

us, and glorifying the readers of their "naval chronicles," by similar Yankee tricks. The respective forces of the Chesapeake and the Shannon were, however, too well known to be *much* falsified; still the proceedings of the court of enquiry, which reported on the causes of the capture of the former, shewed how sore the parties composing it felt, and that there was at least no indisposition on their parts to lessen the national discomfiture, by the grossest misrepresentation of all kinds.

It was for the above reasons that the ever loyal Novascotians vied with each other in fêting Captain Brooke and his officers. Old Smith was on his pins again—merely evincing (whence arising, of course we know not.) a mercurial indisposition to sit quietly for a moment at a time. The Admiral had at once confirmed his promotion, and the old fellow was in the seventh heaven. As usual, Annesley and he were inseparable. Jemmy was a handsome gentlemanlike lad, and was in great request at all the shines. Amongst the Halifax belles, his acquaintance was extended, and despite his junior rank, we doubt whether Captain Brooke himself was considered a more desirable partner, at least by the young ladies themselves. Now and then a mamma did certainly manœuvre to sever her fair daughters from the handsome mid, but often in vain. Few partners are so acceptable to the lassies as a good looking little middy—the dear young *saltees* are so full of fun and frolic, so gallant, so frank, and yet so polished when in ladies' society. Salt water and French polish differ essentially, and the gun-room is by no means noted for the elegance of its intercourse; yet who of either sex, whether young or old, has associated with its occupants ashore, and not been delighted? The young scamps are always welcome companions, more especially to ladies of their own age; they are indeed generally

"Variable as is the shade,

By the light quivering aspen made,"

in their *liaisons*, which, though too often entered on with the sole intention of spending the passing hour, sometimes are for the moment sincere as they are brief. We know not in which of these classes to place a flower on which Annesley's shipmates quizzed him—its object was certainly well calculated to excite the latter—whilst the actual cautery which she unsparingly applied to his romance, shewed that she at least was yet free from the rankling of the boy-god's arrows. Annesley was proud of her as a partner, (for she was the belle of Halifax,) and delighted in her society, for, unless when he presumed too far, she was gentleness herself. Her well informed mind reflected warmly on his boyish generosity, and the innate nobleness of his thoughts. In his quiet moments he sought her approval of each projected action, and if he read it not in her soft blue eye, felt that he must be wrong; but if she smiled on thoughts which she read,