

W SERIES OF THE
BY GARDNER
Illustrations with
Shillings per annum—
By Mail.
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country; and the work
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not, after several hours
western part of the island, they were ob
to return unsuccessful, and without
having seen any living thing, except birds,
reptiles and insects. Convinced, how
ever, from the luxuriance of the vegeta
tion that fresh water must exist there,
Captain D—, the commander of the
Sylph, ordered one of the lieutenants
to make a second trial the next day. He
himself, and his men accordingly started at day
break and rowing in the contrary direc
tion to that taken the preceding morning,
they came to a small creek, which proved
to be an outlet of a stream; but the
water, even when they had proceeded
some distance up, was so brackish, that
could not possibly answer their pur
pose. The trees became more lofty, the
jungle thicker, and the soil gradually as
sumed a rocky aspect close to the stream.
All these signs betokened water, said the
lieutenant to himself, and leaving one or
two men in charge of the boat, he, with
the rest, jumped ashore in order to pene
trate through the jungle. Armed with
hatchets, they made their way into the
mass of bushes and creepers, which form
ed a barrier at almost every step, and af
ter much toil reached an open space cov
ered with short thick grass.
The distance which they had come
was not great, but the toil had been
heavy, and they were glad to rest them
selves. A spring of clear pure water
gushed from between two low rocks, of
which they availed themselves, to bathe
their hands and faces, and to refresh their
 parched throats, and they threw them
selves down upon the beautiful carpet be
neath them. The loveliest flowers
bloomed around, the jessamine, in tropi
cal profusion, hung in festoons from tree
to tree and perfumed the air; and birds
of the most brilliant plumage flitted
among the branches.
After an hour's rest, the lieutenant
started up, and rousing his men, ordered
them to return by the path which they
had themselves cut. 'For,' said he, 'I see
no way of getting to the springs which
will serve us. We must make another
trail to-morrow, and go quite around the
island. Now we must be gone.' The men
took their hatchets and departed, but
he still lingered in this tiny paradise,
and again went round its outskirts, to
seek for some outlet. While thus occu
pied, his foot struck against something
loose which lay in the grass, and stoop
ing to pick it up, he found a small dag
ger, wrought in the oriental fashion, and
the shining condition of which proved
that it had been recently dropped. He
turned round in expectation of seeing the
owner, but there was not the slightest
trace of any human being: he called, he
whistled, but the silence was undisturbed
by man.
Securing the dagger, he was about to
retrace his steps, when a low murmuring
sound met his ear; he paused and it
ceased. 'Speak again,' said he.
'Hush!' replied the voice. 'Big pi
rate close by, ship in rocks! other side,
men all sick. Go now, come again to
morrow.'
Hesitating as to the prudence of him
self verifying this intelligence, he con
sidered for a minute, then hastily joined
his men, who, uneasy at his absence, had
just determined to seek him. He was
the last to enter the boat, and stood up
right in it, without appearing to think of
those around him, when suddenly spring
ing again on the bank, 'Belay a little, my
lads!' he exclaimed, 'I should like to
climb that tree, and see if from the top I
can discover any other way to the
springs.'
Climbing to the trunk like a cat, Lieu
tenant Neville soon attained the summit,
and what he saw there he did not impart
to his men, but coming down and seat
ing himself in the stern of the boat, he
gave orders to row back to the ship.
They obeyed in silence; but after a few
minutes of apparent meditation, he raised
his head with a cheerful, animated
look, and said: 'We must try again to
morrow, and go northwards.'
By the time he trod the planks of his

THE LOYALIST.

"GOD AND MY COUNTRY."

SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1843.

No. 45.

THE PIRATE.

BY MRS. LEE.

Towards the close of the last century, one of Her Majesty's small frigates, the Sylph, having cruised for some time in the Indian Sea, was short of water, and should decide on attacking the pirate, he might be allowed to conduct the enterprise.

Certainly, Mr. Neville, replied Captain D—, 'it is your turn; but so formidable a force as we know this fellow to possess requires some deliberation as to the best mode of meeting it. How many of his men are sick we cannot tell; he himself may be ill; but there are others to take his place, who are not inferior to him in point of courage, and scarcely so in authority over their lawless crew. However,' continued Captain D—, 'with an air of great satisfaction, 'I flatter myself we have caught him at last, and it shall go very hard with us if we do not secure him.'

Retiring to the cabin with his lieutenants, all three deliberated on the best mode of securing the prize; the effecting capture of the younger officer being tempered by the experience of the elders. In a spot so little known to them, it was not deemed advisable to undertake the attack during the night; still no time was to be lost, as if the pirate ascertained the vicinity of the Sylph, and should not be in a condition to fight, there was little doubt but that he would be off immediately, and, from the speed of his vessel, wholly escape them. The moon rose late, and all was to be in readiness, which they escaped them.

'Boat ahoy!' again proceeded from the ed. 'Long and strong' were the strokes given by the Englishmen to their oars, the boat flew across the glassy surface of the cove, till they were within close hail, and the union jack was hoisted. The signal remained unanswered, but the alarm was given, and the decks appeared to teem with life.

'We are in want of water,' said Lieutenant Neville; 'can you tell us where to fill our casks?' There was evidently a consultation on board, and while it was holding the Englishman approached, the grappling hooks were fixed to the vessel, and they poured upon the decks armed to the teeth: Lieutenant Neville being the foremost, and, in spite of his promised caution, so rapid had been his ascent, that for a few moments he stood alone among the ruffians of the Tigress.

'Treason, ho!' cried a loud voice, which reached from stem to stern of the vessel: 'fire among them!'

But it was no longer time; they were already engaged in close combat with the ruffian crew, some of them were half dressed, while others in their thin and naked faces, bore evidence of recent sickness. Seizing the first weapons which they could find, there seemed to be no end to the forms which issued from every part of the ship; and they disputed every foot of the deck with the assailants showing a desperation which supplied the place of strength. The Englishmen, keeping as closely together as possible, in two parties went fore and aft and literally hewed them down with their heavy strokes and self-possessed movements; now and then they whispered to each other, 'Hot work this!' but the wedge was too close to be broken, and frequently the pistol which would have given the mortal blow was wrested from the hands of the pirates, and hurled over their heads into the water. One voice was heard every where, directing and encouraging the men, and that proceeded from the captain of the pirates; who standing at the door of his cabin, deliberately aimed at the intruders when he could do so without wounding his own men a circumstance most difficult to avoid in the confusion of a close fight. Through his fusian of a close fight, his thick moustache, and long hair, which fell wildly about his face, signs of illness were still apparent; but his hand was steady, and his voice thundered above the imprecations and the cries and groans of the wounded and dying, who were now beginning to strew the deck.

The number of combatants was evidently thinned, though but few of the Englishmen had fallen. Lieutenant Neville gradually advanced towards the cabin door, when the pirate, whose pistols were already discharged, levelled a pike at him, which slightly grazed his side, and entered his left arm. Regardless of the blood which followed, the young man now engaged with the pirate, hand to hand in

ness; the tranquility; all transformed it into a perfect ocean gem, and contrasted it strangely with the ferocious character of those who were taking advantage of its loveliness. The vessel itself was of exquisite shape, long and sharp was her green streak; her tall and taper spars, were calculated to carry lofty small sails which catch the light breezes of the tropical seas; her figure-head was a tigress most admirably carved, as if springing on her prey. This was, probably, meant to convey not only the character, but the name of the vessel, for so had her commander called her.

Descending as speedily as possible, Lieutenant Neville re-entered the boat and gave orders to his men to pull round the rocks; but, if possible, to find a pass through them to take advantage of, as he thought much depended upon his coming near before the enemy knew of their approach. The enemy was evidently numerous, and certainly of the most formidable nature, but not once did any individual of the crew think of their comparative small number, and each, strong in himself, believed that he was as good as any five of the 'rascals' whom he had to encounter.

Passing swiftly between two of the rocks, they kept close in to the shore, as if seeking a landing-place for their attacks. When within gun-shot of the Tigress, a voice from the bows proved that some watch was still kept on board.

'Now, lads,' said the lieutenant, 'pull with all your might, and straight for the ship!'

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mortal combat. The remainder of the crew had drawn themselves up in a body before the cabin; the Englishmen, then quitting their close order of fight, sprang upon them, and many dropped from their wounds or exhaustion. At length their leader, finding his chance of victory becoming every moment less, suddenly left his adversary, and darted into the cabin, and as instantaneously returned, bearing in his arms a young female, who struggled to get free; but retaining her in his iron grasp, he shouted, 'Behold your countrywoman! she is my prisoner, and shall not survive me; the first who strikes shall see this dagger plunged into her heart.'

The lady fainted, and the Englishmen appalled, stayed their already uplifted arms; but the scene was changed in a moment; some unseen person from behind made a cut at the pirate's head, and struck him to the deck, upon which he fell lifeless. The remainder of the crew yielded themselves prisoners; the lady was dragged from under the bleeding body of the pirate, and as Lieutenant Neville carried her into the cabin, and laid her upon the sofa, he lamented his inability to attend to her, and try to restore her to life. An old negro, however, claimed her as his mistress, said he could do every thing for her, and she was left in his care.

Binding up his own wound with a handkerchief, for the loss of blood began to make him feel faint, Lieutenant Neville sought for means of securing his prisoners. He had not far to seek, as the Tigress was amply provided with irons, which he immediately fastened upon them.

The next care was to clear the encumbered deck. Of all those who had fallen on the side of the pirate, not one survived; but almost all the wounded Englishmen, eventually recovered, and Lieutenant Neville was on the point of putting them into the boats, to send them to the ship, when he heard a signal gun, and looking to seaward he saw the Sylph approaching, ready to fire upon the enemy in case assistance had been necessary. Joyfully did he hoist his own British flag on board the Tigress, and the Sylph hailing the signal, bore down upon her. Uneasy at the prolonged absence of his men, and at the uncertainty attending their movement and success, Captain D— had cautiously followed in their track, unwilling to deprive them of the glory of conquest, yet hoping to support them in case of need. The port-holes of his ship were opened, her guns were primed, and murderous would have been the broadside she had prepared to pour upon her adversary, but the well known jack showed that all was done, and that the brave band had triumphed.

Lieutenant Neville then joined the Sylph, and presenting the pistols and dagger of the chief to Captain D—, reported what had been accomplished. Keep the arms, my dear fellow, for they are your well earned trophies. And now let the doctor look at your wounds, for you are beginning to turn pale. I will go on board the Tigress with another doctor, and see to the rest.' A cordial was given and his wounds were dressed, while Captain D— proceeded to make all the necessary arrangements.

His first care was for his wounded men who were all carefully conveyed to their own berths on board the Sylph, by the surgeon; and the next was for the lady, whom he found in the cabin, restored in deed, almost to animation, but scarcely believing in her rescue, and panting with alarm and expectation. Her sole companion was the old negro, who stood by her side, endeavouring to assure her that all danger was over now 'dat de English' had took de ship.

When Captain D— entered, he exclaimed, 'Eh! Look, Missey, dere's massa captain!' She raised her eyes, and did indeed behold the friend of her father, and who had been distinguished by him with more than common affection.

'Oh! I see how it is, said Captain D—, when the mutual recognition was over; 'the dog of a pirate took you on your way from the Isle of France to Calcutta; and your father—'

The lady made no reply, but shuddered when the negro stepped up to Captain D—, and said in a low voice, 'Pirate kill old massa; missey cry, pray for him, but he stab him, and den throw him into de sea. Him spare only young missey, and old Yusuf, him take all only give missey some clothes to put on, take all massa's gold and tings. Pool old massa,

and poor Misser Henry, I'm thinking him die for fear missey nebbber come, but I'm tell her keep good heart, and God and Yusuf take care of her.'

The poor young lady, who, during this effusion on the part of her faithful attendant, had sat with her head buried in her hands, now confirmed all that he had said, and added that the pirate having learned that she was on the way to her friends at Calcutta, (and here a slight blush tinged her cheek) had, she supposed, looked for ransom, for he had treated her with respect and attention, and had constantly suffered her to have Yusuf by her side, and even allowed him to sleep outside her cabin door.

'But now,' added she, 'I know I am safe. Yet I have witnessed so many horrors, and shed so many tears, that I seem as if I had none left. I cannot rejoice in my own rescue, for my poor father's fate is continually before me, and I seem as if my mind could scarcely comprehend, even now, what my real situation may be.'

'Your real situation, dear lady, is that of being under the care and protection of a faithful friend, who mourns for your father's fate, nearly as much as you do, and who will supply to you the place of that father. It is not I, however, whom you must thank for your deliverance; it is my brave lieutenant, to whom I shall introduce you presently; but you need repose and leaving Yusuf to follow you with all that you require, you must go on board the Sylph, and there gradually receive the conviction that happiness is yet in store for you.'

The lady having taken her departure, and the officers and attendants to be buried. Only two Englishmen had fallen, but the grave dug for the first.

A rude inscription was cut in wood, and placed at the head of each wound, bearing the date of the action, and its result, with the names of the two gallant fellows who fell in the conflict; the prisoners were put under hatches, and the prize manured from the frigate, Lieutenant Neville having the command. Plenty of water was procured, the wounded men revived, and as soon as the Tigress could be got ready for sea, she, in company with the Sylph, sailed for Calcutta, where they arrived without accident.

It is needless to state, that the imprisoned pirates stood their trial, were condemned and executed, and that restitution of as much of the property found in the Tigress as could be claimed was instantly made. The rest was divided between the officers and crew of the Sylph. Lieutenant Neville's promotion reached him as soon as communication could be held with England, but there was two mysterious points which he could not satisfactorily clear up, and he determined to ask old Yusuf for any information he might be able to afford, especially as he had remarked, under the negro's appearance, a degree of shrewdness for which he had not at first given him credit.

Calling him to his side one day when they were at Calcutta, 'I have had too much to do to attend to you, old boy,' said he; 'but now I must have some talk with you. In the first place, was it your voice I heard in the wood?'

The negro chuckled, and replied, 'Yes massa, 'twas I tell you about big pirate. I'm go ashore every day, and get flowers and water for missey; ebery body in pirate ship take no notice of Yusuf, tink him stupid, so him see all. I let him tink, den I no watched, you see, massa, and who know but I do some good to missey. Old massa bery kind to Yusuf, feed him, keep him, teach him, make him pray; him dead, and nobody but Yusuf take care of missey. Dat day you come I hear English talk, so I'm hide, cause dem kill me. I listen, listen, and den I know big English ship close by, and I thought how I save you, massa.'

'Then it was you dropped the dagger?'

'Yes, massa.'

'You are a fine fellow, Yusuf.'

'Yes, massa; I no tell missey; stupid Yusuf, keep him secret, but I look ebery minute for English ship, and when pirate men fast asleep, I no woke him for tell him to fight.'

'Now, the second thing is, who struck the pirate down?'

Dat me, massa; nobody look wedder stupid Yusuf fight, and when dat great tiger man take missey away, and throw me down, I take him great hatchet, run after him, and cut him head till he die.'

'Why, Yusuf, we may thank you, then, for what has happened; but you may be sure you will never want friends among us.'

'Me want noing, massa, only live always wid missey.'

All was astir in the government house at Calcutta, for the wedding of the fair captive. The captain of the frigate was not the bridegroom. No! he had his own dear wife at home, neither was the brave lieutenant the bridegroom. No! he had never thought of such a thing; but, as he was looked upon as the author of all the present happiness, he stood before the altar, and put the hand of the lovely being whom he had rescued into that of her lover, to whom she was going to be united when seized by the pirate, and who had been so long expecting her in vain.

The church was filled with the sailors and officers of the Sylph who had been engaged on board the Tigress, and numerous were the presents which the bridegroom made to them. The calm joy with which they viewed the scene had nothing selfish in its nature; it was too much a matter of course for British sailors to do as they had done to be elated at it; and the men, scarcely knowing the value of the donations made to them, and caring still less, were not only delighted to see the young lady happy, but thought their money, ample compensation for the share they had taken in the matter.

Yusuf's wish was gratified; he lived the cherished attendant of his beloved master and mistress, and did not close his eyes till he had seen a new generation 'come into the world, all the members of which bore the name of Neville.

POPULARITY.—To endeavour to deserve the favourable opinion of the public, is a noble ambition; but to court it by mean compliances and pitiful lures, is debasing to the dignity of man, and shows a want of true greatness of soul. The huzzas of a mob, and the acclamations of the ignorant, are not worthy the desire of the wise, and are beneath the acceptance of the good.

The most worthless characters, indeed, are generally the greatest favourites with the herd of mankind. A plausible manner, a low confession, an action intended to disgrace, suited to the tastes intended to be pleased, will gain more applause from the crowd, than a long life dedicated to virtue, and spent in silent benevolence.

Rank, talents, and learning, when they sink beneath their level, on purpose to gain popularity, will seldom be disappointed of their aim; but they will have little reason to be proud of their acquisition. The conscious dignity of worth must be lost, before such a pitiful application can activate the mind; and even allowing that the enjoyment of popular applause is gratifying for the moment, how little is it to be depended on! So sudden, among the bulk of mankind, is the transition from one extreme to another, that the clasp of approbation, and the bliss of contempt, are only distinguished by slight shades; and he who is weak enough to exult on hearing the former, may, in a very short time, be mortified with the sound of the latter.

Strange infatuation! to pursue a phantom so fugitive, a bliss so uncertain as the acclamations of the people. Yet how many are there who sacrifice health, fortune, and friends, to this fancied good; who prefer being flattered by fools, to the approbation of the wise; and who risk every thing that is valuable in life, or excellent in morals, rather than not gain the praise of the worthless, which they are sensible they ought to despise.

Every person, at first setting out should study to acquire and display a firmness of character, which will neither bend to undeserved censure, nor be elated with the voice of unmeaning applause, he ought neither to seek nor to shun popularity; but acting uniformly on proper principles to leave to fortune the event. Without this firmness, man becomes the shuttlecock of opinion—he is bent about in every wind; he shifts with every gale that moves the ocean of life, and never reaches the haven of peace.

To be angry about trifles is mean and childish; to rage and be furious is brutish and to maintain perpetual wrath is akin to the practice and temper of devils; but to prevent or suppress rising resentment is wise and glorious; manly and divine.