.**

Corner of King and Germain streets, St. John, N.B.

W. F. Brooks

WOULD respectfully inform the Public, that he still continues at his old stand, Foster's corner, where he offers his professional services to them as usual, and every attention will be observed in cutting Hair in the most fashionable style.

His shop has lately been fitted up in a good style for the better accommodation of customers, and as he intends not to be surpassed by any of his profession, and a strict attention to business, he will merit the patronage of the public.

Attention paid to the cutting of Children's Hair **WIGS** made in a fashionable and superior manner.

Ladie's CURLS and FRIZETTES on hand.

N. B. Razors put in complete order.

Always on hand an assortment of PERFUMERY and Fancy Goods in his line.

June 21.

"PROTECTION"

Insurance Company of Hartford.

SAINT JOHN AGENCY.

THE subscriber having been appointed Agent of the above Company, will attend to the Renewal of Policies issued by the late Agent, W. H. SCOVIL, Esquire, as also to effecting new Insurances against Fire, on Houses, Furniture, Merchandise, ships on the stocks and in harbour, &c.

A. BALLOCH, Agent.

NEW-BRUNSWICK

CLOTHING STORE,

Water Street,

Third store from the South Market Wharf.

The subscriber has commenced SELLING OFF his Spring Supply at COST & CHARGES for **Cash only!**

SUPERFINE Black, Blue, and Medley colored BROAD CLOTHS:
Cassimeres, Buckskins, Doeskins and Tweeds;
Linen Drill, Gambroon and Cantoons;
Superfine Frock and Dress COATS, various colors;
Summer COATS, of the newest and most fashionable styles;
PANTS and VESTS, do. do. do.
CLOTH JACKETS, in superfine black and blue;
Cantoon, Gambroon, and Flannel ditto;
Cloth CAPS, Men's and Youth's—a splendid assortment;
Glengarry and Blue Bonnets;
HATS, in Beaver and Gossamer—newest styles;
Glazed Hats—patent India Rubber and Felt;
Glazed Caps and Hat Covers;
White SHIRTS, with Linen neck and breasts—a beautiful article;
Linen Shirts, Collars and Fronts;
Gent's Fancy Scarfs and Stocks;
Black and coloured silk Handkerchiefs;
Regatta and heavy striped Shirts;
Lambswool shirts and Drawers;
Braces, Gloves, Hosiery, straps, &c. &c.
Carpet Bags, and Youth's Patent Leather Belts;
Watches, JEWELLERY, Pistols, Razors, Pocket Knives, Combs, Brushes, &c.

SEAMEN'S CLOTHING,

IN GREAT VARIETY.

Red and Blue serge and Flannel shirts;
Monkey, Pea, and Reefing Jackets;
Sou'westers; Duck and Canvas Pants;
Hammocks, Mattresses, sheets, Blankets, Counterpanes, &c. &c.

N. B.—All of which will be sold at the *Lowest prices* for CASH ONLY.

☞ Gentlemen wishing to select their Cloth and leave their orders, can have them executed on the shortest notice, and most fashionable styles.

SAMUEL NEILL.

St. John, August 30, 1844.

NEW AND CHEAP

Boot and Shoe Manufactory.

THE SUBSCRIBER informs the Inhabitants of this Province generally, that in connexion with his Retail Shoe Store, he has commenced an establishment for the manufacture of every description of BOOTS and SHOES that may be required for City and Country wear, and has now on hand ready for sale—A large variety of Gentlemen's Dress BOOTS, Waking & stout BOOTS, &c.

Light Pump Soled BOOTS, Heavy Boots for Lumbermen; Pumps, Walking Shoes, Boy's shoes and Boots, Women's Shoes of various qualities, &c. *with a general variety of New Work stored daily.*

All of which, together with any sort which may be manufactured hereafter, the subscriber offers for sale at the *Same Prices* for which the *same quality of Goods* can be purchased, either at *Boston* or *New York.*

N. B.—Country dealers supplied on Favourable Terms.

S. K. FOSTER.

March 22. *King & Germain streets.*

PORK, BEEF, &c.

200 BARRELS Mess PORK: 20 do. Clear do.; 60 do. Prime do.
80 Barrels Prime BEEF;
100 Barrels TAR; 10 casks SEAL OIL:
Just received and for sale by JOHN ROBERTSON.
200 Hogsheads Prime Retailing MOLASSES. Apply as above.

July 5.

AUGUST 9, 1844.

PER brig *Mary*, from Belfast:—25 Boxes Glenfield's best White SOAP; 25 do. Brown ditto.

August 9. ARCH'BD. HEGAN.

By the "Woodstock," from Liverpool.

3rd July, 1844.

BOAT, Board, and Horse NAILS, Block Rivets, Pump TACKS, Tea Kettles, Waggon Boxes, Horse TRACES, square Shovels and Ditching SPADES.
Curled Hair, Hair Shathing, Patent SKINS, Shoe Thread, London GLUE.
Hinges, Locks, Wood SCREWS, Brushes, Iron Weights—3 only. Garden sheers; Lamp Hemispheres and Chimnies.
Carriage Lace, Coffin Mounting, Shot, Guns, and Pistols, spring Steel, Cast Steel—(Sanderson's), Putty.
Refined and Common IRON, and various other Merchandise.

July 3. G. T. WILEY.

Hare's

PATENT FLOOR CLOTH.

Received by the Oromocto, and for sale—

6 BOXES containing 4-4, 5-4, and 6-4 wide **FLOOR CLOTHS,**—Handsome Patterns.

A Pattern Book is sent out from the Manufacturers of the above beautiful and necessary article of Household Furniture for persons wishing to order to suit Halls or Floors, to any size or dimension, *without seam.* Please apply to

JOHN KINNEAR,
Sands' brick building, Prince Wm. street.

August 2. 8i.

Lard Oil! Lard Oil!!

Just received by the *Flora* and *Active* from Boston on Consignment:—

25 BARRELS LARD OIL, in prime order wholesale and retail at reduced prices.

July 5. JOHN KINNEAR.

Pale Cognac, Champagne, &c.

Now Landing, ex *Perthshire*, from London:

30 CASES, each 1 doz., Pale COGNAC BRANDY, of very superior quality; 2 Cases, each 3 doz., finest Champagne, in Pints;

Which with a choice stock of OLD WINES, &c. of every description, are offered for sale by

RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.
Wine Merchants, Prince Wm. street.

July 19.

Tea, Spikes, and Oakum.

The subscriber is now landing ex *New Zealand* from Liverpool—

50 CHESTS best Congou TEA; 3 Tons best Parish picked OAKUM;
260 Bags SPIKE NAILS, 4 to 10 inches.

August 16. WM. CARVILL.

Miscellany.

A FRENCH SAILOR'S ACCOUNT OF A SEA-FIGHT.

(From the July number of Tom Burke, of "Ours.")

We sailed from Brest, seven sail and two frigates, on a cruise in the Messidor of the year '13—it was the time of the republic then—and our orders were to keep together, and afford protection to all vessels of our flag; and wherever an opportunity afforded to engage the enemy, to do so, if we had a fair chance of success. There was one heavy sailer of the fleet, the Old Torch, and, by good luck, I was in her; and so, before we were eight days out, it come on to blow a hurricane from the north-east, with a great sea that threatened to poop us at every stroke. How the others weathered it, I can't say. We rolled so badly that we carried away our mainmast and half our bulwarks, and, when day broke, we could see nothing of the rest. We were lying floundering there in the trough of the sea, with nothing left but a storm-jib to keep head straight, and all hand at the pumps; for, in working she had opened her old seams, and leaked like a basket. Well, we cut away the wreck of the mast, and we threw twelve of our guns over—short eighteens they were, and all heavy metal—and that lightened her a bit, and we began to have hopes of weathering the gale, when the word was passed a strange sail to windward. We looked, and there we saw a great vessel looming, as large as a three-decker, coming towards us with close-reefed topsails, but going through the water like a sword fish. At first we hoped it was one of our own, but that hope did not last long; for, as she neared us, we saw floating from the peak that confounded flag that never boded us good fortune. She was an English eighty-gun ship; the Blanche, they called her. *Ventre bleu!* I didn't know how they ever got so handsome a model, but I learned after, she was a French ship, and built at Toulon; for, you see, comrades, they never had such craft as ours.—Well, down they came, as if they were about to come right over us, and never once made a signal, nor took any notice of us whatever, till quite close, when a fellow from the poop-deck shouted out in French—bad enough it was, too—desiring us to keep close till the sea went down a bit, and then to send a boat to them. *Sacristi!* there was no more about it than that, and they made a prize of us at once. But our captain was not one of that mould, and he answered by beating to quarters; and just as the Blanche swept past, up flew our ports, and eight carronades threw in a fire of grape along her deck that made them dance to the music. *Diable!* the fun was short, though; round she came in stays like a pinnace, down helm, and passed us again, when, as if her sides slit open, forty guns flashed forth their flame, and sent us a broadside that made the craft tremble again, and left our deck one mass of dead and wounded. There was no help for it now. The clear water came gushing up the hatchways from a shot hole; the craft was settling fast, and so we hauled down the ensign and made the signal of distress. The answer was—"Keep her afloat if you can." But, faith, our fellows didn't care much to save a prize for the English, and they wouldn't lend a hand to the pumps, but crossed their arms and stood still, waiting for her to go down, when what did we see but two boats lowered from the Blanche, & dropped in the sea, which was then running mountains high. *Feu d'enfer!* they don't know where there is danger and where not, these English, and that's the reason they seem so brave! For a minute or two we thought they were swamped, for they were hidden entirely; then we saw them on the top of a wave, balancing, as it might be, and again they disappeared, and the huge dark swell seemed to have swallowed them, and so we strained eyes after them just as if our danger was not as great as theirs, when suddenly a fearful cry for'ed was heard, and a voice cried out, "She is sinking by the head!" And so it was; a crash, like falling timber, was heard above the storm and the sea, and the Torch rolled heavily from side to side, and then plunged bowsprit down, and the boiling surf met over her. There was a wild yell—some said it was a cheer, I thought it like a drowning cry—and I remember no more; that is, I have a kind of horrid dreamy remembrance of buffeting in the waves, and shaking off a hand that grasped me by the shoulder, and then feeling the water gathering over me, as I grew more and more exhausted. But the end of it was, I came to my senses and found myself in a hammock on board the Blanche, with twenty-eight of my comrades. All the rest, above two hundred and fifty, had perished, the captain and the officers among them.

The Blanche was under orders for St. Domingo, and was no way anxious to have our company; and before a week was over, we were drafted into a small sloop of war, carrying eight guns, and called the Fawn. She was bound for England with despatches from Nelson, one of their English Admirals they're always talking about. This little craft could sail like the wind, but she was crowded with sick and invalided men from some foreign station, and there was not a place the size of a dog-kennel on board of her that was not occupied. As for us, we were only prisoners; and you may think they weren't very particular about our comforts, and so they ranged us along the bulwarks to leeward, for they wouldn't spoil her sailing trim by suffering us to sit to windward; and there we were, drenched to the skin, and shivering from day to dark.

Four days went over in this way, when, on the fifth, about eight o'clock in the morning, the look-out announced several strange sail in sight, and the same instant we perceived the officers setting the glasses to observe them. We could remark that the sight did not seem to please them much, but more we knew not, we were not allowed to stand, nor look over the bulwarks. The lieutenant of the watch called up the commander, and when he came on deck, he ordered the men to cram on more sail, and hold her head a point or so off the wind; and, as soon as it was done, the rushing noise at the cut-water told the speed she was making through the sea. It was a fine day, with a fresh breeze, and a nice curl from the water; and it was a handsome thing to see how the sloop bent to the gale and rose again, her canvas white as snow and steady as a board; and we soon knew from the manner of the officers, and the anxious looks they'd give to leeward from time to time, that another vessel was in chase of the Fawn. Not a man stirred on the deck save the lieutenant of the watch, who walked the quarter-deck, with his glass in his hand, now lifting it to his eye, and now throwing a glance aloft to see how the sails were drawing.

"She's gaining on us, sir," cried the boatswain, as he went aloft to the lieutenant. "Shall we ease her off a little more?"

"No, no," said he, impatiently. "She's coming hand-over-hand now. Clear the deck, and prepare for action."

My heart jumped to my throat as I heard the words; and waiting until the lieutenant's back was turned, I stole my eyes up the bulwarks, and beheld the tall masts and taper spars of a frigate, all covered with canvas, about two miles astern of us. She was a good-sized craft, apparently of thirty-eight guns; but what I liked best about her was the broad tricolor that fluttered from her mast head.—Every curl that floated on the breeze whispered liberty to my heart.

"You know her," said the lieutenant, laying his hand on my shoulder before I was aware that he was behind me. "What is she?"

"Lend me you glass, lieutenant, and perhaps I can tell," said I, and with that he gave the telescope into my hands, and leaned on the bulwarks beside. "Ha!" said I, soon as I caught the side of her hull, "I ought to know her well. I sailed in her for two years and a-half. She's the Creole, of thirty-eight guns, the fastest frigate in our navy. She has six carronades on her quarter-deck, and never goes to sea without three hundred and twenty men."

"If she had three tiers of them we'd not flinch from her," said a voice behind. It was the commander himself, who was now in full uniforn, and wore a belt with four pistols stuck around it.

There is no use in denying it, the English prepared for action like brave fellows, and soon cleared the deck of everything in the way of the guns, but what use was it. In less than an hour the Creole worked to windward, and opened a fire from her long guns, to which the other could make no reply. There they came plumping in, some into the hull, some splintering through the bulwarks, and some crashing away through the rigging, and all the crew could do, was to repair the mischief the distant cannonade was making.

"It's a cowardly way your countrymen come into action after all," said the lieutenant, as he watched the shot hopping and skipping along the water to leeward. "With four times our strength, they don't bear down and engage us."

As he spoke, a shot cut the peak halyards in two, and down it came with a crash, carrying with it in its fall that ensign they're so proud of. It was all we could do, prisoners as we were, not to cheer at this; but the faces around us did not encourage us to such a course, and we sat silently watching them.

The moment this accident happened, twenty stout fellows were clambering up the rigging, and as many more engaged to repair the mischief; but suddenly the commander whispered to the lieutenant—the men were called down again, and the craft let fall off the wind, trailing the sails and the tangled rigging over the sides.

"And the prisoners, sir," said the lieutenant, at the close of something I could not hear.

"Send them below," was the sharp reply.

"We cannot the space between decks is crowded to suffocation, but there she comes." And as he spoke the frigate came bearing down in gallant style, her whole deck swarming with men.

"Down—men, down"—whispered the lieutenant, and he dropped on his knee behind the bulwark, and motioned to the rest to kneel—and I now perceived that every sailor had a drawn cutlass in his hand, and pistols in his belt, as he lay crouching on the deck. The frigate was now so close, I could hear the commands of the officers on the quarter-deck and the word, "*Bas les branles,*" the signal to board, passed from mouth to mouth. The next instant she closed on us, and showed her tall sides, towering above us.

"Now men," cried the commander of Fawn, "now forward. All who care to live there's your ground," said he, pointing to the frigate. "Such as like to die on a British deck, remain with me."—The boarders sprang up the side of the Creole before the crew could fasten their grapples. *Tonnerre de Dieu,* what a moment it was. The fellows cheered like madmen, as they poured in to certain death—the lieutenant himself was one of the first on board, and fell back the same instant, dead upon his own deck. The struggle was a bloody, but brief one—for a few minutes the English pressed our men back, and gained a footing on the quarter-deck, but a murderous fire from the tops cut them down in numbers, and they now fought, not for victory, but for vengeance.

"Now, captain, now," screamed a youth, in a lieutenant's uniform, but all covered with blood—and his face gashed with a cutlass wound; as he leaned over the bulwark of Creole, and waved his cap in the air.

"I am ready," replied the English commander, and sprang down the main hatchway, as he spoke, with a pistol in his hand. At the same instant a fearful cry burst from the prisoners, for, with the instinct of despair, they guessed his desperate resolve to blow up the vessel. We were tied wrist to wrist, and the ropes run through the block at our back in such a way as to prevent our moving more than a few inches—but, what will not the fear of a dreadful death do? With one unanimous effort we tore the lashings in pieces, and got free. I was myself the first that got at liberty, and sprang towards the Creole. Alas! they had divined the awful doom awaiting us, and were endeavouring to shove off at once. Already there were some ten or twelve feet between the vessels. I rushed forward to gain the bowsprit, a vague hope of escape suggesting the effort. As I did so, my eye caught sight of a book, which, with his hat, the captain threw from him as he hastened below. I stooped down, and put it in my bosom—why, I know not. Life, and life only, was my thought at that moment. Then, with lightening's speed, I ran along the deck, and out on the bowsprit. At this moment the frigate shot a head of us—I made a leap, the last effort of despair, and caught the flue of the anchor—a friendly hand threw me a rope, and dragged me on the deck—as I gained it, a thunder-clap, louder than ten broad-sides, broke forth—and the frigate fell over on one side, as if sinking, while over her rigging and masts flew spars and timber, blazing and burning amid black smoke, and filled the air on every side. Every man about, dropped wounded, or terrified on the deck—where they lay amid the falling fire of the wreck, and terrible carnage. I wiped the blood from my eyes, I was bleeding profusely from a splinter cut, and looked about me.—The deck was a mass of dead and dying, their piercing cries and groans were maddening to hear.—The frigate, however, was flying fast through the water—the Fawn was gone."

"*Tete bleu!* he blew her up," said three or four in a breath.

Paul nodded, and resumed—"Ay, comrades, and the half dozen of her crew who stood alive on our quarter-deck, cheered the explosion as if it was a victory; and one fellow, as he lay bleeding on the planks, cried out, "See there; look, if our gay flag is not above yours, as it always will be," and at that time he was right, for the spar that bore it was nigh the clouds. Well, to finish my story, in eight days we made Brest, and all of us who were wounded were sent on shore to the naval hospital. A sorry set we were—most of us disabled by splinter wounds, and many obliged to suffer amputation.

SCRAPS—AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

Whoever finds pleasure in vice, and pain in virture, is a novice in both.

Amber abstracts a straw, so does beauty admiration, which only lasts whilst the warmth continues.

Why is a waterman like precept without example? Because he looks one way and rows another.

There is a small chance of truth at the goal, where there is not a child-like humility at the starting-post.—*Coleridge.*

That little incendiary called the tongue is more venomous than a poisoned arrow, and more killing than a two-edged sword.

He that makes his son worthy of esteem by giving him a liberal education has a far better title to his obedience and duty than he that gives a large estate without it.—*Socrates.*

Men often toil all their lives, and refuse the enjoyments which can only be relished when life is in its prime, that they may be rich when the power of enjoyment is over.

Walter Scott said seriously, in his autobiography, "Through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance."

There are many men, especially at the outset of life, who in their too earger desire for the end, overlook the difficulties in the way; there is another class who see nothing else. The first class may sometimes fail; the latter rarely succeed.

O, how near two hearts are to one another when there is no vice between them! The pleasure of doing good is the only one that does not wear out.—*Chinese Proverbs, in Captain Pidding's Olio.*

The little soul that converses no higher than the lookingglass and a fantastic dress, may help to make up the show of the world, but must not be reckoned among the rational inhabitants of it.

Whether I am praised or blamed, say a Chinese sage, I make it of use to my advancement in virtue. Those who commend me, I conceive to point out the way I ought to go; those who blame me, as telling the dangers I have run.

It has been shrewdly remarked by some one, that there are four orders of women: the peacocks, with whom dress is all; the magpie, with whom chatter is all; the turtle doves, with whom love is all; and the paradise birds, above them all.

He that cannot eat anything, dressed in any way, at any time, out of anything, touched by anything—and is uneasy at the sight of dirt, the effect of any smell, the sound of any discord, and the feeling of any motion—should not on any account go to sea.

The morality of an action depends on the motives by which we act. If I fling 2s. 6d. at a beggar with an intention to break his head, and he picks it up, and buys bread with it, the physical effect is good, but the action in me was very bad. So religious exercises, if not performed with an intention to please God, avail us nothing.—*Dr. Johnston.*

A lecturer, in New York, the other day, contended, with tiresome prolixity, that art could not improve nature; until one of his hearers, losing all patience, set the room in a roar, by exclaiming, "You are wrong sir, very wrong, for I am sure you would not look so young and handsome without your wig."

THE SEAMAN'S LIGHT.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY

(From the Dublin University Magazine for July.)

In darkness the sky and the ocean were blending
As we steered for our own native isle in the west,
A twinkling light o'er the waters extending
Its lengthening ray, gave us hope of our rest.
Oh! 'twas sweet, that soft light, from the harbour in sight—
As we dashed through its track, it said, "Welcome, boys, back!"
Yet I longed for another—the twinkle that shone
Where my Susan kept watch in our own little home.

No longer by duty on shipboard delayed,
Our frigate at anchor, my messmates at rest,
My parting salute to the officers paid,
Like an arrow I flew to my own little nest.
'Twas a year and a day we had sailed from the bay,
Not a scrape of a pen had I fingered since then;
And my poor heart was fearful some evil had come
To my babes or my Sue, or my snug little home.

The grog-shops were full, and the fiddles were playing,
Old messmates would hail me, and offer me grog;
But homeward I steered, without stopping or staying—
My heart was too full for their victuals or grog.
I knew 'twas all right—*there* twinkled the light;
Up the stairs, then, I flew—"Are you there, my sweet Sue?"
Like an echo she answered—"Dear Jack, are you come?
"'Tis a year and a day since you parted from home!"

If I was to be made a post-captain believe me,
I could not have then been a happier man;
The girl by my side that would never deceive me,
My babes on my knee, and a full flowing can.
Oh! sweet was her smack, and the little one's clack,
And sweet on my welcoming glass was the foam;
And though but a rushlight, I ne'er saw, day or night,
A light to compare with the light of my home.

Then, here's to our frigate, the old Madagascar,
And here's to each messmate the best I can wish,
May the girl of your heart still be kind when you ask her;
May a friend share your glass, and a friend heap your dish;
May your ship still have luck, boys, to swim like a duck,
Whenever across the wide ocean you roam;
And joy to the life of a jolly tar's wife,
Who watches for *him* by the light of his home.

THE BATH IN DAMASCUS.

(From the Library of Travel—Syria and the Holy Land)

The next important business was to throw off our dirty clothes and to go to the bath. Here the proper and delicious custom, so often mentioned in the Arabian Nights, universally prevails of going to the bath before putting on clean clothes. Every individual makes up his little bundle of clean things, and sends them down to the bath by a slave before he presumes at any time to change his habiliments.—After roughing it in the country, sleeping in your clothes, in huts well stocked with fleas and other vermin, it is easy to imagine the alacrity and delight with which the traveller packs up his change of dress and sends it forward to the bathing establishment.

Preceded by our little bundles, we were conducted to the principal bath of the city called the Bath of Musk, to which we approached through a court ornamented with a fountain, which threw a stream of water twenty feet in the air, producing a sweet murmuring and a pleasant coolness. We entered through a small door into a vast circular apartment, surmounted by a large dome and paved with marble. In the centre a large fountain, bubbling over and rolling into a circular marble basin below, produced a refreshing coolness.

The scene, on entering, to a novice is very astonishing. Around the large circular hall were raised platforms or terraces covered with carpets and small beds, on and around which might be seen the most astonishing grim figures imaginable; some rolled up in towels and napkins, lay extended at full lenght smoking; others sat up sipping coffee. Some were divesting themselves of their garments, assisted by a black slave; and others were in a complete state of nudity, in the act of having a towel wound round their waists just before going into the bath. They presented the most extraordinary and comic aspect imaginable, with their shaven heads and long beards (the heads of all Musselmen are shaved quite bare, with the exception of a tuft at the very top, which is left for the angel of the tomb on the day of judgment, say they to grasp and carry them up to heaven by); besides these, other objects are seen wrapped up in towels, with black grisled beards tickling their breasts, and tottering along on a high pair of pattens, or rather stilts, at the imminent danger, as it appears of breaking their necks. They push onwards to the bathing rooms, while crowds of pale, waxen-faced attendants, all stark naked, with the exception of a towel wound round their waists, and with shining, shaven crowns are walking about with bundles of towels, cups of coffee, pipes and nargillas. The whole scene, although a busy one, is silent, ceremonious, and quite bewildering.

We were alloted a raised recess covered with carpets, upon which six little couches were quickly prepared, with cushions and linen sheets spread over them; our little bundles of clothes were deposited by the side, and we commenced undressing. A naked attendant stood close at hand with towels; and as we were successively reduced to our last garment, he wound a towel round our waists. Being then completely stripped, a long towel was thrown over our shoulders, and another wound in the shape of a turban round our heads.

As we successively descended the platform, a pair of pattens, called kabkabs, about a foot or a foot and a half high, were placed for us to get into, to protect our feet from the wet, cold, marble pavement. I had not taken three steps in these unlucky machines before I tottered and tumbled, and should have broken my head if I had not been caught and steadied by two of the attendants. I immediately shook off the detestable kabkabs, and walked on to the door of the bathing-rooms, where we were confounded by a pack of naked, tallow-faced, shaven-wretches, with pale bloodless skins, shiny, greasy-looking, and covered with perspiration, who rushed upon us, shouted at us, grinned and chattered, and poked us with their thin, lanky, white fingers. Not comprehending the nature of the attack, we were putting ourselves in boxing attitudes, and should certainly have astonished them as much as they did us had not our dragoman, who was behind, told us that they were only contesting with each other which was to have the honour of serving us in the bath, and that we must each choose our man, whose services were indispensable inside.

We accordingly made our choice, and entered the first room, which was moderately warm, vaulted, and paved with marble; and then passing on through a suite of rooms, each succeeding one becoming hotter and more clouded with steam, through the dense atmosphere of which might be seen strange unearthly objects. Some lay extended on their backs upon the marble floor where wild looking naked men with bald heads were pounding and kneading them; some stood up to their knees in a large circular basin of hot water; some were seated on their haunches, covered from head to foot with soap-suds, which were lathered over them with an implement like a horse's tail; others were being drowned with hot-water, which was poured over them in buckets; and others sat quietly smoking or sipping coffee on marble benches, unmoved by the puffing, bah-ing, washing, and scrubbing around them; while old men with grey beards, and young boys without any beard at all, all equally in a state of nudity, were poking about, appearing, and then vanishing away again in the fog.

We sat down on a marble bench in the last room of all, the atmosphere of which was very hot and oppressive at first. This, however, soon goes off, when a profuse perspiration breaks out, and trickles down from every pore; coffee was brought in and handed round to us, and then pipes. It is usual to rest a half an hour or longer to allow a thorough perspiration to break out.

After taking and sipping our coffee for some time, the different attendants we had chosen came up and made overtures to us to come and be scrubbed, which we successively yielded to, as our pipes were finished and our coffee drunk; and we were each one of us successively conducted