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SELECTED CASES.

THE CHASE OF THE SMUGGLER.

The breeze freshened, and the endless confabulation of the Captain & his mate, entirely ceased, nothing was now heard on deck but the angry voice of the raging elements, and at intervals a shrill piercing word or two from Obed, in the altered tone of which I had some difficulty in recognizing his pipe, which rose clear and distinct above the roar of the sea & wind, and was always answered by a prompt, sharp, 'aye, aye, sir,' from the men. There was no circumlocution, nor calculating, nor guessing, now, but all hands seemed to be doing their duty energetically & well. 'Come, said he the vagabonds are sailors, after all, we shant be swamped this turn;' and I resumed my place on the companion ladder, with more ease of mind, and a vast deal more composure, than when I was pitched from it when the squall came on. In a moment after, I could hear the Captain sing out, loud even above the howling of the wind and rushing of the water, 'There it comes at last—put your helm hard apart—down with it Paul, down with it man—luff, and shake the wind out of her sails, or over we go, clean and forever.' Every thing was jammed, nothing could be let go, nor was there an axe at hand to make short work with the sheets and haulyards; and for a second or two I thought it was all over, the water rushing half way up her decks, and bubbling into the companion through the crevices; but at length the lively little craft came gaily to the wind, shaking her plumage like a wild duck; the sails were got in, all to the foresail, which was set with the bonnet off, and then she lay-to like a sea-gull, without shipping a drop of water. In the comparative stillness, I could now distinctly

hear every word that was said on deck.

'Pretty near it; rather close shaving that same, captain,' quoth Paul, with a congratulatory chuckle; but I say, sir, what is that wreath of smoke rising from Annotta bay over the headland?

'Why, how should I know, Paul? Negroes burning brush, I guess.

'The smoke from brushwood never rose and flew over the bluff with that swirl; it is a gun, or I mistake.'

And he stepped to the companion for the purpose, as I conceived, of taking out the spy-glass, which usually hangs there in brackets fitted to hold it; he undid the hatch, and pushed it back, when I popped my head out, to the no small dismay of the mate; but Obed was up to me, and while with one hand he seized the glass, he ran the sliding top sharp up against my neck, till he pinned me up into a kind of pillory, to my great annoyance; so I had to beg to be released, and once more sunk back into my hole. There was a long pause; and at length, him to whom the skipper had handed the spy-glass, spoke.

'A schooner, sir, is rounding the point.'

As I afterwards learned, the Negroes who had witnessed, my capture, especially the old man who had taken me for his infernal Majesty, had raised the alarm, so soon as they could venture down to the overseer's house, which was on the smuggling boat showing off, and Mr. Fyall immediately despatched an express to the Lieutenant commanding the Gleam, then lying in Annotta Bay, about ten miles distant, when she instantly slipped and shoved out.

'Well, I cant help it if there be,' rejoined the Captain.

Another pause.

'Why, I dont like her, sir; she

looks like a man of war—and that must be the smoke of the gun she fired on weighing.'

'Eh?' sharply answered Obed, 'if it be, it will be a hanging matter if we are caught with this young splice on board; he may belong to her for what I know. Look again, Paul.

A long, long look.

'A man-of war schooner, sure enough, sir; I can see her ensign and pennant, now that she is clear of the land.'

'Oh Lord, oh Lord,' cried Obed, in great perplexity, 'what shall we do?'

'Why, pull foot, captain,' promptly replied Paul; the breeze has lulled, and in light wind she will have no chance with the tidy little Wave.'

I could now perceive that the smugglers made all sail, and I heard the frequent swish-swash of the water, as they threw bucketsful on the sails, to thicken them and hold more wind, while we edged away, keeping as close to the wind, however, as we could, without stopping her way.

'Starboard,' quoth Obed—'rap full, Jem—let her walk through it, my boy—there, main and foresail, flat as boards; why, she will stand the main-gaff topsail yet—set it Paul, set it;' and his heart warmed as he gained confidence in the qualifications of his vessel. 'Come, weather me, now, see how she trips it a long—poo, I was an ass to quail, wan't I, Paul! No chance, now, thought I, as I descended once more; 'I may as well go and be suffocated at once.' I knocked my foot against something, in stepping off the ladder, which, on putting down my hand, I found to be a tinder-box, with steel and flint. I had formerly ascertained there was a candle in the cabin, on the small table, stuck into a bottle; so I immediately struck a light, and as I knew that meekness and