

She was senseless, but still breathed : my arm seemed glued round her waist. I was almost unconscious of every thing, but an attempt to take her from me. My teeth gnashed when they touched my hand to do so. As we approached the vessel, those on board hailed us with three cheers. We were lifted on deck : she was conveyed to the cabin. In a few minutes I became fully conscious of our situation. Some one gave me brandy : my brain became on fire. 'Where is she ?' I exclaimed ; 'did I not save her ? save her from the coward who would have murdered her ?' I rushed to the cabin ; she was about recovering, her father stood over her, and strangers were rubbing her bosom : her father took my hand to thank me : but I was frantic, I rushed towards her : I bent over her ; I pressed my lips to hers ; called her mine. Her father grasped me by the collar : 'Boy ! beggar ! bastard !' he exclaimed. With his last word half of my frenzy quickly vanished ; for a moment I seized him by the throat : I cried 'Repeat the word !' I groaned in the agony of shame and madness ! rushed upon the deck, we were then within quarter of a mile from the shore : I plunged overboard, I swam to the beach ; I reached it."

I became interested in the narrative of the squire, and I begged he would continue it with less rapidity : "Rapidly !" said he, fixing upon me a glance in which I thought there was something like disdain : "young man, if you cast a feather into the stream it will be borne on with it. But," added he in a less hurried tone, after pausing to breathe for a few moments, "after struggling with the strong surge for a good half hour, I got to the shore. My utmost strength was spent and I was scarce able to drag myself a dozen yards beyond tide mark when I sank quite exhausted on the beach. I lay as though in sleep, until night had gathered round me ; and when I arose, cold and numbed, my delirium had passed away. My bosom, however, like a galley manned with criminals, was still a prison house of agonising feelings, each more unruly than the other. Every scene which I had borne a part during the day, shed before me in a moment : her image ; image of my Jess, mingled with each ; I hated existence : I almost despised myself : tears started in my eyes ; the suffocation my breast passed away, and I soon again breathed freely. I will not trouble you with details : I will pass over the next five years

of my life, during which I was man-of-war's man, privateer, and smuggler. But I will tell you how I became a smuggler, for that calling I only followed for a week, and that was from necessity ; but as you shall hear it well nigh cost me my life : Britain had just launched into a war with France, and I was first mate of a small privateer, carrying two guns and a long Tom : we were trying our fortune within six leagues of the Dutch coast when two French merchantmen hove in sight. They were too heavy metal for us, and we saw that it would be necessary to deal with them warily : so hoisting the republican flag, we bore down upon them ; but the Frenchmen were not to be had, and no sooner had we come within gunshot, than one of them saluted our little craft with a broadside that made her dance in the water. It was evident there was no chance for us but at close quarters. 'Cookson,' says our commander to me, what's to be done, my lad ? 'Leave the privateer,' says I. 'What !' says he, 'take the long boat and run, without singeing a Frenchman's whisker ! no, blow me,' says he. 'No sir,' says I, 'board them ; give them a touch of the cold steel.' Right Ben, my boy,' says he ; 'helm about there : look to your cutlasses, my hearties ; and now for the Frenchman's deck and French wine to supper.'

The next moment we had tacked about, and were under the Frenchman's bow. In turning round, long Tom had been discharged, and clipped the rigging of the other vessel beautifully. The commander, myself, and a dozen more, sprang upon the enemy's deck, cutlasses in hand. Our reception was as warm as powder and steel could make it—the Frenchmen fought like devils, and disputed with us every inch of the deck hand to hand. But, d'ye see, we beat them all, though their numbers were two to one ; yet as back luck would have it, out of the twelve of us who had boarded her, only seven were now able to handle a cutlass, and amongst those who lay dying on the enemy's deck was our gallant commander. He was a noble fellow, Sir—a regular fire-eater, even in death. Bleeding, dying as he was, he endeavored to drag his body along the deck to assist us—and when finding it would not do, and he could move no farther, he drew a pistol from his belt, and raising himself on one hand, he discharged it at the head of the French captain with the other : and shouting out : 'Go it my hearties ! Ben ! never yield !' his head