



“LEVELS ALL RANKS.”

(Scene—New York, of course.)

Robert (soliloquizing).—And to think that I should live to win the love of a real live member of the American nobility!

CAPTAIN NATHAN NICKERSON.

THE following extract is from *The Gazette*, Montreal, April 26, 1886 :—

(From our own Correspondent.)

HALIFAX, N.S., April 24.—While fishing on the western banks on Thursday afternoon, the schooner *Uncle Sam*, Captain d'Entremont, of Pubnico, with a crew of twenty-one men, was found to be on fire. Immediately after the discovery volumes of flames shot up from the cabin. All hands engaged in an attempt to drown out the fire, but it rapidly increased, and as there was a keg of fifteen pounds of powder in the cabin, which was likely to blow the ship to pieces at any moment, the crew took to the dories and abandoned the vessel to its fate. They had hardly got clear when the explosion occurred, blowing out the stern of the ship and scattering portions of the deck in every direction. At sundown the men rowed four miles to the American schooner *Bertha D. Nickerson*, of Boothbay, Maine, Captain Nathan Nickerson, who refused to allow the shipwrecked men to stay on that vessel, and told them they had better seek a British fisherman. It was then dark, but the American captain was inexorable, and the *Uncle Sam's* crew then started in their dories for another fisherman lying about five miles off. She was reached at midnight, and found to be the schooner *Eldorado*, of Lahave. They were taken on board, treated kindly and brought to Halifax to-day. The *Uncle Sam* was worth \$50,000, and insured for \$2,000.

OH, Captain Nathan Nickerson  
Has put to sea again  
In his schooner *Bertha Nickerson*  
From Boothbay down in Maine,  
And to fish in British waters  
His well-known course has ta'en.  
'Twas a tidy ship-shape vessel  
That Captain Nathan trod,  
As o'er the bright green sea she bowled,  
Her canvas showing ne'er a fold,

His constant quid he proudly rolled  
And growled with many a nod,  
“If reel live Yankees only had  
The walkin' o' this sea,  
We'd show them Novy Scoochy coons  
Ten thousand sail like *she!*”  
For Captain Nathan had his views  
On National Fishery rights;  
And had many a time in days of yore,  
With his drastic logic o'er and o'er,  
Torn the Treaties to tatters and rather more  
Before the stove in the grocery store  
On winter Saturday nights.  
The adjectives used to express his views  
Are best supplied by “blanks”;  
But the wind that bloweth so fair and free  
No politics knoweth on land or sea,  
And bowled him along right merrily  
Till he reached our Western Banks.

Golden the morning sun arose,  
Filling with life the air;  
Turning the sea-gull's breast to pearl,  
Gilding the wave-crests as they curl—  
A day of God, most fair.  
And Captain Nathan rubbed his hands,  
And Captain Nathan swore  
A cheerful oath in his manly glee,  
For of other vessels he could but see  
One to windward, one to lee,  
That rose and fell on the golden sea,  
And he did not wish for more.  
Higher and higher rose the sun  
Over his busy crew;  
Their boats are out, their lines unwound,  
And their leads go down with a gurgling sound  
Into the blue of the fishing ground,  
While the hastening hours flew,  
And Captain Nathan Nickerson,  
As he lounged on deck at noon,  
Gazed with a pardonable pride  
On his dories scattered far and wide,  
And guessed they'd be loaded soon.  
And then he naturally turned his eyes  
To where the stranger lay,  
Then sprang to his feet in wild surprise,  
And down for his glass he quickly flies,  
For he sees a cloud of smoke arise  
Black in the brilliant day.  
Never a voice woke in his heart  
As through his glass he looked;  
And when he turned from the burning speck  
He grimly said, as he spat on deck,  
“Well, I guess *her* goose is cooked.”  
“What! call to the men? Well, I reckon not.  
With the fish just pilin' in,  
And to send 'em off five miles, I guess,  
To a Bluenose schooner in distress,  
'Twould be a mortal sin.”  
And Captain Nathan Nickerson  
Watched the ever-thickening smoke  
That twisted and curled, like a serpent, higher  
Than the graceful topmast's tapering spire,  
Till the dense cloud parted, and then the fire  
Into awful life awoke.  
The men in the boats have seen the glow  
And signal wildly for leave to go;  
But Nickerson only sneered,  
“Boys! things ain't healthy over there;  
She ain't your boat, so you needn't care,”—  
And ere he had time to utter more  
Over the sea came a booming roar,  
And the schooner disappeared.  
A dreadful silence fell over all,  
Which the lapping waves scarce broke;  
The brightness had faded out of the day,  
The sky had turned to a leaden grey,  
And the men looked leeward in dread dismay  
At a heaving bank of smoke.  
“Now, don't sit there like a pack of fools!”  
The Captain bravely roared,  
“You didn't sink that smack, I guess;  
'Tis but one Bluenose fisher the less;  
Now then, tumble up on board!”