

followed by a sharp crackle and a shower of splinters from the foreyard.

It was clear that we had got an ugly customer; poor Jenkins now called to Trencail, who was standing forward near the gun which had been fired, "Och, sir, and its badly wounded we are here." The officer was a Patlander, as well as the seaman. "Which of you, my boy; you or the yard?" "Both of us, your honor; but the yard badliest." "Come down, then, or get into the top, and I will have you looked after presently." The poor fellow crawled off the yard into the foretop, as he was ordered, where he was found after the brush, badly wounded by a splinter in the breast.

Jonathan, no doubt, "calculated," as well he might, that this taste of his quality would be quite sufficient for a little eighteen gunship close under his lee; but the fight was not to be so easily taken out of Deadeye, although even to his optic it was now high time to be off.

"All hands make sail, Mr. Splinter; that chap is too heavy for us. Mr. Kelson," to the carpenter, "jump up and see what the foreyawl will carry. Keep her away my man," to the seamen at the helm; "Crack on, Mr. Splinter; shake all the reefs out; set the fore-topsail and loose top gallant sails; stand by to sheet home, and see all clear to rig the booms out, if the breeze lulls."

In less than a minute we were bowling along before it; but the wind was breezing up again, and no one could say how long the wounded foreyard would carry the weight and drag the sails. To mend the matter, Jonathan was coming up, hand over hand, with the freshening breeze under a press of canvas; it was clear that escape was next to impossible.

"Clear away the larboard guns!" I absolutely jumped off the deck with astonishment; who could have spoken it? It appeared such downright madness to show fight under the very muzzles of the guns of an enemy, half of whose broadside was sufficient to sink us. It was the captain, however, and there was nothing for it.

In an instant was heard, through the whistling of the breeze, the creaking and screaming of the carronade slides, the rattling of the carriage of the long twelve pounder amidships, the thumping and punching of handspikes, and the dancing and jumping of Jack himself, as the guns were being shot and run out. In a few seconds all was still again, but the rushing sound of the vessel going through the water and of the rising gale amongst the rigging. The men stood clustered at their quarters; their cutlasses buckled round their waists, all without jackets and waistcoats, and many with nothing but their trousers on.

"Now, men, mind your aim; our only chance is to wing him. I will yaw the ship, and, as your guns come to bear, slap it right

into his bows. Starboard your helm, my man, and bring her to the wind." As she came round, blaze went our carronades and long guns in succession, with good will and good aim, and down came his foretop-sail on the cap, with all the superincumbent spars and gear; the head of the topmast had been shot away. The men instinctively cheered. "That will do; now knock off, my boys, and let us run for it. Keep her away again; make all sail."

Jonathan was for an instant paralysed by our impudence; but just as we were getting before the wind, he yawned, and let drive his whole broadside; and fearfully did it transmogrify us. Half an hour before we were as gay a little sloop as ever floated, with a crew of one hundred and twenty as fine fellows as ever manned a British man-of-war. The iron shower sped: ten of the hundred and twenty never saw the sun rise again; seventeen more were wounded, three mortally; we had eight shot between wind and water, our main-top-mast shot away as clean as a carrot, and our hull and rigging otherwise regularly cut to pieces. Another broadside succeeded; but, by this time, we had bore up, thanks to the loss of our after sail, we could do nothing else; and, what was better luck still, whilst the loss of our main-top-mast paid the brig off on the one hand, the loss of the head-sail in the frigate brought her as quickly to the wind on the other; thus most of her shot fell astern of us; and before she could bear up again in chase, the squall struck her and carried her main-top-mast overboard.

This gave us a start, crippled and bedevilled though we were; and, as the night fell, we contrived to lose sight of our large friend. With breathless anxiety did we carry on through that night, expecting every lurch to send our remaining top-mast by the board; but the weather moderated, and next morning the sun shone on our blood-stained decks, at anchor off the entrance to St. George's harbor.—*Scottish Magazine.*

## A STRANGER IN LONDON.

(CONTINUED.)

As a foreigner, I should, however, do wrong to adopt a hasty conclusion on such a subject. This I felt on my return home; and resolved, in the afternoon to visit one of the temples, in which the Christian Worship is conducted. Desirous of securing every advantage, I repaired to a magnificent edifice, to which my attention had been directed by its towering dome and cross. The building was dedicated, I am told, to one Paul, who I suppose was of note among the sect, either in ancient or modern times. Passing in, beneath a splendid portico of white stone, I perceived in the distance, at the eastern end, one of the Priests, reading to the people. Presently after some music

broke forth; I thought at first it came from the roof, then from the pavement; but at last discovered it proceeded from a gilded chest of pipes, curiously put together for the purpose, and elevated above the heads of the people. The Priest, but for the oddity of his appearance, would have been venerable. Instead of plaiting his hair in a single lock falling gracefully behind his feet, like our countrymen, some seven years' growth had been suffered to accumulate, and being naturally inclined to curl, had become so tangled and involved, as to defy every attempt to unravel it. The misfortune was inflamed by a quantity of light-looking dust which had settled upon it: but whether that should be received as an accident or not, I cannot determine. Having ascended an elevated chair or rostrum, which enabled him to survey the audience, he opened the sacred Christian book, which was placed before him on a cushion of silk or velvet. He chose for the motto of his discourse, "Be ye clothed with humility." The reasoning was so conclusive and his general mode of address so winning, that, before he had proceeded half way through the oration, I could have kissed the hem of his garment. Indeed the impulse of my admiration was irresistible; so that, when he had finished, and the services were over, I could not help running after him as he left the temple, to offer to this humble pilgrim the assistance of my arm on his way home; when, to my amazement, the door of a handsome four-wheeled carriage, to which a pair of fine horses were yoked, opened for him on the instant, and before I could even conclude the salam, into the attitude of which I had put myself, he vaulted lightly in; the glass was drawn up; a couple of grandies, dressed in embroidered clothing, got up behind; the vehicle vanished like an arrow, and I was left to pursue, at pleasure the reverie into which I had fallen.

Soon after this untoward accident, I found that half the nation, at least, had determined to secure the joys of temperance; and, as if the strength of vows made in private was of a doubtful kind, people assembled in public, in order, perhaps, to testify their adherence to the cause. Being invited on an occasion of that sort, by a worthy citizen, I was gratified to find that among the learned pundits who spoke, one sentiment seemed to triumph, which consisted in a steady determination to recommend and practice universal moderation. At the close of the debate I was unable to repress my delight at an undertaking so rational; and, lest the concurrence of my judgment should be questioned, I invited my civic acquaintance a big lively gentlemen, to step home to my lodging, and take a friendly dinner. He appeared to be all acquiescence; but, happening on the way to mention that the entertainment consisted of a bason of boiled rice, diluted with some beautiful pellucid