

Hopkins again appeared on deck, closely enveloped in a boat-cloak, and the men immediately came aft in a body, demanding the "due execution of their laws."

"Why, how now!" exclaimed Ezekiel; "of what have you to complain? I left you a satisfied and contented people but one short week since—what means this demonstration?"

"An eye for an eye—and a tooth for a tooth," uttered an old Bostonian; "the marks of the darbies are not yet off your wrists—we are the Avengers, and as it has been meted out, so shall we measure it again."

"What do you require?" said Hopkins, now fully aware that they had been made acquainted with his confinement.

"Punishment for you proud officer," answered the Bostonian. Captain D—curled his lip with contempt, and gave them a glance of defiance, as he continued his walk.

"It was a personal offence," said Ezekiel, as his breast glowed with satisfaction at witnessing this testimony of attachment from his men; "you have no right to interfere in it."

"Captain Hopkins, change places with me," uttered the Bostonian in a tone of argument; "we are bound together by one cord, as one man, and he who hurts a member inflicts injury upon the whole body. What say you, ship-mates?"

A shout was the response, which brought a pallid hue upon the cheek of the British officer; but it vanished in an instant, and his look was as haughty and as steady as before. Hopkins seemed for a minute or two puzzled, when Jasper made his appearance, likewise closely muffled up. "Boatswain," shouted Hopkins, "send every soul aft!" then lowering his voice, he uttered to those around him, "My men, be what you have ever been, true to your country and to me—the day of justice has arrived." There was another shout, and the boatswain having reported every one on deck, Hopkins ascended the sky light. "Avengers," said he, "these hands were the first to hoist your colours at the peak—this arm was amongst the foremost that struck for freedom on the sea. Blood has been shed on shore—our countrymen and the royalists are at open war—we are no longer pirates, but bear the commission of Congress as a continental cruiser, and it has pleased them to reward my humble services with the rank of commodore." He drew off his cloak, and appeared in a handsome uniform, with epaulettes, not much dissimilar to the dress worn by post-captains in the British navy; whilst Jasper also disencumbered himself of disguise, and came forth as a lieutenant. A wave from the commodore's hand brought the other officers into view, each clothed in his proper costume of lieutenant or mid-shipman.

Captain D—looked on in amazement;—he knew that a conflict had taken place at Lexington, and that Congress was endeavouring to organise an army; and now he saw a bold attempt to meet the English on their own element. As soon as the surprise of the Avengers had somewhat ceased, the commodore explained to them the situation in which they would be placed by the change, and offered any of them permission to take the little cutter, with their share of prizeworth, so that they might return to their homes. This every one declined. He then represented to them, that, having become a national vessel, they must treat all who were captured as prisoners of war; but not being able at that moment to spare Captain D—from the ship, he, as well as his men, must put up with the inconvenience of a cruise. As for the cutter, a little labour would make her a pretty tender, and, with sixteen men, and an officer, four small guns and fire-arms, she should hoist the blood-red stripes. After a few minutes' deliberation, the proposal of the commodore was agreed to. He read them his commission and the commissions of his officers, which were received with loud cheers as his swallow-tailed symbol of rank was run up to the mast-head. The cutter was manned with volunteers, and her ensign and pennant, as a continental cruiser, flaunted in the breeze. The vessels filled and stretched out to sea,

and when at a convenient distance, they bore up for the gulf of Florida to intercept the West India trade.

Hostilities between the colonists and the royal army commenced in earnest—the southern states, which had at first remained inactive, now cordially joined the federal union; but though they had possessed themselves of arms, they were in many instances destitute of ammunition. At Charlestown this was particularly the case, but, in a port of East Florida, Hopkins captured an English transport with 15,000lbs. of gun-powder. This achievement was gallantly performed by the boats of the Avenger, and the powder was speedily transferred to the colonial magazine at Charlestown. It would be impossible to detail any of the actions in which Hopkins was engaged for several months, during which he was collecting together a formidable squadron, so that the commencement of 1776 saw him commodore over twelve or fourteen armed ships carrying from eighteen to thirty-two guns each, besides numerous schooners and cutters. He obtained fame and honour amongst the colonists, whilst his unfortunate wife though not rigorously treated, was immured within the jail of Boston. The 17th of March arrived; Lord Howe found his position no longer tenable—humanity urged him to embark his troops—the colonial force took possession of the town and its defences—the men-of-war sailed out of the bay—Melicent was restored to liberty—and, with her smiling boy, was conducted to the government-house amidst the applauding shouts of assembled thousands—no longer the imprisoned bride of an out-lawed pirate, but the honoured wife of the commodore of the infant Colonial Navy. A few days subsequent to this, a beautiful ship entered the bay and brought up off the town—the red striped ensign floated at her peak, and the swallow-tailed budgee appeared at the main. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired, and answered from the forts. A deputation from the authorities waited upon the commodore, to congratulate him on his success. He landed from the state-barge amidst the plaudits of the whole town, and, as he passed through the streets, those plaudits were reiterated; whilst, from the windows the flourishing of handkerchiefs and the smiles of lovely faces welcomed his arrival. He approached the government-house—a female with a child in her arms was standing in the balcony—she wore an India mantilla, brooch on the bosom with a diamond—a white scarf was in her hand, which she kept waving with energetic delight—it was Melicent and her boy, and, in a few minutes more, they were clasped in the embrace of Ezekiel Hopkins—the commander of the AVENGER.

#### PEOPLE SOLD AS SLAVES IN TIME OF FAMINE.—

"Buy us and our land for bread, and we and our land will be servants unto Pharaoh; and give us seed, that we may live, and not die, that the land be not desolate" (Gen. xlvii. 19.)—Mr. Forbes, in speaking upon this subject, says: "The number of poor people who come to Anjengo, in Malabar, and the other seaports, and the inland countries, during a famine, either to sell themselves or dispose of their children as slaves was astonishing. During my residence at Anjengo there was no famine, nor any unusual scarcity of rain; but during the rainy season many were weekly brought down from the mountains to be sold on the coast. They did not appear to think it so great a hardship as we imagine. In the code of Hindoo laws is a provision for those who, in consequence of famine, are reduced to the same dreadful necessity: 'Whoever, having received his victuals from a person during the time of a famine, and hath become his slave, upon giving to his provider whatever he received from him during the time of famine, and also two head of cattle, may become free from his servitude.'—Forbes's Oriental Memoirs.

In the thirst after knowledge, nothing however trifling it may seem, should be neglected; by an intelligent mind, wisdom may be drawn from the most unimportant object. By cultivation, an acorn produces the oak; left to itself, it rots, or is only food for swine.

#### SONG OF DREAMS.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

In the rosy glow of the evening's cloud,  
In the twilight's gloom,  
In the sultry noon, when the flowers are bowed,  
And the streamers are dumb,  
In the morning's beam, when the faint stars die  
On the brightening flood of the azure sky,  
We come!  
Weavers of shadowy hopes and fears,  
Darkeners of smiles, brighteners of tears,  
We come!

We come where the babe on its mother's breast,  
Lies in slumber deep;  
We fit by the maiden's couch of rest,  
And o'er her sleep  
We float like the honey-laden bees,  
On the soft, warm breath of the languid breeze,  
And sweep  
Hues more beautiful than we bring  
From her lip and her cheek, for each wandering wing  
To keep.

We sit by the miser's treasure-chest,  
And near his bed,  
And we watch his anxious heart's unrest;  
And in mockery tread  
With a seeming heavy step about;  
And laugh when we hear his frightened shout  
Of dread,  
Lest the gnomes who once o'er his gold did reign  
To his hoards, to claim it back again,  
Have sped.

But a sunnier scene, and a brighter sky,  
To-day are ours;  
We have seen a youthful poet lie,  
By the fountain's showers,  
With his upturned eyes, and his dreamy look,  
Reading the April sky's sweet book,  
Writ by the hours;  
Thinking those glorious thoughts that grow  
Untutored up in Life's fresh glow  
Like flowers.

We will catch the richest brightest hue  
Of the rainbow's rim,  
The purest cloud that 'mid the blue  
Of heaven doth swim!  
The clearest star-beam that shall be  
In a dew-drop shrined when the twilight sea  
Grows dim;  
And a spirit of love about them breathe;  
And twine them all in a magic wreath  
For him!

PRaise.—Praise is the only employment in which self finds no part. In praise we go out of ourselves, and think only of Him to whom we offer it. It is the most purely disinterested of all services. It is gratitude without solicitation, acknowledgement without petition. Prayer is the overflowing expression of our wants, praise of our affection; prayer is the language of the destitute, praise of the redeemed sinner. If the angelic spirits offer their praise exempt from our mixture of infirmity and alloy, yet we have a motive for gratitude even unknown to the angels: they are unfallen and holy beings, they cannot say, as we can, "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!" Prayer is the child of faith, praise of love: prayer is prospective; praise takes in, in its wide range, enjoyment of present, remembrance of past, and anticipation of future blessings: prayer points the only way to heaven, praise is already there.—Hannah More.

An Emerald wanted to dispose of his watch; and by way of recommending it, said, that it beat the church clock by an hour and a half that blessed day.

Love should have implicit confidence, as its bond and nature; and jealousy is doubt, and doubt is the death of love.