

but so intently was the stranger bent on gaining her he sent aloft and set his top gallant sail, although the wind was blowing a perfect gale, and shortly afterwards, men were seen on his topsail yard turning out the reefs.

As soon as Bangem perceived this, he gave the order to turn both reefs out of the topsails, and get the starboard fore-topmast-studding-sail ready for setting. In a few moments, an additional quantity of canvas was spread along the booms of the Niagara, and the gullant vessel rushed like some wild levathan through the rolling sea, dashing as do its angry waters, and leaving broad streaks of boiling foam behind.

'Give him a round shot, Skysail,' said Bangem: we must try and cripple him, or it's all over with us.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' muttered the tar, as he squinted along the sight, and elevated the gun for a long shot, the match was applied, and away sped the iron.

'Well done, old 'un!' shouted Skysail, as the splinters flew from the bulwarks of the pirate.

'Try it again, my hearty!' continued Bangem, 'give him a stand of grape along with it this time.'

The schooner yawed and fired, but again its shot fell harmless alongside the chase.

'There go his stic'n'sail booms,' said the mate, as two delicate spars glided out, as if by magic, from either extremity of his topsail yard; while in another moment a sheet of light canvass arose and was extended on either side of his belling topsail. The pursuer had gained considerable on the chase the last half hour; and Bangem who stood watching her progress with the eye of an eagle, now got down from the horse block, and gave the order to set the starboard lower and all the top gallant stic'n'sails. The seamen exchanged glances in amazement, but it was only for a moment; and the next beheld them in different parts of the rigging, making preparation to hoop an additional pile of canvas upon the spars of the trembling ship. 'Haul, rig out, and hoist away!' but scarcely had the halyards been belayed, when snap went the boom of the top gallant and yard of the lower studding sail. 'Lower away—haul down!' shouted Bangem; make those sails up afresh, point the spare booms, and get them ready for setting again.'

The two vessels continued to fly rapidly towards the coast of Brazil, and the pirate still continued to gain on the chase, although he yawed and fired at an interval of every half hour. Had the Niagara hauled her wind on either tack, she would have soon become the prey of the schooner, as she sailed faster with the wind abeam. Bangem accordingly thought it much better to keep her nearly before the breeze as the pursuer would then have to deviate from his course to bring his guns to bear and consequently deaden at intervals his advance, as an escape was now almost hopeless. The cutlasses and fire-arms were got up on the quarter-deck, and every preparation made by the passengers and crew of the vessel for a desperate defence. There were in all about twenty fighting men on board of the ship, and judging by the masses that thickened the schooner's deck, she must have had five times that number.

For two hours longer the chase was kept up, and at the expiration of that time the pirate was within about three quarters of a mile. Bangem had drawn his men up, and exhorted them to stand by him like Americans in the approaching conflict, when he was interrupted by a heavy crash, and the mizen topmast, top-gallant mast and all, went by the board.

'Aves and knives here!' shouted he, at the top of his voice: 'cut men, cut!—sit yourselves, my liches!—the villain is coming down like a race horse.'

Instantly the lanyards and stays were severed, or carried away, the braces and bowlines unrove, and the wreck floating far astern; but the speed of the Niagara was by this accident considerably lessened, and the schooner, perceiving her advantage, put down her helm, and threw a raking broadside among the rigging and spars of the unfortunate vessel. At the moment the cry of 'Breakers!' was heard from the forecabin, and an exclamation of horror burst from every lip—but one. There was death on every hand and the forms that peopled the decks of the Niagara stood as mute as statues, enveloped in the silent stupor of despair.

'Where away?' asked Bangem; and the cool self possessor of that voice seemed to mock the dangers by which they were surrounded.

'Right ahead!' replied the look out, 'and on both bows.'

'True,' missed the commander, bending his eye in the given direction; 'you may hear them roar above the howling of the wind and waves, even at this distance.'

'Shall I bring her by the wind, sir?' asked the steersman.

'No!' was the stern and determined reply, and another volley of iron crashed along the sides of the Niagara. Scarcely had the pirate missed the chase, that the danger ahead remained to him undiscovered. The day was unaccountably dark and cloudy, and the

smoke rolling to leeward, perhaps screened the reef from his view. However, he saw it not, and now came rushing down upon the crippled ship, confident of his superiority.

'Eace the helm down?' said Bangem, in a voice that was heard above every thing beside; 'lash him there!—and if we perish, the bloodhounds shall keep us company. Hard up again!'

The obedient craft once more fell off before the wind, and roared onward toward the breakers, which roared and foamed not more than half a mile in advance, dragging in her wake the light built schooner, like some giant spirit of death, urging an ignomious being to the shades of darkness. A howl of frenzy that broke from the deck of the corsair, told that they had for the first time become acquainted with the peril that awaited them; and twenty oar forms sprung out upon the bowsprit, armed with axes, and knives, to free themselves from the hold of the ship.

'Now, my lads, give it to the bloodhounds; shout-ed Bangem.

A volley was the reply, and every soul without the schooner's cut water perished; as many more sprang to take their places, but again the fire from the Niagara's quarter deck, swept them away like chaff before the wind of heaven.

In the meantime, both vessels were rushing madly toward the reef; they were not a hundred yards from the breakers, and both parties ceased hostilities to gaze on the foaming waters and iron rocks that in another moment threatened to dash them into eternity. Hope had left every bosom; the pirates no longer endeavored to separate themselves from the Niagara, but stood pale and trembling, waiting with horror to pay the last dark forfeit of their lives. Both vessels were now within the influence of the reef; the long, heavy rollers, in conjunction with the wind, were driving them rapidly upon the rocks, when the schooner's bowsprit, shrouds, bobstays and all gave way; the liberated vessel swung round and struck, while the Niagara, forged by the ledge, unscathed! The next billow dashed the pirate higher upon the reef, where she washed from view by the roaring and foaming seas that broke over her devoted hull. The crash of her falling spars, was then heard, and the shrieks and wailings of the drowning wretches rose for one moment, above the thunder of the surf; but it was only for a moment; and they were lost forever. When the Niagara passed the cluster of rocks upon which the schooner went to pieces, she was hurled along in the very centre of the principal reef, where the eddies and currents rendered her totally unmanagable. She no longer obeyed her helm, but drifted along a disabled thing, at the sport of the wind and waves, the sea roaring the while like thunder around her, and the spray breaking in dense masses over her.

There was ten minutes of apiling anxiety during which every one expected to feel her strike against the rocks; yet for ten minutes more she continued to drift through them in safety. The centre and principal ledge was passed, and she began to fall off before the wind. A beam of hope lighted up the countenance of Bangem. He sprang upon the bulwarks, and cast one quick, searching glance at the sea around him.

'Starboard a little!' cried he.

'Starboard a little,' answered the man at the wheel.

'Steady so, wretcher.'

'Meet her it is, sir,' was the reply.

For five minutes more she flew through the intricacies of the reef, without deviation.

'Port! port!—give her the port helm, quick!' shouted Bangem.

'She's got it all sir' was the response; and the gallant ship glided by the last rock that threatened her destruction, and passed safely into the still water between the reef and the main.

there would have been good ground to expect a dissolution this summer; particularly as, during the past winter, the House, awaking a little from the subservient somnolency of the previous four or five sessions, began to exhibit some symptoms of restlessness and opposition which the Executive would not be slow to perceive.

But to have dissolved the House while some of these Bills were before the Privy Council in England, would have been either to shut the Counties they were intended to affect, out of their operations for the next seven years, or to have rendered a new Election necessary when they came from home. From the uncertainty—the tardiness—of all movements at the Colonial office; from the delays which have attended the final sanction of Bills from time to time, there were good grounds to suspect that the Executive might not be in a position to dissolve the Assembly, until it was too late in the season for a General Election to be held. The doubt arising from old experience of official delays, has kept down, in some of the Counties, the excitement which usually precedes a dissolution. In others again, the Constituencies, and their Candidates, balancing the probabilities in favour of a contest, have been preparing for it by the preliminary steps of canvass and nomination. The event has shown that neither had a great deal of odds to give—or can claim much praise, or be subjected to much blame, for what they have omitted or have done. Another month, and the last Proclamation would have been issued—and scarcely time sufficient left to admit of the necessary forms. As it is, there will be but a brief space for the writs to issue, and the Elections to be held, before the weather becomes so cold and unpleasant as to make it extremely disagreeable for freeholders who have any distance to go, to leave their homes. But the Bills have arrived—there is sufficient time—the duty of the Executive is clear and distinct—and maugre the Proclamation in last Wednesday's Gazette, (which some do think was intended to mislead, that the people might be taken, as much as possible, by surprise,*) the House will be dissolved, and a General Election held forthwith.

This will, we have good reason to believe, be felt as an important announcement in every part of the Province. In all ordinary times, where there are no peculiar circumstances to render it deeply interesting, a general election, as it concerns the re-construction of the most important branch of the Government, and affords the opportunity of rewarding, according to their deserts, a body of public servants entrusted with extensive powers for good or evil ought to be, and is, an event of vast importance. It is one in which every good and independent man should be prepared to take his share. If he neglects it, he falls short of his duty to himself and to his family—to the state—and to those Members, who having fairly and honourably represented him, to the best of their ability, have a claim to have him pass upon their general conduct, by the record of his opinion upon the Poll Books. But in ordinary times it is invested with a character of great interest, and imposes heavy responsibilities, at a period like the present—when it is a question between the abatement or the continuance of several great social and political nuisances—between cheap and responsible government and gross extravagance and corrup-

*The Packet arrived on Wednesday morning. There was abundance of time to have called a Council, if that were necessary—and the country might as well have had another week's Notice, or the chance of another week of good weather, as not. But, of course, it is of much less consequence that thirty thousand people should wade miles through the snow, than that 10 old gentlemen, living within a few rods of each other, should be assembled in haste.

NOVA-SCOTIA.

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GENERAL ELECTION.—By the Provincial Statute 22 Geo. 3, C. 10, it is enacted that each Assembly shall continue for seven years, unless sooner dissolved by the Executive, the period to be computed from the day appointed for their first meeting in the writ of summons. But the practice has been to dissolve after the sixth session, that the local Government, and those interested in its corruption or abuse, might not be annoyed by the desperate efforts to please the constituency, which it is presumed that dying Assemblies—in order to cover other omissions or offences—might be tempted to make. In conformity with ancient usage, therefore, had these Bills been out of the way,