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## Portrait.

LOGUE TOUCHING THE CHEESE OF TEN HUNDRED WEIGHT TO HER MAJESTY.

Tell me good poet, if you please,  
Why give the Queen so good a cheese?

ANSWER.

The man who made it knew full well  
What hungry ones around her dwell;  
He knew the great Montague Rice,  
Would cut himself a handsome slice;  
That Melbourne's for too gay and daring  
To rest content with mere cheese paring;  
And Dan, so fond of pence for fees,  
Seems afar off the bread and cheese;  
A smaller cheese than this he knew  
Would not suffice this mity crew.  
Lockport Advertiser.

## THE MAN ON THE MAST.

The little fishing village of ——— is placed on a neck of land which unites a small promontory with the sandy district of ———, and forms the point of junction of two long bays that take a long curve inwards on either side, leaving it standing far into the sea as to present, from the distant heights, the appearance of being built upon, or rather on the water. On this rocky promontory, which forms, as it were, the Acropolis to the village, a small, ruined chapel, of antique and workmanship, stands, bleak and unsheltered to buffet as it may the force of the waves, and is occasionally swept in long white spray, completely over the roofless into the streets of the hamlet behind it. The sea boils with peculiar fury over a reef of rocks, which runs out for more than a mile in a direct line, as if it chafed long sea-line of sand being intruded upon by a stubborn obstacle as this black ridge of rocks. When the wind blows from the east or east-north-east, especially, the point to which the boisterous ruin has given the name of Chapel-head, may be distinguished for many a mile by its hoary crest of foam; and it would be as if the superstition of the primitive inhabitants had raised this little religious edifice as a sort of deprecatory barrier against the elements of that element which they found it difficult to think of excluding by any mole or bulwark could raise for the purpose. It seems, however, that the simple villagers have long been convinced that their prayers are of no more avail than Caute's commands in their progress, as they have prudently drawn, by degrees, from that part of the village more immediately exposed to the tempest of the sea; and the few end houses present an appearance almost as completely deserted as their outpost the chapel itself; being wholly untenanted, while the rest of the miserable residences of the poorest and most destitute of the sea-faring population are crowded up for the intrusion of the elements in this quarter, a race more modest and practical, though still possessed of engineering skill, have constructed on the shore of the promontory, a small and narrow pier, which running at first at right angles to the reef above mentioned, and then turning in near the extremity towards the shore, forms a narrow and imperfect shelter for the wherries, by the assistance of which the contrives to exist and pay the land tax, and the use of the patch of barren land it occupies. This miniature harbour is fast becoming a shingle, while at its mouth a bar of sand is shoaling; and when the tide is at its ebb, the rough but staunch boats stand high on the slimy beach, propped on a pair of wooden crutches, and rocking, as it were, in the bosom of rank sea-weed, blubber-fish, and numerous heads of decapitated ling and haddock, which are strewed around them, with advantage, it is to be feared, to the healthfulness of the village. As the tide rises, the boats may be distinguished first by their broken waives against the projecting of the clinker-built hulls, and presently by the creaking and groaning of these, as they rise about their confusedly swung

amongst each other, and rub and chafe in their efforts for room.

It is immediately opposite to where this stony arm has its shoulder in the land, that the most ruinous of the deserted huts I have described are placed; and to a stranger rounding the point into the little harbour, the whole scene, the barren sand, the bare walls, the ruin, present such a picture of desolation, that he will naturally hesitate a moment before he can bring himself to feel that here he can have shelter from any mischance by land or water.

One autumn afternoon, in the year ———, three figures were observed standing in front of one of these habitations, against which two of them leaned, whilst the third stood a little in advance, and, with his hand over his eyes, seemed to be intently gazing in the direction of the seaward horizon. To a person less skilled in the prognostics of change of wind or weather, than the hardy race of deep-sea fishermen on the coast of Ireland, it would have been difficult to account for the evident marks of anxiety which could be discerned on the countenances of all three, in paring a thoughtful cast to the two elder and more retired of the party, and exhibiting itself in the most lively manner in the attitude and expression of the third, as he alternately swept the distant sea-line with his eye, and then turned it up for an instant, nearly closed, to the sky. There is something peculiarly striking in the bearing of the fisherman. It is an error to suppose he is to be classed with the rollicking mat-of-war's man, into which he so often, however, degenerates.

He is generally, when concerned in the business of his craft, silent and reserved, with all the intelligence, however, which having a knowledge of, as well as an interest in what he is about, is sure to give; and there is a manly gravity in his air, approaching, in some instances, almost to dignity, which would at first sight argue him scarcely alert enough for the rapidity of marine evolutions, but that his eye is ever open, watchful, and keen, and discovers the energy which might escape notice in the slouching position and folded arms. The men of whom I speak at present were, two of them at least, in costume and bearing, by no means of the higher order even of their own craft. Their garments were rough and tattered, seemed to be held together by tar as much as by stitch and button; their linen, if there were any, was invisible; and their shoes were not separated from the foot by any interposed layer of stocking whatever. Yet was there nothing either of vulgarity or meanness about them; their appearance was savage more than miserable; they were ragged, it is true, but not beggarly.

"They'll be late, some of them, I'm afraid, after all," said the youngest of the party, turning to his companions after a long and intent gaze to the east-ward. "As for that cackle-shell, the Fitty-wake, with the young gentlemen in her, it's well she's so near in shore, or she'd have but a bad look-out of it. Three of us have been in sight, and are making for home; but the rest had better keep their fingers, and seek to weather it out as they are for to-night."

"Ay, Jack, if they let the day-light go, they have no business in shore. It will be a dark night as well as a breezy one, and should they miss the harbour, and the ebb set in, it's all over with them, I'm afraid."

"Two more of them yonder to the north-east I see crowding up," said the third of the party, "and one of them's Bucker Bryan's boat, I'll warrant. I think I can tell the schooner-rig even with my old eyes. He's sure to run for it if he doubts the weather."

"But I say, Rooney, what's she just loomed out from behind the island yonder, north-ward of the Coffin Rocks? Picking for the water-dogs, I suspect, from the cut of her jib. She's right to keep to windward now, anyhow, and let them have a sleep; she might land more than her cargo before morning if she were half a league closer in. I've some doubts of her, too, even where she is; she's deep in the water, and now I look again, she's a running a point or two too much to the west-ward, to have any one on board who knows much about the Chapel-head."

"Well, our business is with ourselves," said Rooney; "and here comes another of us smoking over the bar. It's long since I have seen a dirtier evening. I knew what it would come to after the lull to-day, to say nothing of the twinging of my shoulders and elbows."

In truth the signs of coming tempest were now too apparent to be mistaken. The wind, which had been blowing at first lightly from the westward, and then had died altogether, had within the last hour chopped about to the north-east, and continued every moment to gain in force, as was evidenced by the small, white foam with which every wave was tipped as it rolled shoreward, and the deeper swing and strain of the boats riding in the little harbour. The day had been cloudless; but as the sun approached the west, the eastern quarter of the heavens had become heavy with lurid haze, which rose like an exhalation out of the waters, and stretched itself gradually towards the land, tinging the sea with a dull brown, and leaving only one narrow rim of light running along the line of its distance, in which, as if touched by a pale gleam of sunshine, were discernible the far-off sails of some of the fishing-boats, whose return was so anxiously looked for by the three mariners on shore.

Many sea-birds were sweeping inland, making the air resound with their loud screeches; and the roar from the Chapel-head, coming in the ear like distant salvos of artillery, announced the approach of the swell, which as yet was but partially felt in the harbour. As the twilight became fainter, which it did with unusual rapidity, owing to the huge masses of cloud that began to push each other up the sky from the eastward, one or two of the little vessels appeared close at hand, sweeping forward with a rapidity scarcely less than that of the wind, which rushed directly after them, distending their coarse red canvas to the utmost; while at the same time the sea hissed and boiled at their bows, and glanced off in thick spray, as they alternately entered and were left behind by the hastening billows. As each boat shot by the pier-head, with her sails dark against the sky, there might be heard above the wind the strong lap and flutter of her canvas, the shouted commands of her helmsman, and the scolding of the smoother water, as her head was brought round, and she gradually took her station on the outer or western side of the wherries moored in the harbour.

At last, something seemed to fit past, so lightly and rapidly, that it might have been taken for a sea-bird's wing in the gathering gloom. In another instant, a gig of the lightest and most fragile build, had shot to the westward of all the other boats, under a small lug-sail, which was lowered in an instant, and was already aground on the foamy swell of the backwater at the bottom of the harbour. The next moment four persons—her whole crew—had jumped out into the water, and, taking her under the thwarts, had run the frail bark high and dry upon the sand. A merry cheer announced the landing accomplished, and the figures began slowly to ascend the beach towards the sailors. It was not necessary to see their high cast of features, their graceful forms, or delicate limbs, to know them for gentlemen. The circumstances of their having been out in so watery a skiff, on such a night, having shot so boldly ashore, and handled their craft in so dashing a style, were enough. It is absurd to talk of practised seamen, hardy tars, &c., and laugh, as is the fashion, at gentlemen amateurs. They may be rash, and suffer for it; but it is the same rashness which spurs them at a six-foot wall, or a twenty-foot drain, and carries them over it, while a "practised" plebeian will look at it and ride to a gate. They cannot do every thing that a sailor will, but they will do many a thing that a sailor will not, and do it well.

The youngest of the three fishermen descended to the beach at a signal from the party, and took charge of the boat. The amateurs were dressed in loose white shirts and trousers, with a small black handkerchief hanging round their necks. Their whole air was that of joyous excitement, and as the gale swept the long hair from their brows, and brightened the colour on their sunburnt cheeks,

it was hard to say whether the recollection or the expectation of pleasure was predominant in the expression of their countenances. They had invigorated their bodies with manly exercise—got through difficulty and danger with success; and were now within reach of a hospitable house, where good cheer and smiling faces awaited them, and where the exertions of the day would serve only to give a tonic to conversation, and a zest to the banquet. Alas! how different the lot of many a hardy youth who surmounted the same perils, with the same relish for enjoyment. Of those who arrived at the pier that evening, after a weary day, there were more than one whose wet garments were their only ones, who had little more shelter in their wind swept hovels than on the deck they had left, and whose hunger was to be half appeased with the wet and unwholesome food to which poverty in Ireland is generally restricted. There must be a spring at the heart of an Irishman, more elastic than is to be found animating the bosoms of his fellow-mortals, elsewhere, through the world, or the old paradox must be reconciled, and suffering becomes indifferent by habit.

We will follow the party which had just landed, to the neighbouring hall, where they had been anxiously looked for by sundry portly looking persons, with rubicund faces, and snow-white waistcoats spread over the torrid zone of their stomachs. Dinner had been detained till the youths should arrive, and dinner was the object which always engrossed these worthy gentlemen's thoughts about this hour, to the exclusion of every thing else. These individuals had been two or three times out upon the hall-door steps, silk-stocking, & brushed up to perfection, their little puffy hands, glittering with rings, being thrust impatiently under the shirts of their coats, as they threw their eyes up to the sky, and along the avenue, and then cast their thoughts forward longingly to the dinner-table. It was a view that before them, as they stood at the hall-door of ——— house, which might well have claimed a moment's regard, as it lay expanded beneath the last gleam of daylight. The island, the town, the tower, the grove, — but what was it all to them? Set such a creature amidst the most exquisite display of art, or in the grandest scenes of nature, and he preserves the tenor of his soul with surprising equanimity. The senses, like the old Duke of Clarence's person, are drowned in the wine-cask; the juices of his eyes a turtle-soup; and creation, to him, is one vast kitchen garden. How many have lived and died in this happy state of sensual insensibility! How many are there, even now, "in like predicament?"

Having been driven in at last, however, by the increasing violence of the gale, which blew in front of the house, they ascended once more to the drawing-room, and endeavoured to persuade the ladies of the party that they considered waiting, in their society, preferable even to dinner without it; their fidgety twitches and half-swallowed yawns, interspersed with occasional sighs, showing but too plainly the struggle between their politeness and the truth. At length, a rush of wind into the hall announced the door opened, and the loud voices and ringing laugh of the expected party found their echo in the brightened countenances of the drawing-room circle. The door was shut and barred in a moment again; the youth's toilette was soon made, and, in a few minutes, the whole company were seated at dinner in the spacious parlour, amidst a blaze of lamps, partaking of the substantial cheer of ——— house.

It is not my intention to follow the course in my description, as if I were building a story instead of telling one. I must leave the soup, fish, entremets, and pieces de resistance to be discussed as they may, washed down by the vintage of France and Spain, and seasoned with social converse and convivial glee. The party was little more than a family one, although it amounted to twelve or fifteen in number—the exceptions being two of the nautical adventurers, one of the corpulent white-waistcoated folk, and the village-doctor, a pale young man, with a peculiarly death-bed address. All, however, were intimates, and it was in the