

shook, the blood left his face, and he seemed as colourless and death-like as the lifeless form beside him. At length we were delivered from this unpleasant dilemma; for, fear having taken possession of each one, they gave vent to their terror in loud cries, which at last arrested the attention of some of the crew, who, upon inquiring into the cause of tumult, carried the tidings to the captain, who forthwith issued orders for the removal of the object of our loathing.

To die at sea is at all times a melancholy reflection, even under the most favorable circumstances. The burial of a seaman may have something romantic connected with it. The solemn toll of the bell may ring strangely in the ear while the chaplain or captain proceeds with the reading of the service for the dead. It may even be picturesque to witness the hardy seamen collected together to pay the last tribute of respect to their departed messmate. A tear may start to the eye of the on-looker as the gangway is opened, and the body, encased in a hammock, or "coat," is gently dropped into the ocean, leaving no mark to distinguish the spot where the sailor is buried; but all is soon over, and the crew return to their duty with the painful feelings depicted in their looks, that their own turn may soon come. There may be something romantic about such a scene—the clear sky above and the "blue sea" around; but the thought of being cast into the deep, far from the resting-place of our fathers, renders the idea desolate and lonely.

If this be true where the party has been honoured with all the punctilio observed on board ship, much more so is it where the party is esteemed unworthy of these Christian rites. A doubly-guilty convict—what could he expect? Nothing more than actually was performed. No sooner was the corpse lifted to the deck, than orders were given that the body should be thrown overboard. One of the seamen who had assisted in raising it from the hold in which we were placed, as soon as it was laid on deck, asked the mate what he intended should be done with it.

"What think you?—toss it overboard, to be sure."

"Won't you read prayers?" asked the seaman.

"Who would ever think of reading prayers over the body of such a rascal? Were any of our own people to drop off, it would then be a different matter, but it is of no use troubling ourselves with such a customer as this."

The seaman, thus baffled in his endeavour to get the body respectably buried, as he thought, was then ordered to call another man to assist him in tumbling the unfortunate convict overboard; which being done, everything resumed its wonted appearance, as if the body thrown into the sea, had never encased nor possessed such a treasure as an immortal soul.

Our lot was not of the most comfortable description, and the circumstance just narrated did not help to make us more easy. Although we knew pretty well the nature of the hardships to be undergone when we reached Macquarie Harbour, yet all wished the voyage completed. At length the port was made, and we were sent ashore; but all my ideas of the place fell greatly

short of the actual state I found the unhappy beings there in. Parties of them were in a state of nudity, while others were barely covered with rags. They seemed to be creatures who would scruple at no act, however outrageous. More than one, whose feelings of respect for themselves were not lost, loathed their position so much, that, to bring their sufferings to an end, actually committed murder. In such a place, and with such companions, will my readers wonder when I tell them, that I was taken suddenly ill, and had to be carried insensible to a hut. It was two or three days before I recovered; and when I got better, the pilot of the place, hearing that I understood a seaman's duty, ordered me on board his vessel, where I was installed a second time, into the situation of coxswain.

(To be Continued.)

### MAGNIFICENT TRIBUTE TO MERIT.

On Wednesday, the 23rd September, the interesting ceremony of presenting Grand Secretary Ridgely with a watch, took place in the Grand Lodge of the United States. The cost of the watch was \$385, and of the chain \$30. By the following description, an idea of the munificence of the present may be formed. The compliment to Brother Ridgely is as merited as it is rich and elegant:—

*Description of Hunting Watch presented to P. G. M. James L. Ridgely, of Maryland, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the United States, in Grand Lodge, Baltimore, September 24, 1846.*

The cases are very heavy and of beautiful workmanship; the edges or back and front are heavily chased of rich scroll work; in the centre of the front is the eagle, holding in his beak the three links; and in his talons the shield, and on the right interwoven in the scroll work, is the cornucopia, and on the left the hand and heart. On the back is the all-seeing Eye, and underneath the emblem of Charity. The face of the watch presents the jewel of the Past Grand Master, resembling a five pointed star, encircled by a splendid wreath of fifty-nine diamonds. The works are of M. I. Tobias' make, expressly to order, with sixteen jewels. The inscription upon the inside is as follows:—

I. O. O. F.

Presented by the G. L. of U. S. to P. G. M. James L. Ridgely, as an acknowledgement of merit, as an evidence of the affectionate regard in which he is held by the Order. September Session, 1846.

H. H. HOPKINS,	P. G.	H. H. HOPKINS,	Com.
THOS. WILDEY,		THOS. WILDEY,	
JOHN A. KENNEDY,		JOHN A. KENNEDY,	
	Sires.		of G. L.
			of U. S.

I. O. O. F.

Let others tread the thorny path of fame,  
And earn by strife or politics a name,  
Be ours the way of pleasantry and peace,  
Be ours the task to bid distress to cease,  
To cheer the hours of poverty and pain,  
To hear no voice ask for our aid in vain,  
To take the anguish from the parting groan,  
To hush the widow's low, despairing moan,  
To glad the orphan's young and guileless heart,  
And generous feelings cause in all to start,  
No homage will we pay alone to state—  
The good, with us, shall be the only great;  
Though odd our name—though wrapt in mystery's  
shroud,

Our acts—our deeds, will speak for us aloud.  
By them alone we seek to stand or fall,  
We hold the hand of Fellowship to all:  
Could but the world our secret actions see,  
Mankind one mighty brotherhood would be.