

solicitation, having been tried in vain, would not serve me, I determined to go on the other tack, & to see how far an assumption of coolness and self-possession, or, it might be, a dash of bravado, whether true or feigned, might not at least ensure me some consideration and better treatment from the lawless gang into whose hands I had fallen.

So I set to and ransacked the lockers, where, among a vast variety of miscellaneous matters, I was not long in finding a bottle of very tolerable rum, some salt junk, some biscuit, and a goglet or porous earthen jar of water, with some capital cigars. By this time I was like to faint with the heat and smell; so I filled a tumbler with good half and half, and swigged it off. The effect was speedy; I thought I could eat a bit, so I attacked the salt junk and made a hearty meal, after which I replenished my tumbler, lighted a cigar, pulled off my coat and waistcoat, and, with a sort of desperate glee, struck up at the top of my pipe, 'Ye Mariners of England.' My joviality was soon noticed on deck.

'Eh, what be that?' quoth Obed, 'that be none of our ditties, I guess? who is singing below there?'

'We be all on deck, sir,' responded Paul.

'It can't be the spy, eh?—sure enough it must be he, and no one else; the heat and choke must have made him mad.'

'We shall soon see,' said Paul as he moved the skylight, and looked down into the cabin.

Obed looked over his shoulder, peering at me with his short-sighted pig's eyes, into which, in my pot valiancy, I immediately chucked half a tumbler of very strong grog, and under cover of it attempted to bolt through the scuttle, and thereby gain the deck; but Paul, with his shoulder of mutto's fist, gave me a very unceremonious rebuff, and down I dropped again.

(To be Continued.)

THE PIRATE.

A newly made Lieutenant in the British navy, when strolling away from his lodgings in Jamaica, at night, to gratify his curiosity, had fallen in with the crew of a smuggling vessel; who, considering him a

spy on their movements, had seized and carried him off in their own vessel. The occurrence being ascertained, two ships of war immediately gave chase, but the smuggler, though nearly overtaken, escaped by superior sailing. The pursuit being at an end, the narrative proceeds as below.

"It was now five in the afternoon, & the breeze continued to fall, and the sea to go down, until sunset, by which time we had run the Corvette hull down, and the schooner nearly out of sight. Right a-head of us rose the high land of Cuba, to the westward of Cape Maisie, clear and well defined against the northern sky, and as we neither hauled our wind to weather the east end of the island, nor edged away for St. Jago, it was evident beyond doubt, that we were running right in for some one of the piratical haunts of the Cuba coast. The crew now set to work, and removed the remains of their late messmate, and the two wounded men, from where they lay upon the ballast in the run, to their own birth forward in the bows of the little vessel; they then replaced the planks which they had started, and arranged the dead body of the mate along the cabin floor, close to where I lay, faint and bleeding, and more heavily bruised than I had at first thought.

The Captain was still at the helm; he had neither spoke a word to me or any of the crew, since he had taken the trifling liberty of shooting me through the neck, and no thanks to him that the wound was not mortal; but he now began to draw out the necessary orders for repairing damages. When I went on deck shortly afterwards, I was surprised beyond measure to perceive the injury the little vessel had sustained, and the uncommon speed, handiness and skill, with which it had been repaired. However lazily the command might appear to have been given, the execution of it was quick as lightning. The crew, now reduced to ten working hands, had, with an almost miraculous promptitude, knotted and spliced the rigging, mended and shifted sails, fished the sprung and wounded spars, and plugged and nailed lead over the shot

holes, and all within half an hour.

After the captain had given his orders, and seen the men fairly at work, he came down to the cabin, still ghastly and pale, but with none of that ferocity stamped on his grim features, from the outpouring of which I had suffered so severely. He never once looked my way, more than if I had been a bundle of old junk; but folding his hands on his knees, he sat down on a small locker, against which the feet of the dead mate rested, and gazed earnestly on his face, which was immediately under the open skylight, through which, by this time, the clear cold rays of the moon streamed full on it, the short twilight having already fled, chained as it is in these climates to the chariot wheels of the burning sun. My eye naturally followed his, but I speedily withdrew it. I had often bent over comrades who had been killed by gun-shot wounds, and already remarked what is well known, that the features wore a benign expression, bland and gentle, and contented as the face of a sleeping infant, while their limbs were composed decently, often gracefully, like one resting after great fatigue, as if nature, like an affectionate nurse, had arranged the death-bed of her departed child with more than usual care, preparatory to his last long sleep. Whereas those who had died from the thrust of a pike or the blow of a cutlass, however mild the living expression of their countenance might have been, were always fearfully contorted both in body and mind.

In the present instance, the eyes were wide open, white, prominent, and glazed; the hair, which was remarkably fine, and had been worn in long ringlets, was drenched and clotted into heavy masses with the death-sweat, and had fallen back on the deck from his forehead, which was well formed, high, broad and massive.

Obed knelt beside the shoulder of the corpse, and appeared crushed down to the very earth by the sadness of the scene before him, and I noticed the frequent sparkle of a heavy tear as if it fell from his iron visage on the face of the dead man. At length he untied the string that