

The York Herald

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
And despatched to Subscribers by the earliest
mails, or other conveyance, when so desired
The YORK HERALD will always be
found to contain the latest and most impor-
tant Foreign and Provincial News and Mar-
kets, and the greatest care will be taken to
render it acceptable to the man of business,
and a valuable Family Newspaper.

TERMS.—Seven and Sixpence per Annum, in
Advance; and if not paid within Three
Months two dollars will be charged.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Six lines and under, first insertion, \$0.50
Each subsequent insertion, \$0.12
Ten lines and under, first insertion, \$0.75
Above ten lines, first in, per line, \$0.07
Each subsequent insertion, per line, \$0.02

Advertisements without written direc-
tions inserted till forbid, and charged accord-
ingly.

All transitory advertisements, from strangers
or irregular customers, must be paid for when
inserted in for insertion.

A liberal discount will be made to parties ad-
vertising by the year.

All advertisements published for a less pe-
riod than one month, must be paid for in ad-
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All letters addressed to the Editor must be
post paid.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages be
paid; and parties refusing papers without pay-
ing up, will be held accountable for the sub-
scription.

THE YORK HERALD

Book and Job Printing

ESTABLISHMENT.

ORDERS for any of the undermentioned
descriptions of PLAIN and FANCY JOB
WORK will be promptly attended to:—

BOOKS, FANCY BILLS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, LARGES
AND SMALLS, FANCY CARDS, LAMPS, AND
FANCY LETTERS.

And every other kind of
LETTER-PRESS PRINTING

done in the best style, at moderate rates.

Our assortment of JOB TYPE is entirely
new and of the latest patterns. A large variety
of new Fancy Type and Borders, for Cards,
Circulars, &c. kept always on hand.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL CARDS.

DR. HOSTETTER,

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons
England,
Opposite the Elgin Mills,
RICHMOND HILL.
May 1, 1861. 127-ly

JOHN N. REID, M.D.,

COR. OF YONGE & COLBURN STS.,
TORONTO.
Consultations in the office on the mornings
of Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 8 to
10, a.m. All consultations in the office,
Cash. 176

ISAAC BOWMAN, M. D.,

Graduate of the University of Vic
Col. & Provincial Licentiate,
H. ASSELBY (formerly) at TORONTO,
where he can be consulted at all times
on the various branches of his profession ex-
cept when absent on business.
Toronto, May, 1862. 179-ly

LAW CARDS.

M. TEEFY,

COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH
CONVEYANCER, AND
DIVISION COURT AGENT,
RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.

A GREENEY'S, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages,
Wills, &c., &c., drawn with attention and
promptitude.
Richmond Hill, Aug 22. 144-ly

A CARD.

W. C. KEELE, Esq., of the City of Tor-
onto, has opened an office in the Vil-
lage of Aurora for the transaction of Common
Law and Chancery Business, also, Convey-
ancing executed with correctness and despatch
Division Courts attended.
Wellington St. Aurora, & Queen St. Toronto
November 20, 1860. 104-ly

Charles C. Keller,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR
in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office,
in Victoria Building, over the Clerical office,
Broad Street, Windsor.
Also a Branch Office in the village of New-
port, Township of Toronto, and County of
Ontario.
The Division Courts in Ontario, Richmond
Hill, and Markham Village regularly attended.
Whitby, Nov. 22, 1860 104-ly

JAMES BOULTON, Esq.

Law Office—Corner of Church and King Sts.
Toronto, March 8, 1861. 119-ly

Mason's Arms Hotel:

WEST MARKET SQUARE, TORONTO.
ROBERT COX begs to inform his friends,
and the travelling public, that he has
taken the above Hotel, lately occupied by Mr.
W. S. WILSON, where he hopes, by strict attention
to the comforts and conveniences of his guests,
to merit an equal share of the patronage given
to his predecessor.
Toronto, July 17, 1862. 120

Maple Hotel:

THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends
and the public generally, that he has
opened an HOTEL, in the Village of Maple,
4th Con. Vaughan, where he hopes, by atten-
tion to the comforts of the travelling commu-
nity, to merit a share of their patronage and
support. Good Stabling, &c.
JAMES WATSON,
Maple, July 17, 1862. 120

George Wilson,

(LATE FROM ENGLAND)
Masonic Arms Hotel,
RICHMOND HILL.

GOOD Accommodations and every attention
shown to Travellers. Good Yards for
Drive Cattle and Loose Boxes for Race Horses
and Stables.
The best of Liquors and Cigars kept con-
stantly on hand.
The Monthly Fair held on the Premises first
Wednesday in each month.
Richmond Hill, April 8, 1862. 107

The York Herald,

AURORA AND RICHMOND HILL ADVOCATE AND ADVERTISER.

ALEX. SCOTT, Proprietor.

"Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion."

TERMS \$1 50 In Advance.

Vol. IV. No. 45.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1862.

Whole No. 202.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL

RICHARD NICHOLS, Proprietor.

A LARGE HALL is connected with this
Hotel for Assemblies, Balls, Concerts,
Meetings, &c.
A STAGE leaves this Hotel every morning
for Toronto, at 7 a.m.; returning, leaves
Toronto at half past 3.

Good Stabling and a careful Hostler in
waiting.
Richmond Hill, Nov. 7, 1861. 145-ly.

White Hart Inn,

RICHMOND HILL.
THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public
that he has leased the above Hotel,
where he will keep constantly on hand a good
supply of first-class Liquors, &c. As this
house possesses every accommodation Travel-
lers can desire, those who wish to stay where
they can find every comfort are respectfully in-
vited to give him a call.
CORNELIUS VAN NOSTRAND,
Richmond Hill, Dec. 25, 1860. 108-ly

YONGE STREET HOTEL,

AURORA.

A GOOD supply of Wines and Liquors
always on hand. Excellent Accommo-
dation for Travellers, Farmers, and others.
Cigars of all brands.
D. McLEOD, Proprietor.
Aurora, June 6, 1859. 25-ly

CLYDE HOTEL,

KING ST. EAST, NEAR THE MARKET SQUARE,

TORONTO, C.W.

JOHN MILLS, Proprietor.
Good Stabling attached and attentive Hostlers
always in attendance.
Toronto, November 1861. 157-ly

James Massey,

(Late of the King's Head, London, Eng.)
No. 26 West Market Place,
TORONTO.
Every accommodation for Farmers and others
attending Market. Good Stabling.
Dinner from 12 to 2 o'clock. 167

Hunter's Hotel.

Deutsches Gasthaus,

THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public
that he has leased the above Hotel,
where he will keep constantly on hand a good
supply of first-class Liquors, &c. This house
possesses every accommodation Travelers can
desire, those who wish to stay where they can
find every comfort are respectfully invited to
call.
W. WESTPHAL,
Corner of Church and Stanley Sts.,
Toronto, Sept. 6, 1861. 148-ly

THE WELL-KNOWN

BLACK HORSE HOTEL,

Formerly kept by William Rolph,
Cor. of Palace & George Sts.
[EAST OF THE MARKET] TORONTO.
[Successor to Thomas Palmer].
Good Stabling attached. Trusty Hostlers
always in attendance.
Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-ly

JOS. GREGOR'S

Fountain Restaurant:

60 KING STREET, EAST, TORONTO.
Lunch every day from 11 till 2.
[If Soups, Games, Oysters, Lobsters, &c
always on hand.
Dinners and Suppers for Private Parties got
up in the best style.
Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-ly

NEWBICGING HOUSE,

LATE Clarence Hotel, No. 28, 30 and 32
Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1, per
day. Porters always in attendance at the Cars
and Boats.
W. NEWBICGING,
Proprietor.
Toronto, April 8, 1861. 124-ly

YORK MILLS HOTEL,

YONGE STREET,

THE Subscriber begs to intimate that he
has leased the above hotel, and having
fitted it up in the latest style travellers may
rely upon finding every comfort and attention
at this first class house.
Good Stabling and an attentive Hostler al-
ways in attendance.
WILLIAM LENNOX, Proprietor,
York Mills, June 7, 1861. 132-ly

Wellington Hotel, Aurora:

OPPOSITE THE TORONTO HOUSE.

GEO. L. GRAHAM, PROPRIETOR.
A LARGE and Commodious Hall and other
improvements have, at great expense,
been made so as to make this House the largest
and best north of Toronto. Travellers at this
House find every convenience both for them-
selves and horses.
N.B.—A careful ostler always in attendance
Aurora Station, April 1861. 126-ly

THOMAS SEDMAN,

Carriage and Wagon

MAKER.

Undertaker
&c. &c. &c.
Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office,
Richmond Hill
March 14, 1862. 172-ly

Poetry.

THE SECRET.

I read the secret well, darling,
Upon your brow and cheek,
Ah! the roses and the lilies,
How plainly do they speak.
You tried to hide your trembling heart,
Beneath a proud repose;
But all the hidden thoughts came out
And blossomed in the rose.

I saw the quivering lashes droop,
When he was by your side;
The little rose-and-lips were curled
With half affected pride.
I heard the smothered low-breathed sigh,
That struggled to be free;
And knew the heart was fluttering like
A leaf upon a tree.

I knew some tender hand had loosed
The roses bright and fair,
That twined around your bowered heart
And made his temple there;
And all day long he wooed the flowers
With rippling songs and sighs;
Until the roses kissed your cheeks,
The violets kissed your eyes.

Ah! yes, I read the secret well,
As plain as words could speak;
In the deep silence of the eyes,
And on the blushing cheek.
Ah! I little guessed the heart
Is caged, and never may
It beat against its golden bars,
And long to fly away.

Literature.

Tales of the Slave Squadron.

THE REVENGE.

We took El Reyna into Sierra
Leone, and while there, news was
brought that Le Requin (The Shark)
a fifty-named, notorious and successful
slave, was on the coast. This
vessel, the property of a French
Brazilian Creole, was commanded
by a skillful and active desperado of
the English name of Harrison, and
once a petty officer of the royal
navy. His assumed designation,
however, was borrowed from the
fine craft he commanded—Captain
Le Requin,—and he was reported to
have under his orders a motley
crew of some of the most reckless
ruffians that could be picked out of
the refuse of half a dozen nations.
It was, moreover, well known that
Le Requin, when the "Black" mar-
ket was slack, overstocked, or more
than usually hazardous, did a little
in the way of ordinary, admitted
piracy; and stringent orders had
consequently been issued to the of-
ficers of the squadron to use their
utmost efforts to sink or capture so
daring and unscrupulous a rover.

It was manifest that Lieutenant
Armstrong listened to the many
rumors about relative to the prob-
able whereabouts of Le Requin,
with a far deeper than merely pro-
fessional interest. He inquired as
to the appearance of the vessel, and
the haunts she chiefly frequented,
were earnest and incessant; and it
was whispered amongst us that
Harrison had served in the same
ship with the commander of the
Curlew, and that circumstances of
an unusual character had occurred
in connection with them both.

However this might be, there was
evidently some strong private mo-
tive at the bottom of the Lieuten-
ant's desperate anxiety to get away
in search of the piratical slave,
and so quickly did he dispatch his
official business relative to the Cur-
lew's last important capture, that
we were to sea again in less than
half the time we had reckoned upon
remaining at Sierra Leone. Our
course was to the south and east,
and as the winds proved favorable,
the Curlew rapidly swept the Afri-
can sea board from Sierra Leone
to the light of Biafra, looking as
we passed into every inlet that
might afford shelter or concealment
to the object of our search. A
sharp, wearing look out was at
length rewarded by a passing gleam
of success. We were within about
thirty leagues of Cape Lopez,
which bore about S. S. W., and we
were steering, close-hauled upon
the larboard tack, as nearly as pos-
sible S. W. in order to give the
Cape as wide a berth as might be in
passing, when the look-out at the
masthead announced first one, and
then two sail on the weather-bow.

They rose quickly out of the water,
and no wonder, for they had half a
gale of wind on the quarter, and it
was not long before we could guess
pretty accurately at the character
of both. The headmost was a
square-rigged ship, of about four
hundred tons burthen, pursued by
an armed schooner of half that ton-
nage, coming up with her hand over
hand. Commander Armstrong im-
mediately pronounced the schooner
to be Le Requin, an opinion con-
firmed by several old salts who had
obtained a passing glimpse of the
celebrated craft upon one or two oc-
casions. As the Curlew, in antici-
pation of a dirty night, had been
made very snug, and did not show
much top-hammer, it was hoped she
might not be seen till Le Requin
was within reach of her guns. For
upwards of an hour this appeared
likely enough; but at last the anxi-
ous men, whose eyes swept the
horizon in all directions, from the
merchandise's deck, caught sight
of us, and unable to restrain their
exultation at the glad vision of a
British man-of-war creeping up to
the rescue, instantly let off a piece
of pop-gun artillery, ran up the
union-jack, and set up a tiny shout
in derision of the pursuer, which
the direction of the wind just en-
abled us to hear and echo, with
sundry very hearty maledictions for
their stupid throats. Le Requin
quickly hauled her wind, and at
once recognizing the character of
her new customer, got with all pos-
sible speed upon the same tack as
ourselves, and being a remarkably
fine weatherly vessel, went off full
half a point closer to the wind than
the Curlew, thus showing from the
first moment the well-nigh hopeless
aspect of the chase. Night fell—
black as the inside of a tar-barrel—
with a gale of wind that by mid-
night had increased to a tempest,
accompanied by flashes of lightning
and peals of thunder, which those
acquainted only with the electrical
phenomena of temperate regions, can
form but a faint conception of.
Frequently, during the night, a
more than usually brilliant coruscation
showed us Le Requin, upon the
white crest of a huge wave, far
away to windward; but when the
cold grey morning dawned, the
schooner had utterly disappeared,
leaving us miserably cold, wet, dis-
appointed, and savage. One thing
at all events, our night's chase had
taught us,—that the Curlew was no
match for Le Requin in point of
speed, and that if we ever should
succeed in putting salt upon his
tail, it must be by some cleverer
expedient than that of running af-
ter him at the rate of five feet to his
six. Captain Armstrong looked
considerably bluer than the bluest
of us, and did not reappear on deck
till five or six hours after the ascer-
tained disappearance of the schooner.
He then ordered the Curlew's
course to be changed to the north-
west till further orders. Those fur-
ther orders were not issued till about
noon on the morrow, when the sloop's
heads were pointed nearly south;
and whilst cracking on under a stiff
breeze in that direction, the com-
mander's new "dodge" for entrap-
ping the covert prey developed
itself. The broad white ribbon
along the gun line, was painted
black; our No. 1 man-of-war can-
vas was exchanged for some worn,
and here and there patched, mer-
chant-sails, fished up from the hold;
the shiny brass fittings of the deck,
and the glittering figure-head, were
smudged brown; the brass swivel-
gun amidsips was unshipped and
sunk below; the carpenter and his
crew manufactured a lot of wooden
gun-muzzles (Quakers) and these,
when painted, were protruded from
the port holes, in place of the real
barkers, which were carefully con-
cealed beneath tarpulin, sails, hon-
coops, gratings, and other lumber,
and so ostentatiously warlike were
the "Quakers" fashioned that their
harmless character could be detected
by half an eye, at half a league's
distance. Many other minor
changes and disguises were effected,
and the Curlew's transfiguration
was complete. We now gradually
edged away to the eastward, and as
soon as we reached about nine de-
grees south latitude, and five de-
grees east longitude, the Curlew's
bows once more pointed northward,
and we crept slowly enough along
in the day, whilst during the night
we generally lay to, in order not to
get along too rapidly. By the
commander's orders, all the officers,
himself included,—replaced their
eupaeletted and laced uniforms and
cocked hats, by round jackets and
hats, and not more than twenty men
were allowed to be on deck during

day-light. All these twigs being
carefully limed, we made way at an
average rate of not more than three
or four knots an hour, and in as lub-
berly a fashion—considering the
but recent practice of the crew in
that line—as could be expected.—
Time crept on as lazily as we did,
and doubts whether our captain's
clever contrivance would not end
in smoke, were beginning to be en-
tertained, when we spoke a brig
bound for the Cape, a little north of
the equator, which gave us the plea-
sant information that a large barque
she had fallen in with, laden with
ivory, palm-oil, and gold-dust, had
been plundered the previous even-
ing by a piratical schooner supposed
to be Le Requin. The crew, it was
further stated, had not been person-
ally maltreated, and the barque had
proceeded on her course. This was
great news, and so well did it
sharpen the optics of many of us,
that an almost simultaneous hail
from half a-dozen voices, at day-
break the next morning, announced
a strange sail, hull-down, astern,
and steering westward. Every
glass in the sloop was quickly di-
rected towards the stranger, whose
white sails—unmistakably those of
a schooner—glanced brilliantly in
the newly-risen unclouded sun.—
Everybody felt or affected to be sure
it was Le Requin; and when the
schooner—which did not appear to
see us—turned her bowsprit to-
wards the Curlew, and crowded sail
(the wind was southerly—right aft)
evidently in pursuit, the last linger-
ing doubt vanished. And we, of
course, zealously busied ourselves
with ostentatious efforts to effect
our escape from the suspicious
looking craft. But spite of all we
could do, so miserably was our ship
handled and steered—terror-stricken
men doing nothing well—that we could
give five knots hardly out of her;
and the ferocious schooner would,
it was quite certain, be up with us
in less than no time. The com-
mander's face was deathly pale from
over excitement, I supposed; and as
for the crew, they were in an ec-
stasy of uncontrollable mirth. The
notion of a British sloop-of-war run-
ning away from, and being chased
by a slaver or pirate, was a joke so
exquisite as to defy all ordinary
modes of expression; and the as-
tounding capers the men cut—the
grimly comical squints and winks,
and quiet grins (silence being
strictly enforced) they exchanged
with each other and the advancing
schooner, were irresistibly droll.—
Once it was feared that a misgiving
as to whom it was he was so eagerly
pursuing had seized our friend, for
when not more than half a league
astern, he suddenly luffed, and stood
across our wake, apparently in keen
scrutinizing observation. His hesi-
tation was but momentary—the
fierce aspect of the "Quakers," I
think, reassured him,—and the
chase was resumed. In about half
an hour he ranged fiercely up on
our weather-beam, and as the red
flash and white smoke which her-
alded a shot across the Curlew's
bows, broke out of the schooner's
side a hoarse, powerful voice roared
through a trumpet from the after-
part of the deck, "Heave too, or
I'll sink you!"

The commander of the Curlew
leaped upon a gun-carriage, lifted
his round glazed hat, and rejoined,
as loud and fierce, but mocking
tone, "That will we, Captain Le
Requin, and in a hurry too." At the
same instant the seamen concealed
about the deck sprang to their feet,
the rest of the crew tumbled, with
loud shouts, up the hatchways, the
"Quakers" were shoved overboard,
and before the astounded captors
well comprehended what had hap-
pened, they were confronted by the
frowning, double-shotted battery of
the Curlew, and flight or resistance
was out of the question. As soon,
however, as the wild, confused yell
of rage and terror which arose
from the motley crew that crowded
to the slave pirate's deck had suffi-
ciently subsided to permit of her
captain's voice being heard, a des-
perate but of course futile effort
to escape was made. We were in no
trim or humor for another chase, and
at a wave from Captain Armstrong's
hand gun after gun belched forth its
iron shower upon the ill-starred
schooner, and with such a terrible
havoc to her spars and rigging, that
in a few minutes she was a hopeless
log upon the water. The pirate
carried no colors, but in this strait
some of the crew ran up a Brazilian
flag, and instantly hauled it down

again in token of surrender. The
firing at once ceased, and the
schooner was hailed to send her
captain on board the Curlew im-
mediately. In a minute or so it was
replied that the captain had been
carried below, mortally wounded,
and rapidly bleeding to death, and
could not therefore be removed. I
was standing close by Commander
Armstrong at the moment, and no-
ticed that a hot, swarthy flush
passed over his pale, excited fea-
tures. After a moment's thought
he said, hastily, "Stutcliffe, have a
boat alongside, manned and armed,
as quickly as you can; I must see
this fellow myself, and that without
delay, it seems." So raving, he
left the deck. By the time the boat
was ready, he reappeared in full
uniform, and was swiftly rowed on
board the prize.

After briefly directing the men to
disarm and secure the crew, he hur-
ried below, motioning as he did so,
that I should accompany him. The
captain of Le Requin—a tall, gaunt,
but not, I should think, principally
ill-looking man—was unquestion-
ably dying. His right leg had been
carried away above the knee by a
round shot, and although a rude
tourniquet had been applied, the
loss of blood had previously been
so great that life, as we entered,
fluttered but feebly in his veins, and
there were scant breath left, it struck
me, in the mutilated, panting frame,
to answer much questioning, if that
were, as I supposed, Lieutenant
Armstrong's purpose there. This
was my first impression; but the
furiously triumphant scowl that
broke from his darkening eyes, at
the sound of his visitor's voice (he
had not seemed to recognise him by
sight), testified to the still unstamp-
ed energy of will, which could thus
force back retreating life to the ci-
tadel it had all but finally abandoned.
He partially raised himself, and
glared at the lieutenant, as if in
fearful doubt that his failing eye-
sight and hearing had deceived
him. "You here—Lieutenant Arm-
strong here," here he hoarsely
gasped as he fell back—then is
death welcome as a bride!"

I am sorry to see you thus,
Harrison," said the lieutenant, in a
compassionate tone. "I would
much rather have met you alive and
well."
"You could never have captured
me alive," retorted Harrison.—
"That I am always provided against.
And sorry are you?" he went on
relapsing into feebleness. "The
time is past when that might have
availed. You have been my rock
ahead through life—always. El
Reyna and her dusky cargo were
partly mine—and now Le Requin's
gone. Yes—ever my triumphant
foe—oppressor! But," he added,
again with kindling ferocity, "the
last stake is the crowning one, and
that, that—Lieutenant Armstrong—
I win!"

"I was a murderer!" screamed the
dying seaman—"murder of soul
and body. For another's fault—
not mine—you lacerated my flesh
and brutalized my spirit. I was a
lost man from that hour! I, gently
born to be—but no matter. Well,
I ran, was caught,—again flayed
by your order,—yet I escaped at
last, and now—now!"

The savagely-exultant tone of
these words not only startled me,
but also for a moment the steel-
nerved commander of the Curlew.
It seemed a vain alarm. There was
no other person in the cabin save a
colored lad nine years of age. Har-
rison himself was lying helplessly
upon a locker in front of his own
sleeping-berth, in which hung a
short belt pull, the tassel of which
his right-hand fingers clutched con-
vulsively;—but what help could he
summon? The crew, we knew from
the quiet over head had been secured.
He was, no doubt, I concluded, parti-
ally delirious, and fancied himself
still in command of the Le Requin.
The lad whose bright glistening eyes
had been fixed upon us, (he was
Harrison's son) handed his father a
cordial of some sort. It greatly re-
vived him and the lamp of life
played up with momentary bright-
ness in the socket.

"You well know, Harrison,"
urged the commander of the Curlew,
"what I wish to be informed—
assured of."

"Ay, to be sure I do. Did the
beautiful Bermudian Creole live, die,
or marry? No be sure. Ay, and
I will tell you," added Harrison,
quickly, as if suddenly warned that
but a few moments more remained
to him. "You alone: in no one
else's hearing. Johnny," he went
on rapidly, addressing his son. "I
dropped a pocket-book near the fore
hatch-way, mind,—fetch me it at
once. And you sir?" He looked
at me. Lieutenant Armstrong nod-
ded affirmatively, and I followed
the lad up the companion-stairs.

"Will you answer me, or not? I
say yes or no!"

"Yes—yes," shouted Harrison,
fiercely grasping what I had taken
for a belt-rop. "This—this, this at-
rocious tyrant,—this is my answer!"

A terrible volume of bright flame,
accompanied by the roar of a thou-
sand thunders, instantly burst forth.
I felt caught and whirled into the
air by a fiery whirlwind, and I re-
member nothing more till many days
afterwards, when I awoke to return-
ing consciousness in an hospital at
Cape Coast Castle. I had been
frightfully bruised, and fever had
supervened, but the loss of the
two left hand fingers was the
only permanent injury I sustained.

The lad, Johnny, had also been
picked up, scarcely hurt; and from
him and others of Le Requin's
crew, the mode by which the ex-
plosion, which blew the after-part of
the schooner into fragments had
been effected, was pretty accurately
ascertained. It was Harrison's
fixed resolve—especially after he
had added piracy to his less hazard-
ous trade of man-stealing—never to
be taken alive. With this view, a
barrel of gun-powder was placed
beneath his cabin-floor, into which,
when about to engage in any peril-
ous enterprise, a flint gun-lock was
inserted, the trigger of which was
attached to the belt-rop hanging in
his sleeping-berth. Both himself
and Lieutenant Armstrong must
have been blown to atoms—a sad
fate to befall so zealous and prom-
ising an officer, more especially just
as the well-earned honours and re-
wards of his profession were within
his reach, and time had begun to
mellow and soften an unfortunate
rigidity of temperament, to which,
as we have seen, the sudden and
melancholy catastrophe was mainly
owing.

SHOPPING.

She stood beside the counter,
The day he'll ne'er forget,
She thought the muslin dearest
Than any she'd soon wear.
He watched her playful fingers
The silks and satins toss;
The clerk looked quite uneasy,
And nodded at the boss.

"Show me some velvet ribbon,
Barge and satin ture!"
Said she, "I wish to purchase!"
Then gave the goods a jerk.
The clerk was all obedience,
He travelled "on his shape;"
At length, with hesitation,
She bought a yard of tape.