

tage without a stronger wind. Macy tried his vessel upon every tack—but escape was impossible—the wedge-like schooner gained upon him at every turn.

'Now would I give thee half of our cargo,' said Macy, 'for a few guns to speak to that saucy little scamp in his own language!' And then turning to Jethro, he said, rather bitterly, 'Dost thou remember, friend Coffin, what I told thee about the six-pounders, before we left port? I fear thou wilt pay dearly enough for not taking my advice. There comes salute number two.'

A gun at that moment was fired from the Frenchman, across the bow of the Grampus, but the shot went wide, and was most probably intended merely as a warning to heave to. Seth paced the deck in great agony of spirit, muttering, as he went, words that sounded very much like 'damnation,' and the like. The sound may have been equivocal to the ear of Jethro, for he forebore to put his usual caution of 'Swear not at all,' as he was wont to do whenever Captain Seth used obnoxious words.

The Grampus was now kept off two or three points, and a foretop studding-sail was about being set; but, in the hurry of the moment, by some mishap the tack got unrove. A couple of hands were ordered aloft to rig in the boom, and one who had heard the order, put the end of the rope between his teeth, ran up the fore-shrouds, key, and then out upon the bare boom. But, before he had accomplished his task, the Frenchmen brought their long-tom, charged with small shot, to bear upon the yard, and let drive at Isaac: thinking, probably, that his labor might be the means of enabling the Grampus to escape. The little fellow was not disconcerted by this terrible salute, although the balls whistled like hail around him. He fearlessly and deliberately went on with his work.

'They are again charging the gun!' shouted English Bill. 'Come down, my boy!—Creep in! Creep in! Seize one of the halliards, and let yourself down with a run!'

'Ay, ay,' cried Isaac, as he finished reaving the tack. He then quickly gathered a few fathoms in his hand, threw the coil down upon the fore-castle, and the sail was immediately hoisted. The long-tom was again elevated, and the gunner was in the act of applying the match; but Isaac stopped not for the additional peppering.

'The cords ran swiftly through his glowing hands, And quick as lightning on the deck he stands!'

'Hah!—my little yonker!—my eyes, but you're a brave 'un—You'll be an admiral yet—d'ye see!' exclaimed English Bill, as he joyfully hugged the stripling in his brawny arms.

The prediction of Bill rang in the ears of Isaac for many a year afterwards. It was like the prophetic sound of the bells to the hearing of Whittington:

'Turn again Whittington— Lord Mayor of great London!'

The hasty strides of Seth were again arrested by another shot, which passed through the sail over his head. He folded his arms—looked up at the rent sail—and drew up his form, as if some new purpose had taken possession of his despairing mind.

'By heaven!' said he, 'I will not part with so fine a ship and cargo, without a deadly struggle!'

'Swear not!' said Sethro; 'it will not help us in our strait. We may better yield quietly to the necessity. Put down thy helm, Seth, and bring the ship to.'

'Yield quietly, didst thou say?—and did I understand thee aright, when thou bid me to bring the ship to? The eyes of Seth glared wildly upon Jethro, and his nostrils distended like those of an infuriated bull at bay. "Put down the helm, indeed!—Pray, neighbor Jethro, who is the commander of the Grampus—thou or I?" demanded Seth, in high dudgeon. But he evidently availed himself of the first pretext to let off his anger, for he was waxing exceeding wrath.

Jethro answered calmly—'Thou, surely, art her captain—and I yield all to thy direction.—Save the ship if thou canst; but thou canst not. We have no means of defence, and if we had, it would not be justifiably to oppose with arms.'

'Jethro! My resolution is taken;—I will save the ship, or sink in her. What! yield to that little gradly—that gallinipper—that is scarcely larger than our long boat!'

Another shot, better directed than the other, splintered a piece from the mainmast, and wounded one of the crew.

'There Jethro! there are some of the tender mercies of the French pirate, and an earnest of what we may all expect, if taken!'

'Yield, thee, Seth, yield thee! The longer thou dost delay, so much the more hazard to the lives of the people.'

'Thou hast better go below, Jethro—I must command here. Yield, indeed! the ship shall sink first!' muttered Seth, as Jethro began to descend.

'Stand by there, men!' shouted the captain, in a voice that made every sailor start. It was evident to all that Seth had put off the Quaker, and that prompt obedience was necessary.

'Get the longboat ready to be launched at a moment's warning—clear away the quarter boats—and see all clear to lower them in an instant. Mate, take in all the small sails quickly!'

The manner of Seth was somewhat wild, but resolute and determined; and the men and officers having done his behest, stood wondering what command would next

be issued, and whereunto those would tend that had already been executed. The Frenchman was also at fault; for mistaking the maneuvering of Seth for an intention to give up the ship, the schooner was hove to, and seemed to wait the lowering of the boat from the quarter of the Grampus—even as the conqueror awaits the approach of an enemy subdued, who comes to yield up his sword. In rounding to, the schooner had given the advantage of the wind to the ship; and while the French crew stood agape at the management of the larger vessel, which they already looked upon as a prize, Seth seized upon the helm with his brawny hand. The men, scarcely needing the cautioning word, anticipated his intention as he put the helm hard up, and gave his impressive shout in a suppressed and peculiar tone, which was heard distinctly from stem to stern:

'Let go all the braces and bowlings, slack off sheets and tacks, and square the yards quickly!' This was all done in the twinkling of an eye, and Seth shaped his course as though he would bring his ship under the lee-quarter of the privateer.

After making this demonstration, which was intended to deceive the enemy, her direction was suddenly changed, and her head was brought to bear directly upon the hull of the Frenchman. The crew of the schooner now discovered, but too late, the design of the Grampus; and confusion and dire amazement agitated the people upon her crowded decks. In their haste to remedy their oversight, the Frenchman failed altogether to avert the threatened disaster.

'If thou dost intend to run her down,' said Jethro to Seth, hurriedly, projecting his head for a moment from the cabin gangway, 'If—nay, hear me, Seth, for the sake of humanity—if thou art determined to run her down, ease thy helm a little, and give them a chance for their lives.'

'Stand by to lower the boats!' vociferated Seth, stamping furiously upon the deck. A suppressed groan of horror escaped the crew, as they now more plainly conceived the design of their captain.

'The boldest held his breath for a time!'

The little schooner still lay to, in the through of a deep sea, her people running backwards and forwards in frightened confusion, while the huge bulk of the Grampus mounted the last high wave that separated the two vessels.

'Misericorde!' exclaimed a hundred voices.

A wild scream of despair—heard far above the noise of the element, and the dashing of the ship—burst from the poor doomed Frenchmen.

Down came the Grampus, thundering upon the privateer, and striking her with the plunging bow directly amidships. The frail schooner was cut directly in two by the shock! and her heavy armament, together with the irresistible force of the severing blow, bore both parts of her hull, with all her ill-fated crew of a hundred souls, beneath the wave.

'Down with the boats from the quarter—launch the long-boat,'—shouted Seth. But the command, though it could not have been uttered nor executed sooner with safety, came too late. The aim of Seth had been too fatally sure. The boats reached the spot, and narrowly escaped being sucked into the vortex where the schooner had gone down. The French crew were all sent to their long account; and the next wave left not a trace of the wreck, nor a solitary human being to be saved from a watery grave.

Thy ship and cargo were dearly ransomed, Jethro Coffin: and, Seth, thou didst sacrifice a hecatomb of human beings for thy preservation.

Gleanings from late Papers.

FEMALE INTREPIDITY.—On the 22d of October last two vessels were wrecked off Fishguard; three men were seen clinging to the rigging. Entreaties were in vain employed to induce the hardy seamen of that wild coast to attempt the rescue of those unfortunate men, all declaring that no boats could live in such a tremendous sea; but humanity induced two young women to enter upon a task which made the stout hearts of the seamen quail. Margaret Lewellyn lashed a rope round her body, and her noble example was followed by her sister Martha. They then dashed into the surf, which the spectators expected would throw them on the sharp rocks which line that dangerous coast. After incredible exertion, they succeeded in conveying a rope to the wreck, and in bringing ashore the three sailors. All hopes had been abandoned of saving the wreck. The Committee of Loyd's, having ascertained the accuracy of this statement, contributed £5 towards the fund subscribed for the relief of these women; they are poor and in very humble circumstances. We understand the Royal Humane Society has also given £5 besides honorary medals, to the two heroic women.

THE MAN MCGUIRE.—Now in the Poor House, resting under the charge of the murder of two of his crew upon the high seas, but acquitted upon the ground of insanity by a Jury of the Court of Vice Admiralty, is awaiting the directions of the Hon. Secretary for the Colonies as to the mode in which he shall be dealt with. There can be little doubt that the plea of insanity is well founded as the prisoner remains in the same state as when he appeared upon the day of his trial.—*Novascotian.*

TRIAL OF THE RIOTERS AT FREDERICTON.

The trial of the rioters of the 12th of July, was brought to a close, on Saturday last about 11 o'clock at night. The trial commenced on Tuesday morning, and the hearing [evidence for the prosecution occupied the Court until Thursday afternoon.

On Saturday morning, His Honour Judge Carter charged the Jury, laying down the Law applicable to the case of the prisoners, and recapitulating the lengthy evidence given during the trial. The case went to the Jury about noon, but they did not agree on their verdict until the late hour mentioned above. Late as it was the learned Judge came down to Court to receive the verdict of the Jury, which declared fourteen, out of twenty one individuals included in the indictment, guilty under one or other of the nine counts of which it consisted.

On Monday morning, His Honor Judge Carter took his seat on the Bench at the usual hour, and the prisoners having been sent for and brought to the Bar.—

His Honor called over the names of the prisoners, and before passing sentence, told them that they had been convicted by a Jury of their country, after a patient, impartial, and laborious trial. That considering the length of the evidence and the intricacy of the points with which they had to deal, the Jury had discharged their duty in a manner which was highly creditable to themselves, and the conclusion at which they had arrived was entirely satisfactory to him, and must be satisfactory to the County which they represented. His Honor then in a feeling manner directed the attention of the prisoners to the magnitude of the crime of which they stood convicted, offering them sound advice respecting their future conduct, and warning them that however much they or others may presume on setting the authorities at defiance for a time, as they had done on the unfortunate twelfth of July last, yet that sooner or later the law would be vindicated, and the offenders punished. His Honor cautioned them against supposing that there was any thing in the Roman Catholic Religion, which he believed they all professed, had the slightest effect on the trial which they had undergone, or on the sentence which awaited them, for he was proud to say, that the Law of this Province recognized no distinction in sects or creeds; and had the opposite party been guilty of the same outrage on them of which they were convicted, the offenders would have stood in the position which they now occupied, and the same meed of justice and of punishment which the Law awards to crime, would have been sternly administered to them.

His Honor then passed sentence on the prisoners as follows:

Daniel Sullivan, James Liniceon, John Burke, Lawrence Sullivan—Twelve months' imprisonment in the Provincial Penitentiary, with hard labour.

James Mullina, James Hogan, Michal Dooly, Jeremiah Mahony, Michael Kennedy—Six months imprisonment in the Provincial Penitentiary, with hard labour.

Daniel O'Leary, Edward Corbet, Jeremiah Sullivan, Thomas Griffin, Lawrence Gallagher.—Four months imprisonment in the common Gaol of this County, with hard labour.—*Fredericton Head Quarters.*

A FREAK OF GENIUS.—Men of genius never make blunders, they seem always to have an instinctive perception of the best means to gain a desired end. This is in fact what constitutes a genius, the being able to accomplish what is desired. The *Courier des Etats Unis*, which chronicles more remarkable events than any other journal we know of, related an anecdote of Lizst the other day, which illustrated in an amusing manner, the quick perception of genius. The great pianist had advertised a concert at a small city in Germany, and anticipating a large audience, had engaged the most spacious room in the town; but the night came, the audience was small and cold in their reception. The musician was annoyed at the neglect of the people, he sat down to the piano and commenced playing, when he was suddenly inspired with one of those happy ideas which could only have found its way into the head of a genius. He jumped up from his piano, advanced to the front of the stage, and, addressing his audience in a polite manner, said, 'Gentlemen, I am sure you have had enough music. Come to my hotel, and sup with me.'

The audience taken by surprise, laughed at the oddity of the thing, but followed the musician to his hotel where he gave them a superb supper, and the guests and the host parted towards morning in love with each other. The next night he gave another concert, and his room was crowded, as a matter of course, for people went not only to see the man who could have conceived such a happy idea, but probably with the hope of being invited as the audience were the night before.

The *Quebec Canadian* tells us that the palace now in course of construction, for the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Quebec, and which is nearly completed, will cost when finished, fifty five thousand pounds.

THE REV. T. SPENCER.—The eloquent advocate of temperance, states that the people of England, Ireland and Scotland, pay \$40,000,000 annually for tobacco! With a population of about 27,000,000, they can pay annually \$35,000,000 in poor rates; \$250,000,000 for the support of government; and \$300,000,000 for intoxicating drinks! He states that there were among the 27,000,000 of people, 600,000 drunkards, and that 50,000 of them died annually, whose places were supplied by 50,000 more from the ranks of moderate drinkers.