

timated that she might, very soon, have her curiosity satisfied. There was a poor pale looking boy in the ship, who performed the duties of steward and cabin boy; he was extremely mild and gentle in his manners, unlike the rude boisterous crew of whom he was the general butt. Hannah took much notice of Arthur, and often assisted him in his arduous duties, and had interceded for him, and saved him from Clifford's wrath several times. One day Arthur was coming along the deck carrying a tureen of soup, when the ship gave a lurch, and he dropped the dish—Clifford went coolly up to him, and giving him a blow, laid him prostrate on the deck. He then kicked him several times, cursing him for a stupid young rascal. Hannah ran to the spot to plead for the boy, but she was ordered to her cabin.—Allan gave Arthur another kick, and then went forward. The poor boy had fainted—Hannah poured water on his face, and he partially recovered; but the blows were mortal, and the mists of death settled on his brow—he turned his eyes on Hannah, and pressing her hand, whispered softly, "Lady, farewell—you have been kind to me, but my heart has broken since I came into the ship, and your's will, too—they are Pirates!" He spoke no more—his head fell back, and he was dead. Hannah fled to her cabin; she had seen Allan Clifford commit murder on an innocent and harmless boy, and that boy's dying words confirmed her own hardly-breathed fears. That evening Hannah remained in her own little cabin—the unclosed lattice flapped in the rude blast that howled over the black expanse of ocean, and as it capped each dark wave with a wreath of foam, the cold spray dashed on her brow unheeded.—Heavy clouds tinged with lurid red, flew with fearful rapidity along the bleak horizon—once, in the lull of the tempest she heard a loud, hollow plunge in the sea—it was the body of the boy, committed to the deep. It was loosely wrapped in canvass, which the rude waves unfolded round the head and face, leaving it clinging like a shroud about the limbs. The body floated a-stern of the ship, and a mountain wave bore it almost upright on its feet; so close it rolled, that Hannah could almost have touched it—the long, light hair, blown far back from the face, imparted to it a more ghastly expression!—the large, unclosed blue eye, glared on her with a look, that in all her after life, was never forgotten. Many a sight of horror met Hannah's gaze, but the last look of that "unknelled, uncoffined" boy, left a deadlier chill than them all. The billows soon bore their

burthen far from her sight to its resting place in the blue caverns of the deep.

As the tears fell from Hannah's eyes, the loud laughter of Allan Clifford and his ribald mates, grated harshly in her ear; they sat longer and drank deeper than usual. A thin partition separated Hannah from them. Clifford, less guarded than he was wont to be, related to his admiring companions, many a dark scene of blood and murder in which he had acted a part. Each word fell like drops of burning lead on Hannah's aching heart: she had clung to the hope that the boy's words and her own surmises, might be nothing more than the fears of simple minds, inexperienced in sea affairs—but now *that* hope had fled, and the dread reality of her fate displayed.

Arthur's place was supplied by a hideous mulatto, named Antonio; he was so horrible a looking being, that Hannah's blood ran chill each time her eyes met his. Allan Clifford's vessel was none of those fairy palaces that bear about the pirates of fiction to their deeds of cruelty—there were no satin ottomans for the blood-stained hero to repose on; no glittering mirrors, or radiant lamps—all was coarse and cheerless as it well could be; and now the gloom seemed doubly increased. Clifford seldom addressed Hannah, and she avoided his presence as much as possible. Once she besought him to tell her of his purposes, and when the voyage would be concluded—he answered rudely. Hannah's temper overcame her prudence; she used warm words, and he struck her to the deck. She fainted, and was carried away by Antonio to her room. A severe illness ensued, and for a week she was unable to rise from her bed. Clifford seemed grieved, and acted kinder to her than he had ever done before. One morning Hannah, after her recovery, went on deck—it was the sabbath, the ninth she had now spent there—a lovelier ne'er arose. The summer sun shone bright and glorious over the deep blue ocean that lay spread out as far as the eye could reach—a fair broad mirror for the sun to gaze on and look brighter where its own dazzling lustre was reflected in the waters. The fresh sea breeze blew clear and gladly, cresting each gentle wave with a crown of circling gems; the calm and peaceful feeling, inseparable from the holy day of rest, had stolen over Hannah's mind, when she observed something more than common to have occurred. The crew were all on deck, gazing earnestly in one direction. Clifford was above with his glass; he soon descended, and began to give directions to the men. Han-