

'A man overboard!' shouted Wallack, as he sprang to the wheel, and took the helm from him who held it. 'Mr Roland is overboard! Cut away the life buoy there, one of you! main and main top sail braces, both sides. Man clew gaskets and buntlines! Mr Faulkner, rouse up all hands quick! Let go the main tack and sheet, and clew up! Work lively men, or we shall lose him! Haul on the spanker!—now spring to the davits, boys! Cut the lashings,—don't stop to cast off anything!'

These orders had been given at intervals, as rapidly as they could be obeyed, and by the time all hands were up from below, the ship was hove too, with the main-top sail to the mast.

The boat was lowered from the davits and hauled under the quarter, and those who were the most anxious to save the mate were the first to leap into it.

'Let every oar be manned!' shouted the captain, 'and you'll save him yet. I can see him. He's caught the life-buoy!'

The boat pulled eight oars, and with a hand at the tiller, she had nine men in her when she put off, and as Wallack had expected, these comprised the men he most feared. Faulkner saw the whole in an instant, and unobserved by the rest of the crew, who were intently watching the mate, whose white shirt could every now and then be seen, as he rose and fell upon the life-buoy, he sprang forward and secured the fore-castle companion way, so that the men could not readily obtain their arms. When the boat had neared too the captain gradually gave the ship weather helm until the main-top sail was filled abaft. Then as if the affair was the result of an accident, he exclaimed:

'Hallo, I've let her off. Mizzen braces, boys, and we'll wear around on the other tack.'

The men mistrusted not, and in a minute the mizzen topsail was squared.

'Belay there, and jump to the head braces.—That will do—belay.'

As soon as the head braces had been belayed, part of the men came aft to the main deck, not yet suspecting that anything but accident had to do with the movement of the ship. The ship was now very clearly astern, and of course she was sailing away from the boat which had just picked up Roland, and turned to come back.

'Here Howell,' said the captain to one of the men, who had stopped at one of the starboard mainbraces, 'take the helm a moment. Lay aft here all hands,' he ordered and beckoned Faulkner to his side.

Instinctively the men obeyed his orders.

'Shall I let her off, sir?' asked Howell.

'No!' thundered Captain Wallack, as he drew a heavy pistol in each hand, while Faulkner did the same. 'If you move the wheel a single spoke, or leave the helm without my orders, you are a dead man! Stop there!' he continued, turning to the five men who had now come aft. 'The first man that moves till I bid him dies, on the spot! Aha my fine fellows, you are well caught! That boat will never return to this ship. I threw your scoundrel leader overboard, and then I sent nine more after him. They may find the same resting place that they gave poor Gwynn and Russell! Ten of the sixteen individuals who sought to murder me have been disposed of by stratagem: but by heavens, I will use no stratagem with the other six, for if you dare speak a mutinous word, aye, if you dare look a mutinous look, that man is dead on the very next instant. Burnham, Walleigh and Vaughan, step forward here.'

As the Captain spoke, the three men thus designated advanced from their companions, and trembling at every joint, they awaited his will. A moment he looked at them as though he would have utterly annihilated them with his very gaze: and then he said:

'Tell me my men and mind that you tell me truly—were you frightened into this bloody mutiny, or did you join it of your own good will?'

'Oh, Captain Wallack,' exclaimed Walleigh as he fell upon his knees and clasped his hands while the others followed his example, 'we were drawn into it, sir. Gwynn and Russell had both gone, when Roland threatened to kill us if we didn't join him. As there is a God in Heaven we did it to save our lives.'

'And you, Howell,' said the Captain as he turned to the man at the wheel. 'Walleigh knows,' answered Howell, not daring to let go the wheel, but laying his right hand on his heart, 'that I refused at first, but there were twelve of them, sir, and we could not help it.'

'Well, my men, I believe you,' returned Captain Wallack, in a frank tone, 'and if you prove faithful now, I will not only forgive you but I will never speak of your fault to your harm.'

'Oh, God bless you sir!' ejaculated they all in a breath, and the tears of gratitude rolled thick and fast down their weather beaten cheeks.

'That will do—I will trust you now,' said the Captain, who saw they were now sincere in their protestations. 'Now bring me some seizing stuff from the long boat, Walleigh, and we will soon dispose of Mr. Roland's two remaining companions.'

The two men were bound without trouble, and placed in the longboat for safe keeping.—They begged and they prayed that they too might be pardoned, but Wallack knew that the

fear of punishment alone actuated them, and he would not trust them.

The ship was soon in good sailing trim, and put N. E. by E., and in four days she was anchored in Funchal roads, where the two mutineers were delivered up to justice, and where Captain Wallack once more fitted up for his sea voyage.

When the Jacob Morgan returned to the United States, Captain Wallack learned that her owners had given her up for lost. A homeward bound East Indiaman had picked up one of her boats, which was found bottom upwards in the water twelve hundred miles to the northward and westward of the Cape Verdes.

The villian Reland, and his companions in guilt had indeed met the same grave to which they had consigned poor Gwynn and Russell.

They had thought to make the blue bosom of the Atlantic bear them on their ungodly enterprise, but its rolling waves were only destined to burst open the gates of eternity, and usher their souls into the presence of Him who crushed them in their path of sin!

TAKE FLAGS, ONE GLORY MORE.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Write on your flags another name!

The stirring ones they bear
To-day shall see a newer fame
Their ancient glory share;
From Abraham's heights and Plassy's plain
Right well-known words they bore;
To-day another boast they gain,
To-day, one glory more.

Steep rose the cliff; deep flowed the stream,
Above their thousands lay;
And muskets' roll and bayonets' gleam
Told they stood well at bay;
A hundred guns the force had sent
That through our rent ranks tore;
Up—with the cold steel in we went,
And won one glory more.

Then, flags, receive the Alma's fame,
And shall that be the last?
Shall you not show a prouder name.

Ere Autumn's days are past?
Sebastopol awaits the doom
That Badajos once bore;
Flags, on your conquering folds keep room
For yet one glory more.

From Sharp's Journal.

A GLANCE AT THE SERVIANS.

THE Servians are tall, slight, and well made, with dark complexions, rather the result of climate than a characteristic of their race; for blue eyes are frequently to be seen amongst them. The men wear long hair and moustaches, their features are regular, but with a somewhat suspicious and sinister expression. In advanced life they become emaciated from frequent fastings and from the too free use of brandy, (rakie.) The Servians are naturally idle, and this disposition is materially promoted by the ease with which they gain their living, together with their religious customs; their holidays forming a third part of the year, during which time they dare not work, unless upon the fields of their priests, by which little labor they are taught they are working for their salvation. The women are handsome, and delight in decking themselves in silks and finery of all descriptions. Their caps are thickly ornamented with gold tinsel, over which a veil is thrown. Like the Croatian women, they use paint from an early age, and adorn their ears with rings, and their necks with rows of coral beads. Bright colors are most admired; even their boots and shoes are often made of red or yellow leather. Amongst their superstitious customs, homage to the Genius of Spring, though savoring of paganism, evinces a spirit of poetry. On Saint George's eve, the girls of a village, dressed in their best clothes, collect the sweetest field flowers, and wander forth in troops to the nearest river or lake, into which they throw their offering amidst singing, dancing, and merry-making.

Brought up in profound ignorance, and influenced by so many prejudices, it cannot be wondered that their imagination is perpetually beset by witches and ghosts, who we suppose play a prominent and certainly a very mischievous part, even in their most trivial occupations. At the head of their evil spirits stands the vampyre, an active and destructive monster, without any defined shape; but, nevertheless, universally acknowledged and dreaded. The superstition is, that the vampyre rises from the corpses of those who have died excommunicate, or who, owing to their ill conduct through life, have descended to the neither regions. To the spirits of such persons the Servians attribute supernatural power over the living, whom they are said to be able to visit and torment at pleasure. The vampyre rises from its grave at midnight, and glides through the keyhole into the room of the sleeper, whose blood it gradually sucks out. The victim ere long expires, and in turn becomes a vampyre, carrying on after death the same terrible practice. Whenever one or two sudden deaths occur, they are ascribed to a nocturnal visitor of this kind, and the inhabitants at once resort to the most efficacious means for putting a stop to the visits of the evil spirit. As a com-

munity is seldom without some member who bears evil reputation to his grave, the finger of the public points to him as the cause of the calamity, and the people, sometimes led by the priest and magistrate, betake themselves to the cemetery to subject the suspected corpse to a lynch-law process. The grave is opened, its occupier again brought to the light of day, and on the priest's granting a formal absolution of his sins, the corpse, at the command of the magistrate, is fixed to the coffin by a stake, to prevent it from again rising; and in some cases, when the efficacy of the stake is doubted, the body is burned and the ashes scattered to the winds.

Next to the vampyre rank the witches. Although represented here, as everywhere, in the harmless form of a decrepit old woman, they too are supposed to be invested with superhuman powers, and are made responsible for all the petty accidents of daily life that befall either man or beast. It is believed that the Devil lends them his powerful aid through life, and afterwards, in consideration of his services, carries them off after a fixed period amidst a storm of hail and thunder. This invisible abduction always happens before the corpse reaches consecrated ground. As an illustration thereof, we may here relate the following anecdote:—A few years since an aged woman, suspected of witchcraft, died in one of the Servian villages. In opposition to strong public feeling, the last rites of religion had been performed, and the coffin was borne towards its resting-place, followed by a concourse of her neighbours. The procession set out under a cloudless sky, but as it approached the cemetery, all at once a furious storm broke forth. The coffin was abandoned, and the attendants ran right and left in search of shelter from the violence of the tempest. In a short time, however, the weather cleared up, and the funeral train was again about to proceed, when on lifting up the coffin, the men declared that it felt empty. Suspecting some mischief, they opened it, and lo! Instead of the corpse there lay naught but an old broom.

The Servians possess a decided warlike spirit, which, kept within proper bounds, is capable of great things. But various ferocious and lawless propensities greatly diminish their worth as allies, and as adversaries render them more troublesome than dangerous. Like the Croatian borderers, they are, notwithstanding their courage, less fitted for a lengthened combat in line, than for the defence of the entrenchments and villages. But most of all are they adapted for surprises and razzias, whereby momentary and individual valor may turn the fate of the day in their favor. In war, they know no mercy, and perpetrate atrocities and excesses of the wildest kind. Of this, the inhabitants of Hungary have had many fearful proofs. Scarcely had the Servians settled down in their new home, than in the third year of the eighteenth century, they were summoned by the Emperor of Austria to muster all their available forces against the Hungarians, who, under the guidance of Prince Rakocsy, the younger, had risen in insurrection. The Servians had only bound themselves to fight the Turks; but the occasion was too enticing for them to allow it to escape, though at the expense of their hosts. A prospect of rich booty far outweighed the dictates of honor and gratitude, and they set out in large numbers, marching between the Theiss and Danube, and extending their incursion as far as the Carpathians. They carried on a warfare like that which they had been wont to wage against their former master, the Turks; that is to say, with fire and sword.—wherever their terrible bands passed, there every trace of life and of civilization disappeared. Thus they went on plundering and murdering during the whole of the Hungarian war of independence, from 1703 till 1709. The witness to these unheard-of cruelties learned to speak of the Servians with a shudder, and bestowed upon them the cognomen of savages, which afterwards became proverbial. As long as their bands would be of any use, their vanity was flattered, and their hopes of independence kept alive by glowing promises.

No sooner however was peace restored, than the promises were forgotten and under Maria Theresa, who would gladly have seen in each of her subjects either a monk or a nun, the Greek Servians were compelled to adopt the Romish faith. The consequence of this forcible attempt at proselytism was a general rising which was suppressed first by the sword, and then by the execution of hundreds of their chiefs; the most orthodox being compelled to leave the country. Several thousand families wandered to Russia, where they were favourably received, and afterwards formed a colony called New Servia. Seeing how their services to Austria had been remunerated, and how little chance they had of realizing their ambitious designs on that score, the Servians struck into an opposite course, and in the year 1790 petitioned the Hungarian Diet as to their definitive fusion with Hungary. The Diet, forgetting past wrongs, made the greatest efforts to free their tribe from the military rule of Austria, but succeeded only in favor of a third part, who were incorporated with the counties they lived in.

SCRAPS.

A very polite young lady seeing a doctor open his lance to bleed her, begged him to desist, as she never had anything to do with doctrinal points.

The Politician.

THE COLONIAL PRESS.

From the Toronto Daily Colonist.
POLITICS IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

Dear Colonist,— . . . These are stirring times in political New Brunswick. The political horizon for the past two weeks has been filled with a kind of contagion, which has laid our old administration lifeless. Yes! the Government of nearly two years' standing has been defeated. The Liberals, Radicals, and Roman Catholics are at the helm of state affairs.

A few days after the arrival of the Hon. H. M. Sutton and his inauguration into the Government of this Province, a meeting of the New House of Assembly was convened to take into consideration the "Reciprocity Treaty," so generally understood by all Americans. No sooner was the "Address" of his Excellency delivered before the House, than one Fisher, of Radical notoriety and an office-seeking Lawyer, moved a vote of "want of confidence" in the then existing administration. In this act Fisher was backed particularly by Ritchie—a sycophant, honor-seeking "Limb," whose seat in the Legislature was secured by one vote, which subsequently was proved to be a bad one. By scheming, conniving, and secret meetings, these two lawyers succeeded in getting a pledge from the new and raw recruits of the last election, many of them mere boys, with minds but half formed. With this small detachment they prepared for a general warfare. The battle grew strong and disastrous. Strong in windy words, disastrous to common sense, and good English. And in a great measure disastrous principles; for occasionally during the height of the storm, some public lawyer would seize the chance to "go over" to the enemy's side—thinking his bread and butter would be sure if the opposition succeeded. The conflict waxed warmer and warmer,—day after day, hewed the members of the oppositions, increasing,—the fate of the Conservative Government of New Brunswick was sealed. After five days' discussion, the vote was taken; the Government was ousted. This, I conceive, to be one of the most lamentable facts which will ever stand upon the records of our history. First, because so many Judas's have been discovered in our Assembly,—hatching upon the public for a living, which they are willing to cackle over so long as danger is in the distance, but who would betray, basely, ignominiously betray, principle, gratitude, yea! the very interests of their country, for a paltry bag of silver. And secondly, because the administration just entered into office, and the Representatives of Radicals and Catholics,—men who are bound to support the opinion, and foster the sentiment of the Clique and the Creed, who have placed them there. The step so recently taken, is not one with which all the constituencies will be pleased, for had these men been fair and honest in their intention, they would have laid their plans open to their several constituents for approval or condemnation;—but no! the hustings never breathed a sentiment of evil against the government, nor public cards prefer a single charge. In deceit they told a flattering tale—they lured their people,—they secured their seats,—they immediately struck out for office; which alone was to be won by overturning the administration.—The ruse was successful. Now, the next thing necessary was to form a ministry. For three days the leader of the opposition found it a most difficult task to scrape together an efficient number of common sense men, upon whom the several offices under the government, might devolve. Finally, the immutable Fisher himself, took the Attorney Generalship, Tilley, the Provincial Secretaryship, Johnson the Solicitor Generalship, while of the twenty-seven mummy heads, not one was capable, or dare take the office of Surveyor General, consequently the LEGISLATURE was ransacked, and one Steves chosen to fill the office temporarily.

Richey did not venture to take an office of emolument, lest on coming again before the people of the country, he would find his days numbered, in which, for himself, he acted wisely.—Tilley, however, returns to this city for re-election, before entering upon the duties of his office; and as much as Mr. Tilley is respected and honored as a man, and member of society, yet the people here will, I have no doubt, refuse to own him as a government man, under the new regime. Johnson will return to Northumberland, where he may, possibly, succeed, as the people in that section of the Province understand as much about politics, as politics understand about them. Fisher will have to meet an indignant and bamboozled constituency, and, if report speaks true, his chances of the re-election are small. And Steves has got no constituency before which he can appear, having made himself unpopular by courting the liberal side in the late House. His friends, fearing his defeat at the election of last summer, succeeded in having him shelved, by obtaining him a place in the Legislative Council. Now, as it is requisite every Executive officer should hold a seat in the House, of course Mr. Steves's appointment is unconstitutional and illegal.

We have a pretty set of officials in the Go-