

stern, and then her long gun was pointed abaft, and cut us up most miserably—the shots ploughing the deck, and tearing and rending every thing before them—but still without wounding a single person, for except myself and the man at the helm, every soul else was in the hold.

I concluded that she meant to sink us; and as some of the shots struck the ship below the breast-hooks, she made a good deal of water; but the men were prompt with such materials as they could find, for plugs, and there was no immediate danger. Finding, however, that we made no further resistance, he got out two large boats, and going about kept them out of sight to windward, and stood towards us till he got within a cable's length of our weather-bow, when he tacked, and the boats, filled with men, shoved off to board us. Hastily scanning the armament with my glass, I distinctly saw the pirate in a mask, and should have taken him for a negro, had not Amos exclaimed in a suppressed voice.—'It is he—he comes—and the hour of retribution has arrived.'

My carronades had been reloaded, and my gallant fellows, with incredible speed, dragged them forward to the middle, which was closed. It was a moment of fearful excitement—the boats were close to us, nearly under our bows—when open flew the port, and they got the full benefit of the discharge—killing, and crashing, and wounding. But we could only fire one gun before the wretches were scrambling up the head, and on to the fore-castle. I had retreated with my men to the larboard waist, so as to place the long boat between us and the assailants, and directed them to be sure of their aim, and fire—they did so, and ten of the pirates fell to rise no more. 'Now, lads,' shouted I, 'your pistols and cutlasses and the day is our own.' We made a desperate rush, a sharp hand-to-hand struggle ensued, and we were the victors, having the Black Bloodhound himself among the prisoners. In an instant the American darted at him, tore the mask from his face, and I beheld the handsome features of my coffee-house acquaintance at Havana. I had not a moment, however, to bestow upon the recognition so as to renew our intimacy, for about a dozen of men had crowded back into one of the boats, and were making off on their return to the schooner. The second carronade, however, speedily supplied the place of that which had been discharged, and, pointing it myself, I waited the dispersion of the smoke to ascertain the issue. On its clearing away, I saw the boat filled with water, and the men who yet lived were swimming around her.

A loud shout abaft now attracted my attention, but the smoke from the gun still clung to the rigging aloft, yet I could distinctly see the American and Jackson, and several of the men, clustered together on the gangway, and following the direction of their looks up to the mainstay, there was the body of the Black Bloodhound, writhing in the convulsive agonies of death—Amos was right—his hour of retribution had come!

I hastily ran aft to stay this illegal execution, but was too late—the carcass which but a few minutes before had been full of life and animation, now hung suspended without motion—the vital principle had fled.

Amos knelt upon the deck, the blood flowed freely from fresh wounds he had received in his breast and on his head, and presenting a most ghastly spectacle. 'Lord now let thy servant depart in peace,' uttered he, in a low but fervent tone; 'Thou hearest my petition, and hast granted the prayer thereof, blessed be thy holy name.' I shuddered to hear the Deity addressed in terms of gratitude for the indulgence of revenge, and should have expressed my disgust but a shot from the pirate came crashing through the bows—and Amos lay at my feet a headless corpse!

'The schooner means boarding, Sir,' shouted O'Brien. 'Up helm,' cried I, running aft—'tend the braces, men, and trim the sails, as she gathers good way.'

The ship payed off, and the schooner, observing our manoeuvre, gave us a broadside, that scratched two of my men out of the book of life, and wounded three others. I must own that a sickness of heart came over me when I witnessed this destruction of so many of my gallant band; but Jackson suddenly aroused me by a shout—'the ship, Sir,—the frigate—hurra, I knew our iron-sides (the name by which the Captain went amongst these men) wouldn't leave us—hurra, boys!—every rogue on 'em will be strung up like ingons.'

I looked, and there, sure enough, was the dashing craft emerging from the fog, under a heavy press, and coming down to our rescue. One of the pirate's boats was yet lying under our bows—the frigate was too close for the schooner to get away; besides, the master-spirit that had ruled their actions was no more; so manning the boat with six men, I prepared to board. In another quarter of an hour I stood upon the pirate's deck—no creature was to be seen but mingled dead and wounded lay in all directions. I brought the vessel to the wind, lashed her helm a-lee and then went into the cabin, urged by an irresistible impulse, to ascertain the fate of the young females.

They were there—the eldest was sitting crouched in a corner, her long hair hanging over her neck and bosom, and her eyes wildly glaring with unnatural ferocity. The youngest was extended at full length, with her head resting in her sister's lap, and her face turned up with a fixed expression, on the countenance of the elder. I spoke soothingly, but the only answer returned

was an hysterical laugh—alas! one was a maniac, and the other a corpse!

The boats from the frigate boarded us soon after, and my command was transferred from the Yankee to the schooner—the body of the chief still hung at the mainstay, nor would Captain suffer it to be lowered down—and a fair breeze springing up, we steered for Jamaica; and entered Montego Bay with the human sacrifice still exposed. Upwards of forty of the pirates had been killed or wounded, and the rest expiated their crimes on the gallows. The young surviving female of the American family never properly recovered her reason, but she inherited the property of her father, and lived upon it many years, refusing every offer of marriage that was made to her.

The uncle and niece were buried in the same grave. The planters very handsomely presented me with a valuable gold mounted sword, and the men with ten doubloons each; the beautiful craft was purchased into the service, raised upon and spoiled; and the body of the pirate chief, enclosed in an iron frame, was suspended from a gibbet just above high water mark—a signal instance of just Retribution.

The following little tale is none the worse for being old:

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.—An old clock that had stood for forty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one Summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this the dial plate—if we may credit the fable—changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels and weights with one voice protested their innocence.

But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spake: 'I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stopping, and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is that I am tired of ticking.' Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the very point of striking.

'Lazy wire!' exclaimed the dial plate, holding up its hands. 'Very good!' replied the pendulum. 'It is vastly easy for you; Mistress Dial, who, as every body knows, have always set yourself above me—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness—you, who have nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that is going on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards year after year as I do.'

'As to that,' said the dial, 'is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?' For all that, resumed the pendulum, 'it is very dark here; and, although there is a window, I dare not stop even for an instant to look at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life, and if you wish I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment, I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours. Perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum.'

The minute hand, being quick at figures, presently replied, 'Eighty-six thousand four hundred times.'—'Exactly so,' replied the pendulum. 'Well, I appeal to you all if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one. And, when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself I'll stop.'

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this language, but resuming its gravity thus replied: 'Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden action. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time—so have we all, and are likely to do, which although it may fatigue us to think of, the question is whether it will fatigue us to do. Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?'

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times in its usual pace. 'Now,' resumed the dial, 'I may be allowed to inquire if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?'—'Not in the least,' replied the pendulum. 'It is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions.'—'Very good,' replied the dial; 'but recollect that though you may think of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one, and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in.'—'That consideration staggers me, I confess,' said the pendulum. 'Then I hope,' resumed the dial plate, 'we shall all immediately return to our duty, for the maids will lie in bed if we stand idling thus.'

Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed, when

as with one consent the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and to its credit as loud as ever, while a red beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shining full upon the dial plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

THE RICE HARVEST IN CHINA.—The first harvest commences at the latter end of May; the second about the end of October. The process of reaping is performed by men who wade through the mud and cut the straws with a small sickle. Great numbers of the poorer people assist to carry it, when cut, in their arms to the causeway. In some parts of the paddy-fields on the banks of the river, it is impossible to keep off the water at high tides, as the surface is below the bed of the river, and the slimy nature of the earth prevents the formation of embankments. In this case, all the operations must be performed by floating workmen. Very small boats containing the reapers are thrust among the paddy, and, as they separate the grain, they put it into the other larger boats, which follow them about to bear it on the general stock. So many people hard at work, popping in and out of the little-watery paths, and rustling about completely hidden within, form a very singular scene, which reminds you of the rabbits clandestinely nibbling the first blades of the corn. On the causeway, the paddy is collected in heaps, but so regularly placed that a single straw seems scarcely out of due order.—This is characteristic of the minute industry of the lower orders of the Chinese. The grain is then borne to the boats at the landing place by men, who carry across their shoulders a stout bamboo, to each end of which is suspended a light frame, made somewhat like a scale, of two pieces of elastic wood crossing each other, and having a cord extending from each extremity to the end of the bamboo. In this kind of balance the long straws are placed, and the laborer, goes away at a jog-trot pace, looking somewhat like a man of May day enveloped in the round-about of foliage. As the reapers proceed with their work, the finished parts are strewed with gleaners. There are certain regulations respecting this privilege which may appear to us trivial, but which no doubt, are highly necessary with so superabundant a population. The poor men, women and children who represent this class of eleemosynary collectors, are not allowed to enter their ground of competitors until a stated number of hours has elapsed after the reaping. By this means they are kept at a distance from the workmen, and that picking and stealing are prevented which might otherwise occur, and cause so much ill blood between the poor people and the farmers with us.—*The Fan-Quir in China.*

For the Pearl. TO LAVINIA.

Soon I must bid the pleasant scenes farewell
Where of my life the sweetest hours I've known;
And oh, Lavinia! will you wish me well,
And in your prayers remember me when gone?
For whereso'er my foot may chance to roam—
Be good or ill the lot that me attends—
My thoughts will often fondly backward turn
To that dear spot where you and I were friends.

When I to distant foreign climes have passed,
Where few on me will with affection smile;
My eye oft o'er the waters wide I'll cast,
And sigh to be, dear friend, with thee awhile,
With fancy's eye I'll view the social board,
Where with companions dear we've joyful met;
And though my name may there be seldom heard,
I'll hope there's one that never will forget.

I'll think of thee at Eve's delightful hour,
When dew-steep'd flowers droop their lovely heads;
And the smiling red sun in his downward course
O'er nature's face his sweetest radiance sheds;
When rose tints slowly leave the summer cloud
That floating on the balmy breeze is seen,
As day's last glimmering beam declines
Along the waters of the western main.

I'll call to mind the lovely beaming smile
That o'er thy brow of snowy whiteness plays—
The dimpled cheek, whose beautiful tints excel
Those which the rose in all its prime displays.
I'll call to mind thine eye of loveliest blue,
Which with a mild angelic lustre beams,
And tells the thoughts of thy young heart are true,
And free from guile as infant's earliest dreams.
And for thy weal, to Him I'll breathe a prayer,
Who this fair world did into being call,
And who hath said that e'en the little birds
Should not to earth without his knowledge fall.

May, 1838.

RAYMOND.

TENDERNESS.—Affection, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen soil at last; and the heart which asks nothing but another heart to make it happy, will never seek in vain.

SMALL VICES.—It is harder to conquer small and habitual defects than great and unfrequent vices, as it is harder to destroy a swarm of insects than one wild beast.