

venture as we once did. The sea that rolls before us proffers to our curiosity no port that we have not already seen. About this time, too, our ambition changes its character—it becomes more a thing of custom than of ardour. We have begun our career—shame forbids us to leave it ; but I question whether any man moderately wise, does not see how small is the reward of pursuit. Nay, ask the oldest, the most hacknied adventurer of the world, and you will find he has some dream at his heart, which is more cherished than all the honours he seeks—some dream perhaps of a happy and serene retirement which has lain at his breast since he was a boy, and which he will never realize. The trader and his retreat at Highgate are but the type of Walpole and his palace at Houghton. The worst feature in our knowledge of the world is that we are wise to little purpose—we penetrate the hearts of others, but we do not satisfy our own.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

A CAPTURE AT SEA.

From a Narrative of an Imprisonment in France, &c.—Blackwood's Magazine.

AT that period of life when hope beats high, and the mind is most susceptible of the charms of novelty, I eagerly listened to a proposal, made to me by my father, to try my fortune on the inconstant ocean. With the variety of foreign scenery, and the picturesque vicissitudes occasioned by storms and calms upon a new element—the dreary winter and the summer's sun—my imagination had been made familiar, by the recital from time to time of the adventures of my father, whose life, from the earliest period, had been devoted to the sea. I was now to explore that world of wonders for myself. Favourably for my entrance upon nautical life, the “Morning Herald” was the property of my father ; and, as was then not unusual, he took the command of his own ship. Fitted out as one of his ship's company, I felt all the pride and consequence natural to a British seaman, though I had yet to acquire the skill and practice which give efficacy to his daring.

On the 2d of May 1794, we took our departure from the Nore, bound for Barbadoes, and were borne forward with a propitious gale down the British Channel. When we were off Spithead, we fell in with the grand fleet of England, under the command of Lord Howe. This was the most imposing and splendid spectacle I had ever beheld. The ocean was covered over with ships of war, of the largest dimensions. Each of them, as we approached, towered frowningly before us like a castle ; displaying along the lines of their respective decks a terrible array of the heaviest cannon—all majestically wafted along the bosom of the deep, as they spread