

arrer shot from a cross-bow, an culleave the briny main. We have lived, an we have suffered, but now our sufferins seem to be over. At last we have a fair wind, with a tide to favor us, an we'll be off Hillsborough before daybreak to-morrer. An now I ask you all, young sirs, do you feel any regretses over the eventfool past? I answer, no. An wan't I right? Didn't I say that that thar lad would onst more show his shinin face amongst us, right side up, with care, in good order an condition, as when shipped on board the Antelope, Corbet master, from Grand Pré, an bound for Petticoat Jack? Methinks I did. Hence the vally of a lofty sperrit in the face of difficulties. An now, young sirs, in after life take warnin by this here vyge. Never say die. Don't give up the ship. No surrender. England expects every man to do his dooty. For him that rises superior to succumstances is terewly great; an by presarvin a magnanimous mind you'll be able to hold up your heads and smile amid the kerrash of misfortin. Now look at me. I affum, solemn, that all the sufferins I've suffered have ben for my good; an so this here vyge has eventooated one of the luckiest vyges that you've ever had. An thus," he concluded, stretching out his venerable hands with the air of one giving a benediction, — "thus may it be with the vyge of life. May all its storms end in calms, an funnish matter in the footoor for balmy rettuspect. Amen!"

It was a close approach to a sermon; and though