

nah's heart died within her as she saw these orders obeyed with joyful alacrity; they sprung to his bidding, and demoniac joy shone in hideous faces. The deck was speedily covered with arms; boarding-pikes, cutlasses, pistols and dirks, lay in huge piles together; large pieces of cannon were hoisted from below, and the smaller ones at the port holes, put in proper trim. Hannah gazed on these proceedings in mute horror; she turned her eyes to the point where all were anxiously looking, and beheld a distant ship. Quickly the unconscious bark came on; her white sails glittering in the morning sun;—she was deeply laden, and her hull almost even with the water; she approached within half a mile, and the Spanish flag floated gaily from her mast. Clifford displayed an answering signal, but the Spaniard seemed suspicious, and bore away on her course; the pirates followed in her track. A wreath of white smoke from their ship spread wide in the morning air—a single ball skipped along the sea and lodged in the low hull of the slaver, for such she was, homeward bound, with a cargo of slaves and gold dust. Sickness had thinned her crew, or she would have been more than a match for her antagonist; but they that remained were well used to fight, and speedily returned the salute with a full volley.

Hannah had fallen senseless at the feet of Clifford, and Antonio bore her below; she revived to the yells of the pirates, the crash of cannon, and the stifling smoke around her. A full broadside from the pirate had been just discharged; the ships were nearly yard-arm and yard-arm, and Clifford with his naked cutlass, stood ready to spring into the rigging, when there arose a wild unearthly sound, far, far above the roar of cannon—it was the scream of hundreds of human beings, pent up in the hold of the slaver! With fearful madness they burst open the hatches, and came pouring on the deck. That wild scream rang long in Hannah's ears, and as the smoke rolled away, the awful sight met her eyes.—The sea was dyed a deep purple with human blood!—hundreds of the dying and of the dead floated around the ship, and in the midst of them the dark fin of the shark was seen, raised above the water!—Some of the unfortunates sprang with shrieks from his jaws, and then were lost in the red wave.

The Spanish slaver and his African victim clung together in the death grasp; none of the pirates suffered; the confusion in the slaver gave them an easy prey, and they now finished their work of havoc. Immense quantities of

treasures were transferred to the pirate vessel, and the water rushing fast into the Spanish barque alone warned them to desist. Hannah stood at the cabin lattice, gazing at the horrid scene below her; an icy calmness came over her, and she retained her senses clear and distinct till the last trace of blood vanished from her sight, and the blue sea rolled bright and beautiful as before. A deep cloud seemed to pass before her, and she started as if awaking from a dream. Long and loud was the carousal that night on board the pirate ship. For three years Hannah remained in her dreary abode among the pirate crew; many a dark tragedy was acted before her eyes; but one bright vision arose like a sunbeam and illumined that darkest period of her existence.—She was the mother of a child; beautiful as the form of a poet's dream—Hannah's heart had sunk in sullen apathy beneath her destiny, neither fear nor hope of change for long, long days had come across her mind, but now for her innocent child how she sighed for a home, far from the wretches among whom it had been born. All the warm affections and deep feeling that once glowed in the soul of Hannah Gray, sprang from their hiding place and centered in her child; they had been crushed and wounded by years of sorrow, but they now glowed warm and bright as before.

One evening as she sat on deck, gazing on the infant in whose deep dark eyes shone the germs of a whole life of feelings and ideas, she pressed him to her bosom, and wept to think how the germ within might be contaminated—when the loud shout from aloft announced an approaching sail. Hannah's heart had grown so hardened by despair, and fight and danger so familiar to her, as hardly to excite an emotion—but now in the revived state of her feelings, she looked with agony on the approaching vessel. Fast and beautifully she urged her way through the waters; the white foam flung from her prow; her light and graceful masts bending beneath the load of canvass. She was a small and beautifully built English vessel, and her nation's ensign was proudly spread to the breeze. The pirate hovered for an instant, like the hawk upon its prey, and then commenced the attack. The English, though far inferior in numbers, were resolved to resist to the last, and bravely fought while a man remained. Their few guns were so directed, that the pirate's crew fell fast before them, and so shattered their vessel that ere the victory was decisive, she had settled deep in the water;—their numbers, however, gave them the advan-