THE Weekly Chronicle.

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letters, communications, &c. must be post or they will not be attended to.

Weekly Almanack.

May.		R. Sun.	S.	Moon	H.	W.
aturday,	4	22	7 31	11 6	2	3
unday,	4	21	7 32	11 43	2	44
onday,	4	20	7 33	morn.	3	22
uesday,	4	19	7 34	0 12	4	0
Wednesday,	4	18	7 35	0 35	4	31
hursday,	4	17	7 36	0 55	5	9
riday,	4	18	7 37	1 12	6	20

First quarter, 31d. 2h. 31m.

Public Institutions.

nk of New-Brunswick.—Solomon Nichols President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Fri- —Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for count must be left at the Bank before 3 o'clock o days immediately preceding the Discount —Director next week: R. W. Crookshank.

ommercial Bank.—Charles Ward, Esq. Pre- t.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.— rs of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of count must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the preceding the Discount days.—Director next k: D. J. M'Laughlan.

ty Bank.—Thomas Leavitt, Esq. President ount Days, Mondays and Thursdays.—Office s, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes for Discount be lodged at the Bank before one o'clock on rdays and Wednesdays.—Director next week: s T. Hanford, Esq.

nk of British North America.—(Saint John nch.)—R. H. Liston, Esq. Manager. Discount s, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Hours of Bu- s, from 10 to 3. Notes and Bills for Discount left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the ount Days. Director next week: . Walker, Esq.

ew-Brunswick Fire Insurance Company.— M. Wilmot, Esq. President.—Office open y day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock. communications by mail, must be post paid.]

vings Bank.—Hon. Ward Chipman, Presi- .—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tues- s. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

arine Insurance.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The mittee of Underwriters meet every morning at o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

☞Notice.

HE subscribers having formed a connection in Business, will in future transact under the Firm AMES WHITNEY & CO.

JAMES WHITNEY
CHARLES R. GIBBONS.

t. John, 1st May, 1838.

☞Notice.

HE subscriber having taken a store in Ward street, adjoining the premises occupied by ssrs. D. Hatfield & Son, for the purpose of trans- ng a General

luction & Commission Busines,

ow prepared to receive Goods intended for sale, to attend to such orders in the above line as his nds and the public may be pleased to entrust to management.

Sth March. S. L. LUGRIN.

☞NOTICE.

OHN & JAMES ALEXANDER having this day entered into Co-Partenership, the Business viously carried on by John Alexander, will be tinued under the firm of

John & James Alexander.

JOHN ALEXANDER.
JAMES ALEXANDER.

aint John, April 14, 1838.

☞Notice.

HE subscriber announces to his friends and the public, that in addition to the Business of a neral Commission Agent, he will from this date dertake that of a MARINE INSURANCE OKER, and solicits a share of their countenance.

JAMES T. HANFORD.

St. John, April 28, 1838.

CARD.

UBSCRIBERS are respectfully solicited for an ENGRAVING to be made after a Picture now be seen at Mr. Averry's Book store, Prince Wm. eet.—This Picture represents the Great Conflagation that took place in the City of Saint John on ight of the 14th January, 1837.

April 20, 1838.

TEAMER NOVA-SCOTIA.

THE Steamer NOVA-SCOTIA, Capt. Reed, will continue her present route until the of May: after that period she will be employed ekly as follows:

onday, For Digby and Annapolis, returning to Digby from Annapolis the same evening, and to Saint John on Tuesday morning.

ednesday, For Eastport, returning the same Evening.

hursday, For Windsor, starting as the tide may suit, and returning on Friday.

riday, For Eastport, and returning the same Evening.

is arrangement will continue until further notice. ☞ The first Friday and Saturday in every month Boat will remain at Saint John, to clean boilers.

For further information, apply to Capt. Reed board, or to E. BARLOW & SONS.

St. John, April 27, 1838.

Emigrant Office,

Mr. Wedderburn's, St. James' Street.

DAILY attendance from 9 in the morning, until 6 P. M. Persons desirous of obtaining Land settlement, should apply before the 20th of the onth, that their applications may reach Fredericton time to be laid under consideration of His Excellency in Council.

May 4. A. WEDDERBURN, E. A.

MOLASSES & TEAS.

UST recieved and for sale,—20 Chests Fine Congo TEA; 10 do. fine Bohea ditto; 3 do. unpowder ditto; 20 Puns. choice retailing molas-

May 8. JOHN V. THURGAR.

Miscellaneous.

THE MARINER'S DAUGHTER.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

By the Author of "Cavendish," "Gentleman Jack,"

CHAPTER X.

'The commodore's dinner being over, and the three acting orders delivered to Captain Hecla, the new commander, and the "said follower" of the former, signals were made for a boat, both from the frigate and the sloop. The commander proceeded to the latter, and Captain Hecla to the frigate.—Their various traps, chattels, properties, &c. had been previously exchanged, and the several ships now filled and parted.

'The frigate had distanced the commodore some two miles. Her new captain had gone over and inspected her, as does every gentleman with a new bargain, every baby with a fresh toy. That she was a 'crack ship,' as far as build and equipment went, he at once perceived, and fine ideas of slavers, prizes, freights, and every other captainly delight floated before him, to be realized 'as soon as he had brought the crew into a little discipline.'

These latter words the said crew were purposely allowed to hear. Much did they wonder what might be meant by this. The propounder of the riddle was speedily kind enough to be the solver of it also. On his way back to the quarter-deck, he pointed out to the lieutenant and master, who accompanied him, first one rusty iron stanchion that was to be polished, then another, to the tune of about a dozen—then all the eighteen pound shot in the main hatchway-deck were to receive the same reflective process—the after hatchway ditto—the breeches of each gun, in his future cabin, would, he thought, look the handsomer for being mirrorized; while as for copper and brass, not a fastening of these glaring metals did he spy out, but was, he said, to be made 'shine like silver.'

'Yes,' muttered an angry old tar, who heard this finale, 'as like as you are to Venus, you lubberly son of a sea cook.'

Captain Hecla did not, however, hear this nautical greeting; for, wholly taken up with himself, he turned to the officers who followed, saying,—"That, gentlemen, is what I call discipline.'

'But who's to clean all these bars, bolts, shots, and breeches, sir?' rather unceremoniously demanded the master, who was a rough Northumbrian, some years since taken out of a Newcastle collier, which he then commanded.

The captain gave Mr. Doughty one of his withering glances: but his volcano had no more effect on the impenetrable old master than if it had been sent to enkindle one of the said Doughty's former ship loads of wet coal. Finding that a still greater power must therefore be brought to bear on his rough hide, before it could be scorched into that degree of sensitiveness which should shrink at the blaze of a post-captain's authority in full meridian, 'Sir,' said he, 'I'll tell you who are to clean them. The black list men, sir—the black list men.'

'There are none of these bodies in the ship now, I'm happy to say.'

'No, sir; then there soon shall be, sir, I can tell you. I never saw a ship in such a beastly state in my life. We sha'n't want a black list long. Look well to your own duty, sir, and don't trouble yourself who's to do this, that, or the other, till the first is performed. You'll find me captain in my own ship, or I know nothing of the——'

'Had you the pleasure of Captain Livingstone's acquaintance, sir?' abruptly asked Doughty, with a peculiar dry tone, and no more abashed than if Hecla had been paying compliments thick and threefold.

'No sir!' thundered the captain; 'why did you ask?'

'Chiefly for information, sir.'

'By ——, the ship's in a perfect state of mutiny. Go to your cabin, sir, and consider yourself under an arrest.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' replied the imperturbable master, touching his hat, then muttering that the captain might hear him, as he descended the hatchway, 'Doubld if I care if ye never take me out again, as Jack's ticker said to his master, when he pawned him to Moses for a bottle of rum: I'll get one good night's rest at any rate, and that's a thing I've not had these six months.'

'Mr. Hutchinson,' said Hecla, perfectly livid from the disagreeable process of having to swallow his own venom, 'pipe the hands on deck to hear my commission read. If the master's a specimen of the crew, I'll cut their livers out, but I'll bring them to their senses.'

'A nice overture to a popular opera,' thought Mr. Hutchinson to himself; but his part was to obey, and nothing more; so in a few minutes the hands were assembled round the capstan once more.—Many a one nudging the other, and saying, 'out of the frying-pan into the fire, Jack; what say you?' Captain Hecla was now to have his say, and even Jack was all attention for that gentleman's budget.

'After what you've heard read, men, I've not much to say to you. I see I have a fine frigate under my command, but from the beastly state in which I find her, I fear there are a skulking set of blackguards in the ship who will give full work for the cat. They've only one way to avoid it I can tell them, that is, to mend their manners, or I will for them. I fear you have not hitherto had the best example set you,' looking round at his officers; 'but you'll find I'm captain of my own ship, and as long as that's the case, the good men shall never have to do the work of the bad ones. I'm an old hand at reforming these sort of fellows, as they'll find out; so one and all of you take this warning. There's no rest for the life or soul of any of you, so long as there's a ship on the station that beats you on any point of man-of-war's duty. Pipe down!'

One would scarcely imagine that out of the whole annals of overbearing folly and presumption, a more ill advised and intemperate act could be produced than this address of Captain Hecla. That was only his positive degree of comparison—his superlative was yet some way off. To the officers he had given the most gross, outrageous insult, and one perfectly unprovoked, since the master's individual waywardness was no justification for his branding all the rest. The men he had mortally offended, by telling them that a frigate, before in an over state of tight discipline was in his eyes merely beastly. But these feelings were deepened on all sides before the evening came to a close. His uncle had irritated and annoyed him at dinner. The master made matters a thousandfold worse; and, like most ill-conditioned men, unaccustomed to opposition, he had reached a pitch of moroseness that discarded the rules of sense. Having piped his new ship's company to quarters, and called all hands to reef topsails, this last manœuvre did not seem in any way to meet his highness's pleasure: so watch in hand, he took his stand in the quarter-deck hammock-nettings, made the officers and seamen go through the operation eleven times, and ended by putting fifteen of the main and mizen topmen into the black list, telling them, as he did with no gentle names, that he felt himself guilty of high culpable lenity in not setting them down in the report for four dozen each. This over, and the watch called, he informed the first lieutenant that he had now an opportunity of polishing the 'bars, bolts, shots, and breeches,' so pathetically mentioned by the master. This notification Hutchinson received in a manner not quite so joyous as the tone in which it was delivered; and in twenty minutes a written order was placed in his hands, directing him to take charge of the first watch, and give up the day duties of the ship, which, by universal prescription, belong to the senior lieutenant, to the 'said follower of the navy,' who was yet the unconfirmed junior of all four. This extraordinary step was the *coup-de-grace* to Captain Hecla's popularity, as well with the officers as the men. With their usual penetration, however, they soon discovered the reason for this undue preference. The name of the junior lieutenant was Mr. James Snook. They soon found out that he was a regular tale-bearer; and as such, doubtless, had at first and was still to make himself acceptable to his patron. The crew, on this, lost no time in rechristening him, which they did by the style and title of Jerry Sneak, and by no other name did he ever afterwards go.

On Jerry Sneak, therefore, was vented a great part of the ill-humour they felt, but dared not express, for his superior; and this was one of the most favourable modes of so doing. In that hot climate the officers of the gun-room would frequently sit with their door open. The crew would watch the opportunity when all the officers were sitting after dinner, and the lower-deck pretty quiet, and no one among themselves likely to turn traitor, when one would begin to bawl out from forward the nickname of the captain, 'Who told Old Blazes how the black-list men got their grog?'

To this query another voice would answer in tones equally penetrating, 'Told! why Jerry Sneak did, of course.'

'Who wears a white feather in his tuft?'

'Jerry Sneak, of course.'

'Who ordered the surplus grog to be started into the scuppers?'

'Jerry Sneak, of course.'

'Who tells Old Blazes all he hears his messmates say?'

'Jerry Sneak, of course.'

'But who is Jerry Sneak?'

'*It can't be* Mr. Snook, in course.'

'*In course* it can't be Mr. Snook.'

'Who said it *was* Mr. Snook?'

Here, in all probability, the dialogue would terminate; for poor Snook, not less a weak than an unworthy character, and unable to stand more of this tormenting fire, yet not choosing to exhibit his weak point by shutting the gun-room door, would pretend utter ignorance of what was passing, and rising abruptly from the gun-room table, rush on deck, where it was generally supposed he made a confidant of the captain.

With the men, on the other hand, his departure would be the signal for such a storm of hisses and suppressed yells, as was as near a state of mutiny as anything could well be. Captain Hecla, again, enraged at this proceeding, yet not very well knowing how to put a stop to it, wreaked his vengeance on his rebellious crew by flogging, starting, black-listing them, and every degree of vexation that a vindictive temper could invent. But it was idle: his men were determined to have the upper hand of him, and we shall see how they proceeded. Enough seemingly had been revealed to him, to show on the brink of how horrible a precipice he stood, even supposing that he had never glanced at the real fate of Captain Livingstone. But there are some men, to warn whom from their folly, the very Fates themselves would rise in vain.

CHAPTER XI.

Scarcely a day now passed on board this frigate, but displayed, in its developement, some fresh evidence of that drunkenness of power, which more intoxicates the mind than spirits can the frame. Letters threatening violence of every description were constantly picked up on the quarter-deck, or thrown into the cabin sky-light in the dusk; but Captain Hecla seemed in his determination to prove a most notable instance of the *quem Deus vult perdere*. The only notice which he took of these warnings of his approaching fate, being, if possible, to excel himself in the various arts of tormenting. But most matters in this world have their climax.

One night, at about nine o'clock, the pipe was heard through the decks of the frigate, "All hands reef topsails." A slight squall had been observed gathering to windward, and precaution in these latitudes being worth every other remedy, this step was taken to meet its fury half way. Quick as lightning the men were at their posts.

'Way aloft!—trice up!—lay out!" were the orders given by Captain Hecla in quick succession, and as swiftly executed.

'Stick yourself on the main-top-sail yard there, you blackguard, will you?' continued the gentle chief, with a few oaths which it is not strictly necessary to repeat, and stamping on the gun-carriage on which he stood: not that he did this from the negligence with which his men were doing their duty, for all the evolutions of the frigate were performed with a rapidity truly wonderful, but from the passion as unheeded as unavailing, into which it was the custom of the captain to transport himself at every possible opportunity.

Imagining, however, that he should have a better position for this ridiculous demonstration of mental infirmity by standing on the gang-way, he jumped off his favourite gun-carriage, which in honour of him bore the sweet name of Brimstone Bess, and striding to that part of the waist-nettings, near which the main tack is hauled a-board, leant back on the hammocks, and commenced on both fore and main tops that raking fire of general abuse, the disgraceful character of which, on the lips of a post-captain, is now beginning to be a little better understood.

The peculiar flowers of Captain Hecla's oratory, or rather declamation, were, however, most suddenly nipped in their stormy bloom, by what, in theatrical parlance, would be styled the heavy displeasure of the gods; for while, in the act of rehearsing to the top-men the sundry nice matters that he had in store for their entertainment, a marlingspike was hurled at him from the main-top, and a twenty-four pound shot from the fore. The former, gliding past his right shoulder, half buried itself in the thin woodwork of the waist hammock nettings, where it quivered in its impotent wrath, while the shot, falling still wider of its mark, bounded about with a rochet, distinctly audible above any other sound, until it fell innoxious into the main-deck below.

In the darkness of the night, and the preoccupation of the moment, it was some little time before Captain Hecla could believe that this combined and deliberate attempt at his destruction was the result of preconceived violence. As soon, however, as this flashed across his mind, back he flew to the quarter-deck.

'Mates and midshipmen, man the fore and main rigging—let not a man pass down from those tops, except as they are called. Mr. Sneak, send for the marine-officer—range the marines on the quarter-deck with their side-arms—load with ball cartridge. As soon as you hear the word given to belay the topsail halyards, call all hands. By —— I'll teach these fellows a lesson! They shall soon see who's to be the master, they or I.'

With these words down flew Captain Hecla to his cabin.

'What's the matter? what's happened? what does he mean?' were the questions bandied about among his officers. But no one seemed rightly able to give answer to these queries; some asserted one thing, some another. Alarm and confusion made their appearance where they should ever be unknown—on a British quarter-deck. The marines were flying helter skelter below for their arms, Sneak was placing his midshipmen in the fore and main rigging, and just as the topsails were being run up to the mast-head, Hecla himself put in his appearance, bristling to the teeth with arms, and very much 'like the fretful porcupine.'

He had a huge service sash belted round his loins—three pistols stuck in its folds, and another in his left hand—more in the manner of a roaring buccaneer, who finds himself in the midst of a treacherous, motley band, the scum of many people, where every man's hand is against his neighbour, than a gallant English officer in the midst of a devoted and admiring crew, bound to him by the indissoluble links of superior skill and daring, and each ready to risk a life for the preservation of their leader's.

'Belay the topsail halyards!' cried Hecla, as his quick eye detected the tautened leach ropes aloft, and the accustomed mark on the rope below. The order was obeyed.

'Boatswain, pipe all hands!'

'All hands!' quoth the sullen voice of the warrant officer.

'Mizen topmen down below on the main-deck, and bring up half a dozen fighting lanterns.'

Down rushed the mizen topmen.

'What the devil's in the wind now?' muttered one of the lieutenants to another.

'Lord knows!' was the reply. 'Oh! here comes the clerk; don't you see what's up?'

'No—what?'

'Why, don't you see he's brought the skipper the articles of war?'

'O ho! and yonder by the entering port, is one of the boatswain's mates handling something uncommonly like a pair of a nine-tailed cats, for those lanterns fling a pretty strong light.'

'Mr. Sneak, give me your watch-bill,' said the captain, interrupting this sole colloquy.

Sneak pressed forward over the tender toes of his brother officers, and placed the required document in the hands of his superior.

'A lantern, Mr. Sneak.'

'Mizen topmen, one of you give me a lantern.'

'That's right; hold it a little nearer—so—that's it. Mr. Sneak, who are the midshipmen in the main rigging?'

'Mr. Seymour and Mr. Urquhart, sir.'

'Mr. Seymour and Mr. Urquhart, are you in the main rigging?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Have you allowed any of the main topmen to pass you?'

'No, sir.'

'Then call down Augustus Ramsay, captain of the top.'

'Ay, ay, sir. Augustus Ramsay, captain of the main-top, come down on the quarter-deck.'

'Augustus Ramsay,' took up another voice, 'come down on the quarter deck!' Still no Augustus Ramsay made his appearance.

'Where is Augustus Ramsay?' cried the captain, with his usual stamp.

A pause of a few seconds ensued, and then a distant voice from aloft replied. 'Ramsay's in the sick list, sir.'

'No such thing,' bawled back the captain in reply. 'Where's the senior assistant-surgeon? Mr. Liverwort?'

'Sir.'

'You have never reported Ramsay to me as in the sick list.'

'No, sir; perhaps I may not have *written* him down as in the list, but——'

'Let us have no *buts* here, sir—no such a word on board a man-of-war. You did *not* report him, sir—you know it—that's enough—begone! Has Ramsay not been up then, at all, during the reefing of topsails?'

'No sir,' cried half a dozen voices.

'Very good,' said Hecla, with a suppressed noise, hybrid between a growl and a grin, and like the rumbling of a volcano, a sure note of coming mischief. 'Who's the captain of the larboard watch?'

'John Herbert, sir.'

'True; so he is. Call down John Herbert.'

'Here, sir,' cried the ready seaman; and quick as thought, a figure left the body of sailors, crowded like so many bees upon the shrouds aloft, and John Herbert stood before his unsparing captain, cap in hand—his abashed eyes sought the deck, and the whole glare of half a dozen lighting-lanterns pouring their red strong light upon his stalwart person, and pointing it out to the universal gaze, amid the darkness, still more increased by contrast.

The honest fellow bore a character unversally good throughout the ship, and had done so ever since he first entered her, when he had then received, what he still retained, his present rating. This, in such a craft, it required no ordinary man to keep. In figure he was a short, tough, muscular, and active bit of true heart of oak, who, place but a Frenchman before his gun and he behind it, would start from it when the trunnions did, and not before—the very type of those inimitable and glorious jack-tars who have made, and ever must make, to those who possess a single thought, the pride, glory, and wealth, of old England.

Whether reflections such as these were passing through the mind of Captain Hecla, or not, during the pause he made after his last question, I know not; but having looked at Herbert in silence for a minute or two, he abruptly said, 'Tell me, sir, who flung a marlingspike out of the maintop at my head when I was standing on the gangway during the reefing of topsails?'

This question, which first revealed to the officers, the cause of all this sudden hubbub which had ensued, produced among them a general murmur of surprise.

'Marlingspike, your honour?' said Herbert, boldly. 'If 'twas any but you, sir, who told me it came out of the maintop, I would have said 'twas no such thing. I never heard of it till this moment.'

'You scoundrel! that's a lie—I see it in. You must know who it was very well—the thing was done amongst you, and have the truth out of you I will, though I give four dozen to every man in the top.'

'You may give me eight dozen if you like, sir; I'm alive to bear it—I can't help that. But this I can tell your honour, if I'd known of such a thing to be done, I'd a' been the first to let you know about it; but in the matter of reefing topsails, I was out doing my duty in the weather main-topsail, easing in Mr. Ramsay's place, and never knew no more that such a thing had happened than the very babe unborn may do at this moment.'

'Mr. Ramsay, sir? What do you dare to call Mr. Ramsey, sir, to me? a disabled, skulking scoundrel, that shall get his deserts, if he only lives till to-morrow—I'll let you know what it is to tamper with your captain in this way—*strip!*'

Obedient to the word, and with the same sort of submission with which a Turk may be supposed to bare his neck to the bowstring, Herbert laid down his cap on the deck in silence, then off came his 'long Barcelona,' next his tarry well-worn jacket, and so on, till his back was bared to the night-fall, and glowing in the torch-like light of the fighting lanterns.

'Quarter-masters, seize him up,' was the next order, and the poor fellow's wrist and knees were immediately secured to the footings, which the carpenter had already rigged, while immediately above no doubt, stood the culprit, for whose crime he was to suffer.

'Now, sir—will you give up the name of the topman who flung that marlingspike?'

'Indeed, your honour, I would with all my heart; but I know no more than you do—so I hope, sir—'

'Silence, sir! Officers, hats off while I read the articles of war.'

The general and concluding article having been read, and the officers' hats replaced, the word was given—'Boatswain's mate, do your duty!'

With a sound that made the flesh of many a stout heart creep, the first lash of nine simultaneous strokes fell on the topman's back, whizzing through the strong breeze that filled the sails of the frigate, and urged her dashingly on her course; but beyond the sighing of the night wind through the straining rigging, and the mournful plashing of the water thrown off by her bows, not another sound seemed to be produced by this wanton exhibition of torture. For the stoicism with which it was borne, the sufferer himself might almost have been deemed some flesh-coloured piece of marble, saving that as the arm of the scourger was raised to repeat the blow there gradually stole over the seaman's honest shoulders the blue livid lines streaked with blood, where the flesh had just been bruised and lacerated, and where the kindred colours of the lantern-light fell strongly terrible and bright.

'One!' said the master-at-arms in a deep bell-like tone, well fitted to knell forth the number of those unjust stripes. No other voice was heard. The seamen seemed to gaze on the unusual spectacle with awe, and the officers with a mixture of surprise, concern, anger, and impatience. But other human sound was there none.

'Whizz!' flew the second lash, and a second number of similar lines were scored on the back of the unfortunate fellow, intersecting at every angle and curve those already so direfully written there.

'Two!' said the master-at-arms—a third, a fourth a fifth, a sixth, fell, and so on, till the dozen was complete, and the blood slowly trickled down Herbert's back from points more severely wounded than the rest, stood congealed by the cold air in others, which had more escaped the repeated cutting of the last: still not a sound escaped him. He could not even have been noticed to breathe, much less sigh; nor was Indian chief ever more motionless under the tomahawk of a fellow-savage. It was as if his indomitable soul disdained to give the slightest proof that the unjust infliction could at all reach the mind, however it might disport its wantonness on the enslaved body.

As soon as the twelfth lash was complete, the master-at-arms moved a step towards the captain, and, touching his hat, reported,

'One dozen, sir!'

'Will you tell me now, sir, who threw that marling-spike out of your top?'

'I would if I could, sir,' replied Herbert, in a coarse husky voice.

'Do your duty, boatswain's mate!' said the captain, cutting off by this order any further explanation in the matter. Another dozen followed, and again the same question was put with the same reply. A fresh boatswain's mate, and another dozen was inflicted. Still though barely able to articulate the denial, Herbert still protested his utter and entire ignorance of the whole affair. After thus receiving these four dozen lashes, he was cast off, and allowed to retire below, upon the doctor's hands. This case disposed of, Sneak was desired to hold the lantern that Captain Hecla might read the next name of the proscribed, and that done, down came Samuel Brown.

'Who threw that marlingspike, sir, out of your top at me, while we were reefing topsails?'

'Don't know, sir,' said Brown; 'I had no hand in it—know nothing about it, sir, at all.'

'Strip, sir!' Down went Samuel Brown's hat upon the deck, off went his jacket; and the same imperturbable docility as the last had displayed, marked his conduct too, with this addition, that he even went and held up his arm at the gratings before the command 'seize' was given. This last, though, he had not to wait for long; for it speedily came to terminate all suspense in the matter, and he, having borne his five dozen with the same silence as Herbert, was, like the latter, cast loose. Thus, then, one after another, every individual seaman was called down from the main rigging, and received the enquiry as to his knowledge of the marling-spike's fall. Each, however, as stoutly denied any knowledge of it, and each received as many as his strength of frame would bear, the least being favoured with three dozen and six.

The maintopmen being thus summarily disposed of, the midshipmen who had performed the disagreeable duty of sentinels in the main-rigging, were relieved, and the peculiar process of Captain Hecla's justice extended to the crew of the foretop.

It has generally been supposed an axiom of British law, that many guilty should rather be allowed to escape, than one innocent be punished; but, in this instance, it was reserved for an English representative of his sovereign to reverse the very spirit of those benificent institutions, which are the chief boast of our country, and prefer that some forty innocent men should suffer, rather than two guilty should escape.

But whatever might have been the criminal views of these men, they showed at least that rude untutored virtue, which alike abhors and avoids the mean treachery of a betrayal; and if any of the large number that night scarified and tormented, were in any degree aware of the real culprit, they singly and unanimously determined to endure any pain on their own parts sooner than avow what would injure a comrade.

Not a particle of information—not even a stray hint to guide him, could Hecla obtain from the foretopmen, as to who hurled the twenty-four pound shot, than the crew of the other top gave as to the marling spike, and so, having indulged the inhuman and butcher-like cruelty of his nature by a wholesale punishment, he was not in the end a whit nearer the attainment of his point than when he set out, while the complete baffle he had received seemed to have fanned all the worst passions into a more furious degree of activity than ever—a result increased no doubt, by the seeming pensiveness with which his men had submitted to the outrage he had, in the mad plenitude of power, played off on them.

By the time that the last foretopman was cast loose, the ship's time had passed one bell in the middle-watch, or half an hour after midnight—still the hands were not piped down—still the watch was not called; surely there were to be no more victims for that night! Thrice had the purser been obliged to renew the candles in the fighting lanterns—again and again had the boatswain and his mates to apply their wearied arms in varied turns, as successive dozens demanded their exertions, till, at length, their strength had been so exhausted as to render it a question whether their last blows were of much effect.

The crew, standing during all these hours of the night, thus inhumanly taken up were half asleep; yet still there seemed some further barbarity to be wreaked.

'Corporal of the watch,' said the captain, soon terminating all doubt.

'The corporal of the watch, sir, is in the sick list,' responded the sergeant of marines.

'Very well, sir—then go yourself, with a couple of your men, and bring on deck that skulking blackguard, Ramsay.'

At the sound of this name, so full of meaning to all on board, the weary crew seemed yet again to quicken into life. Surely he couldn't be about to terminate the scene by punishing the broken lieutenant—the wrongly-impressed merchant captain, the invalid, sick-list man. The question raised deep interest in the bosom of every spectator, and with aroused faculties they waited to see the result.

CHELSEA HOSPITAL AND ITS TRADITIONS.

A WONDERFUL STORY.

"There was a man in my company named James Sweetlove, an honest, simple-minded, quiet fellow a good soldier too, as far as sobriety and cleanliness contribute to make a soldier, but altogether deficient in the sort of spirit which goes far to carry him through whatever difficulties and dangers may beset him.—Sweetlove was married, and having left his wife and two children in England, never ceased, from the hour of his arrival at head quarters, to bewail his hard fate.

He was exceedingly attached to them; it had well nigh broken his heart to abandon them; and the constant burden of his song was that they would never meet again. All arguments, all jokes, all remonstrances, failed to turn him aside out of this melancholy state of feeling. 'Well, well,' was his habitual answer, 'you may say just what you please but when I embraced my wife and little ones on the beach at Portsmouth, something whispered in my ear that it was for the last time; and you will see whether or not it spoke truly.'—Jem Sweetlove was picquet with me on the night of the 15th. It came to his turn to mount sentry by the river's side at midnight, and he went to his post, not gaily, for Jem was never gay, but as free from oppression as we had seen him since he joined us. Well, I returned to the picquet fire, after planting the reliefs, and had sat about half an hour, chatting, as men are apt to do in such situations with their comrades, when a musket-shot from the line of sentries caught my ear, and a general alarm was excited. We all stood to our arms; but the firing was not repeated, and no tumult in the front succeeded it. The officer, accordingly, after waiting about ten minutes, desired me to ascertain the cause of the shot; and taking with me a file of men, I hastened to obey his orders. Beginning on the right of the line, I ascertained, first from one sentinel and then from another, that all was quiet in the front, though they too had heard the shot, and for a moment had been startled by it. As I approached the centre, however, where Sweetlove kept post, the intelligence communicated was more explicit. In a word it was believed that Sweetlove had fired, but why, nobody could tell, for there had been no movement either on the river or along the opposite bank since the relief went round. Forward I now pushed towards Sweetlove's station.

There was no moon in the heavens, but the stars were out by millions, and by their light objects could be discerned at some little distance. Carefully therefore I looked abroad, being unwilling to censure without reason; yet I could see nothing except the mighty St. Lawrence rolling on in its solitude. I was, therefore, ready to discharge a volume of abuse at the culprit, when I beheld him make a sudden spring towards the river, cast his firelock from him, and jump in. 'Is the man beside himself?' cried I, as we ran forward to save him. Neither was it an easy matter to accomplish that object, for the current was strong and the channel deep; and the stream had swept him a considerable distance into the rapids, ere we succeeded in getting hold of his clothes, and dragging him to the shore. It was no time to find fault when the poor fellow stood before me drenched and shivering, and looking as wild as a startled hare. I therefore contented myself by demanding from him on our way back to the picquet fire, an explanation of what had happened. At first he seemed unwilling to give it, but at length said—, It's all over with me, corporal! You have often ridiculed my assertions, that I should never see my wife and family again, but before many hours pass you will change your note. I shall be a dead man to-morrow.' 'Pooh! nonsense, Jem,' said I, this is the old story again. Why man, your chances are just as good as those of the rest of us, only you have no heart, and more die for lack of that than by sword or bayonet. Cheer up, cheer up, and tell us why you fired?' 'It was not I that fired. My piece went off in the struggle, but I never touched the trigger.' 'What struggle, Jem? for Heaven's sake don't speak in riddles! there was nobody near your post when we came up, with whom, then, could you struggle?'—'With my wife, corporal,' replied he; 'ay, smile and look incredulous, if you choose, but what I tell you is a fact and you yourself will admit that it was so, before to-morrow's sun goes down. Listen then, and you shall hear all. You had not left me more than ten minutes, when on making a face to the right for the purpose of walking my rounds, I beheld, with what feelings you may judge, Margaret standing near me.—She was very pale, very thin, and dressed in a long white wrapper. Her hair had broken loose, and was streaming from beneath her cap; and the expression of her eyes was so sorrowful and sad, that it went to my very heart. For a moment she looked at me in silence; and then her thin white lips moved, and she said to me—'Jem, leave this place or it will be too late?' As I hope to be saved, there was no delusion in the case. I heard the words as distinctly as I hear my own voice now, and I answered them by stating that I neither could nor would desert my post. She repeated her entreaty, and finding that I persisted in my determination, she seized my firelock, and strove to wrest it out of my hand.—In that struggle the piece went off, and then Margaret, letting go her hold, drew back from me I know not how, for her limbs never turned, and her face was still towards me, with an expression in her eye of the same deep melancholy which had so much shocked me at the first. I gazed after her, when all at once I saw her with my two babies in a canoe. She was pale as before, but they were red as my coat—and a horrible red savage sat in the stern, and steered her towards the rapids. Margaret waved her hand to me, and said—'We meet to-morrow!' I saw that they were getting into the current; I heard the roar of the waterfall below. What could I do? I cast my firelock from me, and and sprang into the water to save them.—Sweetlove told his tale in a voice and manner so calm and collected, that it was impossible to question his own firm belief that he should not survive the morrow, and appeared altogether so shaken that it was judged expedient not to employ him again as a sentry. He, therefore, sat by the fire all night, and when daylight came in, we saw that his hair had suddenly changed its colour. Five hours previously it had been dark brown; now it was as grey as that of an old man of ninety. But this was not all; the enemy attacked us soon afterwards in force, and our picquets were driven in, though not till Sweetlove, who behaved like a gallant soldier, had received his fatal wound, and fulfilled his destiny. But I have not yet done. About six weeks after the battle, letters arrived from England, one of which gave an account of the decease of Mrs. Sweetlove and her children; the children having sunk under an attack of scarlet fever, and the mother dying of a decline. Now, what think ye of all this, which is true as I am a living man?"