

tell upon the deck: and——' he died like a true British sailor.' But sir, the other vessel that had been crippled, at that moment made alongside. Her crew also boarded to assist their countrymen, and we were attacked fore and aft. There was nothing now left for us but to cut our way to the privateer, which had been brought round to the other side of the vessel we had boarded. She had been left to the care of the second mate and six seamen: but the traitor seeing our commander fall, and the hopelessness of success, cut the lashings and bore off, leaving us to our fate on the deck of the enemy. Our men was now reduced to five, and we were quite hemmed in on all sides; but we fought like tigers bereaved of their cubs. We placed ourselves heel to heel, we formed a little circle of death. I know not whether it was admiration of our courage, or the cowardice of the enemy, that induced them to proclaim a truce and to offer us a boat, oars, and provisions, and to depart with our arms. We agreed to their proposal, after fighting an hour upon their deck. And here begins my short, but eventful history as a smuggler. We had been six hours at sea in the open boat, when we were picked up by a smuggling lugger named the *Wildfire*. She had an Englishman for her owner, and her cargo which consisted principally of brandy and Hollands, was to be delivered at Spittal and Boomer. It was about day break on the third morning after we had been picked up; we were again within sight of the Coquet isle. I had not seen it for five long years. It called up a thousand recollections, I became entranced in the past. My Jess seemed again clinging to my neck! I again thought I felt her breath upon my cheek, and involuntarily I again exclaimed aloud, 'She shall be mine. But I was aroused from my reverie by a cry——' A cruiser; a cutter a-head! In a moment the deck of the lugger became a scene of consternation. The cutter was making upon us rapidly, and though the *Wildfire* sailed nobly, her pursuer skimmed over the sea like a swallow. The skipper of the lugger seemed to become insane as the danger increased. He ordered every gun to be loaded, and a six oared gig to be got in readiness: the cutter fired on us, the *Wildfire* returned the salute, and three of the cutter's men fell. A few more shots were exchanged, and the lugger was disabled; her skipper and the Englishmen of his crew took the gig, and made for the shore. In a few minutes more, we were boarded by the commander of the

cutter and part of her crew. I knew the commander's face: his countenance, his name, were engraved as with a sharp instrument on my heart. His name was Melton—the honorable Lieutenant Melton, my enemy—the man I hated; the titled puppy of whom I spoke: my rival for the hand of my Jess. He approached me: he knew me as I did him. We lost no love between us. I heard his teeth grate as he fixed his eyes on me, and mine echoed to the sound. 'Slave! scoundrel!' were his first words; 'we have met again last, and your life shall pay the forfeit: place him in irons.' 'Coward!' I hurled in his teeth a second time, and my hand grasped a cutlass which in a moment flashed in the air: his armed crew sprang between us, I defied them all: he grew bold under their protection. 'Strike him down!' he exclaimed, and the springing forward, his sword entered my side, but scarce was it withdrawn ere his blood streamed from the point of my cutlass to his hand. Suffice it to say, I was overpowered and disarmed: I was taken on board the cutter, and put in irons. And now, Sir," he continued, "know that you are in company of a man who has been condemned to die: yes, sir, to die like a common murderer on the gallows! You start, but it is true; and if you do not like the company of a man for whom the hangman once provided a neckerchief, I will drop my story." "I requested he would proceed." "Well, Sir," continued he, "I was lodged in prison. I was accused of being a smuggler, of having drawn my sword against one of his Majesty's officers, and of having wounded him. On the testimony of my enemy and his crew, I was tried and condemned, condemned to die without hope of pardon. I had but a day to live when my lady entered my miserable cell. She came to comfort the criminal, to administer consolation in his last hour. I was in no mood to listen to the admonitions of the female Samaritan, and I was about to bid her depart from me. Her face was veiled, and in the dim light of my dungeon I saw it not. But she spoke, and her voice went through my soul like the remembrance of a national air which we have sung in childhood, and hear in foreign land. 'Lady!' I exclaimed, 'what fiend hath sent thee; come ye to ask me to forgive my murderer? if you command it will.' 'I would ask you to forgive your enemies,' replied she mildly, 'but not for my sake.' 'Yet it can only be for your sake,' said I; 'but tell me, lady, are you the wife of the man who has pursued me to death?' 'No, not his wife.' 'But you will be,' ex-