

THE LOYALIST.

"GOD AND MY COUNTRY."

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AN EVENING ON THE ATLANTIC. (FROM A MANUSCRIPT LETTER.)

I was sitting or rather reclining on a locker, in the cabin of a stout little Scotch Brig, which was conveying me from the shores of Columbia, to my own native Scotland. The sky was dark and gloomy, and not even a star shone out benignantly, to cheer the tedious and lonely watches of a December night in the middle of the vast Atlantic. The wind blew cold and fierce, and being abetted by the beam, the ocean was raised into liquid mountains which seemed ready to overwhelm our little barque. The first watch being set, a reef taken in of both topsails, and every thing made snug, the captain, a fine little citizen of Dundee, came below, and took a seat at the weather side of the table, proposing, as was our usual custom (I being the only male passenger on board) to solace ourselves with a little West India eye water, vulgarly called rum, mollied with a due quantum of sugar, nutmeg, and hot water. Having prepared this necessary medicine *secundum artem*, the kettle was snugly stowed within the fender of the stove, and I had placed my feet firmly against a chest to keep myself steady, when, seizing a tumbler in my right hand, and raising it to my lips with a look towards Capt. K—, I wished a happy arrival in G—, "Amen," said he, "and may we never have a worse night than this. She now goes nine knots—don't you hear how the water spins under her quarter?" "Now for the story about your uncle," said I; "let us hear that, and I will keep watch with you till twelve." "You shall have it," replied the captain; "but this puts me in mind of a narrow escape I had this very night, last year, in the North Sea."

"I remember well, I was on my voyage from Riga; it had blown a complete gale for four days. It was a clear moonlight night, except when the swift-flying scud at intervals obscured the heavens. The helm was lashed down, and our vessel being hoove two, rode snugly in the trough of the sea, which was immensely high. I had gone down to the cabin, after observing there was nothing but sky and water as far as the eye could reach. I had remained a considerable time below, but bethought myself of taking a look on deck before going to bed. When I had attained the deck, good God! what was my astonishment and consternation to see a huge vessel coming down right before the wind, directly upon our broadside. I am certain she was not more than two cables' length off when I saw her. At first I felt myself absolutely petrified with horror; but recollecting myself for a moment, in actual desperation, I seized a speaking trumpet, and hailed the strange sail to the utmost extent of my lungs. Whether the watch in the other vessel had heard the sound of my voice through the howling of the blast, or whether they had discovered us at the critical moment, I know not, but she instantly veered to leeward, and came close within a few feet of us. The people on board of her seemed to be as panic-struck as myself, neither of us having the power to speak in passing each other. Many a time have I thought to myself, since that, she must have been a counterpart to the flying Dutchman; for I can never imagine how she appeared so close to us on a sudden, and steered past us as if governed by magic."

Having replenished our tumblers with a good-to-bed glass, the captain said, "Now for my uncle. You'll understand, Mr. N., that my mother's brother commanded and partly owned a sloop which traded between the towns of Dundee and London, taking up nice caller Samson, now and then, to the Cockney bodies. Well, I went with him as apprentice, and, at the time the circumstances I am going to relate to you took place, might be about thirteen or fourteen years of age. We had left London, and were on our way back to Dundee, going on at a famous rate; but when about Shields, early one morning, we found ourselves pursued by a large French privateer, who soon came up with us. Resistance was out of the question: The Frenchman instantly put six stout fellows on board of us, and took two able seamen on board their own vessel, leaving my uncle and myself on board the sloop, to assist the Frenchmen in sailing her to France. My uncle was a very stout man, and in the quality of courage, could almost have faced Lucifer himself; but this sudden reverse of fortune seemed quite to overpower him. The Frenchmen, after being on board, were not long in going down to our little cabin

to reconnoitre for something to wet their throats. They soon fell foul of some good London porter, which my uncle had got in a present from a friend in London, to take to my aunt. After having discussed a good quantity of this liquor, the Frenchmen grew quite merry, and swilled away like heroes, leaving my uncle at the helm and myself on deck. By and bye, one or two of them came upon deck, to see if we were upon duty. They seemed as drunk as badgers, and returned below immediately, saying to my uncle, good humouredly enough, "Begar, we must 'ave some more of your porter." My uncle, poor man, seemed sorely grieved about his porter, and from the bottom of his soul heartily wished all Frenchmen at the devil. After a short time, he gave the helm to me, and, strutting about the deck for a minute or so, biting his nails, and muttering curses on his enemies. All at once, his countenance changed into a look of fierce determination, mingled with hope. He turned to me, and merely said, "Now, Job, be steady!"—and immediately went in search, as I perceived, of a hammer and some nails, which were somewhere lying about deck. He then, to my astonishment, sprang down the companion, and (as he afterwards described to me) flew into the cabin and made a snatch at my musket, which was suspended on two pins. He re-appeared on deck in a moment and the first thing I saw him do was giving some hard knocks with the butt end of his gun to a Frenchman's hands, who appeared endeavouring to come up the ladder. The next Frenchman that made his appearance received a knock on the head, with the same weapon, which, to use the old man's expression, "sent him down like a pair of old boots." Having accomplished this far, he instantly drew on the hatch, and fastened down the hatch firmly. All this, I may say was the work of a moment. My uncle immediately came towards me, with the gun in his hand, saying, "Bout ship now, Job. By G—, we've primed the Frenchmen." Having done so, he sent the muzzle of his gun through the cabin skylight (which was grated) with great fury, accompanying this action with a complete broadside of oaths on the terrified Frenchmen, who are never at a loss to understand the meaning of John Bull's blessings, when delivered in such style. The poor fellows huddled into the corner of the cabin, craving mercy, which he promised them, on the condition of being quiet, and of handing him up the biscuits, &c. which were all below. The water being on deck, we, of course, had to give them an allowance. Under such circumstances, my uncle could be expected to sleep little; but the weather proving favourable, after much exertion and fatigue, we entered the Tay on the third day after our capture. No sooner were we arrived than the news of this adventure spread like wild fire. Every body in Dundee came down to the quay to see the Frenchmen land,—who, you may depend, looked foolish enough to be taken prisoners, as the old woman said, by "a man an' a bit callan." They were sent to the depot at Perth, where my uncle afterwards paid them a visit, and gave them something to drink. The old man takes great delight in relating this adventure, and nothing can please him so much as listening attentively."

Just as the captain had finished the narrative of his uncle's exploit, a large tom cat, which belonged to the brig, came bounding into the cabin, with something in its mouth. This proved to be a large flying fish, which we rescued from the jaws of puss, and with the cooking and eating of which we endeavoured to while away our evening on the Atlantic.

The Fur Trade between the North-Western Coast of America and China.—The lucrative traffic in which the rich furs of north-western America were exchanged for the dollars of Canton may be compared to the collection of stream-gold, yielding an unequalled gain with the exertion of very little labour or skill, as long as the deposit lasts. The progress of discovery along this still imperfectly known coast was at first from the south, being conducted principally from the Mexican ports on the Pacific. It is truly mortifying to reflect on the ignorance, imbecility, and negligence of the British government, which is allowing us to be juggled out of this coast, one of the finest in the world, and unquestionably belonging to us by the right of priority in discovery. Vancouver's Island, Queen Char-

lotte's Island, and a few others of less importance, together with a very small portion of the coast in latitude 54 north, are all now left to our undisputed possession on the north-western coast of America, being about to be deprived of the rest by the encroachments of the Russians on the north, and of the United States on the south. This is the more to be deplored, as the opening of the China trade gives great additional importance to this territory. But we have an instance of political folly still more glaring and mischievous, in the cession of the whole of the vast and valuable Indian Archipelago to the Dutch, first by the general pacification in 1814 and subsequently by cession of Sumatra, in exchange for an insignificant territory on the peninsula of Malacca. The importance of the fur trade between this coast and China was first ascertained in Cook's third voyage of discovery in the Pacific. The scarcity of fuel in the densely peopled provinces of China, the unskillfulness of the people in manufacturing woollens and the severity of the winter, cause a greater demand and higher prices for furs in the Chinese market than in any other part of the world, inasmuch that the return given by the Russians and Chinese commodities is almost entirely in furs, and those for the most part of inferior quality. The capture of the vessel, in consequence of the very great value of its fur, early attracted the attention of the Russians, as Cook when, in 1778, he visited the coast of Kamtschatka and the neighbouring islands, found many Russian posts established through them, for securing this valuable article of commerce. These traders, however, had not the enterprise to push their traffic at that time to the opposite coast of America, as, when Cook first visited Nootka Sound, an inlet in Vancouver's Island, in latitude 49° 36' north, the natives readily bartered the finest sea-otters' furs for beads, buttons, and similar toys.—*Fisher's Colonial Magazine.*

HORRIBLE EFFECTS OF AN EARTHQUAKE.—During the contest which Kiana sustained against Keona, while his chief was on Maui, a most singular interposition of a natural phenomenon enabled him to triumph over his active opponent. At that period, it had a great effect on the minds of the natives, who from that moment considered their goddess Pele a favourer of the rising fortunes of Kiana. The army of Keona had separated into three divisions, marching at some distance from each other, and were descending from the volcano by three distinct paths, not greatly apart and which ran parallel with each other. They led towards the habitable portion of Kauai. The first division, or vanguard, had not far advanced, when a heavy earthquake, and eruption from the volcano took place. The ground shook so violently as to render it impossible either to stand still, or proceed; they reeled to and fro like drunken men. The noise accompanying this motion was awful, and far exceeded thunder in loudness. The sky, which had been unclouded, was filled with a shower of cinders and ashes, extending for many miles around. Owing to the height to which they were first cast by the action of the crater, they cooled in their descent, and did no injury, though a strong sulphurous gas was evolved, which produced a suffocating sensation in the party exposed. However, they escaped with only a severe fright and a soon as practicable hurried from the spot. The rear party experienced a similar motion, accompanied by the like noise and showers, which quickly passed over. They then hastened to rejoin their comrades, but were met by a sight that appalled the stoutest heart. The central division lay stiffened in death; but so natural were the positions of many, that they did not discover that life was extinct until they had closely examined them. Some were lying in apparent slumber, while others were sitting upright, with their wives and children firmly locked in their embrace, and noses pressed together, as in the act of salutation. Out of four hundred human beings, not one was alive. The corpses remained in that condition, uncorrupted and unchanged for many days. The flesh finally dropped from the bones, which were left to bleach beneath a burning sun, or be buried by fresh actions of the volcano.

CURIOUS FACT.—The efficacy of silk in repelling a musket or a pistol shot, has frequently been made a subject of doubt

and discussion. We have lately met with what we conceive to be a strong demonstration of its repelling force, in a late publication, by a medical officer of the army, Dr. Adam Neale, which derives additional interest from the celebrity of the person principally concerned:—A very promising young officer of Engineers, with whom I lived in habits of the greatest intimacy and friendship, while employed in repairing the breaches of Ciudad Rodrigo, consulted me respecting an obstinate headache and giddiness, which I found was principally occasioned by his wearing a stiff black leather stock. I earnestly recommended him to lay it aside, which he rather tenaciously declined, when, as a further inducement, I told him that in the event of substituting a black silk handkerchief, it might one day preserve his life, as silk would certainly turn a ball which might penetrate leather. At length he complied, and, as I had predicted, his headache left him. We soon after separated, he going to the light division, and my station being with Lord Hill. The campaign commenced, and in a few weeks I learned with the greatest grief, that my gallant friend had fallen at the head of the first storming party at St. Sebastian. I was then stationed at Reynosa, many leagues distant. As I believed him dead, my surprise and joy were great on receiving a letter from him some weeks afterwards, acquainting me that when on the very glacis, he had been wounded with a musket ball by a man on the walls. He immediately fell covered with blood, which streamed in profusion from his mouth and nostrils; one of his own corps dragged him immediately into the trench. He was carried to his quarters, and the wound on examination, was pronounced mortal; the ball not being found was supposed to have lodged in the vertebrae of the neck. He lived, however, for three days, and no bad symptoms coming on, the surgeons began to doubt the accuracy of their opinions. The sapper who saw him fall was examined, to ascertain whether he had seen the bullet, which he instantly produced from his waistcoat pocket, saying, that on untying Mr. Reid's silk handkerchief, he found part of it carried into the wound, and using a little force in withdrawing it, the ball came out with it; not a single thread of the silk handkerchief having given way, as appeared on examination. Mr. Reid recovered, and is now a Lieutenant Colonel in the Army, and Governor of the Bermudas.—*Glasgow Courier.*

FRIENDSHIP.—Lieutenant Montgomery had seen much military service. However, the wars were over, and he had sought to do, but to lounge as best he could through life upon half-pay. He was one day taking his ease at his tavern, when he observed a stranger, evidently a foreigner, gazing intently at him. The lieutenant appeared not to notice the intrusion, but shifted his position. A short time and the stranger shifted too, and still with unblinking gaze he stared. This was too much for Montgomery, who arose and approached his scrutinizing intruder. "Do you know me, sir?" asked the lieutenant. "I think I do," answered the foreigner, who was a Frenchman. "Have we ever met before?" continued Montgomery. "I will not swear for it; but if we have—and I am almost sure we have," said the stranger—"you have a sabre cut, a deep one, on your right wrist."

"I have," cried Montgomery, turning back his sleeve, and displayed a very broad and ugly scar. "I didn't get this for nothing, for the brave fellow who made me a present of it I repaid with a gash across the skull." The Frenchman bent down his head, parted his hair with his hands, and said, "You did; you may look at the receipt." The next moment they were in each other's arms. They became bosom friends for life.

DEATH IN MAN AND ANIMALS.—The laws of nature are all directed by Divine Wisdom for the purpose of preserving life and increasing happiness. Pain seems in all cases to precede the mutilation or destruction of those organs which are essential to vitality, and for the end of preserving them; but the mere process of dying seems to be falling into a deep slumber; and in animals who have no fear of death dependent upon imagination, it can hardly be accompanied by

very intense suffering. In the human being, moral and intellectual motives constantly operate in enhancing the fear of death, which, without these motives, in a reasoning being would probably become dull, and the love of life be lost upon every slight occasion of pain or disgust; but imagination is creative with respect to both these passions, which, if they exist in animals, exist independent of reason, or its instincts. Pain seems intended by an all-wise Providence to prevent the dissolution of organs, and cannot follow their destruction. I know several instances in which the process of death has been observed, even to its termination, by good philosophers; and the instances are worth repeating. Dr. Cullen, when dying, is said to have faintly articulated to one of his inmates, "I wish I had the power of writing or speaking, for then I would describe to you how pleasant a thing it is to die." Dr. Black wrote out by age and a disposition to pulmonary hemorrhage, which obliged him to live very low—while eating his customary meal of bread and milk, fell asleep, and died in so tranquil a manner that he had not even spilt the contents of the spoon which he held in his hand. And the late Sir Charles Magden, whilst at a social meal with his friends, Mons. and Mad. Berthelle and Gay-Lussack, died in his chair so quietly that not a drop of the coffee in the cup which he held in his hand was spilt.—*Sir H. Davy.*

STEPHEN GIRARD.—We have been much struck with the force and truth of some remarks in a southern journal, upon the character of Girard, the great Philadelphia millionaire who died a few years ago in that city. Retribution (says the journal alluded to,) has been singularly active upon the estate and the will of Stephen Girard; and swept the immense riches of the unjust man in fragments to the winds of heaven. Virtue has reclaimed her own; and what iniquity garnered—God has scattered abroad, as a lesson to the wicked who pile up fortunes mountain high in violation of his commandments.

Girard, in amassing wealth was wholly unscrupulous. He gave no heed to justice in his pursuit of gain; or his riches would have melted before him like snow in the sun. No man can accumulate gold, and at the same time reverence and obey God. Girard, of all who are rich, was the most reckless of the decrees, or even the existence of an Almighty. His soul was encased in adamant. His heart was ponderous and impenetrable. His diamond. It was his secret glory, and often his proud boast of open exultation, that he could cheat and defraud those most expert in cheating others. His profits and gains were the pestiferous fruit of profound indirection. And his feelings never lost what his cunning gained. The groans of distress never penetrated to his heart. He never heard the sigh of anguish; he never relieved the pangs of want. If compelled to answer the poor, it was to tell them they were guilty of crime. Point his attention to Heaven, and he would reply that he never made a penny by the worship of God. Nor did his blasphemy stop here. He looked on all as his prey, if his own cunning, or the weakness exposed them to his frauds. He plundered even the widow—he stripped the garments from the shivering and ragged child of the orphan. No pity restrained him—no feeling of sympathy could even bend him to justice, or melt him to mercy. His iron rule was pain. His only God—Gold!

Thus with the iron purpose of avarice did he pass a long life of trade, holding God in derision, and benevolence in contempt; and he only respected the laws, because the laws secured him in his property. They thus became part of his avarice.

THE MILITIA CAPTAIN.—Some are born great, some achieve greatness, some have greatness thrust upon them. The militia captain is one of those who achieve greatness. To be a captain of this sort, a man must be a human turkeycock. We recollect a militia captain whose sense of personal dignity was so great, that he marched five miles without once turning round to look after his company; and when he did interrupt the sweet flow of his complacent musings, and turn to his followers, he found to use an Irishism, that he had no followers at all. They deserted in couples, and for the last two miles he had been marching alone. Another was once honored with a billet

from a lady; in which she requested the honor of his company at supper. He accepted the invitation in what seemed to him its literal sense, and marched to the house at the head of his lofty ragamuffins, each of whom had an appetite sufficient to produce a famine in a western settlement. Another, in training an undisciplined corps, ordered them to charge bayonets, which they did by rushing at him. He sought safety, where most of his species seek it—in flight. Still another, whose face was always seen in peace, and whose back was always seen in war, once closed an animated appeal to his company, by a furious and truculent command—"Follow me!" He advanced two steps—faltering, and fled with precipitation. It is needless to add that his soldiers obeyed the direction of "follow me!" But the best story of militia valour is that of the brave captain whose experience of the horrors of war was confined to sham fights. He was once in a real engagement, and appeared to enjoy it much. He marched, countermarched and blazed away with great glee. At last a bullet passed through his cocked hat. At first amazement stupified him. Then slowly recovering, he gazed at the hole which the lead had perforated in his somewhat hasty tour through his chapeau, and with a voice indicative of the greatest indignation at such treachery, he exclaimed, "By—, they are firing balls!" and fled as if a thunderbolt were chasing him. The truth is, that Militia Captains are the illegitimate sons of Mars, and have small desire to win immortal renown at the expense of mortal existence.—*Vesperus.*

LORD BROUGHAM.—I always think of Lord Brougham as I should of a mighty mountain placed on an uncertain pedestal. The mountain is vast, splendid, gigantic, fearful, and yet pleasing to gaze upon; but it is placed on so very insecure a pedestal, that every breath of wind threatens to overturn it. How so great a mountain could be so curiously and uncertainly placed I can never discover; but there it is and I am in an agony for its fate. So it is with Lord Brougham. The powers of his mind are prodigious; the influence he exercises over other minds is vast and proportionate; his eloquence is of the highest order; he is a walking encyclopaedia; but I am always in agony when I hear of him. I fear to listen lest some new phrase in his variable being should be brought before me. In fact I tremble lest he should fall. He is neither Whig, Tory, nor Radical; and yet he is all. When Toryism was triumphant, he was almost a Cobdenite; when Whiggism was in the ascendant, he eyed it with jealousy. What will he do next? I am constantly asking myself; and why? Because his pedestal is so rickety. He knew the guilt of Queen Caroline, but yet pronounced her pure as the virgin snow; he obtained the examination of all the charities of England, but he left his work incomplete. Now he is taking up the question of education. But what does he want? What does he mean to obtain? He knows not. He has no one defined result to bring about; no one obvious, palpable, vast system to defend. I should not be surprised to see him lord-chancellor in a cabinet with the Duke of Wellington, or chief baron, with his old friend Scarlett as chief justice.

Since these words were uttered, how singularly have some of them been verified! What Lord Brougham was at that period, he is still. Still is the great mountain, fine to look at, presenting itself to the eye of the mind with varied lights and shadows: now green, bright, and radiant, then dark and gloomy. But still the mountain is tottering, uncertain, placed on no solid basis, and trembling, not before the blasts of the north wind, but even before a zephyr.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

We hate some persons because we don't know them: and we will not know them because we hate them. The friendships that succeed to such connections are usually firm, for those qualities must be singular, that would not only gain our hearts, but conquer our prejudice. They are more serious than our friendships. They are truths which some men despise, because they have not examined, and who will not examine, because they despise. There is one single instance on record, where this kind of prejudice was overcome by a miracle; but the age of miracles is past, while that of prejudice still remains.