been repeatedly crushed when I suggested the idea of my going to sea, the brilliant plan occurred to me to conceal myself in one of the empty hogsheads which the Gaspee was carrying South, to bring back, if successful, filled with a well-paying cargo of molasses.

My plan having worked to my entire satisfaction, on the second day out I emerged from my hiding-place, with fear and trembling as well as a very empty stomach, only to be rewarded with reproaches from my uncle James.

At my earnest request he finally put me "before the mast," and it did not take a week to convince me of the unpleasantness of the reality which all tales of privation had only increased my desire to experience. For I can assure my readers that

"A life on the bounding deep
Is not the life for me,"

when one has to subsist on the hard-tack soaked in train-oil and "plum-duff" (on Sundays), which an "able seaman" has to put up with on a hard trip. At first I could not come under the above head, being entirely unable to get away with my share of the foot-ball like mixture of plum-duff.

But to pass over my intermediate agonies of starvation, sea-sickness, and home-sickness, and come to the point: The 4th of September in this same eventful year found us safely loaded with the coveted cargo of rum and molasses, as well as a deck load of cotton, and with all the conditions of wind, weather, and season most favorable for a successful attempt to pass the vessels and forts then guarding the entrance to the port of Charleston.

At ten in the evening our pilot came on board, and with but little delay we cleared the dock, and as we floated slowly with the tide, gave ourselves up to anxious watching for indications of danger, as well as for the signals of our ghost-like guide, who, dressed completely in white, paddled his white canoe far ahead. This guide was an old hand at the business, and had adopted white because he found that although more conspicuous at close quarters, it was, unlike black, totally invisible at a moderate distance.

"Thank God, we're out of that wasp's-nest," murmured my uncle with a sigh of relief, as we heard the watch on the last man-of-war cry out over the water to the sentinel at the front, his regular "All's well;" and as we spread our sails to the breeze and parted with our guide, came the seeming mocking reply from the fort, "All's well."

My uncle, thoroughly exhausted with his recent anxieties, went below, leaving the helm in charge of "French Johnny" (so called, as far as I could make out, for the reasons that he was neither French, nor was his cognomen John), while I with the rest of my watch kept him company. I was also very tired, but being obliged to stay on deck, I crept on to a bale of cotton, and was soon fast asleep, and dreaming of home. I must have slept for two hours, and was just sliding down the hay-mow at home, with little Bill Sedgwick, when I was rudely brought to my senses by arriving simultaneously with a bale of cotton in the chilly water.

In less time than it takes to tell it, I rose, and clinging to my companion in misery, I took in the whole situation at a glance. It was day-break. The Gaspee was running, with all sail set, in and out among the channels which thread the reefs on the Southern coast, while a Confederate cruiser (which afterward proved to be the Alabama) was taking a parallel course outside the reefs, just out of range, to be sure, but uncomfortably near.

Evidently a sudden lurch, caused by putting the helm hard down unexpectedly, had shifted the badly stowed bale which had shared my misfortune, and had placed me in my present uncomfortable, not to say dangerous, position. Having revolved all this in my mind in an instant, I shouted for help, and "French Johnny" at once responded with, "Howly Mother, there's a mon overboard!" and as quickly as possible brought the Gaspee up into the wind, and sent a long-boat to rescue cargo and seaman.

When the schooner "lay to," the Alabama, supposing we had at last obeyed her repeated signals to stop, lowered a boat, and sent the second officer to examine our papers. The