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BARKER'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. KINGSTON, FEBRUARY, 1847. No. 10.

DEER-STALKING ON THE SOUTH BRANCH.

BY CINNA.

" There is a pleasure in the pathless woods ;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore ;
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar—
I love not man the less, but Nature more."—*Byron.*

" When morning gleams o'er the mountain streams,
Oh merrily forth we go,
To drive the stag to his slippery crag,
And to chase the bounding roe."—*Song.*

" There is room on the mountain,
Room for us all,
Room in the wild-wood,
If not in the hall."—*Hunting Song.*

WE have seen somewhere a criticism on the works of Cooper and Bird, but from what quarter it emanated cannot be ascertained, owing to the censurable mode American periodicals have adopted of giving extracts from English Magazines and Reviews, without doing them the simple justice of naming the columns from which they quote ; a fashion which is much followed by the *New York Albion*, for purposes of its own. In this criticism much credit is given to Dr. Bird, for the truthfulness of two characters in his " Nick of the Woods," those of the Quaker, who is all along the " Jibbenainosay," and Capt. Ralph Stackpole. These are deemed more true to nature than any of Cooper's creations ; and, although we deem " Nick of the Woods " the very best American romance ever written, yet we do not agree altogether in this condemnation of Cooper. His Natty Bumppo, notwithstanding he is run through so many books, almost to tenuity, is a true representative of his class—the simple-minded, unadulterated backwoodsman. Natty has come home to the hearts of too many men, for the last twenty years, to be given up so readily now.

Englishman may suppose him overdrawn, but we know better, out here "four thousand miles off." The Leather-stocking's greatest eye-sore was the blessed light of the sun peering through the smoke of the distant fallows. The quick, sharp crack of the settler's axe, in the firm gripe of the long armed, slounging Yankee, disturbed his equanimity more than an incursion of the Hurons was wont to do. He hated noise, and cheater, and money getting; and surely every Canadian has known numbers of such men. If the Swiss can die in a distant land of home-sickness, singing the songs of the mountain children; and if the Highlandman, from the farthest confines of India, or the prairies of Western America, can hurry home to "puir auld Scotland," to spend the fortune acquired by long years of toil, to depart from Lochaber no more, and all this from mere pensive love of country, there must be something approaching to the romantic implanted in the minds of many men, for which philosophers cannot account, and the existence of which the Cockneys of cities will not believe, but which is nevertheless *there*—yes, there, and the ruling passion, or madness, too, stronger in death, than in life. Now the backwoodsman has *his* home feelings. Nurtured roughly and healthfully in the sublimity of the pathless and melancholy forest, he acquires from his infancy that strange, awe-struck, undefinable feeling which gradually grows to be the luxury of his existence, and which can never leave him, let him be transplanted to what other part of the world he may. He has imbibed the spirit of solitude, and indulged in that placid, equable self-communion, which has been the charm of his existence while his character was being formed, and his spirit bears the impress unfaded and uppermost to the longest day he lives. This is universally true of the men of *mind* among the backwoodsmen. Many half-formed creatures are but too ready to desert their old forest homes, to gaze upon the splendor of our Towns, made up principally of two saw-mills, a distillery, and forty-one taverns, the flashy sign-boards of which last have a mighty attraction on them, in some way. The Leather-stocking is then a character drawn from life, and the dignity of the order having been thus asserted, we may be permitted to proceed with our discourse upon the poetic texts at the head of this chapter, clearly set forth and enunciated.

If the truth must be spoken, we ourselves are of the Leather-stocking school, in a small way, and agreeable to yearly custom, on the first day of December last, we gave the cry to our dogs, and away with us into into the backwoods, further by many leagues from the St. Lawrence, than eye can see on a clear day, or ear can hear, on a cold one. We were accompanied by Glenlyon, a stalwart Borderer, of the true pepper-and-salt breed, and fourteenth cousin to Sandy Armstrong, the Dandie Dinmont of the great and good Sir Walter. All honor to

Glenlyon ! For, after serving his country, while yet a boy, at Waterloo, and other like places, he went on half-pay, came to Canada in 1818, bought himself a farm, worked on it bravely and manfully, clearing some hundred acres, instead of wasting his time as one of the "indebted gentlemen," breasting bravely the rugged tide of backwood life, and living healthfully and happily up to the date of these presents, like a true-blooded Canadian—for which we take him to be really worthy of all honor, and trust his example may have its effect upon the class of men to which he belongs.

Glenlyon somewhat favors the double-barrel principle, and accordingly came out with his choice implement in that line, bringing with him a pouch filled with ounce bullets, and his ordinary shooting flask. My own armament is well known to be a short crowbar rifle, two feet three inches in length, octagonal, an inch in diameter, with a finely grooved bore, capable of taking a quarter of an ounce bullet. I prefer a horn to the flask, because when re-loading after firing, you have no jingling of metal about you to frighten the game, which it is to be presumed you have got amongst. Our baggage was ample in buffalo skins, and blankets, and we had a grand display of provisions, all of which were taken in charge by deaf Will, a wiry little Englishman, who did his work very well, but who now declares that twenty-five pounds would be no temptation for him to undertake a like tramp with us.

We arrived at Hurley's, about 8 P. M., and Glenlyon would probably have remained over night with that hospitable fellow, had he been pressed extremely to do so by his companion ; but no—onward was the word, and we entered the forest in quest of our shanty, about three miles beyond. The wind was cold, and the road blind and perilous to travel ; but after an hour's struggling through swamps, and on the slippery sides of hills, we arrived at Glenkilburn, the scene of our intended operations. We found our shanty damp and gloomy, but a tremendous fire in the centre, the smoke being allowed to escape through an opening in the roof, in the primitive fashion, soon warmed and cheered us, and after a grand repast, set out in deaf Will's most elaborate style, we betook ourselves to our skins, and slept soundly till three in the morning, at which time we aroused ourselves. By four o'clock our breakfast was cooked, and with appetites that scarcely knew diminution until the board was swept of its huge piles of potatoes and bread, and its savory steaks and sausage cakes, we followed the example of Capt. Dalgetty, and laid in our supplies as if it were a matter of doubt how long it would be before we next came along side of the Commissary. For the previous six weeks, and in fact since the cricket season, our stomachs had become of very little service to us in our strenuous efforts to keep soul and body together, and we had regaled ourselves principally

on the delightful anticipation of becoming great trenchermen in the wilds of Glenkilburn, with deaf Will as our Monsieur Ude, and certainly we were not disappointed. The first sniff of the great, uninhabited forest did its work upon the liver—the heart beat quicker and stronger—we began to feel that we had blood in us. Glenlyon's eye became clear and sparkling—the muscles of his limbs filled out, and quivered to be at work—fresh, wakeful, and sturdy, we flourished our hunting knives to the lasting honor of watchful Will, the caterer, and to the prolonged satisfaction of all our cachinatory, olfactory, and alimentary organs. So soon as our repast had been completed, we drew on our Indian moccasins, changed our heavy coats for brown hunting capotes, examined well, and loaded our guns, slung our tomahawks, and sheathed knives to our belts, and at seven o'clock, daylight, set out, taking different routes through swamps, and along the beachy sides of ridges, in quest of signs of the game. At noon we returned and compared accounts, having neither of us got a shot, but finding traces of the deer abundant. The snow was not deep, the swamps were all frozen, and as the deer is not fond of ice, we had reason to suppose that the ridges would be our mark; but therein we were mistaken. They still kept the swamps. It was agreed that we were to essay *browsing* them, and accordingly we each repaired to the vicinity of a swamp, and cut down some two or three large cedar trees; cedar being almost the only food of the deer in winter. Near these fallen trees we contrived scaffolds for watching, by falling a tall tree into the top of a smaller one, upon which our seat was to be.—After completing this work, we again betook ourselves to other parts not yet explored, to make good our reconnoissance of the whole ground, in preparation for an energetic foray on the morrow. Evening again found us united at our hut, and on again comparing notes and relating our adventures, not by any means the least pleasing mode of spending one's time, where any and every incident that has happened is dwelt upon with as much gusto, and with as vast an amount of garrulity, as you would find in an assemblage of newspaper editors discussing the future destiny of all the empires which they may have in charge.

So soon as the light of the next morning would enable us to discern the sights on our guns, we again set out in different directions, to commence the work in earnest, for it was agreed upon that we must have a buck down before our return.—Glenlyon looked determined, having his Waterloo face on him, and it would not do for Cinna to allow the first blood spots to be sprinkled over his old snowy haunts of Glenkilburn, by either "the Captain," or any body else; so I suppose he looked perverse also, and bent on mischief. Being curious to see the Captain manœuvre in the woods, never having seen

him take the trail, though having heard much of his feats, and being confident that his twenty years' residence in Beckwith, must have made something of him, I delayed setting out until he had fairly enclosed himself in a dense swamp, and then I made for a ridge near where I supposed he would come out, and having ensconced myself behind a tree, I awaited his coming. Perhaps I not only wished to watch his mode of hunting, but had some desire to see whether he would not drive a fat deer out of the swamp before him. Ha—ha—Glenlyon would not like that—but all the same, we could divide the spoils. In less than an hour I got wearied of waiting, and made a push into the swamp, where I soon came upon his track. The "signs" of game were abundant, and I soon found that they refused to leave the swamp, and that my companion was aware of it. He was "still-hunting,"—the most difficult of all modes of taking the deer, and I at once fell into his plan. Very few men, say one in a thousand, can pursue still-hunting with any success. Man's eyes and ears may be very good, but when he takes the woods upon equal terms against the deer, they are of very little use. The eye of the deer takes in the whole circuit of the woods, and all points of the compass, at two glances. In the winter he can detect your slightest unsteady movement at once, and then both his round wild eyes gleam upon you like the basilisk's, (if any one ever saw that animal,) and you may, by good luck, manage to see him. You get in a fluster—stop—make two or three slight shuffles to the right or left—draw up your rifle with a sudden twitch, determined to put the bullet between his peepers—you lose your balance, and stagger off a pace to one side, with very weakness of your knees, and make a scramble for your gun, which nearly falls from your hands,—you are a capital hunter of course! for the deer started at your first movement, you see his tail in the distance, as he bounds away—"my star!" you say, cramming your cap tight over your ears, ashamed to think of your conduct, and away with you after him—hot foot—but it is of no use—it would take you one thousand years to kill a deer still-hunting in that way. Had he no eyes, you could never come near enough for a shot. His large shell-like ears, taking in all the sounds for miles around, would catch the tramp of your blundering feet, and hear the crash of your sudden burst off a fallen tree into the midst of a thicket, long before you came within rifle range of him.

I soon found that the Captain was well versed in still-hunting; we came upon each other within five yards before the thickets of cedar would permit either to see the other. Our eyes met at the same moment, there may have been a movement in the direction of trigger pulling; but on ranging up for the fore shoulders of the deer, I came across the buff belt of Glenlyon, and dropped my muzzle, he being deterred from firing by discovering the button on my cap, which he thought rather an

unusual appendage to a deer's head. We had a hearty laugh, and entered into confab after this wise—

Glenlyon.—"Why, how come you here? I did not hear you, and I thought your route was another way."

Cinna.—"Yes, but I have been waiting for you to drive 'em out to me. You fail, eh! Cunning fellows, eh? *Rayther* beyond you, eh! Captiving,—these forest children—now look at that hoof. He is an eight years' old one that, and not more than ten minutes before you."

Glen.—"Yes, by my saul, and I have been striving to make him and his comrade take the ridge, but out of this he will not budge. Had I him out on the beach ground, you would hear music."

Cin.—"Come—we will have him out."

Glen.—"How?"

Cin.—"Run him—howl him out—skiver him out of this.—Take my back track, and stand where I stood, and you will see me play him a game he never dreamed of."

Glenlyon accordingly repaired to the ridge, and I took the trail, which I followed until I found the deer were making for another swamp, to gain which they would have to pass over a narrow strip of land more open than the swamp. Steering a straight line, which a previous knowledge of the wood enabled me to do, I reached this spot, and mounted in breathless haste an old scaffold, erected a previous year, and fixed all my attention upon the old deer-path leading out of the swamp. In ten minutes they arrived at their place of destination, and in one minute more I had discharged my rifle at the largest one, with a true, steady aim, and shot myself—off the scaffold, in the excitement of the moment, with a mighty bounce upon the hard snow. I fled at once down on the track which they took back in the swamp, headed them, pursued on briskly,—found the one at which I had shot, beginning to flag, and blunder out of his path,—came in and finished him shortly afterwards, with inordinate satisfaction, *secundem artem*; followed on, headed the remaining gentleman, and fairly turned him up on the ridge, along which he fled with as clean a pair of heels as might be, until he came upon the Captain, who pointed his double-barrel—bleated low, bringing the animal presently to a stand, when off goes one barrel, and without interval the other, and of course the game came down, under such a murderous rain of ounce bullets. Glenlyon is never in the habit of getting fussy—but when I arrived, I fancied I could perceive a slight inclination on the part of his moccasined feet, to cut a shindy over the fallen animal, though he endeavored to be as staid and stoical as became an old hunter. He commenced to explain how the deer came down,—“avoiding that tree, leaping this log, and making a bend around that sapling, until here he stands, when I bleated, then I lets fly my right

barrel, giving him the left when he turned," and so his tongue went on faster and faster, until he got his clasp knife fast in the buck's throat, when I interrupted him, by exclaiming—"Yes, but you know, my brave Captain, he may have had one of my bullets in his skin before—did you not hear me fire?" The Captain looked sharply around him, for it is abominably provoking to be expending your shots on another's game, until he finally assured me that it could not be—he came down at such a rattling pace—he ran so strong—he chose his path so well—he could not have been hit. We lighted our dudeens—sat down on a mossy log to talk over the matter, when of course the thing was all explained and exemplified for the twentieth time—after which we drew in our deer, and rested on our laurels for the remainder of the day.

The next morning we were out at dawn, but we found the deer too knowing for us, from having been hunted so much with dogs in their travels westward to this spot. It is a curious fact that the animal takes up his summer abode as near to the clearances by the St. Lawrence as any small reserves of wood will permit for a cover during the breeding season. They cling to the abodes of man, their greatest enemy, (for who is not fond of a good haunch of venison, and how ardently does not every owner of a shooting jacket strive to come at them in the lonely fallows, while out among the pigeons?) to escape the few wolves which our trappers have allowed to remain to perpetuate the race, from which wolves they can escape at any period of the year, save during the hard crusts of the month of March. About the first of November they begin to take up their line of march for the deepest and densest swamps, where they pass the winter, and while they are skulking towards the rear, from one wood to another, every settler who has a dog, gives them a chase, planting himself on a ridge, where perchance he gets a "dhrive" at them with his blunderbuss.

Meeting with no success at still-hunting in our lengthened tramp, we came in at noon, and prepared for watching the *brouse* by night. We took to our scaffolds at 4, P. M., and remained until 8, without having seen aught but a magnificent white owl, which I brought down from a hemlock, on quitting my scaffold. This night-watching is intolerably cold and dreary, and we often get lost in stumbling homewards, when there is nothing for it but to cry out manfully, and let fly minute guns, until you get the direction of the shanty by your comrade's whoop from a distant ridge.

We held a council that night, and after many demurs to such a course, we at length resolved that deer which had been pursued so long by dogs, could only be taken in *quantities*, and we never deal in any thing but quantities in the woods, save by the aid of the hounds. Will, the deaf 'un, was accordingly despatched down to Hurley's and Mellan's, to warn them

out with their dogs, and the next morning, at sun-rise, we were planted far to the eastward of Glenkilburn, on the runways, leading from the old Indian camps. The sun came up gloriously through the sparkling vapor. Gorgeous and glittering and joyous shone out the morning. The air was balm and frankincense, and myrrh, and the odor of many spices, commingled. The trees, with their drooping branches and feathery tufts, robed in vestments of silver and emerald, and topaz, recalled to mind stories of eastern enchantment, and the land of the fairy. The arches of the forest resounded with voices of the genii; a thousand tones seemed to echo through the myriad aisles around us, to continue the illusion. We did not awaken for a length of time from the revery into which we were thrown by the exquisite charm of this winter landscape—yes, this unapproachable scenic effect of our forests in winter, will amply repay the beholder for the absence of those mountain prospects regretted by many accustomed to countries more broken and wildly sublime than our river-countries can pretend to be.

At length, far in the distant forest, we heard the deep voice of Hurley's blood-hound, and presently "little dog," and Melan's "brindle," joined in the chorus. "Away there!" Glenlyon shouted, "guard me yon point by the windfall, and we have them," and off, of course, I betook myself with all speed, taking my station beside a tree. The dogs came on at a tremendous pace—now their clear notes sounded in the open maple lands—then the thickets would shut out the sound for an instant—again would they be heard trundling furiously along a hemlock ridge, and from that across a "swale"—zig-zag—here and there, crossing and turning, as the deer attempted to throw them off, but that was found impracticable, and at length the quarry came upon the tail of the large ridge on which we stood, and burst off in a straight line towards us, as if all were now staked on hard running. "Ow—oo!—ow—oo—owl"—came on "bugler," the blood-hound, and "little dog," and "brindle" threw in their lesser notes most musically. Talk of your fox hunts, and your pursuit of one stag—here, we had no doubt, were a dozen fat ones thrown together, and coming in along the ridge, fit to stop one's breath with excitement, and we deemed that "a good enough Morgan for our purposes,"—that would do for men living "4000 miles off" from Melton Mowbray. I have some recollection of casting a glance at the Captain at this point, from whom I was distant about fifty yards, and I can asseverate, although he denies it, that he labored under a *considerable* degree of excitement. For my own part, the crushed snow for yards around, was rather a tell-tale upon my stoicism. I knew it was necessary to remain still and calm, but "bugler" put that out of the question.

They came on careeringly, the dogs perfectly mad on the wide trail and in capital chime, when three very foolish deer came bursting through the low underwood directly in front. They stopped, and looked startled around, in good range. I levelled at the first, but before I had taken the necessary aim, a large doe put her head and shoulders forward, and changing my mind, I "drew a bead," as they say in the backwoods, and fired at her, being rather larger than the first. She remained stationary, but I had no fear of her being mine. Looking over at Glenlyon, I saw him holding out his iron, and at length his double barrel gave tongue. One of the deer reared in the air, gave a dozen most extraordinary bounds, and fell with a crash, "Mine is down," shouted the Captain.

"Fire away, again," I said to him in as low a tone as I could command, seeing the third deer making off on a walk. At this moment he saw the young buck—there was a nervous movement to get his gun to his shoulder—he shuffled forward a little with his back drawn into a curve, and, pang!—his second barrel of buckshot was discharged at the young buck, and what with the aforesaid shot, and the instantaneous rush of the deer down the ridge, I never knew a greater tearing up of snow, than was then made.

"Bugler," "little dog," and "brindle," now came up, and all three set upon my doe. She ran away masterly, leaving the vermilion as she passed along, however. The Captain was gloating over his, when I came up, and then I felt something of the green-eyed monster's grip. Fearing I might not get my doe, I claimed his buck, and enquired how he knew I had not shot him? He chose rather to say nothing than enter into an argument at that time. His feelings were too powerful for utterance, and he stood looking at the wound his ounce bullet had made directly through the heart, with a smile of grave sincerity. Hurley and Mellan now came up, the former with a musket, the latter an axe, their eyes sparkling with excitement.

"One down—one down—very good—good luck this time—one down—good luck," said Hurley, in his quick way of speaking.—to all of which Mellan assented in most positive terms. Hurley enquired for the dogs, and on my shewing him their track, and the vermilion on each side, he set off with a hurra, followed by Mellan and myself. "Two hit—very good, two hit," said Hurley, and away we trundled. We went down the ridge, through a swamp, up the side of another ridge, on and on, Hurley keeping the trail like a hound, until we got sight of my doe making stand against "bugler," the other dogs having taken after the young buck. Hurley gave a swing to his musket, Mellan revolved his axe around his head, and pell-mell we all rushed forward, surrounding the venison, and after a vast amount of kicking, rearing, shouting, swinging of axes,

butt ends of muskets, and tomahawks, we secured the game, and rested from our labors. The ridge is called "pell-mell ridge" to this day. The young buck got off. So much for the first three days.

THE WINDS.

BY FUZ.

AIR—"The Sea."

I.

The Winds! the Winds! the rushing Winds!
 The truest friend the sailor finds;
 That toss the ocean's boist'rous waves
 To the depths of her costly crystal caves;
 That bear old Britain's squadrons o'er,
 With their magic force, to each distant shore;
 That sweep the broad Atlantic's foam,
 And sport for aye on the mariner's home.
 Here's to the Winds—the mad-cap Winds—
 The varying, wild, invisible Winds—
 That tread the wide world free and bold,
 With the step of a victor uncontrolled!

II.

Hark! how madly they mount the air!
 Hurling the clouds through the atmosphere;
 Sporting away through the skies at will,
 And whistling wildly, loud, and shrill;
 Cracking the mast of the gallant bark,
 As the midnight waves roll high and dark;
 And bending the strong, time-honored oak,
 Where the hoarse old ravens nightly croak.
 Old Neptune sits on his briny throne,
 Defies their wrath in a rough, wild tone.
 Twirls his triad, and cries—"Who minds
 The frolicksome freaks of the angry Winds!"

III.

The Winds! the Winds! the unruly Winds!
 The playful, fearless, roving Winds!
 All countries and climes alike they sweep,
 And they frisk for aye o'er the rolling deep.
 They rise in the East, they visit the West,
 Untired, nor courting a moment's rest;
 They seek the South, with its air sublime,
 And rush to the North's cold icy clime;
 The world's wide space they wander through;
 Unwearied they range the ethereal blue:
 Where'er he goes, the traveller finds
 Some trace of the wild mysterious Winds.

THE LOST DOUGHBOY.

BY FUZ.

"See! Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme!"

Thompson.

It was a dismal night in mid-winter. Of all the nights that ever came to make the wretched more miserable than they ever hoped to be, that night was, certainly, the most prosperous in its mission; and did its duty unsparingly, and well. How the cold wind came stealing through the crevices of the old houses; and under the doors that were worn, and wasted away with age, it drove in the chilling snow-flakes before it, following closely after to scatter them over the broken floor, or chase them into the open fire-place, to quench the last spark that shone feebly upon the black and dying embers on the hearth. Poverty and sickness might be struggling together under that roof; but what cared the tyrant wind?—Not a fig! It was as frolicsome as ever, and gamboled as lightly in the wretched abodes of the poor, as it did about the doors and windows of the rich, where it strove in vain to enter; and as it frisked about the room, bearing the crisp and frosty snow in its deathly grasp, and extinguishing some solitary mite of fire in its mirth, it whistled through the broken pannels of the old door, and laughed merrily at the heavy groan of some acute sufferer within. How it loved to enter at the cracked window-panes, and to breathe its cold, icy breath through the shattered roof. It delighted to rumble up the chimney with a hollow sound, and to seat itself upon the top, or midway, and stream down such cold and withering currents of air as would shrivel up the flesh of the hardest man alive. Wherever it met with a ruined, dilapidated hut, whose inmates lay shivering under a few tattered rags, scarcely enough to cover them, it was sure to vent its ire very playfully, and make them feel the certainty of its power. Well, well for the rich and prosperous, who could sit by their happy firesides, and bid defiance to its wrath! Well for the man of wealth, who had been able to secure his dwelling against the repeated and premeditated attacks of the tyrant wind! Well for those who were prepared to laugh at its audacity, and to repulse its bleak and familiar pleasantries when they pleased! Well for all who could bear to sport with it at times, and who could tame its rigid nature, and master it with ease. But woe to the wretched beings—the poorest of the poor—over whom the winter tyrannised, and on whose meagre forms it gloated, gnawing to their very bones and marrow, and making their blood run cold, as it held them in its dread embrace! That night, the frost, and chilling wind entered

into many a miserable house after the fire had gone out, and made the inmates tremble with fear and cold, while they held their pleasant pastimes around the half-covered beds, and frisked joyfully about, as if performing some necessary act of charity too long delayed. In one of the oldest houses—one of the last places in which any human being would dare to shelter himself from the wild and angry storm—a poor, skeleton-looking menial had wandered, and crouched himself in the least ventilated and driest corner he could find. He had grown tired of hugging his wasted body with his scantily covered arms, and had stretched his feeble form upon the floor, through which the wind came pouring incessantly, playing many little antics round about him. Every passing gust of wind stayed for an instant to howl its fury over his head; or to tear a board from the crazy shed. The frost—old winter's serving man—the black and cruel slave of the season, who feels neither for man nor beast,—finding him here at last, sat down by the beggar's side. Laying its cold hands upon him, and breathing quietly into his very nostrils, and distended mouth, it left him not until it saw him struggle desperately for the mastery, and turn over despairingly with a moan of anguish—a stiffened and lifeless corpse—cold as marble, and as white as the snow-drops that fell thick and fast on his breathless form. Oh! its a beautiful season, is winter, for the poor and houseless! Its a gay time for the famished beggar, and the sickly cripple, to tramp through the slushy streets—to watch the dashing carioles of the rich, rushing briskly past, filled with smiling faces that never knew the name of want,—to issue forth from their dens of wretchedness, starving, and half clad, exposed to the pinching frost, and to look out on the cheerful world around them, where all is life and animation, but where, alas! few are to be found to sympathise with their distresses, or to extend a helping hand to relieve their meanest wants!

Cold and bleak as was the night, and though the storm was at its highest, and the snow fell heavy and unceasingly, still the tinkling of the bells, and the occasional snorting of the tired horse, as he trotted homeward, told there were many abroad who willingly exposed themselves to the fury of the pitiless blast. Although it was yet early, and the night had not far advanced, no smoke was seen escaping from the chimnies; the snow came down so thick as to hide every thing from the eye. But, for all that, there were bright fires burning on many a happy hearth, where parents sat and gazed with fondness upon their children. And many a ruddy fire blazed on many a cleanly hearth, around which were gathered those who were very miserable indeed, with all the tokens, and means of happiness that surrounded them. It is into one of the latter class that I must, however, reluctantly enter. Every thing within betokens

that industry, sobriety and affection, are the leading characteristics of those who dwell there. Two little chubby boys were running playfully about the room in their night clothes. Upon these, a young and smart-looking little woman, gazed almost without intermission, with looks of distraction: her eyes overflowing with tears, and her bosom heaving with sobs of grief, that were sufficient to break a much firmer heart than her's.

"My children!" she exclaimed, with energetic wildness, "my lovely orphan babes! Fatherless! oh! no. Heaven grant not. But I fear for the worst. Hark!—a footstep."

A sturdy little man, closely wrapt in a great overcoat of thick Pilot-cloth, and bearing a lantern in his hand, came into the room without knocking. He was covered from head to foot with snow.

"All right?" asked the sturdy little man in the Pilot-cloth coat.

"Have you not found him? Have you not learned any tidings of him?" shrieked the mother of the two rosy little boys, who had stopped in their sport, and were looking with eyes of wonder at the little man

"No."

"Then, it is as I suspected! That cold, bleak common contains his corpse? Why did he venture out such a night as this?"

"But, why so agitated, Mrs. Doughboy?" said the sturdy little man, "I thought he might have got home by some other way. There is no use in lamenting yet—not a bit of it. Half the country are out by this time. The common shall be searched, and if he be there, or within seven miles of it, we will bring him to you in less than half an hour. We'll find him."

"He's lost!" screamed Mrs. Doughboy. "Hark! how the storm rages without! Would you have me believe that any man, even though he had nerves of iron, could stand the pelting of that cutting blast, when he had once lost his way in the storm? No; never! But—have they looked—might he not be—"

"Where?"

"In the oven! the red-hot, blazing oven, shrivelled up to the size of an infant. Oh! heavens!"

"No; we searched hem all—he's not there—he's somewhere else—he's safe—be quiet," said the sturdy little man.

"But they sometimes go to sleep in the ovens, when the fires are out!"

"Yes; I know it—a foolish practice; very," said the sturdy little man. "He's not there—I'm losing time—we'll find him—keep quiet," saying which, the burly little man looked at his light, to see that it burned clearly, and there was no danger of its going out; and stepping smartly from the house, commenced wading through the deep snow with the greatest unconcern.

There was an open space of ground called "the Common," distant about three quarters of a mile from the house, which the sturdy little man had just left; and over which Mr. Jehu Doughboy had to pass night and morning, in going to, and returning from his work. This night he had been seen preparing, at his usual hour, to go home. They saw him last standing at the door, smoking his pipe very tranquilly. The storm had already commenced; still he had the unpleasant journey before him. The time arrived when he should have been at home; but he came not. Mrs. Doughboy, in her anxiety for his safety, despatched a messenger in search of him, who arrived at the Bakery by a circuitous route, shunning the open common, and keeping close to a fence that led him to within a few yards of the place. Mr. Doughboy was not there. He must have gone home; but it was quite certain that he had not got there; the sturdy little man, having, in company with several other sturdy little men, travelled all over the Common, along the road, and up to the very step of Mr. Doughboy's door, without being able to set their eyes upon one single foot print, which, had he went home, and returned, fifty times, would have been filled up, the snow fell in such heavy showers.

It frequently happens that persons who are suddenly overtaken by a violent snow storm after night, or even in broad day light for the matter of that, in getting upon a wide open field, where they have plenty of room to tramp about, become so stupified as to be altogether unable to tell in a very little time to what particular point of the compass they are steering, or even to call to their recollection the precise spot where they are at that moment wandering. Many persons have been known to walk, and walk about, hour after hour, without seeming to make any progress in their journey; until they concluded that they had, by some mistake or other got upon an interminable road, to which they shrewdly suspected there was no end, none at least, that they could find. The morning, however, a cessation of the storm, or an accidental step to the right, or left, enabled them at last, to pursue their way without fear of further confusion, and on turning to take a look back at the immense tract of country they have traversed, they are somewhat astonished to find that they had been all the time tramping round and round within a circuit of about fifty yards, or perhaps less, neither advancing nor receding a single foot for the greater part, or very likely the whole of a live long night.

The Common was filled with men, who had turned out to search for the absent Jehu; most of them carried lights, which gave the place a strange appearance; for those who, having no lanterns of their own, chanced to stray a few yards from the rest, and caught a glance of these dim, uncertain flickerings, that went and came with every motion of those who carried them, thought they beheld something bordering on the super-

natural—their doubts on the subject being only removed or set at rest, when they happened to run down one of the light-bearers, and lay him sprawling at their feet. The snow was not very deep on the common that night, except where the wind happened to pile up a little bank of it, for its own diversion, against the fences, or by the side of an old stump, or stone; in other places it had fallen to the depth of three and four feet; but here—upon the common—it was trampled, and flattened down, as fast as it fell. Such shouting as there was when any of them happened to stray out of hearing of the others. The storm still blew so freshly that none of them would venture very far by themselves, lest the wind should get them down, and the snow, taking advantage of their position, throw a winding sheet over them, and smother them before they had time to rise again. Thus hours had worn away; every man on the field had been run over oftener than he could remember. Some who were continually losing themselves, and continually finding others who had been lost in the same way, had shouted themselves hoarse, when they might better have held their peace; most of the lights, too, had gone out; but they continued to search, with a kind of dogged determination, till the storm had abated, and the stars came peeping out from their lurking places, twinkling and glittering in the frosty air, and looking down with wonder on the strange collection of white, snow-covered, ghostly-looking figures, that stalked about the common—the very spirits of the storm, that had stayed behind to gambol awhile by the silvery moonlight. They winked as knowingly as if they enjoyed the sport, and twinkled with a brilliancy they couldn't afford to think of on ordinary occasions. And who could tell but they *were* delighted? If any one dared to affirm that they were in ecstasies about it, I, for one, wouldn't dare to contradict him.

“Now, I wonder if we haven't went over every foot of the common?” asked one of the wearied-looking, half-frozen group, who had all gathered together to hold a consultation as to how they should proceed next.

“Every inch of it; yes, every eighth of an inch of it; I'm sure, quite sure, we have,” replied a tall, stupendous looking man, who had made a point of walking down and running over the rest, the whole night.

“Well, what had we better do now?” asked a third.—“There is no great use in staying here in the cold. Somebody go to Doughboy's house, and see if he hasn't got home.”

“Very proper—just the thing—I'll go,” said the burly little man before mentioned. “But see! where the snow is heaped up against the fence there. That could cover fifty men like Jehu.”

“So it would,” said the tall man, flourishing a wooden shovel he carried with him. He made towards the place

pointed out, whither he was followed by his anxious companions. They were not long in levelling the bank, but no Doughboy was there; so they stood and stared at each other, in quite a stupid manner.

"Hurror! there's another one!" shouted the sturdy little man, pointing to the roots of an old tree, about a quarter of a mile distant, against which the snow had piled to the height of six or eight feet.

"So there is! here's for it, boys!" said the tall man, leading the way. They all got there in the course of a little time; and having cleared the snow away, and trod it under foot, without finding anything except a couple of dead cats, that had been lying there since before the frost set in, the tall man ventured to assert—to use his own beautiful and appropriate language—"that Mr. Jehu Doughboy, confectioner, cracker-maker, &c., was 'a gone sucker,'" in which they all acquiesced, by bowing their heads, and remaining silent, in token of their unanimous opinion.

It being now near morning, the weary and benumbed searchers, with one exception, returned to their several homes, intending to renew their exertions after day-light, if necessary. The little man in the pilot-cloth coat started for Mr. Doughboy's house, with no slight hopes of finding Jehu at home.—What an affair it would be if he had the good fortune to catch him sitting by the fire, when he went in, or laying quietly in bed, wrapped up in the warm blankets, with one of the rosy little boys asleep on each side of him, and Mrs. Doughboy—the tender-hearted, loving Mrs. Doughboy—going about the house as pleased as possible! Wouldn't it be a good joke?—and them having been freezing themselves all night, on that cold, bleak common, searching for him! The sturdy little man rubbed his hands together as he thought this, and laughed to himself as he trudged along through the snow, sometimes up to his armpits, and again on a level with the top of his coat collar, or the crown of his hat,—almost settling it within his own mind that things were exactly as he wished them to be.

But how different was the case. Mrs. Doughboy sat before the half extinguished fire, the picture of distraction and misery. The two children had cried themselves to sleep; but in all her trouble, she had, with a mother's fondness, put them carefully into bed, and made them snug and warm, that they might not share her grief. The burly little man did not dare to speak first, he saw at a glance that things were just in the same condition as when he had previously been there.

"You have not traced him! I know you have not! he is lost! speak, and let me know the worst!" said Mrs. Doughboy, detaining the little man, who was about to run away without saying a word for himself. "Tell me, is he lost?"

“Lost! no; Mrs. Doughboy, what nonsense!”

“Have you then discovered where he is! you have, but you have found him dead! the snow for his winding sheet, and—and—” Here she was so completely overcome, as to lose her power of utterance altogether, and swooned away, to the great terror of the burly little man; who, not knowing what was the first and best thing to do in such cases, ran about the room in a state of dreadful consternation, with the motionless body of Mrs. Doughboy in his arms. “Why! what strange creatures they are! How they will go off when they know they shouldn’t, and not come to again till they please. I wouldn’t be bothered with one of ’em—no, not for—Mrs. Doughboy, wake up!” Whether it was the voice of the sturdy little man that did it, or whether she couldn’t remain as she was any longer with comfort, is altogether problematical; but Mrs. Doughboy *did* “wake up” at once, and the burly little man, after placing her in a chair, and telling her to hold on to it for her life, ran out of the house at full speed.

“Stop! stop!” cried Mrs. Doughboy, “I’ll go too, I must. I can’t stay here any longer inactive, and people scouring the country in search of Jehu!”

“No, no—you can’t come,” said the little man, shuddering at the idea of having to carry Mrs. Doughboy through the snow; for it was clearly evident that she could not have got through it without assistance. “I’m going to the Bakery. He may yet be found. He will, I *know* he will. Don’t come, don’t;” and, closing the door after him, he left the place as quickly as he could.

They were all very dull at the Bakery, when he got there. There was a great quantity of dough worked up, ready for baking; but they had suffered the ovens to get cold, and were afraid to heat them again, lest Mr. Jehu *might* be lying asleep in one of the corners. True, they had searched them all, as the little man had already informed Mrs. Doughboy; but they seemed to doubt their own senses, and were so bewildered that they scarcely knew what to do. Several parties of men had been sent out in various directions, some of whom had probably met with him by this time. The burly little man, who was the owner of the establishment, insisted that the fires should be lighted immediately—the people couldn’t do without bread. The men complied sullenly; the crackling ash was shortly in a blaze, and the shop was soon as uncomfortable as even the bakers themselves could desire; but no smell of Mr. Doughboy being roasted in any of the ovens came to alarm their nostrils. The Bakers were hard at work. Many a dozen of bread were browning on the red-hot bricks, or in greasy pans, and many another dozen would be ready, in a very little time, to undergo the same process.

"Here's a pipe!" shouted one of the bakers, as he prepared to dive up to the elbows in a huge lump of dough, of about two or three hundred pounds or so in weight, which was being "raised" in one of the troughs.

"Nonsense! where?" cried the sturdy little man, now deprived of the Pilot-cloth coat.

"Here, here it is, and it's still alight, too! the baccer ain't all burned!"

"Ha! ha! ha! so there is!" laughed the sturdy little man, "its Jehu's pipe! I'll bet my life on it—somebody lay the dough open carefully—there—that's it—there he is!"

"There he *was*—Jehu Doughboy—the very man! Not dead as a door nail, but smoking his pipe as comfortably as if he were seated at his own fireside with Mrs. D., and the two little rosy-cheeked boys along with him. He had lain down on the dough to rest himself—it had raised over him—he had raised with it—and the pipe seemed as determined to keep its bowl outside the dough, as Jehu was to hold on by the shank with his teeth, while he smoked, and slept at intervals, very quietly, the whole night. He was wide awake, though, when they cut their way through to him.

"What's the matter? Is anything the matter?" he asked, seeing seven or eight well known faces hovering above him, but whether for good or evil, he wist not.

"You're there, are you?" asked the burly little man, although he knew perfectly well that there was not the least necessity for the question. "You're there, are you? and all the country searching for you."

"No! what a lark?" said Mr. Doughboy.

"And your wife throwing herself into the fire, and on the floor, and into every body's arms, and wanting to know if you're found yet, dead or alive," said the burly little man.

"Poor, foolish little Kate!" said Mr. Doughboy, starting up. "But that's always the way with these women, when they once love a feller—what's o'clock?"

"*Seven o'clock, A. M.*," said the burly little man, referring to his watch. "You've had a fine long sleep of it—come, I must see you home, Jehu—the sooner I bring you there, the better—look sharp."

The burly little man rested not until he had pushed and dragged Mr. Jehu Doughboy into the presence of Mrs. Kate Doughboy, and the two little rosy-cheeked Doughboys; nor did he stir from the house until he had partaken of an excellent breakfast, at which he made Mrs. Kate Doughboy laugh, and Mr. Jehu Doughboy bellow, and roar again, while he related the comfortable way in which the latter had passed the night, and was so provokingly humorous upon this, and many other subjects, that even the two little rosy-cheeked Doughboys

(twins—I should have said so before,) were fain to laugh also, in a very liberal, and unrestrained manner.

For the benefit of mankind in general, but more particularly for that of the curious and inquisitive, it may as well be stated that the doughy couch on (or *in*, rather) which Mr. Jehu passed the night, after having had an extra lump of butter added thereto, was immediately worked up into twists, and Cottage loaves, and sold to the gentry, who had no idea that the tasty slices of bread they ate for breakfast the morning succeeding the storm, and the morning after that again, had been once wrapped around the form and figure of the lost Doughboy.

ALTHAM. *

BY JOHN S. CUMMINS, ESQ.

CHAPTER XIV.

PROSPERO.—“ But are they safe, Ariel? ”

ARIEL.—“ Not a pair blemished.”—*Tempest*.

With all *due* respect to received opinions, I cannot help coinciding with the wisdom of the sage, who said ‘hat “ the happiest death was that most sudden and least expected.” Few indeed are the misfortunes whose shadows before, are not more bitterly felt than their actual presence. Most of all—the terrors of death are exaggerated. We have seen death in almost all its shapes, and its occurrence is very seldom painful to any great extent,—in very many instances it is but the sinking of the wearied frame into a quiet sleep. To return—our friends had scarcely enjoyed their hammocks an hour, when the shrill pipe of the boatswain, and the hoarse reverberations of his summons, aroused all hands to shorten sail. When they got on deck, how changed was the scene. Though still some stars struggled through a sort of luminous haze to the eastward, all the western heavens were overspread with a pall of more than midnight darkness. The wind had freshened, and had drawn to the westward of south, and now sighed through the rigging, in fitful gusts, with a portentous wailing which quailed the heart of the stoutest, always provided that it were understood. One by one, the lingering stars disappeared, hid by the sable shroud which had drawn first from the west, and now the only light afforded was by the ship’s wake, and the combing of the waves, which were rendered far more extensively breaking, by the heavy indulations becoming momentarily more apparent from the westward, and whose light

* Continued from Number 9, page 480

shone the more brightly in the murky gloom. There is a something immediately preceding an ærial convulsion which forbids conviction of its proximity on the minds of all ; however little experienced, they feel an unpleasant certainty that something most unusual is about to occur ; and this feeling is not confined to our species, but shared by all earthly beings—by some far more intensely than ourselves. Apart from mental action, our corporeal perceptions announce it to us, and these feelings are most probably common to us and the inferior tribes. But how far more intensely must the approaching danger be present to the sailor, whose senses are sharpened by long experience, and whose only safety depends on a few inches thick of wood ; a defective spot, or badly secured butt of which, would plunge him into the abyss which skill and judgment enable him to make the high road of nations.

But enough of digression. When Annesley and Smith came on deck, all the predictions of the latter received, to his mind, the fullest confirmation. Captain Brooke walked the quarter deck with varying pace, now peering anxiously into the surrounding gloom, now listening intensely, as though he would seek, through another organ, the information which sight refused. He held several consultations with his immediate subalterns, the result of which was only apparent by the increasing inequalities of his walk ; no doubt he felt the vast responsibility of his station—so many lives depending on him. Five hundred as fine fellows as ever trod a plank, were on the alert to execute his bidding ; yet though all knew that the approaching strife was for life or death, and most felt anxious, yet all responsibility resting with their chief alone, none felt as he did. The wind, though still giving the ship good steerage way, had died away aloft, so that occasionally the topsails flapped heavily, as she rose on the momentarily increasing swell—the air felt like the breath of a furnace, and though so light, sobbed audibly through the rigging now and then—a few minutes and it ceased—a few cat's paws in every direction, ensued, ending in perfect calm, at least of the air. The ship lost way, and now fell off into the trough of the sea.

The moment of action had at length arrived—at the word of the commander, the courses were in, and the main and mizen topsails stowed in an instant—the fore-yards were squared, and the ship awaited, under her fore-topsail and topmast stay-sail, the coming tornado—an hour passed, and still it came not ; but the noble vessel groaned from truck to keel, as she rolled on the now mountain waves. Through the raven darkness, at about 45° altitude from the eastern horizon, a glimmering light grey appeared, as though the gloom had slightly parted—it brightened, assumed a sickly yellow tinge, and, after a quarter of an hour, faded, leaving a doubt whether or not it were the dawn ; but so it was—a dull misty haze enabled the eye to pierce, first,

as far as the coming roll, and after a while, even to its successor, Who has seen the dawn of day, either during a gale at sea, or a scene of misery ashore, a sick room, for instance, where one has for hours perceived the hovering destroyer, and from time to time felt the chill air from his wing, and not been revived by its cheering influence, with a gush of hope, even through an atmosphere of despair. No articulated sound had been heard on the Shannon's deck for hours, which seemed years, except those consequent on the performance of the duties assigned to each; but now a faint murmuring was perceptible, how different soever from the matin hymn of the glad birds on a May morning, yet still, perhaps, a scarcely felt, but duly offered prayer of thanks to the Great Architect of the Universe for the beneficent command, "let there be light," and despite the brewing elemental war, "there was light" to such an extent, it is true, as scarcely to "make darkness visible;" yet pale and feeble as it was, to cheer the hearts of those who lately felt the "blackness of darkness," and to inspire them to obey the calls of duty, if not "rejoicing as giants to man their courses," at least with an energy which, during the night, would have been superhuman. A dull sound, like that of heavy rain, was heard to the south-westward—every voice was hushed, and again a dead silence reigned fore and aft—it ceased—again it was heard, and a slight air, hot as coming from an oven, was perceptible from the southward, on deck, whilst the running gear aloft, was seen to curve from the north-west, and the whistling of wind was distinctly heard on deck, where a fluttering rushlight would have burned with a scarcely waving flame, so stratified were the æriel currents. Again, for a few seconds all was still—a sound is then heard, like the roll of heavy carriages, borne from a distance on a still night, or the far off continued ratling of musketry,—whilst again a slight air is felt on deck, it freshens and pays off the ship's head—a rush—a roar! is heard like the breath of Him, "whose voice is as the sound of many waters"—huge solitary drops of rain descend—a sound, as of the concentrated voice of a thousand distant thunders, comes booming along and, "on the wings of mighty winds," the ship is flying, nearly bows under, through the sweep of the tempest and rush of flashing waters—an explosion is heard, and the bolt ropes of the topsail have but a few rags fluttering on them, whilst the sail they lately confined, disappears ahead, like a sea-bird, borne along by the spirit of the storm; but its fury seems spent—a lull succeeds—again the chief's voice is heard and obeyed—a new topsail, snugly stowed, takes the place of that which lately fluttered in fragments—still under bare poles, the ship flies, and the storm demons again pursue—though with somewhat mitigated fury. Now, to the windward, wailing sounds are heard, the gale bears them along, it is hot as the forest noon of the regions they are navigating. What

is the rattling sound on deck—can it be hail—*large pellets of hail*? And now what strange unearthly light mingles its baleful gleam with the grey morning? On each foreyard-arm a wierd lantern appears, now more like the dream of some half maniac, than aught actually presented to our waking vision; our senses cannot deny its being; but what is it?—it flutters—now assuming the appearance of a bright star—now of the reflected light of a distant magic lantern—it draws itself out at times, nearly parting company with the spar—

“Lingering and sitting like a new made ghost,
Loath to leave the body that it loves.”

Again it assumes the strange blue tinge of an apothecary's light, seen through a colored medium, and after a few fitful flashes, this Jack-o'-the-lantern of the deep disappears. Scarcely had it become invisible, when a comparative lull took place,—Annesley and Smith had been gazing on the strange phenomenon, but again with different feeling, to the former, though not without some mingling of awe, the predominating sensation was one of gratified curiosity; he had heard of “Compresants,” but never before beheld them, and his thoughts glanced over the thrilling mid-watch tales in which such appearances so often form a prominent incident; so completely had he absented himself from present occurrences, that he started when Smith touching his arm, asked what he thought of it.

“To say the truth, I scarcely know, and just at present, although it has led to my musings, I was not thinking of it at all.”

“But I was though; I used to hunt sometimes at home, when a youngster, and can only compare my pleasure at seeing it, who, where it was just now, to that of one of our city bucks, when run away with by an animal, which nothing but his profound ignorance of, could ever have tempted him to mount, and approaching at a break-neck pace a heavy double fence, sees at the other side a precipice, down which the odds are immensely in favor of his breaking his neck—we were badly enough off before, but this seals the doom of the old ship.”

“Why, what is to ail her—she goes through it like a bird, and as yet, we have room enough?”

“Aye, as yet; but that same light tells us that the hurricane is to be no momentary puff, and thirty hours at this pace will run us amongst the Bahama shoals—never mind—

“There is a sweet little cherub who sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.”

All went on as usual on board the frigate, for the next twenty hours—the tempest, on the whole, increasing, though with momentary lulls from time to time—still, under bare poles, she sped with the rapidity of an eagle, before its fury. Again,

Annesley and his friend were on watch. The gale had—according to what our experience leads us to believe an universal law of nature—followed the course of the sun, gradually tending to the northward, and now with unabated violence blew from N. N. W. Now again fierce hail was borne along through a darkness that might be felt, though ever and anon the eye was dazzled with brilliant forks of lightning. Again those wild meteors shed their unearthly light over the scene, rendering visible to each other, the anxious faces of the tired crew, and investing them with a livid paleness; but this position was changed,—their wavering outlines were now based on the trucks, (a position which to the mariner's eye is as surely fraught with hope as the Bow of the Covenant, set in the heavens, is a token to the faithful of the promise that this world shall be no more submerged,) nor was its portent vain. Though still the elemental war went on, its fury was in some degree abated,—the hail storm had passed and rolled to leeward, its position being shewn by occasional chain lightning. It has swept by, and the lightnings have discontinued; and now, where it lately rendered the horizon most deeply black, for the first time, since the commencement of the hurricane, a luminous appearance is seen—all eyes are directed there—drawing the happiest auspices from the lessening gloom,—even old Smith has pressed his friend's hand, pointing out to him the breaking up of the gale,—when from the mizen top, the Captain's voice is heard, anticipating as it were the apparently changing elements,—

“All hands make sail!”

Imagine to yourself, a storm by which trees of a century are torn up by the roots,—by which the firmest buildings raised by the hands of man, are shaken to their foundations,—against which the very eagle in vain essays to urge his flight, and you may picture to your mind the force of the storm, which, though abated somewhat in its fury, still was blowing. Have you ever, from some beetling cliff, beheld the ocean lashed to madness, by such a tempest,—rearing its mountain billows, piling its foaming Pelion upon Ossa,—lashing in its fury, and shaking the very mountain of rock on which you stood.—Imagine man daring to contend with that mighty tempest, and you will still scarcely realize the astonishment with which the *Shannon's* crew heard the mandate of their chief; but this amazement did not for an instant deter them from the execution of their duty. The men clustered into the rigging, as though it were a mere drill,—it came hoarsely through the tempest—

“Let fall the topsails! Quarter-master stand by your port helm! Sheet home—sway away! Give her the helm, my man! Round in the larboard braces! Bring her to the wind sir!”

Never were the qualities of that noble ship put to so severe a test, and never did ship more proudly attest the "mettle of her pasture." When first she felt the lateral force of the fierce wind before which she had been flying, her very yard-arms touched the wave, but steadily she recovered, and though four planks of her lee deck were submerged, she gathered head way on her altered course—nor was it too soon, for to leeward all was boiling foam, and even to windward for many hundred yards, the water was white,—in fact she was skirting along one of the Bahama banks, whose loom was the light seen on the horizon,—still on she plunged, breasting one moment a mountain swell, and in the next buried between two rolling oceans. A sharp crack is heard, the cross jack yard has snapped in the slings, and the topsail is split from foot to head, and in a second fluttering in strips from the yard. Again the chief's voice is heard above the howling of the storm,—

"Hawl out the spanker!"

It is done—the topmast staysails are also set,—the water assumes a darker hue—she has cleared the shoal,—the wind still northens, and the old *Shannon* again heads for the Florida shore, making, it is true, as much leeway as headway, but every minute deepening her water—*she is saved*. Again her gallant crew draw long breaths, and many a heart pours forth its rough offering of praise and thanksgiving to Him who rules the storm,—“at whose word the stormy winds arise,” and whose mercy says unto the furious ocean, “Peace, be still.” Truly, “They who go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in the great waters,—these men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.”

CHAPTER XV.

“I can no longer brook thy vanities.”

What American, whether of high or low degree, does not luxuriate in the fancy that their navy has “plucked the war-won honors” from old England's crest, and made a garland for their country's brow therewith. So often and so vauntingly have they sung their Pæans of victory, that they actually have the impertinence to believe that they have *whipped the Britishers*. To doubt that they make brave and good seamen were to question

“That those whom they call fathers, did beget them.”

But how, in the face of facts, they can have the impudence to deny that during the last war they were deucedly well threshed, would be a matter of curious investigation to a stranger to the national character; nevertheless, the lowering of some few pennants to vessels of *nominally* the same class, has, we may hope, been a salutary, though bitter lesson to John Bull; and

although the trick has been almost from the time known to the world, it was admirably adapted to induce the ignorant and hard worked portion of the *free and equal*, to pay their taxes and supply the requisite enthusiasm, to enable them to support without murmuring, the enormous prices of supplies, and the miserable remuneration which the produce of their toil afforded, shut out as it was from the marts of the world.

Forgive us kind reader, if we intrude a few figures, which you may skip if uninteresting :

British National Cruisers taken :

Ships, 30 ; Guns, 530 ; Men, 2751 ; Tons, 10,273.

American National Cruisers taken :

Ships, 64 ; Guns, 660 ; Men, 2994 ; Tons, 14,848.

Of the former, were carried into port—ships, 9 ; guns, 171 ; men, 919 ; tons, 3314. And of the latter—ships, 22 ; guns, 330 ; men, 2430 ; tons, 6714. The total number of vessels of every description taken by the British, was 1699, whilst those which fell to America, were only 1200 ; and be it remembered, that the latter Power “ had then scarcely an *unarmed* merchantman afloat, whilst English commerce crowded every sea.”

The greater portion of our national vessels which struck to those of America, were hastily constructed for the defence of the Canadian lakes, and manned chiefly by raw levies, who fought bravely, (indeed, then ill-equipped vessels,) but fell an easy prey to fleets having full resources on the spot. In Commodore Perry (that sucking Nelson's) action, for instance, he was only opposed to fifty British sailors, *including officers and boys*, scattered through six vessels, the rest of the crews being made up of *soldiers* and Canadian voyageurs.

In no single instance was the “ meteor flag ” lowered to an equal in force, whilst on one occasion the stars bowed to an inferior in the rates of 17 to 19, not to mention the peppering of the *President* by the *Endymion*, where the former surrendered to a *squadron*, the component parts of which, save the before mentioned ship, were ten miles distant. But enough of this. Jonathan hugs himself on his *victories* so tightly, that nothing, save amputation, would sever the loved embrace,—whilst dear old John Bull (whom we love in our hearts) is none the worse for hearing the yelping of his well grown and highly promising puppy. He is fast getting rid of the confounded old drogers which, when only Dons and Frenchmen contended with him the empire of the ocean, answered the purpose well enough, and building vessels of the same real as well as nominal class, as friend Jonathan's. We wish our readers could have seen the old Crocodile (which had the honor of being rated a 40 gun frigate, and was in olden times not unknown to fame,) as we saw her the other day reflecting her beauties

in the still waters of Cork Harbor, doing duty as guard ship, and the merry glance of old Murphy—we beg his pardon—of the Honorable Mr. Murphy, United States Consul General for Ireland, (as good a fellow as ever lived, by the way, and an old officer of the United States Navy,) when we asked him whether he would not like to catch such a *frigate* at sea, in any ordinary sloop of war of his service. The infernal old tub is in future to be a *lobster box*. It were much to be wished that all craft of her description were turned over to the same service, instead of employing men of war as transports, and disgusting all parties. A soldier's mess ashore, or that of the ward-room aboard, is very pleasant to officers of the other branch of the service, as *guests*, but pipe-clay and tar *can't* amalgamate, or even be forced into close proximity, for any length of time without mutual injury. Confound this habit of digressing, it grows on one despite all good resolutions. We have matter enough

“Gently to canter through an hundred cantos,”

So

“We wont be prosy and we will be read.”

“Hail muse, &c.,” we left the old Shannon not indeed sleeping, but yerking her way through a heavy head sea, somewhere between the Bahamas and the Florida main. A gale of wind at sea is exciting to witness, although it must be confessed that the excitement is not altogether of a pleasurable nature, and that it is far more agreeable to read about it when snugly ensconced in an arm chair by a good fire, with one's slippered feet on the fender; but calms, snow showers, chill norwesters, and blowing one's fingers in the vain hope of imparting to those half-frozen parts, some slight degree of vital warmth, when the sky is serene over head, as that of the Mediterranean, and the sea as smooth as a mill pond, has nothing interesting either to the passions or the feelings, with the exception of an occasional bath in a tub of water at 75°, taken from the gulf stream, and quickly brought into a well warmed cabin, which is a luxury.

So effectually was the commerce of those whippers of the Britishers swept from the ocean, on their own shore, that with the exception of a few bushels of potatoes and onions, which *ruthless power captured* from a small coasting schooner, and which were liberally paid for in pork and biscuit, American trade was unimpeded by the Shannon during her voyage to Halifax, where her officers promised themselves some relaxation,—short sighted mortals that they were. Old “shiver-the-mizen” who then and there commanded, prided himself on “keeping no more cats than caught mice,” and Captain Brooke was known to be too good an officer to be allowed to go ashore on his beef-bones. His orders, therefore, were to

get ready for service as soon as possible ; his energetic disposition soon ridded him of his red-coated cargo. In two days he reported his ship ready for sea, and the next morning saw her, with the Tenedos as her consort, under Captain Brooke's orders, standing south ; in three days thereafter they made Cape Anne, and on the second of April reconnoitered the harbor of Boston, where they found the frigates Congress and President ready for sea. A few days after, the doomed Chesapeake stepped in, unperceived by the English ship, where all three lay until the first of May, when the Congress and President, taking advantage of a sudden shift of wind and a fog, *escaped* to sea, unseen by their *inferior* foe. On the 25th of May, Captain Brooke learning their departure made signals requiring the presence of Captain Parker on board, and detached him with orders not to rejoin before the 14th of June, at which time he supposed that the Constitution (another frigate then under repair in Boston) might be ready—determining, meanwhile, to test the vaunted superiority of master Jonathan. Once and again, the red cross flag—that “*emblem of tyranny*,” was displayed within cannon shot of the *free*, but seeing no chance of coaxing the Chesapeake out, Brooke contented himself with cruising between Capes Cod and St. Anne, where he had the good fortune to recapture, in sight of port, two British ships, both of which, unwilling as he must have felt to weaken his crew, duty compelled him to man and send into Halifax. On the 30th, he fell in with the Sir John Sherbrooke, a private British cruiser,—wanting a few hands to replace those he had been obliged to detach in the prizes, and finding that she had on board some unfortunate emigrants whom she had retaken from an American privateer, he pressed them.

The poor fellows made a sufficiently ludicrous as well as painful display, as they were handed up the side. Captain Brooke stood near the gangway as they came on deck, where a stout block of a Cork man, in a long frieze coat, a high crowned hat with vestiges of what had been a leaf, corduroy breeches, destitute of buttons at the knees, and grey worsted stockings, equally destitute of feet, (not that the flesh and bone were wanting, but the worsted covering,) and with an expression of good humor and fun, scarcely concealed by present indignation, forthwith accosted him, after a short glance around, perceiving instinctively his rank—

“ A thin is it your honor is the Captain ? ”

“ Yes, my man.”

“ Why thin Captain, your honor. 'tis our's is a hard case entirely ; first the Yankees, devil's luck to them, God forgive me for cursing, stops the old Duck, widout no manner of *raison*, and takes us and whatsoever they liked out of her, laiving the poor wives and the little *childher*, the crathers, to

a sorrowful landing in a strange country, where, God help 'em, what will they do at all, at all. Next comes a beautiful ship entirely, and it was our hearts jumped into our throats to see that she belonged to the Sassenachs. Well, we thought it was our turn now, and when she cum up with and tuck us agin, didn't we give a hurraw! but divil resave the bit better off were we for it. there was lots and lavings of grog for such as would list for the ship, but more kicks than hapince for uz who wanted sometime to see the little childher agin, and now your honor comes and is going to make sodjers of uz for life, an sure it is little good we'll be when you have us, for the poor wife and the hungry childher will be always to the fore."

Captain Brooke did not conceal his emotion as he asked,

"What is your name my man?"

"Tim Kelleher, your honor."

"Well, Tim, where was the Duck bound to?"

"To Halifax, your honor."

"And if I had not fallen in with you, how soon do you think you would have been there?"

"Sorra' a one of me knows, sir."

"As sure as we live, and that flag still floats on the ship, I will, on my honor as a gentleman, have you landed there in less than a month; if you prefer it I will send you all back to the privateer, although I have some business on hand, where you and your fellows can be of great service. I will not conceal from you that I daily hope to meet an American vessel of superior force: what the event may be, God knows, but I have little uneasiness on that score; nevertheless, if we meet we shall have a hard scratch of it."

"Arrah then, your honor does not think we care for the fighting that *is in it*. And you will put us ashore in a month—maybe 'tis we that won't stick to you: by this and that, if it was not for the poor crathers that will be *breaking* their hearts, we would stop with you a year, just to pay them rascals off for parting us."

"Well, well, my lad, I'll make you comfortable while here, and land you none the worse off for having been a few days in my ship."

The Hibernian audience had listened to Tim's *larning*, whilst *discoursing* the Captain in English, in open mouthed astonishment, still they gathered sufficient to enable them to understand the main articles of the treaty, which they ratified with a wild hurroo.

Half an hour afterwards "the wives and childher, the crathers," would hardly have recognized their husbands and fathers in the smart "slops" which the purser's store room had enabled them to substitute for their rags.

One word about impressment. What Briton is there who must not blush that such a practice is still sanctioned by usage?

for legal, in the strict sense of the word, it has never been. We have emancipated the "black blackguard descendants of Ham," at a cost of twenty millions sterling, *a generous deed of much more than questionable humanity*, and shall we hesitate, by a slight relaxation of our purse strings, to make service in our national defence, our Navy an object of *ambition* instead of *detestation* to our merchant seamen. What would be the cost?—discontinue impressment, declare it *a felony*, treat it as you have the stealing of *other slaves*, increase slightly the pay of the men, (an expenditure which would be more than counterbalanced by the total discontinuance of desertion,) and above all, when in our own harbors, grant an occasional leave of absence, sufficiently extended to allow the men *to visit their families*, instead of wasting three days of liberty *in the most degrading sort of debauchery*. This, it may be answered, would have a tendency, with that portion of the men who are hardest to bring into an efficient state, to subvert discipline, inasmuch as they would use this extended leave merely to plunge for lengthened periods into wholesale vice! It might be discretionary with commanding officers to refuse leave to such, as it is at present; and besides we think that in the altered state of the service, such characters might be altogether rejected. Moreover, would even such an occasional outbreak have so pernicious an influence on our fleets as the promiscuous intercourse sanctioned, or rather winked at, *on board* at present.

But putting out of view for a moment the improvement which the adoption of such changes would introduce in our marine, what Englishman can call himself a freeman whilst subject to such an odious injustice? This bequest of barbarous ages *must* be done away with by Act of Parliament. It is not the habit of the high spirited gentry of England to hug themselves on the immunity afforded by high station, whilst aware that the helpless are exposed to tyranny and injustice. Through the varied ranks of life we feel and gratefully acknowledge the fostering kindness of those whom *we* are not ashamed to respect as our superiors; but in return, we know that they have reciprocal duties to perform, and well are they aware that in sustaining the rights of the humblest of the community, they are guarding the most important outworks of their own position; and intrenching themselves with the strong ramparts of mutual interest. These assertions may seem incongruous whilst speaking against a foul injustice which the practice of ages has sanctioned; but all alike are subject to it, although some are by fortuitous circumstances, more removed than others from the probability of its occurrence.

These poor Irishmen were civilians—their impressment is no fiction, but told as a matter of mere routine by the chroniclers of the day; and few Captains would have shewn the

generosity, when placed in similar circumstances, which characterized the proceedings of Captain Brooke: indeed he far exceeded the bounds of strict duty, as then and now understood in the service, in promising to dismiss the impressed men when the then expected arduous service should be performed. Duties such as these must no longer fetter the high sense of honor and justice of our naval commanders. Foul *kidnapping*, such as we have described, must not embitter our gallant defenders against a country for which, *even in its despite* they have ever shewn themselves ready to pour out their heart's blood. But it may be argued that the old system has worked well. Why so might the Russian Autocrat say of that of his empire; within a couple of generations she has risen to a first rank amongst the nations of the earth. At what time was France so victorious as when her Juggernaut, Napoleon, was immolating conscript millions beneath the bloody wheels of his triumphal car? At what time was poor Ireland so quiet, as when her Catholic millions were utterly trampled beneath the feet of an arrogant ascendancy, sustained by the cold steel of *then* misjudging and cruel England? All these systems apparently *worked well*, but who will for a moment suppose that they were sound, and possessed within them the elements of lasting prosperity? *No injustice can be politic*—sooner or later the oppressor is brought low—and such will be our case as surely as a just Providence rules the destinies of nations, if we continue to allow this dark stain to remain on our national escutcheon.

Let not Jonathan, however, glorify himself on all this,—let him rather “pluck the beam out of his own eye” before he essays to “remove the mote” from ours; for many a year have we cruised under the flags of various nations, but never have we witnessed so much of the insolence of man

“Clothed in a little brief authority,”

as on board American *merchant ships*. We have met amongst their masters, good fellows, and pleasant, gentlemanly companions, but invariably they are harsh and tyrannical to the men. A little creole villain, with whom it was our misfortune to cross the herring pond, a few months since, however capped the climax. By heaven! our blood throbbed under our finger nails at his cruelty. An English master would have most assuredly cooled his heels on the treadmill, for a tenth of what we witnessed on board that ship; and yet the little *nigger* had his redeeming qualities. None could be kinder when any of the men were sick. He merely did what he considered his station required, ———. “Equality and sailors’ rights!”—*fudge!!* His mate, the *executioner* of his dictates, which he stood by and saw inflicted, was sentenced on the ship’s arrival at Boston to pay about three pounds fifteen shillings, which of course the owners defrayed, and little darky escaped scathless.

As to national ships, the "Somers' tragedy" could not have occurred in our service, nor in that of any other power, save perhaps those of Russia or Turkey.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Well, try a little touch at fighting!"

"War's a brain-spattering, wind-pipe-splitting art."

Byron.

The Shannon had now cruised in Boston Bay for three weeks, during the first of which the domains of the finny tribes were uninvaded by net or hook; but one by one, fast galleys ventured—when she stood well over towards Cape St. Anne—to visit the Banks, flying in shore at the approach of the British frigate; by degrees, however, their fright wore off, until finding themselves unmolested, the fishing skiffs pursued their accustomed industry even within hail.

Some days after the incidents recorded in the last chapter, as the Shannon, under easy sail, was jogging to the southward, a skiff was seen gradually to detach herself from the little fleet of fishermen, (her occupant apparently trolling,) until having put some half mile between him and his associates, he boldly hoisted her tiny lug, and stood for the Englishman, causing much speculation on board, and as she approached, being reconnoitered by many curious eyes, even the Captain condescended to steady his telescope more than once, on the daring crafty; after a long look he ordered the main yards to be laid aback, and told one of the youngsters to summon Annesley, who quickly touched his cap to his commander.

"Do you remember Mr. Annesley, our conversation on the first evening that you came on board?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, act on it now,—one is in yon skiff, unless my eyes deceive me strangely, who is not too safe on board a British man-of-war. It is many years since we have met,—take my glass and let me know if I am right."

Jemmy took the glass and instantly confirmed his Captain's opinion.

"It is he, sir, certainly,—though how he can be here is strange enough."

"You will not of course appear to recognise him; a few days may give him a chance of rubbing off old scores, and me an opportunity of paying a long standing debt. You had better be out of the way when he comes on board,—I will give him his cue." Our hero obeyed, disappearing down the after companion as the boat came alongside.

Its occupant, having handed up a small but heavy valise, and a long Yankee rifle, sprung lightly up the side, and touched

his hat to His Majesty's quarter-deck, as coolly as though he had belonged to the ship, and came to report himself. Our readers will, no doubt, have surmised that it was Ingram.

"May I enquire, sir, what you suppose to be my duty at the present moment?" asked the Captain.

"To order a whip, with a noose at the end of it, to be rove at the fore-yard-arm, I suppose, sir," replied our old acquaintance, not a whit disconcerted.

"You may thank old times that I do not perform it, Ingram. You have not miscalculated in supposing that I have not forgotten them; nevertheless, under other circumstances, you would have run a risk, as, however willing, I might be unable to save you."

"Of which, sir, I was well aware when I took French leave of you on the Florida shore. I come with the more confidence now, as before many days are past, you will not in vain ask a pardon for a man like me, or perhaps I shall neither need it, or have your intercession if I did."

"Do you mean to say that I shall at last draw that Yankee badger from his hole?"

"Faith, sir, his back is up, Captain Lawrence has called a crew from the Constitution, and half-a-dozen Privateers which your presence here keeps idle in Boston, and if there is not drill on board 'tis no matter—he is getting ready for you, sir, and if he is beaten it will not be his fault."

"Well, we have not exactly been getting ready for *him*, but we are so for any ship of our force any time these two years. Your friend Annesley has charge of the main-top—you made a sailor and a good one of the boy—you will serve under him, and after this scratch is over I shall be able to do something for you—of course you are to know nothing of him for the present."

"I understand, Sir—I am glad you have the boy under your wing, he is made of stuff that I knew you would like."

Ingram was moving off, but was recalled by Captain Brooke: "If Captain Lawrence is inclined to show fight, he is deucedly slow about it."

"Because he wants to tow you in, Sir, with the Stars and Stripes above your flag; and, to do him justice, is leaving no stone unturned to give effect to his good intentions"

"Aye; but on the fourteenth I shall be rejoined by the Tenedos, and then our match can't come off, at least as I wish it, *ship to ship*—an hundred accidents may even occur in the interim—other ships may arrive, whose Commanders being my seniors may take the play into their own hands. By Jove! I'll send him in a challenge, and he must come to the scratch at once, or own himself afraid to meet me—what think you?"

"That he will accept it, Sir, on the instant—old Lawrence is as gallant and as brave an officer as, without compliment, I

believe you to be ; and were he otherwise, the very fish wives of Boston would force him out ; they, good folks, expected a good account of you, and your consort, when the President and Congress went to sea, and are now perfectly frantic with expectation of their coming victory. Why, sir, a subscription is already entered on, to give a dinner to Captain Lawrence, in which your name and those of your officers figure as guests."

I am much obliged by their courtesy, but hope to decline the invitation, however kindly intended ; and now, Ingram, let us forget for a few days that we have met before."

He sent for the first lieutenant and ordered him to have Ingram (whom he represented simply as an English subject, who had effected his escape) put on the ship's books, and that he should be stationed in the main-top.

From amongst the American prisoners taken in the English recaptures, he ordered a Captain Slocum to be conducted to his presence, on whose appearance he asked—

"Should you like to regain your freedom on condition of bearing a letter from me to Captain Lawrence ?"

"I guess, I should, sir."

"Well then get ready, while I write,—we have been too long knocking about here to no purpose."

"I rayther think I shall be all the safer out of this ship, when you and the Chesapeake meet. I have wondered eternally why old Lawrence allows you to locate yourself in these diggings. I'll be ready to carry your letter in quarter less no time."

In a few minutes a gig manned by American prisoners, left the frigate, bearing a challenge to Captain Lawrence, which, from its gallant tenor, and honorable candor, in gentlemanly and officer-like courtesy of tone, it is a model. It was never destined to reach the brave sailor for whom it was intended. Immediately after the departure of his ambassador, Captain Brooke stood for Boston Harbor light-house, and long before the boat reached Marble-head, perceived from the mast-head, the Chesapeake fire a gun and get under weigh, making sail as she ran down. The Shannon now filled and stood to the eastward, until 4 o'clock, followed by her antagonist. The Chesapeake then hauled up and reefed topsails—the Shannon following her example. Again both ships kept away—the Shannon shivering her main yards, that her opponent might overtake her, until at 5, Captain Brooke, thinking that he had a sufficient offing, determined to bring matters to a crisis.—He accordingly hauled to the wind, with his ship's head to the south-east. No more beautiful sight can be imagined than the enemy's ship afforded at this moment, with the splendid scenery of Boston heights, and a gorgeously tinted sky to the westward, forming a back-ground. She wore colors at each mast-head, and was as trim as the care of a good officer (hav-

ing the opportunity of a spell in harbor) could make her. The old Shannon's exterior was far different. Long and arduous service under the fiery blaze of a tropical sun, had made her sides look rusty, enough to gratify the thousands of lookers-on by the comparison. Within, however, all was right, and to the practiced eye, that very roughness of exterior told of the iron muscles of her well-drilled crew, and that the old rusty blue ensign which she shewed at her peak, would, in all probability maintain its position fully as long as the more brilliant bunting of her foe. Captain Brooke knew the high estimation in which the rival chief was held, and felt, to the full,

“ * * The stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.”

His opponent is now within a mile, and now chivalrously waiving the advantage which he might have taken by raking an enemy who had voluntarily exposed himself to it, by waiting for him, Captain Lawrence gallantly luffed, passing to windward, and the contest began within pistol shot. Our hero had, it will be recollected, charge of the main-top, where also Ingram was placed, and from thence they had occasionally through the smoke, a view of the deadly strife—scarcely equalled in mortality in the annals of naval warfare, when its brief continuance is taken into account. More than one of the enemy's top men had felt the unerring aim of Ingram's rifle. For a time the thundering cannonade stills the light evening breeze—again a puff sweeps to leeward the dense canopy of battle—Ingram seizes his former apprentice's arm, and, pointing to Captain Lawrence, says, forgetting in the excitement of the moment the understanding between them—

“ I say, Jemmy, look at old Lawrence, how noble is his attitude, whilst such a tempest of shot and splinters are flying around him—'tis a pity, but it would simplify matters much if I picked him off—damn this war, 'tis a strange thing—I have no enmity to that man, on the contrary, I rather admire and like him, and yet I am about to kill him with as little compunction as though he were a bitter enemy—that is if some stray shot does not pick me off first, and it will have to come quickly.” The last few words were uttered as the skipper rubbed his thumb nail across the flint of his rifle, during the loading of which he had found opportunity to communicate his wandering ideas to Annesley. His line of aim was taken—once and again the smoke shroud intervened—again for an instant the Chesapeake's quarter deck is visible—the gallant Lawrence springs a yard into the air, and falls a lifeless corpse. Happy was it for him that his death was not deferred a few minutes longer. A shower of lead from every direction tears the Shannon's main-top—Annesley hears a groan, in a well known voice, and turning, sees Ingram, apparently lifeless, leaning over the top-rail, which had served him as a rest. At

such moments, whatever sympathy is felt, but little opportunity is afforded for its expression. Our hero could do no more for his former skipper than have him rolled well in to the mast head, and secured there. If possible the din of battle had grown more deafening—it is no longer distinguishable in broadsides, but crashing and continuous as rolling thunder.—Again a gust sweeps aside the smoke, and Annesley perceives that the Chesapeake's jib and fore-topsail are flying, the sheet of the former and the tye of the latter being shot away, and the ship having come to the wind, is drifting helplessly down. A waist anchor stowed in the Shannon's fore chains, catches in her quarter gallery, the impetus of the latter heaves her still farther into the wind, and the anchor holding, her decks are swept by the raking shot of the English, to which her position only enables her to reply with a feeble fire. At this moment Captain Brooke calls the boarders away, and springs on the enemy's deck—his call is unheard by those whose duty it was to follow, but he is not unsupported—a wild yell arises over the din of battle, and Tim Kelleher, with a capstan bar, wielded shillelah fashion, and backed by his half-savage countrymen, are on the American Quarter-deck, which is uncontested. Vain is the slight opposition they encounter on the gangways,—our friends are now supported by a party of marines—helter skelter the Americans fly, jamming up the hatchways, and in despair crowding over the bows. The deck is ours—and Brooke, sending most of his men aft, hails the Shannon's tops, and orders them to silence the fire from those of the Chesapeake, which is still kept up with deadly effect. The ships have now drifted side by side, the anchor having given way, and old Smith obeys his commander's hail, by laying along the locked yards, and followed by his men, charging those opposed to him, cutlass in hand. Annesley and his remaining followers endeavor to follow the daring example, but unable to get on the Chesapeake's yard, distract their immediate enemy's attention to their own safety. The stars descend, and the red cross, bent to the other part of the same halliards, is abreast of them on their descent, when the first lieutenant of the Shannon, who, with his own hand, was effecting the transfer, falls mortally wounded by a shot from his own vessel.—At the same moment, Captain Brooke, who remained almost alone forward, (that part of the ship having been in his undisputed possession for some minutes,) is treacherously attacked by three Americans, who had previously received quarter, on throwing down their arms, and, despite the timely notice afforded him by a sentry placed over the fore hatchway, ere he can turn round, receives a blow from the butt of a musket, which lays his skull bare, from one, and a cutlass thrust from a second,—the heart's blood of the first expiates his treachery, being run through by the Captain's sword,—the second is struck down

(as he is about repeating his blow) by a bullet from Annesley's musket. Now, however, the greatest danger accrues—the wounded man grapples, with a deadly embrace, the legs of the victor chief, whilst a fresh assailant is about to finish the work,—old Smith sees his Captain's danger, and glides down by a stay, but perceiving that by any ordinary mode he will come too late, he lets himself fall from some thirty feet upon the assailant, both roll stunned on the deck together, and fresh hands rushing to the rescue, it was with difficulty that the fainting Brooke could save a little Yankee midddy, who implored his protection, and whose ill-luck ordained that his first action should bring his ship into collision with an *equal* British force. This gentleman is now a distinguished officer in the navy of the United States.

The Stars descended to be rehoisted under old England's flag, and the deck was in quick possession of the victors, when a fire up the main-hatchway killed the sentry placed over it, and wounded several men—a few rounds of musketry brought the Yankees to their bearings, in half the time it has cost us to record the battle—in *fourteen minutes from the firing of the first gun*—all was over.

Captain Brooke, after effecting the few temporary repairs necessary, shaped his course for Halifax, with his magnificent prize in company, leaving the before mentioned subscribers to the entertainment prepared for him, to eat it with what gout they might.

We hope "digestion waited upon appetite, and health on both."

CHAPTER XVII.

Man is a daring animal—good or evil fortunes interfere but slightly with this, the *essential difference* of the species, and as usual a party of his officers was assembled around the hospitable mahogany of their chief, the day after the capture of the Chesapeake. True it is, that although victory had wreathed for them, crowns of her unfading laurel, the cabin party had rarely seemed so little joyous; for, mingling with the justly earned pride of victory and anticipation of honors, came the recollection, that to many who had as nobly won their country's gratitude, it would be "addressed to unattending ears," and serve at best to solace mourning friends. Amongst them none was more sorrowful than our hero; for Ingram still continued in an unbroken lethargy, of him the Surgeon entertained no hope; and old Smith, who for months had been his most intimate friend, was dangerously ill, though to outward appearance unhurt; he suffered intensely, breathing with extreme difficulty, and complaining of constant, and agonizing pains in his back and side—of him, however, the Surgeon by no means

despaired, arguing favorably from what, to the unlearned, appeared the worst symptoms. He had been on the moment copiously blooded, and the Doctor thought that the pain would ere this have subsided, were fatal consequences to be apprehended from his fall. Captain Brooke, though his head was swathed with bandages, and his right arm in a sling, seemed the least sad of the party—one thing particularly consoled him, Tim Kelleher and his fellows had escaped unscathed, with the exception of scratches which would never have been taken into account at a fair or pattern, and he more than once dwelt on the pleasure which he should feel in restoring them to the "*wives and little childher, the crathers.*" As to poor Tim, he was in Jack's Paradise, petted and grogged by all hands fore and aft. He had been the second to board the Chesapeake—the first to hear and obey his Captain's call, and his remark on their gaining the forecastle, with scarcely a show of opposition, was—

"I wondher, your honor, whether the spalpeens mane to come on at all, at all? Blood and agers! sure it isn't afther given in they are already!"

"It is funny," continued Captain Brooke, who had laughingly told this anecdote of Tim,—*"It is funny—but I am certain poor Tim would be much better pleased with our victory if we had earned the deck by having some few dozen of our boarders knocked in the head, even though he had not himself quite escaped. To those Irish, fighting is fun—they have a natural taste for it from boyhood upwards,—it is a pity that they care so little with whom they indulge in the pastime.—By the way, Annesley, how comes on Ingram?"*

"But ill, Sir,—the doctor gives little hope."

"I am really sorry to hear it, boy—I will go and see him to-night."

"He won't know you, Sir; I have been a good deal with him, but although he has more than once called me by name, I hardly think he remembered me for three seconds together. I fear he and poor Smith are logged."

"I should be very sorry for poor Ingram's death, more particularly as he is at length on the right tack; but about Smith—I trust sincerely you are mistaken,—I have never had it in my power to promote a more deserving officer. I should have seen him ere this, but that my time has been so very much taken up. You may tell him that he has acting rank as lieutenant, and that no doubt can exist of his appointment being confirmed. I will see him to-morrow, meantime you may perhaps aid his recovery much, by telling him this."

"Thank you, sir, on Smith's behalf, but more especially for making me the medium of communicating his promotion,—I know he never hoped for it, and it will therefore be doubly valued."

"He has earned it nobly, and on that account will not prize it the less. Poor Watts' vacancy could not be filled up more worthily. I am sorry to hear that Ingram's wound looks so ill—I should have liked to have done him a good turn too."

Jemmy tarried not long at the table—he was eager to convey tidings which he hoped might have a salutary effect on poor Smith,—he therefore soon exchanged the Captain's cabin for a seat in the cockpit, by his friend's cot. He found the old mate awake, and suffering much less than he had a few hours before.

"How do you feel, old fellow?" he asked.

"Much easier, Jemmy—my back still pains, but my side is all right again. I hope to be fit for duty in a day or two."

"So much the better, *sir*, all hands will be delighted."

"What the deuce do you mean by '*sir*,' Annesley?"

"Only, my dear fellow, that you have got the step which was so long your due. The Captain desired me to tell you to get well as fast as possible, as he should greatly like to shake hands with Lieutenant Smith, on the quarter-deck."

"Then, Annesley, God be praised for all, I am well already. What will my poor father say—well I know how hardly earned and saved the stray remittances I received from him were, and how proud his old heart will be to hear that I have *won* my swab at last. I scarcely hoped it. Well, well—poor Watts—I would resign it gladly to have him back again."

"You have earned your promotion, Smith,—Watts was a good fellow, and who could wish a happier death—*instant*—and while in the act of hauling down the colors of a superior enemy. Oh, may my last end be like his! But you must sleep and get well as fast as you can; so I won't talk to you any more, *sir*."

"Nonsense, Annesley, you have made me perfectly well."

"I am glad to hear it, old fellow. Well, 'happy dreams and slumbers light.' You know I have to see about poor Ingram, so good night."

Crossing the cockpit, he approached Ingram's cot—the skipper appeared more easy, his breathing was regular, and his face calm as that of an infant. With renovated hope, Annesley threw himself into a spare cot, and in a few minutes was dreaming of Mary Weedon and Dunmaine. It seemed to him that he had but slept a moment, when one of the sick-bay attendants shook his shoulder, and having aroused him, said that Ingram wanted to speak to him,—he jumped up, and was by the side of the skipper's cot in an instant.

Ingram had entirely shaken off the lethargy which had lasted for thirty hours—his cheeks and eyes were as bright as was usual when in health, and Annesley congratulated him on the re-action which had taken place.

"Thank you, boy, thank you—I see you forgive me, and much need of forgiveness I feel; for, Annesley, *I am dying*—I cannot deceive myself—I feel that I am at the portal of the vast future. Much of the past is beyond recall, but some few ill-deeds may be atoned for, and some of them have influenced your fate. It is not to you that my confession must be made—I must see Captain Brooke."

"That may scarcely be, Ingram, he is, no doubt, turned in long ago, and is himself seriously hurt. In the morning you can see him—at present you have much more need of the surgeon."

"No, no, Jemmy, the surgeon can do nothing except torment me—*my time is up*—I feel it—I know it. I *must* see Captain Brooke—after that I put myself in the surgeon's hands, not before. My first duty is to set long past matters right, as far as I can, afterwards I will take my chance in his hands, although I well know that I shall but incur increased suffering."

"Captain Brooke said that he would see you in the morning, but as you press it, I will send for him."

Brooke was not the man to neglect such a summons—in a few minutes he was by Ingram's bed-side

"I wish to speak with you alone, sir," said the skipper, "or perhaps your clerk had better take down what I have to say, for it is of great importance."

The clerk was sent for, and Annesley, taking the hint, left them to sit by old Smith.

His old comrade's face, as he slept, was serene, his breathing regular and calm; for some minutes Annesley gazed anxiously on him, endeavoring to form an opinion of his state—after a while his head sunk on his arm, and again he slept and dreamt, but now his visions were of more recent scenes,—Bushe sat near him, he was wounded, but a fair girl was by his bedside too, she smiled sweetly on him, and he was transcendantly happy; but with the swiftness of thought his vision changed,—his uncle, half the height of the fore-mast, was pointing the bow chasers of a sloop of war, and the shot was booming past,—he has sprung on board the *Xarifa*, and his hand is on his nephew's throat,—the poor boy feels his eyes starting from his head in a convulsive struggle for breath,—he shakes off the murderer, and wakes to find that the grasp he felt was that of Captain Brooke.

"Annesley," he said, "poor Ingram is dying—the surgeon gives him but half an hour to live—he has asked for you to rouse up,—I have exerted myself rather too much, but for your sake I am glad of it."

"For my sake, sir."

"Yes, my boy, for your sake. I cannot now explain, but you are deeply interested in Ingram's confession: his repeat-

ance earns your forgiveness, so go to him; but before I turn in, how is Smith?"

"All right, Sir, I hope—you see his face is beaming with happiness, you have administered the best of opiates." Of what dreamed the old mate—whether of old days, his present happiness, or a radiant future—we know not, or should not have known, but for that beaming face, and the most inspired, if not the most poetic line which graces English verse—

"Man never is but always to be blessed"

The doctor, who accompanied the captain, touched his pulse, and at once pronounced his recovery certain.

Jemmy went to Ingram: the skipper's eye still glowed with a hectic lustre, but even to the inexperience of our hero, it was apparent that he was fast sinking. He brightened up on Annesley's approach, and raised himself on his arm.

"I am glad to see you once again, Jemmy; in your case at least I have been enabled to do more good than I had done harm, thank God for it, and not my intentions at the time; I do not offer you gold, which, obtained as it was, I know you would spurn, although there are few in this world who would detest its *odour*; but I hope, through the captain, to be the means of restoring you to your true position. One thing I ask of you—" What that one thing was we cannot say, for at the moment an awful change took place. Ingram's eyes rolled back in the sockets, showing only the whites, although the lids were convulsively forced open; for an instant his arm retained its muscular force, and his head fell drooping on his shoulder, the sinews relaxed, and his frame sunk on the cot. Jemmy imagined that he had fainted—and so he had, but it was a faint from which he rallied not. He drew a long gasping breath, another followed—after some seconds interval a slight convulsive shuddering passed tremblingly on his frame, and he was dead.

"Life and death—which is reality, and which a dream?"

Poor Ingram's body was, on the next afternoon, together with those of some twenty others, committed to the deep—a sad and solemn ceremony it was. We have been present at the funerals of relations whom we loved, and who loved us, and have felt the hollow sound of the earth, the ashes, and the dust, as it rumbled on their narrow home, fall with a never-to-be-forgotten chill on our very souls; but we have also seen the body of a mere acquaintance committed to the ocean, with a far deeper sensation of awe. We know not why, for all the revolting churchyard images which force themselves on our perhaps weak mind, are then absent: the neighborhood of mortality in all stages of decay—clammy, uncoffined, festering corpses—pah—

"An ounce of civet, good apothecary,
To sweeten mine imagination."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

BY THE REFORMER.

"Give him heedful note :

For I mine eyes will rivet to his face ;

And, after, we will both our judgments join

In censure of his *seeming*."—*Shakspeare.*

NEVER during the existence of Canada as a Colony of Great Britain, have the affairs of the country arrived at a more important crisis than at the present time. Although the newspaper presses, either from the indolence of their conductors, or their indifference to the political interests of their readers, have not been employed in arousing the public feeling to a due appreciation of the emergency, yet there can be no doubt that the country, from Penetanguishine to Gaspé, is thoroughly, and fearfully awakened to the disgraceful position in which the Government of the Province has been thrust. Never under Sir P. Maitland, with his Gagging Bills and Transportation Laws—never under Sir John Colborne, with his High Church and Monopoly nostrums,—never under Bond Head, Arthur, or the one-man power of Mr. Poulett Thompson, have the people had more reason to be thoroughly disgusted and indignant, than now, when the Metcalfe-Cathcart sway is at an end. This state of things has been brought about by the swindle perpetrated upon the country in the elections of 1844,—by the direct interference of the Governor General in those elections,—by the falsehoods disseminated by him at that time, in the course of that unconstitutional intermeddling,—and by the incompetency, insincerity, low-craft, and downright rascality, evinced since, by those pretending to be the exponents of the well-understood wishes of the people.

We trace many of the bad consequences of this bad way of lording it over the Canadian population, (we do not call it by the respectable name of *governing*.) to the Hon. W. H. Draper, Attorney General of Canada West, and we proceed to state our reasons for this belief, irrespective of the fact, that for the last two years he has deservedly been the mark at which have been aimed many of the truth-pointed shafts of some of the best writers of the country. He does not seem to have got his allowance, notwithstanding the hacking and lashing his doublet has received ; and it is therefore not ungenerous to bring him again before the public, so long as he remains in power, and is enabled to pursue the same system of tactics with our new Governor General, which resulted in the ruin of Bond Head and Lord Metcalfe.

Until the arrival of Sir Francis Bond Head, in the winter of 1836, the Government of the Province had been conducted with all the Military and ultra-Tory predilections, it is true, of the different old martinetts that

were sent out to command us ; yet, with a certain degree of dignity, and show of respectability on their parts. We may have opposed their policy, and thought their sway injurious to the best interests of the country ; but we were not compelled, as Canadians, to blush for the degradation brought upon us by their want of knowledge of the conventional usages and manners of gentlemen, nor to hate and scorn them for their disregard of truth and justice, and for the wilful and designed insults which accompanied the injuries they inflicted. For three weeks after the arrival of Sir Francis, even the Reformers had no fault to find with his mode of treating the House of Assembly. After that, the back-stairs Cabinet began to exercise sway over him, the leaders of which were Messrs. Hagerman and Draper, Solicitors, then practising in partnership in Toronto. Mr. Hagerman was then Solicitor General, and in the House of Assembly he became the exponent of the new policy Sir Francis had lately been encouraged to adopt. He publicly boasted on the floor of the House, that the agitators in that Assembly would soon find that another *agitator* had arrived who would take the field against them, and carry the war into their very encampment. The old Executive Council was dismissed, and Mr. Draper became one of the new Council. That was the time when Sir Francis began to distribute his mad diatribes over the length and breadth of the land, to the great dismay of those who held the honor and integrity of the British Government and of British Governors in the most loyal estimation. The Reformers, even, although expecting nothing good from *him*, were astounded at the impudence and audacity of their "enemy," as he called himself, and attributed the productions issuing from Government House to Mr. Hagerman, as the only person in the Province reckless enough to send them forth ; but they never knew that there was a greater than he behind the scenes. Mr. Hagerman was violent and unscrupulous, but he had more generosity and manhood, than to give utterance to some of the slanders that were then perpetrated for political effect. He, we believe now firmly, never could have advised them, and knowing who has advised more contemptible ones since—knowing that Mr. Hagerman was either not in the country, or not within hundreds of miles of Lord Metcalfe, when he undertook to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor, Sir Francis, before and at the time of the last election, by flooding the whole country with falsehoods and slanders against the leaders of the Reform party—perceiving, as we do, a striking similarity in the style of the different compositions in which the lies and slanders of Sir Francis, and the lies and libels of Sir Charles stink and fester, we can arrive at none other than this conclusion, that a course of conduct so unworthy of any British Governor, could only have been recommended to the latter by the same individual who

advised and aided the former : first to degrade himself and his high office, next to force the country into rebellion, and lastly, to perpetrate his own irrecoverable ruin. This is no mere prejudice or illusion with us. We challenge investigation as to the tone, animus, and object of these missions of 1836, and of 1844, and they must be found identical. Moreover, there are many references, both in the publications of Sir Francis, and those of Sir Charles, as to the position of parties, and the history of the country, which could never have been made by either of them without assistance. If it be admitted that the data for these references were furnished them, then we contend that the falsehoods and slanderous imputations must have been supplied to them also, by some grovelling, low-minded man, unmindful of the honor, dignity, and good name of the unfortunate dupes who placed themselves in his power, and with a seditious disregard of the dignity of the Empire.

To Mr. Draper, then, the sly, deep, back-stairs Fouché, rather than to the rough, bold, impassioned Danton Hagerman, we must look as the originator of this system of gubernatorial agitation, in which the Representatives of the Queen are made the cat's-paws, and malice and detraction the next most effective agents. The whole Compact school have adopted the policy, and made it the theme of their adulation. They do not hesitate to say, "give us the Governor, and we can always beat you at the polls!" They are right in this respect, if their axiom be true, "that every thing is fair in politics." We can only reply, as we did in 1836 and 1844, "give us the sober second thought of the People, and we'll beat you and your Governor." We have had two trials, and it is quite possible, under the tutelage of Fouché, that Lord Elgin may favor us with the third and last; but we hope better things, and are now doing what little in us lies to divert so great a calamity.

The agitation conducted in person by Lord Metcalfe, was no more successful than that carried on under the auspices of Sir Francis. They were both contemptible failures. Sir Francis nominally obtained a large majority in the House, but it dwindled so far away the first Session, that he and they managed to get into some most ludicrous squabbles before its close. Never had any Governor contrived to become so thoroughly unpopular with the Tories, in so short a time. Lord Metcalfe was denied the short-lived satisfaction of obtaining even a nominal majority in the contest which he waged. Giving Montreal, Halton, the Third Riding of York, Middlesex, and Oxford, the Representatives to which they were by law entitled, where would have been the *unit* which his Lordship haggled so closely to his soul, as the sole indication to Englishmen that his constitutional administration was successfully carried out, in which all the prerogatives of Mr. Attorney General Smith's written constitution, had been abundantly

supported? Lord Metcalfe was probably advised by Mr. Draper to consider this a victory; and a victory it has been considered ever since; yet in no other country but Canada could you find a sufficient number of loose-fish—adventurers—waiters upon Providence—or any other description of persons having the form of men, to join in reiterating a cry so absurd.

Has the victory been shewn in the degrading abandonment of the University question—in the Caron correspondence—in the long vacancy in the office of Solicitor General of Lower Canada, and the final procurement of that stick, Taschereau, to fill the office—in the dismissal of Robinson, as Commissioner of Crown Lands, and Sherwood, as Solicitor General of Canada West, for such substitutes as Cayley and Cameron?—Was it shewn in the appointment of Roblin to three offices, a scheme on the face of it to keep out of the House the Reform financier, Hincks,—in the appointment of J. W. Dunscombe, with his army of L. P. S. gentry scattered through the country, to the great trepidation of every business man, who does not smuggle, and to the great satisfaction of all smugglers?—Was it shewn in the choice of Leonidas Ryerson, to superintend the lasting ignorance of our children—or in the getting Barthe a situation, or that other forgotten Solicitor General for a day, who is now quietly ensconced in Three Rivers, in some small berth? Was it evinced in Higginson's betrayal of confidence in M. Lafontaine's case—in the Hon. John Macaulay's resignation of the Collectorship of Kingston—in the thrice repeated efforts of the basely betrayed Viger to obtain a seat in a Province once all his own—in the consternation of D. B. Papineau, at the execrations heaped upon both of them by their countrymen—in the dismissal of Gogy—the resignation of McNab, as Speaker, and the choice of Morin, an ex-Minister, to the popular Chair—the resignation of the Adjutant Generalship by the wary Sir Allan—the abeyance in the Custom House in Kingston, and the final appointment of a Reformer, Hopkirk—the resignation of Malloch, Sheriff of the Dalhousie District—the resignation of James Johnston of his seat, rather than support the men boasting so vast a triumph—finally in the resignation of two Lower Canadian Ministers, Viger and Papineau,—the impossibility of filling their places with Lower Canadians,—the antagonism between Lord Cathcart and the Home Government, on Free Trade—the total abandonment of the Clergy Reserves, and all other popular measures, and the entire neglect of all the leading interests of wide-spread Canada?—If all of these, and a hundred other items having reference to our welfare, give any indication of a victory having been obtained at the elections in 1844, then do we say that it does not redound remarkably to the credit of either Lord Metcalfe, or his chief adviser; and fearful are we

that its consequences will long be severely felt by a country which has not yet recovered from the rapacious oppressions of former years.

Mr. Draper has received sufficient condemnation from his own party since the last elections, to excite the commiseration of any one who does not know him to be not only an unscrupulous, but also a very dangerous man. From us he receives no commiseration, but on the contrary we hold his political conduct in the utmost detestation and contempt.—Honor is a jewel which ought not to be lightly parted with by a public man, any more than by one in private life. Mr. Draper shewed some sense of honor in resigning the Attorney Generalship under Sir Charles Bagot; but the sweets of office have since evidently become so dear to him that he cannot now follow out the principles which, by his own avowal, led to that resignation. The younger Pitt hazarded his own life and the liberties of his country, by holding office a few weeks only, with a majority of the House of Commons against him. He ought to have been impeached for violating the constitution, in ruling by a minority, notwithstanding he did obtain a majority at the succeeding election. This outrage upon the constitution was never tried before, and has never been imitated since in England. None but a reckless young man, given to dissipation, could ever have hazarded the thing. But in this unfortunate country, the man who once resigned his office in submission to the constitution, because he could not rule by a majority, has lorded it over us, not for weeks, but for months, and clings to his place in defiance of the whole aroused country, when it is palpable to the most common mind that the sense of the House of Assembly was not only declared against him at the first Session, but has remained in antagonism to him and his leading measures, stolen as they were from Mr. Baldwin, all along, up to the present time. Our constitution has been trampled upon, and its upholders set at defiance, in the most brazen and insulting manner, until we may now say that Responsible Government is not in existence! Our honest pride in having a truly British form of Government, and our sincere aspirations for peace and prosperity under it, have all passed away, and we now find that we are about where we were in 1824—some few political ameliorations excepted.—This is pretty well for the ex-Coburg Attorney—this will do for the nameless man, without personal influence of any kind beyond the pale of the executive back parlor, while the pandering to the bad passions of a Head or a Metcalfe, is the first order of the day.

And the Hon. William Morris, too, has something to answer for, although we cannot charge him with the duplicity and palpable dishonesty discovered in some of his colleagues. He never to our knowledge, committed himself to Responsible Go-

vernment. We believe he hates and derides it, even as the Receiver General and President of the Council under it, if in fact he be not too old a political hack of the Tories to care what form of Government Canada possesses, so long as he can keep himself in office, and have a chance of hoarding up the "siller." He is supposed to carry the Scotch influence with him, but it is pretty clear, that could he have carried the patriotic sons of Caledonia, in the Bathurst District, with him, or had they not refused to bolster him up any longer in the House of Assembly, we should never have seen him removing himself from behind the counter, and quitting the sale of Curry-combs and Guernsey Shirts, to take up his abode in Brockville, at what was to become the centre of all fashionable attraction, the manor of Ellerslie; nor, could he have wielded that influence in the Johnstown District, would we have found him removing in a short time from that scene of his early struggles, to become a waiter upon Providence at Montreal. Confessedly an ultra Tory, and an admirer of the former old Colonial system, we cannot perceive what right he has to sit as the President of a Responsible Executive Council. Had he any nice sense of honor or regard for what the country has to say in such matters, he would not be there, most assuredly. The only excuse for him may be, that the present system is so like the old order of things, that there is no distinguishing the difference.

We pass over the other unconstitutional advisers, who are now clustering around Lord Elgin, without note or comment. They are unknown men, and we trust they will soon be heard of no more. They pester us by their insignificance, and we have no time to spend on such gentry. Well may it be said that Canada has not sufficient intellect for a Representative Government, if these are to be our specimens of it.

The *Montreal Gazette*, pronounced by the voice of its contemporaries, the organ of what is called the Ministry, edited by a stranger from Liverpool, accustomed to the peddling of pills and politics in that extensive trading town, has in the mean time come in to the assistance of Messrs. Draper and Morris, and pronounced against Responsible Government, as it was received by the country, and as was recommended by Lord Durham. Sir Francis B. Head, from his security of Loyalty Hall, amidst the fens of Kent, has also sent out his condemnation of our Constitution, for the guidance of his old constituents in Canada West. Mr. Justice Hagerman has descended from the Bench to vituperate the Union. These, taken in connexion with the plot which has been thickening around us for the last three years, look ominous and threatening; but on the intelligence, and virtuous integrity of the stubborn freeholders of Canada, full reliance can be placed, now that they have discovered that Poor Law Commissioners, and Nabobs, and Governors, can be cheats as well as other men, and the friends of that "equitable

Government," which Mr. Burke proclaimed as our right in 1791, need be under no apprehensions as to the result of the contest upon which we are about to enter.

LESSONS FROM THE PAST:

BEING A REVIEW OF TEN YEARS OF CANADIAN POLITICS, FROM
1837 TO 1847.

BY A CONSERVATIVE OF 1837.

ON the eve of a new era in Canadian politics, we purpose to pass in review the most important political events which have occurred during the last ten years. We do not intend to write a history, but simply to call to our aid those events which have had a direct bearing upon our present position; to refer to those, the effect of which, we believe, is still prospective; and to draw from these such "lessons" as will direct us in our advance towards the future.

The ten years which we have chosen, have been eventful. They opened with a rebellion. At the outset of 1837, the wishes of the people, intemperately expressed by Mackenzie, and the prerogative of the Crown injudiciously opposed to them by a warm-hearted, but wrong-headed Governor, came into violent collision, and the country awoke one morning to find its Governor "with folded arms," and its people everywhere arming.

Mackenzie, the rebel leader, had been borne into popularity on the wishes of the people; but his desires went far beyond theirs. They were contending for something which they claimed as the universal privilege of British subjects; he was leading them on in order to procure a revolution, to upset the foundations of that constitution they were striving to purify, and to obtain for himself a dictatorial power.

He failed: for his object once unveiled by his open resort to arms, his adherents became disgusted, and with the exception of a few misguided men, rallied for the protection of their cherished institutions.

But notwithstanding this, they did not pretend to conceal from the world that they still remained dissatisfied. The corrupt government of a "petty oligarchy" which, in defiance of the popular voice excluded from power, all but their own partizans, was as odious to British freemen, now that they were re-established, as it had been when their power was tottering before the breath of a rebellion.

For a time, the dangers from within, coupled with open invasion from without their native land, deterred them from a fresh declaration of their wrongs.

The voice that demanded the redress of real wrongs was hushed, while greater dangers were impending; but it was not silenced. It slumbered for awhile, to re-echo with redoubled force, when the integrity of our country should have been maintained by an armed and devoted people.

Its resurrection was at hand. The battle of the Wind-mill set at rest all anxiety about the self-styled Patriots; and the land which had been disturbed as with a feverish dream, subsided into more than its wonted tranquility.

But the British Government were convinced, and justly so, that a rebellion which cost two millions of money, and not a little bloodshed, must have arisen from some misgovernment—and they sent Lord Durham to sift the matter to the bottom.

No sooner had his mission been proclaimed, than the people began again to point out the real grievances under which they labored; and to demand, with steady perseverance, the concession of the great political principle for which they were contending.

Lord Durham's report at length enunciated this principle, and the true question at issue here, became intelligible to the Parliamentary gentlemen of England; who are in general but ill-informed on Colonial matters.

But although the flames of the rebellion were extinguished, party animosities still divided the Canadian people. A great outcry was made against Lord Durham; in one District the Grand Jury went so far as to present the Report as a libel! This intemperate conduct may be attributed to the inflammatory appeals of Sir Francis Head. The bubble Governor had infected the country with the cacoethes scribendi. Shoals of Canadian Junius's opened their masked batteries against Lord Durham and Responsible Government; but even this could not prevent, nor did it even retard, the unwavering march of events. No reflecting man doubted the speedy triumph of the popular cause, though many set themselves in array against it. They did not dream of preventing the accomplishment of this object, but they combated it as a question of time. They hoped to see it gradually introduced—to surround the concession of it with such drawbacks as would not give it an impetus towards revolution.

They knew the constitutional reform against which they held out, must become the constitutional law, which it would be their duty, at no distant period, to uphold. It was therefore that they desired to see the people obtain this great boon after many difficulties and serious trials, for then the very thorns which had covered the path to victory, would enhance its value. A cause won after arduous struggles would not be lightly abandoned for a revolutionary contest. Men would rest themselves from their labors, and calmly watch the practical operation of the new constitution. On the other hand, if

the concession were made hastily, and not by progressive steps, the unaccustomed light of an almost boundless liberty, bursting upon its giddy votaries, might hurl them into revolutionary excesses.

The event has proved the justice of their conclusions, and the patriotism of their opposition. But now, when the reformed constitution has proved its working to be salutary, these very men who once opposed its introduction from motives of precaution, will now be found to be the warmest advocates for preserving it from the corrupting influences of misused patronage, or despicable intrigue.

With this view, we, who are proud to claim an humble place among the ranks of this party, will endeavor to point out any errors into which we have fallen since the introduction of the reformed constitution.

In the first place, however, we must finish our brief sketch of the introduction of Responsible Government.

Lord John Russell's famous despatch, which did in reality establish the right of the Colony to self government, in all matters not touching the prerogative, was variously construed.—the party who claimed the right of the Parliamentary majority to decide who should be the advisers of the Crown, looked upon it, as it in truth was, as a recognition of the new principle in the constitution. The other party, on the contrary, saw in the reservation with which it concluded, an attempt to blink the question, and hugged themselves with the idea that it was thrown overboard.

A third party—formed under the auspices of Lord Sydenham—believed that it was a troublesome principle, admitted; but admitted in such a cautious way that it might be set aside, by openly declaring adherence to it, and secretly taking every possible precaution to prevent its great principle from working. In plain terms, they determined by certain influences, to cause the representatives of the people not to represent the people. This was effective policy for a time. It secured the object of those who were afraid to give power to the real men of the people, so long as the master hand of Lord Sydenham guided the helm of state.

But even then, symptoms of the steadfast purpose of the Reform party to have the constitution in its purity, were apparent. By one fact it was clearly demonstrated. Mr. Baldwin, suddenly called to the Executive of Lord Sydenham, as suddenly retired from it. The reasons of this retirement were—
“ Because he found his new colleagues unwilling to carry out with him the liberal policy which, he contended, was urgently demanded by the people; and because he found the Governor unwilling to force any member of his Council, to pledge himself to any decisive course.”

Lord Sydenham was a clever man, but he was deeply in error in supposing that the popular demand once granted, by his concession, the boon could ever be withdrawn by finesse, intrigue or corruption. It might be, and it was temporarily set aside, but would surely be recovered with interest.

Lord Sydenham died in the prime of life—at the zenith of his fame.

Prodigious acclamations rent the air, and all men talked of the masterly policy, by which he had out-generaled Mr. Baldwin.

Yet, by the very fact of victory, he had insured himself defeat. At the time of his death, his ministry of tricksters, admirably played off upon a deluded country, was ready to crumble into dust, and its elements to be scattered to the four winds of heaven. No sooner was he entombed than it fell before the steadfast, unflinching, uncompromising opposition of Mr. Baldwin.

Sir Charles Bagot, saw, with regret no doubt, but powerless to save them, his Ministry, bequeathed to him by Lord Sydenham, unable to stand three days before the Canadian Parliament. His name has been loaded with opprobrium, because he dared to do that which his admirers thought he would never have done. He called Messrs. Baldwin and Lafontaine to the Councils of his Sovereign, and pardoned Mons. Girouard.—“The Church” newspaper, then under the editorial management of one of the most violent political partizans in Canada, assailed him in the most bitter terms. It spoke of his ancestral fame—it pointed to his escutcheon, and in the most withering sarcasm strove to blot out the honors won for the ancient name of Bagot. What, pardon a rebel for whose head £500 had been offered? What, call to his Councils men who had lain in the Montreal Jail? Such were the inexpiable offences with which he was charged, in language the most vindictive, because couched beneath the garb of satire.

And yet, Sir Charles Bagot's name will flourish in Canadian annals, crowned with imperishable renown, when the memory of the tricksters, who would have evaded the great question, shall have withered into insignificance.

The irony may now fairly be used in his favor, not against him. Yes, he a gentleman—he, a scion of the princely house of Bagot—he, with Oxford for his alma mater, and married into the proudest family of England, dared to test a great question—dared to believe what it was mere cowardice to disavow—that the people of Canada, Reformers as well as Conservatives, could honestly lay claim to loyalty of heart—that the uncompromising opposition of the former to every Government, was the opposition of loyal men, but men who knew their constitutional rights, and were determined to maintain them.

With a thousand associations to bind him to the other party, he cast them all aside, before what he wisely deemed to be an inevitable necessity. And shall ignominy and scorn be the portion of him, who had the unerring judgment that could see, and the manly heart that could declare that the majority of the Canadian people, were loyally striving for a constitutional right, and that they should have it? We shall see.

Has not Lord Metcalfe done the same thing? Who is Viger? How long did he lie in the Montreal Jail? Is the name of Papineau redolent of ultra Toryism? Is there no such name to be found in the annals of the rebellion? Is there none such in the Executive Council appointed by Lord Metcalfe? Have the manly virtues, and the universal charity of the noble lord been sufficient to screen him from the contumely which was heaped upon his predecessor, who had done no more than he has done? If the pardon of Girouard, who was never proved to be guilty, was worthy of such unmeasured scorn, why has not some modern Juvenal arisen to satirize the elevation of Viger and Papineau?

Wherein consists the difference between Sir Charles Bagot's culpability, and Lord Metcalfe's innocence? Is it in this, that Viger and Papineau were elevated to trick a people into acquiescence with government views, and that Lafontaine and Baldwin were chosen from an honest conviction that they were the steadfast but constitutional exponents of popular will? Gentlemen of the bitter quill, ye whose effusions are steeped in gall, answer us these questions; or, let the Canadian people answer them, fairly and honestly, and let Lord Elgin heed the answer.

Sir Charles Bagot's Government proceeded upon the same principle on which it had commenced, until it was closed by his melancholy death. But how unlike the close of Lord Sydenham's administration, was this of Sir Charles Bagot.—The former left his Ministry, as we have said, tottering to its fall. The latter died when his name was every day becoming more and more endeared to the great mass of the Canadian people, and when his Ministry had closed a triumphant Session, with every day increasing majorities.

His successor came. For a time

“All went merry as a marriage bell.”

But, soon the somewhat notorious Edward Gibbon Wakefield reappeared on the Canadian stage. His entrée was said to be by the back stairs. Be this as it may, he reappeared. The radicalism which he required was one totally different from that which he found in power.

He had imagined that every needy political adventurer who stepped into the political arena here, would find power, patronage, and place, showered at his feet; and that the name of an

English Whig, would be a passport to every office of emolument or consideration.

He was grievously mistaken, and unceremoniously undeceived.

He found the Canadian people, headed by the then Canadian ministry, fully cognizant of their rights, proud of the enjoyment of them, and quite as ambitious as himself, or any other mighty liberal from the mother country! The ministry were inaccessible. They turned a deaf ear to his entreaties.

Then was exhibited a remarkable scene, worthy the attention of every Canadian politician.

Lord Metcalfe's ear was gained. Canadian Reform was represented as widely different from English Whigism. Hints were thrown out, of revolutionary tendencies; and although the measure pointed at was simply the suppression of secret Societies, (a laudable measure which had already become law in the mother country,) the Governor became alarmed; anxiety grew into suspicion, suspicion into open resistance, resistance merged into an unhappy quarrel.

Having quarrelled with his ministry under erroneous impressions, Lord Metcalfe became their determined opponent, and, imitating Sir Francis Head, became a writer, and the leader of a party. Patronage and power, promises and threats are wonderfully potent: they won him the elections, after an arduous struggle. He found himself in a position to choose a plastic ministry, who would probably be supported by a majority of four! Then, he ceased to emulate Sir Francis Head, and began to adopt the policy of Lord Sydenham.

Opposition members, whose counties were practicable, were astonished to find themselves the objects of Government favor; but they swallowed the pill, and did not even make a wry face. The longest period which the law permitted, was allowed to elapse ere the Parliament was convened. Much work was done in that short time—work that secured the temporary triumph of Mr. Draper, but prepared disgrace and disaster for the party which he headed. Lord Sydenham's administration had proved, (and that formed by Lord Metcalfe is on the point of confirming that evidence,) that political intrigue may triumph for a time over political honesty and steadfastness of purpose, but that the former must in the end succumb before the unwavering phalanx of a determined foe.

Three times, this game played by Lieutenant Governors, and Governors General has briefly succeeded, only to be followed by an accumulation of disaster and disgrace, and by adding fresh power to the popular party.

Three times the true voice of the people has been smothered, only to verify the words of the Roman lyricist—

*"Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populum-que fluxit."*

As well might the ancier: *testudo* be opposed to the flight of a rocket, or the bursting of a shell, as the feeble barrier of intrigue be raised to stay the onward march of opinion, and the mighty voice of the people.

Having thus brought down our sketch to the present time, let us briefly speak of the great principle itself, which the Canadian people have thus shewn themselves determined to carry out.

The question lies in a nutshell. On the one hand, the liberal party demand the same rights that are enjoyed by their fellow subjects in Britain. When one party has a decided majority in Parliament, they demand that the representative of royalty shall choose his advisers, or Executive Council, from those persons who enjoy the confidence of that majority.

This is British Parliamentary practice. But their opponents answer; true, it is British practice; but in England the Sovereign is supreme—she can do no wrong; if she goes with the majority even to revolution, she is unassailable; whereas here, the Governor General is responsible to Her Majesty and to the British Parliament. If he goes wrong he may be beheaded.

Now it seems to us that we must admit the premises assumed by both parties. The right contended for is unquestionably British constitutional liberty. The responsibility of the representative of the Crown is widely different from the irresponsibility of the Crown itself. But we quarrel with the conclusions drawn by the opponents of Responsible Government. They argue that no governor dare be guided by the wishes of the majority. We say yes, he dare. It is cowardly to shield one's self from the real responsibility of governing correctly, by falling back at a scare-crow, and exclaiming—"Oh! I dare not govern at all."

Every Governor must be guided by the wishes of the duly elected majority. If a question seemingly dangerous is broached, he can reserve it for Imperial sanction: if that sanction is refused, when he has become convinced it ought to be granted, he can resign. If the sanction is given, he is protected: if he thinks it ought not to have been given, he can resign. If it is not given, and he acquiesces in the opinion which causes its refusal, he can then stand out against it, under the protection of the mighty arm of the British empire.

But this outcry about revolutionary measures has been a bugbear all along. What were the revolutionary measures alleged against the Baldwin Cabinet?

1st.—*The appointment of a batch of magistrates, half of whom were of the Reform party—one or two of whom happened to have lived in a district where the rebellion shewed its face.*

Let us answer this at once.

The great majority of these magistrates are still in the commission of the peace, under the sway of Mr. Draper! One or

two have been removed on account of ignorance of their duties! The residue are quiet country squires, not revolutionary fire-brands as it was predicted they would be.

2nd.—The intended suppression of the Orange Societies.

One half of the Conservative party—we mean those who are not Orangemen—would willingly see the Orange societies act up to the promise of their late grand master, Gowan, that they would voluntarily disband themselves. In almost every part of Canada, Irish Catholics are now acting, in local matters, in friendly unison with Irish Protestants. Why keep alive Orangeism, which can only serve to keep alive the elements of civil discord?

3rd.—The law, passed under the auspices of Mr. Baldwin's administration, by which flags may not be carried within three miles of a polling place, during a general election.

This measure was saluted with a vast deal of patriotic indignation. It was called an Algerine law—a statute fit for the Medes and Persians. Mr. Baldwin and his ministry were accused of trampling on the Union Jack, hauling down the royal standard, and various other pretty pieces of figurative declamation were expended in the execration of this law.

But why has it not been blotted from the Statute Book? It has prevented many a fearful scene of riot and carnage. All hail, say we, to the Algerine measure? We are inclined to laugh, (and we think our readers must be similarly disposed.) at the extravagance, the absurdity which could construe these acts into insignia of rebellion—at the extreme folly which could hold them at arm's length, as if they were the ghost of Banquo—

“Nay, never shake your gory laws at me.”

We think we have said enough to shew that in the past our rulers have been guilty of grievous errors: they have yielded to party clamor; they have had horrible dreams, and converted them into horrible realities. They have frightened the country from its propriety, by shouting out—wolf! wolf! when there was no wolf; they have gone far to embitter the minds of the really prevailing party, by petty intrigues to displace them from their hard earned, and well used power; they have dragged the feeble party prematurely into power, from which it will fall blighted ere its time; they have robbed it of real strength, by filling it with a fictitious excitement, and by gorging it with a power which it is not able to sustain; they have built a house upon the sands, which at the first rude tempest in the political world, will be flung upon the winds.

May the lesson which their failure must impress upon the mind of every sentient man, be deeply read and reflected upon by Lord Elgin. If he studies it carefully, and permits the light of the past to illuminate the future history of Canada, he will do well. If he does not, he will fail miserably. At the first

breath of rebellion a hundred thousand swords will leap from their scabbards, and rally round a Governor General who, by acceding to the constitutional and temperate desires of the people, will have won for himself and his sovereign, their confidence and love.

Confident in his desire to act for the welfare of the people and the integrity of the empire, we hope he will not be misguided.

To warn him against insidious attempts to prejudice his ear—to bid him act and think for himself at this momentous crisis, we have raised our warning voice. We hope it will not be unheard or unheeded.

*

THE TAR.

When the winds of the deep
 Burst the bonds that restrain,
 And rush with a sweep
 O'er the width of the main ;
 'Tis mine then to stand
 To my plank on the sea,
 While the soldier on land
 From his danger can flee.

That his labors are great,
 Yet the soldier doth say,
 When he drives through the heat
 And the dust of the day—
 And he trumpets all o'er
 Of the perils he tried,
 But he sleeps on the shore.
 When I'm tossed on the tide.

And perhaps, by and bye,
 In dividing the bays,
 For himself he will try
 To reserve all the praise—
 To the tar he may grudge
 What he wins on the wave,
 Where his sod is the surge,
 And his walls are a stare.

G. C.

[PRICES CURRENT AT MONTREAL.

(Our quotations are the prices of articles of the first quality.)

MONTREAL. February 20, 1847.

ARTICLES.	PRICES.		
	£	s.	d.
ASHES—Pots, $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt	1	5	0
Pearls	1	6	0
COFFEE—Laguayra, (good,) $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
FLOUR—Canada Fine, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl. 196 lb	1	12	6
Superfine	1	15	0
American Superfine	0	0	0
GRAIN—Wheat, Upper Canada best, $\frac{1}{2}$ 60 lb	0	6	5
Middling do. do.	0	0	0
Lower Canada Red, $\frac{1}{2}$ minot.....	0	5	6
Barley, $\frac{1}{2}$ minot.....	0	3	3
Oats	0	2	1
Pease, boiling	0	4	10
IRON—English Bar, $\frac{1}{2}$ ton.....	15	0	0
English Hoop, do.	18	0	0
Scotch Pig, No. 1, do.	7	1	0
Swedish Bar, do.	1	0	0
Steel, English blst. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	9
Do. Cast	0	0	11
Canada Plates, $\frac{1}{2}$ box.....	1	2	0
Nails, Cut	1	1	3
MOLASSES. $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon.....	0	2	0
OILS—Linsced, Boiled, $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon.....	0	3	2
Linsced, Raw, do.	0	3	0
Olive, do.	0	4	3
Lard, do.	0	3	10
Sperm, do.	0	6	0
Cod, do.	0	2	0
Seal, pale do.	0	2	11
Palm, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	5
Castor. do.	0	0	9
PROVISIONS—Bref, Prime Mess, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl.	2	7	6
Prime, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl.....	2	2	6
Pork, Mess, do.	4	15	0
Do. Prime Mess, do.....	0	0	0
Lard, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	5
Butter, do.	0	0	7
SEEDS—Clover, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	10
Linsced, $\frac{1}{2}$ minot.....	0	4	6
Timothy, do.	0	10	0
SOAP—English, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.....	0	0	3
Canadian, do.	0	0	2
SUGAR—Muscovado, fair to bright, $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt.....	2	13	6
Muscovado, dark to fair, do.	0	0	0
Basta-ds, white.	3	3	0
TEAS—Gunpowder, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.....	0	3	9
Imperial, do.	0	3	6
Hyson, do.	0	3	9
Young Hyson, do.	0	3	0
Hyson Skin, do.	0	1	9
Twankay, do.	0	2	0
Congou, do.	0	2	0
Souchong, do.	0	2	9
TOBACCO—United States Leaf, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Plug, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	6