

vented, were mentioned with horror. The uniform coat and waistcoat were both single-breasted; thus, there was no buttoning up to the chin, and covering a deficiency with a military air, and there was also a pocket at that time in the waist, not to have a collar to one's shirt, was tantamount to being a scoundrel." There was no room for disguise, or rather too much room to practice; it successfully, excepting by the deeply initiated.

On the previous Sunday, much amusement had been afforded to the captain and the ward-room officers, by the many subterfuges that had been resorted to, to make the necessary appearance at divisions; and one refer had actually been discovered ensconcing himself in all the shady places that he could find on the main-deck, who had made to himself a clean corner of writing paper.

The ship had already been at sea fourteen weeks, during which time the English fleet, under fighting old Sir Edward Pellew, had been using every stratagem to draw the enemy out. We certainly got forth our most cunning ways, looking at times so innocent and sheepish, that they might have tempted any body but a Frenchman to have come out and played with us. Twice we did get them far enough from the shore to enable us to exchange courtesies, but they quickly underdrew their bow before we had time to give them one-fiftieth part of the welcome we had intended.

It is in Pelham, or Vivian Grey, or in some other very, very fashionable novel, or in all of them, that the male toilet of the hero is described—the various brushes, the multiplied and the ingeniously contrived instruments, the vessels of cut glass, and of silver and gold, the fragrant oils, and the volatilized essences of the exquisite on shore, have been described with minuteness, and read with avidity. Shall, then, the sea-going midshipman have no record of his labours at personal embellishment—the midshipman, of whom it may be truly said, when in full bloom, that "they tell not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not like one of them." We will answer for it he was not.

With more perplexity of thought than ever afflicted mathematician over an insoluble problem, after much unwillingness to quit his hammock, Horace Elmford joined his assembled messmates in the midshipmen's berth, and hid the sorrows of his countenance in the steams of his hot bogger. Coming from a brig, he was of little estimation with his fellows; they insulted him up to that point that did not quite provoke him to knock them down; and that morning, the question of "How are you off for soap?" came with fearful intensity upon his auricular organ. However, something must be done, and the business of Admiralty was at length commenced; yet few dared to hope for any thing like success in that operation so pleasurable to the young, so anxious to persons of a certain standing, and so very distressing to those who have fallen into the "scar and yellow leaf" of ugliness and age.

Shortly, the larboard and starboard berths were deserted, and the cockpit filled. While you walk in, gentlemen?—you cannot, at first, very well distinguish objects, on account of the misty and yellow light; but you will soon get accustomed to it, and to the close and cloudy atmosphere, relieved by whiffs from the bilge water up the pump-well, and the smotherly odour of mud and tar from the cable trays. All this may strike at first, but it is nothing, absolutely nothing, when you are used to it. However, till our situation becomes a little more clear, let us listen to the signals: there is noise enough, and a movement prevails, but it is rather too boisterous and bozzante to be quite real, though it is an excellent counterfeit trial. There is a sort of auction going on, not very unlike that which takes place on an evening round the newspaper offices, when the little dirty blackguards invade the foot-path, and annoy the eyes of the passengers with cries like these—"Two Gloves for a Standard!"—"A Times and a half-penny for a Sun!"—"A Morning Chronicle for five-pence—fartin'!"

But our contentions must be banished for the offer. "Two dimes extra for a clean one!"—no takers; clean linen being that morning at a remarkably high premium. At length, the offer of a piece of three was offered—but accepted by all eyes; we had any of the old man's hand. When this was settled as far as the linen was concerned, and the market being well drained of its supply, the remainder were forced to inspect the first page of the chapter of expedients. The previously

worn shirts were examined most scrupulously, and those that appeared to have been the least soiled, laid aside for a second investigation; and at length, with many appeals for advice around, the difficult selection is made, and then commences the art of couping, to rally some strength into the disposing collar, and to give some appearance of firmness to the discoloured shirt. Whilst at least one-half of them are thus occupied, let us turn our attention to the remainder.

I will draw the curtain and place the picture before you: to the extreme left, in sociability of cases, two middies are seated on one chest—one of them is cleaning his teeth, and getting his mouth filled with bristles for his pains, he is not in the best of humours, for he is not pleasant either to masticate or to swallow, and very difficult to dislodge, and his annoyance is rather increased by being preached at by his brother referer, who is boasting of his newly discovered faculty of spitting blacking, he expectorates and rubs, and descants and is really as happy as a ***** at being able to discharge so much polishing dirt from his mouth. The standing order being, that no lights shall be used in the cockpit without they be screened in lanterns; the consequence is, that the more battered and broken the lantern, the better, as there is less here to intercept the soft rays of the purser's dip, which dip is seldom put inside, but generally stuck on the rim of its enjoined preserver. Let us move forward a little, and we shall see another young gentleman performing his ablutions; author of Pelham! canst thou guess how? Thou canst not—and yet I must relate it—as Baroloph remarks, a worn out serving-man will make a fresh tapster, so our young friend has proved that a used shirt will make an efficient towel, and we are sure that Nelson, and those heroes of our bright naval days, have well experienced the fact.

Being the divided enemy to the doctrine of expediency, let us hurry on to the next group, and we shall find it consist of the midshipmen's servant, and one of his master's, who endeavour between them to ally to this place on the most best uniform coat of the latter, a renegade bottom. The boy is throwing but a miserable light on the subject, and the referer is pricking his fingers quite as often as he pierces the unwilling cloth. But we have no room to detail minutely every group of this and attiring thirty; let it suffice to say, that they might be seen in every stage, from all but nudity, to the full torgeed midshipman with gold bound sky-paper clapped on his head jumblethwart saips.

(To be concluded in our next.)

UPPER CANADA.

NAVY ISLAND AS IT IS NOW.

Dear Sir,—As I cannot return so soon as I intended, it may be as well that I forward you some intimation of what I have seen and heard since I left Niagara.

In the first place, I met at Queenston the prisoner Hays, late of the 10th Regiment, who is now out of a party of one hundred convicts. He struck me as being a fair looking man, with a countenance bearing up considerable intelligence. He came over to this place some days ago, representing himself as a deserter from Van Rensselaer's army, in which he was capt in and put out. He stated that he had left the Island in disgust; but the general impression here seems to be that he was a spy, and that his declaration had some effect in accelerating the departure of the patriots. It is not necessary, however, to assume the latter; for agree that to appear on the Island, they could not possibly have remained much longer; but of this more anon. I also met Leont on his way to Toronto. He is miserably emaciated; and I could scarcely help half forgetting his guilt when I beheld the poor old man pined, and on his way to captivity for life, or an ignominious death on the gibbet.

I spent the whole of yesterday on Navy Island, not indeed for choice, but from necessity, as, in consequence of the high wind, I could not find a boat to carry me back till towards evening. Sir Francis Head visited the island during the afternoon, but I did not see him there. I am told he caused the only dead body which is yet found exhumed, in order to ascertain if it could be recognised. No body knows who the deceased is, but it is supposed he is from Leport, and that he had been shot by the Islanders themselves. His arms were pined, and he had been killed by a rifle ball.

I went all round the Island and crossed it

at two or three different places. It is impossible to convey even the faintest idea of the disgusting scene which this wretched place exhibits. After passing the party of soldiers who are quartered there, I was alone for three or four hours, the boat which I took me across having gone to Chippewa. The solitude and the associations awakened by the recent history of this forest wilderness were absolutely apprehensive—a feeling of utter desolation came over my soul, and I felt regretted the intense enthusiasm which induced me to go into this untroubled, and untried circumstances which left me no opportunity of returning except what the chapter of accidents might afford. This mighty strong hold of "patriotism," which the American papers have described as being impregnable, and which has created so much commotion along the Canadian frontier, it is now evident, never was anything but a mere bubble. The place is entirely defenceless. It is true a good deal of industry has been employed in cutting down the brushwood all round the island, and throwing it into the edge of the river, for the purpose of obstructing the landing of boats; but at the expense of wet feet, one might get ashore in several places. The place could have been taken without difficulty; but as its accounts were in desperate circumstances it is possible that its seizure would have cost a few valuable lives, and, therefore, it is perhaps better that they were allowed to depart of their own accord. The life of one loyal British subject is worth more than the whole army of patriots, Navy Island, and the sympathizing citizens of Buffalo to the bargain.—Such a spectacle of "looped and windowed" wretchedness and unutterable filth surely never was exhibited on the face of the earth before, as that which must have existed on Navy Island. The scene is absolutely sickening. The shanties in which the poor wretches had bivouacked are beyond comparison the most miserable that ever afforded the mockery of a shelter to the most abandoned and degraded of human beings. Some of the hovels in which they herded together are such as no person possessed of common humanity would sit on his pike to occupy; and then, the abominable and unmitigated baseness which prevails in every one of them is far more indicative of the evils of these disgusting animals than of the abode of intellectual beings. Mrs. Mackenzie's bed room is a recess in a wretched log-house at the upper end of the island. On a shelf in this recess the unhappy woman is said to have nestled her misery among filthy straw. Exposed to the pelting of the "pitiless storm," and without a partition between her and the brutal ruffians among whom her evil destiny had cast her lot, she must have bitterly rued the hour that linked her fate with the degraded villain whose path is so bitter and lined with the inextinguishable curses of an insulted and indignant people. The number of old boots and shoes, and dilapidated trousers scattered up and down the Island, shows the state of the patriots, which the patriots or others had been reduced till the scraps of the only few good "come to their relief, and the ragged shirts, even yet intact with vermin, which they have left behind them, indicate the condition of the "suffering patriots" previously to their abandonment of this their "fortern hope." In one of their shanties the only bed on which they had to lie is composed of pine branches, and the walls are of the same same materials. Beans and peas seem to have been the staple of their food, as they are scattered every where over the Island.—It is evident, their friends have not allowed them to be starved out for want of provisions. Pieces of bread and meat are to be found here and there among the straw, and in one shanty there is a number of large slices of loaf and a huge pile of unpecked bones, which emits a sickening odour, on a rough board used by them as a table. No indication of the terrific means of attack and defence with which their official papers in Buffalo and Lewiston by their crowing, induced people to believe they were provided, is to be seen in the interior of the Island. A few breast works along the shore seem to be all they ever had between them and irreticiable and unavenged destruction in the event of landing the troops from this side.

From the appearance of the trees around some of their hovels, it is plain that the shots from our side were in general well directed, and though only one dead body has been found, there can be no possible question that many more have been killed. Shells have exploded and left fearful marks of their destructive power in places where men in consi-

derable numbers must have been congregated. Indeed the circumstance of some of the Buffalo papers admitting, as I am told they do, that eight have fallen, is of itself sufficient proof that that number may with all safety be multiplied by ten. There were two women found on the Island who state that the hospital was kept on Grand Island, and if so, it is altogether likely that their burying ground was there also. This ought to be inquired into for other reasons than mere curiosity.—The fact, if established, will afford another proof of American "neutrality."

The circumstances, also, of several pairs of tolerable shoes, and some good ones, such at least as people in poor circumstances are not apt to throw away, being left at almost every shanty, would seem to imply that their owners were minus in some way or other. Besides, there are otherwise good boots here and there with the laces cut open, apparently for the purpose of getting them taken off wounded limbs. On one I saw stains of blood very plainly. It is not for the purpose of triumphing over the destruction of fellow creatures, however worthless, that I endeavour to establish the probability of heavy loss having been sustained by the Islanders; but I feel abundantly satisfied that their evacuation of the place is far more attributable to the effects of our artillery than to the authority of General Scott, however sincerely desirous he may have been to accomplish the ostensible object of his mission to the frontier. There is a prisoner here, the man who was left behind, who says he knows that from 100 to 120 were killed.

In wandering over this Juan Fernandez yesterday, I found in every place entitled to the slightest consideration as a shelter, a number of fragments of newspapers. Temperance papers seem to have preponderated among them, but from the peculiarity of their situation it is probable that the promulgation of the sentiments contained in these publications was as much a matter of expediency as of choice. At all events such clothes as have been left on the island, and which undoubtedly were brought there in the person of the "patriots," are not usually worn by those to whom "temperance" is a familiar habit.

I must conclude this letter, however, as the person who is to take it to Niagara for me is waiting.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
GEORGE MENZIES, Editor.

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 17th FEBRUARY, 1838.

LATEST DATES.
London, --- Jan. 4. | New-York, -- Feb. 9.
Liverpool, -- Jan. 1. | Halifax, --- Jan. 31.
Havre, --- Dec. 31. | Toronto, --- Feb. 9.

The New York, Upper Canada, and Montreal papers, received this morning, contain the following interest.

By the arrival of New-York of the Havre packet, *Sable de Grace*, advices from London to the 31st January have been received. The *Sable de Grace* sailed from Havre on the 2nd, and put into Toulay on the 5th, where she obtained one or two London papers of the above date. We give below a summary of the news:—

Sir G. Arthur, Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, had an interview with Lord Glenelg, yesterday, at the Colonial office, to take leave. Sir George, it is expected, will leave town this day for his government.

That part of the President's message relating to the North Eastern boundary, is much commented on by the London papers. It is said to have caused a slight depression in the funds. The message generally was not much liked in the commercial and financial circles.

GREAT FIRE IN LONDON.—There was a great fire in London on the 28th of December, on Davis Quay, opposite the Tower. The warehouses on this quay contained three thousand barrels of turpentine, with great quantities of oil and other inflammable materials, and three bins lying alongside were also loaded with similar articles. All were destroyed. The fire raged from half past six in the morning until one, p.m. 5000 barrels of turpentine and 800 tons of oil were consumed, besides three bins and a warehouse full of grain. The oil alone was worth \$200,000. The whole loss was estimated at £1,200,000.

The London "True Sun" has ceased to appear.