

that time she come not back, again we'll watch, and wait no longer, she'll not return at all."

They did wait till then, and even an hour later, yet still they saw nothing of the long-looked for craft; but in rowing across the mouth of the inlet towards their quarters for the night, as the moon was just rising, they perceived, to their surprise and joy, the naked spars of a vessel, clearly depicted on its broad and shining disc.

She had evidently returned under the deep shadows of the hills as they were thrown far out to sea, by the rising moon, while yet she was hid behind them.

They pushed on, and were aboard of her, before the slumbering watch on deck, was aware of their approach.

To secure the man, and send him below, and to set their boat adrift upon the tide, now flowing up the inlet, was the work of a moment. They had not a hand to spare to take charge of it, and to keep it there, would have discovered all.

The crew of the lugger, consisted of nine stout and desperate men, one of them they had already secured, and the rest were out in two boats fishing up the brandy or Hollands or whatever else the kegs contained, and might return on board together where they would have the advantage of a superiority of numbers over their adversaries, this however was more than made up for, by the commanding position, the latter occupied.

By the time David Millway had donned the prisoners pea-jacket and slouched hat, and completed his other preparations for the reception of the boats, they saw them coming, not just together but very nearly so.

As the first boat came along side, one of the crew called out to the watch, to throw him a rope.

—David grumbling in pretended reluctance to obey the order, did so, when two of the crew came on deck, and the other two, after handing up to them the kegs the boat contained, followed their example, when up started David's men and seized and pinioned them, threatening them with instant death if they attempted to give the least alarm to their comrades in the other boat. The rest of the men in the other boat were soon secured in the same manner; but to David's great disappointment, William Armstrong was not among their number.

Our young sailor had now a new duty to perform and right proud was he to do it, and that was to set sail immediately for Mary-port, in order to deliver up his prize to the cutter, or to the custom-house authorities there. To this end, he ordered the anchor up, but before a heave was made

upon it, one of the prisoners told him that there were two boat-loads of kegs, and more, where those they had just brought on board had come from, and proposed that he and the other prisoners should go and fetch them aboard.

"Such a service," the man justly said, "will tell favorably on our trials, you know, and may save our necks from a halter; we'll go unarmed," he added, as he saw the young commander hesitate, "and leave old Tom Stanton here as a hostage for our sure return."

David Millway, although a full-grown man, in all outward seeming, was nothing but a mere boy, as far as a knowledge of mankind, and experience were concerned, and this indeed may easily be imagined, when it is considered, that he was only sixteen years of age. No wonder then, that he trusted to the man's promises, foolish as it may seem, and consented to his proposals.

It has somewhere been truly said, I know not just now by whom, that a man, at twenty, believes everybody,—at thirty, doubts everybody, and at forty, trusts nobody.

The young sailor's simplicity, after all, was not so much imposed upon as his older and more experienced companions imagined. He was actuated by a higher and more generous motive, but this was a secret confined within his own heart for years.

He could not brook the thought of having the blood of those poor misguided men upon his head—the crime of smuggling, in those days, was death, without the benefit of clergy, and therefore he consented to the scheme in order to afford them the opportunity, which he hoped in his heart they would avail themselves of, to escape the gallows.

The men, of course, never came back again, and there was no evidence against poor old Tom Stanton, their hostage, and no bill found against him.

This adventure of my young friend, resulted in the making of him. His share of the prize money, as the officer in command, amounted to a sum sufficient to enable him to purchase an interest to the extent of a sixteenth share in his master's brig, and was mainly instrumental in procuring his promotion to the rank of second mate, an honor he little expected when he commenced his sea-faring career.

What subsequently occurred, in the life and adventures of this young and heroic sailor, is no way connected with my tale, as it is not his history, but that of his sister Bella, that I am writing, yet still, as the reader may have felt an interest in his future fate, sufficient to excuse a few words