

THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT,

AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

Vol. II.—No. 37.]

WEDNESDAY, 15TH MAY, 1839.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

QUEBEC BANK.

NOTICE.—A General Meeting of Stockholders will be held at the Bank on Monday, the 3rd of June next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, for the election of Directors for the ensuing twelve months, and which General Meeting is the intention of the Directors to submit for confirmation or revision, such Bye-laws, Ordinances or Regulations as are at present in force for the government and management of the Bank.

By order of the Board.

NOAH FREER,

Cashier.

Quebec, 20th April.

QUEBEC BANK.

EXCHANGE on London bought and sold.

NOAH FREER,

Cashier.

Quebec, 27th Feb., 1839.

NOTICE.

AN AGREEMENT having been entered into between the Phoenix Fire Assurance Company of London, and that of the Metellus of Glasgow, which provides for the cessation of the business of the latter, and the assumption of its risks by the former, we hereby announce the same to the public, and request that the holders of Policies issued by us as Agents of the Metellus will apply to the Agents of the Phoenix in all things relating thereto.

(Signed) TREMAIN, WHITE & CO.

In consequence of the agreement referred to in the above advertisement, we beg to inform the holders of Policies of the Metellus Fire Company of Glasgow, that the Phoenix having assumed the risks of that Company in the Canadas, they are ready to issue new Policies to the Phoenix, free of charge, for the unexpired term of those of the Metellus.

(Signed)

GILLESPIE, MOFFAT, JAMIESON & Co
Agents for the Phoenix Fire Assurance Company for the Canadas.

FOR SALE.

THIRTEEN Hogheads superior U.C. Leaf Tobacco,
100 Catty Boxes Young Hyson } Tea.
10 Chests Souching
10 Half Chests do.
2 Boxes Pouchong
... ALSO ...
Pork—Mess, Prime Mess and Prime.
And daily expected,
16 hhd. Gallipoli Oil.

HENDERSONS & CO.

October.

St. Peter Street

THE Subscribers have just received a large supply of the following celebrated Medicines, viz:

DRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA,
WY'S LINIMENT for Piles, Rheumatism, &c.
HEADACHE REMEDY.

... ALSO ...
fresh supply of MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS
PHENIX BITTERS.

BEGG & URQUHART,

15, St. John Street, and
8, Notre Dame St., L.

October.

HEADACHE.

R. E. SPOHN, a German physician of much note, having devoted his attention one year to the cure and removal of cases of NERVOUS AND SICK HEADACHE, has the satisfaction to make known, he has a remedy which by removing the causes effectually and permanently this annoying complaint. There are many families who have considered Sick Headache a constitutional incurable family complaint. Dr. assures them that they are mistaken, and laying under distress which they might not alleviate, but actually eradicate by the use of his remedy. It is the result of scientific research, and is entirely of a different character from advertised patent medicine, and is not assent to the taste. To be had of

I. I. SIMS,
MUSSON & SAVAGE,
BEGG & URQUHART.

Sept. 1838.

THE SHIPWRECK.

"ALL OF WHICH I SAW, PART OF WHICH I WAS."

"Breakers ahead!—Breakers ahead! All hands on deck!" These startling words, uttered in a loud, shrill voice, accompanied by violent stamping overhead, roused me from a delightful slumber, as I lay in the berth of a noble coaster, on a bleak December night. It was but a few weeks after the melancholy wreck of the Home, whose timbers, perishing above the water, we had seen and passed a few days before.

With the velocity of thought, I sprang from my berth, and made for the companion way; but "such a getting up stairs!" I was twice violently prostrated, before I succeeded in the attempt. The captain, who was also sleeping when the alarm was given, reached the deck just before me. On the first appearance of danger, an attempt had been made to put the vessel about, when there were but two men on deck; and she was now rolling and struggling in the trough of the sea, while the almost confusion prevailed among the crew. The roar of the tempest, the blackness of the night, the rain sweeping and hurrying by, with the thunder-voice of the breakers, that seemed entirely to surround us, gave a terrific character to the scene, which I can never forget.

I had scarcely glanced at our situation, when the vessel, raised by a tremendous sea, was pitched forward upon the bottom. . . . How the "many waters" swept over her! For a moment not a word was uttered by the crew who were laying hold of the nearest object, as a temporary security against being swept overboard. Drenched from head to foot by the chilling flood, I retreated farther in the cabin. Every timber of the vessel groaned audibly; she trembled like a huge Leviathan, in the agonies of death. As she rose upon the succeeding wave, she seemed to recover from the shock of the first breaker. The crew, inspired with courage by the apparent effort she made to escape destruction, resumed their endeavours to put her about. She "wore round beautifully;" and we began to flatter ourselves we had escaped.

With this hope swelling his bosom one of the crew sang out, in exulting tones, "We are off!—we are off!" But before the words died upon his lips, the delusion had vanished. The vessel struck again and again. We were in a field of breakers! Orders were given to take in the few sails that were flying; but the united strength of a crew of nine men failed to accomplish the object. The next command was, to throw overboard the deck load, naval stores and cotton. A few barrels were cast into the sea; but the attendant danger was so great, that the captain soon ordered the crew to desist.

While these operations were going forward I still occupied my place on the steps of the companion-way, with my eyes fixed upon a spar near at hand; for I recollect that some who escaped the wreck of the Home, had floated to the shore upon a similar material.—At length we all sought refuge in the cabin, which—thanks to the copper bolts, live oak, and faithful workmen—had admitted but little water. Drawing over the sliding cover of the cabin passage way, we were in a comparatively comfortable situation. A light was soon obtained, by means of flint and steel, when I had an opportunity of observing the countenance of the crew. The captain, having great confidence in the strength of his vessel, was more collected than the rest; but his faith was greatly diminished, whenever a quick succession of heavy seas ground the vessel with such force upon the bottom, that it seemed impossible for any materials, united by human means, long to hold together. The terror of most of the crew could not be concealed, as they stood shivering and dripping with cold and wet, clinging to berth or pillar, to keep themselves upright, amidst falling staves, tables, chairs, trunks, barrels, &c. I confess, I was not a little surprised at the change which had come over these men in so short a time! I had fancied that persons insured to danger, by continued exposure to it, were en-

tirely free from fear, but these hardy sailors, by the subdued tone of their voice, half-choked utterance, and lamentations over their helpless condition showed that a near prospect of death was to them any thing but a matter of indifference.

Confined in our narrow cabin, exposed to all the violence of the breakers, during a protracted storm, and entirely ignorant of our whereabouts, our situation may be easily conceived. The reef of breakers upon which we were locking and grinding, was truly terra incognita. Perchance it was one of those fearful shoals that make far out to sea, whence there is no hope of escape. Ever and anon some of the crew would venture upon deck, & strain their eyes in the vain endeavour to pierce the surrounding darkness. Their reports varied as hope or fear held the supremacy. One thought, while the rain slackened for a moment, and wind and wave raged less furiously that he could discern, in the "dim obscure," something blacker than the rest, which he "guessed" was land. Another could see no sign of land; we were far at sea; and, with the thought that he should never again see his distant home, he threw himself into a berth, exclaiming, in the bitterness of his soul, that he would die there! The most philosophical of the crew, was the cook, a long lank, limping negro, named Nuby, who sat demurely in a corner, patiently awaiting the course of events. When asked if he was not alarmed:—
"Me ben wreck before, cap'n; twice in the West Indies; but 't warn't half so bad as dis bout!"

When confined to a bed of sickness, I have often thought the night-hours moved slowly; but that the hand of the great time-piece must have been reversed, for some inscrutable purpose, and that the blessed light of day would never again break upon my vision. But now, penned up in a narrow inclosure; protected from the sea only by a few planks, that threatened every moment to separate; surrounded by "night and storm, and darkness," the moments "wained slowly" indeed. The Captain assured us we could not be far from land, and that at day break we must receive assistance from the residents near the beach. With this hope, we looked eagerly forward to the first gray hue of morning. At last the hour for day arrived, but it brought small increase of light. The water, mean while, had been gaining upon us very fast, and we were soon compelled to retreat to the deck.

We all huddled together near the windlass, as the safest spot we could find. A few hundred yards under our lee, stretched a line, resembling a dark thread drawn upon water.—This was land! We looked towards it with longing eyes, in the hope of discovering tokens of assistance. Meantime the storm raged on. The sea still broke over the vessel with undiminished force; but as it struck "aft," its power was well nigh spent before it reached us. So soon as there was sufficient light to enable us to see what we were about, the crew turned to the boat that hung over the taffrail. It was in the worst possible situation for us, as the waves broke directly over the spot, where it was suspended. While we were yet eyeing it wistfully, it was dashed to pieces, where it hung by the force of the sea, and its fragments floated by us towards the beach.—No signs of aid appearing, we began to consider the expediency of going ashore on a bale of cotton. To test the safety of the conveyance, we threw overboard a bale, which floated off like a cork; but, instead of going towards the beach, it was borne by the current, at the rate of eight or ten knots an hour, in a parallel line with the land! As the breakers struck it endwise, it would turn over and over like a whirligig, and sometimes rise convulsively quite out of the water. It was presently driven on the beach, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile. We deemed it best to wait a little longer, before attempting to reach terra firma by a similar process.

"There they are! there they are!" exultingly shouted one of the crew. All eyes were directed towards the land. A few black spots appeared moving along the beach. These

grew more distinct as they drew nearer, until it was evident that they were men, running hurriedly forwards. Our hearts beat at the sight although we were ignorant whether they were friends or foes, Jews or Gentiles, land pirates, or hostile savages. They ran down to the edge of the surf, at the nearest point, held up their hands, and made all sorts of signs, not one of which could be understood. We inferred, however, that they were willing to aid us. A long rope was fastened to a spar, which was cast overboard in the hope that it would drift ashore; but it floated off the entire length of the line, without nearing the land.—It was drawn back, and a bale of cotton substituted in its place, which was in like manner borne on-ward by the current that swept along the beach. Sometimes it seemed rapidly approaching the shore; but as the waves swept back to the sea, the "under-tow" carried the bale with it. We drew it in several times, and gave it a new start, by throwing it more advantageously. At last, borne forward by a rapid succession of breakers, that "knew no retiring ebb," it came within the reach of one of the men, who had ventured far into the surf for the purpose. With the aid of the others it was soon high on the beach.

Now came the tug! They were obliged to "draw the slack," before it could be of any service to us in reaching land. The current was so strong that it formed a parallel line with the shore. While they were yet pulling lustily, the sky suddenly grew dark; the rain poured down with increased impetuosity; the gale became a perfect tornado, the vessel from bow to taffrail, was literally smothered with water. I crouched under the ship's side, covered my head with my cloak and as the billows rolled over me calmly awaited my fate.

During this paroxysm of the storm, the fore-top-sail yard was broken asunder near the middle, and the ponderous parts, more fearful than the sword of Democritus, dangled over our heads by the ropes that sustained them, threatening every instant to fall and crush us. The top-sail itself was torn into a hundred ribbons. The foremast cracked and bent, and evinced strong tokens of "going by the board." The danger, on every hand, was indeed most imminent. I relinquished my position near the windlass, and crept over the confused deck, towards the cabin. Before I reached it, my cloak was stripped from off me by the wind, and I was thrown prostrate by a terrific wave; and on recovering, and reaching the companion-way, I found the cabin full of water. The men whose approach had given us so much delight, were no longer to be seen upon the beach; and the bale of cotton was floating at the end of the line, as far from the shore as ourselves.

It was now high noon. My feet and hands were benumbed with cold. There was no fairer prospect of getting ashore than at day break. The air began to sharpen; and if we remained in our present position all day and night, we should inevitably freeze to death, if we chanced to be so fortunate as to escape drowning.—There lay the land, only a hundred or two yards off; but between us and the desired haven, there was "a great gulf fixed!"

"I am going ashore!" exclaimed a young Welsh sailor, whose manly daring and intrepidity had won my admiration on more than one occasion before. Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, ere he fastened a rope to the extreme end of the flying jibboom, and swung off into the sea. Watching the moment he dropped into the water after a wave had retired, and the first that overtook him drove him nearer to the land. We all bent over the bow, and watched his course with intense anxiety. On the success or failure of his undertaking our own safety mainly depended. At times he would sink from our view, but his head was soon again visible above the billows. He took with him neither rope nor plank, preferring the unrestrained freedom of his limbs, to the aid which they might have afforded.

He was successful. In a short time we saw him throwing out his arms with joy, and shaking himself on the beach. Stimulated by the result of this experiment, the mate immediately