THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

Vot. 1. No. 11.1

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 17th FEBRUARY, 1888.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

MIDSHIPMAN'S EXPEDIENTS: OR, THE DEPUTY CLEAN A TALE OF THE SPA.

By the author of " Rattlin the Becfer," &c.

A clean shirt and a shilling-a light heur A clean shirt and a smithig and a thin pair of -of refinements - these, as the old song says, "will go the world, my brave boys." The remark is profound, and, the professionally practical. We brave boys." The remark is profound, and, at the same time, eminently practical. We shall not stop here to inquire what is "going through the world," for, as all that are in, will go out of it sooner perhaps than they expect, sooner certainly than they desire, we will not follow up a subject that leads us on so rapidly, and to where it is so doleful to be

led.

A clean shirt and a light heart. Blessed, and thrice blessed appendages to mortality;
But, alas! they are not always the attendants on the deserving; for, had such been the case, our worthy friend, Horace Elusford, would not have awaked one blustering Sanwould not have awaked one blustering Sunday morning in October, without either. At half-past seven o'clock on that memorable day he was situated on this earth's surface, or rather on a portion of the waters that cover this earth, sixteen miles south and by west three quarters west from Cape Ceci.

Already was his hammockman importunately standing by the youth so unwilling to turn out, already had it been notified to him that seven bells had been struck, and that the officer of the watch was impatient that the stowing of the hammocks should be completed, see that, for his Mr. Horace Elms-

the officer of the watch was impatient that the stowing of the hammocks should be completed; and that, for his, Mr. Horace Elinsford's particular hammock, they were only waiting to cover in with white Sunday-fine hammock clothes. He turned listlessly from side to side; though he could find no pleasure in his bed, he had no inducement to rise—he had neither a clean shirt nor a light heart. It will be sufficient, in this place, to tell my friends that Mr. Horace Elmsford was a passed midshipman, a proud and a poor man, the son of a man about as poor and a great deal prouder. Horace's father was a barrister, with infinitely more integrity than prace, with infinitely more integrity than prace.

he son of a man about as poor and a great deal prouder. Horace's father was a barriser, with infinitely more integrity than practice, and having a contempt of every ting mean, and base, and petitioging, the was shunned by the attorneys as a walking libed upon the law—or, more properly speaking, the practice of it.

Men of such stern and unbending principles should be quietly despatched, and no coroner's inquests permitted to be held upon the bodies if they sould happen to be found; for such men-trs of virtue entirely destroy the general-felicity principle—the fashionable one of the day—the greatest happiness to ting greatest number; for is it not evident, when the majority are content to be little buter than rogues, that the annoyance occasioned by one thoroughly just man among the community must be tr mendous. Though Barrister Elmsford was not dead in nature, he was dead in law. He was neither brow-beaten by the judge, cut by his seniors, or elbowed by his juniors, or pestered by hungry solicitors—he never had a cause. However, he had something better—a small patrimony. Upon this he lived, if without ostentation, without debt, endeavouring, to the extent of his limited means, to right the wronged, and to extend every where that circle of proud content in which he lived—a neglected, but honest man.

Horace was his only son. His father had

Horace was his only son. His father had Horace was his only son. His father had well educated him on shore, and, at the age of fourteen, had sent him to serve his country in His Majesty's navy. The youth had done so with honor to him elf and advantage to the profession. He had now some months served his tim; and had passed his examination for the rank of lieutenant, and was, at present, waiting for that promotion that was to be effected by an interest—that he had yet to acquire.

have before acquainted our friends We have before acquainted out friends where the hero of this, our short tale, was exactly to be found at its opening. If any person is at all curious about the matter, he or she may take a pair of compasses and a parallel ruler, and identify the very spot.

But Hornes was not in the angry waves buf- thimself in a week, and the young lady had fetting them for his life, nor yet in a cradle of declared it all very foolish every day after a wicker-work, built after the fashion of our progenitors; he was in his hannosek, in a humane on her part, she gave him the opportange tub of an oblongated shape called an old wicker-work, built after the fashion of our progenitors; he was in his hammock, in a large tub of an oblongated shape called an old 95-gun ship...a first rate in the books of the Admiralty and the Navy List, and no where else. However, she carried in her dark reess a very decent quantity of that human ali nent for powder, of which kings and con-uerors are so lavish. Hotace himself was a querors are so lavish. Horace himself was a deficate morsel that was had not yet saapped up, though the bloody-fanged monster had often made a few shrewd gripes at him. Who does not know, who knows any thing, the slovenly, bluddering, leewardly three docker, the Old Harfleur, A ship that never

decker, the Old Harffeur. A ship that never went to windward excepting when she was towed. Every body who ever belonged to her was always trying to get out of her. It is not pleasant to belong to a vessel t never could get into action in time, if this never could get into action in time, if things were going on well, or out of it at all if it were necessary to run away. Thanks to the gallantry of the British navy, the last predicamentnever occurred; for if it had, the old drogher would have been belaboured into a nummy, and gone down a well filled slaughterhouse: for I don't think that the ship that had been victorious in every general action for a century, could have struck.

After all, the old Harfleur, though going to pieces, was not a crack ship. She was therefore a sort of refugee for the destitute, a floating resident and the support of the strucks.

in g prison for supernumerary midshipmen and supperogatory pursers and marine officers. sup rerogatory pursers and marine oncess. Her ship's company was, also, the worst in the fleet. A great part of them were the elected of the jails. It was a happy thing for the gallant baronet who commanded them, elected of the jails. It was a happy thing for the callant barnest who commanded them, that the chan-es were but small that he should ever be required to march through Coventry' with them; though no one knew better how to lead them into action; after all, they would and did eut a better figure there than at Coventry

Low Horace Elmsford came in this wise (to use a good old phrase) to be a supernume-rary passed midshipman on board H. M. S. rfleur. He had very recently belonged to eling too strong an inclination to "warble er native wood-notes wild" through her her native wood-notes wild" through ner f'irty-two pound carronades, had got too close inshore with the French batteries, and close inshore with the French batteries, and whilst they struck her, she struck the ground. When night came, the officers and crew abandoned the vessel, and taking to their hosts, set fire to her. The ship's company and officers, however, saved their personal effects, and they, with them, were distribut-ed among the ships of the Toulon fleets.

ed among the ships of the Foulon fleets.

Now, a year, or perhaps a year and a half
before Horace was beaten out of his ship, he
was completely cheated of his affections, but
by a person who ought to have known better. He had, for a very short space of time, moved in a remarkably high and select circle, among He had, for a very short space of time, moved in a remarkally high and select circle, among the stars of the aristocracy. Being a decidelly handsome young fellow, he had been much petted. All the young ladies—yes, all who were not actually engaged, had made love to him. They did not mean any thing by it, sweet innocent souls !—how could they?—he was only a boy and a midshipman. How could the Ladies Louisa and Amelia, and the Honourable Mises Montabert and Fontaineblanque, suppose that the son of a poor lawyer, though in the pretites naval uniform imaginable, could, for a moment, ever think of forming an alliance with persons so exclusive as themselves? Their supposed immunity from such presumption was the cause of blinding poor Horace with many sweet but dangerous immunities to himself. They fondled this untamed midshipman like a tame morkey. The consequences were very natural—he fell deeply in love with one of them. of them.

She was a sweet, blue-eved young creaone was a sweet, blue-eved young creature, that would have loved Horace to distraction if it had been at all proper. Midshipmen's leave of absence are not so durable as the long vacations. Horace had declared

One day, the pet midshipman had behaved very ill to the lady; he had either taken, or refused when he might have taken, some little innocent endearment, & the young lady, in her anger, had at last consented that he in her anger, had at last consented that ne should speak to the Earl, her papa. She was very sorry for it afterwards, as they were to have been partners, at least in six sets, in that evening's dance. Half an hour after the fatal permission had been granted, the young officer rushed into the presence of his lady-love little better than a maniac.

officer rushed into the presence of his lady-love little better than a maniac.

"O! Bella, Bella!" he exclaimed, dashing about francticly his clustering curls, "I am the most miserable of wretches!"

"What has happened, Horace?"

"Vour father has actually turned n.e out of the house."

"Why then were you so rude to me this morning?" will the lady with helf a feet

orning?" said the lady, with half a tear a each eye, and a whole pout upon her lip. "Heavens and earth! what has that to do with the question? my peace of mind is wrecked—my heart seared—all my future prospects blighted."

"How could you be so foolish as to go to my father?"

Did you not consent? are you as false as

fair? are you?"—
"Dear Horace, don't fret yourself so much; how you do go on! pray, sir, do you think no one suffers but yourself? who is to console me for the loss of a partner in at least six dances at the ball this evening? and here we have at the ball this evening 7 and here we have been practising the figure for four mornines together;—and no other person in uniform." 5 Do you love me 7 Did you ever love me ?" said the impassioned youth. 5 Yes, see; as much as a very young per-son like myself, and a very duffind daughter, outher works. Herees, little works.

son like mysell, and a very cuttin daughter, ought-p-rhaps, Horace, a little more.—
Mercy, me! That's papa's bell! How futionsly he is tinging! do or, Horace, I should never be able to support a sceae?—

6 One word!??—

8 No. No.?—

A token."— Impossible."—

"My heart is broken!"—
"My father's bell again! I declare I hear im on the stairs."

" Farewell, for ever " -- He wrong her hand for an instant, and, in doing so, he plucked from it quite unconsciously en both parts, I presume, her embroidered white camric pocket handkerehief; he thrust it in brie pocket handkerchief; he thrist it in his bosom, flew down the stairs, overturned the gouty old potter in the hall, hurried to Ports-mouth, and, before his furlough was expired, was walking the deck a disconsolate lover.

was watking the dock a disconsolate lover, Now, any young man of nineteen, who has not a virtuous and heroical passion, con-fessed or unconfessed, providing that he had a fair opportunity of falling in love, must be endued with a heart that ought to rank but one degree above a frost-bitten turnip. A chaste aspiration of this description, at once elevates the mind and purifies the taste. The passion not only burns in the youthful bosom with a generous warmth, but throws also a pure light round the mind, that shows at once the biddensease of wins.

pure light round the mind, that shows at once the hideousness of vice, and makes us abhor what else we might eventually have been tempted even to embrace. This lone relic, this cambric handkerchief, Horace treasured with a care almost pious; but—for is there not always a vein of earth running through every thing mortal?—this treasure, through much fondling and handling, at last became a most of subject for the running through every thing mortal?—this treasure, through much fondling and handling, at last became a most fit subject for the laundress. True it is, Horace might have washed it with his tears, and dried it either with his sighs, or in his bosom, but he did not, he only got it nicely cleansed and ironed; and then wrapping it carefulty up in some of the finest silver paper that he could procure, he deposited it in leaves of lavender in the sanctum sanctorum of his sea-chest. In my opinion he did as much as a devoted lover

could have been reasonably required to do. He cared for it more than the person who once owned it, appeared to care for him.

once owned it, appeared to care for him.

Now we come to the crisis of our tale.

When Horace Elmsford was drafted into H.

M. S. Harfleur, he was in absolute possession
of a very indifferent kit of clothes—a grande

of a very midifferent kit of clothes—a grande passion a little the worse for wear, and a beau-tiful, clean, cambric handkerchief, with a coronet delicately worked in the middle of it. When Horace came on board, the midship-man of the brig was contemptuously looked down upon by the magnates of the first-rate. down upon by the magnates of the first-rate. Being utterly unknown he was consequently friendless; being friendless, he was grievous-ly oppressed. He could be nobody. The fleutenants affected to forget his name, and sent for the "Brig's Midshipman." The sent for the "Brig's Midshipman." The captain's steward forgot to ask him to dine with his master. He had not yet hob-and-nobbed in the ward-room. Mr. Midshipman Tomkins had astonished him by a description of the splendors of his father's one-hops sing; and Mr. master's mate Mucksallow had assured him that his mother kept two maids besides a boy. The lover of Lady Isabella Montescue was surrounded by a set of some-

besides a boy. The lover of Lady Isabella Montescree was surrounded by a set of some-bodies.

Would that it were permitted to me to make a dig: ssion upon shirts. Out of England, they are the most ill-used article in existence. All else over the world how villainously are they assassinated under the shallow pretence of washing them. In America they Europe them, that is, a bexy of coal-black nymphs get them into a running stream, and with a bat in one hand, they pound them, and bethwack them on a piece of rock, crying, "Europe, Europe," 2 at every blow. When this operation is over they look white enough, certainly, but the little that remains of them would make excellent hir for the dressings of gan-shot wounds. If these friends, whom we cherish next to our bodies, are thus scurvily treated in the west, they are still worse off in the West Indies.—But I cannot dilate on this subject; neither my time nor my temper will permit it. But I must shake out a drop of indignation from the vial of my wrath on the blemcisscusses of the paltry third-rate towns of the Mediterranean-Immediately that a-man-of-war arrived, in one of these receptacles for sin, the ship was besiezed by applicants, some in full dress, with swords by their sides, each with a long certificate, soliciting for the honour of washins the stockings and shirts of the English lords. Of course some of the applicants got them, and the day after, all the respectable net of the township appeared in clean linen. When every third man, not actually a pauer, confessed himself a noble, this accession of linen was a public benefit—alitite certainly to the exasperation of the benefactor. Yet it ought to have been considered only as an act of national courtesy, to lead the aristocracy of our allies a change of linen the and had it not involved as a second of the subject is and had it not involved as a second of the subject is and had it not involved the subject is a subject to the subject in the subject is a subject to the pall the subject is a subject to the paller.

tor. Yet it ought to have been considered only as an act of national courtesy, to lend the aristocracy of our allies a change of linen! and had it not involved a very serious nischief. I should never have complained of it; but, unfortunately, these articles were never brought on board until the fore-topsail was sheeted home, and then only half washed, and entirely damp; and, after a Sicilian dandy has worn your shirt for a week, it were as well, not only that it had been well washed, but well ironed also.

This enjosed is not allogether irrelevant to

This episode is not altogether irrelevant to the subject; for, considering the dangers to which an officer's stock was exposed about a quarter of a century ago, who can be surpri-sed that a midshipman was often forced, for want of a clean shirt, to have recourse to all manner of shifts?

sed that a musuum want of a clean shirt, to have recourse want of a clean shirt, to have recourse wanner of shifts?

On the Sunday morning in October, in which our conie erredique opens the scarcity of clean shirts in the cockpit of His Majesty's ship Harffeny was alarming, and quite as annoving as that of bullion at present in our money-market. Including the captain's clerk and the master's mates, with the midshipmen, there were just thirty cockpitonians, and they were enabled to muster only five clean shirts and a-half among them. At that time of honesty and single-mindedness, Infact time of honesty and single-mindedness, Infact and dickeys, but newly in-