

the sharks, which were devouring and tearing my ship-mates limb from limb, I can't say; the water was reddened with their blood, and the horrid rush of these savage creatures, when a new victim was thrown to them, I shall ever remember; even when I gained the rudder I was not safe from them. I had to keep a good look out as they swam about the ship. 'There, there, look,' continued Marks, (for that was the man's name) 'see,' and he pointed overboard, where we could plainly discern the fin of a shark, that still followed the vessel in her slow lee-drift.

'The account of Atkins, the other man, was much shorter. He was ill in his berth, when he heard the cry of pirates; he directly crept out of his hammock into the fore-hold, where he hid himself among the cargo. He saw the pirates search, and partly plunder the vessel, and was once nearly discovered. When they found it was impossible to sink the ship by scuttling her, they set fire to her, and set two barrels of powder where the flames would reach them in about an hour. When they were gone he got out, and rolled the powder to the pump-well where it fell down, and got jammed. He thought the fire had too much hold to be got under; he did not know when it would reach the powder, but it would not be safe to remain much longer on board.

'As we could not go forward on account of the smoke and flames we lost no time in examining the cabins. In the fore-cabin everything was in its usual order—nothing appeared to be disturbed; and the after one, which was the ladies', seemed the same. The only sign of confusion was a capsized chess-board. We then went to the state rooms. The door of the first we came to had been forced open; it was the berth for the children and servants. We saw that that made us tremble; the blood of the boldest of us curdled. There lay the children murdered; and the servants as though trying to protect them, had also been killed by these devils—men you could not call them, for men don't butcher women and children. But there the poor things lay, stabbed and hacked about; and, when we thought how merry and happy we had seen them the night before, and now! and their poor mother, too! If you had seen the clenched hands, the quivering lips, and the flashing eyes of the men you might have known what they meant. But, though I felt it myself, I can't tell you; I don't know how, because I can't get the words.

'The roaring of the flames told us we had not much time to lose, so taking the dead bodies with us, we returned on board. Our captain immediately shaped his course for Jamaica direct. We had left the burning wreck about an hour when we saw two bright flashes, and heard a sound like a distant broadside.

'Well all on board had sorrowful faces that day; and in the afternoon, when the bodies had been sewn up in hammocks and were placed at the lee-gangway, our captain, though a very stern man, made two or three gulps before he could read the service, and even then not in a steady voice; ay, and fore-and-aft there was hardly a dry eye. 'We made Port Royal in a few days. Our cruise was nearly up, but the Admiral was surprised to see us back so soon, and was much shocked when he heard the cause. The unfortunate victims were the wife, children, and sister of Mr. Ellis, a gentleman lately settled, but still well known and respected on the island, and who was anxiously expecting the arrival of the Coquette. The Admiral wished to break the news as gently as possible to the unhappy man, but he had already heard it from the report spread by some of our crew, and he came on board almost mad. We were the only spare vessel in the harbour, and we were delayed one day in taking in fresh water before we were sent to look for the pirate.

'From Mark's description of her, she was at once recognised as a well-known vessel, called the Snake. She was commanded by an Englishman, was of very large size, carrying from fourteen to sixteen guns, and from being so well manned and handled, and such a fast sailer, she had always contrived to escape our cruisers though once or twice not without a little fighting.

'Poor Mr. Ellis prayed to be allowed to continue on board; and the first lieutenant willingly gave up his cabin to him. We intended to cruise round about the neighbourhood of Hayti, and look into the harbours and creeks on the coast, though we all despaired of catching such a clipper as the Snake was known to be. We had been at sea nearly a month without success; and Mr. Ellis—who hardly for a moment could be persuaded to leave the deck, but night and day, with a glass in his hand, stood watching the horizon—was looking like a skeleton, and we feared he could not last much longer.

'Let me see—it was on the 25th of June—no, it must have been later in the month; but howsoever, the morning broke very hazy, and we all could see we were going to have a teasing gale. We prepared for it as quickly as possible, got down our top-gallant yards and masts, took in her courses, close-reefed topsails, set staysails, and made all, as we thought, snug and comfortable; and we only waited for the gale; and on it came at last in a sudden squall; but the wind, instead of abating, increased in quick and sudden gusts. We were laying-to; her lower deck guns were in the water, and our skipper, seeing she would not bear the canvas she had on her, was giving orders to hand the topsails, when a squall laid the frigate on her beam-ends, and with a crash, slap went our main-topmast and mizen mast and our fore-staysail split to rags the same moment. She did not right even then, but lay with the wreck of the mizen-mast hammering against her side, in a way that seemed to start her timbers every rap. Mr. Ellis had been holding on by the topmast backstay, and, when the tightened rope snapped, it coiled round his arm like a snake, and dragged him overboard; it was a wonder we managed to haul him on board again unhurt. We had to throw the guns overboard before she righted. Old John, as we called our commander, knew that the lubberly craft would strain herself to pieces if she still lay-to, and that our only chance was to send for it. As it was blowing too hard to hoist a stitch of canvas, we tried to wear, by bracing the fore-yard round, but she still remained broadside to the gale. We then cut away the main-mast, and she fell slowly round and got before the wind. The well was then sounded, and the pumps rigged, and after twenty minutes' spell, we found that she had strained pretty considerably, and that she was leaking like a sieve. There we were for six and twenty hours, running right before the wind, the pumps going all the while. It was about eight o'clock next morning I saw a heavy sea coming, and had hardly time to sing out 'Hold on, all!' when it struck her nearly aft. The old frigate trembled with the blow, and she broached too directly; and, what with the shock and the heavy rolling, in about half a minute away went her foremast. We were then a complete wreck, with not a stick standing, and the sea making a breach right over, the people tired out with fatigue, hunger, and wet. Eleven hands were washed overboard, and not an effort could be or was made to save them. We expected every minute to go down, and had given ourselves up for lost, when the gale began to lull; this gave us new hopes, and we set to work with a will. We lashed a spar to the broken stump of the fore-

mast, got a stavsail on her, and got again before the wind. By eleven o'clock it fell nearly calm; but, from the heavy sea that remained, we were still far from safe. We had a good spell at the pumps, and the carpenter stopped the most serious leaks. Next day we had jury-masts on her, and made her more ship-shape. We had a fire, too, and got some soup in the coppers—it beat all your turtle and calibash hollow, at least we hungry men thought so—and brought up the leeway with a wet sail, take my word for it.

'When we got back into harbour, there had been no news of the schooner. Mr. Ellis was carried ashore so ill that we thought it was all up with him—the gale, the watching, and anxiety, had driven him into a high fever.

'But the pirate—what became of her? And the ladies—were they never—?

'Handsomely! young gentleman—handsomely! Let's pay out the yarn ship-shape. The St. James was ordered to be hove down for repairs, and we were drafted on board the Wanderer, a corvette of twenty-four guns. She had been taken from the Mounseers, commissioned, and rechristened. She was a very smart craft, and we were sent on our old cruise. We really had some hopes of catching the rascal, particularly as we sailed on a Sunday, while the frigate started on a Friday. Ah! you may laugh—but old heads know better than young ones; many and many a fine vessel has rued that unfortunate day. It's experience makes us dead it.

'We had been to sea about a month, and had brought to several craft, when, one morning, we spied a very suspicious-looking sail; in fact, it turned out to be the very one we were looking for. I heard old John, who had been appointed to the Wanderer, after taking a long look at her through his glass, grit his teeth sharp and hard; and I knew then that he meant mischief, and what she was. She was on the weather-quarter, and saw us about the same time we discovered her, for she altered her course directly, and bore down to us. We were rather surprised when our captain ordered the guns to be run in; but when he had a spare hammock-cloth rolled out from head to stern, so as to hide her ports, and sent the Jollies and most of the people below, we twigged what he meant. He wanted to make her look as much like a merchantman as possible; for he knew that a rover never attacks a man-o'-war, how ever small she may be; and that small profits and quick returns, as the advertising newspapers say, wasn't to their taste.

'How do you mean?

'Why, d'ye see, they'd profit very little by firing into a ship-o'-war, and they'd get monstrously quickly returned. Well, we made more sail on her than she might seem to be running away, but we checked her by towing an old sail under her bow. She neared us fast, and the men were all ready to spring at once to their stations on deck. When considerably within gunshot and nearly abreast of us, she somehow seemed not to like the looks of us, for she put down her helm and went about. Our captain, seeing his plan had only partly succeeded, piped all hands to quarters, and determined to speak to her by a little iron argument; the first two balls went over her, and she was a very pretty mark. We gave her many very weighty reasons, but still, for some time, could not prevail on her to stop; she had the heels of us, could sail closer to the wind, and was fast leaving us; when we had the pleasure of seeing her fore-top-sail shaking useless in the wind; she now, for the first time, opened fire on us. She fought smartly, and gave us nearly gun for gun, but, of course, her endeavor was to escape; but the breeze freshened; the corvette gathered way, and, before she had time to repair her damages, we were near enough to open a heavy and steady fire on her, and we had the further satisfaction of seeing her jib go, and then her foretopmast fall over the side. She was now fairly ours, and our men gave one cheer. We neared her, and gave her both grape and round, while the Jollies kept up a pretty good pattering of musketry on her deck, which we could plainly see was in great confusion, and her guns were not fired half so quickly as a short time before. When within about five ships' length of her, we gave her a broadside of grape and a volley of small-arms. The destruction on her crowded deck must have been dreadful; almost every ball told, and on her fore-part there was not a single living man left—at least, they were all disabled or dying; but the pirates, though they saw the odds, would not strike, but fired two cannonades right among us. This was at best but cold-blooded and useless murder, and made our men chafe to get at the villains; but our captain would not risk his seamen's lives by boarding, but fired, again and again, broadsides at the schooner, whose deck was torn up by our shot, and strewn by the dying and mangled bodies of her crew. There were but two men standing on her deck when we came alongside, but when we boarded, seven others started from the companion, and under cover of the bulwark where they had been hid. They were a desperate gang, and formed a circle about the mainmast, where they fought like wild beasts; in the centre were two armed with pistols, who deliberately shot our men from over the shoulders of the others.

'It was a short but hot fight; several of our men were wounded; but, fiercely as the dogs fought, they were soon overpowered by numbers: they were quickly broken, and almost all cut down, for most of them neither asked nor would take quarter. The lieutenant, a tall, powerful man, armed with a heavy cutlass, and his belt stuck full of pistols, was, perhaps, the foremost of the whole, for even when lying down on the deck, he shot the man who was leaning over him. The captain had been shot at the commencement of the chase by one of the first balls that struck the hull. In all, we took but four unhurt prisoners, one only of whom surrendered, the others were disarmed by force.

'Soon after the schooner was in our possession, we had a rummage, but found no signs of the ladies. The prisoners were all very sulky and answered no questions; but one who was wounded, and thought he was dying, told us that, on the northeast end of St. Domingo, near Samana, we should find Mrs. Ellis and her sister. But afterwards, under promise of pardon, one of the others gave fuller particulars. He told us that he believed the ladies had been ill from the time they had been brought aboard the schooner, and had been left on shore nearly dying; he gave us an exact account of the bearings of the creek, offered to pilot us there, and showed us all the signals the schooner made. It seemed, from his account, that they had a small colony there, but that there were seldom more than twenty men left when the schooner was away on a cruise. Our captain was determined to rout out this nest, and hit on the plan of surprising them by a sudden attack from what they would think their friends in their own vessel. We put forty men into her, and after repairing damages, sailed for the coast. She was accompanied by the corvette, and the frigate Panther, which

joined us next day, and the captain of which, by taking the command, gave his approval of the scheme.

'We had a quick run, and after coasting for a day came to a bluff headland, to seaward of which about six miles the frigate and corvette tacked off and on. The schooner went round, rat in, and came to a narrow channel, up which we went. The man combed the ship, with a file of marines keeping guard over him in case of treachery. We struck our topmasts, as he said that was always the practice, and fired three guns in quick succession, which was the signal. Directly we were through the gut, it opened into a fine, wide, lake-like body of water, which was hid, notwithstanding its width, by the high woody hills that surrounded it, and also by the narrow entrance, opposite to which was an outlet equally narrow, and through which we took our course. After sailing about three hundred yards it opened a little, but was still a narrow slip, at the broadest not a quarter of a mile, and in length about three times that distance. It was here, at the foot of a hill, that the pirates had made their home. They had built a small fort-like looking place, in which they had four guns, a church, and a good many houses. We entered their harbour with a tricolor at our foremast; and they must have mistaken us for what we seemed—their friends returning, for a boat came out to meet us. We rather surprised them, and made short work of it: we captured the boat, and, with two cutters and the gig, made a dash for the shore. There was little or no resistance; the fort was taken without opposition, and we did not lose a man; in fact, they were nearly all unarmed. We took twelve prisoners; the others ran up in the woods, where, of course, we lost them.

'We soon found the ladies. They were both ill; the elder one was very bad indeed; she wasn't in her senses, and was I believe above a year afore she got quite well; but Miss Russell (that was the other's name) soon got over it, and barring being a bit sad, was as well as ever when she got to Jamaica. It seems that when they were taken on board the pirate, they were both nearly dead with fright, which brought on a high fever, and it was that that saved them. We dare not put 'em on board the schooner again, as the sight of it would frighten them, so we took 'em on board the corvette, in the barge, under a cover made of the deck awning. I don't know how he managed, but Lieut. Wilding (old John's nephew) contrived to get 'em on board the Wanderer, though there was better accommodation in the frigate; and I believe that it was he who first took the news to Mr. Ellis, and it was that news that saved him from the grave. I heard, too, that about two years after, when he got his step, he and the young lady made a splice of it; but of this I ain't certain, though I am that I and Morton asked and got leave to see the hanging of seventy of those beggars, though I ain't not usually fond of such sights.

'Spell ho! the yarn's out, and there is that there Mr. Horton asleep.'

Gently drawing the wet log-line over his face, while Blake applied the lighted end of his cigar to his nose, we roused him and drove him below; and so ended his first MIDWATCH IN A MERCHANTMAN.

CHARACTER OF ENGLAND BY AN AMERICAN.

Last month Mr. Emerson delivered a lecture on England, at the Mercantile Library, New York, to a crowded audience. A year and a half ago he had returned from his second visit to England, and the question now to be answered was, 'Why England was England?' On landing at Liverpool every thing struck him as perfect and complete. The highest cultivation met his eye in every thing. It seemed the kingdom and chosen home of common sense. The fields and gardens looked so smooth and neat that they seemed to have been finished with the pencil rather than the plough. You rode at three times the speed, with three times the ease, and three times the comfort you do in this country. Over rivers and through ravines, and through tunnels three miles long, you are carried from place to place as if riding on a cannon ball. You are surrounded with every form of convenience and luxury; your material wants are provided for in a style of artistic protection. When an American first puts his foot upon English ground he seems to have come back to some long-forgotten home; the pictures of his childhood are here in reality. He sees the same ruddy, happy, portly, benignant, grandfatherly Englishmen whose portraits he studied on the tiles in the chimney corner at home. He has got back among his friends, and finds his uncles, aunts, cousins, and grandmothers on the spot to meet him. The porter, the coachman, the guard—every one he sets his eye on—bears the plump, stalwart, upright look of those pictures. England has cause to boast of her choicely cultivated population. The English, as a general rule, weigh more, are better proportioned, more florid and handsomer, than any other people. You see this in all classes, from the peer to the porter. The dress of the English is emblematic of their character. Every one dresses as he pleases, irrespective of any one else. A man washes and shaves, and wears his hair in a way to suit himself, and not others. He may put on a coat, or a wig, or a shawl, and wear it, and no one will remark upon it. He has his own way, and does not annoy others. It is customary to speak of England as in its decline; such is not the case. She now contains the essential elements of growth. London will soon fill Middlesex. The British Museum is not yet arranged; its catalogue of books reaches only through the letter A. The National Gallery is too small to hold the pictures. The Nelson Monument is just finished, and the new houses of Parliament are verging to completion, with their Victoria tower, which is to shoot up four hundred feet into the sky. Every Englishman carried about him an atmosphere of his own, and they hence were said to be a reserved people. You were as if you were not, unless introduced, and even then the man looked coldly enough, though he was thinking all the while how he should serve you best, but when his door was opened you were at home. It was an old opinion that the English did not like foreigners.—Nicholas of Russia, the greatest despot in Europe, was some months in England, and was not even hissed. And