

with indignant feeling. If human ambition and national greed will persist in shedding blood, it is better to shed the blood of the blood-thirsty and the vile, than of the noble and good. Give me the choice of two ships, one of which is manned by brutal, degraded adventurers, suited to the decks of a pirate, however obedient to command the men are; and another, where the men have self-respect, and independence of feeling, and I should not hesitate as to my selection. I have seen these contrasts of character work and fight beside each other, and I know which can be relied upon in the time of difficulty and the hour of danger.

During the American War we were often at Nova Scotia; my brother, about a year younger than myself, and I were then lieutenants on board one of the frigates of the squadron cruising off the coast. One day at Halifax, which is the principal harbour and the naval station, our recruiting party brought in a man, in a state of drunken stupidity, in fact he was carried on board.

We all knew well enough how he had been served, but we wanted men very badly. The next day we were at sea, so the fellow, with some others, had to make the best of the affair they could. Very little notice was paid to the remonstrances and even threats which were made; such things were too common to be noticed by either officers or men. We went from Nova Scotia to the West Indies and while cruising off the Caribbees, keeping a sharp look out for Frenchmen coming to, or going out of Dominica, we had many a chase. Our sailors and marines were a pretty rough lot of fellows, with no more idea of refinement than so many savages. The man I spoke about having been entrapped at Halifax, was no favourite among the men, but he knew his duty and he did it. His name was White; but the men nicknamed him White-gills on account of his remarkable appearance when angry or excited. The men seemed to think he was a cowardly fellow because of his paleness, but they had occasion to change their mind on this point. One morning as we were sailing along Saintes, some small islands to the north, the fog was so thick that we could not see more than a few ship lengths ahead and had to keep a very particular look out. All at once, like magic it seemed, the fog lifted like a great curtain and right ahead of us was a craft most certainly piratical in build and rig, everyway; the first to see her was White, who stood on the fore-castle, he called to the officer in charge, who at once communicated the intelligence to the captain. The fog settled down again, but it was breaking, and very soon we were bowling along in nice style. We could not tell from the glimpse we had whether the pirate had seen us or not, but we supposed he had. White, who was looking earnestly into the mist, suddenly lean't over the bulwark, and, as he did so, a shot struck the water alongside and the report of the gun was heard. "I guess you young gentlemen had better clear from the fore-castle," said White, "yon fellows can see us and the next shot may hit us."

"No fear," said one of the middies, "look out for yourself, White."

Just then, however, the first lieutenant came forward and ordered them off to a safer position, and, as they slowly retired, the lieutenant asked White whether he had made out anything of her.