

has styled him Lord Goddamnhim, and I wish him joy of his title." So I gave the veteran something to keep him from foundering, and piloted him into a safe harbour; upon which he tried to speak, but his brave British heart was too full, and he could not utter a word. I sent for a doctor, when he said, deeply affected, "God almighty bless you, sir, for ever, may you have a wind right aft, all the days of your life, and that's my sincere prayer." I then enquired where he was bound to, when he got better.—He said that if he could get to Quebec, he would try to get a passage to old England, and as he had testimonials of character and service, he hoped to get admitted into Greenwich hospital, and there end his days in peace. I told him I would give him a letter to Sir Sidney Smith, and was well assured he would help him. He looked at me shrewdly and said, "Ah, sir, I fancy you know what sailing is pretty well;" I told him I knew the stem from the stern of a ship. "I dare say you do, I dare say you do," and eyed me from head to foot, with great earnestness. I advised him, when he got to Quebec, to make application to the Governor, who was a brave soldier, and a magnanimous nobleman, and would probably order him a passage in one of the government-ships, as he delighted in acts of benevolence and clemency. Pondering upon all this, I can not, Mr. Scribbler, refrain from reflecting upon the unkindness of the world in general, and that scoundrels and cowards, have often more success in life than the brave and honest.—I hope you will agree with me in the sentiment prefixed to my letter; and believe me your friend, &c.

TOM BOWLING.