

THE Loyalist

UNION IS STRENGTH

VOL. I.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1842.

No. 24.

THE LOYALIST,
Is Printed and Published Every
Thursday Afternoon,
BY JAMES DOAK,
At his Office, in Mr. J. M. Robertson's Building, corner
of Market Square and Water Street.
TERMS—Twelve shillings and six pence per annum,
payable half-yearly in advance; 2s. 6d. extra
when sent by mail.
JOHN PRINTING executed at this office with
neatness and dispatch, on liberal terms.
All Letters and Communications (post paid),
to be addressed to the Publisher.

WHALING IN THE PACIFIC.

ENCOUNTER WITH A WHITE WHALE.

The ship was fanning along with a light breeze, coursers hauled up, whole topsails and top-gallant sails, when a fellow on the fore-castle cried out, 'Here is a whale close to the ship!'

'Where!' said Mr. Hussey, eagerly. The object was pointed out to the mate, whose countenance fell in a moment. 'There lay a large whale, within a cable's length of the stern, and Hussey showed no enthusiasm—no ambition—no wish to encounter him. But now, the captain and Swain perceive the object.

'Lines in the boats!' vociferated the captain.

'Captain Coffin!' said the mate, 'did you ever lower away for a white whale?'

'What signifies white or black?' said the impatient commander. 'Get your boat ready, sir!'

'Captain Coffin,' said Hussey calmly, 'I have followed this business a great many years, and you may depend upon it, that a whale, like the one yonder, makes but little oil, and is very dangerous to go alongside of.'

'We did not come here to talk of danger,' said the Captain. 'I came for whales, and whales I'll have when they are to be got.'

'You never saw a white whale before,' said Hussey but I know what they are.'

'That's true,' said the captain thoughtfully, 'I never saw a white whale; but this fellow is as white as chalk—but no matter, get your boat ready and we'll talk more about it when we come on board.'

'Some of us,' said the mate, 'may never come on board again.'

'You are enough to frighten the whole ship's company,' said the captain; 'I hope you are not afraid of a whale.'

'Perhaps so,' answered the mate, with a glowing cheek, 'but you will soon know whether I am afraid of a whale or not.'

With impenetrable haste the mate flew to his boat; he called aloud for his crew—tore off the tarpaulin, and seizing the line-tub in his powerful grasp, placed it, without assistance, in the boat. His boats crew were assembled, and, for once, Mr. Hussey's boat was manned and lowered before Mr. Swain had got his tub in the boat.

A new hand presented himself to Mr. Swain—that was Ben the ship-keeper.

While the ship was on her passage to Whahoo, the ship's company had little more to do than to talk over the recent events on the off-shore ground; and while every one boasted of his own achievements, and deeds of noble daring in the encounter with whales, broad hints were hove at the ship-keeper that he would not have shown himself so gallant and so brave, if he had been in the boats.

Ben, who had breathed in sulphurous atmospheres when iron hail flew thick around him, and had faced the roar of British cannon, felt hurt at these allusions, and had asked the captain's permission to go in the boats when they should be lowered, and prove that he was not afraid of a whale.

The captain made answer, that in case the boats should be lowered in a still time, and all things agreeing, he would permit Ben to go in the boats. Such a time the captain imagined the present to be; but he erred, as the reader shall presently perceive. Ben was ordered to take the place of Mr. Swain's tub-oarsman, who was a native and inhabitant of Nantucket, by name Nicodemus Biddy.

Biddy was to stand ship-keeper for this time; and such a man was Biddy—as shall straightway be made apparent.

Biddy was a long, lean, lank creature, about six feet two inches from the sacro-coccygeal junction of the frontal and parietal bones, to the tough extremity of his feet. The reader has already concluded that Biddy's person was tall and commanding, but he was never more mistaken in his life. Biddy had a stoop in his gait, which prevented the spectator from forming an accurate estimate of his altitude.

His head was small, and round as an apple-doughboy. His forehead and face were narrow, and the hair was inserted at the top of his nose. His whole carcass was dry and fallow. Hips, he had none. His thighs were a noble pair of bones, and his calves had gone to grass. His ankles were very portly; and his feet, prodigious monopolisers of leather. He had been married twenty-five years, but had no children. His loving spouse had for many years held him in cheek with the crack of the door. But I perceive the reader does not understand me—I will explain.

The crack of Biddy's back door when opened, was just a fit for the end of his nose. Now whenever he was refractory, or disputed the mandates of his wife, she pointed to the door, when Biddy would run and thrust his nose into the crack.

His wife then would close the door within a few inches, which pinched the member terribly, and made Biddy roar aloud and promise obedience for the future.—Thus could Biddy's wife handle him as she thought proper—and the nose is, therefore, not unaptly termed the handle of the face. Biddy was completely henpecked, and his wife led him by the nose as easily as she could wish.

Nicodemus Biddy had been several voyages round Cape Horn, and had not yet attained to any higher grade than that of a common sailor. The fact is this: Biddy was deficient in stamina, and wanting in every requisite for a seaman.

He had, during the early part of his wedded life, lived altogether upon his wife's wages, growing weary of such a burthen, and becoming disgusted at his pusillanimity, and disheartened at the barren prospects before her, grew gradually stern and severe, and thinking there ought to be at least one man in the family, drew on the breeches herself, and made her husband subservient to her commands. Her tongue was his scourge; the door-crack, his pillory; and a hungry belly his penance.

When power meets with no check, it is always sure to become absolute. The sceptre was fairly wrested from Biddy's hand, he grew more servile every day; until at length his wife resolved to put in execution a project which she had long nourished in her soft bosom. She packed him off to sea. In vain he remonstrated, in vain he clasped her knees, and begged her to spare his life—assuring her that he should not survive the first month of the cruise. She was cautious to his miseries, and immediately went to a ship-owner's office and procured him a berth. He was gone from home three years, and in that time he learned to scrape topmasts and clean up after pigs.

When he returned to his loving wife, cheered by the prospect of spending his future days in peaceful security beneath his homely domicile, the worthy dame thus accosted him: 'So Nicodemus, you have got home, I have heard a strange story; they say that you are afraid of a whale! A pretty fellow you, to bring disgrace upon your family! I heard of your arrival at Old Town, and immediately spoke for a new berth for you. The ship will sail in a fortnight, and you may prepare yourself for another voyage!'

Thus had his wife kept him moving for the last fifteen years. As fast as he returned, he was shipped off again—and if he showed the least repugnance at having his nose thus continually kept to the grindstone, the crack of the door was always ready to receive it; and when thus pressed by argument, a great revolution was sure to take place in his ideas. He cried out 'peccavi!' and promised implicit obedience. This was the man who acted ship-keeper on the present occasion in the place of Ben.

Ben presented himself to Mr. Swain, and the latter cheerfully consented to receive him into his boat in place of Biddy, who was never known to be very 'fierce after a whale.' As Mr. Swain put off from the ship, he started upon seeing Hussey already half way to the whale, heaving on the after oar, and vociferating like a madman.

Hussey urged on his oarsmen with quick and sudden shouts, and acted, in every instance, so far from his usual manner, that his boat's crew looked at him with undisguised astonishment. Hussey had always appeared eager when in pursuit of whales, but at this moment there was a recklessness and frenzy in his manner, for which they could not account.

He ran the boat directly on the whale, before he spoke to Coffin, and when he did speak, he cried in a loud and harsh

voice, 'Come aft here, you Coffin—Shiver you! come aft!' But Coffin did not move quick enough for him; and springing into the head, he caught up the boat-steerer, and after throwing him headlong into the stern, seized the irons, and buried them up to the sockets in the body of the whale. The wounded animal gave one bound, and completely cleared the water, falling back with a tremendous splash into the boiling sea; he then ran a short distance to windward, and hove to, but used his jaw and flukes in such a terrific manner, and continued the exertion so long, that the boat could not approach him. At length he lay still upon the water, as if exhausted and worn out by the violence of his motions.

By this time Swain was come up, and the starboard boat was not far behind.

The two officers commenced the onset but before they got within dart of the fish he began to run again, he drew Hussey's boat about two miles, directly to windward, and then hove to, and commenced thrashing the waves with his flukes, and snapping his jaws with inconceivable fury.

The three boats kept a respectful distance, until he became quiet again.

No sooner had he relaxed his exertions than Mr. Hussey carried his boat up to him, and darted his lance. He writhed a little and sunk slowly under water, but emerged directly under Swain's boat with expanded jaws. In a moment the boat was observed to be in the mouth of the whale, his lower jaw towering over one side, and his trunk standing against the other.

'Take care Mr. Swain!' cried the Captain, 'but in vain. One loud crash, and one scream of agony, announced the catastrophe. The whale sunk, and blood, human blood crimsoned the waves.'

First, Starbuck was observed, buffeting the red billow, and struggling amid the pieces of the broken boat; then the boatman came up, gasping for breath; and after the lapse of a few moments, Mr. Swain shot out of the water several feet, and then lay motionless on the water, the blood oozing from his temples. The remainder of the boat's crew were never seen more.

'Hussey and the Captain, hastened to the relief of the three survivors; but suddenly the whale presented himself between the boats and the survivors. 'Pull round the whale!' cried the captain. But that was not so easily done; for the enraged animal now assailed Mr. Hussey's boat, and ere the danger could be avoided, he seized the frail vessel with his jaws, and ground it to atoms! The principal part of the boat's crew jumped overboard in good time, but Mr. Hussey was observed struggling in the water with blood gushing from his nostrils, eyes and ears. He turned his face toward the Captain—his eyes glared like a meteor—he stretched out his hands, gave one loud yell, and sunk forever. His bow-man was never seen after the destruction of the boat, but the remaining four were taken into the Captain's boat unhurt; with Mr. Swain, his bow-man, and Starbuck. The ship, was about two miles to leeward. A little breeze filled her sails, and the Captain hoped to reach her safely with his desponding men.

Swain was badly wounded and faint from loss of blood.

Just as the swimmers had been taken in, and disposed to advantage, one of the men exclaimed, 'there comes the whale again!'

The Captain turned, and beheld the fierce animal driving madly towards the boat.

Ere he could give any directions, the whale struck the boat with his jaw, dashed her all to pieces, and killed two men, viz., Inott and Gardner, the Captain's boat-steerer.

Inott's brains bespattered Starbuck from head to foot, who was soon washed clean in the surrounding flood.

Now, all the survivors of the boats' crews are lying at the mercy of the waves, on oars, pieces of the stoven boats, and whatever floating articles they can procure. Mr. Swain was placed on a slight raft and assisted by two men. The day was far spent, and all hands anxiously awaited the approach of the ship, when to their surprise and consternation, they saw that the ship was lying with the main-top-sail aback, and no attempt seemed to be made to put her about.

'Oh Biddy! Biddy!' cried the Captain 'but for you we might be saved—now all hope is madness!'

'Not so!' cried Swain's boatman, who was a Nantucket lad by the name of Joseph Barnard—'Not so, sir; I will swim

to the ship and show that nincumpoop how to beat to windward.' Barnard left the fragments of boards and oars, and struck off toward the ship.

'Alas!' said the Captain, 'he will never reach the ship, night is coming on, and we shall perish.'

'Despair not,' said the suffering Swain, 'I shall never yet undertake anything without success. He will reach the ship, he has a long distance to swim, and night will set in, before the ship reaches us.'

The ship continued lying aback. The ship's wretch who had been entrusted with the ship did not possess sufficient sagacity to put her about, and eleven men would inevitably have perished, but for the intrepidity of Joseph Barnard, who swam two miles, reached the ship in safety, and put her about.

Ere the ship reached the tragical spot, for men had, one by one, become exhausted, and yielded to their fate. The remaining six were taken on board the ship, consisting of Captain Coffin, Mr. Swain, Starbuck, a Cape-Cod-man, and two Nantucket boys.

The Cape-Cod-man died in an hour after his return to the ship. Mr. Swain was taken below in a very exhausted state, and the other survivors were scarcely able to work the ship.

HARRY CAVENDISH.

THE LAST SHOT.

'I hurried on my clothes, and following him to the deck, saw, at the first glance, that the good doctors fears respecting the strange case were not without foundation. She was a sharp, low, bright, and sprightly looking girl, and a sprightly capress blowing from her cheeks sufficient to have driven a sloop of war. The haze of the morning had concealed her from sight until the last five minutes, but now the broad disk of the sun, rising majestically behind her, brought out her masts, rigging, and hull in bold and distant relief. When first discovered, she was within long cannon shot, but standing off to windward. She altered her course immediately, however, on perceiving us, and was already closing. She carried no ensign, but there was that on her crowded deck and jaunty air which did not permit me to doubt a moment as to her character.

'A ror, by—' said the skipper, who had been scrutinizing the strange sail through his glass; 'and she is treble our force,' he continued, in a whisper to me. 'We have no choice, either, left us but to fight.'

'I shook my head, for it was evident that escape was impossible.

'She sails like a witch, too,' I replied, in the same low tone, 'and would overhaul us, no matter what her position might be.'

'I with we were a dozen leagues away' said the captain, shrugging his shoulders, 'there is little honour and no profit in fighting these cut-throats, and if we are whipt, as we shall be, they will slit our windpipes as if we were so many sheep in a slaughter-house.'

'No so,' I exclaimed enthusiastically, 'we will die sword in hand. Since these outlaws have crossed our path we must, if everything else fails, suffer them to board us, and then blow the schooner out of the water. I myself will fire the train.'

'Now by the God above us, you speak as a brave man should, and shame my momentary disgust, for fear, I will not call it. No, Jack Merrivale never wanted courage, however prudence might have been lacking. But little did I think that you, Cavendish, would ever show less prudence than myself, as you have to-day. You seem a changed man.'

'I am one,' I exclaimed; 'but that is neither here nor there. When once you freebooter gets alongside, Harry Cavendish will not be behind hand in doing his duty.'

My superior, at any other time, could not have failed to notice, the excitement under which I spoke, but now his mind was too fully occupied to give my demeanour a second thought, and our conversation was cut short by a ball from the pirate, which, whistling over our heads, plumped into the sea a fathom distant. At the same instant, a mass of dark bunting shot up to the gaff of the brig, and slowly unrolling, blew out steadily in the breeze, disclosing a black flag, unheeded by a single emblem. But we well knew the meaning of that ominous ensign.

'He taunts us with his cursed flag,' said the skipper energetically; 'by the Lord that liveth, he shall feel that we men know how to defend their lives and hon-

our. Call aft the men and then to quarters. We will blow you scoundrels out of the water, or die bravely on the last plank.'

Never did I listen to more vehement, more soul-stirring eloquence than that which rolled, like a tide of fire, from the captain's lips when the men had gathered aft. Every eye flashed with indignation, every bosom heaved with high and noble daring, as he pointed impetuously to the foe and asked if there was one who heard him that wished to shrink from the contest. To his impassioned appeal they answered with a loud huzza, brandishing their cutlasses above their heads and swearing that they would stand by him to the last.

'I know it, my brave boys—I remember how you fought the privateer's men, for most of his old crew had re-entered, but yonder cut-throats are still more deceitful and blood thirsty. We have nothing to hope from them but a short shrift and the yard-arm. We fight, not for our country and property alone, but for our lives also. The little Falcon has struck down too many prizes already, to show the coward's feather now. Let us make these decks slippery with our best blood, rather than surrender. Stand by me, if they board us, and—my word on it—the survivors will long talk of this glorious day. And now, my brave lads, splice the main-brace, and then to quarters.'

Another cheer followed the close of this harangue, when the men gathered at their quarters, each one as he passed to his station receiving a glass of grog. As I ran my eyes along the deck, and saw the stalwart frames, and flashing eyes of the crew, I felt convinced that this day was destined to be desperately contested.

When I thought of the vast quantity of powder which we had to contend with, and our deeds which this superiority would make room for, I experienced an exultation which I cannot describe. The time had prayed, was come; and I resolved to reach the ears of Annette, should prove solid. The thought that, perhaps, she might regret me when I was gone, was sweeter to me than the roll of many waters.

Little time, however, was left for such emotions, for scarcely had the men taken their stations when the pirate, who hitherto had been making for a favourable position and ordering for a favourable shot, opened his batteries firing charging his guns in such a manner, discharging his sides seemed quick succession, and his tall masts were continuous reeling backwards from the side seen broadside. Instantaneously the ship's pest came hurrying across us, and I was bewildered by the redoubtable timber, the falling of spars, and the terrified shrieks of the wounded. The maelstrom came rattling to the deck within all its hamper at the very moment that a messmate fell dead beside me. For a few minutes all was consternation and confusion. So rapid had been the discharges, and so well aimed had been the shot, that in the twinkling of an eye, we saw ourselves almost a wreck on the water, and, comparatively at the mercy of the foe.

'Clear away the hamper,' shouted the skipper, 'stand to your guns forward there and give it to the pirate.'

With the word the two light pieces and the gun amidsthips opened on the now rapidly closing foe: but the metal of all except the swivel was so light that it did no perceptible damage on the thick ribbed hull of our antagonist. The ball from the long eighteen, however, swept the decks of the foe, and appeared to have carried no little havoc in its course. But the broadside did not check the approach of the rover. His object was manifestly to run us foul and board us. Steadily, therefore, he maintained his course, swerving scarcely a hair's breadth as our discharge, but keeping right on as if scorning our futile efforts to check his progress. We did not, however, intermit our exertions. Although crippled we were not disheartened—despairing, we entertained no thought of submission, but rallying around our guns, we fought them like lions at bay, firing with such rapidity that our decks, and the ocean around, soon came to be almost obscured in the thick fleecy veil of smoke that settled slowly on the water. Every few minutes a ball from the pirate whizzed by in our immediate vicinity, or crashed among our spars; but the increasing clouds of vapour, clinging about the pathway of our foe as well as of ourselves,

made his fire naturally less deadly than at first. For a short space we even lost sight of our antagonist and the gunners paused, uncertain where to fire; but suddenly the lofty spars of the pirate were seen riding above the white fog, scarcely a pistol shot from us, and in another minute with a deafening crash, the rover ran us aboard, his bowsprit jamming in our fore-rigging as he approached us head on. Almost before we could recover from our surprise we heard a stern voice crying out in the Spanish tongue for boarders, and immediately a dark mass of ruffians gathered like a cluster of bees on the bowsprit of the foe, with cutlasses brandished aloft, preparatory to a descent on our decks.

'Rally to repel boarders thundered the skipper, springing forward, 'ho! beat back the bloodhounds from your decks, and with the word, he made a blow at a desperado who, at that moment sprang into the fore rigging; when my superior drew back his sword it was red with the heart's blood of the assailant, who fell heavily backwards with a dull thud, squatted a second on the water, and wounded water fowl, and then sank ever. For a single breath, the assailants stood appalled, and a savage yell, leaping on our deck, they attacked our little band. In the gallant tars disputed every inch of ground, in vain one after another of the assailants decked with his cutlass, and by word and deed the skipper led the crew to almost gigantic exertions, nothing could resist the valour of the assailants which poured an unrelenting stream from the

ing down the

lattice from the

brave lads were

until at length the whole fore-castle

in possession of the foe, and a solid

of freebooters was advancing on the

board side of the open main hatch, in

ger pursuit of the retreating crew,

had foreseen this result to the confu

and instead, therefore, of aiding to re

the boarders, had been engaged in re

ing one of the lighter guns with gre

and dragging it around, so as to comm

this very plan—a duty which I ha

been enabled to perform unobscure

either party in the fierce excitement

the melée. I had partly masked my

the battery, and not three minutes

elapsing from the first of the board

ers, when my messmates were draw

wards me, as I have described, by

by the solid masses of the ene

ready the fugitives had passed the

way, and the foremost desperadoes on

assailing column were even now within

three feet of the muzzle of my gun, when

I signed to my confederates to jerk off the

tarpaulin which had masked our piece.

The pirates started back in horror

when they saw their peril, but I gave them no

time to escape. Quick as lightning I

gave the match, and the whole fiery

gun was belched upon them. Lan

that would depict the fearful havoc of

and rage. The hurricane of fire

through which its way lengthwise

scattered now and crowded column,

its track, as if the dead beneath

rest trees; and wind uproots the fo

tions, and shires the soil, and imprec

drowning the souls, and imprec

and the crushing of the explosion,

its victims.

'Now charge!' I shouted, amongst

with a sudden frenzy, springing

very midst of the foe, charged the

gallant braves, and sweep the

from the deck. No quarter to them!

Flew them to the bricket, and for

every word with a blow, and second

our men who seemed to catch my

we made such havoc among those of

pirates whom the grape had spared, that

astonished, paralyzed, disconcerted, and

finally struck with mortal fear, they fled

wildly from the schooner, some regaining

their craft by the bowsprit, some plunging

overboard and swimming to her, and

some leaping headlong into the deep

never to rise again. Seizing an axe, and

springing forward, I hastily cut our hamper

loose from the foe, and with the next

swell the two vessels slowly parted.

'Now to your guns, my men,' shouted

the skipper, unconscious of a dangerous

wound, in the excitement of the moment,

'give it to them before they can rally to

their quarters. Fire!'

We poured in our broadsides like hail

riddling even the solid sides of our foe,

and making his decks slippery with blood,

and all this before the discomfited free-

booters could rally to their guns and re-