

THE LONDON MORNING CHRONICLE,—THE
BASE WHIGS—[COMMUNICATED].

“ England will maintain, and ought to maintain the Union, at any ex-
pense of force or treasure.”—*Tuesday's Chronicle*.

“ _____ with sky
So cloudless, clear and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.”

when strolling along the shore some distance from Cove

“ All was so soft—so still—in earth and air,
You'd scarcely start to meet a spirit there.”

When presently at 12 o'clock, a gun came booming on the southern breeze from Camden Fort, followed in succession by twenty others, but the reports were swallowed by the distance. These were succeeded in some time after, by the first two and thirty pounder from the beautiful line of battle Ship, the *Malabar*, which being close to the Club Quay.

“ The nitre fired—and now the thund'ring sound
Convulsive shook the slumbering air around.”

This was the signal for the rest of the squadron, when to work they went in merry style, each firing 21 guns—the reports from two or three of which, occasionally following in rapid succession, was astounding. After a few shots, each vessel became enveloped in smoke, the flash from the succeeding guns only pointing out their positions. The very gradual clearing away of the smoke to leeward, after the firing, had a very fine effect—as it slowly revealed the hulls and rigging of the vessels, and those and their flags again became distinctly visible, and clearly defined beneath an unclouded sun. The *Beech* wore a very gay appearance, crowded as it was by some of the lovely daughters of our “ Emerald Isle”—and if John Bull could have witnessed the scene there, which I did this day, he should reluctantly yield the palm to our “ Peri's of the West,” and confess that the “ Wild Irish Girls” stand unrivalled for lovely looks, varying from “ Lesbia's beaming eye” to the “ unexpected light” of *Nora Creina's*.

June 20th,