

ship, the sole object, save ourselves, discernible amidst the vast and heaving darkness, if I may use the term, of the night and ocean, coupled as it was with the dreadful thought that the heroic man to whose firmness and presence of mind we all owed our safety was inevitably doomed to perish. We had not rowed more than a couple of hundred yards when the flames, leaping up everywhere through the deck, reached the rigging and the few sails set, presenting a complete outline of the bark and her tracery of masts and yards drawn in lines of fire! Captain Starkey, not to throw away the chance he spoke of, had gone out to the end of the bowsprit, having first let the jib and foresail go by the run, and was for a brief space safe from the flames; but what was this but a prolongation of the bitterness of death?

The boats continued to increase the distance between them and the blazing ship, amidst a dead silence broken only by the measured dip of the oars; and many an eye was turned with intense anxiety shoreward with the hope of describing the expected pilot. At length a distinct hail—and I felt my heart stop beating at the sound—was heard ahead, justly responded to by the seamen's throats, and presently afterward a swiftly propelled pilot boat shot out of the thick darkness ahead, almost immediately followed by another.

"What ship is that?" cried a man standing in the bows of the first boat.

"The *Neptune*, and that is Captain Starkey on the bowsprit!"

I sprang eagerly to my feet, and with all the force I could exert, shouted: "A hundred pounds for the first boat that reaches the ship!"

That's young Mr. Mainwaring's face and voice! exclaimed the foremost pilot. "Hurry then, for the prize!" and away both sped with eager vigor, but unaware certainly of the peril of the task. In a minute or so another shore boat came up, but after asking a few questions, and seeing how matters stood, remained, and lightened us of a portion of our living cargoes. We were all three too deep in the water, the small boat perilously so.

Great God! the terrible suspense we all felt while this was going forward. I can scarcely bear, even now, to think about it. I shut my eyes, and listened with breathless, palpitating excitement for the explosion that should end all. It came—at least I thought it did, and I sprang convulsively to my feet. So sensitive was my brain, partly no doubt from recent sickness as well as fright, that I had mistaken the sudden shout of the boats' crews for the dreaded catastrophe. The bowsprit, from the end of which a rope was dangling, was empty! and both pilots, made aware doubtless of the danger, were pulling with the eagerness of fear from the ship. The cheering among us was renewed again and again, during which I continued to gaze with arrested breath and fascinated stare at the flaming vessel and fleeing pilot boats. Suddenly a pyramid of flame shot up from the hold of the ship, followed by a deafening roar. I fell, or was knocked down, I know not which; the boat rocked as if caught in a fierce eddy; next came the hiss and splash of numerous heavy bodies falling from a great height into the water; and then the blinding glare and stunning uproar were succeeded by a soundless silence and a thick darkness, in which no man could discern his neighbor. The stillness was broken by a loud cheerful hail from one of the pilot boats; we recognized the voice, and the simultaneous and aching shout which burst from us assured the gallant seaman of our own safety, and how exultingly we all rejoiced in his. Half an hour afterward we were safely landed; and as the ship and cargo had been specially insured, the only ultimate evil result of this fearful passage in the lives of the passengers and crew of the *Neptune* was a heavy loss to the underwriters.

A piece of plate at the suggestion of Mr. Desmond and his friends, was subscribed for and presented to Captain Starkey at a public dinner given at Kingston in his honor—a circumstance that many there will remember. In his speech on returning thanks for the compliment paid him, he explained his motive for resolutely declining to fight a duel with M. Dupont, half a dozen versions of which had got into the newspapers. "I was very early left an orphan," he said, "and was very tenderly reared by a maternal aunt, Mrs. —" (He mentioned a name with which hundreds of newspaper readers in England must be still familiar with). "Her husband—as many here may be aware—fell in a duel in the second month of wedlock. My aunt continued to live dejectedly on till I had passed my nineteenth year; and so vivid an impression did the patient sorrow of her life make on me—so thoroughly did I learn to loathe and detest the barbarous practice that consigned her to a premature grave, that it scarcely required the solemn promise she obtained from me, as the last sigh trembled on her lips, to make me resolve never, under any circumstances, to fight a duel. As to my behavior during the unfortunate conflagration of the *Neptune*, which my friend Mr. Desmond has spoken of so flatteringly, I can only say that I did no more than my simple duty in the matter. Both he and I belong to a maritime race, one of whose most peremptory maxims it is that the captain must be the last man to quit or give up his ship. Besides, I must have been the veriest dastard alive to have quailed in the presence of—that is, in the presence of—circumstances which—in point of fact—that is—Here Captain Starkey blushed and boggled sadly; he was evidently no orator; but whether it was the

significance of Senor Arguella's countenance, which just then happened to be turned toward him, or the glance he threw at the gallery where Senora Arguella's grave placidity and Donna Antonia's bright eyes and blushing cheeks encountered him that so completely put him out, I cannot say; but he continued to stammer painfully, although the company cheered and laughed with great vehemence and uncommon good humor, in order to give him time. He could not recover himself; and after floundering about through a few more unintelligible sentences sat down, evidently very hot and uncomfortable, though amidst a little hurricane of hearty cheers and hilarious laughter.

I have but a few words more to say. Captain Starkey has been long settled at the Havana; and Donna Antonia has just been as long Mrs. Starkey. Three little Starkeys have to my knowledge already come to town, and the captain is altogether a rich and prosperous man; but though apparently permanently domiciled in a foreign country, he is, I am quite satisfied, as true an Englishman, and as loyal a subject of Queen Victoria, as when he threw the glass of wine in the Cuban Creole's face. I don't know what has become of Dupont; and, to tell the truth, I don't much care. Lieutenant Arguella has attained the rank of major; at least I suppose he must be the Major Arguella officially reported to be slightly wounded in the late Lopez buccanering affair. And I am also pretty well now, thank you.

#### SPEAK NO ILL.

Nay, speak no ill: a kindly word  
Can never leave a sting behind;  
And oh, to breathe each talk we've heard  
Is far beneath a noble mind.  
Full oft a better seed is sown,  
By choosing thus the better plan;  
For if but little good be known,  
Still let us speak the best we can.  
  
Give me the heart that fain would hide—  
Would fain another's faults efface.  
How can it pleasure human pride,  
To prove humanity but base?  
No; let us reach a higher mood—  
A nobler estimate of man;  
Be earnest in the search for good,  
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill, but lenient be  
To others' failings as your own;  
If you're the first a fault to see,  
Be not the first to make it known.  
For life is but a passing day,  
No lip may tell how brief its span;  
Then oh! the little time we stay,  
Let's speak of all the best we can.

#### THE PASSIONS.

How deplorable the history of numbers, whom, for their pre-eminent powers, the world have unitedly stamped with the title of 'great!' They traverse the earth with the lordly tread of native supremacy; all obstacles vanish before their burning energy, like snow-wreaths in the sun; all men accept their ideas and impulses, as the planets drink in light and heat from the solar orb; and governments, institutions, and circumstance, as though melted wax, take from their sole genius new shapes and aspects. And yet how often have these men, who were able to control all else, whether men or things, been incapable of controlling their own passions, and become their slaves and their victims.

Alexander consuming with the fever of a drunken debauch—Cæsar falling on the summit level of his supremacy, by a score of dagger strokes—Cromwell, the iron Cromwell, starting every moment, like a timorous child in the dark, with apprehension of assassin attacks—and Napoleon, on a lone rock in mid-ocean, devouring slowly his own great heart—what an unspeakable tragedy is here! Yea, the shores of life are all littered with the wrecks of gifted natures stranded in the storms of the passions; multitudes have perished utterly, others having barely escaped total destruction, and even of those reaching land many being in a shattered and sorely damaged state.

#### SPIDERS.

Few people like spiders. No doubt these insects must have their merits and their uses, since none of God's creatures are made in vain; all living things are endowed with instincts, more or less admirable; but the spider's plotting, creeping ways, and a sort of wicked expression about him, lead one to dislike him as a near neighbor. In a battle between a spider and a fly, one always sides with the fly; and yet, of the two, the last is certainly the least troublesome to man. But the fly is free and frank in all his doings; he seeks his food openly and pursues his pastimes openly; suspicions of others, or covert designs against them are quite unknown to him, and there is something almost confiding in the way in which he sails around you, when a single stroke of your hand might destroy him.

The spider, on the contrary, lives by snares and plots; he is, at the same time very designing and very suspicious, both cowardly and fierce; he always moves stealthily, as though among enemies, retreating before the least appearance of danger, solitary and morose, holding no communion with their fellows. His whole appearance corresponds with his character, and it is not surprising, therefore, that, while the fly is more mischievous to us than the spider, we yet look upon the first with more favor than the last;

for it is a natural impulse of the human heart to prefer that which is open and confiding that which is wily and suspicious, even in the brute creation.

#### New Works.

From "Bancroft's American Revolution."  
HOWE AND WOLFE.

The Duke of Newcastle was unequal to the task of driving the soldiers of France from Canada or from the valley of the Mississippi. The North and South were both in the hands of France. The route of the Ohio and the Mississippi had been discovered by adventurers and missionaries of that nation; and a few years of quiet possession of the territory would have allowed French statesmen to consolidate their power in those regions, and to draw a strong cordon around the entire group of English colonies on the Atlantic seaboard. But Pitt's genius was brought to bear at a critical moment on the arrangement of this great question—and he conceived the project of breaking the Mississippi line and attacking the enemy in their strongholds on the St. Lawrence. Three expeditions were fitted out. Amherst and Wolfe were ordered to join the fleet under Boscawen, destined to act against Louisburgh—Forbes was sent to the Ohio Valley—Abercrombie was intrusted with the command against Crown Point and Ticonderoga, though Lord Howe was sent out with the last named as the real soul of the enterprise. Mr. Bancroft writes:

"None of the officers won favor like Lord Howe and Wolfe. Both were still young.—To high rank and great connections Howe added manliness, humanity, capacity to discern merit, and judgment to employ it. As he reached America, he entered on the simple austerity of forest warfare. James Wolfe, but thirty-one years old, had already been eighteen years in the army; was at Dettingen and Fontenoy, and had won laurels at Laffeldt. Merit made him at two-and-twenty a lieutenant colonel, and his active genius improved the discipline of his battalion. He was at once authoritative and humane, severe, yet indefatigably kind; modest, but aspiring and secretly conscious of ability. The brave soldier dutifully loved and obeyed his widowed mother, and his gentle nature saw visions of happiness in scenes of domestic love, even while he kindled at the prospect of glory, as 'gunpowder at fire.'"

#### CAPTURE OF LOUISBURGH.

On the 28th May the expedition reached Halifax.

"For six days after the British forces on their way from Halifax to Louisburgh, had entered Chapeau Rouge Bay, the surf, under a high wind, made the rugged shore inaccessible, and gave the French time to strengthen and extend their lines. The sea still dashed heavily, when, before daybreak on the 8th of June, the troops, under cover of a random fire from the frigates attempted disembarking. Wolfe the third brigadier, who led the first division, would not allow a gun to be fired, cheered on the rowers, and, on coming to shoal water jumped into the sea; and, in spite of the surf, which broke several boats and upset more, in spite of the well directed fire of the French, in spite of their breast-work and rampart of felled trees, whose interwoven branches made one continued wall of green, the English landed, took the batteries, drove in the French, and on the same day invested Louisburgh. At that landing, none was more gallant than young Richard Montgomery; just twenty-one; Irish by birth; an humble officer in Wolfe's brigade; but also a servant of humanity, enlisted in its corps of immortals. The sagacity of Wolfe honored him with well deserved praise and promotion to a lieutenancy. On the morning of the 12th, an hour before dawn, Wolfe, with light infantry and Highlanders, took by surprise the light house battery on the north-east side of the entrance to the harbor; the smaller works were successively carried. On the 23rd, the English battery began to play on that of the French on the island near the centre of the mouth of the harbor. Science, sufficient force, union among the officers, heroism, prevailing mariners and soldiers, carried forward the siege, during which Barre by his conduct secured the approbation of Amherst and the confirmed friendship of Wolfe. Of the French ships in the port, three were burned on the 21st of July; in the night following the 25th, the boats of the squadron, with small loss, set fire to the *Prudent*, a seventy-four, and carried off the *Benfaisant*. Boscawen was prepared to send six English ships into the harbor. But the town of Louisburgh was already a heap of ruins; for eight days, the French officers and men had no safe place for rest; of fifty-two cannon opposed to the English batteries forty were disabled. The French had but five ships of the line and four frigates. It was time for the Chivalier de Drucour to capitulate. The garrison became prisoners of war, and, with the sailors and marines, in all 5,637, were sent to England. On the 27th July, the English took possession of Louisburgh, and, as a consequence, of Cape Breton and Prince Edward's Island. Thus fell the power of France on our eastern coast. Halifax being the English naval station, Louisburgh was deserted. The harbor still offers shelter from storms; the coast repels the surge; but a few hovels only mark the spot which so much treasure was lavished to fortify, so much heroism to conquer. Wolfe, whose heart was in England, returned home with the love and esteem of the army. His coun-

try was full of exultation; the trophies were deposited with pomp in the cathedral of St. Paul's; the churches gave thanks; Boscawen, himself a member of parliament, was honored by a unanimous tribute from the House of Commons. New England, too, triumphed; for the praise awarded to Amherst and Wolfe recalled the heroism of her own sons."

From "Thoughts on the Present Scarcity of Salmon, by the Rev. Donald S. Williamson, Minister of Tongland."

#### THE WONDERFUL PROVISION OF NATURE.

Although eels, notwithstanding their voracity, are not, perhaps, very destructive to salmon in their active state, their habits are such that they would exterminate the species were it not for a very singular provision of nature, which, as we do not remember ever to have seen it dwelt upon or alluded to, it may be worth while to notice in passing.—The history of their spawning is the converse of that of the salmon's; for, whilst the latter is oviparous, and produces in fresh water, the former is viviparous and produces in the sea; and it so happens that when the salmon is hurrying up towards the very sources of rivers, on the great errand of generation, the eel is hurrying on the same errand, to the very depths of the ocean. Were the eel to remain in the river after the salmon roe is deposited and covered in, its voracity and habit of boring in loose gravel, and even under large stones, would disturb the beds and lead to the annihilation of the whole salmon tribe. But at this critical time, the two creatures are driven, by the same instinct, towards different poles; and before the eel re-appears in fresh water, the salmon roe has undergone a series of transformations, emerged from its sub-aqueous dormitory, and becomes a little fish, fragile, indeed, and tiny, but in the highest degree vigilant and nimble, not capable of confronting a single one of its numerous enemies in the open field, yet disconcerting and defying them all by the celerity of its flight. Is this an evidence of design, or is it a stroke of chance?

#### THE MONKS OF ST. BERNARD AND THEIR DOGS.

A tragical story is told of an adventure that happened to the Monks of St. Bernard, in the days when the breed of their celebrated dogs was at its full perfection. No less than thirty robbers, to whom the supposed possessions of the monastery offered a rich booty, had, by degrees introduced themselves into the retreat, arriving in parties at intervals, and always received in the most friendly manner. As soon as the whole band were assembled, they threw off their concealment, and summoned the abbot to produce the keys of the treasure. The monk was, fortunately, a man of more resolute character than usually occurred in those places of seclusion, and did not lose his presence of mind. He observed to them mildly, that their conduct was unworthy, and an ill return for the hospitable attentions they had received. The robbers, as may be supposed were deaf to this appeal, and continued their demand. "If it must be so," said the superior, "as we have no means of defending ourselves, I must submit: follow me, therefore, to the spot where our treasure is kept."

He led the way and was tumultuously attended by the eager band. He placed his hand on a door, but before he turned the key he looked back and made another appeal; he was answered with execrations, and no choice being left him he threw the door wide open. It was the den in which the dogs were kept; he raised his voice to which a loud yell responded, then, gave a rapid signal, and in an instant the powerful animals bounded forth upon them, tearing some, strangling others, and sending the few of the robbers who escaped their attack, flying for their lives headlong down the mountain in frantic terror, to be dashed to pieces over the precipices which yawned beneath their feet.—*Miss Costello in the British Journal for March.*

From "Gosse's Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica."

#### A MOONLIGHT NIGHT IN JAMAICA.

There is something exceedingly romantic in the nights of the tropics. It is pleasant to sit on the landing at the top of the flight of steps in front of Bluefields House, after night has spread her 'purple wings' over the sky, or even to lie at full length on the smooth stones, it is a hard bed, but not a cold one, for the thick flags, exposed to the burning sun thro' the day, become thoroughly heated, and retain a considerable degree of warmth till morning comes again. The warmth of the flat stones is particularly pleasant, as the cool night breezes play over the face. The scene is favorable for meditation, the moon, 'walking in brightness,' gradually climbing up to the very centre of the deep blue sky, sheds on the grassy sward, the beasts, lying down here and there, the fruit trees, the surrounding forests, and the glistening sea spread out in front, a soft but brilliant radiance unknown to the duller regions of the north.

The bubbling of the little rivulet, winding its seaward way over the rocks and pebbles, comes like distant music upon the ear, of which the bass is supplied by the roll of the surf falling on the sea-beach at measured intervals—a low hollow roar, protracted until it dies away along the sinuous shore, the memorial of a fierce but transitory sea breeze. But there are sweeter sounds than these: