SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1848.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 12. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 51.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DERBY & Co., at their office in the brick building of L. H. Daveber & Son, west side Prince Wm. street.

TERMS—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

AUGUST.		R. Sun.	S. Moon	H.	W.
26	Saturday,	5 19	6 42	3	2 3 50
27	Sunday	5 20	6 41	4	5 10 43
28	Monday,	5 21	6 39	Sets	11 30
29	Tuesday,	5 22	6 37	7	4 Morn
30	Wednesday,	5 23	6 36	7	33 0 10
31	Thursday,	5 25	6 34	8	3 0 45
1	Friday,	5 25	6 32	8	32 1 9

New Moon 28th, 2h. 17m. evening.

Mutual Insurance Company.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. I. WOODWARD.

St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. *Secretary.*

National Loan Fund
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
of London.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital, £500,000 sterling.

Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £37,000 sterling.

BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS AT ST. JOHN, N. B.
(Office Nelson street.)
ROBERT F. HAZEN, *Chairman.*
Edward Allison, Esq. William Wright, Esq.
John H. Gray, Esq. F. A. Wiggins, Esq.

Advantages offered by this Society.

PERFECT SECURITY, arising from a large Capital, totally independent of the Premium Fund.

LOANS.—Two-thirds of the Annual Premiums paid, or half the Premiums for the first five years, which half may remain on interest, to be deducted from the amount of the Policy at the death of the insured.

LOW RATES OF PREMIUM.—The rates of Premium are as low as any society of equal standing.

DIVISIONS OF PROFITS.—The Bonus' in this Society are declared annually, and each year the Assured has the option of receiving the profits in Cash, in reduction of Premium, or in addition to the sum insured.—The Bonus' are permanent.

Premiums may be paid Annually, Half-Yearly or Quarterly.

Insurance may be effected for one year, for five years, or for life, with or without participation in the profits of the society.

A liberal allowance for the surrender of policies.

Every information as to the Society's Rates of Premium, mode of Insurance, and blank forms of application, may be had at the Office of the subscribers, or of the sub-Agents, who have Pamphlets for gratuitous distribution, and all documents required for effecting Insurance.

SUB-AGENTS FOR NEW-BRUNSWICK.

Bathurst—Theophilus Desbrisay, Esq.
Chatham—William Carman, junior, Esq.
Dorchester: Albert J. Smith, Esquire,
Dalhousie—William S. Smith, Esq.,
Fredericton: George Lee, junior, Esq.,
Hampton: Samuel Fisher, Esq.,
Hopewell: Thomas B. Moore, Esq.
Monkton (the Bend) Bliss Botsford, Esq.,
Newcastle: Edward Williston, Esq.,
Richibucto: William Bowser, Esq.,
St. Andrews: George D. Street, Esq.,
St. Stephens: Alexander Campbell, Esq.,
Shediac and Cocagne: Richard C. Scovil, Esq.
Woodstock; James Robertson, Esq.

WILLIAM J. STARR,
FREDERICK R. STARR,
Managers, St. John, N. B.

February, 1848.

Wine, Pale Ale, Porter,
and BROWN STOUT.

Now Landing Ex "Cambria" from London:

2 PIPES, 10 Hhds. 2 Qr. Casks Choice Old PORT WINE;
6 Hhds. Fine GOLDEN SHERRY;
1 Puncheon very old Jamaica RUM;
50 Casks Byass' best East India Pale Ale, Porter, and BROWN STOUT—in pint and quart bottles, For sale by
RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.

Farm for Sale.

A FARM fronting on the Fredericton Road, about 28 miles from the City St. John, containing 100 Acres, with a good frame BARN, and LOG HOUSE thereon; and about 15 of cleared Land. Possession can given immediately if required.—Terms of payment made easy on application to the Subscriber, or, at the Store of Mr. C. C. MACDONALD, No. 5, North side, King street.

May 19. SAMUEL BABBIT.

To Cash paying Customes.

Cont. Vest, & Pantaloons.

MADE to Measure, of all Wool Scotch TWEED—Warranted to fit or no Sale, ONLY 40s.
GARRETT & SKILKEN,
Tailors & Drapers.
Pantechnetheca, Prince Wm street, June 1.

Clothing for the Boys!

LIST of Prices—A plain well made Suit for Boys from the age of 6 to 8 Years viz.:—Jacket, Checked Pants and Vest, only 15s.;
Do. do. Cloth Jacket, white Pants & Vest 16s 3d.
Do. extra fine Cloth Jacket, Pants and fancy Vest, only 20s.;
Dress Suit, from the age of 8 to 16, fine Sack Coat, Pants, and Vest, from 22s. 6d.
Cash before leaving the Shop.
GARRETT & SKILLEN.
Pantechnetheca, July 14.

SOAP.—Ex ship *Orleans* from Liverpool, on Consignment—300 Boxes *Steele and Co's* hard Yellow SOAP, in 64 and 36 lb. Boxes; for sale at Hammond's Brick Building, 20, Dock street, by [June 16.] H. G. KINNEAR.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A CASE
ABANDONED BY
Guy's, the Metropolitan, King's College, and Charing Cross Hospitals.

SUMMARY OF AFFIDAVIT.

Wm. BROOKE, Messenger, of 2, Union street, Southwark, London, maketh oath and saith, that he (this deponent) was afflicted with FIFTEEN RUNNING ULCERS on his left arm, and ulcerated sores and wounds on both legs, for which deponent was admitted an out-door patient at the Metropolitan Hospital, in April 13H, where he continued for nearly four weeks. Unable to receive a cure here, the deponent sought relief at the three following Hospitals:—King's College Hospital, in May, for five weeks; at Guy's Hospital in July, for six weeks; and at Charing Cross Hospital, at the end of August, for some weeks more; which deponent left, being in a far worse condition than when he had quitted Guy's, where Sir BARNSBY COOPER, and other medical officers of the establishment, had told deponent *that the only chance of saving his life was to LOSE HIS ARM!* The deponent thereupon called upon Dr. Bright, chief physician, of Guy's, who, on viewing deponent's condition, kindly and liberally said, "*I am utterly of a loss what to do for you! but here is half a sovereign: go to Mr. HOLLOWAY, and try what effect his Pills and Ointment will have, as I have frequently witnessed the wonderful effects they have in desperate cases. You can let me see you again.*" This unprejudiced advice was followed by the deponent, and *a perfect cure* effected in three weeks, by the use alone of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT, after four Hospitals had failed!!! When Dr. Bright was shown by the deponent, the result of his advice and charity, he said, "I am both astounded and delighted, for I thought that if I ever saw you again alive, it would be without your arm. I can only compare this cure to a charm!!!"

Sworn at the Mansion house of the city of London, this 8th day of March, 1842. } WM. BROOKE.
Before me, JOHN PIRIE, Mayor

IN ALL DISEASES of the Skin, Bad Legs, Old Wounds, and Ulcers, Bad Breasts, Sore Nipples, Stony and Ulcerated Cancers, Tumours, Swellings, Gout, Rheumatism, and Lumbago, likewise in cases of Piles, the Pills, in all the above cases, ought to be used with the Ointment; as by this means cures will be effected with a much greater certainty, and in half the time that it would require by using the Ointment alone. The Ointment is proved to be a certain remedy for the bites of Musquitoes, Sand-flies, Chiego-foot, Yawns and Coco-bay.

Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Chapped Hands and Lips also Bunions and Soft Corns, will be immediately cured by the use of the Ointment.

THE PILLS are not only the finest remedy known when used with the Ointment, but, as a General Medicine there is nothing equal to them. In Nervous Affections they will be found of the greatest service. These Pills are, without exception, the finest purifier of the Blood ever discovered, and ought to be used by all!!!

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Pot.

Sold at PETERS & TILLEY'S, No. 1, King Street, St. John, N. B.

ROYAL MAIL STAGE
BETWEEN
St. John and St. Andrews.

THE subscriber having become contractor for conveying Her Majesty's Mails between St. John and St Andrews, hereby gives notice that he leaves St. John, with commodious Carriages and good Horses every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning at 6 o'clock, and St Andrews every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning, going thro the same day.

Passengers travelling on the route, will receive every attention from the Proprietor of the line, with whom they are requested to leave their names or at the Commercial Hotel, St. John and Segee's Hotel, St. Andrews, where Stage Books will be kept.

October 15. GEO. CHRISTY.

VULCAN FOUNDRY,
Main Street, Lower Cove, St. John, N. B.

THE Subscriber, begs leave to inform the Public that he is ENLARGING the above named Establishment, and having also recently increased his facilities for Manufacturing Steam Engines, and other Machinery, Boilers, Iron Doors, Shutters, &c. &c., he is now prepared to take New Contracts for work in any department of the Iron Foundry and Black-Smith Business.

He has on hand a large assortment of Cooking Stoves, and Franklins, of the most approved patterns, and is constantly Manufacturing further supplies of these articles; which, together with Mill and ship's Castings, &c., will be sold at lower rates than any other of equally good quality in this market. GEORGE CRAIG.

September 3.

A CARD.

CALVIN POWERS, TAILOR, &c. beg most respectfully to announce to his friends and the public generally, that he has commenced business in the shop in Prince William Street, lately occupied by Mr. J. M. Campbell, where all orders in his line intrusted to his care, will be punctually attended to. St. John, 1st May, 1846.

Laths, Palings, Boards.

A LARGE quantity of SAWED LATHS, PALINGS, PICKETS, Merchantable and Refuge DEALS BOARDS, and SCANTLINGS always on hand, at the "Union Point Mills," and will be sold cheap, on application to the subscriber, (deliverable either at the Mills or in the city.)
WILLIAM CARVILL.
February 18. *Nelson street.*

Salt, Sugar, Molasses.

Ex schr. *Democrat*, Clements, Master, from Yarmouth, now landing at York Point Ship:

2500 BUSHELS Turk's Island SALT;
Hhds MOLASSES,
55 Bbls. SUGAR;

For sale low from the vessel.
March 31. JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER.

OIL, VARNISH, &c.

10 CASKS Raw and Boiled Linseed OIL, 10 barrels Bright VARNISH, 7 barrels Spirits of TURPENTINE—just received and for sale at No. 1, North side Market square, by [June 23.] W. O. SMITH.

By the Lord Wellington:—

20 KEGS Superfine MUSTARD,
20 kegs Best Ground GINGER,
1 case Real CINNAMON,
1 do. CASTOR OIL,
1 sack CARRAWAY SEED,
1 case Pearl SAGE.—For sale by
JOHN KENNEAR.

Miscellany.

THEY THAT SOW THE WIND SHALL REAP THE WHIRLWIND.

(From the John Bull.)

When twenty years ago the Duke of Wellington, for once in his life, and Sir Robert Peel, once out of times unnumbered, turned short round, upon their own principles and denounced upon carrying "Catholic Emancipation,' they were told loudly enough what would happen, but they refused to listen. They were plainly informed that with Popery there cannot be, any more than with the kingdom below, any covenant or agreement; that to concede to Papista' power, in the hope of averting civil war, is simply to adjourn civil war to some future, and by no means very distant period. They were told that the only effect of their measures would be to render the enemy bolder by the very fact of the concession made and more dangerous by the power conceded to him. All this they were told in vain. So far they might be excused. The question was one of opinion; those who augured thus ill of the result of admitting Papists to political power might be mistaken; those who anticipated nothing but peace and harmony from a measure of Conciliation, might be in the right; theirs was the more charitable, and therefore the more amiable and preferable view.—But the Duke and Sir Robert were told something more. They were told that the Romish Church is an anti-christian, an idolatrous church; that to grant to the creed of that church, one iota beyond bare toleration, is a great national sin—a making ourselves partakers of the guilt, and with the guilt of the curse of Rome. It was pointed out to them that not only the legal constitution of this kingdom, but the whole of our social edifice, the nation's whole history, and life, and character are bound up with a pure faith in Christ; that above their earthly and temporal Sovereign, the people of this land had hitherto recognised "another King, one Jesus;" that to incorporate with the Institutions of the land, and to admit to its councils, a creed which dishonours Christ, and deceives the souls of men by a blasphemous mimicry of His truth and ordinances, could be nothing short of high treason against Him who is—and by the people of this land has ever been so acknowledged—"King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

All this they were told; and not the Duke and Sir Robert only, but—let us be just—the whole nation was solemnly warned against the commission of so heinous and—as it was justly feared it would turn out—irrevocable a mistake. But England was then in the pride of her glory, and she thought herself sitting as a Queen, who should never see any evil befalling her. And because the majority of the nation was deaf to the voice of warning, because they stigmatized those who warned them as fanatics and bigots, because they defied the God of Heaven by making fellowship and agreement with the Anti-Christian creed of Rome—therefore it is that the nation's sin now weighs so heavily upon the nation's destinies.

We thought to avoid civil war and discord by slighting the Almighty, and we have reaped the just reward of this wicked and unholy compromise. We shall have to fight out that civil war, from which then we shrank with a sense of humanity laudable in itself, but utterly mistaken when placed in competition with our duty elsewhere; but we shall have to fight it out against an enemy who not only has acquired strength in the same proportion as he has discovered our weakness, but whose chief advantage over us is this, that he has lost moral respect for us, and worse than even this, that we have lost moral respect for even ourselves.

We do not make this assertion merely for the sake of a strong statement. Our words are deliberately uttered. Would a nation not lost to self-respect allow itself to be trifled with as the Papists have trifled and paltered with the British Crown and Parliament ever since the passing of the fatal Emancipation Act? Would it go on truckling to the foe which openly assails, and no less openly derides it? Have the Papists, we ask, thought it worth their while of late to disguise their ultimate design to bring back Popish ascendancy in this land? Do they restrain the insolence of their—we still hope—premature triumph? Let the Irish sedition prints, let the manifestoes of St. Jarlath's, let the *Tablet* answer the question.

But what, then, are we to do? First let us see what we are not to do. We are not to persevere in the cowardly, unprincipled conciliation policy, which has made us untrue to our God and to our conscience, and to our enemies. We are, like honest men, honestly to repent of the wrong which we have done, and arise and amend our ways. On the very stage which has witnessed our sin, Providence has in mercy reserved for us an opportunity of retrieving our fault. There is still remaining in Ireland a Protestant Church, one with our own by fellowship of faith, and by the bond of sisterhood; there are still beating in Ireland thousands of Protestant hearts, as loyal to their Queen as they are true to their God. Let us hold out to them the hand which we have long withdrawn from them, because we dreaded the Popish growl against Protestant connexion. The hour of danger, and with it our last hour of trial as a nation, in this matter, is rapidly advancing. The Papists themselves are clamorous to have the question that convulses Ireland brought to an issue. Let us at once, and boldly cast aside every policy but one in the approaching struggle; let us enter that struggle as a Protestant and God fearing people—and let us not doubt that it girded to the battle with truth and righteousness, God and the right will surely prevail.

BROWN AND REDPATH'S FORGES.—Experiments were carried on in the blacksmith's shop at the factory, on Saturday July 8, and Monday July 10, before Mr. Lang, Master Shipwright, and Mr. Atherton, Chief Engineer to test two portable smith's forges or heating apparatus, submitted by Messrs. Brown and Redpath. They are both on the same principle, only one is worked by the hand, and the other by the foot, to allow the workman the use of both hands in turning the iron in the fire, and are intended as substitutes for the cumbrous and inefficient forges at present used by the engineers' smiths, and armourers in the Royal Navy, the leather and wood of the common bellows being so liable to injury from insects and other causes in tropical climates. The forges made by Brown and Redpath are wholly of iron, that when folded up for stowing away, they do not occupy a space of more than three feet six inches by two feet six inches, and eight inches thick.—The blast is produced by an eccentric fan, thirteen inches in diameter, with three blades which revolves with great rapidity by means of an endless gut band and crank handle, making upwards of 2,000 revolutions per minute, and producing a more powerful blast than can be obtained by the common forges. The experiments were conducted by Mr. Chaplin, Engineer to the firm, under whose superintendence the machines were constructed, who introduced pieces of iron one and a half inches in diameter into the fires produced by the forges and in four minutes the iron was brought to a good welding heat in a small one set in motion by the hand; and in three and a half minutes in one rather larger, set in motion by the foot. A piece of iron of the same dimensions was put into one of the fires produced by the engine blast in a blacksmith's shop, and it required three and a half minutes to bring it to a welding heat, exactly the same time as required by the portable forge, showing a power of producing sufficient heat to cast or repair many parts of the works of steam vessels which, without such aid would have required the return of the vessel to some port to have them effected.—*Woolwich Gazette.*

LETTER OF THE EARL OF RODEN.

TO WILLIAM BEERS, ESQ., GRAND MASTER OF THE ORANGEMEN OF THE COUNTY OF DOWN.

Tollymore Park, July 28, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR.—I have read with great pleasure your letter addressed to the Orangemen of the county Down. Itrust the excellent advice you have given them, as Grand Master of the county, will be duly appreciated and strictly adhered to, so that our valuable institution will gain the approbation of many who hitherto have disapproved of it. The peaceable demeanour of our brethren, and the calm but determined deportment of the thousands of brave Orangemen who will unite in celebrating their anniversary on the 12th of July, cannot fail to ensure this result. Had it been consistent with your arrangements, I should have been happy that the ground chosen for your meeting was within the gates of Tollymore Park, where an opportunity would have been afforded me of witnessing the numbers, as well as the order and loyalty of those Lodges over which you preside. I shall, however, endeavour to visit some of the localities which you have kindly pointed out where the brethren of the different districts shall meet; for I am anxious to assure them that, though I am advanced in years, and time has rapidly rolled on since, in the year 1834, we met in such force and order, and loyalty, on the hill of Rathfriend, yet, the principles I then held, I still maintain, and every day that has since passed convinces me more fully that the Orange Institution of Ireland are the best support of her Majesty's crown and dominion in this part of the empire. They have ever been, I trust they will always continue opposed to the cry of "Repeal;" they know well its meaning; they fear its effects—they foresee not only the dismemberment of the empire, but the renewal of the scenes at Scullabogue and Wexford bridge, which sought, in 1798, the destruction of Protestantism in Ireland. They have no doubt that a Repeal of the Union would, ultimately, be a denial of toleration to the exercise of their Protestant faith, which is dearer than life itself. But the Orangemen of Ireland are not to be deceived; they are not to be bought. Like their Protestant brethren in the valleys of Piedmont, they have been the peculiar objects of God's distinguishing care; like them they have ever been a distinct people. Like the brave Waldenses, they avoided amalgamation which would have proved their ruin. Their strength is in their cause, and their cause is the maintenance of Protestant truth. The Orangemen of Ireland have been the continued subjects of persecution—they have been falsely aspersed by foolish men, who are incapable of estimating their value; they have been deserted by some who once were counted among their numbers, and professed to be their friends; in their days of depression they have hardly had any to stand by them; but their Protestant principles, by which they were first united, still continue their support, and upheld them amidst all their conflicts. The several administrations, whether Whig or Tory, who have ruled the country for the last twenty years have, as it were, combined by legislative enactments, and by marked disfavour, to crush the Protestant interest in Ireland. In 1829 it was commenced—and in subsequent years scarcely a session was passed without the removal of some of those safeguards in the constitution which the wisdom of our forefathers placed there to guarantee the continuance of the exercise of civil and religious liberty to all denominations amongst us. We have been in rapid succession, measures proposed and adopted to meet the demand of the Romish church, viz., funds for Scriptural education on Protestant principles refused; Protestant corporations destroyed; Roman Catholic municipalities erected on their ruins; the charitable bequest act made law; the inconsistent grant to Maynooth adopted, though opposed to the conscience and wishes of the great mass of the enlightened people of the empire. But still the Orangemen are unstained their loyalty is unshaken. They have seen these events, they have deeply felt the heavy blows and great discouragement they have received; but their principles still uphold them: That God and Saviour in whom they trust, is still strength and their hope. It is of little consequence to us now what political party is in power—perhaps the least danger is to be apprehended from those who are the present ministers of the crown—but, I am sure, it is our duty, as loyal Orangemen, to give every support in our power to the Earl of Clarendon's government, so long as the law is put in force against its transgressors, and that *justice* and *impartiality* are fairly meted out to all denominations of our countrymen—I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours. RODEN.

The Pirate's Treasure.

(Concluded.)

In the evening, the body of Don Diego was bro't upon deck, where his crew, under the superintendence of the priest, prepared it for its commitment to the deep. The corpse was, as is usual in such cases, wrapped up in the blankets and sheets in which it had lain, and a white napkin was tied over the face and head. In its right hand, which was crossed over the breast, was placed a gold doubloon. In its left hand a small bag, containing a book, a hammer and a candle, while on the bosom was laid a little crucifix worn by the deceased. It was next enveloped in a hammock, with a couple of eight-pound shots, and a bag of ballast at the feet to sink it—the hammock was then carefully and closely sewed up, and the whole operation finished by leaving the sail-needle thrust transversely through the nose. At midnight the vessel was hove to, and all the ship's company assembled on the lee-gangway. The Spaniards and negroes bore each a burning torch in his hand; the blaze of which, as they held them elevated above their heads, cast a strange and fearful light through the deep darkness, and illuminated the ocean far and wide with a superhuman refulgency. When all was ready, the priest, accompanied by Isabella; came up from the cabin and the Spaniards lifting up the body carried it forward to the waist, where one of the ship's gratings had been put projecting over the side, and on this the corpse was laid, with its feet to the water. Around this the torch bearers formed a circle, and the priest, standing at the head began the funeral service for the dead at sea. The wind had now subsided into a gentle breeze; and nothing disturbed the profound silence of the crew during the mass, save the slight splashing of the waves against the windward side of the ship, and the deep-drawn, convulsive sobs of the young lady as she stood enveloped in her mantilla, in the obscurity of the main rigging. Mass being concluded, the priest solemnly chanted the funeral anthem:—"May the angels conduct him into Paradise; may the martyrs receive thee at thy coming; and mayest thou have eternal rest with Lazarus, who was formerly poor." He then sprinkled the body with holy water, and continued; for as it has pleased God to take the soul of our dear brother here departed unto himself, we, therefore commit the body of our dear brother to the deep, in the sure and certian hope of a joyful resurrection on that day when the sea shall give up its dead. Let him rest in peace!" The Spaniards responded "Amen!" and the priest repeating, "May his soul, and the souls of all the faithful departed, rest in peace—Amen!" made the sign of the cross; and the bow chaser, which had been loaded and made ready for the occasion, firing, the end of the grating was gently elevated, and the corpse heavily plunged into the water. The waves parted heaving and foaming round the body as it disappeared,—when to our horror and astonishment we beheld it the next minute, return slowly to the surface, deprived of the canvas covering in which it had been sewed. The dead man came up as he had gone down, in an upright position, and floated a little time with his back to the vessel, but the motion of the water turned him round by degrees till we distinctly saw his face. The head was thrown back, and the eyes wide open; and under the strong stream of light poured on them from the torches, they seemed to glare ghastly and fearfully upwards. His grey hairs, long and dishevelled, floated about his face, at times partially obscuring it; and one arm stretched forth, and agitated by the action of the waves, appeared as if in the act of threatening us. When the first burst of horror had subsided, I caught hold of Isabella to prevent her seeing the body, and was leading her off, when some of the men, lowering their torches from the main chains, whispered that it was the murdered man, old James Gemmel. The Captain had been hitherto looking on with the rest without having apparently recognized him; but when the name struck his ear, he shrunk back and involuntarily exclaimed, "it is a lie—it's an infamous lie. Who dare say he was murdered? He went overboard two days ago. Mr. Mate, don't let him on board! God's sake keep him down; or he'll take all to the bottom with him. Will nobody keep him down? Will nobody shove him off? Helm-a-lee!" he bawled out, waving to the steersman; but the man had deserted his post, eager to see what was going on; he, therefore, ran to the wheel himself, and again issued his demands, "Let go the main top sail and weather braces, and bring round the yard! Let them go I say." His orders were speedily executed. The vessel gathered way and we quickly shot passed the body of the old man.

For several days after this we pursued our course with a favourable wind which drove us swiftly forward on our voyage. The captain now kept himself constantly intoxicated, seldom made his appearance in the cabin, but left us altogether to the care of the steward. All subordination was now at an end—his whole time was spent among the seamen, with whom he mixed familiarly and was addressed by them without the slightest portion of that respect or deference commonly paid to the master of the vessel. The appearance of the men, also, was much altered. From the careless mirth and gayety, and the characteristic good humour of sailors, there was now a sullenness and gloom only visible. A constant whispering—a constant caballing was going on—a perpetual discussion, or some step of deep importance was about to be taken. All sociality and confidance towards each other were banished. In place of conversing together in a body, as formerly, they now walked about in detached parties, and among them the boatswain and carpenter seemed to take an active lead. Yet, in the midst of all this disorder, a few of our own crew kept themselves seperate, taking no share in the general consultation; but, from the anxiety expressed in their countenance, as well as in that of the mate I foresaw some storm was brooding, and about to burst on our heads.

Since Montaldo's death, Isabella had been in the habit of leaving her cabin after sun-set, to enjoy the coolness of the evening breeze; and in this she was sometimes joined by the priest, but more frequently was only attended by her slave. One evening she come up as usual, and after walking back and forward on the deck till the dews began to fall, she turned to go below; but just as she approached the companion-way, one of the negroes who now in the absence of all discipline, lounged about the quarter-deck, without rebuke, shut down the head, and throwing himself on it, declared that none should make him rise without the reward of a kiss. This piece of insolence was received with an encouraging laugh by his fellows, and several slang expressions of wit were uttered, which were loudly applauded by those around. Without a word of remonstrance, Isabella timidly stooped, and would have attempted getting down the ladder without disturbing the slave; when, burning with indignation, I seized the rascal by the collar, and pitched him head foremost along the deck. In an instant he got on his legs, and pulling a long clasp-knife out of his pocket, with a loud imprecation he made towards me. All the other negroes likewise made a motion to assist him, and I expected to be assailed on all hands, when the mate interfered, and laying hold of the marlin-spike which I had caught to defend myself, pushed me back as he whispered, "Are you mad, that you interfere? For heaven's sake, keep quiet, for I have no authority over the crew now!" And he spoke the truth; for the negro, brandishing his knife, and supported by his comrade was again advancing, when the hoarse voice of the boatswain, as he ran to the scene of action, arrested his progress.

"Hallo! you there, what's the squall for? Avast, avast, Mingo, off hands is fair play—ship that blade of yours, or I'll send my fist through your ribs, and make day-light shine through them in a minute." I related the behaviour of the negro, and was requesting him to order the slaves forward, when I was cut short with—"There are no slaves here, young man! we are all alike free in a British ship. But damn his eyes for an insolent son of a ——; he pretend to kiss the pretty girl! I'll let him know she belongs to his betters; the black wench is good enough for him any day. "Come my dear!" he continued, turning to Isabella, "give me the same hire and I'll undertake to clear the way for you myself." He made as if he meant to approach her, when, careless of what the consequence might be to myself, I hastily stepped forward, and lifting up the ed below. "This lady is no fit subject for either head of the companion, Isabella in an instant darts wit or insolence,' said I, shouting the doors, "and he is less than man who would insult an unprotected female." For a little while he stood eyeing me as if hesitating whether he should resent my interference or remain passive; at length he turned slowly and doggedly away as he muttered—"You ruffle big, and crow with a brisk note, my lad!—But I've seen me do as wonderful a thing as twist your windpipe, and send you over the side to cool yourself a bit; and so I would serve you in the turning of a wave, if it was not that we might have use for you yet! I see in what quarter the wind sets; but mind your eye; for sink me if I don't keep a sharp look out a-head over you."

I now saw that things had come to a crisis—that the crew meant to turn pirates; and I was to be detained among them for the sake of my professional services. I could not, without a shudder, reflect on what must be the fate of Isabella among such a crew of reckless villains; but I firmly resolved that, come what might, my protection and care over her, should cease but with my life.

To be prepared for the worst, I immediately went below, loaded my pistols, and concealed them in my breast, securing at the same time my money, and papers about my person. While thus employed, one of the cabin-boys came down for a spy-glass, saying that a sail had hove in sight to windward. Upon this I followed him up, and found the crew collected together in clamerous consultation, as to the course they should follow. Some were for lying-to till she came down, and taking her, if a merchantman; and if not, they could easily shear off—but this motion was overruled by the majority, who judged it best to keep clear for fear of accidents; accordingly all the spare canvas was se and we were soon gaining large before the wind. But the Dart, though reckoned the first sailer on Clyde when close hauled on a wind, was by no means fleet when squared away and going free; she had now met with her match, for the stranger was evidently gaining rapidly on us, and in two hours we saw it was impossible for us to escape.—The priest and I were ordered down with a threat of instant death if we offered to come on deck, or make any attempt to attract observation.

I now communicated to Isabella my apprehensions with regard to the crew, along with my resolution to leave the vessel if the other proved a man-of-war, and earnestly advised both her and the priest to take advantage of it also. She thanked me with a look and a smile that told me how sensible she was of the interest I felt in her welfare, and expressed her willingness to be guided by me in whatever way I thought best.

Shortly after we heard a gun fired to bring us to, and the Dart hailed and questioned as to her port and destination. The answers, it appeared, were thought evasive and unsatisfactory, for we were ordered to come close under the lee quarter of his Majesty's sloop of war Tartar, while they sent to examine our papers. This was now our only chance, and I resolved, that if the officer should not come below, I would force the compasion door, and claim his protection. But I was not put to this alternative. As soon as he arrived, I heard him desire the hatches to be taken off, and order his men to examine the hold. The inspection did not satisfy him; for he hailed the sloop and reported that there was Spanish goods on board which did not appear in the manifest:—"Then remain on board and keep your stern lights burning all night, and take charge of the ship!" was the reply. In a state of irksome suspense we remained nearly two hours, expecting every minute to hear the officer descending. At length, to our relief, the compasion doors were unlocked, and a young man, attended by our Captain, entered the cabin. He looked surprised on seeing us and bowing to Isabella, apologized for intruding at such an unseasonable hour. "But I was not given to understand," he added, "that there were passengers in the ship—prisoners I should rather pronounce it, Mr. Mahone, for you seem to have had them under lock and key, which is rather an unusual mode of treating ladies at least. No wine, Sir!" he continued, motioning away the bottles which the Captain was hastily placing on the table—"no wine, but be pleased to show me your register and bill of lading."

He had not been long seated to inspect them when a shuffling and hurried sound of feet was heard overhead, and a voice calling on Mr. Duff for assistance, showed that some scuffle had taken place above. Instantaneously we all started to our feet, and the lieutenant was in the act of drawing his sword, when accidentally looking round, I observed Mahone presenting a pistol behind. With a cry of warning, I threw myself forward, and had just time to strike the weapon lightly inside, when it went off. The ball narrowly missed the head of Duff, for whom it had been aimed, but struck the priest immediately over the right eye, who, making one desperate and convulsive leap as high as the ceiling, sunk down dead, and before the Captain could pull out another, I discharged the contents of mine into his breast. We then rushed upon deck; but it was only to find that the boat's crew had been mastered, and to behold the last of the men tumbled overboard. The pirates then dispersed, and exerted themselves to get the ship speedily under way; while the boatswain sung out to extinguish the lanterns, that the Tartar might not be guided by the lights.

"It's all over with us!" exclaimed my companion; "but follow me—we have one chance for our lives yet. Our boat is yet still towing astern; do you throw yourself over, and swim till I slide down the painter, and cut her a drift. Come, bear a hand, and jump, don't you see them hastening aft?" and in an instant he pitched himself off the taffrel, slid down the rope which held the boat, and cast her loose. But this advice, however judicious, it was impossible for me to follow—for, at that moment, repeated shrieks from Isabella put to flight all thoughts for my own individual safety: I, therefore, hurried back to the cabin, determined that if I could not rescue her along with myself, to remain and protect her with my life. And in a happy time I arrived! The candles were still burning on the table; and through the smoke of the pistols, which still filled the cabin, I beheld her struggling in the arms of a negro—the identical slave who had displayed such insolence in the early part of the evening. With one stroke of the butt end on my pistol I fractured the cursed villain's skull—caught my Isabella in my arms—ran up the ladder, and had nearly gained the side, when the boat swain, attracted by her white garments, left the helm to intercept—and I saw the gleam of his uplifted cutlass on the point of descending, when he was suddenly struck down by some person from behind. I did not stop to discover who had done me this good office, but hailing Duff and clasping Isabella firmly to my heart, I plunged into the water, followed by my unknown ally. With the aid of my companion, whom I now found to be John Wylie, the mate, we easily managed to support our charge till the boat reached us: when we found that the greater part of the men had been rescued in a similar manner.

When morning dawned we perceived the Dart, like a speck in the horizon, and the sloop of war in