HURON SIGNAL.

TEN SHILLINGS IN ADVANCE. | "THE GREATEST POSSIBLE GOOD TO THE GREATEST POSSIBLE NUMBER." | TWELVE AND SIX PENCE AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

VOLUME I. GODERICH, HURON DISTRICT, (C. W.) FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1848. NUMBER 29.

1,500,000 ACRES OF LAND
FOR SALE IN
CANADA WEST.

THE CANADA COMPANY have for disposal, about 1,500,000 ACRES OF LAND dispersed throughout most of the Townships in Upper Canada—nearly 500,000 Acres are situated in the *Huron Tract*, well known as one of the most fertile parts of the Province—it has trebled its population in five years, and now contains upwards of 20,000 inhabitants.

The LANDS are offered by way of *LEASE, for Ten Years, or for Sale, CASH DOWN—the plan of one-fifth Cash, and the balance in Instalments being done away with.*

The Rents payable 1st February each year, are about the Interest at Six Per Cent. upon the price of the Land. Upon most of the Lots, when *LEASED*, NO MONEY IS REQUIRED DOWN—whilst upon the others, according to locality, one, two, or three years Rent, must be paid in advance,—but these payments will free the Settler from further calls until 2nd, 3rd or 4th year of his term of Lease.

The right to PURCHASE the FREEHOLD during the term, is secured to the Lessee at a fixed sum named in Lease, and an allowance is made according to anticipated payment.

Lists of Lands, and any further information can be obtained, (by application, if by letter post-paid) at the COMPANY'S OFFICES, *Toronto* and *Goderich*; of R. BIRDSALL, Esq., *Asphodel*, Colburne District; Dr. ALLING, *Guelph*, or J. C. W. DALY, Esq., *Stratford*, Huron District.

Goderich, March 17, 1848. 7

STRACHAN & LIZARS,

BARRISTERS and Attornies at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, and Bankruptcy, Notary Public and Conveyancers, Goderich and Stratford, Huron District, C. W.
JOHN STRACHAN, Goderich.
DANIEL HOME LIZARS, Stratford.
Goderich, April 20, 1848. 6m1

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the next Session of the Provincial Legislature, for leave to bring in a Bill to constitute and form the following Townships and Gore, and Block of Land, viz:—North Easthope, South Easthope, Downie and Gore, Ellice, Blanshard, Fullarton, Logan and Hibbert,—Wellesley, Mornington and Maryborough, and Western half of Wilmot, and the Block of Land behind Logan,—into a new District. ALEX. MITCHELL,
Sec'y of Committee.
Statford, (Huron), 1st of April, 1848. 10m6

FARM FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale Lot No. one in the seventh Concession of the Township of Colborne, West Division. There is on the premises a small Log Barn, with 15 acres under good cultivation, and well fenced. The Land is of excellent quality, and within 6 miles of the Town of Goderich, containing 100 acres.

TERMS of Sale will be made known by applying to William Robertson, Esq., Canada Company's Office, Goderich, or to the subscriber.
DAVID SMITH.
Goderich, March 1st, 1848. 6tf

TO THOSE IT MAY CONCERN.

MR. OLIVER, having left the whole of his unsettled accounts with the Clerk of the 1st Division Court, Goderich, advises all parties indebted to him to see that gentleman before the 20th of next month.—Any information required, will be given at the office only, where a person will be always in attendance.
Goderich, June 29, 1848.

JOHN J. E. LINTON,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Commissioner Queen's Bench,
AND CONVEYANCER,
STRATFORD.

NOTICE.

THE inhabitants of the town of Goderich will apply to Parliament for an Act to Incorporate the said town.
Goderich, July 29th, 1848. 27tf

DR. HAMILTON,
SURGEON,
WEST STREET,
GODERICH.

E. C. WATSON,
PAINTER AND GLAZIER,
PAPER HANGER, &c. &c.
GODERICH.

D. WATSON,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, BANKRUPTCY, &c.
OFFICE IN THE MARKET SQUARE,
GODERICH.
Feb., 1848. 3y

Poetry.

THE WORKHOUSE CLOCK.

AN ALLEGORY.

There's a murmur in the air
And noise in every street—
The murmur of many tongues,
The noise of numerous feet—
While round the Workhouse door
The Laboring classes flock;
For why? the Overseer of the Poor
Is setting the Workhouse Clock.

Who does not hear the tramp
Of thousands speeding along
Of either sex and various stamp,
Sickly, crippled, or strong,
Walking, limping, creeping,
From court, and alley, and lane,
But all in one direction sweeping,
Like rivers that seek the main.
Who does not see them sally
From mill and garret, and room,
In lane, and court, and alley,
From homes in poverty's lowest valley,
Furnished with shuttle and loom—
Poor slaves of civilization's gallery—
And in the wood and footways rally,
As if for the Day of Doom?
Some of hardly human form,
Stunted, crooked, and crippled by toil;
Dingy with smoke, and dust, and oil,
And smirch'd beside with vicious soil,
Clustering, mustering, all in a swarm,
Father, mother, and careful child,
Looking as if it had never smiled—
The Semptress, lean, and weary, and wan,
With only the ghosts of garments on—
The Weaver, her sallow neighbor;
The grim and sooty Artisan;
Every soul—child, woman, or man,
Who lives—or dies—by labor.

Stirred by an overwhelming zeal,
And social impulse, a terrible throng!
Leaving shuttle, and needle and wheel,
Furnace, and grindstone, spindle, and reel,
Thread, and yarn, and iron, and steel—
Yea, rest and the yet untasted meal—
Gushing, rushing, crushing along,
A very torrent of Men!
Urged by the sighs of sorrow and wrong,
Swarm at least to a hurricane strong.
Stop its course who can!
Stop who can its onward course
And irresistible moral force:
Oh! vain and idle dream!
For surely as men are all akin,
Whether of fair or sable skin,
According to Nature's scheme,
That Human Movement contains within,
A Blood-Power stronger than Steam.

Onward, onward, with hasty feet,
They swarm—and westward still—
Masses born to drink and eat,
But starving amidst Whitechapel's meat,
And famishing down Cornhill!
Through the Poultry—but still unfed—
Christian charity, hang your head!
Hungry—passing the street of Bread;
Thirsty—the street of Milk;
Ragged—beside the Ludgate Mart,
So gorgeous, through Mechanic Art,
With cotton, and wool, and silk!
At last, before that door
That bears so many a knock
Ere ever it opens to Sick or Poor,
Like sheep they huddle and flock—
And would that all the Good and Wise
Could see the Million of hollow eyes,
With a gleam derived from Hope and the skies,
Upturned to the Workhouse Clock!

Oh! that the Parish Powers,
Who regulate Labor' hours,
The daily amount of human trial,
Weariness, pain, and self-denial,
Would turn from the artificial dial
That striketh ten or eleven,
And go for once, by that older one
That stands in the light of Nature's sun,
And takes its time from Heaven!

HOOD.

From Bell's Life in London.

HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

On Tuesday, on the return of her Majesty and Prince Albert to Buckingham Palace, after having prorogued Parliament, everything was in readiness for the departure of the royal family for Woolwich, and shortly after three o'clock her Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, and the Princess Royal, took their departure in an open carriage. The Countess of Gainsborough and the Viscountess Canning, Ladies in Waiting, followed in another carriage and four; and Lord Alfred Paget and Captain the Hon. Alexander Gordon, Equeirries in Waiting, occupied a third carriage. Every preparation was made for the reception of the royal family at Woolwich, and an immense concourse was assembled in the dockyard, and in steamers and other vessels on the river. The embarkation on board the royal yacht amidst repeated cheers was quickly effected.

The royal yacht left Woolwick at 20 minutes before five o'clock. At seven o'clock she was abreast the Nore. It had been arranged that the royal squadron should anchor here for the night, but the night was so clear and the wind so favorable, that Captain Cargill, who was specially engaged to pilot the yacht, on being consulted by Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, recommended that, if it were her Majesty's pleasure they should proceed with the voyage. Her Majesty having consented, the squadron continued its course seaward, and steamed all night at the rate of from 10 to 12 knots an hour. Having passed outside the sands at Yarmouth, they made the Newarp Light at four o'clock a. m. on Wednesday, the wind blowing strong from the westward, with clear weather. The passage along the Yorkshire coast during the day was pleasant. The sea was perfectly smooth, and her Majesty and Prince Albert enjoyed the prospect greatly, spending much of the time on deck. In the evening they were off Teignmouth, passed the Fern Islands at midnight, and then steered for the Girdleness. The sky now became cloudy; the wind freshened from W.S.W., and in crossing the Frith of Forth a heavy swell from the westward came tumbling in. Here the yacht rolled a good deal, and once or twice her Majesty sent up inquiries as to the cause of this change.—On being assured that the weather was quite favorable, although somewhat changeable, and it being the opinion of Captain Cargill that the yacht might make Aberdeen in time for the morning tide, the idea of taking the Tay was abandoned, and the course maintained. At six o'clock the high land of Kincardineshire was full in view, and was a grateful sight to the royal visitors. Unlike the undulating shores and chalky cliffs of Kent, the verdant flats of Essex, the table lands of Norfolk and Suffolk, studded with steepled churches and notted with windmills, the black and frowning rocks of the east coast presented nothing on which the eye could rest with pleasure. Yet along these bold rugged shores, standing out from among the mountain masses of conglomerate quartz, there were points of interest well worth observing.—At seven o'clock the Vivid was despached to announce the approach of the yacht, and at half-past eight Aberdeen was in full sight.

Sheltered from the south-east swell by the Girdleness, the bay was as smooth as glass, and notwithstanding all that had been prophesied about the danger of crossing the bar the yacht went right forward and entered the harbour in gallant style.

The appearance of the dock was, to the royal visitants, a subject of agreeable surprise. Both her Majesty and Prince Albert expressed their astonishment at a work of such stupendous magnitude, and Sir George Grey remarked to Captain Cargill, that he had no idea such a dock existed at Aberdeen. Let us describe it. It includes the upper part of the tidal harbour, and the water covers an area of thirty-four acres. It is the largest single dock, we believe, in the kingdom. The chamber of the lock is 250 feet in length and 60 feet in breadth, and is constructed entirely of dressed granite. The whole of this immense structure rests upon a foundation of 4,000 piles. There are three pair of gates in the lock, the ribs of which are of cast iron, and the covering plank entirely of mahogany. Beyond the lock, on the south side, a cofferdam has been constructed for another entrance, for a single pair of gates, 70 feet in breadth. The whole of the quay walls around the dock are composed of dressed granite, and measure 6,000 feet in length. The quays measure 100 feet in breadth, and are all paved with granite.

The passage from Woolwick was made in 39 hours and a half, and from the Nore in 37 hours—this last run being without a parallel in the history of steam navigation between Aberdeen and London.—When the royal yacht was telegraphed from the Girdleness Lighthouse the harbor authorities were quite taken by surprise.—From the intimation of the embarcation received by the Provost from Sir George Grey, it was not expected that the royal squadron would reach Aberdeen bay until seven o'clock in the evening, and then only by an effort to save the evening tide. But so perfect were all the arrangements made for her Majesty's reception, and so fully alive were the civic authorities to the importance of leaving nothing to be done at the last hour, that before the yacht had entered the lock to pass through the gates to the Victoria Dock, the Provost and magistrates were ready to receive her Majesty, and thousands of the citizens rushed down to the harbour, when the city bells were set a ringing to bid her a royal welcome. The vessels in the harbour sent their colours aloft in quick time; yards were rapidly manned, and the scene, as her Majesty viewed it from the bridge of the paddle-box, even at that early hour, was well fitted to excite her admiration.

The yacht was moored at the floating buoys immediately opposite the landing at nine o'clock. At half-past nine Mr. George Thompson, Provost; Mr. A. Davidson, Sheriff of the county; and Mr. Arthur Dingwall Fordyce, M. P. for the city, proceeded on board the royal yacht to receive her Majesty's commands. This was a moment of great anxiety to the city. It was feared that the Queen and Prince Albert would proceed at once to Balmoral, as the day was fine the royal carriages all in readiness. An express was despatched to the Earl of Aberdeen to request his attendance on her Majesty without delay. The special constabulary who were to act as guards of honour were mustered, and the various public bodies who were to constitute the escort through the city were convened.—On being introduced to Sir G. Grey, the Provost was informed that it was her Majesty's intention to land on Friday morning, but that he would ascertain her commands and give a definite answer in an hour. At eleven o'clock the gratifying announcement was made that the landing would take place at half-past eight o'clock and then the multitude who had assembled in front of the yacht gave three hearty cheers for the Queen. It was further arranged that her Majesty would receive the civic authorities at half-past one, to present a loyal and dutiful address, to confer the freedom of the city on Prince Albert, and also receive a deputation from the professors of Marischal College and the University.

At one o'clock the whole of the vast amphitheatre around the dock was filled by elegantly dressed citizens. A detachment of military guarded three sides of the platform. The special constables lined the inner front of the circle, and the carriage way, which was railed off on the quay, was kept clear for the magistrates and council, who were now on their way to present the address. At a quarter to one o'clock, her Majesty and Prince Albert appeared on the main deck, which was splendidly carpeted for their reception, and the moment they were recognized they were welcomed by a burst of cheering from the immense multitude who had congregated to witness the reception. The Lord Provost, having been introduced to her Majesty by Sir George Grey, did obeisance, and kneeling, presented her Majesty with the silver keys of the city. The Lord Provost had then the honour of kissing hands, and presenting in the name of the community a loyal and dutiful address from the magistrates and council of the town. In presenting this address the Provost said, "he had the honour in the name of the magistrates, town council, and community of Aberdeen to congratulate her Majesty and Prince Albert on their safe and speedy arrival in this ancient city, and begged to tender the grateful acknowledgments of the citizens for the distinguished honour thus conferred upon them." Her Majesty graciously received the address, and expressed her happiness at being in Aberdeen.

The Provost and magistrates then withdrew, and her Majesty and Prince Albert advancing to the taffrail of the quarter deck, were received with deafening shouts of applause. Retiring for a little her Majesty and the Prince again advanced, and, with the Prince of Wales in one hand and the Princess Royal in the other, presented themselves before the multitude, who welcomed them with the most enthusiastic cheering.

In the afternoon, Prince Albert, accompanied by Sir James Clark and Sir George Grey, visited King's College, and was received in the hall by the Earl of Aberdeen, Chancellor of the University, Sir Michael Bruce, and the professors and magistrates of Old Aberdeen. Lord Aberdeen read an address from the Senatus to his royal highness, which was very cordially received and gracefully acknowledged. The Provost of Old Aberdeen also presented a loyal and constitutional address, which was received with equal cordiality. His royal highness showed the utmost courtesy to the large audience, comprising all the beauty and fashion of Old Aberdeen. Prince Albert was then shown through the library and museum, after which his royal highness proceeded to Marischal College, where he was received by the professors in the open square of the court, and walked to the college hall, where an address was presented by Sir Micheal Bruce. After inspecting the pictures in the hall, his royal highness proceeded to inspect the granite polishing works of Messrs. M'Donald and Leslie, where he spent some time in examining the specimens of polished granite produced by machinery. He also visited some of the other public works.

We are informed that all the royal party bore the voyage without inconvenience.—Her Majesty appeared frequently on deck, delighting everybody by her condescension, and astonishing many by the simplicity of her attire.

LOSS OF THE KENT.

Of the various records of deliverance from perils on the deep, the narrative of the Kent is by no means the least striking.—She was a fine ship of 1350 tons, bound to Bengal and China, and left the Downs on the 19th February, 1825, having on board 20 officers, 344 soldiers, 43 women, and 66 children, belonging to the 31st regiment; with 20 private passengers, and a crew (including officers) of 148 men.

For some days they had fine weather, and the vessel went swiftly on her couse; but on the 28th came a violent gale from the south-west, which gradually increased; and about ten o'clock on the morning of the 1st of March, while in the Bay of Biscay, after having struck the top-gallant-yards, they lay to, under a triple-reefed main-top-sail only, with the dead-lights in. They experienced much annoyance from the rolling of the ship, which was aggravated by a dead weight of some hundred tons of shot and shells that formed a part of its lading; so that the main chains were thrown under water at every lurch; and the articles of cabin furniture were violently dashed about.

Apprehensions being felt about the security of the stowage, an officer, accompanied by two sailors, descended into the hold, taking with them a light in the patent lantern, which was afterwards passed up to be trimmed. The officer having found one of the spirit casks adrift, sent the sailors for some billets of wood to secure it; meanwhile the ship gave a heavy lurch, and the officer dropped the light; and letting go his hold of the cask in his eagearness to recover the lantern, it suddenly stove, and the spirits coming in contact with the lamp, the whole was immediately in a blaze. An instant alarm was given, and all the resources of skill and prudence were brought into operation. The smoke ascended from the hatchway; but the captain and officers were at their post, and instant orders were given, and every exertion made, by means of the pumps, buckets of water, wet sails, &c., to arrest the progress of the flames.—So long as the fire was confined to the spot where it began, and which was surrounded by water casks, there seemed some hope; but when columns of dingy smoke, ascending from the hatchways, rolled over every part of the ship, all chance of preserving her seemed lost. The flames had already reached the cable tier. The lower decks were ordered to be scuttled, the combings of the hatches to be cut, and the lower ports opened to admit the waves; and in consequence of this, some of the sick soldiers, one woman, and several children, unable to reach the upper deck, perished.—The immense quantity of water thus introduced into the hold, checked for a time the progress of the flames; but, as the danger of explosion was lessened, the ship became water-logged, and it was evident, would speedily settle down. Death, in two of its most horrible forms, was before them; and the vessel's deck presented an awful scene. It was crowded with between six and seven hundred human beings, in a state of almost perfect nakedness; some prepared to meet their doom in silent resignation, while others were in despair; some on their knees in prayer, others crossing themselves, and performing the externals of devotion.—Meanwhile the waves lashed furiously against the vessel; the binnacle was wrenched from its fastenings, and scattered in fragments on the deck.

Those on board being almost in perfect despair, a man was sent to the fore-top, if possible, to discern some friendly sail. He gazed anxiously around the horizon for a moment, and waving his hat gave the joyful sound, "A sail on the lee bow." The intelligence was received with three cheers; Flags of distress were hoisted and minute-guns fired. The vessel was afterwards found to be the Cambria, a brig of 200 tons burden, bound to Vera Cruz. After some minutes of awful suspense, the brig hoisted British colours, and crowded all sail to their relief. Yet was the peril great, the Kent had been long on fire, and a tremendous sea was rubbing. To prevent the rush to the boats, both by the soldiers and sailors, some of the officers stood over them with drawn swords. In the first boat were placed all the ladies and as many of the soldiers' wives, as it could safely contain. It lay outside the cuddy ports; and twice the cry was heard from the chains, that it was swamping, but after much difficulty, it was fairly launched upon the deep, and was seen from the poop battling with the waves and making its way to the Cambria, which had prudently lain to at some distance from the Kent, to escape the explosion. In about twenty minutes the boat had reached "the ark of refuge." Still there was extreme difficulty in getting the women and children on board the brig, and the boat was in great danger of being stove in against its sides. The children were first thrown on board; and the women were exhorted to avail themselves of every favorable heave of the sea, by springing into the many friendly arms extended to help them, and mercifully not one single accident occurred.

Meanwhile the crew and passengers of the Kent, who, watching the progress of the boat, had been for a space almost insensible of the volcano that threatened to burst beneath their feet, again began to take active measures. After the first trip, the boats could not come alongside. The women and children were lowered by ropes from the stern, fastened two and two together. Many were plunged repeatedly under water. Three out of the six boats were swamped, and some men were drowned—one or two, it was thought, encumbered with the weight of their spoils; some other individuals being unable to reach the Cambria also perished; one fell down the hatchway into the flames, and another was crushed to pieces between the boat and the vessel.

The day was now drawing rapidly to a close, the flames were advancing, and many still remained on board. Haste was necessary. A rope was extended from the extremity of the speaker-boom, along which the men were recommended to proceed, and thence slide down the rope into the boats. It was a perilous passage; for the boats were tossed about, and those who tried to reach them incurred such risk in swinging some time in the air, of being plunged into the water, or dashed against the sides of the boats, that many of the landsmen threw themselves out of the stern windows on the upper deck, preferring the precarious chance of reaching them by swimming. Rafts and hencoops were prepared, in case it should be necessary suddenly to take to the water. The officers were removed in junior order. A pleasing instance of kindness was displayed by some soldiers. All suffered dreadfully from thirst; a box of oranges having been discovered, the men refused to partake of it, until a share had been offered to their officers.

The number of the survivors was now much diminished; the night was advancing; and the captain of the Kent demanded that not an instant should be lost. The wreck was already twelve feet below the watermark; and the boat now approaching for the last time seemed capable of containing all who were in a condition to remove; and the three remaining officers of the 31st prepared to depart. Captain Cobb, who had resolved to be the last to quit the wreck, refused to enter the boat, till he had tried to persuade to quit it, the few still around him, who seemed struck dumb and powerless with dismay. Already the guns, whose tackles had been burst asunder by the flames, successively exploded in the hold, into which they had fallen. He therefore hesitated no longer; but laid hold on the topping-lift or rope that connects the driver-boom with the mizen top, swung himself over the infatuated people who occupied the boom, and dropped into the water.

Most kind and hospitable was the reception of the sufferers on board the Cambria; from a distance they saw the fate of the vessel they had left. The flames which had spread along the upper deck and poop, ran like lightning to the masts and rigging, forming one general conflagration that illuminated the heaven to an immense distance, and was strongly reflected on several objects on board the brig. The burning masts fell over the side. At last, about half-past one o'clock in the morning the fire reached the magazine; the explosion took place, and the fragments of the Kent were hurried high into the air. Upwards of 81 individuals were drowned, or otherwise perished.

About twelve o'clock on the night of the 1st March, a bright light was seen by the watch of the Brig Caroline, on her way from Alexandria to which apperently proceeded from a burning ship. As it had been stormy the day before, the Caroline was double reefed with fore-top sails, maintry sail, and fore-top-mast stay-sail, close upon the wind with a heavy sea running.—Captain Bibby gave immediate orders to set the main-top gallant sail, and his vessel bore down to the spot.

About two o'clock every eye was fixed on the increasing brightness of the sky, when there arose a jet of vivid light, evidently caused by an explosion, though they were too far off to hear the report. In half an hour, they were near enough to make out the wreck of a large vessel, lying head to wind, of which nothing remained but the ribs and frame-timbers, which marking the outlines of a double line of ports and quarter galleries, indicated that the burning skeleton was either a first-class East Indiaman, or a line-of-battle ship.—She burnt nearly to the water's edge; but becoming lighter as her internal spars and timbers were consumed, she still floated, pitching about, and falling with the long swell of the bay. She is described as having the appearance of an immense open cauldron of basket-work, formed of the blackened ribs, naked stripped of every plank, encircling a mass of flame, by no means of equal intensity, but concentrated in force at two or three points, probably where the hatchways had supplied an additional quantity of looser fuel. To leeward, the atmosphere was filled with clouds of smoke, and besprinkled with myriads of sparks and burning flakes of lighter materials, continually thrown up scattered by the wind over the sky and the waves.—Part of a mast and some spars still rose and fell with the motion, almost grinding under the weather-quarter of the wreck.—In a few minutes the Caroline came right down before the wind, and was brought as near the bows of the wreck as safety permitted. No living being at first seemed there: but suddenly the silence was broken by a shout, and several figures were seen clinging to the mast and spars. From their low situation, almost on a level with the water, and the rapidity of the bark's motion, they could have seen her only a short time before they hailed; great therefore must have been their joy, when they had a prospect of rescue from their horrible fate, and beheld within a few yards, the hull and sails of a large vessel, brilliantly illuminated by the glare. But their despair would return when the vessel shot past the bows of the Kent, leaving them to conjecture whether they *could* be saved, even were an attempt made, because of the heavy sea, and the probable disappearance of the wreck ere a boat could reach them.

Captain Bibby ordered the top-gallant sail to be taken in, the fore-topmast stay-sail lowered, and the course of the ship to be continued to leeward, till they were beyond reach of the falling flakes and sparks; and then the Caroline hove to. In this position there was a possibility that if a boat or raft hung near the wreck, it might be steered towards the Caroline; for, in such a sea, it was impossible for a boat, a raft, or even a spar, if overloaded and ill-manned, to make their way to windward. Meantime, the jolly-boat was lowered, and manned by Mr. Matthew Walker, the mate, and four seamen, who pushed off gallantly to the wreck; though their course was rendered extremely dangerous by the masts, spars, chests, packages, &c., which were dashed about violently by the sea, threatening destruction to whatever they should come in contact with. As they came within a few yards of the stern, they saw a man clinging under the ships counter by a rope or piece of the wreck, so close, that as it rose with the water, he was jerked upwards, and suspended, to meet a more dreadful fate, for a stream of flame gushed through the casings of the gun-room ports, scorching him dreadfully, while the sinking of the wreck again plunged him downwards and buried him in the waves, as he cried and shrieked with the agony. Him they determined to save first if possible; but just when within their grasp, the wretched being, whose cries had ceased, was plunged into the sea by the fire severing the rope or spar by which he hung. Their efforts were next directed to the men on the mast, from which six of the nearest were carried off, the size of the boat permitting no more; imprudence indeed so many should not have been taken, for on returning to the Caroline they were nearly swamped.

A second trip was made, and six more were rescued. Mr. Walker observed from the state of the wreck, that it was likely, ere a third trip could be made, the mass would go down; in which case, there was great danger of the survivors on the mast being sucked into the vortex and lost, additional speed was therefore used in this trip; and for the last time the jolly-boat pushed off. Ere they drew near, the fiery pile settled in the waves and vanished; deep silence succeeding to the crackling of burning timbers, and rustling of the flames. Before it