

sulted Lord Seaford relative to the propriety of procuring a warrant to arrest the crew, but he laughed at their suspicion, as being highly absurd and ridiculous, and to give his opinion the greater weight, entertained the officers of the vessel at his own table.

Frederic was busy one morning at his nearly completed task, and Catharine, weary with her play, had fallen asleep, when looking up, he beheld opposite the entrance of the cove, a vessel that appeared to him to be the same finely built schooner of which he was attempting a miniature copy. A spy-glass, which he kept in Catharine's play-house, through which he loved to watch the arrival and departure of the fishing-boats, was the next minute in his hand, and bent upon the dark-hulled vessel.—A minute's observation assured him that it was the same, and a thrill of pleasure passed through his frame, when he saw that she was bearing down towards the cove under a full press of canvass, her stem sprinkled with the white foam she threw up before her, like the breast of the panting war-horse, when in the heat of battle. His next thought was of the swarthy, savage-looking crew, and though he feared them not himself, he knew that their appearance would frighten Catharine. He therefore gently awoke her, and telling her it was time to return, led her home, and then hastened back to watch the approach of the schooner. By this time, it was so near as to be distinctly seen with the naked eye, and it was not long before reaching the entrance of the cove, she shot like an arrow through the deep but narrow opening. Instead, however, of making for what was considered the most commodious place of anchorage, she bore down towards the point, where not far distant, the rocky precipice projected some forty or fifty feet into the water. This precipice, from which shot up the turrets of the castle, as if they had been a part of it, rose perpendicularly, like a huge buttress from the floor of the ocean, except on one side, which though sloping steeply, did not enough so as to prevent art from assisting nature in the formation of a few rude steps, which enabled a person to scale the rock to about mid-height, where there was a kind of shelf more than a foot wide.—At the bottom of this steep and imperfect stairway, was a boat secured to an iron staple inserted in the rock. The attention of Frederic had been riveted upon the schooner, when suddenly he heard the voice of his uncle, Lord Seaford, speaking to the captain of the vessel in a language to him unknown. He was stand-

ing on the shelf of the precipice just described, and the next moment rapidly descending the steps he sprang into the boat, and steered for the schooner, which had furled her sails and was lying to, within a short distance. He was received on board, and he and the captain immediately descended to the cabin, where having conversed in low but earnest voices, fifteen or twenty minutes, they re-appeared on deck.

"You say that is the boy, who stands on the beach eyeing us so intently," said the captain, addressing Lord Seaford.

"Yes."

"A smart, bold looking little fellow. What if we should initiate him into the mysteries of our craft, instead of disposing of him in the manner you propose?"

"No, no," replied Lord Seaford, "he is old enough to remember, and should he be spared, he will give me trouble hereafter. A deed done, as the proverb says, has an end."

"True," replied the captain, "but I should rather he had been a puny, sickly looking brat, such as I expected him to be, from his being subject to no control except a mother's. Instead of that, he is the finest, most spirited-looking boy I have seen this many a day. If I could have the training of him, in five years from now I could trust him with a separate command."

"Once for all," said Lord Seaford, "I tell you that the agreement we made in the cabin, must be adhered to, to the letter. Promise me this upon oath, as I will not now, after what you have said, otherwise trust you."

"Take my written oath, if you please," he replied, and taking a piece of paper from his pocket-book, he rapidly wrote a few words with a pencil, and handed it to him.

"That will do," said Lord Seaford, "but pencil-marks are easily erased. Will you write the same with ink?"

"Yes, with my blood, if it will the better content you. Carlos, go to the cabin and bring me a pen."

As he spoke, he drew from his belt a small dagger, the haft of which was richly inlaid with jewels, and punctured one of the veins of his wrist. By this time the boy had arrived with the pen, and handed it to the pirate captain, who wrote in bloody characters the oath to murder with his own hands the beautiful and innocent boy, who, fearless of danger, stood regarding them from the beach.

"That is well," said Lord Seaford. "Remember, if you violate, there will be no safety for you on sea or land. I have others in my