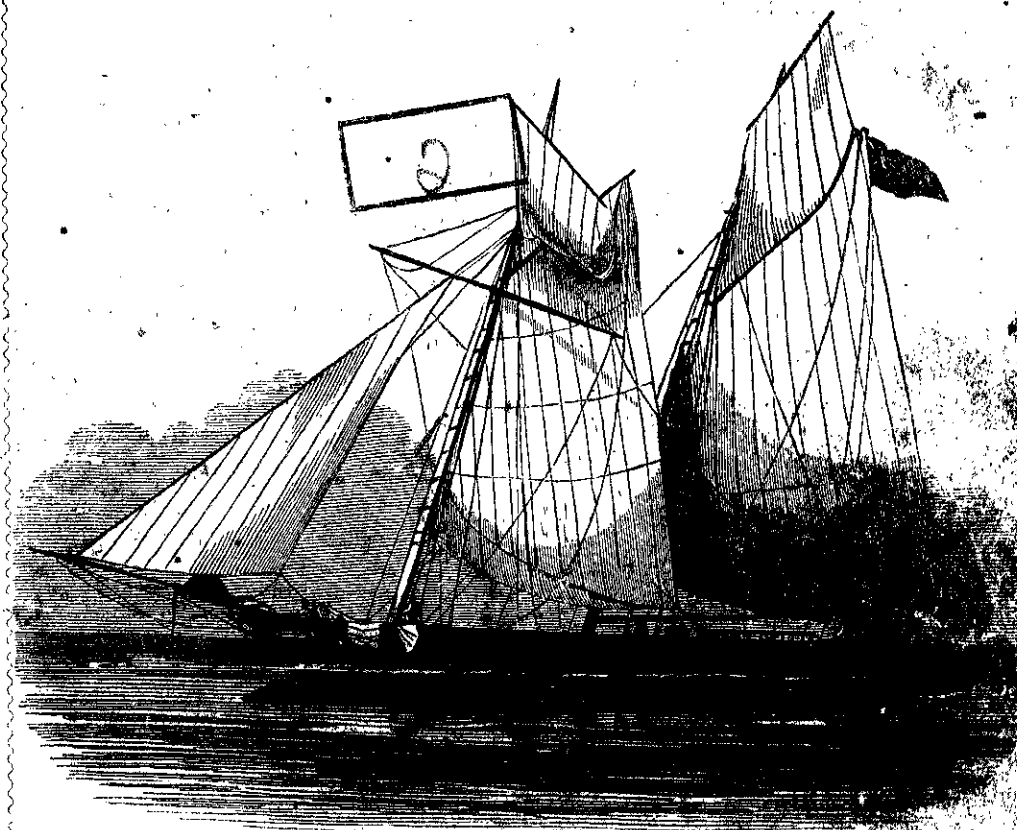


THE
ROYAL YACHT:
 —OR—
LOGAN THE WARLOCK.



THE ROYAL YACHT.—See Page 10.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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THE

ROYAL YACHT.

—OR—

LOGAN THE WARLOCK.

A Story of the Revolution.

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BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.  
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THE ROYAL YACHT.

CHAPTER I.

THE ROYAL YACHT.

LONG since, the summer of 1778 had opened in sunshine and warmth on the American colonies. The British had been moving from post to post, and the Americans had been hanging upon their course and worrying them exceedingly. Yet the cause of freedom in America looked dark and dubious. The onset of the patriots upon their enemy in Rhode Island utterly failed, and their French ally, the Count d'Estaing, was driven with his fleet to seek shelter in the harbor of Boston. On the western frontier a frightful war was carried on by the Indians and British against the peaceful inhabitants, and in this the Tories had the leading hand. The terrible massacre of Wyoming shed a dark cloud over the people of the border, and it was the more dreadful from the fact that the bloody butchery was the result of the treachery of Tories. One other thing tended to darken the dawn of independence, and that was the frequent dissatisfaction that was manifested among the American soldiers. They had suffered all kinds of privations and hardships, and some of them began to be disheartened. But the cause of freedom was yet mighty, and the hearth-stones of Columbia had stout defenders.

At this time Washington, with his army, was at White Plains, while the British were centred in the city of New York. During the whole of the summer the Americans remained mostly inactive, only watching the movements of the enemy, and occasionally sending out scouts and messengers. Yet there was warfare enough going on,—some on the western frontier, some in the South, and much at sea. In this latter field the British were almost wholly the sufferers. Their merchant ships and transports were many of them taken, and often their smaller armed vessels also fell a prey to the American privateers.

It was near noon of a pleasant day on the first of August when five men stood at the foot of a little promontory on the coast of Connecticut. This promontory formed the eastern shelter of a small inlet known at that time by the name of Morgan's Bay—so called because an old fisherman of that name had a cot at the mouth of the

little river that emptied into it. The basin of the bay was deep and capacious, but the entrance to it was very difficult, from the many reefs and sunken rocks that stood off its mouth; yet there was a safe passage to and from the bay, and even a heavy ship might have been taken in by one who was intimately acquainted with the channel.

The leader of the group just mentioned was a young man, not more than five and twenty years of age, and he was habited in the garb of a seaman. He was tall and stout, and by far more comely than either of his companions. His countenance was bold and open, the features all well defined and regular, and his brow high and full. His face was somewhat dark from exposure to long years of sunshine and storm—for his life from early boyhood had been passed upon the ocean—but this very darkness gave a rich tone to his countenance, and also helped to show that his frame was made for use and service. His eyes were very clear and bright, and of a dark hazel color, while his hair, which was of a rich brown, hung in envious curls about his neck and temples.

Such was Edward Edgerly. He had commenced to follow the sea with his father, but his parents were now both dead, and he was left with his own manhood alone for an inheritance.

Edgerly's companions were all of them older than himself; and though they evinced much shrewdness and quickness of thought, yet one could see that they lacked the general education of their youthful leader. They were all of them seamen, and all stout and hardy.

There is one other scene near at hand that must be introduced to the reader. Not more than a mile from where the party stood, out in the sound, lay a becalmed vessel. She was a very picture of maritime beauty, being a schooner of some hundred and fifty tons burden, and rigged at every point for the purpose of sailing. She was a royal yacht, and was known to belong to some of the English nobility who were stopping at Newport, where a branch of the British army held possession. On the present occasion she had been out on some sort of an excursion in the sound, and had been left in a dead calm. All her sails, save the jib, were spread, ready to catch the first breath of wind that came over the smooth water. Occasionally there came little land puffs, just sufficient to cause the ensign to flutter out and show itself, but not enough to move the heavy sails

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"She's a beauty, and no mistake," said Andrew Elliott, addressing young Edgerly. Elliott was the oldest man of the party, having seen some forty years of life, and he was a fair specimen of a Yankee sailor—rather short of stature, but with breadth and thickness of shoulder enough to make it up.

"Ay, Elliott," returned the young man, while his eye sparkled. "She is a beauty. It cost money to put such a craft as that upon the water."

"I guess it did," said another of the party, a man whose name was Caleb Wales, who possessed a frame of extraordinary muscular power, and a face of extraordinary shrewdness. He was a native of Connecticut, and an original genius in his way. "I guess it did," he repeated, with more emphasis. "By the great end of all creation, Ned Edgerly, she's in a very dangerous place."

This last sentence was spoken very slowly, and with a strange tone and manner.

"What d'ye mean, Caleb?" asked another of the party, whose name was Daniel Morris. "Nothing out there very dangerous. There aint no danger of her gettin' blowed ashore in this calm."

"Don't know 'bout that," replied Caleb, with a mysterious shake of the head. "But, ef I aint most awfully mistaken, Ned Edgerly thinks just about as I do."

Young Edgerly started as he heard this remark, for he was not aware that his thoughts had been the subject of any one's surmises; but when he saw the light that sparkled in Caleb's eyes, he saw that his thoughts had been read.

"Come, Ned," resumed Caleb, "out with it. What yer been thinkin' 'bout?"

"I'll tell you. The thought had entered my head that we ought to own that royal yacht."

"Jest my idee, 'xactly!" uttered Caleb, bringing his hands together with sudden vehemence. "She's no business to come here an' tantalize us in this fashion without payin' for it."

The other three men now started, and for some time each gazed around upon his companions in silence. Dan Morris was the first one to speak:

"I'm in for it," he said.

"So am I," responded Elliott.

"And I, too," added the fifth man of the group, a young man, named James Hoyt.

"Then we'll have her at some rate," said Edward Edgerly, with animation. "If we can get

her once in our possession, we can sweep the sound as we please. She is heavy enough to carry all the armament we shall need, and we can easily find threescore of brave fellows to man her. O, shipmates, I have set my heart upon doing something to help my suffering country. Even at this very moment we are surrounded by a foreign foe, and the blood of our people is being shed without mercy. Up! up! for, by the heavens above me, the British lion shall feel the weight of my hand ere I see him devour more of my country's children!"

This simple yet impassioned speech set fire at once to the patriotism of the young man's companions, and they gave vent to their feelings in a low, solemn oath to join him in his purpose. There were no wild huzzas, no loud acclamations, for their thoughts and feelings were too deep for that.

"Elliott," said Edgerly, after the matter was thus far understood, "you are an old weather-seer; tell us how long this calm will hold on."

The old sailor cast his eyes slowly and observingly around, placed his finger in his mouth till it became warm, and then held it up over his head to see if any cool air struck it.

"Well," he said, with much assurance in his manner, "there'll be no wind till the sun goes down, that's sartin, and that's seven good hours yet."

"Then we shall have time enough," resumed Edgerly. "But before we lay any plans, I should like to know more particularly concerning the number of men she has on board, for we must not undertake our work till we know pretty nearly with what we shall have to contend. I think old Morgan has a spy-glass."

"Yes, he has," said Hoyt; "and I'll run and get it."

As Hoyt spoke he started off. The distance was not great to the old fisherman's cot, and ere long the messenger returned with the glass. Young Edgerly took it, and, having found the true focal adjustment, he levelled it upon the yacht. His gaze was long and careful, and his countenance brightened as he turned once more towards his companions.

"There are not over twenty souls on board," he said, "and four or five of them are mere boys. Let me have a dozen men at my back, and I'll take her. Caleb, how long will it take you to go to Stamford and back again?"

"I ken dew it in tew hours, an' have time to spare."

"Then go and start up eight or ten good men. You will know whom to trust. Have them here as soon as possible, and have them come armed."

"Let me alone for that," uttered Caleb, as he turned to go.

"I know you will do it well, but still be careful. Make sure that you hit the men with whom we are all acquainted. There's Jackson, Lord, Strong, Muffet, Tartox, and Libbey; be sure and ask them, if you can. Every minute counts now."

"Never fear," cried Caleb; and in another minute he had disappeared around the bluff.

"There aint the least danger in the world of her gettin' off afore Caleb comes back," remarked Elliott; "for I know this calm'll hold on, and when the wind does come, it'll come from the east'rd; now you mark my words. It'll come puffin' down the sound."

"I think you're right, Andrew," returned Edgerly. And then he added, "But, let the wind come from what way it will, we must be prepared. We will go and see old Morgan, and see if he has a boat that will suit our purpose."

The others assented to the proposition, and forthwith they started for the old man's residence. The path wound around by the margin of the bay, and at the inner extremity, where the stream emptied forth its waters, was the cot; and when our friends reached it they entered it without ceremony. Morgan was a very old man, and he lived all alone. His few wants he easily supplied, for he had some little store on hand, and he was still able to do much in the way of fishing.

"Well, well, my hearty boys," exclaimed the old man, as he shook his snow-white locks back from his temples; "so you're layin' on your oars yet. Zounds! if I was of your age I'd have a hand in this game that's goin' on."

"What game, Uncle Morgan?" asked Edgerly. Everybody who knew the old man called him "Uncle."

"What game? Why, this plaguy British game, to be sure. I wish I was as I was forty years ago. I tell you, old Dave Morgan would not be on his pars."

"No, I suppose not," said Edward, with a smile. "You'd have done just as we are going to do."

"Eh! what's that, Ned? Goin' to lift up your hands for the colonies?"

"Yes, Uncle Morgan, and we've come to get a little of your assistance."

"Gad! ask me for anything I've got. Take what you want, only let me know that it's goin' for to do somethin' agin them bloody Britishers."

"Well, we only want your largest boat, and we'll bring it back to you as good as we found it."

"Take it! take it! But, look here, how you're goin' to work with that?"

"We are goin' to capture a little prize from the enemy, that's all; and if we take it we shall bring it in here."

The old man was highly delighted with this idea, and he at once led the way to the little plank pier where his boats were fastened. Edward found one there that just suited his purpose, and his next movement was, to send Hoyt off after the arms which belonged to their party. They were only about a mile distant, at the

house of an old farmer, where the young man had been in the habit of stopping since the death of his father.

Before three o'clock in the afternoon Hoyt had returned with the arms, and Caleb Wales had come back with ten stout men in his company. These men were all of them seamen, and when they heard from Edward more particularly about the matter in hand they were enthusiastic in the cause. They were all well armed, and had come every way prepared for a severe conflict.

The boat was unmoored and hauled round to the landing-step. The mast was unstepped and left on the shore, and then the men took their seats upon the thwarts. In a few minutes more fifteen true Yankee sailors had fairly started upon their patriotic mission.

CHAPTER II.

THE RESCUE.

OLD David Morgan stood upon the rough landing pier in front of his cot, and watched the boat until it was out of sight, and all the while his gray eyes were sparkling with a lustre that had not shone there before for a long time. He was a very old man, for the frosts of more than fourscore years were upon the long white locks that floated loosely about his wrinkled temples; but he was not yet old enough to have forgotten the love of country nor the hatred of tyrants. The boat had just disappeared around the headland, and the old man was upon the point of turning towards his cot, when a sharp, quick cry fell upon his ear. It seemed to come from the thick wood to the eastward of the river, and bore the sound of some one in distress.

David sprang towards his cot as quickly as possible,—at such a call he could move quickly, if ever,—and when he came back he brought with him a pair of heavy boarding pistols. He moved up a few paces towards the wood, and then stopped to listen. In a moment more the same cry was repeated. The old man grasped his pistols firmly and started on, but ere he had moved many steps he heard a crackling in the bushes, and a female form came rushing out from the wood. She saw David, and, with a wild cry of hope, she sprang towards him and caught him by the arm.

"Kate Garland!" uttered the old man, as the fugitive's features were turned beseechingly towards him.

"Yes! yes! David. O, save me! save me!"

She was a beautiful creature, the fugitive who had thus claimed protection at the hands of David Morgan—just blushing into the bloom of womanhood's first dawn, with a form as light and graceful as the fabled fairy, but yet full with health and maidenly vigor. Her features were all loveliness—pure, soft, and warm with the heart's best emotions; her eyes were blue, a deep, liquid, lustrous blue; and her hair, of rich auburn, was flowing in long, unrestrained curls over her fair white shoulders.

"Save me! O, save me!" she cried, still clinging to the old man's arm.

"Certainly, my sweet child. But where's the danger?"

"There, there they come! O, save me, David!"

David Morgan looked up and saw two men coming towards him. They were both of them English officers, tall, stout men, with countenances full of base passions. David was not surprised to see the Englishmen there, for he knew that many of the enemy were prowling about the Connecticut coast.

"Do those men mean to harm you, Kate?" asked the old man.

The two officers had stopped a short distance off when they saw what sort of protection the girl had found, and they seemed to be consulting together.

"Yes," returned the maiden, having regained somewhat of her wonted courage. "Nearly a week ago I met them in the wide path that leads from my father's house to the coast, and they basely insulted me, but I escaped them unharmed. Since then they have been lurking about; and to-day, as I was returning home from old Farmer Talcott's, they seized me; they caught me when I knew not they were near; I struggled and cried, but they stopped my mouth and bore me towards the sea-shore. They swore I should go with them. At length I got my mouth clear, and screamed; and when they tried to stop my mouth again I broke from them and fled towards your cot. They are wicked men, and they said they would take me to Newport. You will not let them harm me."

"No, no, my child," returned the old man, with a firmly-closed lip. "Before they harm Kate Garland, they must kill David Morgan. I am—"

David suddenly stopped speaking, for he saw that the two men were approaching. Kate crouched away behind her old friend, and let go his arm.

"Just you leave that girl alone, old man," cried the first officer, as he came near to where the maiden and her protector stood. "She is our prize, and we'll have her; so, if you value your life, just move out of the way. D'ye understand?"

"Look ye, old white-head," added the second comer, with a coarse oath by way of emphasis, "you'd better get out of the way as quickly as possible, or we'll be under the necessity of moving you. Budge, now, and leave the girl alone."

The old man's lips trembled, but there was no fear upon his time-worn countenance. He had tucked both the pistols inside of his leathern belt when Kate first came up to him, but they were in a situation to be easily drawn.

"Don't fear, Kate," he said, as the maiden again caught him by the arm. "They sha'n't harm you while I live. Let go my arm and be quiet. You'll bother me if you cling to me so."

She let go of David's arm, and then he turned towards the Englishmen:

"What do you want with this girl?" he asked.

"That's none of your business, old man."

You get out of the way, and you'll save yourself avast deal of trouble."

"You'll not touch this girl while I am alive, you red-coated villains!" retorted David, in an excited tone, but yet without trembling. "She's come to me for protection, and she shall have it. Now go about your business. If you stop here much longer, you may get into trouble."

The two men laughed at the old man's reply, and one of them approached him, saying, as he did so:

"You talk well for an old man."

"Ay," bitterly returned David, while his lip curled with utter scorn; "and so you act well for what you are. Aint you satisfied with trampling upon our rights, butchering our people, and burning our towns? Must you, to fill up the measure of your wickedness, do things still more vile? I know your hearts, and I know they are like rocks. Now go about your business."

"And this is our business, old bald-headed rebel. That girl is ours."

"Back! Lay but a finger upon her, and you are both dead men! By the sacred rights God has given me, I'll not see her harmed while I can lift a hand. Back, villains!"

David drew both his pistols as he spoke, and the two men cowered for a moment before his determined presence. They seemed to have come to the conclusion that the venerable rebel was a man not to be trifled with, and yet they had evidently made up their minds to possess themselves of the maiden. They moved back a few paces, and conversed together in a low tone. Then he who had been the first to speak moved up again, while the other remained behind.

"Hark ye, old man," said he who had advanced, when he came to within half-a-dozen paces of where David stood; "we don't want to harm the girl, but she must go with us. There's no other alternative. Now you can give her up, or—ha! who's that?"

The speaker suddenly turned his gaze towards the shore of the bay, and the fisherman naturally followed his example. There was nothing there but the sand, and rocks, and water, but the moment the old man's eyes were turned, the second officer sprang like a cat upon him and bore him to the ground. One of his pistols fell from his grasp as he came down, but though he still kept the other one, yet he could not use it. The Englishman was a stout, heavy man, and he now held old Morgan as he would have held a child.

"Now, old white-head," growled the ruffian, "you are safe, and I've a great notion to kill you for the pains you have taken."

The poor old man struggled with all his might, but it availed him nothing. He might as well have tried to free himself from a lion.

In the mean time, the other villain had approached the spot where the maiden stood.

"Now, my pretty piece of perverseness, you are mine," he uttered, with a dark smile upon his lips.

Kate Garland was not yet conquered. She saw in an instant the nature of her situation, and every nerve and muscle in her system was strained for the emergency. Something worse than death was staring her in the face and every energy of her life was required to meet it. She saw where Morgan's pistol had dropped, and with one bound she sprang to the spot and seized it. She cocked it, and then turned with flashing eyes upon her enemy.

"Touch me not!" she said, in a voice very low and calm, but yet very powerful. "Come not nearer, sir!"

"And what will you do if I do?"

"I shall fire."

"Ha, ha, ha! Spunk as well as beauty. Now put up your pistol."

As he spoke he made a spring towards the maiden, but she was prepared for him. She had seen how the old fisherman had been overcome, and she was wary. Ideas of self-defence came quickly and clearly to her mind, and she hesitated not to act. She raised the pistol—the villain made a movement to dash it from her grasp, but he was too late. With a steady nerve she pulled the trigger—the sharp report rang out upon the air, and with a deep groan the officer staggered back. He clapped both hands to his bosom, but it was only to close them over the place where the sure death-messenger had gone. He made one more convulsive movement towards the fair girl, but she eluded his grasp—he passed unsteadily on by the spot where she had stood, but he stopped himself and turned. His eyes were grown leaden, and while he tried to look upon the fair form of his intended victim, he reeled once more like a drunken man, and then sank down upon the green-sward. He fell without a groan, and lay as motionless as a stone.

The man who had been holding the old fisherman, now leaped to his feet. He had not been long down, for the tragic scene which had just closed had passed very quickly—so quickly that

he could not have prevented it had he not been otherwise engaged. The fall of his companion seemed to have startled him, for he gazed around for a moment as though he were undecided what to do. This moment was not lost by Kate, for quick as thought she sprang to grasp David's second pistol, but the old man saved her the trouble. He had been somewhat bruised by the rough usage he had received, but it only tended to make him start the more quickly, for he was stung to the quick by the indignity, and, under the influence of the just indignation that raged in his bosom, he started to his feet.

By this time the Englishman was satisfied that he was left alone to settle the difficulty, and with a fierce oath he drew his sword and sprang towards the fisherman. But David was prepared for him; and he was prepared, too, without any thoughts of parley or quarter. He simply raised his pistol, and, without speaking, he fired; and before the report had ceased its reverberations among the distant hills, the second villain was laid upon the ground.

The maiden gazed about her with a quick, sweeping glance. She was pale as marble, and as soon as she saw that her persecutors were both dead, and that she was free from present danger, she tottered towards her preserver, and would have fallen at his feet had he not have caught her in his arms.

"Kate," he said, as he brushed the ringlets back from her white brow, "you are not harmed?"

"Not harmed," she murmured, gazing vacantly up into the old man's face. "O, no, David, I am safe. They cannot harm me now."

It was only a sort of bewildering weakness that had come over her—a weakness consequent upon the long mental siege she had undergone—and she soon overcame it.

"They have not harmed you, Kate?" the old repeated, in a tone of considerable earnestness, and yet with a tinge of the inquisitive.

"No, no, thank God! they have not!" ejaculated the maiden, with a fervor of tone that showed conclusively that her mind was not wandering; "I am unharmed, David. But how is it with yourself?"

"O, they didn't hurt me—not an atom. Now if you are strong enough I'll accompany you home, for I know you wont want to go alone."

Kate Garland would not have refused the old man's offer, but before she could make a reply, they were startled by the approach of a man who

had come from the wood. He was a middle-aged man, somewhere about forty years of age, and eminently handsome as far as outward beauty was concerned; and his countenance, even, upon a close examination, was prepossessing. His form and carriage showed that he had never been used to manual labor, and his walk was both proud and dignified. If there was anything in his countenance that could be turned against him by a skillful physiognomist, it was a something about his thin and strongly-marked lips. The dark eyes betrayed a deep, strong soul, and those lips told of an indomitable will. Then by summing up the investigation, one would be led to the conclusion that the man, though naturally kind and generous, would never swerve from a plan once conceived, even though he should discover that said plan was wrong and wicked.

"Ah, here comes Sir Walter McDoane," said the old fisherman.

"Sir Walter?" uttered Kate, looking up. "So it is."

"He will go home with you."

"Yes," said Kate; and as she spoke there came a dark shadow over her face, and she trembled.

"You are not afraid of Sir Walter, are you?" asked David, noticing with some amazement the emotion of the young girl.

"O, no—not afraid of him," returned Kate; but she spoke faintly, and in a dubious voice.

At this juncture the man came up. He expressed considerable alarm when he saw how pale the maiden was, and he at once took her by the hand.

"Kate," he said, speaking in a very tender tone, "I have been looking for you. What has happened? Tell me, for I am very anxious."

She explained the matter to him as the reader already understands it. He was much affected by the narrative, and after it was concluded he

went and looked at the bodies of the two dead men.

"I have seen the villains before," he said, as he placed his foot upon the second one and turned his face up. "I have seen them prowling about here. But they've met their just deserts now. Morgan, you shall be rewarded for this."

"Say nothing about that, Sir Walter," quickly replied the old man. "But you will let the young lady go into my cabin and take a drop of cordial before she starts for home. She needs it bad enough, poor girl. Come, sir, you shall taste my wine for yourself. Better never crossed the sound."

Sir Walter asked Kate if she would like a little wine, and upon her answering in the affirmative, he signified his willingness to accompany the old fisherman. They accordingly entered the cot, and, handing out a couple of seats, old David went to one of his lockers, from which he brought forth a large flask and some glasses. These he set upon the table, and then he helped his guests, and he did it, too, with much more of real refinement than one often finds in the halls of boasted fashion. It was refinement in that it was done with modest, heart-felt zeal.

Kate Garland drank some of the wine, and it seemed to revive her, but she did not appear so easy as before Sir Walter had come. There was nothing in her glance that seemed to indicate that she really disliked the man, nor could it be really said that she feared him; but yet there was a manifest uneasiness in her manner, an uneasiness that plainly indicated that she would have been happier had she been alone. Old David noticed it, and he at first wondered at it, but gradually there stole a look of intelligence over his countenance, until at length he shook his head beneath the weight of the idea that had entered his brain.

CHAPTER III.

THE WARLOCK.

SIR WALTER had not purposed to remain long beneath the fisherman's roof, and as soon as Kate had become somewhat revived he arose to take his leave. He had already put on his hat, and was assisting the maiden to adjust her light scarf, when a stranger suddenly appeared before them. The door had been left open, and the new-comer had entered without ceremony. He was an old man—certainly over threescore—very tall and gaunt, and very straight. His face was much wrinkled, and without beard. His hair had evidently once been of a sandy hue, but it was now almost white, save a few locks that clung about the ears, and they were still of a yellow cast. His eyes were small—probably contracted by age—and gray; but they were bright and strong. His dress was peculiar, consisting of thin, tight leggings, a sort of coarse plaid shirt, and a plaid bonnet, such as is usually worn by the Scotch Highlanders.

"Excuse me, good folks," he said, with a slight Scotch idiom in his speech; "but I am weary, and I sought rest here, for well I knew that David Morgan was not the man to refuse it."

"You spoke right then, Logan," returned David. "Rest here as much as you please, and when you please."

"Thank you," replied the stranger guest, as he took a seat. "I see you have been having some strange work out here."

"Yes, yes," responded David. "Those two fellows thought to carry off our pretty Kate, and I for one, hope the same may be the fate of all the rest of 'em. Them Britishers aint of no use here, an' I don't know but that's the best way to fix 'em."

"Certainly," said Logan; and as he spoke he turned his eyes around upon Kate Garland.

Sir Walter McDoane had been watching the stranger ever since he entered, and now that he got a full view of his features he started with a sudden emotion, which even he himself did not fully understand. Perhaps the old man noticed this, for he bent his eyes keenly upon the baronet, and seemed to be studying every line in his features.

"Look ye, sir," said Sir Walter, with a slight show of uneasiness, "you regard me as though you knew me. Have you ever met me before?"

Logan gazed for a few moments longer without speaking. There was something like a dark smile swept across his features, and a strange light came to his small gray eyes. He trembled some as he spoke, but very likely that tremulousness was only the result of age and fatigue.

"Sir Walter," he said, in a tone that made both the baronet and the maiden start, "I have met you before; but I meet many a man whom I soon afterwards forget; but few people once meet the warlock and then forget him."

"Then you are a warlock, are you?" said Sir Walter, trying to appear relieved. "A man wizard, I suppose."

"I am called Logan, the Warlock," returned the old man, with a slight tinge of contempt in his tone. "I never assumed the name, but people have seen fit to give it to me. Whether I am a wizard, or not, those know best who know my power."

A curl of disdain manifested itself around the finely chiselled lips of Sir Walter.

"I think I know your character now," the baronet said, "and I suppose I must have met you somewhere. But you see," he added, with a sarcastic smile, "I have seen you, and yet came near forgetting you."

"No, no, Sir Walter McDoane. You did not come near forgetting me. I know how you would profess to look upon me, but you cannot hide your thoughts from me. I could make your blood leap through your veins till your very brain turned."

"Finely and professionally spoken," said the baronet; "but as I happen to know what such speeches, from such a source, are worth, they have but little place in my memory. Come, Kate, we will be going."

The maiden was all ready, and she arose to follow her conductor; but she did not go before she had turned and taken one more look at the warlock. She had been startled by the old man's words. When Sir Walter reached the door he turned back.

"David," he said, in a careless tone, "I wish you would come out here and look to these two dead bodies a moment. We must make some provision for their disposal."

The old fisherman immediately arose and followed the baronet out of the cot. When they reached the spot where the late tragedy had been enacted, Sir Walter stopped and turned towards his old host. There was much of anxiety upon his features, and the careless expression with which he had left the cot was all gone.

"David," he began, without taking the least notice of the corpses that lay near him, "who is that man?"

"Do you mean Logan?"

"Yes."

"Why, I couldn't tell you any more than he told you himself. All I know is, that his name is Logan, and that he is called the warlock. But he is a strange man, though."

"In what is he strange?" asked the baronet,

seeming not to endeavor to hide the interest he felt.

"Why, he's strange about everything. He can tell some wonderful things, and do some wonderful things. It was he that cured me of the bite of the rattlesnake, and he did it, too, when everybody else said I must die. He's a good man, sir, but I should advise you not to cross him."

"O, I have no fear of him, my old friend, only my curiosity is excited—that's all. How long has he been about here?"

"Well, I couldn't exactly say. He's been off an' on for a good many years. I remember him first some twelve or fifteen years ago, and he's been about here at odd times ever since, sometimes stopping two or three months, and sometimes not more than as many days."

"And what seems to be his business about here?"

"I don't know, nor does any one else."

"How long has he been here this time?"

"Just now was the first I have seen of him for six months, but he may have been about here and I not seen him."

"Do you know where he belongs?"

"No."

"Nor whether he has any relatives?"

"I know that he has no near relations, for he has often told me that he had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, wife nor child, left alive on earth. In fact, Sir Walter, I sometimes think that his brain has been injured by misfortune, for there is no mistake that he has had enough of it."

The baronet seemed much moved, but when he saw how closely the old fisherman was watching him he made a strong effort to throw off the outer appearance of his emotions; but he did not succeed. His face told too plainly that he had not only failed to forget the warlock, but that the sight of him had produced a startling effect upon his mind. He turned away, but ere he had gone many steps he stopped and looked back.

"David," he said, with some hesitation in his manner, "you need not mention to any one how I have questioned you." (The old man nodded an assent.) "I will send some men to look after these two carcasses."

So saying the baronet gave Kate his arm, and then turned up towards the path. As soon as he was out of sight David returned to his cot, where he found the warlock half asleep in his

chair, but he aroused himself as soon as the fisherman entered.

"Well, well, Logan," uttered David, in a cheerful, off-hand manner, at the same time seating himself, "you haven't tasted my wine yet."

"No, but I will now, if you've no objections."

"Of course I've none, but I should have objections to your going without tasting it."

The fisherman pushed the flask towards his guest, and the latter helped himself.

"Now," said Logan, after he had drank a glass of the wine, "I have another favor to ask of you. I may have occasion to remain about here for some time, and I should like to make this place my home. I will pay you whatever you may think proper."

"Say nothing about pay, sir. My cot is at your service, and I should like above all things to have you for company, for, to tell the plain truth, I am lonely here sometimes."

"I should think you would be," returned Logan, and then in a different tone he added: "But I want you to tell me something of this Sir Walter McDoane."

"I don't know much about him."

"But you know something. How long has he been here?"

"Well, he's been here about a year. He came from Boston, I think. There was a fine estate, joining Capt'n Garland's, whose owner had died. Sir Walter came on and bought it."

"This Captain Garland, of whom you speak, is the young lady's father, I take it,—the lady who has just left here, I mean."

"Yes—she is his only child."

"Is her mother living?"

"No. Her mother died some years ago."

"Very well. And so Sir Walter came from Boston and bought the great estate that lays on the river above here?"

"Exactly."

"What are his opinions respecting the present conflict between England and the colonies?"

"Why, he stands in that matter just about where Captain Garland does. He's kind o' neutral like. The old captain says the colonies of right belong to the king, just as much as England itself does; but he says if the people of the colonies can beat the king in a fair fight, and so gain their independence, they will have a right to it. He thinks the king is right in wanting

what has always been considered his, and that the colonists are right in wanting to be free and own their own houses. Kate has told me that Sir Walter thinks just about the same."

"Yes," returned Logan, with a curl of the lips, "they are afraid of assuming the responsibility of an independent position on this question. Neither side, I suppose, can claim them as partisans, nor denounce them as rebels. But I have the most important question yet to ask." Here the warlock's voice settled to an impressive tone, and a troubled look rested upon his countenance. "Tell me, if you can," he continued, "what is the nature of the friendship between Sir Walter and Kate Garland?"

"Why, I s'pose if nothing happens more than is expected, they'll be married."

"Married! Do you mean that the baronet would make the girl his wife?"

"Yes. That's the plan now. Captain Garland has given his consent; or, at least, so I have been told by those who ought to know," answered David.

"And so it has come to this!" murmured Logan to himself, as he clasped his thin, long hands upon his wrinkled brow. At the end of a few moments he looked up again. "But do you think the girl loves this man?"

"I did think so till to-day, for she has, to my certain knowledge, always set a good deal by him; but I heard her say something to-day that has made me alter my mind. I rather fancy that Kate has seen some one that she loves better. I may say that the idea has entered my mind that she has let her eye fall on young Edward Edgerly. I know she has seen him, and that she had even been over to his boarding place when she was caught by the two British officers. But if she does love Ned Edgerly, then she loves just the finest young man I ever knew. I should like to tell you something about this youth," continued the old fisherman, reaching over after the wine flask. "He is a young—"

David Morgan stopped speaking, for he suddenly discovered that his companion was not paying the least attention to what he was saying. The warlock had allowed his brow again to sink upon his hands, and his hands were resting upon the table. David spoke to him, but he did not answer. He then arose from his seat, and went around and laid his hand upon his guest's shoulder, but yet he gained no reply. He raised

the head, and the eyes were closed, but yet the face was warm. Morgan was startled, for he found that Logan was utterly insensible. He ascertained, however, that there was a slight pulsation of the heart, and he at once set about using such means as he had at hand for bringing the warlock back to his senses; and in this he was successful; for ere long Logan opened his eyes, and shortly afterwards David assisted him to a bed where he could the more easily attend to his wants.

David Morgan was not by nature a very curi-

ous man, for he never meddled with what did not concern him; but in the present instance his curiosity was prodigiously excited. He had suspected that there was something odd, to say the least, about Sir Walter McDoane, and as for Logan, he knew there was a vast deal about him that was really strange. But he could not question the old warlock now. He did ask him, though, what had caused him to faint, and Logan said it was fatigue; but David did not so readily believe. He fancied there was something more than mere fatigue in the operation.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ROYAL YACHT IN A NEW SITUATION.

WHEN the boat in which young Edgerly and his companions had set off had passed the promontory the royal yacht was brought in sight, and not more than a mile distant. Edward was all animation, and his followers were equally zealous with himself. The yacht carried four brass guns—two on each side—and of course our adventurers knew that she must be well supplied with other arms, but they thought not of the danger they had to encounter, any further than to avoid that which was unnecessary. They only thought of the value of the prize before them, and of the service they might render to their suffering country.

"Look here, capt'n—for I s'pose we might as well begin to call you *capt'n* now as any time," said Caleb Wales, turning towards Edward. "I take it you mean to run under that feller's bows."

"Of course," returned our hero, partly smiling at Caleb's bluntness, and partly blushing at the allusion thus made to the picture of his ambition. "We can run straight under her fore-foot, and then come up under her fore-chains, and she won't have a chance to fire into us. But I tell you, my men," Edward added, "we've got hard work to do, and we may as well make up our minds to it now as at any time. I suppose they will mistrust our errand, and be prepared for us."

"You may set your life on that stake," said Elliott. "If we've caught 'em in a calm we sha'n't catch 'em nappin'. You'll have enough to do, Caleb."

"Jest wat I like," responded Caleb, with a look that showed him sincere. "If all my work can be agin them intarnal Britishers I'd like to work my hands chock off up to my elbows. By the big end of all creation, if I don't make some of 'em wish they'd never seed Cale Wales, then call me a lubber, that's all."

No one seemed to doubt Caleb's veracity, and he was allowed to shake his head to the full extent of the emphasis he wished to bestow upon his patriotic sentiments.

"Now look alive, boys," uttered Edward, in short, quick tones. "Be ready every man to spring. Remember we have only our coolness and decision to depend upon. It must be a hand-to-hand affair. If they fire upon us with their small arms, don't flinch. If there be six of us left when the boat touches, those six shall board."

"Ay, ay,—an' I'd board alone afore I'd go back as I come," added Caleb, as he loosened his pistols, and tightened his cutlass belt. "I'm ready for 'em."

By this time the boat had come to within hailing distance, and our adventurers saw that the crew of the yacht were all crowded forward.

"Jerusalem! what a thing she must be for sailing!" ejaculated Caleb. "Who ever seed such bows as them afore?"

The remark was not inappropriate, for the yacht did look handsomer the nearer she was approached. Her bows were sharp and well turned, and they sat proudly up as though disdainful of the water that would impede them.

"Boat ahoy!" came from the bows of the schooner.

"We'll give no answer," said Edward to his men. "If they want any clue to our real character they must judge for themselves. Lay to your oars."

"Keep off! keep off! or we'll fire into you," yelled the captain of the yacht.

"Fire away, my hearty," muttered Caleb, as he pulled his cap down over his head more firmly, and then took hold to give the oarsman in front of him a lift.

"One more good pull!" uttered Edward.

Just as he spoke he heard the order given on board the yacht to fire, and in a moment more nearly a score of muskets were discharged into the boat; but Caleb Wales was the only man that was hit, a ball grazing him upon the left cheek. He put his hand up and felt the wound—it was not a severe one,—then he looked at his hand and saw the blood.

"D'ye see that?" he uttered, showing his bloody hand to Edward.

"But it's all in the fate of war, Caleb," returned the young leader. "They have a right to defend themselves. Ha! look out! In with your oars, and stand by to grapple the chains."

In another instant, before the yacht's muskets could be discharged a second time, the boat was under the chains, and Edward leaped upon her deck. Caleb Wales was the first to follow him. The yacht's crew numbered just twenty, but three of them were boys, habited in the uniform of midshipmen. They were armed.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed the Englishman.

"It means that we want this vessel," replied our hero, as he beat back a man who had attempted to oppose him.

"Rebels! rebels!" cried the Englishman.

"Repel them, my men!"

The crew of the yacht sprang forward to beat back the invaders, but they did not succeed. Caleb Wales alone covered the way for eight of his companions to follow him, and in doing this he sent four of the enemy to their last account.

In fact, the very appearance of Caleb was enough to frighten a stout man into submission—tall and powerful, his face and bosom all covered with blood, his cap gone, and his long hair bristling like porcupine quills about his head. He well knew the many butcheries the enemy had committed in the adjoining colony, and he knew that he was fighting against men who would trample all he held dear in the dust.

Though the crew of the yacht out-numbered the Yankees, yet they were far inferior in point of power, for our hero had at his back a set of men picked out of a hundred, each one of whom was a hero in himself. Such a conflict, between such a number, could not last long. In less than fifteen minutes the English cried for quarters.

"Then down with your arms!" said Edward. "We will give no quarters while there is a man of you holds a weapon."

The English captain had already dropped his weapon, for his sword-arm was cut so that he could not use it, and at a word from him his men also laid down their arms. Edward's first impulse was to look around for his own men. He counted them, and found only three missing—three of those whom Caleb had got from Stamford. Some of the others were slightly wounded, but not enough to incapacitate them from duty. Of the English there were eight killed, five of them having fallen beneath the single arm of Caleb.

While our hero was making this survey the English commander was busy in having his arm bound up, and as soon as it was done to his satisfaction he sought the youthful conqueror, who was now looking after the wounded among the prisoners.

"Well, sir," said the Englishman with somewhat of a crestfallen look, yet tinged with wrath, "I suppose we are your prisoners."

"I must certainly regard you in that light at present," returned our hero.

"And I suppose you intend to appropriate the yacht to your own use."

"Yes. We should not have run so much risk if we had not wanted your vessel. The truth is, sir, she took my eye, and when I saw you out here becalmed, I determined to try for the possession."

"And you've got it, but you may find that the possession will be more of a plague than profit. You'll find it hard work to get out of the sound with her."

"Do you think you've got another craft at

Newport, or at New York, that can beat her on the wing?"

"Well,—I don't think we have," replied the Englishman, with some hesitation.

"Then I shall not fear for the present."

"You are bold fellows, at all events, and it is a pity you are not engaged in a better cause."

"What cause can be better, sir, than the protection of our own hearth-stones? Than the cause of liberty? O," Edward added, with bitter emphasis, "'tis a pity you were not engaged in a better cause than fighting for a king who would trample upon all our sacred rights. *Better cause!* Look at our people, sir. See them starving and half naked, and yet bearing bravely up against their foe. Go track the blood-marks of their frozen feet, and listen to their prayers to God. Go to their houses, and see the fathers and the sons gone from the warm smiles that dwell there to brave the terrors of battle. Go and see the tender wife as she blesses her husband, and then prays for him as he turns away for the scene of conflict. Go and see our mothers as they gratefully send forth their first born to fight for liberty. Do you suppose all this would be done, if the cause were not a good, a holy one? It was our sacred cause that nerved our arms in the conflict that has just passed. Don't talk of bad causes, sir, until you have looked a little about you."

The Englishman had no answer for the young American, but he quailed before his sparkling eye and majestic look. He knew that there was truth in what he had heard, though perhaps he was not ready to own it. As Edward turned towards the spot where his men were engaged in placing the prisoners in irons, the captive captain walked aft and leaned up against the taffrail, and there he remained until the deck was all cleared up, and the dead carefully laid away under a spare sail.

The calm still prevailed, and as soon as other matters were attended to Edward thought of examining the prize that had fallen into his hands. She proved to be somewhat larger than he had thought, having more breadth of beam, and sitting deeper in the water. Her four guns were twelve-pounders and of medium length, and besides these there was a good quantity of small arms and ammunition. The cabin was spacious, and furnished with all the splendor wealth could afford, and there was ample room forward for a large crew. When Edward re-

turned to the deck he again sought his prisoner-captain.

"Captain," he said, "I should like to know how you and your crew came to be out here in this yacht. I thought she belonged to some of your English nobility."

"So she did, until you took her."

"And were you down here on a mere pleasure excursion?"

"No. I was sent after a couple of runaways. Two of the officers who were stationed at Newport borrowed a boat and got leave to take a turn in the bay about a week ago, and as nothing has been heard of them since, the admiral saw fit to send me after them, and as there was no other light vessel at hand he obtained this one."

"And have you found your runaways?"

"No."

"But you do not mean to tell me that you were sent out in this shape for that purpose alone, for I hardly think this craft would have been put in commission for so paltry an affair."

"Well, sir," returned the Englishman, smiling despite the pain of his arm, "that was one of my instructions, and if I had any others, of course you do not expect that I shall reveal them; so you can doubt and surmise as much as you please."

"O, I sha'n't push you with questions," said our hero. "I have got all I want now, and if you have government secrets, you are welcome to keep them."

As Edward thus spoke he turned to his men.

"I think we may expect a breeze soon," said Andrew Elliott, who was holding up his finger to see if he could detect any decided movement in the air. "There's a little breath comin' in from the east'rd, here, an' it'll be sure to puff out fresh before long."

Edward noticed the indications, and he at once set about preparing to run his prize into Morgan's Bay. Before the lower disc of the sun touched the distant tree-tops the breeze came, gently at first, but gradually swelling until the white canvass was filled, and Elliott took the helm. The run was a short one, and ere long the royal yacht was safe and snug in the little bay. As soon as her anchors were down and her sails furled, the prisoners were placed in the boat which had been borrowed of the old fisherman, and the dead bodies in the yacht's boat, and then our hero pulled towards Morgan's landing. The old man came near going crazy

with delight when he learned of what had been done, and fifty times, at least, did he place his hand upon young Edgerly's shoulder and tell him that he was a "noble fellow." But Edward claimed but little of the honor for himself.

"Ah! what's this, David?" uttered the young man, as he saw the two corpses which lay near the cot.

"O, them's a couple of beauties that thought to make a capture about here. I'll tell you about it when we get a chance."

An exclamation from the English captain at this moment arrested our hero's attention.

"Those are the very men I was after," said the prisoner, as he came near enough to see the faces of the two dead officers. "But it seems they are as bad off as the rest of us."

"No worse off than they deserve, though," said old David.

"What, have they been up to any mischief, or were they murdered in cold blood?"

"We don't murder folks in cold blood about here," returned David, indignantly. "Them two

villains tried to steal away one of our helpless girls; but you see how they succeeded."

The Englishman asked no more questions, but suffered himself to be led away. Edward learned from David the particulars of the circumstances that had transpired while he had been gone, and the old man did not fail to notice the startling effect which the danger of Kate Garland produced upon his youthful listener. But Edward said nothing to expose his real sentiments, nor did the old man ask him any questions.

Our hero had thought some of sending his prisoners off immediately to White Plains, where the American army was stationed, and which was only fifteen miles distant, but as some of them were wounded and weak, he concluded to let them rest over night, at least, so he obtained resting-places for them in David's boat-house, and set a sufficient guard to watch them.

That night when Edward Edgerly laid his head upon his pillow, he looked forward into the future with golden hopes. Surely he had made a good beginning.

CHAPTER V.

LOVE.

EARLY on the morning following the capture of the royal yacht, young Edward was up and busy among his prisoners. A clergyman was sent for to come from Stamford, but he came not alone. Some two-score of people came crowding along with him, for they had heard of the gallant exploit, and they wished to participate in the rejoicings of the occasion. They saw the beautiful craft in the bay, laying there like a reposing seabird, with the flag of the colonies floating proudly from the peak, and they sent forth such a shout as old David Morgan had never heard about his cot before. But the shouting was soon hushed, for the clergyman approached the spot, and the bodies of the dead were brought forth for burial. The ceremony was short but impressive. The graves were made in a quiet spot within the wood, and there the bodies of the enemy were placed, while the three Americans who had fallen were carried to Stamford.

As soon as this part of our hero's duty was accomplished, he set about arranging his prisoners for a march to White Plains. He left Andrew Elliott in charge of the yacht, taking Caleb Wales, James Hoyt, and four of the Stamford men with him to help guard the prisoners. Caleb's wound was washed and neatly dressed, and even now hardly disfigured his face. It was just ten o'clock when the party set off, and they reached White Plains by the middle of the afternoon. General Washington was not in the camp, having gone that very morning up towards Tarrytown to inspect the posts in that direction; but Edward delivered his prisoners over to the officer

in command, and from him he received the most flattering encomiums, with the promise, also, that the circumstance should be explained to Washington on his return.

Without remaining long to examine things in the American camp, Edward set off on his return, and when he had crossed the Byram river he sent his companions directly on to Morgan's Bay, while he kept on towards the dwelling of Captain Barry Garland. It was not yet sundown when he reached the dwelling of the captain, but he seemed to hesitate about entering the building. Thus far he had walked resolutely and boldly, but now he stopped and gazed tremulously about him. He was still hesitating at the gate of the wide park, when he heard light footsteps approaching him, and on looking around he saw Kate coming towards him from the garden which lay to the right of the buildings. She came up with a bright smile upon her features, and at once extended her hand.

"Ah, Edward," she said, with a glowing countenance and sparkling eye, "I did not think you would have been up here at this time. I have heard of your noble exploit; and what do you think my father says?"

"I'm sure I could not tell," returned our hero, speaking with a great deal more hesitation than anything on the occasion seemed to warrant.

"Well, he says your conduct was perfectly excusable," resumed Kate, with a light laugh. "He said he thought you did what any bold man had a right to do who was determined to fight against the king. Now that's considerable for

my father to admit. But come, you shall go in and see him, for I know he would like to hear an account of the affair from your own lips."

"Not now, not now, Kate," said Edward, seeming to try to master some emotion that moved him. "I have but a short time to spare, and I have come to spend that with you alone. Let us walk down the road here."

The maiden had a smile upon her lips when Edward commenced speaking, but it was gone now, and she was very earnest in her study of the young man's features. She seemed to guess at something near the truth, for she spoke very lowly when she gave her hand again to her companion.

"Of course I will walk with you," she said, "and if you will not go with me into the house, then I will go with you."

They accordingly turned down the road, and for some distance they walked on in silence. Kate, who was usually so talkative and joyous, looked thoughtful, and Edward seemed busy in studying up something to say. At length they reached a spot where a long row of willows grew upon either side of the way, and Edward slackened his pace.

"Kate," he began, in a very tremulous tone, "perhaps I am taking an unwarrantable liberty in broaching the thoughts that lay heavy upon me, but you must forgive me if they pain you."

"You must not commence in that way, Edward, for I do not believe you would say anything that could cause me pain."

"No, no, Kate, God knows I would not willingly; but in what I have now to say, there may be something that will strike you differently from what I mean in the saying. I know that I have no claim upon either the regards of your father or yourself. To be sure I have served your father in the way of business, but then the service was mutual, and I was amply repaid. And as for yourself, I have been the sole recipient of favor. Your society has given me some of the happiest moments of my life, and your sweet smiles have shed some of the brightest beams that ever lingered over my pathway. I cannot forget the joys of the past, for I have allowed them to take the wings of hope and go before me into the future. Once I even dared to raise my thoughts to a continuation of these joys that should be with me ever. But I can give it up now if it must be so. I would not be selfish, nor would I urge a claim to which I have no right."

Edward felt Kate's hand tremble upon his arm,

and he ceased speaking. There were tears in his own eyes, and he fancied that those of his companion looked moist.

"Have I offended?" he asked.

"No," replied the maiden, looking up.

"Then I will say on. Uncle Morgan has told me of the danger to which you were exposed yesterday, and he also told me of another thing that has opened my eyes to a reality which had before been only an ideal. He said that you—"

The young man stopped, for his companion was trembling violently, and he saw that tears were gathering in her eyes.

"Go on, Edward," she murmured, without looking up. "Tell me what David told you."

"He told me that you were going to become the wife of Sir Walter McDoane."

"And did that give you pain?"

"Pain, Kate? O, it came to my heart like an ice-bolt. I knew not till then how—But let that pass. I would only know if David told me the truth?"

"He told you what is generally believed to be the truth," returned Kate, while a tear trickled down her fair cheek.

"But he told me that your father had given his consent."

"He told you truly."

"Then you are indeed to become the wife of another. O, Kate, this is hard; but I should not complain. It is nothing to me;—and yet it will torture my heart. O, now that it is too late, I know how I have loved you—how wholly my heart has been yours. I have dreamed of you as one dreams of some Eden where joy has no night; but the dream is past. Forgive me, Kate, if I have made you weep. I shall weep long when there is no one to see me."

Edward stopped, and would have turned back, but the maiden laid her head upon his bosom and began to weep more freely. She did not weep like one in pain, but as though the deep fountains of her soul had been stirred by strong emotions.

"Don't go yet," she murmured, "for you do not yet know all."

"Not all, Kate? Ah, I need not know more."

"But I must tell you more," continued the maiden, looking up through her tears. "You will not ask me, and I must tell you without asking. I love you, Edward, with my whole soul. Were I to marry with Sir Walter, you would not be alone in your misery."

"Then I was not deceived," cried the young man, as he pressed the fair girl to his bosom.

"O, I thought you loved me. I thought I had seen it in your eyes, in your smiles, in your words, and in the joy you have expressed in my society. I was not deceived, was I, Kate?"

"No, Edward, for I have loved you for a long time."

Slowly the lovers started on again. Edward had wiped his eyes, but he looked troubled, for the horizon of his love was by no means clear. He held one of Kate's hands in his own, and with an earnest look he gazed into her face. The sun had just sunk from sight, and the rich glow that still lingered upon the face of nature fell with a marvellous softness upon the maiden's features. The youth gazed upon them till the cloud was almost gone from his brow; but his mind soon wandered back to the reality of things about him, and he looked again troubled.

"Kate," he said, "do you think your father will press your marriage with the baronet?"

"O, I hope not. I know that he has promised Sir Walter my hand, but he has never asked me. I will tell him all, and I am sure he will spare me."

"Then you will break the subject to your father,—you will tell him of our love?"

"Yes, and if he loves me as I think he does, he will not surely do a thing that could make me so miserable as that would."

"No, for your father has ever appeared to me to be a kind, generous man. If he wants a husband for his child who is possessed of worldly goods, I will win them. If a true heart and a faithful love are wanted, God knows I have them both, and gold I can make. Tell him this, Kate."

"I will tell him all, Edward."

As soon as the dew began to fall, the lovers turned their steps back towards the spot from whence they had started, and on the way they talked of the love that had just burst its bounds. It was a fruitful theme for those two young hearts, and they would have talked on for a long while had they not been suddenly aroused by the appearance of Captain Garland, who was coming from towards the house.

Garland was a man somewhere about fifty years of age, tall, stout, and erect, with a countenance of fair appearance, and indicative of much personal bravery. He was very stern in his look, but yet not devoid of kindness. He was, or had been, a sea-captain, and in that capacity he had amassed quite a snug little fortune. Edward had, since the death of his father, sailed some with Garland, and had done other business

for him. But it was not to this that our hero was indebted for his acquaintance with Kate. He had known her from childhood, having been brought up very near her dwelling.

Captain Garland stopped, when he noticed his child and her companion, and waited for them to come up. The twilight had so deepened that he could not see the marks upon their faces, but his tone quite plainly indicated that he did not exactly like the aspect of things.

"Ah, Kate," he said, as she came up. "I have been looking for you."

"Have you, father? I have only been to take a walk."

"So I suppose. Good evening, Edward. Will you walk in?"

"No, sir, I thank you," returned our hero, noticing the cold formality of the old captain's tone and manners.

"Well, you had better go in, Kate, for the dew is falling, and you may take cold. If you had asked my advice, I should not have advised you to thus expose yourself after what happened yesterday."

The maiden raised her eyes to her lover's face and faintly smiled, and with this silent adieu she turned and went towards the house. After she had gone, Garland asked our hero some questions concerning the capture of the royal yacht, and though Edward told him the whole story yet the old man did not speak so kindly as had been his wont in former times. He seemed not only constrained in his manner, but was really cool and forbidding. He asked the young man to walk into the house, but the request was not made cordially; and even had it been, Edward would not have gone, for he was in a hurry to return to the bay. Yet he could not but notice Garland's manner, and it made him feel disagreeably, for he had set much by the friendship of the captain; and, aside from his love for the beautiful Kate, he was not willing to lose it.

As the young man steadily refused to go into the house, Garland formally bade him good evening, and then the former hastened away towards the spot where he had left his companions. On the way his thoughts were wholly occupied by the love of Kate, and by the manner of her father. They were quite opposite in their character—those two subjects of thought—but our hero managed to give his love the predominance, and so he held quite a hopeful reverie, from which he was not aroused until he came within sight of the spot where the tapering masts of the yacht were standing out against the starlit sky.

CHAPTER VI.

A SOUL STRUGGLE.

NOT very early on the same evening Kate Garland joined her father in the sitting-room. The captain sat by his table engaged in reading, and his daughter took a seat near a window. She had evidently come in for some important purpose, for her face was flushed, and her lips trembled. Garland looked up from his book as she took her seat, but he did not seem to notice her appearance; but he laid aside his book, and turned his chair away from the table.

"Well, Kate," he said, "has Sir Walter gone?"

"Yes," returned the maiden, looking out of the window, as though she would hide the expression that came upon her countenance.

"He did not stop long. Perhaps you were not very sociable."

"In truth I was not," said Kate, gathering courage.

"Not sociable?" repeated the old man, eyeing the girl somewhat strangely. "I trust you will be guarded in your interviews with the baronet, but yet I would not have you approach the sullen. He loves you fondly, and you should do all in your power to please him."

"So I will do all in my power to please him as a friend, for as a friend I love and esteem him; but I can do nothing more."

"Do nothing more, Kate!" uttered the cap-

tain, elevating his eye-brows in astonishment.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I cannot love him as a suitor for my hand. O, my father, I would rather die than become his wife!"

Garland half started from his seat, and then sank back again. For some moments he gazed into the face of his child, but she quailed not before him. There was no stubbornness, but her present firmness seemed the result of a holy purpose for self-redemption.

"Girl," said the old man, speaking in a peculiar tone, "you love another?"

"Ay, I do," nobly spoke the fair being, "but that is not the cause of my objections to McDoane. Were my heart as free as air he never could win it. I respect the man, but he is too old to mate for life with my young heart. As a friend, I love him, but when the thought of his being my husband comes up to my mind I turn from him in loathing. I cannot help it—indeed I cannot."

"And I suppose if I were to ask you if you loved Edward Edgerly, you would tell me, yes."

"Ay I should. And is he not worthy of being loved?"

"Perhaps he is, but I should not like that you should wed him. He is but a needy adventurer at least."

"A needy adventurer!" iterated Kate, with a slight touch of indignation in her tone. "Is he not engaged in a most noble cause?"

"No. He is engaged in a broil that must in the end prove disastrous. I do not blame him for the course he is pursuing, but I cannot honor him as I do some of my countrymen. I feel that we should be better off to submit quietly to our lawful king, than to cause the spilling of so much blood, and then be obliged to submit, after all."

"And whom do you call our lawful king?" asked Kate, stirred to opposition now that the character of her lover was on the tapis.

"King George of England, to be sure," returned Garland. "He has a legal right to the colonies."

"And has he a right to the liberties of our people?"

"He has a right to rule us."

"Who gave him that right?"

"Who gave him that right?" repeated the old man, somewhat at a loss for a reply. "Why—he is our king."

"But the people of America never saw him, nor do they owe him any allegiance," resumed the maiden, with sparkling eyes. "All they know of the king is of his tyranny and injustice. You know full well, my father, that when the people first arose, it was only to claim a right which belonged to them—a right which every Englishman at home enjoys, but even then they did not resort to arms. No! it was not until our shores were bristling with British bayonets that the colonists armed themselves. Do you think our people are all dogs, to be whipped into servile obedience to unjust demands? Now the cry is for *national liberty*; and God grant that our people may gain it! O, I know God smiles on the cause for which we fight. He made man to be a noble, independent creature—to be governed alone by the laws of right and justice. Kings would make us slaves, and rule us with the iron rod of tyranny and lust. Who gave King George the right to riot in the blood of his subjects?"

As the girl stopped speaking she bowed her head upon her hands, and for a while her father gazed upon her with a feeling akin to awe. He was not made angry by what she had said, for her words had operated in a different direction; and if he was not convinced of the truth of her speech, he was at least unable to answer it.

"You would make a brave patriot, Kate," the old man at length said.

"Ay—I am a patriot now. But forgive me, father, if I have spoken warmly. I meant not to offend you."

"You have not offended me, my child," said the parent, in a softened tone. "I know how you feel, and I know that your temperament is excitable. But," he added, in a different voice, "you must not speak of that matter again."

"What?" uttered Kate, turning pale.

"Of your love for Edward Edgerly; for I have pledged my word to the baronet that you should be his wife."

"O, if you love me, father—"

"Stop, stop, my child. You know I love you; but I cannot be thwarted in my purpose by such caprice. When Sir Walter first began to visit here he took a fond fancy for you, and some months ago he asked me if he might marry you. I told him I would wait and see how you liked his company. I saw that you were pleased with it, that you seemed happy when he was with you. Then he asked you if you loved him, and you told him yes. Do you suppose I will allow you to trifle with him thus?"

"O, father!" cried the poor girl, springing forward and kneeling at the old man's feet. "I did not mean that I could love him with the love of a wife, for I never dreamed that he meant such a thing. I thought he only meant that I should love him as a kind friend. O, I did not think that proud, rich man would want me for a wife. Save me! O, save me!"

"Arise, my child. This is but the outburst of disappointment. You have seen a younger man—one who held your childhood's love, and now your heart has flown to him. It is but childish caprice, and I cannot bow my will to it."

"But you will not make me wed with Sir Walter?" urged Kate, now arising to her feet, and at the same time laying her hand upon her father's arm, "you will not!"

"I have given my word."

"But I shall die."

"I have pledged my honor."

"I will see Sir Walter."

"That you can do; but if he still claims your hand, he must have it. Ha! Is not that his voice in the hall?"

"Yes," faintly murmured Kate, as she caught the well-known sound.

"He is coming this way. I will leave the room, my child, and you may ask him what you please; but remember, I shall hold you to his decision."

As Garland spoke he left the room by one door just as Sir Walter entered by another.

"Ah, Kate, I have an errand for your father which I forgot. Where is he?—what! in tears? Why, Kate, what is the matter?"

As Sir Walter said this he quickly approached, and tenderly took the maiden's hand within his own.

"What is it, Kate?" he repeated, gazing earnestly into her face. "Tell me what it is that has moved you thus?"

"Sir Walter," she replied, looking up into his deep, dark eyes, "you once asked me if I loved you—"

"Ay—I remember it well; and you told me that you did."

"Alas! you misunderstood me."

"What! did you not tell me so?"

"Yes, but I did not mean it as you meant it. I did not mean that I could be your wife," she uttered in a sorrowful tone.

"How—what—not my wife! Are you in earnest, Kate?"

"Yes, Sir Walter. O, I cannot be your wife! Give me my freedom!"

"And then you will love another," said the baronet. He spoke in a tone so deep and strange that Kate was startled. "And then you will love another," he repeated, while his eyes seemed to drink in the fair form that stood so beseechingly by him.

"Perhaps so," faintly returned the maiden.

"O, Kate, you must not doom me thus. I cannot live without you. You are the first being I have really loved for many a long and weary year. It would break my heart to lose you now. Do not go from me. Do not leave me to suffer alone. I cannot give you up. It would kill me to see you another's."

The strong man wept as he ceased speaking, and the heart of poor Kate was in a sad plight. She knew that Sir Walter spoke sincerely, that he loved her, and from the very depths of her soul she pitied him.

"Sir Walter," she said, determined now to tell the whole truth. "I will not, cannot, deceive you. I do now love another. I love him with that young heart's affection which cannot be rooted out. He was my schoolmate and companion in childhood, and the tender cords of love have long been entwining our hearts. O, when I told you that I loved you I did not mean with such a love as that. You have been my friend, and you must be my friend still. But no more! O, no more than that!"

Sir Walter McDoane sunk into a chair and bowed his head. Kate saw the big tears that trickled through his fingers, and with a convulsive sob she threw herself at his feet. She twined her arms about his knees, and in broken accents she murmured:

"Alas! Sir Walter, I had not thought of this. I could die for you, and be happier than I am now."

"Get up, Kate," said the baronet, trying to conquer himself. "We will speak of this at some other time. I cannot talk now—I am too much moved. And yet, Kate, I cannot give you up. It would break my heart—it would break my heart. O, you do not know how I have loved you. But we will speak of this again.—You must tell your father. But never mind, I will do my errand to him at some other time. Adieu, Kate,—we will speak of this again."

Kate Garland heard the door open and close, and when she looked up she was alone. She stood for a moment with her eyes turned towards the spot where she had last seen the baronet, and then she sank into a chair and buried her face in her hands. She sobbed most painfully, but she had ceased weeping. The fierce struggle that was going on in her bosom was not the theme for tears. In a few moments her father entered.

"Well, my child," he softly said, "what has been the result of your interview with Sir Walter?"

Kate looked up into her father's face, but she could not speak. She tottered forward and sank upon his bosom.

"My child!" the old man uttered, placing one hand upon his daughter's brow, and looking into her pale face, "what does this mean? What has passed since I left you?"

"Ask me not now, father."

"But Sir Walter—was he not kind to you?" he inquired.

"O, yes, very kind. But I cannot tell you now. Let me go. Sir Walter is to speak with me again, and then I will tell you all. Let me go now, father."

The old man detained his child no longer, for however great may have been his curiosity and surprise, he saw that she would only be the more miserable under further questioning, so he allowed her to leave the room.

When Kate reached her own chamber she threw herself upon the bed, and there she lay and sobbed. Her soul was pierced by emotions that had hurled reason from its throne.

CHAPTER VII.

AN UNEXPECTED MISSION.

AT NORWALK Edward remembered to have seen a long brass gun which he thought would be just the armament for the deck of the yacht. He had tested the twelve-pounders which were already on board, and had found them to be sure of aim and powerful for projection; but he wanted something heavier—something which would place him on a par with other armed vessels. This gun which he had seen at Norwalk was of English make, and had been captured by a Dutch privateer from the British, and afterwards sold to some ship-owners in the town where it now lay. Edward took his vessel around to Norwalk, and the owners of the gun gave it to him willingly. It was an eighteen-pounder, and very long and heavy. The brass of which it was made was of the finest texture, and it had suffered but very little from wear or exposure. Some competent workmen were at once set about making a revolving carriage for it, and in less than a week from the time the yacht entered Norwalk bay she had the gun on board and in excellent working order. Shot of all descriptions were easily procured, and thus equipped for her mission the beautiful craft made her way back to Morgan's Bay.

At this latter place our hero found Caleb Wales with a lot of new men whom he had enlisted along the coast, and they were as fine a

looking set of fellows as the old ocean ever rocked. They were patriots, too, of the truest stamp; and never did man feel a more happy and just pride than did Edward Edgerly when he found himself at the head of this collected crew. He had just eighty men, counting himself as one of them. Andrew Elliott was elected to the station of second in command, and Daniel Morris to the third. Caleb Wales took the office of gunner, and James Hoyt, who was an excellent seaman, was the boatswain.

Edward's next movement was to lay plans for future operations, but in this he received an assistance as unexpected as it was fortunate. He was spending an evening with old Daniel Morgan. All his men had gone off to the yacht, and he and the old man were left alone. It was near nine o'clock, and our hero had just thought of going on board, when there came a rap upon the door. Edward was the spryest, and he went to see who knocked. It was a tall, stout man who entered, enveloped in a long black cloak, and wore a tight cap upon his head. He looked carefully about him, and then took the seat that was proffered.

"A fair evening, sir," remarked David, eyeing the stranger keenly.

"Yes, very fair. I noticed a vessel out here in the bay. Is she not the one that was lately captured from the British?"

"Yes, sir," replied the old fisherman, with proud emphasis.

"I would like to see her commander."

"Well, there he sits."

"You, sir?" uttered the stranger, turning his bright eyes upon our hero.

"Yes, I am her captain."

"And are you all prepared for business?"

"Yes sir."

"I should like a few moments of private conversation with you."

"If it relates to my vessel, sir, you need not fear to speak before this old man, for I would have no business that he may not know."

"You are not much of a diplomatist," said the stranger, with a smile. "But never mind, Captain Edgerly, I will not hesitate to trust him now."

"Then you know me, sir," uttered Edward, as he heard his name thus pronounced.

"I know the name of him who captured the royal yacht."

"And I think I know *your* name," said old David, quickly rising to his feet and gazing with a flushed face into the countenance of the stranger. "If you s'nt GEORGE WASHINGTON, then my old eyes deceive me."

"Your eyes tell you the truth this time, my old friend."

Both David and Edward were by the noble man's side in an instant. They caught his hands, and humbly bowed as they blessed him.

"There, there," said Washington, as he wiped a tear from his eye; "now let us to business, for I have not a long while to spare. I must be back to our camp before midnight."

The three men were seated again, and then the general continued:

"I have come, Captain Edgerly, in hopes that you might assist me; and if your vessel is in good fighting condition, I think you can do it."

"She is in a noble condition," replied Edward, proudly. "I have men enough, and arms enough, and I only wait an opportunity to prove that the patriot crew are worthy of the royal yacht. I have no fears for the result, sir."

"Then you will be pretty sure to succeed, for it is our own confidence and determination that make up the sum of our powers. I heard of you and your exploit from the officer to whom you delivered your prisoners at White Plains, and from his account I was led to judge that you were the man I now need. But remember that

what I say here is confidential, for with you I will be plain."

"I'll go out if you wish, general," said David.

"No, no, my old friend," returned Washington; "only be guarded, that's all." And then, turning to Edward, he continued, "Perhaps you may not be aware that we have faithful spies in New York, and that we often receive communications from them?"

"I supposed that such was the case, though I did not think that you could get communications very often."

"You are right there. But I have received intelligence lately that is of much importance. To-morrow there is an English brig-of-war to leave New York for Halifax, and she is to carry important despatches from Lord Howe to the English ministry. From Halifax I suppose they are to be conveyed by some ship that is homeward-bound. The brig is quite heavy, and, I understand, a good sailer. At first I had no hopes of intercepting her; but I chanced to think of you, and I accordingly have come to see you. Now, will you undertake to overhaul that brig?"

"Most willingly, sir," quickly answered our hero. "It is a favor I would have begged of you had I known it. I will start out to-morrow morning, sir."

"Then here is a commission, sir," said the general, as he drew a neatly-folded packet from his bosom, "and under its authority you may levy upon the enemy when and where you please. You will feel more free to know that you are recognized by your government. Several of these communications I received from congress in the form of *carte blanche*, and this one, you will perceive, I have filled up for you."

Captain Edgerly could not express his thanks in words as he found himself the recipient of this favor, but he grasped the general's hand, and while the rich moisture gathered in his eyes, he said:

"Blame me not, sir, if I fail to thank you sufficiently for this; but rather let my after deeds speak for me. I will undertake this mission, and I think I can carry it through."

"Very well," returned Washington. "I shall depend very much upon you in this case, and I know that if you succeed, that success itself will be your best mode of thanks. You must be wary, now, for these despatches are of the utmost importance, and they will certainly be destroyed if you do not look sharp for them. If you succeed in capturing the brig you had better carry

her into Boston—she will be your property—and you will easily find some one there who will dispose of her for you; but such of her arms and ammunition as you do not want I would like for you to bring here, for our army need them. We want powder, and we want good muskets, though I suppose there will be but few, if any, of the latter on board."

"I will do as you direct about that, and all I can hope is, that I may have occasion to follow out all your instructions."

"I hope so, too," added Washington, as he arose from his seat; "and I hope that God will be with us all in our struggle. Ah, my young friend, we have much to pray for, but I think I can see the dawn of liberty in the distance. We may have much of trial to pass through ere the coming of that happy day, but it will be all the brighter when it comes. The great pulse of patriotism beats steadily and powerfully, and it cannot die."

Edward was upon the point of making some further remark, when the party were interrupted by the entrance of Logan the Warlock, who had been out upon business of his own. He recognized Washington, and made a reverential bow as he saluted him, and shortly afterwards the general left.

"That man needs no trappings of royalty to make him noble," said Edward, after Washington had gone out.

"No," responded Logan, with an impressive nod of the head. "He belongs not only to America, but to the world; and in after years he shall be pointed to as a man fit to be copied. Even his enemies respect him."

Edward would have stopped longer to converse, for he had a strange desire to learn something of the Warlock, but he had not the time then, so he bade the two old men good night, and then started towards the door. David Morgan followed him as far as the threshold for the purpose of bidding him Godspeed in his mission, and with a hearty shake of the hand the youthful captain turned quickly away towards the point of land nearest the yacht. There he gave a preconcerted signal, and soon a boat came off after him. His officers were all on deck, and he at once stated to them the nature of the mission he had received, and also from whom he had received it. Caleb Wales was the first to speak, and his joy was so great that his highly expressive evolutions of body called a smile from his companions, notwithstanding their ardor in the subject which had been laid before them. Yet they knew that Caleb was no buffoon. What he said in words he could make good in deeds.

Before Edward retired to his berth he saw that everything was ready for setting sail early in the morning, and a good watch was also provided for. That night our hero did not forget to render thanks for the past, and also to pray for the future.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SEA-BATTLE.

Just as the first golden beams of the sun came dancing down the sound the last anchor of the royal yacht was up, and her white canvass was spread to both the breeze and the sunbeam. The wind was out from the southward, and with two tacks the buoyant craft cleared the bay and entered the broad water beyond. O, those were hopeful hearts that beat upon that white deck! hearts that beat for liberty and honor. They beat with life, but they shrank not from the patriot's death. They had much to love, but more to hope for. Theirs was no desire for plunder, no reckless idea of adventure, but a firm purpose of duty. And they had reason to be hopeful. They had confidence in themselves and in each other, and then the behaviour of their vessel helped to inspire them. The schooner soon showed herself not to be belied by her outward beauty, for she danced along over the waters like a gull; and she rode firmly, too, like an animal who has strength commensurate with its speed.

Capt. Edgerly walked his deck with an assurance of success partly made up from his own bravery and partly from the zeal of his crew. He saw at a glance, when he first communicated to them his intention of intercepting an English brig-of-war, that not a man of them would flinch.

At three o'clock in the afternoon Block Island was upon the larboard bow, the schooner having

run off a good ten knots at every log. The wind had veered a little to the westward, but was still fresh. As soon as the island was passed, and Montauk Point brought astern, Edward commenced his look-out for the brig. A trusty man was stationed at the main-topmast cross-trees, with a glass, with directions to keep the horizon swept.

"I tell you what, cap'n," said Elliott, with a look of concern upon his countenance, "if the brig took the first of the ebb tide she had some hours the start of us."

"I have been thinking of that," returned Edward; "but it cannot matter much. I shall run down for an hour or so, and then, if I see nothing, we'll put up for the other course, and even if she has passed us we can easily overhaul her before she can reach anywhere near her destination."

The yacht was accordingly brought up to the wind, and for an hour she stood on to the southward, making two long tacks, however, to the westward. But nothing was seen of the brig. It was half-past four when Edward called his officers together to consult; but ere any subject was broached the lookout at the mast-head reported that a small fishing smack was standing out from the south shore, having apparently come from the eastern outlet of South Bay.

Our hero at once resolved to speak the fisherman, and for this purpose he stood in towards the shore. At first the fellow seemed frightened, but the yacht run up the Yankee flag, and the smack stood out again. In fifteen minutes from that time the yacht hove to, and the fisherman came up under her quarter.

"Sloop ahoy!" shouted Edward.

"Hel-low!" returned the skipper of the smack, in a tone not to be mistaken for anything but the voice of a genuine Yankee.

"Have you seen an English brig-of-war about here this afternoon?"

"Yaas, I have."

"When? where?"

"Waal, should think 'twas 'bout tew hours ago, may be more. She was standin' right aout to sea, with a leetle twist to the north-'rd in her nose."

"A brig-of-war, you are sure?"

"Yaas. I seed her guns. Be yeou arter her?"

"We think some of it."

"Jerusalem! Wal, neow that's good. One o' them fellers overhauled me last week an' took all my fish. Ef yeou ketch him jes' pepper him good. But look here; yeou'll have to grease yer heels, for he went by here with a dreadful big bone in his mouth. But yeou look as though yer ort'er cum up with 'im."

"Thank you. Good-by."

"Good-bye. Pepper 'im naow. Blast their 'tarnal picters!"

For a long while after the yacht was filled away the fisherman stood by the rail of his little craft and made highly expressive motions of encouragement to the privateersmen, and it was not until the distance had grown so great as to cut off the clearness of vision that he thought to fill away his own vessel.

"So we've got a long chase," said Elliott, walking aft to where the captain stood.

"Yes. But never mind. Two or three hours' start will not give him much advantage, unless I much mistake our relative powers of speed. I shouldn't wonder if we had him in sight by morning."

"Never fear on that account," interposed Caleb, who had just been hauling a tarpaulin over his long gun. The gun was bright as gold, and Caleb meant to keep it so. "We sha'n't want our gaff-tops'ls neither," he continued, as he cast his eyes up to where the topsails were now set. "I know she wont carry all sail to-night,

an' 'twouldn't do to run by her in the dark, We'll have her to-morrow."

"I'm sure of it," added Edward.

"Yes," responded Caleb, with a meaning twinkle of his funny eyes, "an' I've got a compliment for her when we do see her. I've tucked a charge into that ole gun that'll take the starch out o' sumthin', now you'd better believe."

All hands on board the yacht were alive with excitement, for they felt sure that they were on the track of the enemy, and that ere long their powers were to be tested. As soon as it was dark the lighter sails were taken in, and the course laid just far enough north of east to clear Nantucket. At two o'clock in the morning the latter island was left astern, and then the schooner was laid up to north-northeast. Lookouts were carefully stationed, and after this time Edward remained on deck.

It was near six o'clock in the morning. The men had eaten their breakfast, and the deck was all cleared, when the lookout at the fore-topmast cross-trees reported a sail. The intelligence went like a shock to every soul, and every eye and ear were open.

"Can you tell what she is?" asked Edward.

"Only that she's square-rigged, sir."

In ten minutes more Edward repeated the question, but it was not until nearly half an hour that the lookout could give any positive information, and then he reported her to be a brig standing to the northward and eastward.

"That's our man!" uttered the young captain, with enthusiasm. "Look alive, my men, for I think the work's coming. You may as well look after the small arms, Caleb, and have them ready."

The gunner hastened away to do his captain's bidding, and then all attention was turned to making the best possible speed. At eight o'clock the brig was brought so near that the men upon her decks could be seen. It had been hinted to the captain that if he were to pull down the Yankee flag the Englishman might be taken at fault.

"No, no," was Edward's reply, while his eyes flashed, and a look of conscious pride overspread his features; "let us fight under our own flag, for we have a right to it. I will never haul down that flag to a brig-of-war. We will conquer with it at our peak, or when it falls it shall enshroud our cold corpses."

This sentiment was received with enthusiastic

acclamations by the crew, and even the man who hinted at the idea of disguising the true character of the schooner joined heartily with the rest. There were no differences of opinion on the Yankee's deck, but all seemed bound to their young leader in love and esteem, and his word was respected.

"I shall not hesitate to take all the advantage that rightfully belongs to me," he said, "for in some respects the brig possesses advantages which we must overcome by manoeuvring. I will take every honorable means to protect the lives of my crew."

The wind was now nearly southeast, and blowing a full top-gallant breeze. The brig was a good sailer, but the yacht was overhauling her rapidly. The arms were all up and ready for use on board the Yankee, and the guns were double-shotted and ready for casting loose at a moment's notice. Edward sometimes paced the deck with steady, thoughtful strides, and anon he would stop and raise his glass upon the chase.

"What are them men doin' aloft there?" asked Caleb, pointing to some of the brig's crew who were out upon the ends of the yards.

"They are reeving the preventer braces as sure as fate," returned Edward, viewing them through his telescope.

"Then she is gettin' ready for an engagement, sartin'," added Caleb. "Hark! Aint she callin' her men to quarters?"

"Yes," answered our hero. "She's getting ready for a close engagement, but that don't exactly suit me. We can't stand her broadsides, for her batteries are too heavy for us, and if she thinks that's her game she's much mistaken. Caleb, you must cripple her."

"With the greatest pleasure in creation," zealously responded Caleb, while his cheeks flushed. "We ought'r do it."

"We must do it, for if we give that fellow a chance to give us a few of his broadsides we are gone. Go and point your gun as far forward as possible, and get ready."

Caleb called the crew of his long gun about him, and in a few moments he had her ready for work. Then Edward ordered the helm to be put up, and when the gun was thus brought to a fair range, he held the schooner there and told his gunner to aim and fire as soon as he pleased. Caleb worked very coolly, and there was a grim smile upon his face while he levelled his shining piece. Not a muscle in his body trembled, but

as calmly as though he had been making his own bed, did he turn to the tub and take the match.

"Be sure of your aim, now," said the captain, betraying a little excitement.

"Wait till I've fired," returned the gunner, with a shake of the head. "Hold her steady, now," he added, addressing the man at the helm. "Look out! There she goes!"

The gun roared, and the schooner shook beneath the shock like a wounded bird, for Caleb had put a wondrous charge into his glittering pet. The smoke was but a moment in rolling off to the leeward, and then the Yankee crew saw that Caleb had not mistaken his mark, though he had fired higher than he intended. The brig's main-top-gallant mast had gone, and in its descent it had carried away the lee maintop-sail brace and snapped off the fore-royal-mast.

"What d'ye think o' that?" triumphantly asked Caleb, as he held his thumb over the priming-hole, while one of the men rammed down a fresh cartridge.

"Well done!" answered Edward, in a tone that told more of his satisfaction than words could have done. "Give 'em a round shot and a double-header this time, Caleb."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the elated gunner, as the round shot was shoved down.

A double-headed shot was selected—one with a stout, firm rod—and when this was rammed home, Caleb once more levelled his gun. The brig had thus far kept on her course, though she moved more lazily through the water, and evidently steered with difficulty. The wreck of the top-gallant-mast had been cleared away, and some of her men were aloft clearing away the fore-royal, when the yacht's long gun was again ready.

"Now steady!" shouted Caleb, as he stooped down and ran his eye over the sight of his gun. "Look out!"

Again the long gun roared its fearful note of destructive power, and this time the mark was hit, but the shot was too low to injure the rigging, having struck plump in the stern. Caleb was upon the point of giving vent to his disappointment, when he noticed that the brig suddenly yawed, and in a moment more her sails were all aback.

"By the 'tarnal Moses!" shouted Caleb, "her rudder's gone!"

And so it had; or, at least, it was rendered useless, for it was completely shivered below the head.

"Now," cried Edward, "we have her at our will. We will run her by the board without giving her a chance to level her guns upon us. All hands to work ship! Look lively, now, my men, and we'll have that fellow in less than two hours."

It was but easy work to play the yacht about at will, for she moved at the beck of her commander like a thing endowed with life and understanding. The brig's yards had been braced around, but it was impossible to keep her upon any given course, and she now lay broadside to the wind, and reaching slowly ahead with her yards braced well up. It could also be seen that most of her men were at their guns ready to give the Yankee a peppering when she should come up, but said Yankee had not the least idea of giving her such chance, as the sequel proved.

Edward kept his vessel directly astern of the Englishman, and at length the latter ran out one of his stern chasers and began to fire, but he had not the chance to fire many times—and even those shots were without serious damage—before the Yankee came up to the closing point. The yacht's crew were all armed and ready, and as they came up under the brig's weather quarter, they received the charge of musketry that was poured in upon them without flinching; but the Englishmen were not to escape without a charge in return, for the Yankees had their muskets ready cocked, and the moment the heads of the enemy appeared over the rail, Edward gave the order to fire. In another moment the vessels touched, and the grapplings were thrown.

"Now," shouted our hero, as he grasped a pistol in one hand and his heavy cutlass in the other, "stand by to board; and remember that this conflict shall tell the story of our power. Strike for liberty, and for the honor of our flag!"

3

Be firm, now, and steady. Don't waste a shot, nor make a wild blow. Up! up! for God and liberty!"

With one long, loud huzza, the Americans leaped upon the nettings of the brig. They held their pistols in their right hands, and with a steady aim they shot down the pikemen who opposed them. Some of them fell back before the muskets of those who stood behind the pikemen, but the empty places were quickly filled, and ere long the Yankees gained the enemy's deck. The pistols were nearly all discharged, and the conflict now became hand-to-hand. Such a conflict must necessarily be a short one, for there can be no retreat nor systematic manoeuvring. In less than five minutes the brig's crew began to give way, and with renewed shouts the Americans followed up their advantage. In three minutes more the English cried for quarters, and the battle was ended—and the brig won.

Sometimes it happens that those who stand upon the defensive have the advantage in a conflict, but it is not generally so. A bold, determined, impetuous attack is not easily resisted. It is like the ball from the mouth of a cannon. Its innate power is as nothing compared with its projective force. So the Americans had come upon their enemy with a resistless force, and they lost not a moiety of the blood in the conquest that would have been lost had they been the resisting party. Their whole souls had been set upon the prize, and now that they had won it, they shouted for joy. It was not that they were physically better men than the English—it was not that they had firmer hearts, or truer hands; but it was that they were in the better cause, and were led by the higher motive. They fought not for a tyrant master's gold, but they fought for their homes and their birthrights. Every blow they struck was for some sacred right, and every one of them that fell yielded up his willing life upon the altar of liberty!

CHAPTER IX.

THE SLOOP-OF-WAR.

As soon as the enemy had laid down their arms, Edward motioned his men back, and then sought the captain of the brig. He found him unharmed in person, but rather injured in feelings. From him our hero learned that the vessel he had captured was the *Titan*, of eighteen guns, and ninety men. After Edward had given orders for the securing of the prisoners, he turned again to the English commander.

"I think you have despatches, sir," he said.

"Despatches!" uttered the Englishman, opening his eyes and looking troubled.

"Yes sir, despatches."

"No sir. I have none."

"Have you no despatches from Lord Howe?"

"No," repeated the prisoner, with another movement of surprise, and another look of uneasiness.

But the man had not presence of mind enough to tell his falsehood with good grace. He wondered how the secret could have been discovered, and he was frustrated by the keen eye of his young captor.

"I should like those documents at once," said our hero. "I know you have them."

"I believe you infernal Yankees know everything."

"We know enough to protect ourselves, sir,

and to maintain our rights. Will you deliver me the despatches?"

"I have none," stoutly persisted the Englishman.

Now Edward noticed that once or twice the prisoner had cast a hasty, anxious glance towards the cabin companion-way, and his own interest was turned in that direction. He felt confident that the despatches were on board, and he determined that they should not escape him.

"I think I have seen that craft before," said the Englishman, speaking in a tone which plainly indicated that he wished to attract our hero's attention.

"Very likely," was Edward's calm reply, with his eye furtively turned towards the cabin.

"She's a royal yacht, isn't she, sir?"

Just as the Englishman asked this question there came a midshipman up from below. He stopped for an instant when he reached the deck and gazed hastily about him, and then moved towards the taffrail. Quick as thought Edward sprang upon him and caught him by the collar, but the youngster struggled manfully.

"Throw it! throw it! overboard with it!" yelled the captain, in a frenzy.

But the boy could not obey the order, though he tried with all his might. Edward bore him

to the deck and took from his hands a small packet of papers which were neatly enveloped in thick sheet-lead. The Englishman made a furious dash at the Yankee captain, but all he received for his pains was a blow in the face that sent him staggering back.

"You are a prisoner, sir," said Edward, as he dealt the blow, "so beware how you take such liberties. I think these are the despatches I was after."

The Englishman cursed roundly at being thus balked, but most of his curses were bestowed upon the midshipman for not throwing the packet overboard as soon as he came up. From his words our hero knew that he had got the despatches he wanted, and his next movement was to place them in his bosom, and then turn his attention to other matters.

As soon as the prisoners were secured, Captain Edgerly mustered his men, and found that there were fifteen missing. Eight of them had fallen upon the brig's deck, and the others had been shot down in boarding. But the loss of the enemy was far greater. More than that number having been shot down by the Yankees' pistols before they had fairly gained the deck. The dead were all sewed up in hammocks, and Edward himself performed the burial services. It was just noon when the last words of the solemn service dropped from the hero captain's lips, and the sun shone down alike upon friend and foe, for both found a grave together. There was a dead silence for a few moments after the corpses had been consigned to the grave of waters, and even the English captain was moved by the holy respect which his conquerors paid to the dead of his own people.

In one hour from that time the brig's rudder had been made manageable, and other accidents so disposed of that she was in a sailing condition. A competent crew, under the command of Elliott, was left on board, and by the middle of the afternoon both vessels were on their way to Massachusetts Bay. On the next day they arrived in Boston, where Edward delivered up his prisoners, and also effected a sale of the prize, having first, however, removed all the ammunition and small arms, and also the provisions, and such articles of rigging as he might need, to his own vessel. He realized a far greater sum for the brig than he could have hoped, and the sale, too, was effected quickly, and after having received the most glowing encomiums from the people at Boston, he set sail for the Sound again.

It was early in the morning when the yacht passed Nantucket, and shortly after noon Block Island was in sight, bearing slightly upon the starboard bow. The captain was below looking over an inventory of the articles he had taken from the brig, when he was aroused by the report of a sail. He quickly laid aside his papers and hastened on deck, for he knew that he was in dangerous waters, there being several of the enemy's ships at Newport.

"What is it, Mr. Elliott?" he asked.

"There's a sail, sir, off here on our starboard bow. You can see her with your naked eye."

Edward did see the sail, and it bore about half way between the beam and bow.

"She's a ship, sir!" shouted the lookout at the main-topmast cross-trees.

"Which way is she standing?"

"Right down for us, sir."

"That looks bad," said the captain, biting his lips, and taking a turn across the deck.

"So it does," responded Elliott.

"I am not afraid of getting caught in a fair chase," resumed Edward, "but she may prevent our entering the Sound; and in that case we should be in a bad plight."

"But we can lay off an' run in at night," suggested Morris.

"No,—that won't do," returned Edward; "for they have got their eyes on us, and will not be likely to let us in so easily."

"It's a sloop-o'-war!" at this moment came from the look-out.

"And she'll cut us off before we can pass the island," said Elliott. "That's a sure case."

"Now look here," interrupted Caleb Wales, who had been for some moments very thoughtful; "I'll bet my life 'at that feller don't carry noth'n' only twenty-four-pound cartonades."

"Very well, Caleb," remarked the captain, "I think you are correct, and I also fancy that I know what you mean, for I have had the same thought myself."

"Then let's run on," resumed Caleb, "an' I'll take the responsibility of puttin' a stopper to his jaw. Our long gun 'll outshoot him by half a mile."

It was finally arranged that the yacht should be kept on, and Caleb proceeded to get his gun ready for action. The wind was now almost due east, and as the privateer was heading but a very little south of west she had it nearly astern, while the sloop-of-war came ploughing down with all her larboard studding-sails set.

The Yankee crew were now a little anxious, and even their commander paced the deck rather uneasily, though he kept whatever of misgivings he may have had to himself. And no wonder it was so, for the whole safety of the yacht now depended solely upon the shot of Caleb Wales. The ship was coming down at a ten knot rate, and if she should get near enough to use her batteries the game was up. Of course her carromades would not throw a ball over one-half the distance that could be reached by the privateer's long brass gun; but then was the brass gun sure? There was the question.

Nervously did the men sidle up towards the spot where the gun stood, but there stood the gunner with a smile upon his comical countenance. His "pet" was loaded, and the balls had been "driven home" with a patch, so that they fitted snugly, allowing little or no chance for windage.

"Don't you think you might venture a shot now?" asked Edward, as he approached the gun.

"I guess there wouldn't be much danger," returned Caleb, carefully measuring the distance with his eye.

"You must be very careful," returned the captain, with considerable earnestness in his tone, "for you know we are going very fast through the water."

"O, I should n't think of firing at this rate, captain. You'd better bring the schooner up to the wind, and then I'm sure."

Edward at once agreed to this proposition, for he saw that it would be much the safest way. It was a settled point that the yacht could not reach the island without being cut off, and all hands were called to stand by the sheets ready to bring the little craft up to the wind.

"You may go it now as soon as you please," cried Caleb. He spoke cheerfully, but yet a close observer could have seen that he was anxious.

The helm was put a-starboard, and as her head turned to the southward the sheets were rounded in.

"The enemy 'll think we're goin' to run away," said Hoyt, as he stood by ready to pipe belay.

"Let 'em think so," muttered Caleb, as he blew his match, and then set it into the tub, so as to be ready to level his gun. "Let 'em think so, Jim, an' may it do 'em good."

The yacht was not long in coming up to the

wind on the larboard tack, and as soon as the sheets were taut, Caleb said he was ready. He had elevated his gun nearly three degrees above the ship's hull, and he felt sure of hitting somewhere. With a hushed voice he passed the word for the helmsman to let everything shiver, and in a moment more the schooner stood almost motionless in the water.

"Steady!" shouted the gunner; and, on the next instant he brought his lighted match to the priming. The long gun belched forth its dread note of defiance, and breathlessly the crew crowded over to windward to see what had been done.

At first nothing was observed to have been damaged on board the ship, save that the flying-jib stay had been shot away and left the light sail fluttering from the boom; but ere long the fore-topmast was seen to topple, and a score of the enemy's men were making their way up the fore rigging. But they were too late to mend the difficulty, for ere they had reached the top the heavy topmast went over the side with a crash that was even heard on board the yacht. Nor was this all the damage, for it was next to a physical impossibility that the heavy, lumbering fore-topmast could come down alone. The stays were stouter than the wood, and the main-top-gallant-mast snapped its light back-stays, and kept the fore-topmast company.

As might be expected the ship came to the wind with everything aback, and what, with her loss of spars and sails, and the lumbering of the wrecked masts that still hung over the side, she was not very likely to get on the chase again in a hurry. The yacht's crew gave three hearty huzzas, and then kept away once more for the Sound. Caleb took a glass and went aloft, and just as the schooner passed Block Island he caught the last glimpse of the sloop-of-war. She had her fore-topmast and main-top-gallant-mast in tow, and was slowly standing towards Newport.

By daylight on the next morning the yacht was run safely into Morgan's Bay, and to say that old David was in ecstasies would convey but a meagre idea of the patriotic feelings and joy he tried to express. When Edward entered the old man's cot he found Logan there, and the Warlock was profuse in his encomiums, though he manifested a strange calmness as he spoke. His gaze was fastened very keenly upon the young hero, so much so that Edward grew restless beneath it, but there was nothing sinister in the gaze—nothing that could call up anything like fear.

Edward had made out a list of all the articles he intended to deliver up to the American army, and having left orders to have them landed as soon as convenient, he set off towards White Plains, which place he reached about noon.

General Washington was in a large sitting-room, in company with several of his officers, and their conversation was upon the very subject of the despatches which Lord Howe had forwarded to the British government.

"I don't think it best to found much hope on the success of the youth," remarked Sullivan.

"Nor I neither," added Greene.

"And yet," returned Washington, looking his two generals in the face, "I have great hopes in that same youth; I have seen him, and I would trust him with severe duty. Still, of course, we must allow for mishaps."

"When you see your youngster," said Sullivan, with a dubious smile, "you'll be able to make up your mind."

At this moment, an orderly put his head in at the door and announced that a young man wished to speak with the commander-in-chief.

"Let him come in," said Washington; and in a few moments afterwards, Captain Edgerly entered the apartment. "Ah! my young friend," exclaimed the general, as he recognized his visitor, and started forward to greet him, "we were just speaking of you. Sullivan, this is Captain Edgerly. Greene, this is the very man. My young friend, these are Generals Sullivan and Greene."

Our hero trembled with a strange pride as he found himself the welcome guest of his country's bravest generals, but he conducted himself with dignity, and politely returned the greetings that were extended to him.

"Now," continued Washington, "I can read good news in your face. What of the brig?"

"We captured her, general, and carried her into Boston. She had eighteen guns and ninety men."

"And the despatches."

"Here they are," returned Edward, drawing the leaden-bound packet from his bosom. "I have not opened this, but I am sure it contains what you want."

Washington took the packet and hastily tore it open. It contained a number of papers, and as the general ran his eye over them his face beamed with a joyous expression.

"Edgerly," he said, as he extended his hand, "you have done us a service that cannot be easily rated now. These are the very documents." And then turning to his companions, he continued. "Now what do you say of my opinion of this youth? Ah, Sullivan, our cause is by no means a hopeless one. Our resources are not all developed yet. Every day brings some new angel-spirit to the cause of Liberty, and every night gives birth to prayers that God will surely answer. Here, take these papers and look at them."

"And while they are looking at them," said Edward, "here is another paper for you to run over. It is a list of the articles which are at your service, if you have a mind to send for them."

Washington took the paper and read it through, and when he had finished he passed it over to Sullivan. Then turning to our hero, he said:

"I had not expected this. My gratitude is not all that belongs to you for this service. No, no, our country is deeply in your debt."

"O, my soul! what more could I ask?" uttered the young man, while a tear stood in his dark eye. "If I could ask more, sir, it would simply be, that you would give me another duty to perform."

"You shall have it," warmly returned the general. "You shall have another mission in less than a week. Hold yourself in readiness at Morgan's Bay, and I shall soon have occasion to send you on another adventure. I know many of the intended movements of the enemy, and you can assist me materially in thwarting them."

Edward Edgerly remained long enough to take dinner with the general, and having once more received the warm thanks of the officers he set out on his return.

On the next day Washington sent a sufficient force and had the arms and ammunition, and also such articles of provisions as Edward could spare, removed to White Plains.

CHAPTER X.

SHADOWS.

As soon as Edward Edgerly could find the opportunity he turned his steps towards the home of Kate Garland. It was late in the afternoon when he reached the dwelling, and with much of doubt in his heart he turned up into the court. He was in hopes that he should be able to see Kate without entering the house; but whatever may have been the plans he had in his mind they were all dispelled by the sudden appearance of old Captain Garland upon the piazza. He had just come out at the front door, and his countenance was shaded by a cloud when he saw the young man. At first Edward hesitated when he found the old man so near at hand, but as there was now no means of escape he kept on.

"Ah, Mr. Edgerly," said Garland, as the young man stepped upon the piazza; "so you've got back, it seems?"

"Yes sir," returned Edward, extending his hand.

Garland took it, but the grasp was not very cordial. The token was a slight one, but Edward thought he understood it.

"I thought I would come over," continued our hero, with some hesitation in his manner.

"Yes, yes," added Garland, "I suppose so. It's a very pleasant walk up the river path. Did you think of stopping here, or were you intending to keep on?"

"Why—I had not thought of going beyond here, sir."

"Ah. Walk in, sir."

Edward did not like the tone in which Garland spoke, but nevertheless he followed him into the house, and as soon as they reached the sitting-room, the old gentleman took a seat, and invited the youth to do the same.

"You are a captain now, I suppose?" was Garland's first remark.

"Yes sir," was Edward's reply, in a proud, independent tone.

"Well, Captain Edgerly, I am going to be very plain with you, and you must excuse me for it. In the first place, I am aware that you did not come up here to see me. Am I not right in that?"

"Why, sir,—as for that—"

"Be plain, Captain Edgerly. The truth is easily arrived at."

The young man slightly colored, but it was partly with indignation.

"I did not come up here on purpose to see you," he said; "nor did I come with the intention of avoiding you."

"Very well. You came for the purpose of seeing my child. Is it not so?"

The old man's manner was imperative, and Edward was slightly touched by it. Had the

question been asked kindly, he might have hesitated about replying, but he was stung to a quick answer now.

"Yes sir. I did come to see Kate Garland."

"So I supposed, and I am very glad that you have seen me first. I am aware, sir, of the subject on which you would speak with my daughter, and it is my wish that the matter should rest where it is. For you to see her again would be of no use, and might only make matters worse. You can never have her hand."

"Never have her hand, sir!" uttered Edward, with mingled emotions of pain and surprise.

"But if Kate loves me—if she—"

"That is not the question," interrupted Garland, with a show of restlessness. "It does not matter what her childish sympathies may be, nor what she may have confessed to you of love. It is my wish that you should not see her again; or, if you do see her, that you should not speak to her of love. I trust I shall not be forced to shape my wish into an order?"

"I am hardly prepared to give you an answer to this," replied Edward. "Before I can make any arrangement with you, I must see Kate. If she wishes me to do this, I will do so at once."

"Then you mean to rebel against my authority?" uttered Garland, with much warmth.

"Not against any just authority, sir," returned our hero, with cool determination. "You ask me to do that which would make me miserable, and perhaps cause misery for your child. Before I make any promise I must see her."

"You cannot see her, Edward Edgerly. I have made up my mind to that. And you must also promise me that you will give up all claim to her hand."

"Most assuredly, Captain Barry Garland, I shall do no such thing. Your child is old enough to judge for herself, and if she gives me the least reason to hope, I shall hope on. You will gain no promise from me of any kind; but I tell you plainly that if I should chance to see your daughter I should speak to her of this very subject. Were I to make you a promise now, I would not break it, even to secure my own happiness, so I shall keep myself free."

"Then, sir," said Garland, in an angry tone, at the same time rising from his seat, "our interview is at an end. I shall take care that my wishes are carried into effect, whether you promise or not."

"The way is very simple, sir," calmly returned Edward. "Let me see Kate, and if she bids me do this, I shall do it; but without a word from her, I will never cease to look towards her for her hand."

"And thus you are to rule over me and my household," bitterly retorted the old man.

"Nay—not so."

"But you would override the rights of a parent?"

"No sir. I would not trample upon one of your just rights. I do not believe you have a right to cause the lasting misery of even your own child. I do not recognize that as among the rights of any ruler, and if you claim it as a right, your's must be the risk of having it overlooked."

"Very fine! very fine, indeed! A very valuable lecture, truly! Upon my honor, Captain Edgerly, your impudence grows with your office. The risk be mine, Ay, sir, it shall be mine. I will see that I am obeyed. Your company is no longer needed, sir."

"I am sorry, Captain Garland, that our meeting should terminate thus," said Edward, as he arose and took his cap. "I am sorry to leave you in such a frame of mind, for I would not willingly incur your displeasure; but in the present case I am confident that you would act just as I act, if you were in my place. I bid you a good evening, sir."

As our hero spoke he left the room, and Garland sat back into his chair. Now, Captain Barry Garland was by no means a bad man, nor was he naturally hard-hearted; but he was a very firm, wilful man, and very tenacious of his authority. He was easily excited, and his long career as ship-master had not tended to smooth down his disposition. He was one of those men who never act without some cause, but who yet, once started, seldom retract. If there was the least shadow of justification, and the plan had been determined upon, it would take an earthquake to move Barry Garland from his purpose. And upon this matter of his daughter and young Edgerly, his mind was fully made up. He fancied that he held the reins in his own hand!

Edward was in a strange state of mind when he left Garland's door, and for some distance he walked on towards the coast with a quick step; but as he entered the wooded path his step became slower, and just as he had begun to settle down into a calm thought upon what had passed, he was attracted by the sound of light footsteps

behind him, and on turning he beheld Kate Garland hastening towards him. She came quickly up and laid her hand upon his arm.

The sun was just sinking from sight, and the streaks of sunlight that had been laying between the long shadows were losing themselves in the shade when our hero thus found himself captured.

"Were you going away without speaking with me?" said Kate, half reproachfully and half inquisitively, as she gazed up into her lover's face.

"Without seeing you, Kate!" returned Edward, placing his arm about the maiden's shoulders and drawing her towards him. "Ah, I could not do otherwise. I came on purpose to see you, but your father sent me away. He wanted me to promise that I would never speak with you again about our love, and that I would relinquish all claim to your hand."

"And did you do it?"

"Should you have wanted me to do it?"

"O, no, no. I would not have had you done it for worlds."

"I did not do it, Kate; but I told him I should ever hope for your love and your hand, unless you bade me do as he wished."

"I thank you for having done so."

"So it seems you spoke to your father on the subject?"

"Yes." And thereupon Kate related the interview she had with her father, and also the circumstances attending her subsequent interview with Sir Walter. "So you see," she added, after she had told all, "I cannot give you any pledge now, save that my heart is, and ever must be, yours."

"That is enough, Kate. I can ask no more. If Sir Walter be anything of a man, he will not seek to make you his wife if he knows he can never possess your heart."

"O, Sir Walter is a good man," said Kate, still clinging to her lover's arm, "and I think he will release me from the thralldom. Yet he loves me," she added, in a lower tone, while her eyes drooped. "I know he loves me."

"He is not to blame for that," uttered Edward, with a noble feeling; "and if you could love him as he loves you, I would never open my lips against his claim. But if your love is all for me, I can only pity him, that it lays not in his power to make you happy with his hand."

"O, I think Sir Walter will release me," repeated the maiden; but yet she spoke not as one whose hope shines brightly. She spoke

rather as one who would shape a hope, and try to give it life. "I hope he will," she continued, gazing up into her lover's face. "I have not seen him since that evening, for he has been away to Boston, but I shall see him ere long, and then I can tell you more. I think he will release me, Edward. I hope he will."

"And suppose he does not?" whispered the youth.

"I dare not think he will refuse me the boon."

"But if he should?"

"Alas! if that should be so, then I—I—should love you still, Edward."

"Ay—but could you be my wife?"

"I cannot answer that question now. We shall be happier not to prepare for such a fate. If it comes, then I can make up my mind, but until then, let us hope differently."

"Be it so, sweet Kate. But how shall we meet again?"

The maiden thought for a few moments, and then she said:

"When your vessel comes in again, I shall hear of it, and I will find some means to send you word when and where to meet me. Let all our hopes and fears rest till then. Sir Walter is a good man. I hope he will release me!"

"I pray God that he may," added the young man.

There was a silence of some moments, which was at length broken by Kate.

"I must hurry back now," she said, "for it is growing dusk. I dare not be away till dark."

"No, for the dew is even now falling. But you have nothing else to fear," Edward remarked, as he fancied that he detected a lurking tremulousness in his companion's manner.

"I know not that I have. But some of our people saw Larry Burke about here yesterday."

"Larry Burke?" repeated Edward; "I remember the name, but I forget the man."

"Why, he once sailed with my father, and thought he had fallen in love with me, for he had the assurance to ask for my hand. He was a thief, and my father thought he had been a pirate. He was ordered away from the house, and my father told him he would shoot him if he ever showed himself there again. Burke swore that he would have revenge, and I know not but that he might be wicked enough to revenge himself on me."

"If you fear, you had better let me return with you," said Edward, made a little uneasy by Kate's statement, for he remembered to have

seen this Burke now, and he knew him to be a powerful, reckless villain.

"No, no," said the fair girl. "It is not dark yet, and the distance is short. I would not have my father see you again at present."

"Then hasten, sweet Kate, and God guard and bless thee."

The young captain drew the maiden to his bosom and kissed her, and then they separated. Edward watched her till a turn in the path hid her from sight, and after that he turned on his way again towards the coast. He had not walked far before an abrupt turn in the path, where the river tumbled over a slight fall, brought him face to face with old Logan.

"Ah, captain," uttered the Warlock, "you are on a tramp."

"And it appears that the same will apply to yourself."

"Yes," said the old man, with a smile. "I am out on a night's business. This is the hour when the Warlock's day begins. You've had trouble."

"Have I?" uttered Edward, giving a slight start.

"Yes—and you'll have more of it. Your thoughts run wildly now."

"You guess at it?"

"I know it. Your brain is now full of Kate Garland and Sir Walter McDoane. How is that?"

This time, Edward started more nervously.

"You must not think that Sir Walter will give over his claim so easily," resumed the strange man. "I know him well."

"Ay," said Edward, gaining assurance, "that is nothing new. He loves Kate Garland, and no one who loves her would willingly give her up."

"True, he loves her, and he is an iron-willed man."

"But he is a good man," added our hero, as though he would have asked the question rather than made the assertion.

"Is he?" replied Logan, in strange accents. "I pray God he may prove so!"

"Hold! hold! Leave me not yet, Logan. Tell me first what you know of Sir Walter?" cried the young man, as the Warlock turned to move away.

"I can tell you nothing now. Sir Walter McDoane is at present my study. He is my book, and I am reading him! Good-night."

"Logan! Logan!"

But the youth called in vain, for Logan had gone. He stood there in the path and looked upon the spot where he had last seen the Warlock, but the place was vacant now. Edward heard only the falling of the water when he listened for the old man's footsteps, but the sound was discordant to his ear, and he once more started on. It was dark now, but the darkness did not discommode him, for his thoughts had no relation to the gloom-cloaked scenery that lay about him, though they were gloomy enough.

CHAPTER XI.

A DOUBLE RESCUE, WITH A STRANGE FINALE.

WHEN Kate Garland left Edward she hurried towards home with quick, nervous steps, for she was not without some fear. The distance was perhaps half a mile, and the way lay along by a hedge that enclosed part of her father's grounds. It was much nearer the close of the day than she had thought, for the twilight had deepened into darker shades, and distant objects were faint and indistinct. The maiden had travelled about one third of the distance when she was startled by the sound of heavy footsteps. They were approaching her from towards the river which lay only a few rods to her left. She cast her eyes quickly towards the point from whence the sound proceeded, and she could just distinguish the form of a man coming towards her. He was nearly abreast of her, and was hurrying up at a quick walk. Kate's first impulse was to run, and she started off with all the speed she could command; but still she heard the footsteps behind her, and she knew they were gaining upon her. She did not look around, but she shrieked with all her might. Nearer came the steps of the pursuer, until they were almost upon her, and yet she had not gained half the distance to her home. She shrieked once more, and while the shrill notes were yet reverberating upon the night air, there was a heavy hand laid upon her shoulder.

"Ah, Miss Kate, I've got ye at last. Hold on. Don't struggle, ye can't get away."

"Larry Burke, let me go!"

"No, no, Katy. I've got ye now, an' I'll teach yer father who's to be kicked out o' doors."

Burke was a strong man, and a reckless one, and as he seized the affrighted girl he dragged her quickly towards him. She gazed up into his face, and she could see through the gloom that there was a scowl of malignant triumph resting there.

"Let me go, Larry Burke," she cried, still struggling with all her might. "Let me go!"

"Not yet, Katy Garland," said the man, in a sort of savage whisper. "I've been watchin' ye, an' now I've got ye. I love ye, Kate, so come along."

"O, for the love of heaven, sir, let me go," cried the maiden, trying to sink upon her knees and clasp her hands, but the villain would not let her go down.

"I don't know noth'n 'bout heaven," he muttered, as he held her forcibly up. "You be all I care for now, I tell ye, my pretty girl; Larry Burke ar'n't the man to be kicked. So come along."

It was in vain that Kate struggled, and in vain that she begged and entreated. The strong man seized her in his stout arms and bore her

back towards the point from whence he had first given chase. When Kate tried to scream he placed his big hand upon her mouth, and he threatened to hurt her if she did not remain still.

"Tell me where you are carrying me to?" she gasped, as Burke turned away from the main path toward a little footbridge that crossed the river.

"Never mind. I'll carry you to a place where you'll be safe enough, never fear."

The poor girl was too weak with fright and fatigue to make much more resistance, but she attempted to scream, and the villain again clapped his hand upon her mouth. Just as they reached the bridge, Kate thought she heard her name pronounced by some one at a distance, and on the instant she made one mighty effort, and freeing her mouth from the man's hand, she screamed as loudly as possible.

"Look here, my fine lady, that wont do. If you make another such yell as that, I'll gag ye—now see if I don't. You'll have the whole country at our heels. Come—hurry along."

Burke now had the maiden mostly in his arms, and after he had crossed the narrow bridge he hurried on more rapidly. They had not gone far, however, ere quick footsteps were heard behind, and a voice was heard crying out the name of Kate.

"That's the result of your yellin', you noisy baggage," uttered Burke, as he lifted the maiden entirely from the ground and quickened his pace. "Be careful! You try to yell agin, an' I'll clap a stopper on yer jaw that'll make ye sing another song!"

But Larry Burke could not run fast enough to keep clear of his pursuer. It was soon evident to him that if he held on to his prize he must be overtaken; but he had no idea of relinquishing his prize so easily, so he laid his plans for defending it. He suddenly stopped and set Kate upon the ground.

"Now you stay there," he said, "and if you attempt to run, I'll shoot ye. You don't git away from me so easy."

Hardly had he ceased speaking when a man came hurrying up to the spot.

"Where is Kate?" he cried, in accents of the most intense solicitude.

It was Sir Walter McDoane; and had it been an angel from heaven Kate could not have been more suddenly overjoyed.

"Here I am!" she cried. "O, save me, Sir Walter, save me!"

"Ah! Sir Walter McDoane, is it!" hissed Larry Burke, as he put forth his strong arm and pushed the maiden back. "You'd better not meddle here, sir. You'd better go now while you've got life to go with, for I'll send a streak o' daylight through yer body if ye trouble me."

But Sir Walter was not the man to be thus turned from his purpose, for quick as thought he leaped forward and grasped the villain by the throat. Burke had a pistol in his hand, and he fired it, but the ball took no effect. He then drew his knife and made a lunge at the baronet, striking him in the right shoulder. The wound was a deep one, and as Sir Walter loosened his hold upon the villain's neck, the latter bore him to the ground, and raised his knife again. Kate saw the bright blade gleaming in the starlight, and with a frantic cry she darted forward and caught the uplifted arm. She had just power enough to prevent the blow, and as Burke wrenched his arm from her a new person appeared upon the spot, being no less an individual than Logan, the Warlock.

"What means this?" he uttered, as he came upon the scene, holding a cocked pistol in his hand.

"O, save Sir Walter! save him—save him!" shrieked Kate, regaining her presence of mind at the sight of a new friend. "He tried to save me from this villain!"

Logan seemed to comprehend the state of affairs in an instant, and stepping quickly forward he placed the muzzle of his pistol to the villain's temple. There was no chance for consideration, for the knife was already raised, and without a word Logan fired. Burke uttered no groan, for his brain was blown to the four winds; and like a leaden weight he rolled over upon the ground. Sir Walter got upon his feet, and as soon as he recognized his preserver he extended his left hand.

"Logan," he said, "I owe you a debt of gratitude which I hope I may at some day be able to repay."

"Yes," bluntly returned the Warlock; "but we wont talk of gratitude now. If I am not mistaken you are wounded?"

"So I am," said the baronet, with a slight groan. "The fellow gave me a pretty deep cut in my shoulder, and it is bleeding pretty freely."

"Then we must attend to it at once. Let me help you remove your coat, and we'll soon find it."

The coat was accordingly slipped from the right arm, though not without causing the baronet considerable pain, and then Logan tore the shirt away without ceremony. There was light enough to enable the old man to distinguish the wound, and having obtained Sir Walter's handkerchief, he folded it up into a thick wad and laid it over the cut.

"Now, Kate," he said, turning towards the maiden, "you must spare your scarf, for that will be just the thing for a bandage here. You won't miss it."

Kate answered not a word, but quickly tearing off her scarf she sprang forward and placed it in Logan's hand.

"That's it," the old man said. "That'll stop the flow of blood, and when we get where there's a light, we'll fix it up as it should be."

"And do you think he is much hurt?" tremblingly asked the girl.

"No, no, Kate," quickly returned Sir Walter. "I'm not much injured. Do not be alarmed."

"You don't know yet how much you are hurt, Walter McDoane."

The baronet started and gazed hard into the face of the Warlock. It seemed to be something in the tones of the voice that moved him. But the gloom was too deep to trace the old man's features clearly, and Sir Walter raised his hand and laid it upon his preserver's shoulder.

"You have saved my life," he said, "and now why will you not tell me to whom I am indebted?"

"Because there is no need that you should know more than you now know. But come, you may lean upon me, and I will assist you to Captain Garland's dwelling. You can walk, Kate?"

"O, yes sir."

"Then let us move on. This villain's case may be attended to to-morrow. You need not fear to trust me, Sir Walter, for I am surely not the man to mean you harm."

The baronet made no reply, but he took the old man's proffered arm, and then the party started on. The wounded man was weaker than he had thought, but he did not groan, nor did he tell Kate how much blood he had lost. Logan knew it all, for he felt how heavily Sir Walter leaned upon him.

It was nine o'clock when the trio reached the house, and they found the old captain in a world of trouble and perplexity. He knew that the baronet had gone out after Kate, and he won-

dered why they had not returned. His fear was, that his child had fled from him; but when he found out what had happened, he forgot to ask Kate why or where she had been, and at once turned his attention to his suffering friend, having first, however, assured himself that his child was unharmed. As soon as Sir Walter had reached the sitting-room and sat down upon the sofa, old Garland hastened away after his case of cordials, and having brought it he offered some brandy to the invalid.

"Here, Sir Walter," he said, "take a good swallow of this, and then I'll send off after the doctor."

"What may that be?" asked Logan, as the baronet put forth his hand.

"Brandy," returned the captain. "The best of old Cognac," he added, with an expressive smack of the lips.

"Then I would advise the baronet not to touch it. He may take a little wine if he thinks he needs it, but even that would do him no good. If he would escape a fever he must avoid all stimulants."

Garland did not take this interference with a very good grace, for Cognac was a universal remedy with him; but McDoane had more prudence. He thanked the captain for his kindness, and asked for a cup of cold water.

"Cold water!" muttered the old sea-master, with a real shudder. "Ugh! But then you can do as you have a mind to."

"And as for the doctor," resumed Logan, "you can send for him, or not, just as you like, though I doubt much if you will find one who can handle the case better than I can."

Sir Walter remembered what old David Morgan had told him of the Warlock's powers as a leech, and he resolved to trust him with his wound, and having signified this intention, he was at once removed to his chamber, where towels, water, bandages, etc., were soon brought. The scarf and handkerchief were taken off, and the blood began to flow again, but it was soon stopped, and then Logan began to probe the wound.

"What do you think of it?" asked Sir Walter.

"It is a bad cut," returned the Warlock. "I may as well tell you the truth, and then you'll know just what to depend upon."

"Of course," returned the baronet, but yet with a shade of uneasiness upon his countenance. "Tell me just what you think of it."

"Well, then: First, there is no danger if you are perfectly quiet, and follow my directions. Second, you will have to be confined two weeks, at least; and, third, you will be a very weak man, and must take care of yourself accordingly. That rascal's knife struck just forward of the shoulder-blade, and slipped down into rather a dangerous place; but there's nothing done that is necessarily fatal."

Sir Walter expressed a willingness to abide strictly by Logan's directions, and the old man accordingly went at once to work to dress the wound. He handled the job like one who was perfectly at home in the work, and in less than an hour from the time he entered the house, the wounded man was neatly dressed and enjoying comparative ease.

It was not until this was done that Captain Garland could spare much time to examine the appearance of the man who had thus proved himself both a saviour and a physician. Logan had sat down by the bedside, and now held the invalid's wrist in his hand, and as Garland gazed upon him, there was a shade came over his face. At first he trembled, but he soon overcame that, and only looked with a sort of inquisitive wonder.

"Sir," he said, drawing nearer to the strange man, "have not I seen you before?"

"Perhaps you have," calmly replied the Warlock, raising his sharp, gray eyes to his interlocutor's face.

"But I am sure of it. Who are you?"

"You are not the first man who has asked me that question, nor will you be the first who has remained unanswered."

"But you are surely somebody," half-murmured Garland.

"Ay, so he is," responded McDoane, betraying the interest he felt in the matter.

"Stop, stop," quickly commanded Logan, looking first upon his patient, and then upon the captain. "This will not do. You had better not let this subject occupy your mind now, for it will only bother you, and you have enough else to think of. You must rest to-night, and to-morrow I will come and see you again. Keep up a good heart, for there is nothing like a good heart and a clear conscience in such cases."

As Logan spoke he turned towards the door,

and the captain followed him. He would have passed through the hall, but Garland detained him.

"You will not leave my house to-night," said the latter.

"I must, for I have business elsewhere, but I shall return this way to-morrow."

"Then remain while I ask you one question," said Garland, betraying considerable perturbation.

"Go on," answered Logan, with something like a smile upon his face.

"Then tell me who and what you are?"

"That's a strange question to ask of me, sir. I am Logan, and people call me the Warlock."

"But you are more than that. You are more than Logan, and more than a Warlock. Tell me more?"

"Not now, Barry Garland. You may set your wits at work if you please, and if you can hit the truth you may profit by it."

"By my soul, I think I know you!" exclaimed Garland. And then he added, in a lower tone; "And yet that cannot be, for *him* I saw when he could not have been as you are now. But you are—"

"Speak on, Barry Garland."

"Tell me who ye be?"

"No, no. The time has not come yet. Let not my coming make a change in your plans."

"Plans, sir?"

"Ay, Garland. In your plans; for I know well what they are. But go on, and be sure if you attempt to go too far a power mightier than your own shall draw you back!"

As Logan thus spoke he turned and left the hall. He opened the front door and passed out, and soon his footsteps died away in the distance. Barry Garland stood there in the hall, and listened until he could no longer hear the footfall; and then he sought his own room, where he had left a light burning. He sank down upon a chair, and his face was deadly pale.

"O, heavens! it cannot be!" he murmured to himself. "It is only a strange resemblance. And yet his words—his voice—his look—"

Barry Garland was not able to assure himself as he wished, for the features of that old Warlock had struck him too deeply to be put away without fear.

CHAPTER XII.

ON A MISSION.

WHEN Logan left the dwelling of Captain Garland, he took the way that led to the northward towards Bedford, and before midnight he crossed the line into New York. He was now in a narrow, rough road, which was neither fit for a carriage nor foot path. Heavy wagons had lumbered along there and cut deeply into the soft, clayey soil, and it was next to impossible for the pedestrian to pick his way along without stumbling into the deep ruts. Yet the Warlock picked his way out much better than might have been expected, and at length he stopped in front of a small house that stood at a short distance from the road. It was now sometime past midnight, but yet there was a light burning in one of the rooms. Logan went up to the door and knocked. A man put his head out at one of the small square windows, and asked who it was that knocked for admittance at such an hour.

"It's Logan," returned the old man.

The person within then closed the window, and in a few moments more the door was opened.

"You come at a strange hour," said the host, as he ushered the way to the room where the light was burning.

"I can't help that, Mark Mallon. I met with an adventure on the road that detained me," returned Logan, as he took a seat.

This Mark Mallon was a stout, thick-set fellow, with a cunning expression of countenance, somewhere about the middle-age of life, and bearing upon his features pretty plainly the stamp of a reckless, heartless man. The room into which he had ushered his guest was quite large, occupying one half of the whole house, and the atmosphere was loaded with the fumes of tobacco-smoke. Upon the large table that stood in the centre of the room were numerous pewter tankards, and its surface was nearly covered with the glutinous remains of beer. There had evidently been a large gathering there, and the party could not have been gone long either, for the noxious smoke of the pipes still hung in little clouds over the room.

"Well, Logan," said Mallon, as he lit his pipe by the blaze of the lamp, "I s'pose you've made up your mind to jine us, aint ye?"

"I am too old for that, and besides, I have other matters upon my hands," replied Logan. "But what have you been doing to-night? I see your company have been here."

"Yes, the company have been here, but you mustn't expect 'at I shall tell you what we've been doin', for we aint hardly ready to trust ye. You wont jine us, an' ye wont help us."

"Well, well, never mind. Mark Mallon, I have a way of my own of finding out secrets."

"Ay, but we do mind, Logan," replied the other, removing his pipe from his mouth. "We do mind, old man, for you have it in your power to betray us."

"I can't betray you if I don't know your secrets," quietly remarked the Warlock.

"But you know more of 'em than you ought'r know."

"Come, come, Mark, you are only taking a course now to provoke me, and you should beware how you do that. I have never sought your confidence, nor have I made you any pledges. I only asked you to help me towards finding out a thing which I wished to know. Now have any of your people seen Sir Walter McDoane, yet?"

"Yes. They saw him the very last night that ever was. He had just got back from Boston."

"Ah," uttered Logan, with sudden interest, "and what answer did you get from him?"

"Not such an one as we s'pected," answered Mark.

"How so?"

"Why, you rather made us think 'at he'd jine us."

"And I thought that he might."

"Well—he wont."

"Did he give you any reasons for his decision?"

"Reasons? Why, yes. I s'pose you might call 'em reasons. He said he wished every real tory in the colonies was hung! That's a pretty chap for you to send us after, aint it! He said 'twas bad enough for the colonists to have their country overrun with the British without havin' their own blood turn agin 'em! Now I should like to know for why you sent us after such a man as that for, eh?"

Logan could not repress a sudden expression of gratification which sprang to his countenance as he heard of this result; and that expression did not escape the keen glance of Mark Mallon.

"Come, come, old man," continued the latter, in no very gentle tone, "I should like to know for why you sent us after McDoane. Did you think he would jine us?"

"I thought he *might* jine you," replied Logan, gazing thoughtfully into his companion's face.

"But then you are sure he will not?"

"Sure? Why, he said if he was goin' to jine either side, he'd go with the colonies. That's a pooty man for the king, aint it!"

Again that look of gratification came to the

face of the Warlock, and again Mark Mallon noticed it.

"Well, said Logan, "it seems that he is not your man—though perhaps you did not offer him sufficient inducement to join you."

"Yes we did. We've got all the blank commissions from the English commander, and we offered to fill out the capt'n's commission for him, but he only spurned it. I don't believe you ever thought he'd jine us. I believe you knew he wouldn't."

"No, no, Mallon, I did not *believe* anything about it. I thought he might be as likely to join you as not, and I wished to ascertain exactly how he stood. If he had joined you, you would have obtained a valuable man, and even as it is, you have not lost anything. You have merely made a trial, and—"

"*Failed!*" interrupted Mallon, with considerable spitefulness. "Now, Logan, our folks begin to mistrust you. You 'ave hung around us, and never would jine us, nor promise to jine us; an' now this last thing looks rather dark."

"Mark Mallon, I had no sinister motives in sending you after Sir Walter McDoane. If you gave *him* any clue to your measures—"

"O, we didn't. Don't think we was such fools as all that comes to."

"Then where has been the injury in my sending you after him?"

"There haint been no injury, only the question is, didn't you mean that there should be? Answer that!"

"No, I did not," said Logan, as he arose from his seat. "I sent you there in perfect good faith, though I must say that I am disappointed in the result."

"Ay," retorted Mallon, with some irony in his tones, "but aint you disappointed the wrong way? Aint you glad 'at he didn't jine us?"

"That does not matter," returned Logan, without hesitation. "I wished to know how he stood in this matter, and to reward you for the trouble of finding out, I gave you the chance to secure a valuable member—a possible chance, at least. So on that score we are quits. With regard to my having hung about you, that is all in the way of mere chance. You first sought my assistance. You wanted information, and I freely gave it to you, and I gave you information, too, that you could have got from no other source. Now what do you mean by *doubting* me? Did I ever make any professions to you?"

"Well, I don't know as you ever did," replied

Mallon, somewhat disconcerted. "But you aint goin' now, be you?"

"Yes, I have business."

"But you have not slept."

"I sleep by day when I work at night."

As Logan thus spoke he turned and opened the door. He did not notice the peculiar look that dwelt upon the face of the tory, but with a simple word of parting he passed out into the yard. He had entered the road and had gone some little distance, when he heard a hasty step behind him, and on turning he beheld Mark Mallon following him.

"What now?" asked the old man, as he stopped and turned fully about.

"I'll tell ye what," returned the tory, with a grinding tone, "I wont trust ye. Look here, Logan, you know too much for us, and we know 'at you aint' with us. We resolved to-night 'at we wouldn't trust you, and we wont."

"Well, and what matters it?" replied the Warlock, speaking in a meaning but yet calm tone.

"Why, you mustn't go away till some of our people come in the mornin'. You'd better go back an' wait till then."

"But I cannot, Mark Mallon."

"And yet you must."

"Must?"

"Yes—you must. I had orders not to let you go if you came."

Without speaking Logan snatched a heavy pistol from his bosom and cocked it. This movement took the tory unawares, and he was upon the point of drawing a like weapon from his own pocket, when the old man interrupted him:

"Stop, stop, Mark Mallon! If you draw that pistol, I shall shoot you! You know me well enough to know that I will not make an idle threat. Now turn yourself about and march back to your house. Turn about, or I will fire!"

Mark Mallon hesitated. He was a stout man, but he possessed not the power to overcome the little leaden messenger that lay within the barrel of the presented pistol. Yet he had received his orders, and he liked not to leave them unobeyed; and then, again, he himself doubted the Warlock, and wished to secure him. But how was it to be done? He knew that if he drew his pistol he should be shot, and he also knew that if he made a motion of resistance or attack, the

same result would be sure to follow. A cocked pistol has a wonderful power.

"Are you going to move?" asked Logan.

Mallon made no reply.

"Now mark me," added the old man, in a tone that was not to be mistaken. "I want you to go back to your house, for I would be on my way. Now I am going to count six, and if you have not turned by the time the last word drops from my lips you are a dead man! *One—two—three—four—five—*"

Mark Mallon did not stop to hear more, but at the sound of the word *five* he turned upon his heel and started back; but at a short distance he turned his head, and in a defiant tone, he said:

"You aint escaped yet, Logan. We'll have ye afore you think of it, and if ye make a movement towards betraying us you are a dead man."

Logan made no reply, but still kept his pistol presented, and when the tory had become lost in the gloom, he turned once more on his way back towards the coast, still keeping a watch, however, that he should not be surprised.

It was fairly sunrise when the Warlock reached Garland's dwelling, and as some of the domestics were stirring he found no difficulty in gaining access. He went at once to the chamber of his patient, and there he found Kate watching by the invalid's side. Sir Walter had slept most of the night, but he was a little feverish now, and his pulse beat more rapidly than usual. Kate would have withdrawn when the Warlock entered, but the old man bade her stay.

"Yes, let her stay," said the baronet, "for she is to be my nurse. Ah, I cannot fail to recover with such an attendant."

"It is my duty to attend him," said Kate, as she received an inquisitive look from the old man; "for it was to save me that he became thus injured."

"Very well," returned Logan. "Then I will leave the directions with you. You must be careful of your charge, for more depends upon the care that is taken of him, than upon any medications that can be given."

The old man thereupon gave directions for the treatment of the invalid, and after he was assured that everything would be done as he had directed he left. He did not see Captain Garland, for that individual was not yet up, and without stopping to speak with any one else he passed out and hastened off towards the bay.

CHAPTER XIII.

A PUZZLE.

It was about the middle of the forenoon that Kate came down into the sitting-room and found her father there. The old man was sitting at the table with his head bowed down upon it when she entered, but he started up on hearing her footsteps, and was at first somewhat agitated. He calmed himself, however, in a few moments, and then called his daughter to him.

"How is Sir Walter, this morning?" was his first question.

"Well," returned Kate, "I cannot exactly tell you; but he is easy, though. He is a little feverish, and the doctor says he needs care."

"Doctor!—what doctor?"

"Logan."

"But Logan has not been here, this morning?"

"Yes—he was here very early—before you were up."

Garland gazed up into his daughter's face with a look of surprise; but surprise soon gave place to another feeling, and he arose from his chair and went towards the window.

"Stop, stop," he uttered, as Kate moved towards the door, "I want to ask you a question. I want to speak with you."

The maiden stopped and turned back. She could not help trembling, for she had an instinctive perception of what was coming.

"Kate," said he, "young Edgerly was here last night. Perhaps you were aware of it?"

The girl saw how keenly her father was watching her, but she had not the mind to deceive him.

"Yes sir," she faintly replied. "I was aware of it, for I saw him."

"Ay—and you conversed with him?"

"Yes, father, I did."

"And you told him what I had said to you?"

"Yes."

"And did he tell you what I said to him?"

"Yes."

"Then you know my mind. Now I have no desire to be unkind to you," he continued, as he noticed that his daughter was beginning to weep. "I have but followed the dictates of what I conceived to be my duty. Now with regard to Edward Edgerly, my mind is too firmly made up to change. It is my wish that you should never speak with him again," he added. "But if he should speak with me first?" murmured Kate, checking her sobs, and gazing timidly up at her father.

"Then pass him coldly by, for if he does so, he will do so against my express orders. Will you do that, my child?"

"Alas! I cannot make such a promise. Do not ask me now."

"But now is the time to ask it; and now is the time to have it settled. It is dangerous to tamper with this thing longer. Every moment you delay to make up your decision is but another link in the chain that shall bind you more firmly to disobedience. I would have you promise me now."

"O, spare me yet a while longer," urged the unhappy girl, clasping her hands and sinking upon her knees.

"And how much longer?"

"Until Sir Walter is recovered."

"On one condition will I promise not to speak of anything connected with this matter until that time, and that condition is, that you will not, under any circumstances, speak with Edward Edgerly in the interim. Will you promise me this?"

It was hard for Kate to make this promise, but she thought that she might send some word to her lover, nevertheless, and she bound herself to her father's condition, but she wept while she did so.

"Now," said Garland, as he turned towards the door, "you may rest awhile from your watching, for I will go and keep Sir Walter company myself."

Kate sat down by one of the windows, and her father sought the room of the invalid. He went there with a slow, heavy step, and when he entered the chamber there was a deep shade upon his countenance. He sat down by the bed and asked the baronet how he fared—how he had slept—how his wound felt, and how his courage was, and having received the respective answers, he broached the subject that lay nearest his heart at that time.

"Sir Walter," he said, "I noticed last night that you recognized Logan as some one whom you had seen before."

"Did you?" uttered the invalid, starting and slightly raising his head.

"I thought I did."

"So I thought you did."

"Me?" pronounced Garland, with a sudden shake.

"Yes, captain. From what I heard you say, I felt assured that you must have known him before—perhaps under different circumstances. Is it not so?"

"No, no," quickly and energetically replied the captain. "It cannot be that I ever knew him before, and yet I must say that—"

"That what?" asked Sir Walter, turning further over towards his host, and regarding him with unusual interest. "Say on, captain—say on."

"Well, I was going to say that he put me in mind of some one whom I had seen before. But how is it with you? What is the strange connection he has in your mind?"

"Ah, that is more than I can tell," murmured the sick man, closing his eyes and shuddering. "The thoughts his presence has stirred up lay

far back in the past—away back among those hours when life was in its spring-time of hopes and passions."

"And who do you think he is?" whispered Garland.

McDoane started again and opened his eyes. Shadows swept across his pale face, and his lips trembled. There was something like a tear in his eye, but it soon disappeared, seeming to have gone back to the fount from whence it had come.

"I don't know," was his reply; but he spoke vacantly, as though his thoughts were not with his words.

"But you have some idea of what has moved you so," persisted Garland. "You must know something of what has caused such emotions in your bosom?"

"And yet, captain, he has caused the same in yours," said Sir Walter, looking at his host with a startling expression.

Garland bit his lips and hung down his head, for he seemed desirous now to hide the real interest he felt, but it was in vain. Every expression of his countenance showed how seriously he was moved, and he might as well have tried to conceal the fact of his own life. And with the baronet the case was the same. He, too, was surely trying to hide his strange emotions—to hide them from the captain! There were those two men, each trying to draw from the other some clue to the Warlock's real character—both evidently entertaining the most palpable suspicions—both deeply interested in the denouement—and yet both afraid to speak. They regarded each other in silence for a long while, and yet neither of them seemed to be studying so much upon the subject of the Warlock, as upon the probable thoughts of the other. At length Garland spoke.

"Well, Sir Walter," he said, in a sort of whisper, "have you thought yet who he can be?"

"No. Have you?" returned Sir Walter, starting from his reverie and regarding his companion curiously.

"But he seems to have interested you so much that I thought you might have discovered who he was by this time," said Garland.

"Surely, Barry Garland, I am no more interested than yourself," replied the baronet. And then he added, after a moment's thought—"We both seem to know the man, and yet do not know him. Now I will confess that the sight of

him has caused a strange emotion in my bosom, but I cannot explain to you its nature. I know that I have either seen him before, or else he much resembles some one whom I have seen. But at all events I hope to solve the mystery ere I lose sight of him entirely."

"So do I," responded Garland, "for I, too, am moved by a cause which I cannot explain. I will confess that it appears to me that I have seen Logan before, but I cannot clearly call the thing to mind. Indeed I hope we may both know him better ere we lose him."

It was evidently a mutual desire between those two men that the subject should be for the present dropped, and yet it must be confessed that neither seemed satisfied with the manner in which the other had left the matter. If Garland felt sure that his companion had not told the whole truth, he was also aware of the fact that he himself had concealed much of his own mind; and such was exactly the case with Sir Walter, so they dropped the matter with the best grace possible.

"Now," said the baronet, in a low, tremulous tone, "I wish to speak with you upon a matter that lays next my heart. I would speak of Kate. She is an angel, and I must feel that as such she has influenced me to love her. Do you not think she will be reconciled to become mine?"

"Yes, yes, Sir Walter. I know what passed between you on the last evening you met in the sitting-room, and I also know that my child is only influenced by a mere whim in this matter of love. As for her loving that scapegrace of an Edgerly—"

"Stop, stop, captain. The young man does not surely deserve such an epithet, for he is really a brave, noble, generous youth, and I do not wonder that Kate should love him; but yet I think she might forget him. If she would become my wife I would love her so, and be so kind to her, that she would never wish for the love of another. O, Garland, something tells me that I could make Kate very happy."

"So I believe you could, Sir Walter," uttered Garland, with much feeling. "I know you could, and I know that you would, and I have told Kate so. As for young Edgerly, he may be a good sort of a fellow, but I like not the way he has disobeyed my orders. But let him pass. He will not see my daughter again. She shall be yours, my friend, for I have set my heart upon it. Her girlish whim will pass away when she finds that the cause of it is removed. Be under no apprehensions on that account."

"I hope she will love me, for I could not give her up now. But had I known in the first place that she loved another, I should not have allowed my heart thus to become so enwrapped in passion."

"She did not love another when you first knew her, Sir Walter. It is only since she confessed her love for you that she has allowed her fickle heart to fly away to the young privateer."

"Are you sure of this?"

"Certainly. As sure as I am that I'm alive."

But the baronet did not think so, notwithstanding this assurance. He remembered that Kate had spoken of young Edgerly as the love of even her childhood, and the thought thus engendered seemed to give him pain, for he moaned and turned heavily in his bed. Garland noticed that the invalid was fatigued, and thinking that further conversation might be injurious to him, he wisely resolved to say no more at present, and as he arose to leave, he promised to send Kate up to take his place.

At the door Garland stopped and looked back. There was an anxious, inquisitive look upon his face, and his lips were half parted as though he would speak, but he did not say anything. He passed slowly out, like one who has left an unfinished work behind him which he is loth to leave, and had one been close by him as he closed the door, the name of the Warlock might have been heard upon his lips, for his thoughts were all centered upon that strange man.

"'Tis strange!" he muttered to himself, as he stopped midway upon the staircase. "'Tis strange!" he repeated, shaking his head with an eager expression. "Sir Walter surely knows that man, and yet he will not tell me. O, I should like to know what he ever had to do with Logan. That might give me some clue. I hope I am mistaken!"

Thus spoke Barry Garland, and now what was the feeling of Sir Walter McDoane on the same subject? We will go back to his chamber and find out. As soon as the captain left the room the invalid settled back upon his pillow and closed his eyes, and for some moments his thoughts seemed to work heavily within him.

"By my soul," he at length murmured, opening his eyes and looking towards the door, "I think Garland knows who this Warlock is. I am sure he does. O, if I could only know what he does really think of the strange man, I should know better how to answer him. But even I may be mistaken in Logan's identity. I hope I am!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FRIGATE AND BRIG.

It was not to be supposed that the British would suffer the loss of such a craft as the royal yacht, without making a desperate attempt to recover her. She belonged, or had belonged, to noblemen, and as the admiral had borrowed her for a purpose of his own, he felt it imperative upon him to do all in his power to recover her; and this he was now doing, and had been doing ever since he had first learned of her capture.

Early one morning a young American officer, wearing the uniform of a major, appeared upon the shore of Morgan's Bay, and made a signal to the yacht. A boat was at once sent for him, and when he reached the schooner he announced himself as Major George Langley. He was the bearer of despatches, or instructions, and he was to be carried to Norfolk, General Washington having made an arrangement with Captain Edgerly to that effect. Edward had been expecting him, so everything was ready for getting underweigh at once. The major had brought with him a letter of instructions to the young captain, and after he had read it, he gave orders for getting up the anchors and making sail. By nine o'clock in the forenoon the yacht was clear of the bay, and was able to stand on her course with a slack sheet, the wind being nearly north; but none of the light sails were set, for Edgerly did not wish to clear the sound before

dark, as he feared that some of the enemy might be lurking about after him. Of course, a strict watch was set, and every precaution was taken to guard against surprise.

"Do you think there is much danger?" asked Major Langley, after he had heard the captain give some particular orders to the lookouts.

"Why, sir," returned Edward, with a smile, "of course there must be some danger."

"Of our not being able to get out of the sound, I mean?" explained the major. "Do not think, sir, that I fear any other trouble."

"I mean to get out if I can," was our hero's reply, "and shall run considerable risk if necessary. Of course we may suppose that the enemy will be on the watch for us, for they in all probability feel pretty sore at the loss of their yacht."

"Of course they must," said the major. "I am not much acquainted with maritime affairs, but yet I must be allowed to express the opinion that this is a vessel well worth capturing, and one which the owners could ill afford to lose."

Edward's eyes sparkled as he went on and pointed out the beauties of his craft, and more than an hour he devoted to explaining nautical affairs to the land officer.

It was shortly after noon, and the young captain and the major were at the dinner-table in

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the cabin. They had finished the meal, and were upon the point of uncorking a bottle of wine, when a movement upon the deck arrested the attention of the captain.

"Something's in the wind," he said, as he set the bottle down with the cork yet undrawn.

"You have quick ears," remarked the major. "I heard nothing."

"But I did. Something is wrong, you may depend upon it. You may remain and open the wine, while I go on deck and see what's turned up."

But before Edward got up, Mr Elliott came down.

"What's to pay now?" was our hero's first question.

"There's a sail in sight, sir," replied Elliott.

"She came from that fog-bank off upon the shore here, and we didn't make her out till she was hull up. She's a frigate, sir, and—"

"A frigate!" exclaimed Edward, not stopping for his mate to finish his sentence. "By the cross of Saint George, then we must look alive! Hurry up, Elliott, and I'll follow you."

The mate returned to the deck, and as soon as Edward could get his glass he followed. The major did not stop to uncork his wine, for he felt too much interest in what was going on above. When the captain reached the deck he saw a heavy British frigate, not more than ten miles distant, upon the weather bow, and she was standing directly down for the yacht.

"Was that fellow standing in that way when you first made him out?" asked Edward, after he had viewed the frigate through his glass.

"No, sir," replied Elliott, "he was standing more to the westward; but as soon as he saw us he squared away. I guess he knows us."

"Of course he does by this time," responded the captain. "But I'll give him a chance to try his heels. Stand by to send the gaff-topsails aloft! Mr. Elliott, we'll put on everything that'll draw. We must run down for the Long Island coast, and we may slip out in that way."

It seemed to be a desperate chance for the yacht, for the frigate had all the advantage in such a chase, being some five miles further east than the former, and having only to make a straight run to the southward and eastward to cut her off; and it was soon apparent that this was what she intended to do, for as the schooner kept away with her helm up, the frigate stuck her nose further to the eastward, and clapped on her larboard studding-sails below and aloft.

"She's a hard chance," muttered Edward, as he looked off under the frigate's fore-foot and saw how the white foam was curling up about her bows. "It's a hard chance, but I'll try it."

"Wouldn't it be safer to run back?" asked the major.

"No, no—I don't want to do that, for there is no way of escape in that direction, except by running into some of the bays. I am confident we can outsail her, but yet she might keep us in sight, and if she should track us in to one of the bays she might attack us with her boats. But I think we can get out as we are now standing, though we shall have to risk some snug shots."

"Yes, we shall," responded Caleb Wales, with a semi-savage look.

"Sail, ho!" at this moment came from the lookout at the foremast-head.

"Where away?" cried Edward, springing forward.

"Right ahead, sir."

"What is it?"

"Square-rigged, sir."

"Zounds! Cut off as sure as fate!" uttered the captain.

"What is it, sir?" asked the major, with some little show of disquiet in his countenance.

"Only that another of the enemy lays directly in our track," abruptly replied our hero. "Can you not see that sail?"

"Yes—certainly."

And there it was, just looming up ahead, upon the Long Island shore. In a few moments more, the frigate was making signals.

"It's a brig!" shouted the foretopman, "and she's answering signals."

The yacht was now situated in this wise: She was about midway of the sound, heading in a south-easterly direction towards the headland of Mattituck, which was nearly twenty miles distant. The frigate was nearly abeam to windward, not more than four miles distant, and heading directly across the schooner's course, while the brig, which was distant about ten miles, was close-hauled upon the starboard tack, and standing directly up towards her. If the yacht kept on she must encounter the brig. This, however, she would have done cheerfully had she been alone. And if she hauled her wind she was sure to fall foul of the frigate. Of course, this latter alternative was not very favorably considered.

Captain Edgerly took several turns across his

deck, and it must be confessed that he was a little puzzled, to say the least. The western outlet of the sound was blocked by the British; and he knew of no safe place of refuge save Morgan's Bay; but if he sought that retreat his rendezvous would be exposed, and he also ran the chance of being captured, even in there, for the boats of both the frigate and the brig would be too much for him.

"Elliott," he said, stopping very suddenly, "this is a tight squeeze."

"So it is, captain."

"We must assuredly give them a stern chase, as you call it," said the major. "We must retreat."

"It's Jo-fired hard, any how," muttered Caleb Wales, "to be shot up in this fashion. I wish that ere 'tarnal brig was alone. O, how I should like to pepper him."

"I think I shall try to give you a chance," said Edward, in a sort of quiet, thoughtful way.

"Eh? You will?" ejaculated Caleb, casting a sidelong, ominous glance at the frigate, whose ponderous batteries were now looming up dark and threatening.

"Yes," replied the captain. And then turning to Elliott, he continued—"I think we cannot be far from Barrel Reef."

"No," said the mate, as he turned and ran his eye along the distant shore of Long Island.

"Barrel Reef?" uttered Caleb, "why, here—that must be off just about in this direction," and he pointed off over the starboard quarter as he spoke. "It must be there, for only 'bout a month ago we run an old smack over 'em at low tide, an' cum plaguy nigh a gittin' stuck hard an' fast."

"I think there is water enough to carry us over now," resumed Edward.

"Yes, there must be," replied Elliott.

"And yet not enough for the frigate," Edward added, with a beam of hope in his countenance.

Caleb looked hard into the captain's face for some moments, and at length a beam of intelligence shot athwart his ruddy visage.

"Eh! Egad, capt'n, I know now. Try it—try it. Jerewsaalem!"

"I think I shall try it."

"What is it, sir?" asked the major. "Is there any hope of escape?"

"There has, at least, a very curious circumstance turned up in our favor, sir," replied our hero. "Right off here, about five miles distant, there is a long line of rocks which our old fish-

ermen call Barrel Reef. The yacht will, with this tide, easily pass over, but not so the frigate. So you see, if we can lead her along after us, we may lay her up there."

"Ah,—ah,—yes,—I understand," uttered the major, considerably relieved, for he knew that his despatches were important, and he wished to get out with them.

"You think you know where they are, do you, Elliott?"

"Yes sir. I can run a lee line right through the middle of 'em."

"Then you may pilot her. Stand by the sheets, and be ready to ease off and jibe. Up with the helm!"

In a few moments the schooner was on the other tack, with her head to the south'rd and west'rd, and by the time this was accomplished the frigate was not more than two miles distant.

"Here she goes!" shouted Caleb. "Come on, ole feller! O, Jeminy, wont he ketch it!"

This remark was called forth from the fact that the frigate was taking in her larboard studding-sails; and as soon as they were in, she began to square her yards, and soon wore around; and, when her yards were braced, her starboard studding-sails were run up. This was all our privateers had hoped, and as they felt sure that the Barrel Reef was ahead, and that their light craft would pass over in safety, they began to show signs of joy.

The frigate was now directly astern, and shortly after she had sheeted home the studding-sails she fired one of her bow guns, but the ball fell far short of its object. In twenty-five minutes Elliott, who had stationed himself at the bows, reported that the reefs were directly ahead. The men crowded about the bows, and they could detect a slight difference in the shade of the water, but it was not palpable enough to attract attention unless it had been pointed out.

"We're over!" cried Elliott, as he turned and started aft. "We're safely over, and something to spare. There must be considerable water there. But never mind,—there aint enough for that fellow."

One thing was evident, and that was, that the yacht was the fastest sailer upon any tack, for she was gradually distancing her pursuer; but that mattered not now. The crew of the Yankees were all aft, and every eye was turned anxiously upon the frigate. Twenty-five minutes passed. Twenty-six—seven—eight—nine—and half-an-hour, and yet the frigate stood on.

"Can she have got over!" murmured Elliott. "No—no," breathlessly answered Edward. "We've been leaving her astern. Ha!"

At this instant the frigate was seen to leap up like a frightened dolphin. An instant she quivered there with her bows high out of water, and then she keeled over to port, and the fore-topmast went crashing over the side.

"She's done for!" shouted Caleb, leaping up and clapping his hands with frantic joy.

"She certainly is for the present," returned Edward, with a bright glow of gratification upon his handsome countenance. "Now we'll wear again. Stand by the sheets. Helm up!" he added, energetically.

Ere long the yacht was around again with her head to the south'rd and east'rd, but as it was impossible for her enemy to level any of her guns she soon came up almost due east, and as she passed the unfortunate ship her men gave three hearty cheers. Shortly afterwards it was observed that the frigate was getting her heavy guns overboard.

"Now for the brig," said Edward, as the frigate was left to make the best of her awkward situation. "We must clear her without flinching. Look to your gun, Caleb."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the gunner, with marked emphasis. "She's all loaded."

"Do you mean to board her?" asked Elliott.

"No," answered the captain. "I would do it, though, under other circumstances, but I have promised Washington that I would make the best of my way to Norfolk, for the despatches are of importance, and there is risk in stopping to try to make a prize now."

The brig still stood up on a taut bowline with her starboard tacks aboard, and when she was within about two miles the yacht was hauled upon the wind to the north'rd and east'rd, thus presenting her broadside to the enemy. In a

few minutes afterwards the brig went about, seeming determined to cut the schooner off if possible, and as Edward had no desire for a long chase he soon put up his helm and stood down on his course.

"We'll settle this business very soon," he said, as he moved up near the long gun, "for we've been detained too long now. Stand by, Caleb."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Give him a salute, now, that shall make him feel."

"Just see if I don't."

"You had better fire now as soon as you can. We are near enough."

Caleb took a deliberate aim, and fired, but without effect.

"You didn't make allowance enough for our headway."

"Perhaps not," returned the gunner, with a growl of dissatisfaction. "But just wait till I try again."

He did try again, and this time he succeeded in carrying away the enemy's flying-jib-boom. With the third shot he cut away the starboard fore-shrouds, the schooner being kept all this time clear of the brig's short guns. The fourth shot Caleb made with more care, and this time he carried away the fore-yard, and parted some of the main-backstays.

"There, there,—that will do," uttered Edward. "She cannot give us chase now, and we will make the best of our way out. But you may load your gun in case of need."

Again the hearty cheers of the victorious Yankees broke over the waters, and in half an hour later the yacht was on her course clear of present danger. Before night had shut in, the privateer had passed Plumb Island, and under cover of the darkness she leaped boldly forth towards the broad Atlantic.

CHAPTER XV.

A BROKEN HEART.

UNDER the directions of Logan and the kind nursing of Kate, Sir Walter McDoane recovered rapidly. His wound had been a very severe one, creating much pain, and as his manner of life had been rather irregular, his constitution bowed low beneath a stroke that a more healthy frame might have withstood much easier. But he was recovering, and the physician had ceased his visits. Two weeks had passed away since the night on which he was wounded, and during that time his gentle nurse had spent most of the hours of daylight by his side. She had anticipated his wants, had smiled with him, when he was happy, had sympathized with him when he was in pain, and had cheered him when his spirits sank. In truth she had been a very angel in that sick chamber, and her presence had done more than the medicine of the leech.

As yet Sir Walter had not spoken of his love in words, nor had he in the slightest manner alluded to the subject which had been left unfinished on a former occasion. But he had talked with his eyes, and many a sigh had Kate heard from his lips that could have been caused by no physical pain. He had often been upon the point of speaking, but he had restrained himself. He was happy in the fair being's presence, and he had not dared to break the charm. But the time had come for him to speak. It was late in

the day, and the sun was very near the western tree-tops. Sir Walter had been sitting in his easy-chair nearly all day, and Kate had been reading to him. He had some strange fancies in his choice of subjects, though it was probably his shattered state that caused it. At his request the maiden had been reading the story of ALADDIN, from the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. She had shed many tears over the sufferings of the princess while in the hands of the ugly magician, for her soul had entered deeply into the strange fancies of the story, and as she laid the book down she murmured:

"What a strange story; but I am so glad that Aladdin got his sweet princess back again."

"Are you?" uttered Sir Walter, gazing steadily into the maiden's face.

"Indeed I am, for Aladdin would have been very miserable to have lost so sweet a wife forever."

"So he would, Kate, so he would," said the baronet, while his large, dark eyes seemed almost to melt with the strange light that burned in them. "Ah," he continued, "it is a sad fate for the loving heart to be cut off from all on earth that is worth loving. It was not the loss of his palace that moved the unfortunate Aladdin, nor was it the anger of his royal father-in-law. No, no, he could have borne every other

loss but that of the gentle princess he so fondly loved. Kate, do you think it strange that such a loss should have broken the youth's heart?" he added, inquiringly.

The maiden did not immediately answer. She saw how strangely the baronet's gaze was fixed upon her, and she saw how deep was the emotion that threw its shadows over his face. She could not mistake the meaning of all this, for the events of the past afforded her a key to its translation. She sat there by the speaker's side and trembled.

"Kate," the baronet continued, as he reached forth his arm and drew the fair girl nearer to him, "I cannot disguise my feelings from you, for in yourself they are all centered. My every thought that looks to happiness is of you, and my every affection clings to you. Were you at this moment to be blotted from existence, my heart would be crushed out of life. You know we promised to speak of this thing once more. Let us speak of it now. Shall we not?"

"Yes," murmured the trembling girl, without raising her eyes.

"I thank you," uttered Sir Walter, in return, drawing the maiden still closer to him and kissing her pure white hand. "Ah, Kate, for many a long year I have not passed such happy days as I have passed in this sick chamber. To be sure I have been badly wounded, but 'twas to save you, and in that I am happy. And then what a sunshine of blessedness has hovered so kindly about my bed. Have I got to lose all this? Must my sun of life soon set in darkness? O, tell me, Kate, must I give up all my bright hopes? Must I lose all that I love on earth? Shall my fair princess be snatched from me by an ugly magician, and I be cast miserable out upon the cold world?"

Poor Kate! How she trembled; and how she prayed that God would guide her aright! Every word she heard sank deeply into her soul, and she knew that they came from the very depths of her companion's heart. She gazed up into his face, and as she saw the moist light of his dark eyes, she felt her heart throb with a wild, but yet trammelled, emotion. She could not speak yet.

"Tell me, Kate," Sir Walter resumed, in a lower tone, "O, tell me—may I not hope that you will ever be my light of life? that you will ever be mine, to bless and make me happy? Speak, Kate."

"I cannot speak—O, I cannot speak!" broke convulsively from the maiden's lips.

"Yes, yes, you can," vehemently uttered the baronet. "You can tell me if you love me. O, if you had not loved me, you would not have been as you have been for the past two weeks."

"Yes I should, Sir Walter, for gratitude would have dictated all that."

"Gratitude!" repeated the baronet, with a sudden start. But in a moment more there came a light across his face, and in a tone more hopeful he added, "Ah, but you did not say it was gratitude that has made you thus kind. You said gratitude *would* have done it. No, no—it was *love*, LOVE, Kate, that made you kind to me. Do not deny it. Do not say me nay."

Then Sir Walter McDoane bowed his head, and in a low, thrilling whisper, he added:

"Listen to me a moment, Kate, and you shall know my heart. For many a long year I have been as a wreck upon the great sea of life. I have been reckless and wayward, for there have been none to love me or make me kind. All about me has been chill and cheerless, and the very air I breathed seemed to come laden with a moral miasma. For a while I lived in the crowded town, but the contrast with my own species was distasteful, and I resolved to find a spot where I could be alone. Fortune took me by the hand and led me here upon the banks of this beautiful stream. Here I saw you—you smiled upon me, and my heart opened to let in the light. You smiled again, and the warm light went penetrating to a soul that had been all cold and icy for years. It opened wider and wider, till at length the fire of love was burning there with a flame that was not to be extinguished while life should last. It was a fate that led me here, and you can make it a fate—a spirit—of salvation. O, Kate, you will not kill me—you will not cast me off to die in darkness and misery. Were I to lose you, now my heart would break—it would kill me, for you are the angel that has lifted me up out of my misery, and if you should now let me fall—"

"But you are pale, Kate. Are you not well?"

"I am faint," murmured the maiden.

"You are fatigued with over-watching. You have done too much. Go now and seek some rest, and while you are from me, may God and all good angels bless thee. Go, sweet Kate, for I know you are over-tasked of late. Go, and be

sure that my heart is all your own, and that you may make it fit for heaven. Good-night."

The sun was down, and the long twilight had gone far into the depths of night when Kate Garland turned away from the chamber of the convalescent baronet. When she was in her own room she sank upon her bed and pressed her hands hard upon her brow. She did not weep, but her brow was burning, and her face was as white as marble. Every word that Sir Walter had uttered came back to her mind, and she remembered how lowly and sweetly they had been spoken. She felt that his heart was truly and sincerely moved by affection for her, and

she could but honor his devotion to her, though she must regret that it was so.

"O," she murmured, as she started up and clasped her hands, "he loves me—loves me truly, fondly."

The maiden stopped, for at that moment she thought of another heart that was given up to her. She murmured the name of Edward, and while yet the word dwelt upon her lips, she sank down upon her knees and raised her hands towards heaven.

Breathing a petition for guidance under her trying situation, she arose and sought the repose of her couch.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WARLOCK'S MESSAGE.

IN a little more than two weeks from the time of the yacht's encounter with the frigate and brig she had performed her mission, and returned in safety to Morgan's Bay. Edward Edgerly hastened away as soon as possible to report to General Washington. He found the commander-in-chief, and was received with open arms. He was pressed to remain at dinner, and he did so, and the time was most agreeably spent in referring to the past, and in hoping for the future. Washington spoke hopefully of the cause of liberty, and his calm yet burning words had the effect of opening his young guest's heart to a more thorough understanding of patriotic duty. Nor was the general without benefit from the companionship of the youthful captain. There is no soul, be it ever so experienced, but that can gain good from contact with other souls of purity and truth. Edward was all wrapped up in his patriotic enthusiasm, and now that the restraint of bashfulness had worn off, he spoke such words as made Washington stronger and happier. He told of the true hearts that beat beneath the rough garbs of the dwellers upon the stern coast. He told how the old men and children, the matrons and maidens, were filled with the spirit of liberty, and how the fathers, the husbands, and the sons, were at various posts of duty—not, perhaps, in the army, but upon the

blue waters of the Atlantic, worrying and laying tribute upon the foe.

"Why, sir," exclaimed our hero, while his eyes burned, and his rich cheeks glowed, "England can no more conquer us than she can conquer the marshalled hosts of heaven. She may butcher our army—she may entrap a few heartless men of the colonies to join her—but she can never conquer us. Every cradle in our land holds an embryo patriot, and the first word the lisping infant speaks, is *liberty*! Our stalwart boys are fast growing to be men, and for every hero that lays his life upon the altar of his country's salvation there shall be a new and stronger arm to take his place. Why, sir, we are fighting for a sacred right—for a heavenly truth—for a holy principle, and these can never be conquered. They have taken root in our homes, and even though our sires be slain, our children shall rise up and defend them. O, the heavens may look dark at times, and we may shudder at some new tale of murder; but we have measured arms with Britain, and we have found that with all her brute force she is not invincible. Her armies can be conquered, her ministers outwitted, and her ships wrested from her. Go to the dwellings of the British soldiers to-day, and you shall find them swearing or toying in drunken carousal. They care not for the

cause in which they fight, so long as they can draw from the treasury of the king the wherewithal to be clothed and fed, and a little surplus with which to minister to their baser passions. But go to the tents of our people—and go to their homes—and you shall find them on their knees in prayer. When they eat they thank God that they are fed, and when they lie down to sleep they pray that they may be strong enough to maintain the right! When England can crush out the love of liberty from our hearts, then can she conquer us—but not till then!"

It was some moments ere Washington replied to this, and when he did so, it was with tears in his eyes.

"My noble friend," he said, "I often think as you have now spoken, but it does me good to hear those thoughts come from others. It is true I sometimes have thoughts to make me sad, but I have more to make me hopeful. I am sure we must succeed. People who look only for clouds can find plenty of them, now; but those who look earnestly, hopefully, forward to the bright dawn of day, can already see the gray streaks of sunrise in the east."

And so they talked, and thus were they engaged when they were interrupted by the entrance of an orderly.

"What now?" demanded the general. He was somewhat anxious, for he had numerous spies out.

"Ridgeway has returned, sir."

"Ha—then send him in."

It was a lieutenant who entered, and the very expression of his countenance told that he had something of importance to communicate.

"Ah, Mr. Ridgeway, back so soon?" uttered the general.

"Yes sir."

"And what luck? Was the information genuine?"

"Yes sir, in every particular," replied the lieutenant, as he took a proffered seat. "I went as you directed, and lay in ambush till midnight, and at that time I saw that a large number of people had collected in the house. At just one o'clock I laid my plan of attack and set forward. As we approached the house, I detached three men to each of the windows—there were only two from which any one could escape—and then made a rush upon the door. We stove it in with our clubs, and took most of the fellows ere they could have a chance to prepare for effectual resistance."

"A band of Tories we have been making a descent upon, captain," explained Washington, as he turned towards our hero; and then turning to the lieutenant, he added: "And so you made the capture?"

"We captured all but about six of them, sir. We have brought forty-three of them with us as prisoners."

"And the leader—did you capture him?"

"No, general. He escaped by some means through the cellar, and some four or five more with him. His name was Mallon—Mark Mallon—as I understood from one of the prisoners whom we took."

"I wish he had been taken," said Washington, "for I have heard that he is a subtle, dangerous man. But never mind now. You have done well. Go to the quarter-master and see that the prisoners are provisioned, and I will soon see you again."

"Those are the enemies that need looking after with the most sternness of purpose," remarked Edward, after the lieutenant had gone.

"You speak truly," replied the general. "And yet they are the most difficult to look up. It is only by chance that we are able to hit them. By the way, you remember an old man whom we saw at the fisherman's cot, on the evening when first I met you there?"

"You mean Logan?"

"Yes, so he calls himself."

"I remember him. I have seen him several times."

"And do you know who he really is?"

"No, general. Only that he is Logan, and that he is called the Warlock. But I think he is friendly to our cause."

"He must be," returned Washington; "for he it was who gave me a clue to the whereabouts of these Tories. But really, I should like to know more of him. He is an intelligent man, at all events."

"Yes, very," responded our hero; and as he spoke, he called to mind the last time he had seen Logan, and what was then said.

In a short time afterwards the young captain arose to take his leave, and as Washington held him by the hand; the latter said:

"I have a wish that you should remain with your vessel at the little bay for a week; or, at least, that you will be there at that time, for I am expecting some information by then, and may need your assistance, and at the same time give you an opportunity to benefit yourself."

Edward promised to be on hand at the required time, and after this he set out on his return. When he came to the place where one of the roads turned off towards the dwelling of Captain Garland, he stopped. It was now late in the afternoon, but he knew that he should have time to go around by the captain's dwelling. He had almost made up his mind to go when he remembered the agreement he had made with Kate, not to come to see her until she had sent some word of greeting, and planned some place of meeting. It was with a slow, hesitating step that he turned from his accustomed course; but he consoled himself by the thought that he should soon receive some word from her, and of course he tried to think that all would be bright. But in this latter respect he did not quite succeed, for his hopes became clouded in spite of himself. He could not forget the manner in which Kate had spoken of Sir Walter, and of the strange tone in which she had expressed her hopes of the baronet's relinquishment of his claim. Then the subsequent meeting with the Warlock came to his mind, and that, too, helped to make his hopes gloomy. In this mood he travelled on, and just at sundown he reached the little bridge that crossed Morgan's River. It was a bridge below the one over which Larry Burke had carried Kate Garland. Beyond this there was an open space, and upon an old log near the path Edward saw a man sitting. He may have hesitated a moment, but it was only to assure himself that his pistols were ready for need, and then he kept on.

"Stop one moment, Edward Edgerly. I would speak with thee."

It was the Warlock, and at once throwing aside all cause of fear the young man approached him, and extended his hand.

"Sit thee down here," said Logan, "for I have an errand to deliver. Sit thee down."

"I can stand as well."

"And so you can sit as well. So down with you, like an obedient servant."

This last remark may have been spoken in earnest, but its tone was so light and playful that Edward merely smiled as though it had been a joke, and then sat down upon the log, remarking as he did so:

"You see, Sir Warlock, I can obey as well as command."

"Ay—and it speaks well for you, for you may yet find occasion to obey me in more important matters."

"Ah?"

"I did not make the remark to call up a discussion, so let it pass. But now to my business. You have not seen Kate Garland, to-day?"

"No," returned the young man, with considerable earnestness.

"Well, I have a message from her to you."

"Ah, I knew I should get one. She promised me one. But what did she say?"

"She wished me to tell you that she could not meet you as she had promised."

"Cannot meet me!" uttered Edward, starting with fear. "Cannot meet me, did you say?"

"Those were her words."

"But how spoken? Did she not send any reason? Did she not send some word of love—some token of remembrance—some sentence of hope? She said something more than that—I know she did. Tell it to me, sir?"

"She did not send to you any other word, save that she loved you still. Yet she did tell me that I might advise you to forget her—to forget that she ever lived."

"O, what a base — But no, I will not apply a harsh epithet to you. But I know that is false. O, Kate would never have sent me such a word as that. Ha, ha, you cannot trifle with me thus, for I know better. Kate Garland bid me to forget her! Monstrous! Monstrous!" he exclaimed, almost fiercely.

"I did not tell thee that she bade thee to forget her," said the Warlock, not at all moved by the youth's manner of doubting him. "She said that I might advise you to forget her. You see the construction is very different."

"Logan," pronounced the young captain, in a startling tone, at the same time laying his hand upon the old man's arm, "do you tell me the truth now? Did Kate Garland tell you that?"

"She did, Edward Edgerly."

"Bade me to forget her! O!"

"I did not say so."

"But she bade you to advise me to do it?"

"Not at all. She said that I *might* do it. Will you not understand?"

"Then what is it? What did she mean?" asked Edward, in a lower tone. "Will you explain it to me?"

"Of course I will. In the first place, her father exacted from her a promise that she would not speak with you again until Sir Walter McDoane was well. You have heard of his accident?"

"Yes. Uncle David told me of it."

"Very well. Her father tried to make her promise that she would have nothing more to do with you, but she would promise him no such thing, though she did promise as I have told you. But now she is beset by Sir Walter. He loves her, and he presses his claims hard upon her."

"But she does not love him," uttered Edward.

"I don't know about that. Her's is a strange heart. Sir Walter has twice saved her life, and on the last time he came nigh losing his own. But he does not take advantage of this. He only asks for her love because he truly loves her. But let that pass. You must not seek Kate Garland at present."

"But I cannot forget her."

"No, I will not advise you to forget her; but if you love her, and have a care for her welfare, you will not think of seeing her now, and simply for this reason: If you were to see her now, her father would in all probability find it out, and that would only tend to make matters worse on all hands. Worse for her by subjecting her to her father's displeasure, and worse for you by making the old man's will against you stronger than it is now. So you must not think of seeing her at present. That is all."

"No, no, that is not all," quickly cried Edward. "Sir Walter is still by her."

"Leave Sir Walter with me," said Logan, decisively. "I will be answerable for him."

The young man looked up into the Warlock's face, and by the last dim beams of the twilight he could see that the old man was calm and impenetrable.

"Do you mean that you will prevent the baronet from wedding with Kate?"

"I did not say so. But come, we will walk towards the bay."

As Logan thus spoke he arose and turned towards the coast, and of course our hero followed him. Edward asked any quantity of questions on the way, but he obtained no answers that enlightened him much. All he could learn was, that Kate was very unhappy, and that were he to see her it would tend to make her more unhappy still. But yet he thought that in Logan he had some grounds for hope, but what those grounds were he had no means of deciding. They were sort of dreamy gatherings of promise from words which the old man had dropped. That they were not meant for promises, Edward was well aware, yet he clung to them and gathered hope from them.

It was well into the evening when Edward gained the deck of his yacht, and he was prepared to go to his cabin and ponder and dream upon what he had heard, for his heart was in just that condition, between hope and despondency, when a man loves to be moody—loves to covet darkness and gloom. And perhaps there is a sufficient reason for this, and it is as follows: The soul is not sure of any gladness, nor is it sure of lasting grief, so if grief be courted, and gladness comes, then the gladness will be the brighter; and, on the other hand, if the real cause of grief does come, why, the soul will be the better prepared for it and acclimated to it.

So Edward had made up his mind that he would go at once to his cabin and be as gloomy as possible. He had got all the material together for making up a miserable, sleepless night; but his attention was very unexpectedly called to another subject, and his every energy, both of body and mind, was needed for a more noble purpose, as shall be made to appear in another chapter.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FEARFUL ENCOUNTER.

WHEN Edward passed over the gangway of his vessel he noticed that his officers, and a large number of his men, were crowded together upon the quarter-deck. He was upon the point of passing on to his cabin, thinking that the gathering was only for some social purpose, when he was stopped by Elliott. The mate was considerably agitated, and so were the rest of the men.

"What is it?" asked Edward, stopping and looking earnestly about upon the eager countenances that had surrounded him.

"Why, sir," returned the mate, speaking in quick, hurried tones, "I think there's danger brewing somewhere."

"Danger? Do you mean danger for our yacht?"

"Yes. We feel pretty sure that there is some sort of a plan stewing up for her re-capture. I tell you there can't be much doubt of it."

"No—not the least bit in the world," chimed Caleb Wales, who manifested more of resentment than he did of uneasiness. "Not the least doubt," he continued. "But Morris is the man that made the discovery."

Edward now turned to his second officer, and asked him to explain.

"Why, sir," returned Morris, showing by the very expression of his countenance that what he was going to communicate was of importance,

"you see, this afternoon some of us took a notion that we'd go ashore and get some berries. It was about four o'clock when we went, and in a little while after we got up where the berries grew, I shied away from the rest of 'em and went off alone. Directly I found a thick spot of berries right under the lee of a great high rock, and there I hove-to and went at it. Well, I hadn't been there more 'n ten minutes—and p'r'aps not so long as that—when I heard somebody right over my head on top o' the rock. Thinks I that's some o' my shipmates huntin' after me, so I just crawled in close to the rock where I couldn't be seen, and directly afterwards one of 'em spoke. 'That's the royal yacht,' says he. 'Yes, it sartainly is,' says another. But it wa'n't none o' the voices of any of our folks. I knowed that very well the moment I heard 'em, so I laid still and began to open my ears."

At this juncture there was an exclamation from one of the forward lookouts, and upon questioning him, he said that he thought he heard something ashore.

"What was it like?" asked Edward, who was beginning to be moved.

"I thought it were somebody talking," returned the man. "It sounded right off here, but I don't hear it now."

The captain listened a few moments, but hear-

ing nothing save the low breaking of the surf upon the beach, he instructed the lookout to keep a strict watch, and then went aft again.

"Well," resumed Morris, "yer see I determined to know what was going on, so I kept still and said nothing, and directly the chaps above me spoke again. 'We must git her back again,' says one of 'em. 'Yes—and we'll do it this very night,' says another. 'Wonder how many men they've got?' says a third man. 'Don't know. But never mind that. We're not to be frightened by a handful of Yankees!' That was the first one said that. You'd better b'lieve I was mad, but I didn't let my temper make a fool of me. I laid still to see what more I could hear. Pooty soon one of 'em spoke again. 'We'll have our men ready as soon as the moon goes down,' says he. Then the rest of 'em seemed to agree with what he said, and without saying any more they got down off from the rock and went off. As soon as I dared to move I crawled out and crept along to the little path that leads out on to the headland, and I got there just in time to see a boat push out from the little cove t'other side o' the p'int; and about three miles off, right close in to Middle Island, I saw a British sloop-of-war. That's all."

"And I should say that was enough," said Edward, with a flashing eye. "But did you stay to see what course the sloop took?"

"Yes. I waited till her boat came alongside, and then she stood off across the sound; and I suppose afore this time she's standin' back again."

"Very likely," returned our hero; "and she may rest assured that she will find us prepared. Let's see—the moon will go down about midnight."

"Yes," added Elliott, "and it'll be likely to be pretty dark, too, for you see there is a heavy fog-bank sweeping in. But we've got warning enough, and if we get taken now it's our own fault."

"I guess we'll show Mr. Bull 'at we aint so easily taken," uttered Caleb, with an expressive nod of the head. "Jest tell 'em we know how to *captive*, but we don't know nothin' 'bout bein' captured. I'm *rayther* of the opinion 'at they'll find 'emselves afoul of a hornet's nest."

"There is no mistake but that we are to be attacked to-night," said the captain, after some few opinions had been expressed by the different officers, and some additional particulars given; "and I suppose the sloop means to lay in

as soon as the moon is out of sight, and send all her boats to attack us. Now we have about three hours, but we will prepare at once. In the first place there must be no lights upon deck; nor will I allow a light in my cabin, for anything of that kind will give the enemy an easier chance to discover our position. You, Caleb, must see at once that our guns are well loaded with grape and canister."

"It's all done, capt'n," interrupted Caleb. "I took the liberty to do that afore you come aboard. They're charged with a grist that'll make somebody weep, now you'd better believe."

"Very well. Now have every pistol and musket loaded, for the sloop has six boats at least, and in all probability she will send five of them, so we may not be able to sink all of them, and *perhaps* none of them. See that the arms are well primed, and the flints are sound. Mr. Elliott, will you see that the deck is well sanded down."

These orders were all obeyed, and ere long the yacht's crew were on the watch. For the fifteen men who had been killed in the encounter with, and capture of, the English brig Titan, Edward had shipped sixteen new ones, so that he now had eighty men besides himself, and not a man of them all would he wished to have exchanged.

At length the moon went down a little before midnight, and, as Elliott had predicted, it was very dark, though the haze was not thick—only thick enough to shut out the light of the stars. The wind was from the northward, so that, as the yacht swung by her anchor her stern was laying directly towards the entrance to the bay, but a spring cable was run out through a heavy snatch-block at the larboard quarter, and then made fast to the chain cable ahead, and in this way the schooner's stern was hauled around until her broadside was presented towards the point from whence the attack was expected. After this was done, Caleb loosened the aprons upon the breech of his guns, and then got his matches ready, all four of the carriage-guns having been run over on to the starboard side, where there were ports sufficient for them.

Until nearly half-past twelve the crew watched without hearing anything. One bell was reported, but Edward did not allow it to be struck. It was not so dark but that the line of the shore could be made out, though probably that was owing to the phosphorescent glimmering of the

surf, for it was with difficulty that the outlines of a man could be distinguished half the length of the deck.

At length there was a gentle "—sh!" from the lips of the captain, and in a moment more the dull sound of muffled oars could be heard, and they sounded, too, as though they could not be a great distance, for the direction of the wind was unfavorable for the conveyance of sound in the direction most required by the Yankees.

"Caleb," whispered the captain, in quick, hurried tones, as though an important idea had just struck him, "have you a blue-light handy?"

"Yes sir. There's two of 'em—"

"Never mind particulars. Got one of them instantly and set it on the main channel, and then set fire to it at once. Do you understand?"

"Yes! O, *Jerusalem!*"

And with this characteristic expression the gunner hastened to get the light, and while he was gone the captain saw that a sufficient crew was stationed at each gun. Caleb brought the blue-light, and placed it outside of the bulwarks upon the starboard main channel. The object of thus placing the light will at once be apparent, for as the channel was outside, and some three feet lower than the top of the bulwarks, the light would fall upon the water without striking the eyes of those on the deck of the yacht. The moment Caleb touched his match to the pyrotechnic mass, a bright blue flame shot up into the heavens, and the waters of the bay were clothed with a glare equal to that of full noonday. There were the boats, not more than a cable-length distant—five of them—all filled with men; but they had suddenly stopped as the magic flash of the blue-light leaped up and out through the darkness, and their oars were resting with the blades out of water.

"On, on!" shouted an officer who stood in the stern sheets of the foremost boat. "In with your oars and dash ahead! Now for it. By Saint George, the yacht is ours!"

"Level! level!" uttered Edward, as he flew from gun to gun. "You take the foremost boat, Caleb—and you the next, Jackson—and you, Libby, aim at the third—and let this one take the fourth. Now—*fire!*"

The four twelve-pounders belched forth their volumes of flame, and the messengers of destruction were hurled upon the advancing foe. Each gun had contained one round shot, a stand of grape, and a canister. A long, loud yell, like the howlings of a thousand mad demons

broke from the enemy, and as soon as the smoke had rolled off a little it was seen that three of the boats had been smashed, and two of those three torn to atoms. At this instant the blue-light expired, and all was chaotic darkness upon the waters of the bay. The yells and groans of the discomfited enemy could be heard, and they came mingled with cries for succor and the plashing of the swimmers.

"Load again!" ordered Captain Edgerly, as soon as he found that the two unharmed boats were picking up the swimmers. "Load quickly, for they may try us again."

The guns were once more loaded, and then the captain ordered another blue-light to be placed upon the channel and lighted.

"We must make quick work of it," he said, speaking in tones of more than ordinary meaning, "for I've not half done with those fellows yet. Before, I am done, *England shall have one sloop-of-war the less in her royal navy! Stand by now!*"

Again the fierce glare of the blue-light shot out through the gloom, and it was found that the two boats had picked up most of the live men from the water; but as soon as the light came they got out all their oars and started for the sound.

"That will not do," uttered our hero, as he noticed the movement of the enemy. "If they escape us now we shall not get the sloop. Ready, Caleb! Quick! *Fire!*"

Two of the guns were fired first, and as soon as the smoke had lifted, the other two were fired, and then the gunner sprang to his "Long-Tom;" but the latter was not needed, for both the boats were effectually destroyed, and their crews, such of them as were left alive, were wildly plashing about in the water.

"Light the battle-lanterns, and stand by to call away the boats!" shouted Edward. "Into your boat all the first-cutter's crew, and go and bring off old Morgan's pinnace! Bear a hand, now, and look alive. The second and third cutters will go and pick up the enemy!"

All was now life and activity on board the yacht. The lanterns were quickly lighted, but when the blue-light had gone out all was so dark again that Edward determined to keep up the pyrotechnic fire until the swimming enemy were all picked up, for the lanterns now appeared only like so many fire-flies. So Caleb went to the magazine and brought up more blue-lights, and ere long the waters were once more in a

blaze. While the first cutter went after the old fisherman's pinnace, the other two boats hurried away to where the frantic Englishmen were clinging to bits of the boat wreck, but they succeeded in getting only thirteen of them. The rest had all either been killed or drowned, save, perhaps, that a few might have reached the shore, though the latter alternative was not very probable.

As soon as the prisoners were brought on board the yacht, Edward had them arranged on the quarter-deck. There were none of them wounded, for those who had been so unfortunate had all been drowned. Among those who had thus been saved was one lieutenant, and from him our hero learned that there had come in the five boats one hundred and fourteen men! and also that the commander of the expedition had been killed at the first fire. The lieutenant was by no means angry. He seemed to be grateful to think that he had been saved from a watery grave, and if he had another predominant emotion, it was that of sorrow.

"Ah, sir," he said, answering to a question which Edward had asked, "your first fire was a terrible one. Our boats were so huddled together that your shot could not help taking effect. When we first saw your blue-light, we fancied that it was only some signal of alarm, nor had we the least suspicion that our plans had been discovered until your grape and canister came pouring into us. There must be one hundred and one of our poor fellows in the land of death ere this!"

"Some of them may have gained the shore," suggested Edward, feeling really hopeful that such might be the case; for the utter abjection of his prisoner softened his feelings.

"No, no," uttered the lieutenant, "that cannot be, for I saw them sinking around me by dozens. Four well charged canisters fired at that distance could not let many men live to swim. No, no, I think all that were left unwounded clung to the pieces of wreck."

"I suppose your ship will wait for you outside?"

"Yes."

"It must be that the greater part of the crew

were sent in the boats?" observed Edward, with seeming carelessness, but in reality with an eager purpose.

"Our crew all told numbers one hundred and ninety—"

"—sh! Stop, you dunder-head!" uttered an old quarter-master, who stood at the lieutenant's right hand. "Can't ye see the game? He means to cut out the old sloop!"

"You are right, my friend," said Edward, with a light smile. "I do mean to capture the sloop if possible; and, since the sloop was sent out for no other purpose than to capture me, you will not think too harshly of me, if I follow up the advantage I have thus far gained. I don't blame you for wanting to save your ship, but I fear you spoke too late."

By this time the first cutter had come off with the pinnace, and our hero had his prisoners put in irons and placed in a position where they would be safe. But they were nevertheless treated kindly, and were allowed a sufficient quantity of spirit to overcome the effects of their cold bath, and also some dry clothing. For this they were exceedingly grateful, for it was what they had not expected, having long been accustomed to see their own prisoners treated very differently.

Edward had learned enough to know that there could not be over eighty men on board the sloop, and he believed there were only seventy-six, as he thought it probable that her whole crew had numbered only one hundred and ninety. As soon as the pinnace was hauled alongside he sent thirty of his men into her. Then he sent twenty into the first cutter, and took twenty with himself in the second cutter, making seventy men besides himself, leaving only ten of his crew to see to the yacht and take care of the prisoners, and also leaving them a boat to be used in case of emergency.

"Now," cried the young captain, as he stood up in the stern of his boat and waved his hand, "let every man be a man. Keep close upon either quarter of my boat, and see that your pistols are kept dry. One blow more for our country! Down with your oars, and give way!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BLOW IS STRUCK.

It was not far from two o'clock when the Yankee boats started away from the yacht, and it was yet very dark, so dark that countenances could not be distinguished from one side of the boat to the other. Mr. Elliott had command of the pinnace, and Hoyt had command of the first cutter, while Caleb Wales was in the second cutter with the captain. Mr. Morris had been left in charge of the yacht. It had been difficult to find ten who were willing to remain inactive behind, and it was only by getting them to understand the imperiousness of the necessity, that those ten could be found at all. But this was far from displeasing to Edward. He liked it, for it gave him new proof of the value of the men who served under him, and it gave him to know upon what he might depend when the case of emergency came. In short our youthful hero had everything connected with his official station calculated to cheer him on.

Caleb Wales steered the boat out of the little bay, and he was guided by the phosphorescent surf which he could just distinguish as it broke about the rocks. The other two boats kept close upon either quarter of the second cutter, and in this way they at length passed the high promontory, and in a few minutes more they had reached a point which commanded a view both up and down the sound.

"Now what do you mean to do?" asked Caleb, as he peered around into the darkness.

"We must hunt up the sloop's light," replied the captain, as he, too, gazed around. "Of course she will have a light hoisted."

"I should suppose she would," resumed Caleb. "Of course she wouldn't have five of her boats off an' no light h'isted."

"Hallo," cried Elliott, from the pinnace.

"Well," returned Edward, looking around, and being just able to distinguish the dusky outlines of the men in the boat near him.

"Don't you think it likely that the sloop is off here to the westward?" said Elliott. "It's so thick and hazy that I don't imagine we can make out her light more'n a mile off at the farthest."

"I guess we'll pull that way, at any rate," responded Edward. "Lay to your oars, my men, but don't pull too hard, for you'll want your wind when we find the sloop. There—steady, so, Caleb."

The wind, which still set off from the shore, was not very fresh, and the sea, so near under the lee of the land, was comparatively smooth, so the rowing of the boats was an easy matter, and more especially, as Edward gave orders that the oarsmen should be relieved every ten minutes. He did this that his men might be

all fresh and strong when needed for more important work.

In ten minutes from the time that the boats had been kept away to the westward, Edward's quick eye detected the faint glimmering of a light ahead, and he pointed it out to those behind him.

"It's the sloop!" uttered Caleb, whose nerves were already beginning to work with impatience. "Ah, an' there's another light lower down. Don't you see it? She aint more'n half a mile off."

Edward saw the second light to which his gunner had alluded, and he supposed it must be at the peak, while the first one was at the mast-head. At all events, there existed little doubt in the minds of the men that they had found the enemy; but if any such doubts did exist they were soon dispelled, for ere many minutes the light of the deck lanterns could be seen shining out through the ports; and it was evident that the ship could not be more than a quarter of a mile off. Edward gave orders for the boats to stop.

"Now, my men," said he, as the other two boats drew up alongside of his own, "we are upon the enemy, and we must be careful. If we are judicious, I feel sure that we shall own that ship in less than an hour. The Englishman will of course suppose that some of his own boats are returning; at least, that will be his first impression, and we must keep up the deception as long as possible. I think I can imitate the voice of the officer who led the enemy against us, for I marked well his tones when he sounded the onset. The sloop must be standing now with her larboard side towards us, though I think her head quarters this way. You, Elliott, will make for the main chains—you, Hoyt, for the fore chains; while I take to the mizzen. Now be careful, every man, and make no mis-movement. Pistols first, mind, and cutlasses afterwards, if there is resistance. Give way, now!"

In five minutes more the boats had come near enough for our hero to see that the ship had her starboard tacks aboard, and that the maintop-sail was to the mast. That was as he had thought.

"Boats ahoy!" came from the deck of the ship; and our men could see the lanterns moving to and fro.

"Ay, ay," returned Edward, assuming as near as possible the voice of the defunct lieutenant,

and Caleb whispered to him that he succeeded to a charm.

"Who's that?" came from the ship.

"Atwiltson!" returned Edward, for that was the name of the officer as he had learned it from his prisoner.

"Where's the rest of you?"

"Left them in charge of the yacht."

"Then you've captured her?"

"Ay, ay."

"My Jeminy, he don't suspect!" uttered Caleb, as he gave the tiller a heave to starboard so as to allow the pinnace to shoot by him.

"Lay to, now, and grapple the chains as quickly as possible!" ordered Edward, in quick, low tones. "Be sure and catch a secure turn with your painters, for we mustn't lose our boats—Now!"

There was an exclamation of astonishment on board the ship as the three boats separated, and this exclamation brought the ship's men to the ports where they came to see what was going on. A number of lanterns were put over the side, but they did not give light sufficient to distinguish the countenances of the boatmen, though they did throw light enough to reveal a little of the mystery, for the English commander no sooner caught a glance at the pinnace, which was already under the main chains, than he yelled out at the top of his voice:

"To quarters! To quarters! Arm! arm! The cursed Yankee rebels are upon us! By Saint George, those are none of our boats. Pikes! pikes! Seize the pikes, and don't let a man of them board us."

Nearly all the men who had been aft on board the ship were now on deck, and they at once sprang for the pikes, but they were wild and uncertain in their movements, and ere they could fully comprehend the nature of the danger that threatened them, the Americans had begun to pour in over the nettings. There was some desperate resistance, but the half-blinded pikemen were shot down with unerring aim, and by the time our heroes had fairly gained the deck, the opposition had mostly ceased. Pikes were not the things for a hand-to-hand conflict, and the surprised Englishmen had little or no chance to get their other weapons.

A brave man can be brought to that position where he must surrender without striking a blow, and the ship's crew, though brave men of course, were forced to surrender now. The muzzles of an enemy's pistols were at their heads,

and they were literally without arms. Some few of them managed to secure their cutlasses, but they were soon disarmed. They were driven in a confused body to the starboard side of the quarter-deck, and ere long they cried for quarters.

Thus was the prize gained with the loss of but little blood. Ten of the enemy only had been slain, and they had been shot while attempting to repel the boarders, while the Americans had lost not a man, and only three or four of them had been wounded by the pikes. Edward at once sought the commander of the ship.

"I will take your sword," he said, with a polite bow.

"I should like to understand what this means," faltered the Englishman, as he hesitatingly gave up his weapon.

"Why, sir," replied our hero, "it simply means that you had undertaken a task which you could not carry out. You attempted to capture my yacht, but instead thereof you have got captured yourself."

"And my men who went in the boats—" asked the commander; "what has become of them?"

"Thirteen of them, sir, are prisoners on board my vessel."

"And the rest?"

"Are dead!"

"Just Heaven!" ejaculated the horror-struck man, recoiling from his captor. "Over a hundred of my brave men gone!"

"It is but the fortune of war, sir," said Edward. "You know very well for what purpose your ship is hovering about our coast. You came to slay and help enslave my countrymen, and now you must not be astounded that the fierce god you have wooed has turned against you. I am sorry, sir, that in my own defence it became necessary to destroy so much of life, but it cannot now be helped. You know best whether your men have died in a just cause. But enough of this at present. You shall be well cared for, sir."

With these words Edward turned away to attend to the securing of the prisoners, but he found that Elliott and Wales had already obtained the ship's irons, and that they were busy in placing the prisoners in them. After this was accomplished the deck was cleared up, and by that time the first gray streaks of dawn were visible in the east, and when the sun arose the wind lulled for a while, and then came out from the northward and eastward. This was most favorable for Edward, and he at once took advantage of it by filling away for the bay.

It was a strange sight to see that English sloop-of-war sailing into Morgan's Bay with the Yankee flag flying at her peak, and the meteor flag of Britain resting below it. It was a sight that made old David dance with joyful pride, and which called forth a deafening shout from an hundred patriots who had congregated upon the shore to see it.

Edward at once sent all his prisoners off to White Plains, and at the same time sent word to Washington that he had another prize at his service. The general came down with a large body of men, and measures were at once taken for moving all the ship's stores to the shore, and from thence to the American camp. It was a most fortunate thing for the patriot army, for the quantity of powder and other ammunition on board the ship was large, and Washington could only press the young hero warmly by the hand and promise him that his country should bless him.

It was near midnight when the last article of available use was landed, and then Edward held a consultation with the general as to what should be done with the ship. It was not deemed safe to attempt to run her out of the sound, nor was it thought advisable to let her remain in the bay, so it was resolved that she should be destroyed. Her sails were accordingly all stripped off and stowed away in Morgan's dwelling, and on the next morning she was towed out from the bay into deep water, and there scuttled. The dismantled ship looked forlorn enough when she was thus left alone, but she soon managed to hide her shame. Slowly the water gathered up about her waist, and the waves began to leap defiantly through the open ports. She bowed to the relentless element—then struggled a moment, as though clinging to the last straw of hope—and with that struggle all was over! She sank from the sight of her captors with a deep groan from her wrenching timbers, and when the rolling waves closed over her last resting-place there was no trace left to tell her grave.

"That's one ship the less for England, and one step more for liberty," said Caleb. He spoke in a serious tone, for the sight had moved him.

"Yes," returned Edward, with a look of more than usual seriousness, "so it is, Caleb." And then he added, while a moisture grew bright in his eye, "But I do not find pleasure in such scenes as these. I feel a holy pride in knowing that I have but done my duty to our suffering country, but I should be happier if such scenes were not the necessary result."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EXECUTIONERS.

It was early one morning, about a week subsequent to the capture of the sloop-of-war, that Logan arose from his seat at David Morgan's breakfast table and went to the little window that looked out upon the wood. He had been very thoughtful all the morning, and it was evident that some deep purpose was moving within his mind. For some days back he had been more moody than usual, and many a question had he been asked to which he had returned no answer.

"Are you going to leave me?" asked David, as he noticed that his guest had taken his cap.

"For a while," returned Logan. He stopped about midway of the room and looked down upon the floor, and then he added: "I am going to Barry Garland's. If young Edgerly comes here, tell him that I must see him before he leaves the bay again. Tell him I will meet him here to-morrow evening."

"Of course I will, Logan. And I hope you'll have some cheering news for him. My soul, it is too bad to see such a noble young fellow suffer so much."

"And do you think he suffers much, then?" said Logan, with a shade of interest upon his countenance.

"Suffers much?" repeated David, as though he would take time to search for some mode of

expression strong enough to convey the full force of his ideas. "Let me tell you that mortal man can't suffer more. Why, only last night he was here, and without thinking, I spoke of Kate Garland. My soul! Why, the great big tears started down his cheeks, and he groaned as though his heart was broken. It's too bad. I swow, that baronet ought to be kicked out o' the country. I tell ye, he's no business with our little Kate."

"Perhaps he has not," answered Logan. "But, yet, as far as right is concerned, I don't know but that he has as much of that as any one. But never mind that now. If Edgerly comes in again, you may tell him what I have said."

As the Warlock thus spoke he turned and left the house. He stopped a moment to look upon the beautiful yacht that lay anchored in the bay, and then he moved slowly on towards the path that led up the river's bank. He muttered half-formed sentences to himself as he walked along, and sometimes he fairly stopped with the weight of thought that was upon him. In this way had he moved on until he reached the open space by the first foot-bridge, where he had met Captain Edgerly a week previous, and here he stopped and sat down upon a log. He was somewhat weary, but if a close observer had been asked why he thus stopped, he would have judged that

it was more for the purpose of arranging some plan of action, than for mere physical rest. He had sat there some minutes, with his brow reclining upon the head of his stout staff, when he heard the sound of a step behind him, and before he could rise there was a heavy hand laid upon his shoulder.

"Now, my good Master Logan, you're my property," hissed a well-known voice.

The old man turned and saw Mark Mallon, and he knew that the stout tory had some deadly purpose.

"Now, old man," resumed Mallon, "you've got to render an account of yourself. I know ye, you gray-headed rebel."

"Let me go, Mark Mallon," uttered Logan, trying to shake off the grasp that was laid upon him. "Let me go; or the worst shall be your own. Beware how you act."

"Come, none o' that," growled Mark. "You can't frighten me now as you did the last time I saw ye, for I've got the upper hands now. I s'pose ye don't know what I want of you, do ye?"

"It matters not to me," returned Logan, with a slight show of uneasiness, for, to tell the truth, he was afraid that this adventure was not going to turn out very favorably for his projects.

"But I'll just tell ye, old man," resumed Mallon, with a tighter grip upon the Warlock's arm, "I know who betrayed our company of loyalists into the hands of the rebels. I know who sent the hounds after us."

"Ay—it was me!" cried Logan, as he leaped with all his might from the grasp of the tory, and drew a pistol from his belt.

But he was not this time quick enough for his antagonist, for before he could cock his weapon, Mallon leaped like a tiger upon him and bore him to the ground. As the tory held the old man thus, he placed the fingers of his right hand to his lips and blew a sharp, shrill whistle, and ere long afterwards three men appeared upon the scene.

"Here, Lallard," cried Mark, to the foremost of the new-comers; "by the holy pocket, I've got the rascal safe. Here he is, neck and all. Just give us a lift here."

In a moment the old man's pistol was taken from him, and he was raised to his feet. He saw that he had now four stout men to deal with, and he knew them, too, for tories—the same who had escaped from the American soldiers. His

heart sank within him, for he knew that all hopes of escape were now cut off.

"What do you mean to do with me?" he asked.

"Do with you? Hang ye!" was the growl of Mallon. "By the holy pocket, old man, your neck aint worth the salt 'twould take to put it in pickle. Come, boys, out with your lashin's, an' we'll have 'im fast."

Logan was not the man to waste his strength and breath in useless struggles and implorings, for he saw at a glance that any such course would be utterly hopeless; so he wisely resolved to submit, and keep his eyes open for the first opportunity of escape that might offer itself. But, in truth, his case was one without much hope, for he knew the character of his captors, and he knew, too, the cause of enmity they had against him. He allowed his hands to be tied behind him, and then he was led to the eastward, Mark Mallon walking by his side, while the others kept behind. In this way the party moved on until they reached a thickly-wooded valley through which quite a stream of water made its way, and after following a tortuous path that led around among high rocks and thick underbrush for some fifteen minutes, they came to a rough lodge formed of rudely fashioned stakes and boughs. Here there were several men assembled, and one of them wore the undress uniform of a British officer. The party within the lodge started to their feet and seized their defensive weapons as they heard the approach of the new-comers, but as soon as they recognized them the officer stepped forth to meet them.

"Ah, Mallon, what have we here?" he uttered, as soon as he noticed the prisoner.

"It's the old rebel that betrayed our western company," returned Mallon, at the same time pushing the Warlock forward.

"Eh!" grunted the Englishman, casting upon Logan a look of deadly wrath. "So you've got him?"

"Yes, an' we'll make 'im feel our sentiments on this subject, too," added Mallon, with a malicious grin of exultation.

"Old man," said the officer, after having regarded the prisoner for some moments; "you, then, are the man who betrayed our friends into the hands of the enemy?"

Logan raised his eyes from the ground and returned the look of his interrogator. There was a fierce fire in his sharp, gray eyes, and from the expression of his countenance it would be at

once judged that he was keeping back word that had arisen to his tongue.

"I am the man who made an effort to sweep a nest of traitors from the country," he at length replied. "I found a band of men who had conspired together to sell the liberties of their people, and I pointed them out to justice."

"Yes—yes, of course," muttered the Englishman, ironically. "But I am sorry that it is not in our power to look upon this matter in the same light that you do. Now what do you suppose we think of doing with you?"

"I know not," returned Logan, while a slight tremulousness was manifest. "But if I might judge from the general character of your party I should suppose that my case was not a very promising one."

"You are right there, old man, unless, indeed, you have faith in going to paradise as soon as you quit this sublunary sphere, for in that case your ascent to the regions of celestial glory will be very speedy."

As the officer finished this meaning speech, he called Mallon one side, and the two conversed together in private. Logan well knew that their conversation was of him, and he was not slow in divining its import. In a few minutes the officer again turned towards him.

"Now, old man," he said, with something of solemnity in his tone, "you are condemned to die! In four days from this our whole company will be assembled here, and at that time you will meet your fate. You will be hung as a spy!"

Logan spoke not a word in reply, for he knew that it would be of no use. Some of the tories were for putting him to death at once, but the leader told them that it was a rule that the whole company should be present at such an execution, and so they all finally agreed to the arrangement. After this the old man was conveyed to the lodge, where he found a sort of natural dungeon in which he was to be confined. The lodge was built against the side of a huge rock, and beneath this rock there was a small cave capable of holding some dozen men. The prisoner's hands and feet were both securely lashed, and then he was thrust into this place, there to remain until he was called for.

Over Logan's head the hours rolled slowly and heavily. He was fed twice a day by a negro who was attached to the tories, and that was the only communication he held with any of the party, but yet he often heard what was going on in the lodge. He learned by the casual remarks

he overheard that the Englishman was a captain of infantry, and that he was now on a recruiting expedition. He also learned that over one hundred men had been obtained in that vicinity to join the royal army.

The morning of the fourth day at length dawned, and Logan knew that the preparations were being made for his execution. He heard the word passed for the guard to be prepared, and knew by the hum of voices without that the tories were beginning to assemble. He had now given up all hopes of escape, and he had resolved to die without showing to his captors that they had the power to make him afraid. One thing alone seemed to bear heavily upon his mind, and that was the unfinished mission to Barry Garland's; but he hoped to overcome that difficulty, even though he could not save himself.

It was past the middle of the forenoon when two men came into the cave and unbound the prisoner. It was with difficulty that he walked, for his limbs were stiff from long confinement in one position, but he was assisted on his way, and when he reached the space in front of the lodge he found some forty men there assembled, and at a short distance off he saw a rope dangling from the lower limb of a stout oak tree. When he saw this fatal emblem he was seized with a shudder, but he quickly overcame it, and when the English captain addressed him he was calm and unmoved.

"Now, old man," the officer said, "your time has come. You of course know why you are to die?"

"I know it very well," replied Logan. "But before I die I have one favor to ask."

"Be careful that you do not ask too much, for I would like to please a dying man."

"It is but little that I would ask. You know where Captain Barry Garland lives—in the large mansion upon Morgan's River?"

"Mr. Mallon probably knows."

"Sartin I do," responded Mallon, edging up to the spot.

"Well, sir," resumed Logan, "I wish to send a line to Barry Garland. Let me have a pencil and paper."

"No, no—that will hardly do. We don't wish to run any more risk on your account."

"But you shall see what I write, sir. You shall read every word. Grant me this privilege, I beg of you?"

The officer pondered upon the subject for a

few moments, and then conversed apart with Mallon.

"No," he said, on his return, "we will not trust you to write anything, for we know not what hidden intelligence you may embody in apparently harmless words. But there is one privilege we will grant you. You may give the errand to Mr. Mallon by word of mouth, and he will convey it to Captain Garland in such language as he sees fit. You may do that if you please."

Logan saw that it was his only chance, and of course he accepted the offer. He drew Mallon off from the rest of the men, and then whispered the message he would have delivered. The tory started as he heard the words which the Warlock spoke, but he asked no questions—only he promised that he would see that Garland received the intelligence.

"You will see Captain Garland as soon as possible?" said Logan.

"I will see that he knows what you have told

me," returned Mark Mallon, as he led the prisoner back to the officer, "so give yourself no more uneasiness on that account."

"Now, my men," said the Englishman, "you shall witness the fate which shall surely fall to the lot of all traitors and spies. If I am not much mistaken there is a traitor at large; but he shall not escape us if treason be proved against him."

The men started at this announcement, but ere any of them could ask any questions their leader made a significant motion towards the oak tree. The sign was understood, and without a word the Warlock was led towards the spot.

"You may pray," said the Englishman.

"I have done that already, sir," was Logan's reply.

"Then your time is up." And at a given signal the guard gathered about the old man, and having lashed his ankles once more together they slipped the rope over his neck.

CHAPTER XX.

AN ADVENTURE WITH AN IMPORTANT TERMINATION.

EDWARD EDGERLY was awaiting orders from the American commander-in-chief. He had received a message notifying him that his assistance might be wanted, and at the same time requesting him to allow his vessel to remain in the bay if it could be done with safety. Lookouts were kept stationed on the outer bluff of the promontory to watch for approaching danger, and all other means that lay at hand were adopted against surprise. For some days Edward had been moody and unhappy. He had received the message from Logan, but Logan had not met him according to appointment. That the old man had something of importance to communicate, he had no doubt, and his mind was on the rack to know what had become of him. But our hero waited in vain. The second day passed away, and so did the third, and yet no Logan appeared. On the morning of the fourth day he made up his mind that he would seek him at Captain Garland's. He did not start with the idea of seeing Kate, but only to find the Warlock if the thing were possible.

The dew yet lay heavy upon the grass when the young man set out from the shore of the bay, and as he left the yacht in charge of Mr. Elliott he told him where he was going. Edward had a fixed purpose in his mind, and he walked rapidly, and by the time the sun had fairly begun to

shine down with any drying warmth, he had reached Garland's house. He hesitated a moment at the gate, for until the present time he had not thought of the manner in which he should do his business; but the purpose for which he had stopped there was not accomplished, for ere he could arrange his thoughts they were all put to flight by the appearance of Kate, who at that moment came walking slowly up from the garden. Edward uttered an exclamation as he saw her, and she raised her head. She stopped and instinctively clasped her hands, and in a moment more she flew towards the gate.

"Edward! Edward!" she cried, "you have come to see me once more?"

"Yes, Kate," returned the young man, as he received the beautiful girl upon his bosom. "You must not blame me, for—"

"O, blame you? no," interrupted Kate, while a flood of tears burst from her eyes. "No, I am glad you have come. Let us walk here in the garden."

She spoke in a very strange tone, and as she wiped away the tears her face was very pale. Her hand trembled violently as it rested upon the arm of the youth, and her whole bearing denoted the most intense agitation.

"You are not well, Kate," said Edward, but he only meant to ask a question.

"O, I am glad you have come," she repeated, in a forced whisper, "for I feared I should not see you again."

"Not see me again!" cried the young man. "You did not suppose that I could leave you?"

"No, no—I did not think that—but—but—O, Edward, you must forgive me—you must forgive me! Heaven has forgiven me, I know!" she said, impassionately.

The youth was startled by the maiden's manner, and a dreadful fear came upon him.

"What is it?" he asked, seizing her by the hand, and gazing eagerly into her face. "Tell me the whole truth at once. Has your father forced you to renounce me? Tell me, Kate, Tell me all."

The poor girl stopped beneath a willow that grew by the margin of an artificial lakelet and laid her head upon the bosom of her companion. For some moments she remained thus, and when she again raised her head she was calm—strangely calm.

"Edward," she said, in a tone of painful cadence, "henceforth you must forget me. Remember me if you can, but only as a dream that is past. We can meet no more on earth!"

"Meet—no—more!" fell gaspingly from the lover's lips. "O, and have you so soon—"

"—sh! Do not speak a word that can make me suffer more than is already my lot. O, if you could read my heart I know you would forgive me."

"Meet no more!" repeated Edward, as though he would fain make the words bear some different construction. "But the reason, Kate—the reason? Tell me all."

"I am to be—" She hesitated, and again her head sank forward upon her companion's bosom; but she quickly raised it again, and when she did so, she had summoned more resolution to her command. "I am to be the wife of Sir Walter."

"Merciful Heaven!" ejaculated Edward, as he let go the small hand he held, and covered his face. "This is more than I am prepared for!"

"But bear with me, bear with me," cried Kate, clasping her hands supplicatingly together. "O, you cannot read my heart. You cannot know the terrible battle that has raged there."

"Then you love Sir Walter?"

"Do not ask me, for I cannot tell you. I

have thought I loved him—and I have thought that I—I—O, forgive me! Sir Walter has been very kind—very, very kind—and my father will not—"

Kate endeavored in vain to finish the sentence, but her feelings overpowered her. She was crushed and heart-broken, and yet she tried to bear up. Edward saw it all—he saw how she suffered, and he had reason enough left to refrain from wounding her more.

"Kate," he said at length, as he once more took her unresisting hand, "I cannot speak now as I wish I could. My sun of life has set—all that made that life valuable is snatched from me, and my heart must henceforth be a barren, burning waste. But I forgive you."

He would have added more, but he was interrupted by the sound of quick, heavy footsteps at the gate, and on turning he beheld Caleb Wales hastening towards him.

"Ah, cap'n, I've found ye," uttered the gunner, as he came puffing up.

"Farewell, Edward! God bless you!" So Kate murmured, and then glided quickly away. The young man would have stopped her—he would have spoken one word more.

"Come, cap'n, there's more important business on our hands now," said Caleb, in an evident hurry. "This must be attended to at some other time."

"Leave me now, Caleb," uttered our hero, hardly realizing what he said.

"Why—what's the matter, cap'n? You goin' to desert your noble crew right in the nip of a pinch? Come, there's hurry now."

Edward Edgerly gazed off to where Kate had disappeared, and by a strong effort he called himself back to reason.

"What is it, Caleb? Is there fighting to be done?"

"Ay, that there is. Plenty of it, if I aint much mistaken."

"Then I am with you. Lead the way, and how me where the blow is needed. O, I must find life now!"

"That's the sort," cried the gunner, as he turned towards the road. "By the 'tarnal top of thunder, they'll find the Yankee crew on hand! It's a nest of them pesky, dirty Tories 'at's been scared up, an' General Washington's sent down twenty men, an' wants you to join 'em an' take command, an' take as many of your own men as you want. We'll hunt 'em up."

It was a fortunate thing for Edward that this theme of excitement had presented itself, for it helped to lighten the blow that must otherwise have crushed him. He had to walk fast to keep up with Caleb, and when he reached the shore of the bay he was well nigh out of breath. He found there the twenty men who had come from White Plains, and there was a lieutenant with them. This latter individual explained to our hero the nature of the expedition upon which they were bound, and he also brought a note from the commander-in-chief, in which Captain Edgerly was earnestly requested to furnish as many men as he thought necessary and lead the attack.

It appeared that a young man who had been almost forced to join the tories had made good his escape from them and joined the American army. He had moreover revealed the headquarters of the band, and stated the day on which they were to meet. It was at a place called "*The Hermit's Hole*," from the fact that there was a small cave there in which an old hermit once dwelt.

"I know the place like a book," exclaimed Caleb, "an' I can take a short cut to it, too."

So it was arranged that Caleb should act as guide. Edward mustered fifty of his men, well-armed, and having arranged them for the march he set forward. The gunner led the way up over the promontory, and then kept along on the shore for the distance of nearly five miles. This brought them to the mouth of a small river, up the west bank of which there was a well-trodden path. After keeping up into the country for about two miles they came upon a spot where high hills arose on either side of the stream.

"That's the place," said Caleb, pointing to the wooded valley ahead; "and if they're here we'll have 'em."

Edward stopped to give his followers the necessary directions, and then the guide led on again. At a short distance further, they came to a point where the path was lost, but Caleb led the way up through the bushes, over a little knoll to the left, and when he passed this he came in full view of the valley.

"Ha! there they be," he uttered, turning towards Edward: "But—Jerusalem! what are they up to? Hangin' a man, as sure as I'm alive!"

Edward saw the scene, and he knew 'twas no tory they would be executing.

"It's Logan!" fell from Caleb's lips, as he again looked. "See! 'Tis, 'tis!"

Edward recognized the Warlock in an instant. He turned to his men and bade them rush after him, and then drawing his sword, he dashed at a furious rate down the little hill. He reached the spot almost before the tories had become alarmed, and with one blow of his heavy blade he quickly cleft the skull of him who held the fatal rope.

"What ho, here, ye ill-begotten traitors!" the young captain shouted, as he swung his dripping sword above his head. "Surrender! surrender, every man of you!"

He saw that Logan was safe, and then he turned to his men. But the conflict was a very short one, for the tories were not only much inferior in point of numbers, but they were almost totally unprepared for resistance. They struck a few wild blows, but the majority of them were unused to such work, and in less than five minutes from the time that Edward levelled the first man, they had surrendered, and not one of them escaped.

"By my soul, Logan," uttered our hero, as he approached the spot where the old man stood after having freed himself from the rope, "we came just in season for you."

"So you did, Edward Edgerly, so you did," murmured the Warlock, almost choked by his grateful emotions. "I should have been a dead man in five minutes more."

"Thank Heaven we were in time, then. But your persecutors are safe now. I thought it strange that you did not meet me according to promise, but I little dreamed that you were in such a plight as this, or you may be assured that I should have been here before. Are you able to walk?"

"Yes. This sudden change has given my cords new power."

Edward looked and saw that his men were securing the prisoners without trouble, and he turned once more to the old man, for he felt an uncontrollable desire to know what had been the object of the meeting which had been appointed.

"You wished me to meet you," he said. "Was there anything of importance?"

"Something of interest," returned Logan. "I meant to have spoken with you concerning Kate Garland, for I had reason to believe— But what's the matter?"

"Ah, sir, Kate can be nothing to me!"

"And why not, pray?"

"She is going to marry Sir Walter."

"No—she is not."

"But I saw her this morning, and she assured me that she was."

"Kate—marry with Sir Walter! No, no. But when?"

"I know not. Perhaps to-day."

"Now by the Book of books, there must be but little time 'twixt here and Barry Garland's!" gasped the Warlock, starting like one who has heard his death-sentence. "Come, come—go you with me. I am strong now. Come, if you would be happy hereafter—come. Let some one else take charge of the prisoners."

There was something wonderful in the old man's bearing now, and it imparted a strange thrill of hope to the soul of the youthful captain.

He made up his mind on the instant that he would follow the Warlock, and to this end he turned towards his men and explained to them his intentions. The prisoners he at once gave up to the lieutenant, and bade him convey them to the camp at White Plains; and then he asked Elliott to lead his own men back to the yacht, and there wait for him. Then he rejoined the Warlock.

"Now I am ready to accompany you," he said.

"So—that's well. I will go by the same path in which I came. There's news in the wind!"

And thus speaking the old man started up the hill, and Edward kept close by his side.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MOST STRANGE DEVELOPMENT.

KATE GARLAND was alone in her chamber, on the afternoon of that day. The sun had passed from its meridian, and the afternoon was beginning to wear slowly away. She was dressed as if for a party. A robe of pure white satin—the gift of her father—fitted neatly to her exquisite person, and about her neck gleamed a cluster of pearls, the surpassing richness of which blended marvellously with the alabaster whiteness of the skin whereon they rested.

And so Kate is decked in her bridal robes. And is she happy? See how pale she looks. See how deep, how fathomless, is the light that burns in her dark blue eye. See how, ever and anon, her bosom heaves, and hear the half-hushed sighs that break from her lips. Alas! poor Kate is far from happy.

At length there came a messenger to the maiden's chamber. She was ready—and she followed her guide. In the large parlor there were assembled a few select friends—only a few, who belonged to the households of the two neighbors. Captain Barry Garland seemed well satisfied with himself, and he smiled upon all about him; but a close observer might have seen that his smiles were forced. He had not been easy for many days. Happiness had not been his since he first urged the beautiful Kate against her wishes, and as for quietness, he had had none

of it since he first saw Logan at the sick man's bedside. Yet Barry Garland smiled, for he wished to make those who were gathered about him think he was happy.

When Kate entered the room there was a movement towards her, for each wished to congratulate her. The old minister was there—the same who had attended at the burial at the bay—and he took the maiden by the hand and blessed her.

"Come, Kate," whispered Sir Walter, as he laid his hand upon the maiden's arm, "you are going to be happy. Cannot you smile?"

Kate looked up into her companion's face, and she tried to smile, but the expression was one of the most palpable anguish, and she only managed to keep back her tears.

"What, Kate!" uttered the baronet, in a quick whisper, while a shade of pain crossed his handsome features and centred in his dark eyes. "Are you unhappy?"

"O, Sir Walter, let this pass! Let the priest go to his home. I cannot—cannot—be your wife. Forgive me; but my heart cannot bear it. I thought not it would affect me thus. I could die for you, for you have been kind and generous to me—but no more!"

"And you would leave me—leave me forever!" said Sir Walter, in a thrilling whisper,

while his frame shook like a reed. "O, I cannot lose you. Be mine! Live with me! Be to me an angel of mercy. Come to my home and make my heart glad. For God's sake do not kill me!"

Kate walked by her companion's side to the opposite side of the room where Barry Garland and the priest were standing.

"We are ready," said Sir Walter McDoane; but he trembled while he spoke, and there was a prayer in his heart that he might do no wrong.

"Are you ready, my child?" asked the priest, as he looked kindly upon the maiden.

But she made no reply. She only bowed her head and clung to the arm of the baronet for support, and while thus she stood there came other guests to the party.

The door that led from the hall was thrown open, and Logan appeared upon the scene, followed by Edward Edgerly. He was almost breathless with exhaustion when he entered, but tottered up to where the baronet stood.

"She is not your wife?" he hoarsely whispered, pointing his long, trembling finger towards Kate.

"No, but she may be," returned Sir Walter, startled in spite of himself.

"O, God be praised, I am not too late! She be *your wife*? Are you mad, Walter McDoane?"

"It is you who are mad, old man," cried Barry Garland, approaching the spot.

But Logan heeded him not. He only kept his eye upon the baronet.

"Logan," said Sir Walter, while he grew pale as death, "*I know you now!*"

At this remark Barry Garland bent eagerly forward. He, too, knew the Warlock, but he knew not all the mystery. Kate stood by one of the windows watching the scene with a terrible interest. Edward Edgerly had not advanced far from the door, for he dared not.

"And you, Barry Garland," pronounced Logan, turning suddenly upon the old captain, "do you not know me?"

"Yes, yes, I remember you well," the captain faltered. "But you have no authority here. You gave the charge to me, and it is mine."

"You shall be answered in time," said Logan; and then he turned to the baronet: "And you, Walter McDoane—have you not ere this guessed the truth?"

"Merciful Heavens!" But tell me," he whis-

pered, laying his palsied hand upon the Warlock's arm. "Tell me all."

"I will," returned Logan, as he sank into a chair. He buried his head a moment, and wiped away a tear from his furrowed cheek, and then he spoke:

"Years ago, Walter McDoane, I had a daughter as beautiful as the angels of heaven. She was the queen of the Scottish Highlands, and the centre of holy love. There came to my house one day a young man from the great city. He saw my child, and he loved her—and she, pure soul, loved him in return. Upon her knees she prayed to me that I would be kind and smile upon her love. My heart trembled for her, but I could not refuse her. I saw them made man and wife, and then my sweet child went away to live with her husband in the city. In one short year she came broken-hearted back to my door, bearing an infant upon her bosom, and begged that I would give her a home once more. She told me that her husband was cruel and ungenerous—that he was sunk low in debauchery—and that his home was all neglected. She came to my roof, but the sun of our joy was gone, for she mourned most bitterly for her lost husband. Soon I heard that that husband had come to gain his wife back to his own home, but I avoided him. I sold what little of property I owned, and at once took passage for the American colonies, taking with me my daughter and her infant child. Before our ship could reach the place of our destination a fierce storm arose, and we were wrecked. I saw my daughter snatched away by the angry sea, but I held the infant. At length our dismantled ship struck upon the rocks, and measures were taken for getting ropes to the shore, so that those of the crew who were left might save themselves. I was weak and exhausted, but I saw that the captain of our ship was yet strong, and I asked him if he would take the infant and save it. I told him it had no mother, and that I was not its father. He promised to save it if he could, and as he spoke he took the gentle innocent and clasped it to his bosom.

"I remember little else of that fearful wreck. I know that I was swept from the deck, and that on the next morning I was picked up by some fisherman and taken care of until I recovered. Then I was all alone. What had become of my grandchild I knew not. No one could tell me—and I supposed she had died. Being a physician by profession I gained enough

to support me, and I became a wanderer in a strange country. People called me a Warlock, for they thought I was more than I seemed. They listened to my words of wisdom, and thought not that I had gained it all from experience. Because I was poor, and yet wise—because I was humble, and yet healed them of disease, they fancied I must be a wizard, and I let them think so. And thus for years did I wander, believing that I was alone upon the earth. But at length chance brought me here. I saw Barry Garland, and I knew he was the man to whom I had given my daughter's child. But at the same time I made another discovery."

The old man stopped and wiped his eyes.

"O, I know you now," uttered Barry Gar-

land, as he moved further forward. "But I have kept my faith. I have protected the child, and God knows I have loved her. You cannot take her from me now."

At that instant, Walter McDoane uttered a wild, piercing cry, and sank back into his chair. Kate sprang to his side.

"Sir Walter," she murmured, "what is the matter?"

"My child! my child! My own, my angel child! No power on earth or in heaven can tear you from me now! O, great God of heaven! he seal is broken, and the mystery is mine! Kate—Kate, my child—my child—come to your father's bosom!"

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUSION.

It was a long while before the people who had witnessed the scene just pictured could recover from the astoundment into which they had been thrown by the remarkable developments that had transpired. Logan was the first to speak, and wiping the streaming tears from his face, he said:

"Ah, Walter, the ways of Providence are indeed mysterious; but you are not now deceived. She is your child—the offspring of your own blood. When I first found that she lived, I would have gone to her, but almost at the same time I found that you were close at hand. Then I resolved that she should never know you unless your heart had changed—unless I could find proof that you were a good man. But, even had not that been proved, the secret would have had to be told, for the natural love of your heart had taken a most strange turn."

"O, Logan MacDougal," uttered the baronet, with his hands clasped, "I was cruel to my angel wife, but God knows I was not false. O, I loved her, and when I sought her at your home, I meant to have reformed, but you snatched her away from me, and none save myself can ever know the misery I suffered. I heard that the ship in which you sailed was wrecked, and that all on board perished. I believed that my wife and child were both in heaven, and I mourned

for them with a broken heart. I came here, and I saw this lovely being. She seemed an angel in my path, for she reminded me of my lost wife. I loved her—O, I loved her wildly—and yet I thought not of making her my wife, until I feared that some one else would snatch her from me. It was that thought that turned my brain. I knew if I lost her love I should die. But O, how holy now is the flame that burnt so mysteriously in my soul. Kate! Kate! my child—my angel child! What now shall part us?"

And Kate nestled more closely upon her father's bosom, but she could not speak then. Her heart was too full, and her brain too wildly worked upon. She gazed up and smiled, though, and the spirit of thanksgiving was upon her fair face.

Barry Garland had been variously affected during this scene, and there were various emotions in his soul, for there were some little memories attached to the past few weeks that he would have gladly forgotten. But now he moved to Kate's side again, and took her hand.

"You will not cease to love me," he said, in a trembling tone. "If I have done you wrong you can forgive me—I know you can."

"Forgive you," uttered Kate, flinging her arms about Garland's neck, "O, my heart

would be hard indeed, could I cease to love you; you who snatched me from a cruel death, and guided my faltering steps from infancy to the present. I will not leave you without my love—you shall yet be my father—I will have two fathers—and then I shall have the more to love."

Thus spoke the noble-hearted girl, and she kissed her guardian when she had closed.

"Yes, yes," said Sir Walter, "she shall love us both." And then, while a strange light beamed in his eyes, he added: "But I will not take her from you—nor shall you keep her from me. Let's place her where her heart will find a genial home—where her young love has learned to cling, and where we both know she will be happy. Be generous, Barry."

"Ah, Sir Walter, I know what you mean."

"And do you not approve of it?"

"Yes—and I would not have opposed it before, but for your sake."

The baronet started, for the thought came upon him of how strangely he had wrung his daughter's heart. But he soon composed himself, and then he turned to where our hero stood, and motioned him forward.

"Captain Edgerly," he said, with the shades of deep emotion still upon his face, "I know too well the blow you have suffered, for I have realized, alas! what it is to have the heart crushed by the tearing away of those we love; but happy must he be who can feel all his heart-wounds healed. I need not ask you if you love my sweet daughter, for she has told me all. Don't weep yet, for the cup is not half full.—Here, Kate, you told me once you loved this man."

"With my whole soul!" murmured the beautiful girl, clasping her hands upon her bosom.

"Yes, yes," said Sir Walter, half to himself. "And then I thought it would kill me to lose you. "But," he added, brightening up, and smiling while he spoke, "how generous a man can be when he can give, and lose nothing. Captain Edgerly, I know you well, for I have watched your course for the last few months, and I know that the fruit I have seen must have come from a healthy soul. I feel proud to know that your name is already honored by your countrymen, but I love you and trust you because I know your heart is noble. Did I not know this, I would not do what I am going to do now. Here, sir, this sweet girl is yours—to love and to cherish for life. O, be kind to her—

be generous. She is an angel—an angel of love and peace. Be ever faithful—be ever loving, and may you never know the misery that results from the snapping in sunder of those cords of the heart that—that—"

His voice failed him, for his mind had gone back to that gentle being who, years before, had first loved and then feared him, and still loved while she feared. But he placed the hand of his child within that of the youthful hero, and then burst into tears. He covered his face and wept aloud, for the deep fountains of his soul, with its strange memories, were all opened, and the spirit of the past was heavy upon him.

"I accept the gift," murmured Edward, "and I will—will—never—"

Then he, too, faltered, and broke down in his speech; but as he clasped Kate to his bosom and kissed her pure white brow, he gave token of what he could not speak in words.

Logan was the first to break the silence.

"Walter McDoane," he said, as he wiped his streaming eyes, "you and I may surely bury the past in this bright hour. We have both had enough of misery. People who know Logan MacDougal henceforth shall know him as a happy man, and I hope you may be the same." "Ay, father," cried the baronet, as he grasped the old man by the hand, "I can be happy if you can forgive me for the past."

"Ah, Walter, I remember it no more. If you seek wisdom, look to the past; but look there no more for misery. Look to the future, and be happy. God is with us."

And the sun went down, and the last golden beams danced brightly through the high windows, and lingered in many a teardrop, making them look like tiny bits of gold resting upon the cheeks of those who stood within the apartment where the strange scene of union and reunion had transpired. And when the sun was gone, and the night came on, there were lights brought in, and gradually the tongues were loosened, and the spirit of joy ran high and deep.

* * * * *

Years pass quickly away when the heart is light and joyous. Few stop to count the hours that come laden with blessings. It is only those dark hours that are counted—those hours that shut us away from the things we pray for.

It was a bright day in mid-summer—one of the brightest in the year—and the breeze was all alive with music that came gushing from the

happy hearts of nature's warbling minstrels. Upon the bank of that same river where we have been before, stood a noble dwelling. It was built from the remains of two dwellings which were torn down and moved, for Barry Garland and Walter McDoane joined both their estates into one, and beneath one roof they, together with old Logan, found a home. From the long piazza down to the river's bank stretched a smooth green lawn, and here, beneath a wide-spreading elm, sat three men, and near them gambolled a golden-haired boy, who might have seen some two or three years of life.

"Where on the earth will you look for a nobler man," uttered one of those men, turning to his companions.

"No where, Garland—no where."

"I believe you, Sir Walter."

"Ay," added the white-haired old man, who leaned upon his staff even while he sat, "Edward Edgerly is a noble man—an honor to any nation."

"Ah, Logan, he saved your life."

"So he did—so he did; but 'twas not for that I spoke. 'Tis not because he saved my life that his name is now upon every lip. 'Tis not for that that England has feared him and America loved him. But—ah, here he comes. Neddy, Neddy—here—who's that?"

The little boy sprang to the old man's side, and shaking back the golden ringlets from his round cheeks he looked off to where the river wound around a rocky bluff.

"Who is it, Neddy?"

"Papa—papa. It is my papa," shouted the child, and with a joyous bound he started for the house; and when he came forth again his mother was by his side. He pointed his tiny finger to where a large party of men were coming up from the river road, and at their head walked Edward Edgerly. The gentle mother clasped her child by the hand and hastened forward.

"Kate—Kate, my wife!" cried the young captain; and he pressed the lovely woman to his bosom and kissed her. "And my child, too, my darling Neddy."

The little fellow leaped up and clapped his hands, and on the next instant he was in his father's arms—and then they moved on towards the house; and those who followed after were the crew of the Royal Yacht. They had come to break bread and feast with their captain, and with them came old Daniel Morgan.

* * * * *

It was late in the evening, and the joy and festivity had run high. At the head of one of the long tables sat our hero and his gentle wife, and at the head of the other sat Logan MacDougal, while upon the old man's either hand sat Garland and McDoane. Then down the festive boards were seated the brave men who had so long followed their noble leader to battle and victory.

At length Edward arose and gazed about him. He held a glass in his hand, but his nerves trembled so that he was obliged to set it down. In a moment all was hushed.

"Comrades," he said, with trembling lips and moistened eyes, "you who have so long been my companions in dangers and in trials—the time has come for us to part. Our country no longer needs us in the din of battle, for the boon of liberty she sought is hers, and peace has spread its wings over her people; but that country still needs our love, and I know she will have it. We have suffered much together, but our reward has been ample, for we all feel the sweet consciousness of having done our duty. And now we are to part. It is a hard word for hearts like ours, but I trust we shall often meet again. You will find me here whenever you choose to seek me, and you know you will ever be welcome. My noble, generous, brave comrades, I thank you all for your long continued kindness, and I pray that God may bless you each and every one. May he bless us all—and, may we never forget to merit the blessings we pray for. I would say more—I would bid you farewell—but I hope to see you often. I would—"

Captain Edgerly could speak no more. He saw his brave men weeping, and tears came freely from his own eyes.

"To our captain and his angel wife," uttered Caleb Wales, starting up from his seat, and raising his glass. "May we never forget to love them, to pray for them, nor to imitate their virtues."

The gunner's sentiment was drunk in silence, but it was that eloquent silence which spoken language can never emulate—that silence which the soul embraces when it would give token of its deepest, holiest impulses and affections—silence which strikes not startlingly upon the ear, but which works its way down to the very depths of the heart with its load of prayerful love.

Shall we tell you more? If you would follow

the crew of the yacht; you will find them in various places, and in various occupations. Some of them, with Caleb at their head, took the schooner and engaged in trade, and all of them made more than one visit to the dwelling of their former captain.

And what of Kate? O, how lightly turns the wheel of time with her. With her noble husband and her lovely children she peoples an earthly paradise. She loves Sir Walter now, and the baronet, as he gazes upon her, remembers the

strange affection that once raged in his bosom, and he thanks God that Kate was not torn from him, but that the veil was lifted from his heart that his sweet child might bask in the light of a father's love. And Barry Garland, the protector of her infancy and her childhood—she loves him, too, as ever. While Logan, frolicking on the lawn with the children is himself a child again, and old David Morgan forgets not often to visit the home of Captain Edgerly to warm his own heart with the sight of their joy.

THE END.

[FROM "THE FLAG OF OUR UNION."]

THE TYROLESE LOVERS.

BY H. H. HEATH.

If there is a country where love is warm, and beauty most adorned, it is that of the Tyrol. The southern portion, thereof, lies environed by the lofty Alps, and is the clime of the vintage. Love and virtue there reign upon an undivided throne. The characteristic of all vine-bearing regions is not lost here, as it is said by travellers that, of all others, beauty in them is more universal, and frankness and generosity more generally abound than among those of the more frigid regions. There is a mellowness in the rich complexion, the dark, lustrous eyes, the raven curls, and faultless figures of the Tyrolese, not met with in any other portion of the European continent. Beauty there is inherent—not artificial, and the rustic maid, who prunes in the vineyard in early spring, and strips the rich fruit from the vines in summer, may boast, with all pride, of possessing as many real personal charms, in her homely apparel, as the daughter of the duke who can command thousands for the perfection of her toilet. But to the story.

Lettice and Reubens had known each other

from little children. And well they might, for their fathers were tenants of the same land, whose vineyards adjoined. All their lives Lettice and Reubens had lived in the sweet spots where they were born, quite at the foot of the eastern spur of the Tyrolese Alps, on the western side, where the sun is never seen until late in the day, in consequence of the height of the mountains surrounding, and whose departure, from the same cause, is hastened in evening at an early hour.

As little children, the son and daughter of the worthy vintners, were well mated; Lettice being the only child of old Karl Martex, whilst Reubens was the only son of Max Bardette. Hovered around, as by giant walls, vision-bounded by the towering mountains on all sides, the youthful lovers never knew of any other world than that which they now saw, nor dreamed that beyond those cloud-capped barriers was a broad world spread out, of continents vast, of oceans expansive, beautiful rivers, and other noble handiwork of God. So entirely excluded were they

from all the world beside, that it was to them mysterious that any one should inhabit their little world but themselves and theirs. Such is the nature of young love. It is blind to all save that which it would cherish.

Old Karl, the father of Lettice, had for many years been a successful vintner, and by his industry and prudence was possessed of a snug little sum of money; besides, having been thereby frequently enabled to accommodate his manor lord, he was held in high esteem by that nobleman. It was not strange, then, that the old man, observing his rising importance, began to feel a tithe or so better than his poorer neighbor, Max Bardette, who could not boast of money to loan, nor the especial friendship of his master.

It was long after Lettice and Reubens had cemented their attachment by every bond known to the ingenuity of youthful lovers, that the father of Lettice began to discover symptoms of cutting the acquaintance of his more humble neighbor, and the young pair to see with evident fear the issue of such a course. Indeed, old Karl had known of the attachment of the young people from the first, but, whilst he began to think now that his old friend Max was not good enough for him, so was not his son good enough for his daughter.

With these thoughts running in his head, he one morning opened the subject to his daughter, as they were wending their way to the vineyard.

"I say, Lettice, daughter, you think no more of that boy over yonder, do you?" pointing in the direction where Reubens was pruning the vines.

"Why, father, have not I and Reubens always loved each other?" was her reply.

"Humph, yes; but is that any reason why you should do so always?"

"It is a reason with me, if I always find him as deserving as he is now."

"I see nought so passing attractive in him. He has a pretty face, and is a very good sort of boy, Lettice, but not the one for you."

Lettice looked up amazed, at what seemed to her such a sudden and unequivocal *expose* of her father's sentiments.

"But not the one for you, Lettice," mused the father, repeating his former words.

"Indeed, then, I shall never love any one else than Reubens," said Lettice.

"Tut, tut, you will yet love a dozen times, and at length, I hope marry some young nobleman," exclaimed old Karl, growing enthusiastic

at his own words; "one who will be worthy of you."

"I shall never try to love any one but him," sobbed the beautiful girl.

"Well, well, Lettice," said her father, seeing that she was about to fall weeping, "never mind it now, we'll talk it over again; 'there now, go to your work,'" said he, kissing her affectionately, for he loved his daughter as a father only can.

Lettice now left her father, as he had directed, and crossed over the vine-plat, near a hedge that divided the two vineyards of Max and Karl. Through this hedge had many a warm word of true affection and devotion been pledged, as the two lovers not unfrequently, sometimes by chance, though oftener through engagements, found themselves separated by that tangled boundary only. It had often been observed how very happy Lettice always appeared when near the hedge, because her songs were then louder and sweeter than at any other time. It was also sometimes known, that, shortly after the conclusion of Lettice's song, Reubens would be seen hovering near. Their fathers both thought that the song was louder sung, in order that, in whatever quarter of the field the young vintner might be employed, he would know where to find his fair Lettice. Nobody, though, I am certain, would ever so unwisely accuse an artless child like Lettice.

Lettice had not long left her father, before her merry voice was heard through the clustering vines, and carolling along the sides of the mountains. Nor had the maiden's song been half sung, ere Reubens's cheerful face darted out from the deep foliage of the vintage, and appeared above the hedge in full view of his beloved.

Reubens's first look brought a deep glow to the cheek of Lettice, as if she were now half ashamed of having signaled her lover; but it passed off speedily, after the first sweet salutations of the morning were passed. Reubens extended his hand over the hedge, and soon felt the soft and tiny fingers of Lettice within it, which he clasped with fervor, and then, drawing it nearer to him, and reaching himself as far over the inexorable barrier as possible, the little hand of the maiden was soon pressed a dozen times to the lips of the ardent young lover.

Lettice seemed to look this morning more lovely than ever; why it was, it would perhaps be difficult to determine, unless, perchance, that, interwoven with her native beauty, a tinge of

melancholy sat upon her countenance, giving only an expression of greater purity, like when the moon, in the full radiance of her glow, is gently shaded by an airy cloud, whose veil is too transparent to materially dim her brightness. So with Lettice, whose melancholy, though but of a shade, had been induced, by the words of her father. It was not deep, because she knew not that her parent wished to be understood as imposing an insuperable barrier to the happiness of herself and Reubens, when they should become old enough.

"I think you are sad, this morning, Lettice," suggested Reubens, at length.

"I am, somewhat," replied the frank girl, "for my father says you are not the one for me."

"No, no, Lettice, your father said not so, did he?" eagerly inquired the youth.

"Yes, he did so; and I told him, plainly, I never could, and never would love any one but you, Reubens, and so you need not care for what he said."

"Ah, Lettice, I must care; for I know your father is becoming proud, and no doubt wishes you to marry some noble's son, or rich gentleman from Botzen."

"But I never will, Reubens; for I have loved you always, and cannot love any one but you," was the artless reply of Lettice.

"Besides," continued Reubens, "I've heard old Aunt Magdalene say she had heard some village people declare that Lord Ronaldo's son would marry you, and that you would become a great lady."

"I don't want to become a great lady, then. Besides, I do not love Rolph; he don't look like you."

"O, my sweet Lettice, why will not your father permit us to live on happily, and love as we have ever done? Indeed, I shall die, if you are taken away from me."

"So shall I, and I never will go," replied Lettice.

At that moment old Karl came up, looking somewhat angry; for he had evidently heard the last words of the lovers' colloquy, and looked confused, and quite terror-stricken, as he ordered Lettice away to her task, and berated Reubens soundly for thus neglecting his father's interest, by spending his time with his daughter.

"It is time you and Lettice," said he, "were getting over your childish feelings. You must know that I intend to marry her to some high

station, and give her a fine dowry, and hence you must forget her."

Reubens heard these words with anguish, but was too reserved to utter a syllable in reply to Martex. And as the latter moved away, Reubens dropped a tear, and returned to his task with a heavy heart.

Thus things went on for two or three years, when Lettice became a young and blooming girl of eighteen, and Reubens a fair youth of about twenty. Reubens had used all his powers of persuasion with the father of Lettice, to admit his suit, but to no effect. Obstinate in his purpose, he never lost sight of the grand object of a high matrimonial engagement for his beautiful daughter. But most fortunate for Reubens, Lettice loved him, and her warm, southern heart was not to be stifled in its first love-yearnings—its early virtue of loving truly.

Meantime old Karl had become a greater favorite with his manor-lord than ever, and the son of the nobleman, a youth of grace and beauty, added to nobleness of soul, was a frequent visitor at the vintner's cottage, where he always met Lettice. He was not ignorant of the feelings subsisting between the rustic lovers, but never supposed for a moment that old Karl desired to make him a rival of his neighbor's son, although rumor had thus spoken, and truly.

However, as time wore on, there seemed to be less and less prospect of the young lovers ever gaining the consent of Karl, and it became advisable, at length, to endeavor to bring some more potent influence to bear upon the stubborn old father, than the mere argument of love,—a sentiment unfelt by him for more than twenty years, if he had ever experienced the sensation at all.

It was agreed between Reubens and Lettice, that, at some proper time, after the grape gathering, they would accompany each other to Lord Ronaldo's, and lay their whole case before him, begging him to interpose in favor of their happiness, by exercising his potent influence upon the maiden's father.

The vine-harvest at length passed away, and one fine October morning, when old Karl had gone to the village, the lovers set out for the castle of Lord Ronaldo, all dressed in neatest attire, and looking like two charming divinities of affection.

Their patron heard the tale of love, with all the proofs they gave, that their course of true

love had not gone on smoothly, and he promised them that when a favorable opportunity should occur, he would do the utmost to prevail upon old Karl to permit them to marry, and become happy. And it was no idle promise that Lord Ronaldo then made, for he was one of those humane men whose chief aim was to secure the happiness of his tenantry, from oldest to youngest. So dismissing the young people, they departed from the presence of their benefactor, with hearts much lighter than they carried thither.

* * * * *

It was autumn, and thick clouds hung over the beautiful valley of the Tyrol. The falling rains had swollen all the streams of the mountains, until they had become rushing torrents. The wind raged fiercely, and mountain and vale, man and the mountain-goat, alike experienced the shock of the elemental strife. These autumnal floods and storms in all the countries bordering on the Alps, are common, and even prevalent. But now the terrific character of the roaring elements baffled all description.

Old Karl and Lettice sat alone in their cottage, both stricken with fear; for rough as he was, the old man was a coward.

"Keep quiet, Lettice," whispered her father, "the storm will soon abate."

"Yes, but I am so frightened," cried Lettice, as the lightnings shot athwart the sky in amazing volumes; the concussion of each flash appearing to jar the very earth. "I do wish Reubens were here—don't you, father?"

"I would any one were here to keep us company," answered Karl.

At that very moment Reubens burst open the door of the cottage, and with consternation depicted in his blanched cheeks, cried out:

"Karl, Karl, hasten to Lord Ronaldo's castle, for the lightnings have set it on fire, and if the peasantry do not fly to its rescue, all will be lost."

This sudden message was no sooner delivered, than Reubens vanished in the direction of the castle, and left Karl Martex to seek his own way thither, which he did, though rather tardily, after saying a few comforting words to Lettice, who was now left quite alone in the cottage.

The announcement made by Reubens had proved but too true, and when he arrived at the castle, he found the peasantry of the manor congregated, and all in confusion, without any one to guide them, or faculty to govern themselves. Already, by reason of the fiercely driving wind,

the main portion of the immense edifice had burned down, and the walls fallen in, and the flames were now eagerly lashing their furious arms upon the two wings of the castle, right and left.

While thus destruction was fast coming upon the castle of the loved and esteemed lord over the peasants and friends assembled, who, though all efforts were unavailing, yet attempted to stay the tide, under the eager leadership of the noble Reubens, Lord Ronaldo appeared at one of the bastion windows, around which the flames were already spreading with fury, holding out toward the crowd below a little child of four or five years of age,—his only daughter. His attitude and gestures all seemed to appeal to those below to save his child, although, amidst those raging elements, no voice of man could have been heard.

The apparition of Lord Ronaldo and the child seemed to have stupefied all who beheld it, save one noble youth, who gazed at the awful spectacle but for a moment, and then darted away. Help, to the unfortunate lord, it seemed impossible for human aid to render. But whilst the multitude gazed with terror, Reubens was acting, and in a space of time less by far than is occupied in this recital, he had procured a ladder, and was soon mounting it, amidst the flames, and wind, and smoke.

The expedient resorted to, in order to prevent being scorched himself, and to save the child from like harm, was truly astonishing, considering the infinitely small space of time in which to make a calculation. It was no more than this. As the stout ladder was reared so as to reach above the window where Ronaldo stood, Reubens seized an oaken cask that was standing near, and placing it over his head in an inverted position commenced the ascent; the cask receiving on its outer surface the full force of the flames. This feat was performed with the greatest agility, and he reached the open window, passed a little above it, received the daughter of Lord Ronaldo in his arms, and made the descent without injury, and placed her in the hands of her brother Rolph, who received her with transports of joy.

The inmates of the castle were now all safe but the lord himself. He was still at the open window; now struggling to reach the ladder, and then driven back by the merciless waves of fire that rolled over that part of the castle in densest volumes.

Reubens saw that unless he made another effort to save his lord, he must certainly be lost, and he determined to make a second ascent, which he did, with the inverted cask again shielding him from the devouring elements. Again he was successful in reaching the window, and again he succeeded in securing the object of his mercy. The cask being too small in its dimensions for the compass of both their bodies, Reubens generously placed it over the shoulders of his master, and with a bound sprang from the giddy height, and alighted without material injury upon the earth below.

Immediately shouts of joy, at the delivery of their master, burst from the crowd, which proved but a slight effort amidst the warring storm. But the scene cannot be described, which ensued after the family of Lord Ronaldo had all been collected. The thanks bestowed upon Reubens, the tokens of affection showered upon him by Ronaldo himself, and the noble lady, his wife, and Rolph, and even the little saved Blondine, cannot be told.

Without shelter, wet, and in dishabille, Lord Ronaldo and his family accepted the humble invitation of Reubens to assume the rustic conveniences of his father's cottage until the storm abated, and more cheerful provisions could be made for their comfort; and when the party turned from the sad scene of desolation, a smouldering ruin was all they left behind.

The neat cottage of Max Bardette proved no mean substitute for the splendid castle of the family of Lord Ronaldo, and so well did it seem to please them, that they remained in it until the castle was rebuilt, the next year, with a slight exception.

The morning after the fire fell upon the valley of the Tyrol, with all its wonted autumnal beauty and glowing splendor. The sky was again bright, and the air was again balmy, and filled with the sweet songs of birds and insects. Who would have thought, on that fair morning, that such a dreadful day had been, so late as yesterday?

The morning's repast was over, and Lord Ronaldo called Reubens to him, saying, "Young man, you deserve more from me than I can ever bestow. But for the deeds of bravery you performed yesterday, you shall at least receive some good reward. You see yonder vineyard, next beyond old Karl Martex's. It is yours, together with all thereon—its house, its garden, and whatever else there is. Besides all this, here is a

purse containing ten thousand rubles; take it,—it is the present for your wedding-day."

Reubens would have prostrated himself before Ronaldo, had he not been prevented from so doing by the lord himself; for his gratitude was so unbounded that he could find no language to utter forth his thanks.

"Come, Reubens," said Ronaldo, "I have not been unmindful of your future happiness. I have already this morning seen old Karl, and he has consented that you shall marry Lettice, and as I am about to leave this place for a few months, I desire that the wedding shall take place this very day. So hasten to her, and carry the joyful news, and then return and make ready for the nuptials."

This last news to Reubens was of far more value than that communicating his sudden rise to wealth, and before he left his benefactor he managed to stammer forth some faint, though intendedly earnest thanks.

Ronaldo returned to the cottage of Max Bardette, to tell all there of his doings, whilst Reubens's nimble feet soon carried him over to the cottage of Karl Martex, to break the happy news to Lettice, and bid her hasten herself for their wedding.

* * * * *

There was an unusual gathering about the rustic cottage of old Max Bardette that afternoon. Everybody seemed to know that there was to be a wedding; everybody seemed very happy to know it; and everybody was also overjoyed to know that Reubens and Lettice were to be the happy pair, for everybody long had known that they were lovers.

Lord Ronaldo had not even been to view the ruins of his castle during all the day, but had been conversing, and assisting a notary in making out some papers which, he said must be ready that day. At length, towards the close of the afternoon he was ready; the papers were all arranged, and he despatched a messenger over to the cottage of old Karl, to inform the young couple that all was in readiness, and the people waiting.

The company was not now kept long in suspense, for soon the lovers were discovered, bounding with light steps and happy hearts towards the cottage of Max Bardette, in front of which, on the green, the ceremony was to take place, as the cottage was not large enough to contain all who had come to witness it.

Never had blooming youth looked more lovely than did the charming Lettice, as she stood beside her brave and handsome Reubens, ready to become his bride. And merry faces shone all around. Even old Karl was enlivened to an extraordinary degree at the pleasant turn which matters had taken, and the father and mother of Reubens were more than overjoyed. The village priest in attendance quickly despatched his offices, making the rustic pair husband and wife. At the conclusion of the service, Ronaldo, still remembering the service of the now happy youth, advanced, and placed a heavy purse in the hand of Lettice, informing her that it was her marriage

dowry, and at the same time placing into the hands of Reubens the title papers to his little home, which had so much engaged his own and the notary's time during the day.

It was a joyous scene, and the festivities closed with a happy dance on the green sward, kept up till the stars shone in the sky. The young couple were then escorted to their own happy cottage, by their generous friends, surrounded by the family of Ronaldo, where they were left in the undisturbed enjoyment of that love which had always been the charm of their existence.

[FROM "THE FLAG OF OUR UNION."]

THE MUTINEERS.

FROM THE PAPERS OF A LONDON DETECTIVE POLICE OFFICER.

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BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.  
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It was in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, in early spring. I had become sick and tired of catching rogues and villains in the great Babel of London, and I resolved to take a few months' respite from my disagreeable duties; and in order to do this I knew I should have to leave the island, for, let me be anywhere in England, from Land's End to the Tweed, and I knew that I should be called upon to catch some wished-for character for the benefit of Mr. Justice. An old friend of mine, Captain Albert Souther, was upon the point of sailing for New Holland, and I made up my mind to take a trip with him, he having generously offered me snug quarters in his cabin.

The ship which he commanded was a heavy Indiaman. On the present occasion he was to take a few convicts for Botany Bay, and he had also quite a number of passengers who had taken passage for Cape Town, where they talked of locating themselves for agricultural purposes. In addition to his cargo, which was mostly stores for the colony at New South Wales, he carried some thousands of pounds in gold, that was consigned to the governor at Sidney.

In due time I was ensconced in my aquatic

quarters, and with much promise of pleasure I bade a temporary adieu to Old England. Our ship was a noble craft, and she afforded all the comfort that could reasonably be desired. Captain Souther was an excellent ship-master, being a stout, brave man, and very cool in seasons of danger. His crew consisted of forty men, most of whom had been under him some years. He liked them for their uniform good conduct and subordination, and they liked him for his kindness and gentlemanly bearing. The convicts, six in number, were carefully disposed of, so that no trouble could be apprehended from them. The passengers for Cape Town were fifty-six in number, and they were all of them stout, able men. When I first cast my eyes among them I marked some of them as men whom I had seen before; but, though a few of them had villainous-looking countenances, yet I was not positive that any of them were known rogues.

For some time everything went on well. I spent much of the time in the cabin reading, and as the situation was a novel one for me, I did not take so much notice of odd matters as I otherwise should. Everything was odd to me.

We had passed the Canary Islands, and must

have been somewhere off Cape Blanco, when I was destined to find that I had not, after all, escaped the business I was trying to flee from. I was sitting in the cabin early one morning, engaged in writing in my note-book. I had been left entirely alone, and had seized the moment as a favorable one for writing up my notes of incidents and aspects of the past three days. While I was thus busy at work Captain Souther came down. There was something so peculiar in his step that it at once struck my attention, and I looked up. The captain was much agitated, and I saw that he was very pale about the lips. He carefully closed the door behind him, and then came near me and sat down.

"Mr. Lamworth," said he, addressing me, "speak low, sir." He spoke in a whisper, and then drew his stool closer to me.

"What is the matter?" I asked, closing the book in which I had been writing, and laying aside my pen.

"Matter enough," he returned. "There's mutiny on board my ship!"

"Among your crew?" I inquired.

"I don't know," he answered. "All I know is, that my pistols have been stolen from my berth, and that there is a bag full of cutlasses among the luggage in the long-boat. Where are your weapons?"

"In my berth," I replied.

"Let's look," said he.

We went to my berth, but my pistols were missing! I knew that I had seen them there the night before, for I had at that time freshly primed them.

"This is something that needs looking after," I said, after I was sure that my pistols were gone.

"Yes—it does," added Souther, "and you are just the man to do it. You have been for years engaged in overhauling land-pirates, and I don't see why your wits mayn't work as well at sea."

Despite my desire to be rid of this kind of work my nerves were all strung now. It had become a second nature with me to feed my wits on the searching after rogues, and I entered instinctively into the spirit of the present emergency. I was like a hound just come upon the track of a fox.

"What sign have you given on deck that your suspicions are aroused?" I asked, after I had resolved the matter over in my mind a few moments.

"Not any," returned Souther.

"Have you spoken about it to any one?"

"Only yourself."

"Have you reason to suspect any of your crew?"

"No, sir. I do not believe a single man of them could be drawn into a mutiny."

"Then it must be among the passengers for Cape Town."

"I think so."

"Your money is all under this floor."

"Yes,—directly underneath where you sit. Six boxes of it."

"Think any of those fellows know where it is?"

"O, yes. Some of them were here when it came on board."

I got the captain to explain to me all that he had seen on deck. He had discovered the bag of cutlasses in the long-boat by accident while reaching over after a rope-yarn. He saw the brass hilt of one just peeping out at the mouth of the bag, and from the abrupt projections all over the bag's surface he knew that it must be full of the same kind of weapons. He did not touch the bag, and he moreover assured me that no movement of his could have betrayed the startling knowledge he had gained.

I bade Souther go on deck and look after his business as though nothing had happened, and for the present to leave the rest with me. He went up, and shortly afterwards I followed. The crew were all on deck, but most of the Cape Town passengers were below. There were only five of them up, and they were on the starboard side of the fore-castle. I carelessly lounged forward as far as the waist, and there I climbed up on a water-cask and leaned over the rail. When I turned to come down I cast my eyes into the long-boat, my elevated position giving me a view of its interior. I could see beneath the boat's temporary roof, which, during pleasant weather, was sometimes raised, and I knew that I saw the very spot where the captain had seen the bag, but it was not there for me to see. I saw other articles which he had described as lying close about it, but even they were not in the position in which he had described them. I knew that the bag must have been moved. Much of the baggage of these Cape Towners was in the long-boat, so they had perfect liberty to go there when they chose.

As soon as I had taken this observation I went down to the galley to light a cigar. The galley was forward, on the steerage deck, and having lighted my cigar I quietly took a stroll along the

deck, whistling a careless medley as I went, seeming as easy as though I were half asleep, but yet with every wit at work. All the passengers were there, some of them lounging about, and others sitting upon the deck. I looked carefully into every eye among them, and I was not slow in reading the mischief that brooded there.

If I am to read a villain I want to look him directly in the eye without his mistrusting that I suspect him. There is a peculiar expression of the eye under such circumstances—an expression that I cannot clearly define, but yet which long years of experience had given to my understanding. It is a sort of wavering expression—a tendency of the eye to droop before the gaze of a stranger. It has a kind of wistful sparkle, too,—and then there is a twitching of the muscles beneath the lower lid, as though that eye wished to look calm, but could not. I candidly believe that no man can have a plan for crime formed in his mind, and, when my suspicions are once aroused, hide it from me in his eye.

It was no uncommon thing for me to stroll about the steerage when I was smoking, albeit smoking was generally confined to the upper deck. As I remarked before, I looked every man in the eye, and yet did it in such a manner that no suspicions could have been excited. Before I left that deck I felt confident that I had counted over forty men that were laboring under the weight of meditated crime. I knew that if mutiny was intended, they were engaged in it.

When I returned to the deck I walked aft to where the captain stood.

"Beautiful morning, isn't it?" said I, loud enough to be heard by some of the Cape Town passengers who had come upon the quarter-deck.

"Very," returned Souther, as innocently as could be desired.

"Send Millman down," I whispered, as I passed on towards the cabin.

Mr. Millman was the lieutenant, and he had been on deck since four o'clock in the morning. Shortly after I entered the cabin he followed me, and with a wondering expression on his countenance he asked me what was wanted.

"Mr. Millman," I asked, "did you notice any one approach the long-boat while Captain Souther was down here a short time since?"

"There were several of the passengers loafing about there," he answered.

"But did you see any one get up so as to reach into the boat?"

"Yes," said Millman, after a moment's thought, "I think the man they call Breton did."

"You are sure of it, are you?"

"Yes—now I come to think of it, I am. He reached in and got out a small bag of clothes."

"A bag of clothes?"

"Yes, for he opened it and took out a frock, and then put it back."

"Was he not some time in replacing it?"

"Yes. He seemed to take some pains to stow it away carefully."

"Where are your pistols, Mr. Millman?"

"In my berth."

"Let's look."

"Why—somebody must have taken them," uttered the lieutenant, gazing first at me, and then at the place where he had kept his weapons. "What does this all mean, Mr. Lamworth?"

I explained to him all that was suspected, and though he was much startled at first, yet I persuaded him to be quiet, making him understand that the least sign on his part might prove fatal to us. He understood me, and when he left the cabin he was as calm as could be. I enjoined it upon him that he should pass no sign or look of intelligence with the captain, and that he should not overlook in the least the movements of the Cape Towners.

After he had gone I sat down to think. It was a hard case, to say the least. There were fifty-six of the passengers, and I believed that all of them were in the plot. We could only muster forty-two to oppose them, for of course we would not dare to trust the six convicts, and then, perhaps, these fellows might mean to set the convicts at liberty and enlist them in the mutiny. Difficulty arose on every hand. In the first place I knew not how the villains meant to move, nor when,—in the next place they had all the arms, and we had none—and next, we could not alarm the crew without arousing the enemy; for I knew full well that the moment the sailors found out the mischief, that moment they would betray themselves. They were too impulsive to be trusted with such a secret at present. Of course the villains would be regularly organized, with a plan of operations all concocted.

Presently Captain Souther came down.

"Captain," said I, "what on earth induced you to take such a villainous looking set of fellows on board?"

"I could not help it," replied he. "They purchased their passage in a lump, of the com-

pany's sub-agent at Liverpool. But then they didn't all look like villains."

"Perhaps not," I rejoined. The truth was, even I had but just detected them as villains. I spoke at first under the influence of annoyance.

I informed Souther that I believed the whole gang of the Capemen were in the bloody plot, and also that I apprehended that their plans were all laid. He was very nervous and very anxious, and he told me that he must depend upon me entirely. I saw that he placed great confidence in my ability to circumvent the villains, and I promised him that I would do all I could to help him, and in return I made him pledge himself that he would remain perfectly passive, seeming to take no notice of the movements of the suspected men.

My first object was to find out, if possible, when the mutiny was to be openly made, so that I might know what time I could devote to observation. To this knowledge I was helped by a very slight accident. When I went again on deck I found that nearly all of the Cape Town passengers were up. My first surveillance was upon Breton. He was a dark-featured, slim built man, with a face almost bloodless, showing a heartless, cold-blooded fellow. His eyes were sharp and quick, and he looked exceedingly intelligent. He was just the man to lay a deep, deadly scheme. I was soon satisfied, from the movements that I saw, that he was the leader, and also that he had no mistrust that his plans were suspected.

After taking such general observation as I deemed sufficient, I lounged carelessly forward. Breton was just abreast the foremast, and was at work with a needle and thread upon his pea-jacket. As I passed slowly by the place where he sat, I saw that he was sewing a leather strap upon the inside of his thick jacket. It was a narrow strap, some twelve or fourteen inches in length, and he was fastening it so that it formed loop-like beackets. My step may have been quicker as I passed on, for I had reached an important point—I was confident of it. Breton was sewing that strap upon the left-hand, inner side of the breast, and it was surely for the purpose of holding a cutlass and pistols! In the course of my walk about the deck I found six other men engaged in the same occupation!

"Now," thought I, "their plan is to take place to-night." These fellows often remained on deck during the evening, and, as the nights were damp and cool, they made a practice of

throwing on their pea-jackets after nightfall. This conclusion was easily arrived at, for those thick jackets were certainly being prepared to hold offensive weapons, and they would not surely be worn till after dark. Now I felt easier.

O, how easily I could read the mischief in the countenances of those men, now that I was upon the scent. Every look—every motion, was caught by me and turned to account. I saw how curiously they nodded to their leader, and I saw how eagerly they ever and anon looked towards the long-boat. Then, again, I saw the wistful glances that they frequently turned towards the cabin. I could see the word "gold" upon their lips, and I could read the thought of murder in their hearts!

At noon I told the captain of my progress, and bade him rest easy, only enjoining upon him that both he and Millman should have an eye to the long-boat.

Among the Cape Towners there was one that had particularly arrested my attention. He was a young man, and though there were ample marks of evil upon his countenance, yet I quickly detected that he was of a timid nature. I noticed that his hands trembled while he was at work on his pea-jacket, and that he would turn suddenly pale when he found any one looking at him. I had heard him called Malcolm. Of him I determined to make some use if I could get my hands on him.

All of that afternoon I remained on deck, and I know that no look from either Souther, Millman, or myself, could have betrayed our suspicions. It came to be nearly dusk, and the opportunity I had long wished for turned up in my favor. Malcolm came towards the wheel, and I beckoned him to approach me. He did so, but he trembled when he came up.

"Can you read writing?" I asked, in a pleasant, confidential way.

"Yes sir," he replied.

"Then I wish you would come into the cabin and help me transcribe part of the ship's log. I want to write it all up in my own book, and I have neglected it for the past few days. You can read it off while I write it. Come—I will satisfy you for it."

He seemed totally disarmed of all fear by my frank manner, and he followed me without hesitation. When we reached the cabin I lighted a candle, and then bade Malcolm take a seat. With a steady hand I drew a sharp carving-knife from my bosom.

"Beware!" said I, in a very low tone, at the same time laying one hand upon his shoulder; "if you speak, or make a noise loud enough to be heard on deck, I'll kill you on the instant!"

I know that my face is one capable of assuming rather an uninviting aspect, and as the poor fellow looked up at me, and then at the gleaming knife, he turned as pale as death. He shook in every limb. I saw that I had not been mistaken in his character.

"Now," said I, still keeping my position, "I am going to ask you some questions. Life is at stake, and I would as lief plunge this knife to your heart as to eat my supper. If you hesitate, or lie to me, you are a dead man! Is there not a plan formed among your companions for robbing this ship?"

The fellow was thunder-struck. He crouched down as far from the point of the knife as possible, and in any other situation I could have pitied him.

"Answer my question!" I uttered.

"Yes!" gasped the terror-stricken man, in an almost inaudible whisper.

"Are not all your Cape Town companions engaged in the plot?"

With all his fear the fellow hesitated. I saw that he had other things to fear besides my knife, so I resolved to touch him on the tender spot.

"Mark me," said I. "I know the crime you have planned, and if you will confess to me the whole plot, I will see that you are saved from harm. You shall not suffer with the rest, nor shall you be harmed in the least. I give you my pledge for your safety."

This operated upon the fellow like magic.

"Now answer me. Are not all your companions in the plot?"

"Yes," he whispered, with a trembling eye upon my knife.

"And is not Breton the leader?"

"Yes."

"You have the arms hidden in the long-boat."

"Yes."

"And you have been fixing your pea-jackets to hold the weapons."

"Yes," he said, with a look of astonishment.

"You meant to take the gold to-night?"

"Yes."

"And you meant to have murdered the whole crew."

The fellow hesitated again, but I soon got an affirmative answer from him, and at length, by sharp questioning, I got the whole secret from

him. It had been planned that the villains should arm themselves secretly as soon as they had eaten their supper, and that at nine o'clock, as soon as the bell struck, they were part of them to fall suddenly upon the watch on deck and kill them all. Part were to take charge of the fore-castle companionway, to kill the other watch as fast as they should come up, and a few were detailed to put those to death in the cabin. I could not help shuddering at the picture which was thus opened to me, but I kept my emotions to myself.

After I had gained all the details that I needed to guide me, I told Malcolm that he might go on deck, for I knew that he would not dare to disclose what he had done. By assuring him that I would see that he was protected from all harm, I succeeded in getting him quieted down so that his manner would not betray him on deck, following, myself, immediately after him.

As quickly as possible I told the captain all that I knew, and my plans for action were soon laid down. It was now fairly dusk, and the cook came up and called the passengers to their supper. They all went down but two, and those two remained close by the long-boat. I knew well their mission there, but I had the advantage of them.

With quick, but cautious movements, the captain, lieutenant and myself hastened around among the crew and whispered the danger that hung over them. The brave fellows started with excitement, but they spoke not a loud word. Souther and myself took each an iron belaying-pin, and went forward, and at a preconcerted signal we knocked the two villain-sentinels down. The thing was done without a mishap. We gave them another blow a-piece, to make sure that they should give no alarm, and then we sprang for the bag of cutlasses while some of our men closed the hatches and secured them. We found the arms, and they were quickly distributed among the crew.

By this time there was an uproar in the steerage, and a dozen voices were shouting for admittance upon the deck. Our men had now become fully acquainted with what had taken place, and they were like so many tigers. The hatches were unfastened, and the villains came rushing up, but they only hastened to their death. It was now dark on deck, and as the scamps came up from the lighted steerage they were unable to immediately distinguish objects about them, and many of them were struck down before they

could see who opposed them. We had levelled a dozen of them, and then I bade the crew fall back and let the rest of them come up, for I feared that if we kept on as we had begun most of them would fall back into the steerage and prepare to stand a siege, and this I knew would be troublesome work.

As soon as our men fell back matters worked as I could have wished, for the whole pack of incarnate scoundrels came rushing wildly upon the deck. As soon as they were all up we set upon them. They knew not what to do. They sprang towards the long-boat, but they were knocked back, and then, as they fell back, they were met again. Most of them were brave fellows and strong, but we had them unarmed—they were wild with disappointment and fear—and they saw not how they had been taken.

Such a battle could not last long. In fifteen minutes from the time that the two men had been struck down by the long-boat everything was settled. Thirty-two of the villains were taken and bound, and the rest were lying dead upon the deck. Breton had been one of the

first to come up from the steerage, and he was one of the first killed.

On the next morning the deck was cleared of its ghastly load, and then the prisoners were examined. None of them denied their crime, but they begged hard for mercy.

At St. Jago we fell in with a British frigate, and our prisoners were put on board, together with such evidence as was necessary for their conviction.

I have felt proud a great many times in my life, but I never experienced, on any other occasion, so much real gratification as I did when Captain Souther grasped me by the hand and told me that I had saved his ship and his life—and then when the hardy, impulsive seamen gathered about me and blessed me. There is a vast amount of real joy in feeling that you have helped your fellows.

Malcolm we kept on board until we reached Cape Town, and there we landed him to follow the bent of his own inclinations. The rest of the cruise passed off as pleasantly as could be wished.

THE END.

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