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SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 22, 1842.

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A SUNDAY NOON AT SEA.

"Thus said the rover
To his gallant crew,
Up with the black flag,
Down with the blue.—SEA SONG.

The breeze, during the night, continued strong and steady, and Saucy Sally having put her best foot foremost made a good log during the last twelve hours of her career. At daylight one solitary sail was seen far away on the lee quarter—one of our impatient consorts, doubtless, of the late calm—her head was turned in a like direction with our own, yet she did not, like us, appear to be quite so anxious to make up for lost time; at all events, she did not show anything like the quantity of drapery wherewith Saucy Sally was invested. Probably her captain was paid by the month, and felt no pressing inducements to urge him home. Whatever the motive, the stranger was under easy sail, whilst Saucy Sally was busied cheerily along under a superfluity of muslin, every thing being steered well up, and her sails standing like boards.

The joyous party of Saturday night had again assembled and done justice to their ample matutiny fire. Order and regularity were every where observable, and crew and passengers prepared to do reverence to that day, whose command to be kept holy was scrupulously adhered to by the excellent commander. The main deck awning was spread; the captain, garished with the glorious banner of Albion, was fitted to do duty for pulpit. As in reverence of the sacred rites, the breeze, hitherto a fresh one, died away to a gentle air, propelling the floating sanctuary some two knots thro' the water. Saucy Sally sported royals and sky-sail, with the lower foretop mast and foretop gallant studding sails braced just so far forward as to be clearly full on the starboard tack. We had carried the southeast trade along across the quarter, being, at the moment of which I now treat, Sunday, 29th May, 18—, in latitude 14° 5, north longitude 83° west. Just as we were preparing to commence service, we passed close by the heel of a topsail. It was covered with barnacles, and was attended by three large varicose and a superb dolphin, which, for a brief space, paid their respects to our ship, ultimately, however, returning to the wave-worn spar. What reflections this fragment of a ship tended to awaken! Was the loss of her mast her sole misfortune? Or had the fate of the relentless bark become the victims of the relentless deep? Or worse—far worse—were they even then, their goodly vessel stripped of all her gay and lofty apparel, driving a sheer hulk at the mercy of the elements—no means left to gain the wished-for haven—no hope again to list the much-loved voice of mother, brother, wife—famine and thirst their consorts, a fearful death their anticipated doom! Was this the destiny of her of the broken topsail? The ocean blabs no secrets.

Prayer had been said, and Macsweeney was just about to commence Blair's beautiful discourse "on the Disorders of the Passions," when Bosy, who was leaning now over that poop rail, now casting a glance to leeward broke forth—

"I ax pardon, captain, but the stranger craft has fetched our wake, set his fore-topmast sail, an' is walkin' up to us like win-ky."

"What distance is he?" asked Macsweeney, without moving muscle or feature.

"I can just make out the roach of his fore-topmast as he rises to the swell."

"Very good. Keep him in your eye, and when I've done service I'll take a look at him myself.—Never mind him, gentlemen," said the skipper, with the utmost placidity to his passengers, who thronged the side to catch a glimpse of the stranger, "we'll ascertain who and what he is by and by.—In the mean time, let me beg your attention to the fate of the envious Haman, which should prove a wholesome lesson to us all."

How far Macsweeney benefited by the powerful discourse, which he read with a clear and earnest voice, it would be difficult to tell, but, to judge by the leeward looks of his auditors, their thoughts were at least divided, and no sooner had the volume been closed than an eager rush toward the taffrail ensued. The captain, after carefully replacing his books and seeing the main deck in its usual position, ascended the poop ladder, followed by Mr. Shuffie and O'Donoghue. The breeze had still more subsided, and the Saucy Sally drew her stately form lazily through the water. The stranger's hull was now clearly discernible, and instead of the scanty canvass which he had so lately shewn, he had now packed every stitch that he could set, which, to expedite his junction, he was most assiduously wetting.

"Humph!" ejaculated Macsweeney, after a patient survey. "That fellow's more anxious to speak to us than I am to exchange communications with him. His actions seem suspicious to say the least, and as it's always best to be prepared, why it may be just as well to load the waist guns (these were two ineffective short nine-pound gunades) with sound and canister, and to send the arm-chest

on deck. Mr. O'Donoghue, see to it, my man."
"Nivur fare, sir," responded the mate, as an Irishman invariably does,—"nivur fare sir." And away skipped O'Donoghue to execute his superior's command.

"Gentlemen," continued the captain, in the quiet, senescent manner which characterized him in every emergency, "I've seen some of you turn up the nellys and albatrosses sharp and sure; now, as there may be worse kites than them coming up astern, perhaps you would have no objection to a shot should they come beyond friendly hail."

The hint sufficed. A general move ensued, and rifle and fowling piece were in instant requisition. When next I returned to the deck, I found the poop and main-deck awning furled, the ship still continued her course, but every practicable arrangement had been adopted for defence, provided our persevering pursuer meditated a hostile encounter.

"Ay, ay!" said Macsweeney, rubbing his hands, as he glanced complacently at his mustering band; this looks life-like. Mr. Shuffie, call the hauls aft!"

The mate hastened to obey.
"My lads," said the captain, addressing his crew, "I need not tell you that the man cowers of that fellow astern are something more than suspicious; should he turn out the craft I doubt he is, a knife at the throat, or a walk of the plank is most likely to be our choice. Now, I have no fancy for either alternative, but am determined to fight the ship whilst one plank holds by another. You know my mind, lads, so you that are jolly boys will stand to it like trumps, and you, if there be any such among you, that feel qualmish, away with you to the coal-hole!"

Macsweeney's oration was full as forcible as the most impressing harangue of the Roman Cicero; at least, it elicited as warm a response from his complacent auditors, who stood prepared to do his bidding in whatever manner might be required.
"Thankee, thankee, my sons," said the skipper, "now, mind me, if this fellow means mischief, the first thing he'll do will be to order us to heave to. I shall obey; but, mark me, the moment the main-top sail is to the mast—her stun' sails, and main-royal, and sky-sail clue lines—whatever chances, there can be no harm in keeping the ship under easy working command. You understand my men? And now, as you value life, have ready ears and willing hands. Stations, lads, stations!"

By the time that these several dispositions had been made, the stranger, a beautiful brig, had approached within long-gun shot. We (that is, officers and passengers) were congregated upon the poop-deck, in anticipation of momentarily receiving an iron summons to round to.—This, however, did not appear to be part of the unknown's policy; and whilst he was fast drawing ahead, Macsweeney, who carried on the duties of his ship as if he floated unquested mistress of the blue expanse, ordered eight bells (*having taken the sun*) to be struck, and invited his passengers to partake their customary meridian. They were in the act of descending, when Bosy reported that the brig, having given a broad way to leeward, showed Spanish colours at her peak.

These were scarcely set, ere they were dipped, in indication that it was their wish to speak to us. The atrocities which have degraded Spain's once imperial banner, coupled with the rakish loom of the stranger, and our proximity to the Cape de Verd Islands, the favourite resort of the lawless, caused us to survey him with a curiosity in which apprehension was not slightly mingled. Our doubts and fears were of course of speedy solution,—for the *soi disant* Spaniard had now lessened his distance to a couple of hundred yards. A more onerous hull it was impossible to look upon!—long, low, and of exceeding beam—the bow round as an apple, with a cut-water sharp as a wedge, from which projected a female figure-head of the most graceful proportions. Every line was symmetry itself,—her bottom beautifully moulded, her copper bright as burnished gold, and her run clean and fine as the heels of a racer; in short, the very model of what an English nobleman's yacht should be.—The capacity might amount to some three hundred tons.—The beauty of the hull was fully equalled by the gear aloft, which was taut, tapering, and brightly-varnished, with long heads painted white. He carried courses, topsails, with a slab reef to make them stand better,—topgal-lant-sails, foretopmast staysail jib, boom, mainsail, a thundering ringtail, foretopmast, and foretop gallant studding sails; his royal yards were sent down, and his flying jib-boom hoisted; and his yards were remarkably square, his canvas well cut, and it was impossible to surpass the light, airy tracery of his taper masts, with all their mazy lines of superincumbent cordage. As we approximated, we gave our meteor flag to the breeze, and his Spanish ensign still floating at his peak. His lovely craft was in perfect command, and having drawn a little before our lee-beam, he immediately halted.

"Ship, ship!"

"Hullo!" responded Macsweeney.

"What ship's that?"
"The Saucy Sally. What brig's that?"
"The Vomito Prieto. That was the answer."
"Where are you from?"
"The Cape of Good Hope."
"Heave to—heave to! I've intelligence to communicate."

"Ay, ay!" sung out Mac. "Cheerily, my lads, round in the weather main, and—topsail braces. Foretop, there! down t' gallant stun' sail; in with Big Ben; clap on the topmast stunsail downbello! that's it—with a will, men. So—o! Man royal and skysail clue lines!"

In a surprisingly short space, the Saucy Sally was reduced to top and top-gallant sails, jib, and spanker, the fore and main course hanging in the brails. The Vomito Prieto was still under sail, although, while our ship was obeying her injunctions, she had hauled up so sharp in the wind as not only to deaden her way, but to drop some short distance astern. Perceiving our main-top sail to the mast, he once more ranged within hailing distance.

"Ship ahoy! Send a boat aboard of me, d'ye hear?"

"Brig ahoy!" shouted Mac. "No boat of mine leaves this ship. If you have any thing to communicate, send your own boat."

"Send your boat this instant, sir, or I'll fire into you!"

"Blaze away!" sung out the impetuous Scotchman. "Down on the deck, lads; you shall pepper him by and by."

A pause ensued; the vessels gradually separated; the Vomito Prieto hove to some sixty yards forward of the Sally's lee beam, and, without further ceremony, exchanged the Spanish ensign for the skull and crossbones.—At this moment, both vessels had nearly lost stowage way, the wind having fallen dead calm.

"We must be guided by circumstances," said the captain, addressing us; "but in no case must we allow them to obtain a footing upon our decks. Better to go to the bottom like men than be flung into it like dogs. He will, no doubt, seek to board under cover of his long guns. Let him try; but don't, I implore you, throw away a shot until each of you is sure of his man; every one they lose adds to our chance of escape."

The captain was right in his conjecture; for scarcely had he ceased speaking, ere Vomito, apparently satisfied with reconnoitering, launched both her quarter-boats full of men. No sooner had they touched the water, than they set forth a wild yell, to which, as a fitting accompaniment, the roar of their long eighteen opened its deadly throat, happily without any material injury resulting. Emboldened by the non-return of fire, the boats, after brief conference under the Vomito's stern, commenced pulling, making somewhat of a sweep, apparently with the design of assailing the Saucy Sally on either quarter.

"Divide yourselves," continued the watchful Mac; "but, above all, be cool—be steady. Ah!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands with great delight, "it would be a noble chance; I'll try it, by George; at the worst, it can but fail. Look alive a hand or two: ease off the weather, and haul in the lee main braces; there's a cat's paw aloft,—the ship already feels it, and there will be more ere long. Jump aft, O'Donoghue, take the wheel, run the pirate alongside; and d'ye mind me, let every mother's son of you, as he wishes to see kith and kin again, pay the strictest attention to my commands!"

Circumstances had, indeed, altered the Scotchman's plans. At the very moment he was endeavoring to give a warm reception to the five-and-twenty or thirty wretches, armed to the teeth, fast approaching in the pirate's cutters,—at that very moment a light air swelled the Saucy Sally's sails. Like other tropical flairs, this air was extremely partial, and did not yet extend to the Vomito, which lay a motionless log on the water. Freshening in its course, at length it struck the guilty brig, but too late to save her from the grapple of the Saucy Sally, who was already speeding under its full influence. Two minutes sufficed to lay alongside, but few more to pour her resistless crew upon the corsair's decks; and whilst the main body battled the astonished ruffians, one or two secured the helm, and got the brig before the wind.—Saucy Sally bearing her faithful company, her passenger riflemen picking off the banditti with surprising accuracy. Discomfited on every hand, the survivors hurried below, leaving their trophy in the Sally's power. The boats, meanwhile, failed almost in the moment of possession, rowed with all the energy of despair; but the breeze had once more set in strong and steady, and both the Saucy Sally and Vomito were dropping them fast. Their maniac yells rent the air,—the water flashed under the fury of their strokes, and the boats were urged onwards with a strength almost superhuman. At the moment when hope must have been all but dead within them, the Vomito suddenly hove up in the wind's eye. Could it be? Had the merchantman failed, and were their comrades victors? They paused upon their oars, joining company, as if to ponder the course proper to be pursued. Brief was the space permitted for consideration. A splash, a stunning report, and an iron show-

er, sped its fatal flight, dashing the splintered oars from their nerveless grasp,—scattering, with one crash, the dying and the dead, with the shattered skulls that bore them, in ruined fragments upon the devouring deep! One instant and the welkin rung with the howl of despairing fiends; another, and nought was heard save the faint and passing struggle of mortal agony—fearful but just retribution!—Their own trusted weapons had been turned upon themselves; and O'Donoghue, by the mouth of their hoisted *Long Tom*, had sped them unannulled to their own account.

Let me bring my narrative to a close.—What was to be done with the pirate prize and her surviving crew? It was impossible for the Saucy Sally to spare hands to navigate her into port, and as to suffering her to escape, it was not to be dreamt of.

"Thieves' law for thieves' claw!" said the captain. "These rascals, even when they do fall into the hands of our cruisers—and sorry am I to say the instances of late are more than rare—too often escape through some curst Old Baily Boggle. Now, as it isn't the luck of every merchantman to catch a pirate, and as I'm a warm advocate of good old practices, why I'll en'try back to the times of Blackbeard, and other worthies. Therefore, a long rope and a short shirr; the gangway or the foreyard arm!"

I leave those who "sit at home at ease" to decide how far the practice of Macsweeney's Jeddah justice is correct. To my thinking, were pirates hung when and where taken, the seas would be clearer of them, and we story-tellers be deprived of one very attractive theme. In the present instance, to use the cant of some of Cromwell's Roundheads, *Phineas arose and executed judgement*.

The main hatch was opened; a portion of the hold was laid bare; tackle and falls were lashed to the mainstay; the heavy eighteen pounder was swung aloft; the rope that suspended it was divided, the gun fell head foremost, crashing through the bottom of the beautiful but evil Vomito Prieto. The water rushed wildly in; the captors withdrew. The corsairs were left to their doom, and ocean speedily and for ever shrouded them and their crimes from the ken of mortal eye.

Saucy Sally encountered no further adventure; but, in due course, dropped her anchor in the bosom of the silver Thames.

POETRY.

A WARNING.

Smile not to-day! for it may be
The day whose anniversary
Shall look upon the latest breath
Passing the quivering lip of death!

Laugh not to-day! for, in some year
To come, [thou canst not know how near]
The corresponding day may see
Thee chocking in death-agony!

Go to the church-yard and behold
How rot the dead beneath the mould;
But think! while there thou read'st their
doom,
Thou stand'st above thy future tomb!

Mortal! improve the little span
Allotted to the life of Man;
That, when thy frame beneath that sod
Decays, thy soul may be with God!

H. D.

Horrid Tragedy—Murder of an Actor.
The Mobile Chronicle of the 26th ult. states that a most horrid and fatal tragedy was enacted at the Theatre in that city, the night before. After the curtain had dropped at the conclusion of the first act of the piece, a quarrel ensued behind the scenes between Mr. Ewing and Miss Hamblin both attached to the Theatre, in which the latter plunged a dagger to the heart of Mr. Ewing, which caused almost immediate death. After the perpetration of the awful deed, Miss Hamblin made her escape by jumping out at the window, and at twelve o'clock at night had not been arrested. She left in her theatrical attire, dressed as a page.

The Hon. Henry Clay, who has been a member of the United States Congress since 1806, took a final and affecting farewell of the Senate on the 31st March. His parting address is stated to have drawn tears from many of the members. On retiring, Mr. Clay met Mr. Calhoun, (between whom no friendly intercourse had passed for five years,) both simultaneously extended their hands, and rushed into each other's arms. Neither spoke, but both wept. Tho' coolness had existed between them, they could not separate otherwise than as friends.—Mr. Crittenden, late Attorney General of the United States, is Mr. Clay's successor.

Ecclesiastical Changes and Promotions.
It is currently reported that Archdeacon Willis is about to receive the appointment of Bishop of New Brunswick. The Rev. F. Uniacke to be Rector of St. Paul's, vice Dr. Willis, promoted, and the Rev. Wm. Cogswell to be Rector of St. George's, vice Rev. Mr. Uniacke.—*Halifax Herald*.

Another Ocean Steamer in Distress.—Left Porto Bello, on the 25th February, H. M. steamship Tweed, Capt. Keller; put back in distress, having sailed thence the 8th February, for Kingston; on the 12th exhausted her fuel, and on encountering strong N. E. trades, was obliged to bear up, and with her sails reached Porto Bello on the 24th, where she was procuring wood, and would sail about the 27th for Kingston.

A Shoal near Antigua—Quick Voyage.—The brig Transit, capt. Benjamin Newbold, performed the voyage to Halifax and back to this island in 43 days, 15 of which she remained at Halifax; so that the two passages occupied only 28 days. On his return, capt. Newbold discovered a shoal to windward of Antigua, in lat. 16 43 north, and long 50 6 west. Capt. Newbold examined the shoal as carefully as circumstances would admit, and describes it to be about 200 feet long and 80 wide, with 3 fathoms of water on the centre, but much shallower on the edges.—*St. Vincent Gazette*.

Masonic Anecdote.—It is now some twenty years since, that Capt. E.—late a member of one of our University Lodges, was travelling in Egypt. The present liberal ruler, Mehmet Ali, had not the power he now possesses, and the English character was not so well understood in that country. The Captain was accompanied by his servant, an active and intelligent young man. They were attacked in the desert by the Arabs; the Captain made a very resolute stand and slew two of the robbers. He was, with his servant, soon overpowered, and they were conveyed to the robber's retreat, when they were separated. It was settled so that the Captain's life should be forfeited, and he awaited his cruel destiny with as much fortitude as a brave man could feel. Instead of this awful sentence, he was, however, agreeably surprised in the morning, by his servant's approach, with the joyful intelligence that this sentence was not only remitted, but that he was at liberty to resume his journey, and his retributive justice was accompanied by every iota of the property of which he had been previously plundered. Is it to be wondered at that his servant ended in his taking early steps to claim a nearer association to him as a brother in the craft? For by the exchange of the mysterious secret, the robber of the desert kept faith with a brother mason.—*Freeman's Quarterly Review for January*.

A thing of Worth can never die.—Beautiful it is to see and understand that no worth, known or unknown, can die even in this earth. The work an unknown good man has done is like a rein of water flowing hidden under ground, secretly making the ground green; it flows and flows, it joins itself with other veins and veinlets; one day it will start forth as a visible perennial well. Ten dumb centuries had made the speaking Dante; a well he of many veinlets William Burns, or Burns; was a poor peasant; could not prosper in his seven acres of nursery ground; nor any enterprise of trade and toil; had to 'thole a factor's snarl; and read attorney letters, in his poor, poor hut; which threw us all into tears; a man of no money capital at all,—yet, a brave man, a wise and just, in evil fortune faithful, unconquerable to the death and there wept withal, among the others, a boy named Robert, with a heart of melting pity, of greatness, and fiery wrath; and his voice, fashioned here by his poor father, does it not already reach, like a great elegy—like a stern prophecy, to the ends of the world? Let me make the songs, and you shall make the laws! What chancellour, king, senator, begirt with never such sumptuous, dyed velvet, blaring and celebrity, could you have named in England that was so momentous as that William Burns?

Extraordinary Incident.—A master of a vessel from Hayle brought from that place to Swansea, this week, a passenger, whom he shipped as a gentleman, but who at sea declared herself to be a lady. Her accounts of herself is most romantic. She states that she escaped from a nunnery at Halifax in America, accompanied by her lover, with whom she embarked for England. They were wrecked on the voyage, and cast ashore on an island, where her companion died.—Here she remained for some days, when she was taken up by a vessel and conveyed to England. She is silent in her subsequent history, and refuses to give her name. She says she has numerous friends in Swansea, but does not intend to reveal herself to any of them. She professed to have endured much trouble, and her mind appears to be exceedingly unhappy. Her person is beautiful, and her hands and feet particularly small. From her conversation, and some explanatory remarks she made on some passages in the Bible (every part of which she seemed to be conversant with,) the captain judged her to be well educated and of a superior turn of mind. Her age is about 16. She has a liberal supply of money, and asserted that she could draw from any bank in England. On leaving the captain she remarked, "We shall meet again at Cardiff" whether he was to sail from thence.