

that her pumps, aided by bailing through the hatchways, freed her. She was then put on the beach, a board nailed over the canvas, and thus floated to Arichat, where she was immediately repaired. Three years after this took place, she was run on shore during a fog on the Nova Scotia coast. No means were left untried to get her off; but too much time had elapsed when I got to the place, and with reluctance I found myself compelled to abandon her; her materials alone were saved.

Thus much for the schooner Susan; and I find myself inclined not to put an end to my narrative before I make mention once more of my worthy friend Mr. Philip Briard.

In 1802, the year of the short peace, one of our vessels, a brig of one hundred and eighty tons, in returning from Boston, was wrecked on Point Sables, Nova Scotia. Owing to this circumstance, I found in the autumn a quantity of produce on my hands, which this vessel was intended to have carried to market; but most opportunely, a brig called the John Bull, of nearly her size, passed by Arichat, and I chartered her for Lisbon. She had been built during the war purposely for a privateer, and had a deep waist. I took my passage in her, so as to see Lisbon in my way to Jersey. As it may well be imagined, whenever an opportunity