

YANKEE JACK:

OR, THE

PERILS OF A PRIVATEERSMAN.

BY

HARRY HAZEL.

NEW YORK:

H. LONG & BROTHER,

48 ANN-STREET.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-two, by H. LONG & BROTHER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.	PAGE.
In which our Hero commends himself to the favorable consideration of the Humane Society.....	5
CHAPTER II.	
In which a few Incidents are introduced, showing how much better it is to bear and forbear, rather than allow temper to control the judgment.....	20
CHAPTER III.	
Showing a pleasant Incident ashore, and several remarkable Incidents afloat	31
CHAPTER IV.	
Showing something decidedly new in Naval Strategy, and that a young head is sometimes preferable to an old one.....	45
CHAPTER V.	
Another Chase, and a little more brimstone and saltpetre, with another specimen of Yankee Strategy.....	58
CHAPTER VI.	
In which our Hero figures in matters not exactly suited to his inclinations.....	71
CHAPTER VII.	
Showing that "Affairs of Honor," are very dishonorable affairs.....	82

CHAPTER VIII.		PAGE.
A Duel on a Grand Scale, in which we Yankees came off second best.....		93
CHAPTER IX.		
Showing a variety of interesting situations, which we have no doubt will somewhat startle the Reader.....		104
CHAPTER X.		
The last of this eventful History. "All's well that ends well".....		115

YANKEE JACK :

OR, THE

PERILS OF A PRIVATEERSMAN.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH OUR HERO COMMENDS HIMSELF TO THE FAVORABLE CONSIDERATION OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

THE intelligent sons of Columbia are aware that one of the greatest incentives for our government's declaring war against England in 1812, was for the purpose of affording protection to our gallant tars upon the ocean, and to seek redress for grievances which had become too insufferable to be longer borne.

"Britannia rules the wave," was the proud Briton's boast. Britannia had, indeed, gained the supremacy of the seas, and with arrogance and oppression did she maintain it.—She violated the laws of nations and of humanity in preserving her boasted ascendancy. She did not scruple to search our ships, and impress our gallant tars into her service, for a long period, with impunity.

But at length a day of reckoning was at hand for the imperious insolence shown to vessels carrying the starry flag of this independent nation; our people became fully aroused to a sense of the foul wrongs and gross insults which the mother country was constantly heaping upon our national and mercantile marine—abuses which could no longer be tolerated or endured.

Hence, a declaration of war by this then comparatively weak republic against one of the most enlightened and powerful monarchies of Europe and of the world. The note of preparation was sounded from Maine to Georgia; and in an almost incredibly brief space of time, the infant Navy of the

United States was augmented so as to present a force, though vastly inferior to the wooden walls of old England then afloat, yet sufficiently powerful to teach our oppressive and arrogant foes that high-handed measures, such as they had been in the habit of committing upon the high seas, could no longer continue without being avenged.

But the wheels of government, at all times, move at best but slowly; and before a single new keel touched the waters from our naval depots, more than a score of swiftly sailing Privateers were fitted out and manned, and ready to begin the great strife for "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights!" and gloriously did these pioneers in our second war with Great Britain pass through that unequal struggle.

Such was the condition of things a short period subsequent to the declaration of war; and as we have naught to do with the policy of the nation in this our story, but a "plain unvarnished tale" of adventures to narrate, we will pursue our interesting task.

It was at this period, and on one of those clear bright days, which characterize the beginning of a New England summer, that two individuals were passing a leisure hour in gazing at the shipping in Boston harbor, from a high eminence at the north part of the town, which has been known for a century or more as Copp's Hill.

There was quite a disparity in the ages of these individuals. The elder of the two was a man apparently forty-five or fifty years of age—in the very vigor of manhood—robust in frame and well proportioned, with a hard, weather-beaten visage, but upon his strongly marked features rested a mild and benevolent expression. He wore the unmistakable habiliments of a true son of old Neptune—a short blue jacket, white duck trousers, a wide-brimmed Manilla hat, and a black silk cravat, placed once around his neck, and fastened together with a section of the backbone of some fish, through which a hole had been wrought sufficiently large to admit both ends of his carelessly adjusted neckerchief. He smoked a long-stemmed pipe—his almost constant companion—from which he puffed forth wreaths of blue smoke, an indulgence that seemed to afford him the most agreeable enjoyment.

The younger of the two was a bright-eyed rosy-cheeked boy, of fifteen or sixteen years of age. He was the personification of health, and, in despite of being poorly and carelessly clad, one would have observed that Nature, that best of teachers, had imparted to his well-formed and supple limbs, a grace, which school boys, of the present day, with the best teachings of the dancing master, rarely possess. There was no percep-

tible awkwardness about him, either in his person or manners. Added to these qualities he appeared unusually intelligent for one of his years; in truth he was just such a youth as would be selected from a promiscuous assemblage of a thousand, to perform a difficult task, where activity and intelligence would be the chief requisites. In him the close and judicious observer, might safely predict a future general, a future naval commander, or a statesman in embryo. Yet, there were evidences that his genius had received but little culture, and his exterior unmistakably showed that he was not the child of affluence;—on the contrary, it was evident that he was reared in an humble sphere of life. With marked attention and deep interest did he listen to the observation of the experienced mariner, as he described or criticised the appearance of the several ships, brigs, schooners and other water craft, either under weigh or moored in our picturesque harbor.

"My peepers and timbers, Jack! just look over there!" said the sailor, as he turned his eye in a north-westerly direction, and first caught sight of an attractive object.

"Over where, Uncle Paul?" eagerly inquired the boy.

"Over there! towards the Navy Yard! just astern of the frigate."

"I see nothing there except the old frigate, and the schooner with the raking masts; and I heard some of the boys say that she belongs down to Salem, and is getting ready to sail on a Privateering expedition," said the youth.

"Exactly, Jack, she's just what my top-lights are looking at," said Paul Peril; "you see her, then?"

"Yes, uncle; but I thought when you spoke that you had espied some object of wonder in that direction."

"D—n it, boy, so I have!" said the old tar, with a slight touch of petulance; "but I forget; you're a land-lubber. Now, if you'd only been one voyage across the big-pond, you could'n't look upon a sight like that so coolly. I tell you, Jack, a man don't see a craft like that more 'n once in a life-time—Did you ever see anything afloat to compare with her?"

"Oh, yes, uncle; I've seen much bigger vessels, with more masts, and yards, and guns, and sails, and—"

"Avast there, Jack!" interrupted old Paul, almost vexed that his nephew could not look with the same eyes and understanding that he did. "First, let me tell you that that's by a long shot the most rakish, dashy, saucy looking craft that these tarry eyes o' mine ever encountered, and I've been round the world enough to see all sorts o' vessels, from a Chinese Junk to a Baltimore clipper, and from a Spanish three-decker down to your little dory, Jack. Only run your eye fore and aft and

up aloft—squint at her beautiful proportions. Bless me, she'll skim the seas as a white-gull skims the air in a gale o' wind. I'd risk my hulk aboard of her, within gunshot of a whole British fleet! Just run yer eye up those tall, slender, tapering spars; then measure with yer peepers the length of that main-boom, the topsail and top-gallant yards, that jib and flying-jib boom. Blazes! what a quantity of canvas she carries! I never saw the likes of it, and I've cruised enough to see most every thing. Then look at the arrow-like lines of her hull! May I be keel-hauled if there's anything afloat or ashore so beautiful! She beats a beautiful woman, sailing along in all her Sunday-go-to-church toggery! Then that saucy-looking ridge of teeth, just like so many bull-dogs, ready to bark whenever an enemy comes within their reach!"

"Why, uncle, you're getting quite eloquent!"

"Ah, Jack, my boy, what 'old salt' could help talking eloquently when such a craft as that is in his eye," resumed the veteran. "If there's any one thing in this world that I love better than another, it is a fast craft like that, always excepting your aunt Sally, Jack. My eyes and limbs! wouldn't I like a gunner's berth aboard o' that craft! May be I wouldn't—but let it be offered me, my boy, and blast my figure-head, if I wouldn't clap my fist to the articles to-morrow!" and with this expression he refilled his pipe by way of confirming his declaration.

"You would like a berth, then, 'my friend, on board the Privateer?" said an elderly gentleman, who was standing near by, and who overheard the conversation, while he, likewise, was scanning the symmetrical proportions of the armed schooner.

"I'm not quite ready for sea, sir," said the tar, doffing his Manilla; "coz as how I aint had yet but about a week's cruising ashore; and Paul Peril, at your sarvice, always likes a full month to repair his old hulk after a voyage to the Indies."

"I beg pardon," said the gentleman; "but just now I thought I heard you declare that you would be glad to ship to-morrow."

"Ah! yes, so I did," replied Peril, "but you must know, sir, I only meant that, in case I was offered a gunner's berth aboard yon Privateer. You see that 'ud make consid'able bit of a difference."

"Now I understand," remarked the other; "you would ship to-morrow provided you could get a gunner's berth?"

"Exactly—on board of that saucy-looking cruiser."

"Yes, I mean the armed schooner—the Salamander."

"Sally who, d'ye say, sir?" inquired the sailor.

"Salamander! not Sally who!"

"Sally-andre?" ejaculated the old tar.

"Sal-a-man-der!" repeated the gentleman, emphasizing each syllable.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Paul. "May I be mast-headed, if I didn't think you said Sally Andre; for that, d'ye see, was my Sally's name afore the parson spliced her to the tarry hulk of Paul Peril. Howsomever, that's a queer name for a cruiser."

"It is an original one certainly, and if you desire to keep your word, you, Mr. Peril, of whom I have heard favorable reports for many years, shall have the place of first gunner, and a first gunner's share of the proceeds of all the prizes."

"Give us your grappler on that, old fellow!" said Paul, enthusiastically, seizing the merchant's hand and giving it a vice-like squeeze. "I'll sign the papers to-day, and report myself aboard to-morrow. To-morrow? awast a bit! old Sal won't relish that! It can't be helped though! duty calls, and we must part. Whither is the Salamander bound, sir?"

"On a cruise between the West India Islands and the English Channel," replied the merchant.

"Dangerous cruising now-a-days, sir," suggested Paul.

"True, and for that reason we want strong hands and stout hearts to man the schooner."

"In hailing me for one of them," said the tar, with conscious pride, "you've not mistaken yer man."

"Unless report gives you a far better name than you deserve."

"Thank ye, sir," replied Paul, acknowledging the compliment by lifting his Manilla, bowing low, at the same moment scrapping his foot to the rear. "May I ask who commands?"

"Captain Decker!"

"I know him well—he's a daring, dashing fellow—none o' yer lazy swabs. If there's anything to be done he'll endeavor to do it—and that's for all the world just the sort of a commander I like to sail under when there's any fighting to be done."

"Precisely; you couldn't have described our chief officer in fewer words," said the merchant. "But, as my time is precious, I have only to say, report yourself aboard to-morrow, sign the articles, and receive your advance."

"At what hour?"

"Ten, in the morning."

"Ay, ay, sir; you may depend upon Paul Peril."

The gentleman, on hearing the old tar's promise, walked away.

Jack Jarvis, Peril's nephew, had listened with intense interest to the conversation we have given, and as soon as the gentleman had got beyond hearing, he said—

"You are not in earnest, uncle?"

"Blazes, boy! didn't you hear me give that fine old chap my word?"

"Yes, but then——"

"D—n it, Jack, don't ye see that's one of the Salamander's owners—p'raps the chief owner."

"Yes, Uncle Paul, but aunt will feel——"

"Pshaw, Jack," again interrupted Peril. "I know all about that, and don't like to think of it. Go, I must—I've passed my word—and you might as well try to break a seventy-four's cable as to make me break that—I'm true, Jack, as the needle is to the pole. Only think of it, my boy—Paul Peril first gunner to the Privateer Salamander! How does that sound in your ear—and to a Privateer like that? Why, shiver my spars, I'd not flinch now, if I knew I should bring home only one look-out, and a pair of timber legs! Besides, Jack," he continued, speaking gravely, "don't ye see, our country calls! it is my duty; where that is, thither I feel bound to pilot my old hulk! Where waves our stars and stripes, in the conflict, there's where Paul Peril should be. So, no objections, my boy, when you see my mind's made up."

"Well, uncle, if you go, I—I—I—"

"Well, what'll I do?" interposed Peril. "Out with it, nevy, none o' yer stuttering and stammering."

"I want to go, too."

"Tail-blocks and dead-eyes! you?"

"Me—I!"

"And pray, what could you do?"

"Do, uncle? why, I could do as you have done," replied our young hero—learn to be a sailor—help you fire the guns—serve my country by fighting like a hero!"

"Sharks and sword-fishes!" exclaimed the old tar. "Pretty well, master cockerel, for a chicken of your years to commence crowing!—You go a Privateering! Let's see—what berth could you get? The luffs or middies' boot-black, perhaps."

"No, Uncle Paul, I was never born to be anybody's boot-black!" said the youth, indignantly.

"I admire your grit, Jack; well, then, perhaps you might get a powder-monkey's berth," suggested Peril, in a jocose tone and manner.

"What's the duty?"

"Why, passing cartridges to the gunners, when the battle rages, is one duty," said the old tar, by way of discouraging the youth from venturing to sea.

"That, now, I should like exceedingly well to begin with; then I should like to know all the duties of a sailor; then the duties of warrant officers; then the duties of lieutenants and

commanders; then the duties of a commodore of a whole fl——"

"Avast there! belay, Jack!" interrupted Paul; "you're getting into deep water, beyond soundings, boy. I tell ye, Jack, it don't do to dive too deep, nor climb too high in this world."

"I know that, uncle," replied Jack; "but think you I could get the place you were speaking of, by asking for it?"

"Uncertain, very uncertain."

"I should like, uncle, above all things, to get some berth so as to be near you and with you in the hour of danger."

"You would, would you?" ejaculated the veteran tar, dashing a tear which had sprung unbidden to his grey-fringed eyelids.

"Yes, uncle, I am in earnest."

"Then, I'll see, Jack, what I can do for you. I'll talk with your mother."

"Thanks, thanks—a thousand thanks, my dear uncle," said the delighted boy. "If you will intercede for me, she will not deny my request."

"A storm's a brewing!" exclaimed Peril, suddenly changing the subject, and scanning with his eye the western horizon.

"I perceive nothing," said the youth, looking in the same direction.

"But I feel something," returned Paul: "and my old hulk is as true a barometer as ever hung in a ship's cabin; and now I see something—there's a cloud rising; d'ye see it, Jack?"

"I see a small black spot."

"Well, that little spot, as you call it, is big enough to hide the blue sky from our eyes, as we shall shortly see; and if I'm not mistaken, we shall have a blow directly that will trouble the small craft, now under weigh in the harbor. There it comes, sure enough—see how its size has increased. Let's pull down towards the wharf, Jack; there'll be mischief in the approaching storm."

As Paul Peril predicted, a storm was near at hand. The speck of a cloud he had discovered had already veiled the western horizon, and was rapidly spreading its dark and heavy wings towards the zenith. The wind began to whistle and roar through the spars and rigging of the vessels scattered along the wharves and in the offing, and the rumbling of distant thunder gave warning that one of those sudden storms, so peculiar to our climate on a sultry day, was at hand.

On the first indications of the storm, a small sail-boat, containing three persons, a gentleman and two ladies, put off from the armed schooner, already alluded to, for the shore. She had proceeded not more than half the distance, when a heavy squall struck her, and she capsized in an instant.

Loud and prolonged screeches were heard above the raging of the elements, and hundreds of people quickly assembled on the wharves to render such assistance as their own safety would permit. The sufferers had managed to get alongside the capsized boat, and were now clinging, for dear life, to the keel. A yawl boat was soon manned by four stout oarsmen, besides our friend, Paul Peril, who did the duty of coxswain.

"Pull, pull, my lads, altogether!" shouted the old tar, as she shot forth from the dock, to breast the strong current and the wind, which now blew a gale.

"Save us! oh, save us! quick, or we sink!" were the agonizing cries which pierced the ears of hundreds, who stood appalled at the scene before them.

The yawl boat, which had gone to the rescue, although manned by athletic men, made little or no headway against the terrific gale. Another, and another, was put afloat, but it was beyond human effort to contend successfully against the elements in such a state of wildness.

"Oh, God! what's to be done?" exclaimed the almost frantic merchant, whom we have before introduced to the reader, and who came rushing down to the wharf, nearest the scene. "A fortune to him who saves their lives!"

It was not strange that the old gentleman was frantic; for he had every reason to suppose that the two females, who were still clinging to the boat's keel, were his own wife and daughter, and that the gentleman was the first lieutenant of the Privateer. They had left his house but an hour or two previous, for the purpose of making a brief visit to the Salamander, prior to her departure.

It so happened, unfortunately, that not the slightest assistance could be rendered by the schooner's crew, for both of her boats were now gone, the commander having the cutter ashore for his own convenience.

In the midst of all the tumult incident to the occasion—the howling of the gale, the flashing of lightning, the roaring of Heaven's artillery, the pelting of rain, the cries of a multitude ashore, and the heart-rending shrieks of those who seemed on the very brink of eternity, a ray of hope suddenly beamed upon those anxious hearts, who witnessed the appalling spectacle.

A frail-looking skiff, with a tiny sail, suddenly shot forth into the turbulent waters from the shore above. In the stern stood a fearless boy, apparently not more than sixteen years of age, with his trousers rolled up above his knees, and bare-headed, guiding with an oar the little craft before the fiercely blowing gale, defying all the elements in their wrath, as if conscious of being under the protection of more than a human power. It

seemed to many observers ashore too much like tempting Providence to hazard life in so frail a barque, while a more staunch and larger craft had yielded to the elements when less wild and terrible, and placed those who had ventured in her in imminent peril.

Onward flew the little skiff, like an affrighted sea-bird over the foamy waters, the spray dashing over her sharp bows at each plunge. At one moment the daring youth busied himself by bailing the water which incessantly dashed over her, with his hat, at another moment he trimmed his little triangular sail, and guided her course towards those unfortunate beings, who still clung tenaciously to the capsized boat's keel, scarcely in greater peril than he who was hazarding his own life to save theirs.

The boats below were yet making ineffectual efforts to stem the wind and current, though they were somewhat nearer the perilous scene, owing to the boat having drifted towards them.

The tiny craft of our daring hero came rapidly on; a minute's more suspense, and she was within a half-cable's length of the sufferers. The boy let go the sheet, brailled up the tiny sail, unshipped the mast, cast it overboard, and then, seizing a boat-hook, he stood ready to catch a sure hold of the capsized craft as his own swept along. Another moment, and he was within reach; he struck his weapon into the boat's keel, and quickly drew his skiff alongside.

The elder of the two females was clinging to the opposite side, and near the bows, the gentleman clung with his right hand, while, with his left arm, he supported a young maiden above the surface of the water. The latter seemed well nigh exhausted, and it was with the most painful exertion that her supporter could sustain his grasp of the keel, and keep the girl, who had not the slightest strength of help herself, from sinking beneath the wave.

"Save! oh, save my child!" was the feeble exclamation of the lady, who still supported herself, as she beheld the youth, and felt that succor was at hand.

"Yes, for Heaven's sake, brave boy!" exclaimed Lieutenant Wilford, "save this poor, fainting child, and you shall be well rewarded!"

"Hold fast for a moment longer, sir!" replied the youth in encouraging tones. "I'll do my best."

He drew his skiff towards them, and made it secure by the painter, which he threw around the spear of the boat hook, now affixed firmly to the keel, which left his hands free to render assistance. He now leaned over the bow, and fixing his hands firmly under the young girl's arms, he drew her up so that he

could encircle her waist. One effort more and he succeeded in lifting her over the gunwale into the skiff. She was too much exhausted to stand or sit, or even to speak. He carried her aft in his arms, and taking off his wet jacket, he wrung from it the water, and placing it upon the seat, laid her head gently upon it. This was witnessed by the anxious multitude ashore, and from them came shouts of joy, which were heard above the howling of the storm-god.

Now a ray of sunshine suddenly burst through the dark clouds, lighting up the dread scene, and cheering the hearts of all who were partakers or witnesses of the event that had just occurred. The lightnings no longer flashed, the thunder rumbled only in the distance, the rain ceased pouring, the wind blew less furiously, and the waters were no longer lashed into a foam of fury. The storm had passed over, and was now spending its fury far to the eastward.

Those in peril, however, were not yet relieved from their uncomfortable situation.

Our dauntless hero endeavored to persuade the lady and the lieutenant to permit him to assist them into his skiff, but they declined, lest the little craft should be overburthened, and sink or capsize in the attempt to reach the shore.

The wind having at this time very much subsided, the boat under Paul Peril's command now came to the rescue.

"Jack, my boy, you're a trump!" shouted the old sailor, as he discovered that it was his own nephew, who had preceded them on their merciful errand. "You've fished up the young girl, have ye?"

"Yes, uncle, she's safe," replied Jack.—"But be quick, uncle, the lady and gentleman won't venture to be taken ashore in my skiff, for fear it won't hold 'em; be lively, for they can't hold fast to the keel much longer."

"Vangs and boom-guys!" continued the old tar, "who'd a thought I should live to hear you give orders to yer uncle? But, d—n it, boy, how came ye here? d'ye drop from that thunder-cloud?"

"No, uncle, I came here in my skiff from up yonder," said Jack, pointing to a landing just north of the Charles River bridge. "You would have got here much sooner, if you'd gone above and come down with the wind and tide, instead of getting a boat below, and try to stem both."

"So I should, my boy, so I should. I didn't stop to think we'd got to stem a six-knot current and a hurricane to boot. D—n it, Jack, I feel proud o' ye! but 'twas rather risky for you to put out here in a gale o' wind in such a cockle-shell as that. I'd as soon go to sea on a Kennebec lumber raft. How d'ye

dare, ye young rascal?—What d'ye s'pose yer mother'd ha' said if she'd ha' seen you, eh?"

While Peril's voluble tongue was blowing hot and cold in the same breath, concerning his nephew's exploit, he and his comrades had taken aboard the lady and the lieutenant. Another boat had also come up, and taking the capsized yawl in tow, all put in for the shore. Our hero rowed his skiff, containing his precious charge, to a little beach, nearly opposite the western part of Noddle's Island, (now East Boston,) while Peril, with his charge, landed at the wharf above, near the present Chelsea Ferry landing.

The first person who greeted Jack, after he drew his skiff upon the beach, and had assisted the maiden safely upon dry land, was Mr. Sinclair, the rich merchant, whose only daughter it was, our hero had, in the most daring and gallant manner, rescued from a watery grave.

Isadore, for that was the maiden's name, had now partially recovered from her exhausted state, yet still requiring some support from her youthful preserver.

"Dora, my child! you are saved!" exclaimed the almost breathless Sinclair, while tears of joy coursed freely down his wrinkled cheeks. "God be praised."

Dora was clasped in her fond parent's arms. It was a scene of extatic bliss, one in which our hero's feelings could not avoid being warmly enlisted.

"And you, her preserver! how shall I reward you!" said the merchant, now approaching Jack, who stood bare-headed and bare-legged before him. "You're a brave lad, and deserve much more than empty thanks.—Thanks be to fortune, I am wealthy, and I can in some measure compensate you for your noble services."

"Thank you, sir," replied Jack; "I have done only my duty; and I should meet my uncle's disapprobation if I should take pay for saving the life of a human being."

While Jack was speaking, his clear, bright blue eye encountered those of the beautiful creature he had saved, and he felt an ardent pride kindling within him at the thought of having saved the life of one whom he deemed almost an angel.

"What is your name, friend?"

"Jack, sir," was his only reply.

"Your surname?"

The youth hesitated.

"I must know more of you, my lad," said Mr. Sinclair, taking our hero's hand. "Do me the favor to call at my counting-house, No.—, India Wharf, at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, or, if it will please you, visit my house this evening

I reside at No.—, Salem Street. Do not disappoint us. Dora, I know, will desire in some manner to prove to you her gratitude. Come, my daughter, your mother, I perceive, awaits our coming."

But Dora hesitated; she had not even spoken to the youth, and did not seem at all inclined thus to take her leave. She stepped towards him, and extended her hand, which, with some reluctance, he took, and then in the sweetest accents, said,

"I can only thank you for saving my life; but God will bless you; and my father will do much for you. Call at our house as he has requested; we shall be glad to see you often."

With these words, she pressed his hand, and in the fulness of her grateful heart, she kissed his handsome cheek!

Under almost any other circumstances such a thing might have been deemed highly improper, and would have indicated a lack of delicacy and modesty: but her's was a chaste kiss—a kiss of gratitude, not of passion—given in the presence of her father; a kiss, that brought no blush to her modest cheek. It was the receiver not the giver who blushed; and the youth, brave as we have seen him in moments of peril, had not the courage to return the chaste salute.

"Good bye; don't forget to come, this evening," said Dora, who, with her father left the noble boy.

Jack made no reply, but stood almost petrified, gazing abstractedly at her retreating figure. He had often seen Isadore Sinclair, and he had thought her the most beautiful of all the girlish maidens of the town. He could have worshiped, but it would have been, to his mind, like worshiping a seraph who could not condescend to come down to dull earth. Now, he had saved her life; and for that act, she had proved herself human by speaking kindly to him, and absolutely kissing him. That was enough, he thought, for all his services—he felt more than repaid.

But we will not pursue his thoughts further, as he stood upon that beach, reflecting upon what had taken place, and upon what might be the sequel. He was alone, and he desired to be, now that the bright and beautiful maiden had gone, for her lovely vision still remained in his mind.

"Jack, ahoy!" shouted the stentorian voice of his uncle Paul. "Bear-a-han!"

Our hero's pleasant reverie was broken, and he started at the sound.

"Ay, ay, sir!" was his reponse, and throwing the boat-hook, which he held in his hand, into the skiff, he hurried to the wharf to meet his uncle.

"Well done, my boy; you behaved like a man; you're worthy



YANKEE JACK.

the name of Jarvis—worthy yer brave father, Jack, who went to Davy's locker 'fore you was born. But, my boy," continued Paul, "now that that bit of a thunder-squall is over, let's take a sail over to the cruiser, and see what sort o' war-dogs yer uncle Paul is to have the management of. The lieutenant, the chap what ye picked up, has given me liberty to go aboard the Salamander in his own boat, because I gave him a hint that I was to be first gunner."

Leaving the veteran and his nephew for the present, we propose to take a new track, and more fully develop other characters, which are to figure in some remarkable scenes which will hereafter be described.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH A FEW INCIDENTS ARE INTRODUCED SHOWING HOW MUCH BETTER IT IS TO BEAR AND FORBEAR, RATHER THAN ALLOW TEMPER TO CONTROL THE JUDGMENT.

"She is a maid of artless grace,
Gentle in form and fair of face."

"Tell me, thou ancient mariner,
That sailest on the sea,
If ship, or sail, or evening star
Be half so fair as she."

THE poet has but inadequately described the lovely being whom Providence, through an humble instrument, had preserved from Death's icy dart to blossom into womanhood. Dora Sinclare was just entering upon her fifteenth summer; as fair a flower as ever graced the bower of beauty. She had eyes more lustrous and beautiful than the gazelle's, relieved by long, silken lashes, and arched by eye-brows, penciled upon a brow as white as the driven snow. Long, wavy hair, dark as the raven's wing, hung over her finely-rounded neck and shoulders, beautiful in contrast with the alabaster whiteness and transparency of her complexion. Her face was of a semi-oval form, with cheeks of the softness and hue of the blush-rose, while within her temptingly sweet lips were revealed two rows of pearly white teeth, rivaling the most perfect specimens of the dental art. There beamed, too, from that beautiful face, an expression of more than ordinary intelligence for one of her years, an expression which belied not the qualities of her mind. In a word she possessed all those requisites which add grace and beauty to the fairer portion of humanity.

Such was Dora Sinclare, the child of beauty, the child of affluence, the gem of the household of one of the most opulent merchants of the metropolis, Hamilton Sinclare. She was an only daughter, and our readers can therefore readily imagine that she was regarded by her parents as their "pearl of great price," their treasure. Yet, idolized as she was, she had been properly and judiciously reared; indulged, only for her good,

she was free from affectation, free from vanity, free from a superabundance of pride.

But we have now to introduce another of the family of Sinclare to our readers—a brother of the beautiful Dora. Quincy Sinclare, a prepossessing youth of nineteen years of age, was already a midshipman in the United States Navy, and had, at the time of which we write, returned from his first cruise at sea, and was now ordered to join the frigate United States, then in commission, awaiting orders at the Charlestown Navy Yard. We wish it were in our power to award to Quincy some of the excellent qualities which adorned the character of his sister; but unfortunately he was quite the reverse—arrogance, selfishness, vindictiveness, and an inordinate amount of self-esteem, made up, for the most part, his character. His good traits may be summed up in few words;—he knew his duty as an officer and performed it; he had courage, and exercised it whenever an opportunity occurred; he loved his sister as he loved no other human being, and would have sacrificed much to shield her from the snares and temptations of a sinful world.

The dark traits in the character of Quincy Sinclare, were by no means the results of his early training; for when he left his father's mansion, at the age of sixteen, to enter the service, he appeared to be an amiable, good-hearted youth, with as many excellent qualities as ordinarily characterize young gentlemen of his age and of his sphere of life.—But three years aboard ship, with occasional liberty ashore in foreign ports, was enough to develop prominently the baser qualities of the young midshipman, when we consider that he selected for his almost constant companion one of the most subtle, vicious, and profligate persons in the navy.

Charles Dareall was the name of him to whom we refer. He also held a midshipman's warrant, sailed in the same ship and messed with young Sinclare, over whom he gained an influence almost unaccountable.—Dareall was a Virginian by birth, but had received his education at the noted academy of Exeter, where he distinguished himself as the first and foremost in every thing that did not appertain to academic pursuits. He was two years the senior of his friend Sinclare, had now grown to full manhood, and was quite prepossessing in manners and in personal appearance. Indeed, by many, he was called exceedingly handsome, but it was a kind of beauty which the prudent would no more be fascinated with than with the brilliant colors of the striped serpent.

This subtle individual, at the time of which we write, accepted his comrade's invitation to accept the hospitalities of the

Sinclare mansion, during the fortnight which would elapse prior to the sailing of the frigate.

Notwithstanding Dareall was domiciled under the same roof with the charming Isadora, he had but little opportunity to cultivate her acquaintance, for, from the moment of his introduction to her, she had conceived an unfavorable impression of him, which would require more fascinating power to remove than he was capable of exercising.—His basilisk eye had fallen upon her, and he was struck with her transcendent loveliness, almost at the first glance; he thought, and truly, that he had never beheld such perfection in womankind, and he resorted to many expedients to ingratiate himself into her good graces, but as yet with no success. She took pains to repel his slightest familiar advance, as if there were contamination in his very speech. More than once was she on the point of expressing her feelings and suspicions regarding him to her brother; but she clearly saw that he placed the most implicit confidence in him, and to utter her thoughts, under the circumstances, she feared might incur his displeasure.

On the evening of the day that Dora had been rescued from peril, as described in the preceding chapter, all the members of the Sinclare family were assembled in the magnificently furnished parlors of their aristocratic mansion. Lieutenant Wilford, of the Salamander, was also there. Quincy and his friend, on this occasion, contrary to their usual custom while ashore, abstained from going forth in search of night adventures, but this fact may be accounted for in Dareall's extreme partiality for his friend's sister.

As may be supposed, on this occasion, the chief topic of conversation, was the great event of the day, the almost miraculous rescue of Mrs. Sinclare, her daughter, and the gallant Lieutenant Wilford. The latter had been relating all the circumstances to Quincy and his friend; more particularly dwelling upon the daring of that remarkable boy, who had been chiefly instrumental in saving their lives, more especially that of Isadore's, when an interruption occurred to their conversation by a loud knocking at the door, succeeded by a brief colloquy between two individuals.

"Get 'way—can't come in dis door," said a black servant; "dis de gemman's way—go roun' toder door, man—Philisee, de cook, let you in."

"You cussed black son of a sea-cook, if I had you aboard ship, I'd toss you over to the sharks as quick as I would a junk o' salt carrion," replied a gruff voice.

"I tell ye, sah, massa don't 'low none but gemmans come in dis way," persisted the darkey.

"He don't, eh?" growled the other.

"No, sah!"

"Look a-here, Inkstand—look me right in the face!"

"Ees, sah, I see, but you muss go 'round t'oder door."

"Inkstand—look me right in the eye!"

"Ees, I'se lookin', but you must go roun' t'od—"

"Inkstand! d'ye see who yer talking to?"

"No, sah!"

"What! not know the first gunner of the Salamander? Look at me ag'in, Inkstand—right in the eye."

"Taint no use, you can't come in—go 'way—I duzn't want to know who you is," said the darkey, impatiently.

"Inkstand! d'ye see that—"

"Don't ye call me Inkstan', sah—my name am Cæsar."

"Do you see that mallet, Inkstand?" continued the visitor, showing his right mawler.

"Ees, sah!" said the negro, retreating a step.

"Well, Inkstand, if you don't care about feeling the weight of it upon your woolly cocoa-nut, go and tell your master, Paul Peril, first gunner, Privateer Salamander, wishes to speak with him."

"Guv us yer card, and I'll take it to massa," said Cæsar.

"My what?"

"Yer card, with yer name on't."

"Will an ace o' spades do, Inkstand?"

"No, sah!"

"I've got no other."

"Den you muss go roun' t'oder door—dem's Missee's orders."

"Ah! you've had orders from the first mate, have ye, Inkstand?"

"From Missee, I tole you."

"Well, it's all the same in Dutch, Inky," said Peril, grabbing Cæsar by the wool.—"Now, lead the way to yer master, or, may I be booby-hatched, if I don't make that cocoa nut o' yours as bald as the coppers of a sea-cook."

"Ees, sah! ees, sah!" screamed the negro with pain. "I show you—dis de way," and the veteran tar was ushered into the merchant's elegant parlors without farther ceremony, and stood in presence of the family, in strong contrast, like a rough oak-stick in a conservatory.

"Whom have we here?" ejaculated Mr. Sinclare, his first glance at the man of rough exterior. "Ah! Mr. Peril! I'm heartily glad to see you, sir—be seated."

"No, I thank ye," said Paul, making a characteristic bow; "I've only dropped in for a moment—I've but a short yarn to spin, sir. I'm here to beg a favor of you."

"Rather say, demand it," replied Sinclare, "for you have placed me under obligations which I can never repay. Your invaluable services—"

"Don't mention any service that I have done," interrupted Peril; "I only feel vexed with myself for doing so little, but the current and wind was too strong for us."

"Still, my friend, I am greatly your debtor. Speak but your wishes, and if it lies in my power to serve you in any manner, it will be done cheerfully."

"Your kindness has already given me a post of honor, one that I would not exchange for the command of yonder frigate; I signed the papers this afternoon, got my advance, and am as merry as a man-o'-war's-man just landed after a thirty-months' cruise, and now I don't care a pound o' pigtail how soon I'm off soundings. Avast a bit! I'm getting a little ahead. I'd forgotten what I'd got to say—now here goes. D'ye see, sir, a young friend o' mine—a sprightly lad 'bout so tall—wants to try his hand at being a sailor.—He's taken it into his head to go with me in the Privateer, and the more I argue 'gainst him, the more he's bound to go; so I thought I'd take him with me, where I could look after him, providing you 'ud be so kind as to use your influence to get him a berth. I love the lad, and I should like to see him grow up a good and useful man."

"Any berth you desire for him, I promise you he shall have," replied the wealthy merchant.

"He's but a lad, and I wish him to be placed under me as my assistant."

"It shall be as you direct. Lieutenant Wilford," continued Sinclare, to that officer, who was seated at the farther end of the back parlor, "come this way; I desire to introduce to you Mr. Peril, the first gunner of the Salamander."

The lieutenant came forward.

"Ah! by Neptune! it is our worthy friend, who relieved us from that cold, disagreeable bath!" he exclaimed, taking Paul by the hand, and giving him a cordial grasp. "I shall be proud, Mr. Peril, to cruise in the company of one who can battle so manfully with the elements. It augurs well for our success."

"Thank ye, sir, for so good an opinion of my old hulk," replied the veteran.

"He desires to take a lad to sea with him, lieutenant," remarked Sinclare. "If there's a place aboard to sling another hammock, let it be reserved for Mr. Peril's friend."

"Certainly, sir, and right glad shall we be to have any one that he commends."

"Thank ye, sir," replied Paul, acknowledging the compliment in his own peculiar style.

"Cæsar!" called Mr. Sinclare.

Inkstand—as Peril had persisted in calling him—popped his head into the parlor.

"Sah! massa, d' you call?" inquired the negro.

"Yes, Cæsar—bring a bottle of wine—the old Port, Cæsar," ordered the merchant.

"Ees, sah!"

Inkstand disappeared; and in the course of five minutes he returned, bearing upon a large silver salver a bottle of choice old Port, and wine glasses.

"Ah!" said the merchant, smacking his lips as he carefully uncorked the bottle;—"here's something that 'll make your hair curl. Mr. Peril, Lieutenant Wilford, do me the honor to take a glass of wine," he continued, filling the glasses. "Mr. Dareall, Quincy, my son, come and drink the health of a gallant Privateersman."

"Excuse me, sir," said Quincy.

His friend likewise declined the proffered glass.

"Well, we can do very well without you," remarked the merchant in an under tone.—"Mr. Peril—here's good health and a long life to you—a pleasant and profitable cruise, and a happy return. The same to you, lieutenant."

"Thank ye, sir," responded Peril; "and allow an old sailor to add—success to our little Navy! Success to the Privateer Salamander! Defeat and disaster to the enemies of our country!"

"Bravo!" responded Wilford.

The glasses were emptied, and again refilled and their contents drank, when Paul withdrew and left the mansion.

"Father, I was not aware that we numbered among our familiar acquaintances a Jack-nasty-face!" said Quincy, in a tone of bitter sarcasm, just after Peril had taken his leave.

"My son!" exclaimed the father, startled at the words he had heard, "what means such contemptuous language from your lips?"

"Nothing, sir," he coolly replied, "only that it struck me singularly to learn that our house was open for such characters."

"Sir!" returned the indignant father; "do you dare insult me to my face? I'm astonished at your boldness!"

"Not more so than I am at what I have witnessed," returned Quincy; "and I must, regardless of consequences, express my mortification in seeing you entertain men so far, so very far beneath us. Was not that a Jack-nasty-face? I wonder that you did not ask Cæsar to take wine with you!"

"Silence! you insolent puppy!" commanded Mr. Sinclare, angrily, stamping his foot violently upon the floor.

"Oh, brother!" interposed the angelic Dora; "you know not what you have said.—That man, although so rough in exterior, has a noble heart and daring spirit. You could not, I am sure, have used such reproachful language, had you been aware that it was he who did much in saving our dear mother from drawing."

Dora's interference was like oil poured upon the troubled waters. Her brother's anger was almost instantaneously appeased, yet he had not the virtue to acknowledge his error, or ask forgiveness of that parent he had so grossly insulted.

"Sister, for your sake, I'll be still," said the arrogant boy, and turning to Dareall, he said—"Come, Charley, let's be off!"

"Brother, I beg you will not venture out to night!" entreated the lovely maiden.

"Yes, Dora, my mind is made up—go I shall!" said Quincy. "It had been my intention to make home my quarters, together with my friend here; but, as I have found out that my company is not agreeable, I have changed my mind—we will seek more hospitable quarters!"

"Oh, brother, do not thus leave us!" implored Dora.

"My son!" exclaimed the justly indignant father, "I command you—"

But the closing of the door between them cut off Mr. Sinclair's speech, and the two midshipmen hastily left the house.

"Now for a cruise!" said Quincy, as soon as they had reached the street; "in my way of thinking the old gentleman has treated me confoundedly mean, and I'll make him sorry for it, yet."

"I must confess," chimed in Dareall, "that I felt not a little piqued on being asked to take wine with a common sailor in a gentleman's parlor, and in the presence of a lady, and that lady, Quin, your agreeable and pretty sister."

"Well, well, Charley, let that little affair drop. Where shall we go?"

"You are much more familiar with these cruising grounds, Quin, than I am. I acted as pilot, you know, at Norfolk, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. It is your turn at the wheel now."

"Well, then, let's see," said Quincy, deliberating; "let's go down to the Exchange, have a supper, with a bottle or two; and, then, what say you to a lark among the gay Cyprians on NIGGER HILL!"

"Agreed! If there's anything like fun ahead, steer for it!" replied Dareall.

This amiable and promising brace of midshipmen, visited the then "crack" Hotel, of the City of Notions, and after

carrying out their exceedingly temperate intentions, they sallied forth towards that remarkably virtuous locality, which the sexagenarians of our city remember well, for certain other amiable and innocent recreations which we will not attempt to particularize, and which many "very nice young men" of our own day indulge in occasionally.

"Nigger Hill" was the then "Black Sea" of Boston, the grand central rendezvous of the dissipated, depraved, degraded, licentious portions of the community, of all grades, nations, colors and shades. But a radical change has been made in the character of that notorious locality, within the last thirty years. It is now depopulated of that heterogeneous mass of beings scarcely human, and is now one of the most aristocratic sections of the metropolis; while that portion of Ann Street, which was then included in the "court end" of the town, is now known as the "Black Sea," the "Five Points" of the tri-mountain city. Thus have the aristocratic and lowly changed localities.

Toward "Nigger Hill," the young Middies wended their way, attracting the vigilant eyes of several guardians of the night, by their boisterous laughter, their vociferous exclamations, and by their somewhat erratic and unsteady movements, like a pair of fishing smacks, beating against the wind in a chopped sea.

At length they reached the summit of the hill, and stood at the door of one of the most noted of the Cyprian mansions, and began pounding on the panels of the door with their canes for admission.

"Who comes 'ere at this time o' night, kicking up sich a 'ell of a rumpus?" demanded the old hag of the establishment from within.

"A brace o' (hic) d—n good fellows, out on a lark, (hic) old lady," replied young Sinclair.

"My 'ouse is full," replied the old ogress.

"Full, eh? so much the (hic) better" said Sinclair.

"I can't hopen the door for nobody, to-night."

"We ain't (hic) nobody—we're (hic) somebody—a pair o' somebodys, old (hic) lady."

"I tell ye I can't let ye hin, so go away, and don't be disturb-in' folks ven they've hall gone to bed."

"We are determined to come in," said Dareall, "by fair means or by foul; so you'd better open the door peacefully, than allow us to come in forcibly."

"And I'm determined ye shan't come in no way," returned the hag. "If ye'll go away and come hearly to-morrow-night ye shall be velcome; but if ye stay 'bout here makin' sich a noise, I'll call the vatch and 'ave ye taken to the vatch-us."

"Watch be d—d!" replied Quincy.—"Old woman, if you

don't open the main-hatch o' yer old (hic) hulk, we'll stave it open—d'ye understand that, (hic) eh?"

"Mind vat ye do—mind vat ye do!" cautioned the old hag; "there'll be merry 'ell to pay, ef ye dare to kick up hany row roun' my 'ouse!"

"Then let us in."

"No!"

"Come, Charley, let see what sort o' stuff this barricade is made of!" and the middies put their shoulders to the door.

"Vatch! vatch!" screamed the old woman at the top of her voice.

"Go it Charley!" cried Quincy, as they pressed against the door.

"Vatch! fire! murder," still screeched the hag.

But the more she screeched the greater were the efforts of her besiegers. One tremendous brace, and the fastenings within yielded to the pressure; the door flew suddenly open; the light was extinguished; and the old fat hag lay sprawling upon the floor, having been capsized by the door striking her as it flew open.

The middies did not stop to help the miserable creature to her feet, but rushed up the stairway, and commenced the work of breaking into the first chamber that came in their way.

The tumult had now completely aroused every inmate within those polluted walls, and there came forth into the entries, frightened creatures of both sexes, some half dressed, some wearing only their night-clothes, and others with sheets wrapped around them to hide their nakedness.

The cause of all this uproar and confusion nobody knew, except our "nice young men" and the old hag below, who was screaming, cursing and swearing like an inmate of Bedlam. Yet they all joined in the Babel-like chorus—some screaming "help! help!" some "vatch!" some bellowing "fire!" others shrieking "murder!"

The assailants tumbled in amongst them, pell-mell, throwing some upon the floor, and pushing others down the stairs headlong, receiving severe injuries in the fall.

Two watchmen, who had observed the riotously-disposed midshipmen as they reeled along the street, followed them to the scene of their operations, and screening themselves from observation in a door-way opposite, watched their movements until they had fairly broken into the house, and were in the height of their riotous frolic, when they sprang their rattles, and rushed into the house. In a few moments all the watchmen in the vicinity arrived, and assisted in arresting whoever came within their reach upon the premises.

In one of the upper rooms of the house a blazing candle, either by accident or design, had been thrown upon a bed, and immediately ignited the sheets. Soon the room was discovered to be on fire, and the flames darted forth from the windows, illuminating the street and the sky. The inmates, nude and dressed, made one general rush down the stairs, in order to gain an egress. But some one had closed the door, and it was not until it was battered to pieces that they could get out of the burning dwelling.

The alarm of fire resounded throughout the town; watchmen sprang their rattles; the bells rang out the startling peal; engines came rattling over the rough pavements, and hundreds of people, from all directions, uttering the dreaded fire-cry, hastened to the scene of the riot and the conflagration.

The upper portion of the house was now a mass of livid flame. Several firemen, ere the fire had spread below, ventured into the hall, when one of them stumbled against a human form, lying prostrate on the floor. It was that of Quincy Sinclair. He had been stricken down in a personal encounter with an athletic courtesan, who kicked him from the top to the bottom of a flight of stairs. It was evident that he had received no inconsiderable injury, for he was apparently senseless as well as speechless. The fireman lifted him from the place where the young man lay unconscious of the imminent peril that threatened, and conveyed him out of the house, and to a neighboring mansion, into which he purposed conveying him; but at this moment, our old friend Peril, from among the throng, espied the fireman and his burden; he hastened to the spot, and saw at a glance that the injured party was one of the young men he had met but a few hours previously in the parlor of his friend, Mr. Sinclair. Supposing him to be the merchant's son, and thus expressing himself, he volunteered to take charge of him and convey him to his home. The fireman, willing to be relieved from the care of the wounded youth, gave him into the hands of our veteran tar, who, taking him in his arms as if he were but a child, trudged along towards the north end.

The alarm of fire had awakened the merchant, and, with his daughter Dora, he was gazing at the conflagration from the portico of his mansion. At this time it brilliantly illumined the sky, and cast its red glare upon the waters on both sides of the peninsula. The sight was, indeed, truly magnificent, but for all this the old gentleman had a fearful presentiment which made him shudder. It flashed across his brain that, perhaps, his wayward son was in some manner connected with the cause of the conflagration he now looked upon. The heavy tread of footsteps now arrested his attention—nearer they came and

more heavily they pressed upon his heart. A man was now seen approaching bearing something in his arms. He halted at the gate of the mansion, raised the latch, and entered the yard.

Mr. Sinclair, faint and shuddering with apprehension, went forth, and at once recognized the man whom he had once before met that day in the hour of danger.

"Ah! Mr. Peril, I have had forewarning of this!" said the unhappy man. "Is it not my son?"

"You have said truly," replied Paul.

"Oh God!" continued Sinclair, "troubles do not, in truth, come singly; they thicken upon me. I dare not look upon him—are you sure he's dead?"

"Oh no, sir; he's not dead—only badly bruised," answered Peril.

"Thanks for that word, my friend!" and the unhappy man ventured to gaze upon the livid countenance of that son, who had but so recently left his house in an angry mood.

He was now borne into the house, a physician forthwith summoned, who, after a close examination, pronounced him in no immediate danger, but that he had sustained several severe bruises, and that his left arm was broken above the wrist.

Peril explained the circumstances under which he had found the youth, and once more took his leave.

In order that we may not altogether lose sight of Dareall, we will state that he was taken in the *mêlée*, by a couple of watchmen, and marched off to their quarters.

Thus passed a night of events, which are quite sufficient to convey to the reader, at least one or two phases of the characters of the two midshipmen, who will figure somewhat conspicuously in scenes which it will be our task hereafter to describe.

CHAPTER III.

SHOWING A PLEASANT INCIDENT ASHORE, AND SEVERAL REMARKABLE INCIDENTS AFLOAT.

BRIGHT and beautiful the sun arose on the morning of the day appointed for the sailing of the gallant Privateer, under the command of the dashing and daring Captain Decker, officered and manned by as choice and brave a company of spirits as ever won a victory on old Neptune's boundless domain. A signal gun was fired as old Sol's earliest rays first flashed across the sleeping waters of our picturesque harbor, and gilded with its effulgent radiance the tall spires of the metropolis; simultaneously, to the main truck of the tall, tapering mast of the *Salamander*, was run up the glorious Banner of Stars, whose ample folds waved gracefully in the gentle morning breeze.

In the course of an hour the commander's barge, manned by eight oarsmen in uniform, left the Privateer, and steered for the nearest wharf on the Boston side, where were assembled a small party of ladies and gentlemen, who had congregated there for the purpose of witnessing the departure of the *Salamander*. They appeared to be the friends of Captain Decker, for the tall and commanding form of that officer was standing among them, receiving their parting words, and bidding him God-speed on his perilous expedition. The chief owner of the *Salamander*, Mr. Sinclair, and the angelic Dora, were among this group, and manifested a lively interest on the occasion. The boat had just touched the wharf, when Paul Peril, under full headway, and puffing and blowing like a grampus, approached. Stepping up to his commander, and saluting him respectfully, he said,

"It's all right, Captain Decker."

"She gives her consent, then?" inquired the officer.

"Ay, sir; and here's a bit o' writing, captain, that tells the whole story," said Peril, giving his superior a billet.

"This informs me that Mrs. Jarvis gives permission, that her son Jack may go on the cruise, providing he be not separated from his uncle," remarked the captain, after reading the note.

"Ay, sir, that's me," said Paul: "I claim the honor, sir, of being Jack's uncle, and, though I feel prouder of the youth than I ought to, yet he's as good a lad as ever went aloft."

"Why is he not here, Mr. Peril? you see, my barge is here, ready to take me aboard; we can't wait for any laggards."

"I left him to get his mother's blessing, and say good bye, Captain," replied Peril. "D'ye see, I didn't like to see the parting, 'cause such sights always sets my pumps a workin'; so I weighed anchor and made a run down the channel; but depend on't, Jack's not far astern."

"Mr. Peril," said Mr. Sinclare, taking the old tar aside; "is the youth you are speaking of to Captain Decker, the young friend you desired a birth for?"

"Ay, sir."

"And I suspect," resumed the merchant, "that this lad and the one who so daringly rescued my child are one and the same person."

"To be sure, sir."

"And why didn't you make it known?"

"You didn't inquire, sir; and, i' faith, I thought everybody knew Jack Jarvis."

"I intended to have rewarded him," remarked the merchant; "but he slighted the invitation I gave him, the other day, to call at my house or counting-room."

"Bless yer soul, sir, Jack's got a heart too big to take pay for doing good," replied Paul; "besides, sir, he feels obliged to you, for getting him a berth aboard the cruiser."

"But —"

"There he comes," interrupted Paul; "I told ye, Captain Decker, (turning to that officer) he wouldn't be far astern. That's a lad not to be seen every day; a little green, perhaps, and what land-lubber isn't? (begging yer pardon, Mr. Sinclare,) but when he gets his sea-legs on, and gets the shore kinks out o' him, he'll be as trig a lad as ever took in a r'yal in a gale o' wind —"

Jack's arrival cut off any further compliments from the old seaman. There had been quite a transformation in our hero's outward appearance, for he had that morning donned his new rig which his protector had selected for him, and he looked as neatly and trimly and cleanly as the tailor and his kind mother — with whom he had just parted in sadness — could make him. His graceful form, handsome features, and intelligent countenance, at once won the favor of his first commander. Mr. Sinclare was quite struck with the metamorphose his would-be protegee had undergone since the day he had first seen him. Dora gazed with admiring eyes upon the handsome youth; and

THE PRIZE SHIP CAPSED BY A CRUISER—A YANKEE ROSE.

[See p. 45.]



when she went forward to greet her preserver, her cheeks betrayed some little embarrassment, and if the truth could be told, we should say that her little heart was agitated by other emotions besides gratitude. It will be remembered that she kissed the youth when in his more untidy habiliments; but she wouldn't have kissed him then, in presence of her friends, under any consideration. But she did allow him to take her soft and delicate hand within his own, and she did not withdraw it quite so suddenly as if they had then met for the first time.

"I cannot allow you to leave us, my young friend, without bestowing on you some proof of my gratitude," said Mr. Sinclair, taking from his pocket a purse containing fifty guineas and offering it to him.

Our hero shook his head.

"It is but a trifle, I know," said Mr. Sinclair; "but that is all I have at present with me."

"Is it not gold, sir?" asked Jack.

"Yes, golden guineas, and they are yours."

"If they were so many pennies instead of guineas, I might possibly accept it."

"I could not offer you so mean a gift;—take this!"

"Not, if they were diamonds!" said Jack. "Besides, sir, I do not need money; uncle tells me that if our cruise be successful, my share of the prize-money will be so large that I can save something for my mother."

"Is your mother poor?" interrogated Mr. Sinclair.

"Yes, sir."

"Then, why not take this gold? I will carry it to her," urged the merchant.

"She will not accept charity, sir," replied the ingenuous youth.

"This is but a moiety of what I owe you," said Sinclair;

"and were it twenty times the sum, you deserve it all."

"You'd better put up your purse, sir," interposed Peril;

"Jack's a true chip o' the old block; he'll not put a shot in his locker that he doesn't fairly earn—and I like the lad all the better for it—it shows his independence."

"True, true," said Sinclair, returning the purse of gold to his pocket.

"Perhaps, father, I shall be more successful," said Dora, taking from her neck a valuable gold chain, appended to which was a large locket, ornamented with pearls and other gems; and advancing towards our hero, said—"accept this from one who will never forget him who periled his life to save that of a stranger."

Jack gazed for a moment upon the beautiful maiden, and then turned his bright eyes towards his uncle, as if to read in

his countenance whether he would advise him to accept or not accept the proffered gift. Peril met his inquiring gaze, but whether or not Jack discovered an expression signifying an approval or disapproval, we are unable to say; but our hero did accept the token of gratitude or love, (which we cannot now reveal,) and did allow it first to encircle his neck by the fingers of the fair maid herself.

Jack gave vent to but one exclamation after the chain and locket went into his possession, and that was this:—

"I'll die, miss, before I part with your gift!"

Meanwhile this scene had been transpiring, the commander had taken final leave of his friends, and put off for the Privateer. Another boat came ashore, and Paul Peril and Jack Jarvis leaped aboard, and waving their hats in answer to the waving of a handkerchief from an interested party, they, also, put off for the schooner.

All hands were now aboard, and a busy scene now presented itself on the deck of the gallant vessel. Orders were given to get her under weigh. The anchor was weighed, the boats hoisted, and sails loosed almost simultaneously. Up went mainsail and jib, foresail and staysail; the topsail and top-gallant-sail, and lastly the gaff-topsail, all in quick succession, and the clipper-craft began to cut through the smooth water at a rapid rate. The wharves were now lined with spectators, eager to catch a view of the vessel under full sail that had attracted so much attention while lying at anchor. A salute of thirteen guns was fired from her batteries as she passed in review the hundreds of spectators on the wharves and heights, who returned each fire with loud shouts and huzzas.

She passed along the line of the shore, within a cable's length, until abreast of Fort Hill, when she bore away down the harbor. When abreast of Fort Independence, she was saluted by the guns on the bastions, which was promptly returned by the gallant Privateer.

At the dawn of another day the Salamander was off Cape Cod, steering E. S. E. under a full press of canvas. Far beyond, and almost hull-down, a large vessel was descried by the look-out. All was excitement on board the Salamander, for there was not a man on board who was not eager to fall in with an enemy. Yankee Privateersmen had two incentives for fighting—an ardent desire to punish John Bull for so frequently insulting our flag on the high seas, and the less noble one of sharing the spoils of the cruise.

"Aloft there!" cried Captain Decker to the man in the top-gallant cross-trees; "can you make her out?"

"Not rightly, sir; she looks like a ship—ay, sir, it is a ship!"

"What's her course?"

"She now heads east-sou'-east."

"Mr. Ransom, keep her away—there—steady, now," said the commander, and the schooner was now running at a nine knot pace before the wind. "Bring me the glass, my lad," he continued, turning to Jack Jarvis, who was a sort of factotum to the quarter-deck, and who was willing to make himself useful in any respectable capacity.

Our hero brought the glass, and Captain Decker leaped into the main rigging and took a deliberate view of the stranger.

"She's a merchantman—whether English, French or Spanish, I cannot make out," he remarked to Paul Peril, handing him the glass.

"She's an Englishman; I know by the cut of her spanker," said Paul, at a glance through the telescope: "and she's crowding on all sail—studdensails and royals, and there goes her main sky-sail!"

"Ah, ha! she wants to give us the slip, but she must be Vanderdecken's Flying Dutchman herself to outsail our clipper!" said the commander, rubbing his hands, a feat which he never failed to perform when elated. "Mr. Peril, see that the deck is prepared for action—have Long John (the name given to a 32 pounder mounted on a pivot amidships) well charged and shot-ted—we must toss our card aboard of the stranger as soon as we get within range of her cabin windows.

"Ay, sir," replied the gunner.

"Boatswain, pipe all hands to quarters!"

The shrill, piercing whistle of the boatswain responded to the order, and in less than a minute every man was at his post.

The guns of the larboard battery were loosed from their fastenings, Long John was cleared from the incumbrances around it, the shot handed up under the direction of our young hero, who had been instructed in that duty by his uncle, and every thing prepared for action with a promptitude and precision that could scarcely have been equaled on board a man-o'-war.

The breeze had freshened since morning, and the Salamander now bowled along at a beautiful rate, and at the end of half an hour had perceptibly diminished the distance between her and the strange ship. It was evident that the latter had discovered the character of the chase, for she changed not her course a point, knowing full well that her only possible chance of escape was to keep directly before the wind, unless she should chance to fall in with some English man-o'-war cruising in those latitudes.

The chase, by the time the sun had reached the meridian,

was within one mile of the merchantman. The captain again ascended the main rigging, and took another deliberate survey. On returning to the deck, he said, rubbing his hands, and in great glee—

"That's a rich prize, my lads, unless I'm deucedly deceived; an Indiaman, I think, heavily laden with just the right sort of a cargo for a Yankee market; but, my boys, we've got to fight for her—the East India Company's ships always carry a respectable armament, and a large crew."

"So much the better, Captain," said the first gunner, who was leaning upon Long John, as if he desired to become familiar with that terribly formidable war-dog. "Somehow or other, sir, it goes 'ginst my grain to take a defenseless prize—I likes a bit o' fightin'; for then the plunder's all the richer for 't. I pities them as can't fight, when they get into a bad fix."

"I like your sentiments, Mr. Peril," said Decker; "but our enemies entertain a different opinion; they seem to consider that anything plundered from us, Yankees, is only what legitimately belonged to them before; and the cheaper they obtain a prize, all the more valuable; and the overbearing loyalists don't even stop there; for after they have plundered our ships, they seize our men by brute force, drag them aboard their ships, and impress them into their service, just as though we, free born sons of Columbia, were John Bull's slaves. Though I do not approve of retaliating by impressing Englishmen into our service, yet, if we desire a successful cruise, we must take every thing that we fall in with which sails under the Cross of St. George."

"Ay, sir; if she don't carry too many guns for us," added Paul.

"Precisely,"

"And I'm thinkin'," resumed the veteran, "that it's better to spill as little blood as possible, 'cause, d'ye see, there's many a true American aboard these Englishmen."

"Precisely; we'll be as humane as circumstances will admit," replied the captain. "But see, we're fast overhauling the ship—try a shot from Long John, the cabin windows make a good target, Mr. Peril."

"Vangs and jeer blocks!" exclaimed Paul, "s'pose'n the mess's at dinner?"

"Never mind—depend upon it—there's no Yankee there; you'll more likely reach them by firing into the cockpit," replied Decker. "Let it into 'em—aim for the centre, and you'll only knock the salt junk, duff and brandy into an Irish stew—blaze away!"

The match was applied—a stunning report followed—and

when the smoke cleared away, the captain took a squint through his glass, and exclaimed,

"By the holy poker! a capital shot, gunner! You've knocked two cabin windows into one, and let in more daylight than they bargained for."

"I hope the mess weren't at dinner," said Peril, gravely.

"Pooh! nonsense!" returned the commander. "D'ye ever know an Englishman to dine at this hour? He dines at four o'clock—four hours later than we Americans—and the time will come, Peril, when Englishmen will be proportionably behind Yankees in every thing. The fact is, we've set out pretty fast for a young nation, and we shall increase in speed and growth to an extent that will astonish the whole wor—"

His boastful sentence was cut off by a twenty-four pound shot, which came whizzing through the air, and over the schooner's deck, taking off in its course the entire top of the cook's galley; and if the sable caterer had not, at the moment, been upon his hands and knees, in the act of kindling a galley fire, the ball most likely would have taken his woolly cocoa-nut with it.

"Oh, gorra, massa, debil!" screamed the negro, leaping like an ourang-outang out of the roofless galley, almost frightened out of his wits, and staring wildly about him.—Whar-whar—what de debil's dat?"

"Nothing, you scared snowball, but a cocoa-nut like yer own with the wool off," answered Peril.

"D-d-don't tell 'Mingo D-d-dimon dat," stammered the dark-eye, espying the ship. "I know now—dem d-d-dam rascal—shootin' balls at poor 'Mingo."

"Out o' the way—into the galley with ye, ye imp of darkness."

Dimon crawled back into his damaged quarters upon his hands and knees, and doubling himself up into as small a compass as possible, got behind the coppers, where he remained in fear and trembling for the next hour.

"Send 'em a few more of those big pills, Mr. Peril—right into her bowels!" shouted the commander. "You see that's a prize not to be had without a few hard knocks."

If Peril had entertained, a few moments before, any conscientious scruples about endangering the lives of those on board the intended prize, they vanished after witnessing the effect of the first shot from the enemy, and in its flight its near proximity to his own person, as well as endangering the lives of others.

As rapidly now as the heavy piece could be worked, he blazed away at her hull—almost every shot telling fearfully among the planks and timbers of the merchantman.

Shot for shot, almost, was returned, but, with the exception of the first, they seemed to be aimed with a great lack of precision, some falling short, some beyond, and all around their target, without hitting it.

One of Peril's shots struck the ship's rudder, rendering it completely useless. This incident, for a time, caused no little confusion aboard; the ship broached suddenly to, and the sails flapped so violently, that the studden-sail booms snapped off like so many pipe-stems, and now hung over the sides, the sails dragging in the water. By dint of great exertion, the crew cleared away these incumbrances, took in her lighter sails, and brought the ship to, by means of her canvas alone.

In the meantime the Salamander had run up within speaking distance and hove-to.—Captain Decker, with trumpet in hand, mounted the taffarel, and with a stentorian voice, hailed—

"Ship ahoy!"

"Halloa!"

"What ship is that? where from? whither bound?"

"The Andes, Captain Wagstaff, from Canton, bound to London. Who and what are you?"

"The American Privateer, Salamander, Captain Decker, at your service. What's your cargo?"

"None of your business, you d—d inquisitive Yankee!" was the bold Englishman's reply.

"Well, that's rather tart,—we'll see to that," said Decker, to himself. "Mr Peril, stand ready for a broadside."

"Ay, ay, sir."

Decker again raised his trumpet, and shouted—

"Andes, ahoy! Haul down that bloody cross, or by Pluto, we'll blow you sky-high!"

But instead of continuing the parley, the merchantman commenced firing grape and cannister from four twelve pound carronades, which rattled in among the sails and rigging of the Privateer, cutting away her topsail halyards, fore-topmast stay, riddling the topgallant-sail, and other trifling damage aloft, but every man of the crew had as yet escaped unharmed.

"Fire!" bellowed Decker, angrily, perceiving the temerity of his antagonist.

There was a momentary silence, and simultaneously, seven eighteen-pound carronades belched forth a mass of iron hail, from the schooner's side, carrying death and destruction in its flight. The high bulwarks of the ship were stove in, the planks of the deck torn up, and two of the four gun-carriages were so split to pieces, that the guns could no longer be worked.

"Surrender!" again demanded Decker.

The answer was a heavy discharge of grape from the two remaining guns.

"Another broadside, my boys! pepper 'em, this time, Mr. Peril," sang out the captain.

The Privateer's guns were heavily shotted, and the schooner having forged a little ahead, she gained a raking position, and opened her batteries upon the ship's deck. The shot swept fore and aft, killing and wounding at least one third of that obstinate crew. For some minutes afterwards not a gun was fired, and naught was heard except groans and shrieks from the dead and dying.

"Have you surrendered?" shouted Decker, after a short cessation of hostilities.

"To whom?" inquired another voice from the Andes.

"To the American letter-o'-marque, Salamander," was the reply.

"Not a pirate, then?" questioned the Englishman.

"No, you swab! I hope you didn't take us for one? Don't you see the stars and stripes of our glorious republic?" queried the Privateersman.

"Ay, sir, and that's what has puzzled us," answered the Briton; "I thought England and the United States were at peace!"

"Ah! I understand! You're from the Indies, and have not learned that the United States have been forced to take up arms against the mother country."

"This is the first intimation we've had of it," replied the Englishman. "My poor captain, who, alas! has just been cut down, thought you were pirates, and he determined not to surrender so long as there remained a breath of life in him. As matters stand, we surrender ourselves into your hands, to be treated only as prisoners of war."

While this conversation was going on, the Privateer had been gradually nearing the ship, and just as the British ensign was hauled down, she ranged alongside, and Captain Decker, followed by Paul Peril, Jack, and several other privateersmen, leaped aboard.

"This is a sorry spectacle, indeed," said the victorious captain, as he viewed the bloody and shattered deck.

The second officer of the Andes—now the first—received the victor courteously, and gave him all the information relative to the vessel, her cargo, etc., that he required.

The Andes was, indeed, as Decker had predicted, a prize worth fighting for—the cargo was of immense value.

The residue of the ship's crew quietly submitted to their fate, being confined between decks as prisoners, instead of being compelled to walk the plank, or having their throats cut, or

being burnt, or tortured to death in some more merciless way by a band of relentless sea marauders.

Orders were now given to clear and scrub the decks, and the carpenter and his men were set to work to repair the rudder, bulwarks, &c., which required the remainder of that day and a part of the next.

Captain Decker, notwithstanding he had succeeded in taking so rich a prize, was in a quandary as to the manner in which he could send her safely into port, for the two prize-masters aboard the Privateer were both sick, and, as the Surgeon decided, unfit for duty. The captain ruminated over this matter for more than half a day. He could not spare his first lieutenant, Wilford: and, as for the second lieutenant, he was a very young man, and incapacitated for such an important duty.

"If I only had with me one of those Cape Ann or Cape Cod skippers," soliloquized Decker, "I'd send him in with the prize."

"Did you speak to me, sir?" said Jack Jarvis, who was standing near.

"No, my lad; I was only giving utterance to my thoughts."

Decker looked the boy full in the face for a moment or two, and then said, with a quick utterance—

"I have it! Boy, send Mr Peril, the first gunner, to me."

The boy darted forward, and in a few moments returned with his uncle.

"Mr. Peril," said the commander, "I desire to impose upon you a new and important duty."

"Ay, sir."

"You're an old seaman, and doubtless fully competent to navigate a ship?"

"Ay, sir; I should feel 'shamed o' the very name o' Peril, after having been a sailor for five and twenty years, if I could not."

"Well, Mr Peril, you know our prize-masters are both under the surgeon's care and unfit for duty. Now, we have a fine prize on our hands, and I wish you to undertake the responsibility of taking her into port. I will furnish you with a crew of good seamen, and give you letters to the Salamander's owners, explaining the whole matter. If you succeed in getting the prize safely moored in old Boston harbor, remember, you will be entitled to a prize-master's rates for the whole cruise."

"With ten men, sir, and my nephew, Jack, I'll engage to take her into port, in about six days, wind, weather and British Cruisers permitting," replied Peril, elated with the idea of being first in command of a ship, even for a brief period.

Before eight on the following evening, everything was in readiness, and the two vessels parted company: the schooner

continuing on in a south-easterly direction, while the prize-ship *Andes*, COMMANDER Peril, gallantly hauled up into the freshly blowing westerly breeze, and stood on a nearly N. N. W. course.

It was a beautiful evening, the crescent moon and the myriad of stars shone with exceeding lustre from out the clear blue sky; but, lovely as was the night, and auspicious as every thing seemed for a prosperous voyage, yet the countenance of that veteran seaman looked troubled. The barometer within the last half hour had rapidly fallen, giving certain indications that a storm was at hand. He went on deck and gave orders for taking in sail.

"Work cheerily, my boys!" said Peril, encouragingly; "a storm is brewing—send down main, fore and mizen royal yards—furl the top-gallant-sails—let go the flying jib—take in the courses—make every thing snug, for we shall catch it shortly."

These orders were obeyed with all possible promptitude. The wind suddenly chopped round to N. N. W., and now blew in fitful gusts. The sky was overcast with thick murky clouds, and the waves rolled with majestic violence.

"All hands on deck to reef topsails!" shouted Peril to the watch below.

In a few moments both watches were aloft, and though the wind blew terrifically, they succeeded in close-reefing the main and fore-topsail, and taking in the mizen. The ship was now careening over the foam-crested billows under close reefed fore topmast staysail and fore and main topsail.

At midnight the wind howled fearfully, the rain began to fall, the thunders rolled, and thunderbolts, like streams of molten metal in fervid glow, darted from out the black clouds and shot across the abyss, illuminating the wild scene. The darkness which followed each flash of lightning was more fearful still. Every timber of the ship creaked, the cordage on the windward side was so strained, that, at every plunge, the commander expected each shroud and stay would snap asunder, and that the tall masts would go by the board. Soon every rag of canvas set was torn to shreds, and the only alternative now was to bear away and run before the gale under bare poles.

Amid the raging of the elements, the loud voice of Peril, through his trumpet, was heard giving orders to that fatigued and almost panic-stricken crew. The ship rolled and pitched heavily over the foam-crested billows, sometimes plunging deep into the trough, and then mounting high on the wave's crest, and then falling as if to be swallowed up in the fearful gulf.

The helmsman lashed himself to his post and each seaman clung to a rope, fearing that those mountain rollers, which followed the ship in fearful rapidity, might sweep over her decks and hurry them into eternity.

It was an awful night, and its lengthened hours dragged heavily along with those on board of that ship. Morning at length dawned, but it brought no sunshine, and the storm-god howled on as fiercely as ever.—The ship had run over several degrees of latitude, and was now within thirty leagues of the Bermudas. Peril clearly saw that if the gale did not abate within a few hours, he should be driven among these islands, and either run ashore, or be taken by the British cruisers, which made their rendezvous at the port of St. George.

This was a dilemma to be avoided if possible, but at present the ship was at the mercy of the winds and the waves.

Towards noon the wind abated, the rain ceased, the dense clouds were broken into fragments, the sun shone brightly over the waters, and the hearts of those weary mariners were gladdened at the sight. Spare topsails, which were found below, were ordered to be bent in place of the shreds which hung from the yards, the top-gallant sails were set, and the Andes was once more heading northerly, under a light breeze from the south west. Towards evening they fell in with the wreck of a large ship, with all her topmasts gone, and apparently abandoned, for not a living thing could be seen aboard. It was Peril's intention to board her, but a circumstance occurred which frustrated his design.

It so happened that the Andes, ere her course was changed, had been discerned from the most northerly harbor of the Bermudas, by a British armed sloop then lying there.—She immediately got under weigh and gave chase for the ship.

It was just at sunset that Jack Jarvis discovered the chase, and reported the fact to his uncle. He had been taking a view of the wreck with the glass when he descried the sloop, otherwise she would have been within gun range ere aware of her approach.

"My eyes are rather dim; I can't make her out," said Peril, handing the glass to Jack.

Our hero took the glass, and leaning over the twenty four pounder on the quarter-deck, and after a scrutinizing look, said, with anxiety depicted on his countenance—

"She's a large, yacht-rigged sloop, uncle; I can see that she carries guns, and a good many men."

"Can you see her flag, Jack?" inquired Peril.

"Yes, uncle—at the peak of the mainsail—'tis the British flag!"

"Guns and thunder!" exclaimed the veteran; "we're in for't!—there's not a chance in a thousand of giving her the slip."

Our young hero thought otherwise. If the reader desires to know Jack's hastily-conceived plan for getting out of a perilous dilemma, he must seek for a solution in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

SHOWING SOMETHING DECIDEDLY NEW IN NAVAL STRATEGY,
THAT A YOUNG HEAD IS SOMETIMES PREFERABLE TO AN
ONE.

THE predicament, in which Commander Peril, of the prize ship Andes, found himself, was truly an awkward one. The British sloop soon came within range of her guns of largest calibre, and it was now clear to our veteran, who had weathered one severe storm in safety, that he was now to weather a storm of a different character, or suffer himself to be captured.

Our young hero, Jack Jarvis, too, saw the danger to which they were exposed, but he did not despair; for it suddenly flashed upon his intelligent mind that there was one way by which the Englishman might be outwitted.

"Can you see no chances of escape?" asked Jack.

"One only," was the veteran's reply; "and that is a lucky shot from this twenty-four pounder—slap into her hull—right between wind and water; but then the devils 'ud be after us in their boats. I tell ye what 'tis, Jack, we may as well make up our minds to spend a year or two in the 'Mudian hulks, or as long as the war lasts."

"Don't you s'pose, uncle, we might pass off for an Englishman?" suggested Jack.

"Eh? what? we? Englishmen! Do I look like an Englishman? do you look like an Englishman? Is there any one of our crew that looks John Bullish?" ejaculated Peril.

"You forget, uncle, we all sprang from the same stock!"

"So we did—so we did!"

"We certainly have got an English flag aboard—the ship is English—her papers are English—"

"And what then?"

"Why, pass ourselves off for Englishmen!" said our hero, with an air of confidence.

"That's a d—bright idea o' yours, Jack; but that sort o' game won't work; why, don't ye see, Jack, that cussed English skipper 'll be aboard here, to see the captain, as soon as we h'ist

the British rag; he'll find a Yankee instead, and then we're trapped."

"Yes, uncle," said Jack, "but you needn't tell him you're an American, and that your name is Peril; when he hails, answer as if you were Captain Wagstaff."

"But the papers, Jack; he'll be aboard to see the papers!"

"Let him see them, but you can go below and first examine them; then, uncle, if you'll put on Captain Wagstaff's rig, which is hanging in the state room, and assume to be him, depend upon it, he'll be deceived and we shall be allowed to proceed on our voyage."

Jack exclaimed the delighted tar; "give us yer grappler! You're a trump—I al'us said it, and I al'us shall say it! Sheepshanks and brace-blocks! who'd a thought o' such a scheme as that! nobody but you, Jack, could ha' thought of it."

A flash from a gun of the sloop's battery, and a shot ricocheted across the water, and fell a few yards short of the ship.

"That as much as to say, 'heave to!'" remarked Peril; "but we're not quite ready to understand you yet! Jack, run up the flag—that may stop the fellow's barking."

"It would please me better, uncle, to hand down instead of hoist the flag of our enemies," replied Jack, as he caught hold of the peak halliards and ran up the British ensign.

The display of the flag did not appear to satisfy the commander of the sloop, for his guns kept blazing away, and one shot striking the stern, Peril ordered the ship to be hove-to; but he had gained all the time he wanted, that is, sufficient to make all necessary preparations for the reception of His Majesty's officers. He had donned a suit of his captain's apparel, and now strutted on the quarter-deck with all the dignity of a genuine John Bull. He had also provided himself with a pair of pistols, and Jack had done likewise, from a case which they had discovered in the cabin; but he cautioned his nephew not to use them unless in cases of extreme emergency.

Some apprehensions were entertained by Peril in reference to the old crew of the *Andes*, all of whom, twenty-eight in number, including the first officer, were in irons between decks. If, by any means they should know the true character of the position in which the prize-crew were placed, they might create an alarm that would excite the attention of the officers of the sloop should they come aboard, and then of course the ship would fall into their hands. Peril expressed his fears to Jack.

"Leave that to me, uncle," said our hero. "I think I can devise means to preserve quiet below."

Accompanied by two sailors Jack went down to the prisoners.

"Ah, ha! my Yankee Doodles!" exclaimed the chief officer,

exultingly, notwithstanding he was in irons; "so, you've come to exchange places with us; well, it is the fortune of war; be quick about removing these irons; you'll find them by no means comfortable."

"But what leads you to suppose that we are here to set you at liberty?" queried Jack.

"Are you not chased by a British man-o'-war? Do I not hear her war-dogs barking at your heels? You can't deceive me."

"But we can put a stopper on your tongue, captain," said Jack; "and however disagreeable the duty may be, my business here is to deprive you of the power of speech until we get rid of an ugly customer!"

"By the fires of Hades, you shall not gag me!" exclaimed the officer.

"Nor me!" declared a second.

"Nor any of us!" declared a third.

"The first man who resists will have his brains blown out!" said Jack, firmly, and taking a pistol from his pocket he coolly cocked it. "Men," said he, "do your duty."

The two sailors had previously prepared the requisite number of gags—a very simple instrument, composed of a round piece of wood, six inches in length and three-fourths of an inch in diameter, to which was attached a lanyard, or piece of spun yarn—and stepped towards the Englishmen for the purpose of carrying into effect the order.

"Stand off, you d—d Yankee cut-throat!" exclaimed the leading Englishman; "don't you dare to put that in my mouth!"

"Silence!" commanded Jack, leveling his pistol at the officer's head.

They had no power of resistance, for they were in double irons; and, as for protesting, that were worse than useless, for they saw in the Yankee boy's countenance, something which indicated that he would not scruple to send a leaden messenger into one of their skulls, at least, if they did not quietly submit to the operation.

After some half a dozen of the speech-destroying instruments had been affixed, three of the Englishmen, who had contrived to shake off their shackles, suddenly leaped to their feet, each selecting his man. One of the Americans was struck down with a pair of handcuffs; another was struggling for the mastery with a second, while the third rushed towards our hero for the purpose of crushing him at a blow.

A click of the trigger—a sharp report—and the bold man fell to the deck, sent to his last account by the brave youth, in defense of his own life!

The other two paused when they saw their comrade fall; they would have avenged his death in another moment had they not seen the daring boy deliberately produce another pistol, and stand his ground unflinchingly. The two Englishmen were now seized, and without attempting any further resistance, submitted to having their limbs securely bound and to the more unpleasant operation of being gagged. There was no more difficulty—all were perfectly secure from action or speech. Jack and his two comrades then went on deck, fastened down the hatches, and went about performing their ordinary duties as if nothing had happened.

Meanwhile this scene was occurring between decks, the armed sloop came up, and lay broadside to, within cable's length of the prize-ship.

"Ship ahoy!" was the loud hail from the quarter-deck of the sloop.

"Halloa!" responded Peril, with an air of unconcern.

"What ship is that?"

"The Andes."

"Who commands?"

"Captain John Wagstaff!" replied Peril, assuming the deceased captain's name.

"Where from?"

"Canton."

"Whither bound?"

"London."

"How many days' passage?"

"One hundred and eighty, including stoppages at Valparaiso and Rio."

"Captain Wagstaff, this is His Majesty's Sloop Terror, Commander Walton," cried the British officer; "you will please send your papers aboard!"

"Our jolly boat was lost in the gale, and the long boat is completely unfit to launch!" answered Peril.

Such was indeed the fact, otherwise Peril would have promptly complied, for he had obvious reasons for not desiring a visit from any of the officers or crew of the unwelcome stranger.

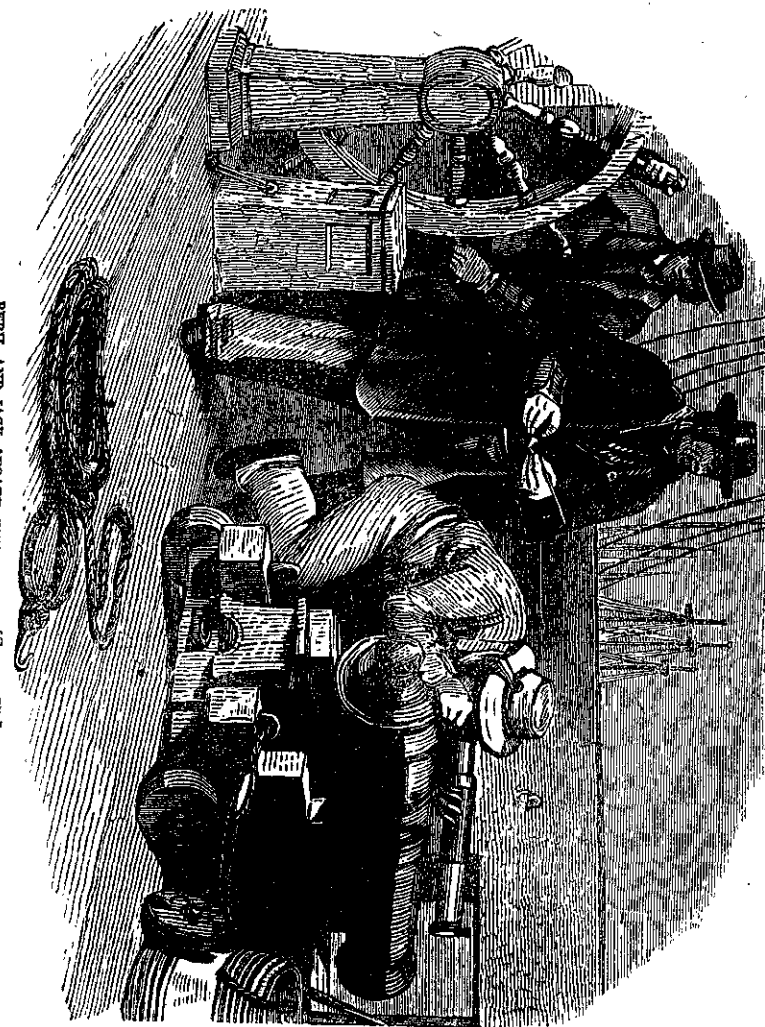
After a brief continuation of the parley the sloop was about to proceed on her way, when Captain Walton, who had apparently forgotten something, again hailed the ship.

"Have you any spare seaman aboard?"

"No, sir—we're short-handed—scarcely enough to work ship!" replied Peril.

This answer, however, did not appear to satisfy the commander of the sloop. A six-oared gig was immediately launched, and he, with one midshipman and a full complement of men put off for the ship.

PERIL AND JACK ABOARD THE PRIZE. [See p. 57.]



Peril received his visitors at the gangway, with all the politeness his rough nature could muster for the occasion.

"Captain Wagstaff, I believe, sir," said the officer, extending his hand, and announcing his name and rank.

"Ay, sir," said Peril.

"I am glad to fall in with you," said commander Walton; "but am extremely sorry to detain you for a single moment. Midshipman Vanhorn, Captain Wagstaff," said he, introducing a young Reefer.

"Happy to see you, gentlemen," returned Paul, making an awkward bow, wishing in his heart that they were safe in Davy Jones' locker, or a worse place, than on that deck. "Walk into the cabin, gentlemen."

Peril ushered his visitors into the well-furnished cabin of the *Andes*, and after being seated, Captain Walton resumed the conversation.

"Captain Wagstaff," said he, "we cruisers have many unpleasant duties to perform in these stirring times; and the truth is, my instructions compel me to scrutinize closely every vessel that we fall in with. These d—d Yankees have become so intolerably saucy, sharp and cunning, that we're obliged to use every precaution."

"Then it appears we're at war with these Jonathans ag'in?" said Peril, professing to be ignorant of the fact.

"Oh, yes!" replied the Englishman; "Jonathan is getting altogether too large for his breeches; and he has had the bold presumption to wage war against Old England! Ha, ha! the joke is too good! too d—d rich! But, Captain Wagstaff, had you not heard this precious piece of intelligence?"

"Before I sailed from Rio, there was a rumor of difficulty between the two nations, but what it was all about I couldn't ascertain."

"Yes, captain," resumed Walton; "we've got to fight the infernal Yankees, and give them a severe drubbing. The war 'll not last long, I'm thinking; in six months' time we'll so humble them, that they 'll stay humble for at least a couple of generations."

"Take a glass o' wine, gentlemen," said Peril; "boy," speaking to Jack Jarvis, who was a silent listener; "open the liquor case, and let's have the best we've got aboard.—Captain Walton, you desired to see the ship's papers—here they are, sir," said Peril placing them before him.

"It's scarcely of any consequence—mere form, sir—just to comply with orders," said the unsuspecting Englishman, glancing his eyes over a schedule of the ship's cargo. "A rich freight, I perceive. What is the estimated value?"

"About two hundred thousand!" replied Peril, without knowing whether it was worth more or half this sum.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the Englishman, staring incredulously. "Two hundred thousand! enormous! why fifty thousand pounds would be a rich freight for our first class ships!"

"Pounds!" repeated Peril; "I said nothing about pounds! At a rough guess, I calculated the cargo at about two hundred thousand dollars!"

"Dollars! ah! a dollar's about four shillings! Ah! that makes a material difference; but, damme, captain, if I don't think you've been trading with those infernal Yankees!"

"Ex-exactly—exactly, sir—lots of 'em out to Canton—money making fellows—deuced sharp—had lots o' dickerin'—"

Peril's speech was cut off by the sudden appearance of a salver, loaded with decanters and tumblers, which was thrust rather unceremoniously before the visitors.

The truth was, our young friend, Jack, had noticed the *lapse* of his uncle, which had come so near betraying their Yankee origin; and in order to divert the attention of the guests, he had thrust the salver before them rather hastily.

"Come, fill up!" said Peril; "here's good Madeira, Sherry, and whisky; but, here's some brandy that I can particularly recommend; this is its fourth voyage to India—very old and very smooth."

"Ah! I'll try the brandy," said Walton, filling a tumbler nearly half full. "You, Indiaman, always carry the best of liquors; and if there is any one beverage that I like far better than another it is brandy. (His jolly red nose was a living corroborator of his assertion.) I'll give you a toast—here's to George the Fourth, and William, the Sailor prince of Wales!"

Peril emptied his glass with the others, but in his heart he felt more like dashing the glass in pieces upon the floor. They drank the toast standing, and reseating themselves, the conversation was renewed, but it was of so trivial a character that we will forbear introducing it.

"Now, Captain Wagstaff, we'll have a toast from you, if you please," at length said Walton, who began to show decided symptoms of being a sheet or two in the wind.

"My best respects, Captain Walton; may you be as successful in your cruise as I could wish you!" said Peril.

"That's what I should call rather an equivocal toast," said Walton, beginning to speak rather thickly. "It may be your wish, for aught I know, that I should be captured by those d—d scoundrelly Yankee Doodles!"

"Oh, sir, you cannot believe me such a hardened wretch, as to wish you to fall into any d—n scoundrels' hands!" replied Peril.

"Of course I could not wrong a fellow countryman by so foul a thought. You'll understand—mere joke, you know—we, in the United Service, are somewhat given to this sort of thing. Come, Vanhorn," he continued, addressing the midshipman, "let's have a toast, or a song, or something from you."

"Certainly—by all means," said the Reefer, filling his glass with Madeira, at the same time gazing with a keen, penetrating, searching look into the weather-beaten visage of Peril; "I'll give you,—Our Yankee Enemies! Bold as they are, we shall teach them submission! cunning as they are, they cannot deceive us!"

Peril looked agitated, while Jack, who was standing at the foot of the companion stairs, had watched the countenance of the midshipman with as close a scrutiny as the latter had watched the prize-master. He read the alarming fact that Vanhorn was strongly suspicious all was not right, and he awaited the issue with fear and trembling.

"Captain Wagstaff!" exclaimed the midshipman, starting up suddenly, "we are grossly deceived!"

"What!" how!" ejaculated the half-inebriated commander, leaping to his feet, at the same time drawing his sword.

"This is a British ship in the hands of a cursed Yankee!" cried the midshipman.

"Summon the boat's crew, and hail the sloop, Vanhorn!" commanded the British captain, amazed at the midshipman's startling announcement.

At this juncture Jack Jarvis darted up the companion stairs, drew over the slide, and fastened it so as to make egress impossible to the Englishmen, leaving himself also within. As he was descending, the midshipman was about to rush up to alarm the boat's crew, but our hero produced a pistol and leveling at his head, suddenly arrested his further progress.

"Back! back! you cannot pass here!" said Jack in determined tones; "advance a single step and you're a dead man!"

The midshipman recoiled. He had no weapon in his possession, excepting a short hanger, with which it would have been but mere bravado to attempt a resistance.

In the meanwhile Peril had not been idle. At the moment Vanhorn made the declaration of that which in reality was true, he grappled with Walton, threw him to the floor, and placing one knee upon his breast, held him firmly.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried the discomfited captain.

"Ramrods and belaying pins!" answered Peril. "You cry for mercy? you, who don't know no more what 'tis to show mercy than a sea-lawyer does!"

"Pon my 'onor, sir."

"Avast there! belay! I wouldn't give an ounce o' pigtail for all the honor in your bloody English hulk. I tell ye what 'tis captain, you must try another tack if you want to get out o' this scrape with a whole skin. I don't want to take any 'vantage of yer situation, but I'm determined to take this prize to the U. S. lettre-o'-marque Salamander into a Yankee port in safety, or blow her up! You see this train," continued Peril, taking up the end of a fuse which ran along the cabin floor; "this leads to the ship's magazine, and there's a round dozen kegs o' brimstone and saltpetre left. If you should happen to turn the tables on us, d——n my buttons if I don't set fire to this match, and we'll go to Davy Jones in company!"

"I'll give you a thousand pounds if you'll release me and my companion!" said Walton, thinking he had at length found the weak spot in Jonathan's nature.

"What! you d——d John Bull Swab, d'ye mean to insult me?" ejaculated Peril.—"I ought to give ye to the sharks to mess on for thinkin' that money 'ud make a Yankee tar avoid his duty!"

"Dictate your own terms!" at length said Walton, almost despairing of hope to make terms with his stern antagonist.

"I'll not trust yer honor as ye call it, for once on yer quarter-deck, you'd begin pitching your hot shot into us; I'll not take yer money, for a true Yankee can never be bought; I'll—"

"You shall have both!" interrupted Walton.

"The devil trust ye, I'll not."

"Then, what will you 'ave?" said the impatient captain.

"Let me see," said Paul, reflecting as to the best mode of action, in order to get safely out of reach of the King's cruiser.

"Uncle, I've thought of a plan," said Jack, who still closely watched the subdued midshipman, and who clearly saw his old uncle's embarrassment.

"Well, what is it, Jack?"

"Make the British captain write an order to his chief officer to unbend his sails!—he can assign a reason for it, if he chooses!" was our hero's suggestion.

"Exactly, Jack! it takes you, by Jupiter! I said you was a trump!—I say it now—I shall always say it!" Then addressing the Briton, whom he still held to the floor, "did ye hear that?"

"Yes."

"Well, let me tell you that boy is my nephew—he's but sixteen, but shiver my timbers, if I wouldn't trust him with the command of a three-decker!" said Peril, almost wondering that the captain did not join with him in praise of the youth. "I understand,—you Johnny Bulls never could see any thing good in any thing but what's English. But what d'ye say to that

lad's plan? Make up yer mind thundering quick, or out o' the cabin window you go to the sharks!"

"You desire me to send an order to the sloop to unbend her sails?" said Walton, inquiringly.

"Ay, sir, exactly!"

"Is that the only alternative?"

"Yes," replied Paul; "but you and your friend must not scruple to be locked into separate state rooms of the ship, until the order be executed."

"Well, well, I accept your proposition," said Walton; "I see no other way of getting out of a bad scrape."

Peril now allowed the captain to get up and seat himself at the table. He then placed writing materials before him, but while the officer reluctantly wrote the singular order, he stood beside him, examining with an air of carelessness and indifference a loaded pistol which he held in his hands.

The dispatch was finished, and Walton affixed his signature thereto. It was a simple order for the immediate unbending of the Terror's canvas, giving as a reason that the lighter suit in the sail-room must be bent in lieu of the heavy one now attached to the spars. Peril examined it critically, and then handed it to Jack, who assented to it with a slight addition, to the effect that the sails to be substituted were not to be bent until he (Walton) should return to the Terror, so that he might have an opportunity of examining them.

"Now, Captain Walton," said Peril, opening a state-room door, and pointing into it with his pistol; "you'll please stow yourself in there. I hope I shan't have to detain you long; but that'll depend 'pon the smartness of your crew in getting the rags from the spars."

The officer, acting upon the convenient principle that "discretion is the better part of valor," backed himself into his temporary prison. Peril secured the door, and then directed the midshipman into another state-room. He followed the captain's example, probably, on the same Falstaffian principle.

"Here's the order, Jack—take it to the coxswain—you know the rest," said the veteran hurriedly.

The lad hurried upon deck and to the gangway. The boat's crew were resting upon their oars, awaiting the coming of their superiors.

"Coxswain," said Jack, "Captain Walton orders this note to be taken off to Lieutenant Seyton of the Terror, and he wishes the boat to return for him and Mr. Vanhorn, as soon as the order's executed!"

The boat pulled off for the sloop, and the note handed up to Lieutenant Seyton.

"By Jupiter! that's a strange order!" said Seyton to one of his mess, passing the note into the hands of a brother officer; "our commander is rather a capricious character, if I am a judge of human nature."

"I agree with you," replied the other officer; "and this is one of his most singular freaks. I'm inclined to believe that he and Van are getting merry over the Indiaman's good liquors!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the other; "I think as much. Unbend the sails! that's the command, surely—out here in the Atlantic!—stranger still. Well, it's the commander's will to give the order, and it's our duty to execute it, ridiculous as it may appear. Perhaps he thinks that the men are getting rusty for lack of work to do."

All hands were now piped on deck, except the Marines, and the order given to unbend sails. As many sailors as could toil to advantage set themselves to work, and in the course of twenty minutes every rag of canvas was upon the deck, the running rigging neatly coiled up, leaving the heavy spars with nothing attached to them but the stays, shrouds, and other standing cordage, and the sloop to float as the elements should direct.

In the meantime, aboard the *Andes*, Peril had ordered every sail to be loosened from its lashings, in order that it might be sheeted home at a moment's warning. He had also had cartridges, large shot and grape handed up to meet any emergency possible. In short, everything was put in excellent order to show the English cruiser the ship's heels, and to do a bit o' fighting should occasion require.

"Sloop, ahoy!" hailed our Yankee prize-master, as soon as he saw that all matters on board of both vessels were fixed to his mind.

The officer of the deck answered the hail.

"Send your boat off for Captain Walton and Midshipman Vanhorn!" cried Peril.

Before the sloop's gig reached the gangway, the two British officers were released from their narrow quarters, and repaired to the gangway, eager once more to tread their own deck. The boat came alongside—the officers took their places aft, and just as she shoved off, Peril sang out—

"A delightful cruise to ye, gentlemen! But, keep a sharp look-out, captain, for those d—d infernal Yankees you told us of!"

There was no reply to this parting salute. Walton was doggedly silent, and Vanhorn seemed to feel as if those "scoundrelly Yankee Doodles" as his commander had seen fit to call them, were, after all, a foe not to be despised.

Before the oarsmen had made a dozen sweeps, the ship began to bear away before the breeze; the main, fore and mizen top-sails were sheeted home in a trice; down went the top-gallant sails and courses; foresail jib and spanker swelled their bosoms to the breeze; main and fore-royals were set; soon followed the studding-sails, and the gallant Indiaman, with the wind nearly aft, was fast leaving the partially dismantled and harmless British cruiser!

As soon as the ship had got under full headway, the British flag came down upon the run; and in a few minutes it was again hoisted—but not chock up to the peak; for above it floated gracefully another ensign—the glorious banner of Liberty!

This was more than the pride of John Bull could bear, and shot after shot was fired from the *Terror*—but it was a waste of ammunition; for not a shot reached the ship. Peril gave them one gun as a parting salute, not with the hope, however, of injuring his outwitted antagonist, but merely to demonstrate his feelings over the victory he had gained over his formidable antagonist!

It was fairly midnight when our Yankee friends took a final leave of their chop-fallen enemy; but the night was so bright, that an hour elapsed ere the cruiser was lost to their view. The ship ploughed on in all her majestic dignity; the watch on deck kept a watchful look-out, while their comrades below were enjoying a four hours' sweet repose. The stars shone out with exceeding brilliancy, and the half-grown moon, now sinking beneath the western waters, cast its soft radiance across the waters, tipping with silvery light the crests of the smoothly-rolling billows.

And over the waves they took their flight—
Not a moment did they linger!—
With every fleck of spray as bright
As gem on lady's finger!

CHAPTER V.

ANOTHER CHASE, AND A LITTLE MORE BRIMSTONE AND SALT PETRE, WITH ANOTHER SPECIMEN OF YANKEE STRATEGY.

"LAND HO!" was shouted from the mast-head of the noble prize-ship *Andes*, some four or five days after giving the *Terror* the slip.

Blessed cry! blessed sight! to the mariner. Thoughts of home, friends, and all the thousand comforts which he is deprived of in his adventurous vocation, rush anew upon his brain, and thrill his heart with pleasurable sensations.

Though but a brief period had elapsed since the privateersmen had sailed on their cruise, yet to them the cry of "Land ho!" was heard with more than ordinary feelings of joy, for theirs was indeed a voyage of peril; not that they feared the fiercely raging wind, the rolling billows, or a rock-bound coast, but they were apprehensive that they might again be intercepted by one or more of the many English cruisers which hovered along the coast from the Bay of Fundy to Cape Hatteras, ready to pounce upon every American merchantman that had the temerity to show her prow beyond the reach of the guns which protected the harbor from which she might sail.

It was two bells in the forenoon watch when land was descried. According to Peril's reckoning he was off Montauk Point, and he bore away northerly a point or two, and before the sun went down that evening, he was but a few leagues S. E. from Cape Cod light. The breeze was light but favorable, and every rag of canvas that could be hoisted was spread to the breeze.

A look-out was kept constantly aloft that every sail might be discerned on its earliest appearance in the distance. Night came on, but the moon was near its full, and the stars glimmered brightly, so that vessels of large size were discernible at a distance of some three or four miles.

Just after six bells had struck, in the second watch, the *Andes* rounded the Cape and entered Massachusetts Bay. When off Cape Cod Harbor, two vessels, a large frigate, and an armed schooner, were discovered lying at anchor, inside the

harbor. Peril, on close examination, decided them to be English vessels, for at this period, it is well known, the enemy's ships of war were known to make this harbor a port of refuge in cases of severe weather, and sometimes made it convenient for obtaining supplies of fresh water and for other purposes.

No sooner were the vessels in sight of each other, than a beating of drums from on board the frigate, startled the ears of our Yankee prize crew, and summoned to quarters the crews of the enemy. Soon the cries of "Yo, heave oh!" and the rapid fall of the palls of the windlass, announced to those on board the ship that one or both of the vessels was getting underweigh, and that they might expect another chase. Anon, the frigate's main and mizen topsails were set square aback; the buoy was grappled; the jib run up, and the anchor was hoisted to the cat-head and fished. The breeze, which had freshened a little as the morning dawned, blew directly out of the harbor. As the frigate gathered headway, the helm was righted, head-yards squared, topgallant sails, royals and foresails set; the lifts, trusses and back-stay falls were hauled taut, and the gallant frigate *Shannon*, of 52 guns, and a crew of 280 men, with signal flying, stood out of the harbor, for the purpose of overhauling and bringing-to the strange sail, which the commander naturally supposed must be an American merchantman.

Meanwhile the ponderous frigate was getting underweigh, and running safely into the Bay, the prize-ship, with the wind nearly abeam, had run some six or eight knots towards that glorious haven which the privateersmen so eagerly hoped to reach.

The first and second watches were both on deck, and anxiety was depicted in every countenance. To have that rich prize snatched from them, and themselves made prisoners, on the day of their rejoicing, in their own waters, and almost within sight of their friends and home, was a catastrophe much to be dreaded. As soon as the frigate had gained a sufficient offing to avoid the rocks and shoals of the Cape, she hauled up into the wind, and stood directly in the wake of the ship. Unfortunately for our heroes the frigate was the fastest sailer, and having hoisted staysails, trysails, flying jib, and, indeed every piece of canvas that would draw, she decreased the distance between them each moment.

"A stern chase is always a long chase," remarked Peril, to his nephew.

The prize-master had taken the helm, for no man was better qualified to perform the duty of pilot in Massachusetts Bay than Paul Peril.

"I hope it will prove so in our case," replied Jack, looking

with an eye of anxiety at the cloud of canvas which the chase had spread, and at her larboard tier of guns, and otherwise formidable appearance.

"We've got the weather-gage of her at all events, Jack," said Peril, "and we can keep it; for if she tries to hug the shore as closely as we do, she'll find herself aground."

"Yes, uncle, but she can blow us out of the water, if she once gets that battery to bear upon us."

"Well, Jack, we must put as good a face on the matter as we can; we've got out o' two bad scrapes, and, seize me up, if I don't feel as if that frigate was never to take us. It looks squally, just now, but d'ye see, Jack, it's half ebb, the wind'll die away, and then we can get ahead as fast as she, because we can creep along where the current isn't so strong. Besides, Jack, I've a notion, 'fore she gets her carronades within range, to toss her a shot or two from these twenty-four pounders. A lucky shot, say, at her fore-topmast would cripple her 'mazingly; and a chain-shot through the belly of her main-topsail—that would do the business; we might laugh at her and defy her. My Sally al' us says there's many a slip 'tween the cup and the lip; whether Jonathan or John Bull is going to make a slip this time is uncertain. That Englishman looks just as if he thought he'd got us 'tween his bloody teeth; but let him come on—if he don't mind his 'elm mighty sharp he'll find something to be more 'fraid of than guns or gunpowder."

"What's to be done, uncle, if she succeeds in overhauling us?" queried Jack.

"Fight! run the ship ashore! blow her up! do any thing 'fore that British devil shall have her!" answered Peril, energetically.

The veteran now relinquished the helm to one of the men, and, taking his glass he took a survey of the chase.

"What do you see?" inquired Jack.

"See!—I see as beautiful a deck as ever was cleared for action—men at their quarters, marines, tars and all—guns loose, tompons out, matches lighted, and every thing in readiness to give us a shower o' black pills that 'ud rip our daylight out, if they once get one o' those batteries playing at us within fair range. Blast my tarry top-lights, if she ain't getting out o' her boats!" exclaimed the veteran after a brief pause. "What's that for I wonder? Can't be that they reckon on getting their craft through the water any faster by towing, with this breeze. There goes the cutter around to the gangway! The men are tumbling into her! There goes—yes, by the great guns, there goes five, six, eight, ten, twelve marines! The devils mean to board us, Jack!"

Sure enough, the commander of the frigate finding that he

was not gaining upon the stranger so fast as he desired, and not deeming it was safe to risk the frigate too far up the Bay, determined on sending the cutter to board the ship, not fearing the slightest difficulty in capturing her, for no means of resistance were visible. No sooner had the cutter got away from the gangway than the frigate's launch was got ready and manned with eight oarsmen and as many marines as could comfortably crowd into it, and started off in the wake of her companion.

These preparations were all observed and well understood aboard the prize-ship, and they created no little panic among the privateersmen, for it was evident that, as the boats were but little more than a league distant they would in all probability be alongside in half an hour. Peril saw the feeling among his men, and endeavored to dispel it by issuing spirited orders for giving the boats a much warmer reception than there was any visible cause for anticipating.

There was plenty of ammunition aboard the ship, excepting grape-shot, of which there were but two bags; and this was the article most needed in the present emergency. These, with several twenty-four pound shot, and cartridges, were ordered to be passed up. One of the heavy guns was charged with full-sized shot, and the match was lighted, ready to blaze away, on the first hostile demonstration.

As soon as the boats started, one of the frigate's bow-chasers was fired, as a signal for the ship to heave-to. No answer was returned; another and another shot followed, but the fleeing vessel heeded them not, and kept steadily and resolutely on her course. The boats, by the extraordinary efforts of the oarsmen, at last succeeded in nearing the ship within hailing distance, when the lieutenant in command shouted—

"Ship ahoy!—ship ahoy!"

"Hal-l-o-a!" drawled out the prize-master.

"What ship is that?"

"The Andes!"

"Heave-to!"

"Couldn't think of it—must reach Boston harbor to-night!" answered Peril, in a cool, imperturbable manner.

"Heave-to! or we'll hang every mother's son of ye to the yard-arm!" cried the lieutenant, angrily.

"Can't help it, sir," replied Peril; "we can't commodate ye."

"Heave-to!" again shouted the enraged officer; "heave-to, or by h— you shall undergo all the torments of a tortured death!"

"Dead eyes and jiggers!—you can't be in earnest?" queried Peril, endeavoring to put on as indifferent an air upon the matter as possible.

These taunting replies and refusals to obey his command, had put the excitable lieutenant into the highest pitch of frenzy; and, in his madness, he ordered his marines to fire upon Peril, whose head was visible above the taffarel. The command was instantly obeyed, and a volley of a dozen shots was aimed and fired at Peril, but the balls pattered against the ship's lee quarter, doing no more injury than so many hailstones would have done.

"Ready! boys!" he exclaimed to the men at the starboard quarter gun; and after depressing the piece carefully so as to be sure of his target he gave the order to fire!

The heavy gun bellowed! a crash followed! succeeded by cries, groans and shrieks of dying and drowning men! and when the sulphurous smoke cleared away, a shocking sight met their eyes. The shot had struck the bows of the cutter, stove it in, and raked her fore and aft, killing and wounding nearly half of her crew, including the first officer. The residue were floundering about in the water, seeking fragments of the shattered boat to cling to until the launch, which was but a few rods astern, should approach and rescue them from impending peril. With considerable difficulty some five or six were picked up, and the rest sunk beneath the surface of the water, never more to rise.

The launch, with this addition to her numbers, was now crowded with men. After the awful catastrophe which had been witnessed, prudence would have suggested to the officer of the launch to return to the frigate, and not attempt to carry out the order of the frigate's commander; but he was a bold man, and swore to avenge his comrades' death, or meet a like fate. He urged the oarsmen to pull with all their might, and he addressed them in language which seemed to inspire them with a courage which would have carried them on, had they been sure death and destruction were in their path!

Instead of endeavoring to run diagonally towards the ship, as the ill-fated cutter had done, the launch was steered directly in the ship's wake, until she got almost directly under her stern, and then shot along on the windward side towards the gangway stairs. The privateersmen, though few in number, had assembled with such small arms as the arm-chest afforded, to give the enemy as warm a reception as possible, each one having resolved not to yield so long as they had power to wield a weapon. The gangway steps having been taken aboard, they forged ahead, grappled the main-chains, and endeavored to clamber up the ship's sides; but the prize-men succeeded in beating them down with cutlasses, capstan-bars, and such weapons as they could seize upon. Three marines succeeded in mounting the channels when a desperate conflict ensued, in

which two of them were finally struck down by Peril and one of the men. The third was shot by a pistol in the hands of our ever-heroic Jack. The officer, exasperated to frenzy, shouted and cursed like a madman. Perceiving that his men began to falter, he began to berate them with unmannerly epithets.

"Cowards! slaves! puppies! Will you let a handful of d—d Yankee cut-throats thus destroy your comrades! Up, up, you poltroons, or die like so many dogs!" and he commenced goading them on with the point of his two-edged sword as if they were so many beasts of burden.

Finding that he could not thus urge on his men, to victory, he rushed through his men, to the bows of the boat, and seizing the chains, he cried—

"Now see if you can follow me you cursed sons of b——!"

The men stood ready to follow, when down among them came a twenty-four pound ball with an awful crash, making a ragged breach through the launch of double the ball's diameter! Some of the boat's crew, terrified at this unexpected catastrophe, leaned overboard, while others caught hold of the chains, clinging not for victory but for dear life!—Another ball and another crash followed, and the launch was a perfect wreck!

Even the privateersmen were astonished at this unexpected aid! Whether the heavy shot came from the clouds or not, or from whom they came, was indeed a mystery, until looking aloft, they espied Jack Jarvis on the main-yard, with a third shot, attached to the yard by a lanyard, directly over the boat, ready to cut it loose at the moment circumstances should require!

During the excitement of the contest, in which every one of the crew, except the helmsman, was engaged, our adventurous hero had quietly carried up to the main-cap three twenty-four pound shot, one at a time, had affixed long slings to them, and then conveyed them out on to the yard, directly over the boat, and after suspending them, he drew his sheath-knife and coolly awaited the proper moment to cut the cords and let them drop upon the enemy beneath!

Jack's singular expedient, and perhaps, under some circumstances, censurable mode of warfare, decided the contest, so far as the boarding expedition was concerned, but there were other difficulties to encounter, which we will relate anon.

The British officer, on perceiving his boat stove to pieces beneath him, and his men thus scattered in a moment, and from an unseen cause, made a virtue of necessity, and cried "quarter! quarter!" The privateersmen immediately ceased hostilities, and made prisoners of the officer and three or four of his men who had clung to the chains at the moment our young hero struck his decisive blow. They were immediately put in

irons, the men sent into the fore-castle, while the officer was sent into the cabin. When Peril received the officer's sword, he looked around him with an expression of astonishment.

"Where are your men, captain?" he asked.

"Here they are!" replied Peril, pointing to the little knot of Yankee seamen who stood about him.

"Why, here isn't half a crew for working so large a ship as this, much less for winning such a victory as you have won," said the Englishman. "May I ask what ship this is?"

"The late British ship *Andes*, now prize to the American Privateer *Salamander*, Captain Decker, out on a cruise!" replied Peril with an air of pride.

"The deuce 'tis!" exclaimed the officer, still more surprised.

"Most certainly."

"And you are the prize-master, and these comprise the prize-crew?"

"Ay, sir—we have that honor!" replied Paul, with all the dignity which a few days' command had given him.

When one of the seamen brought forward a pair of iron "ruffles" for the captive officer's wrists, Peril remarked—

"I am sorry, sir, to be compelled to serve you, sir, as I have served your men, but my circumstances are rather desperate just now. We've no men to spare, d'ye see, to keep a look out for prisoners; besides, we've got a score or more of you Englishmen 'tween decks."

"What! more prisoners?"

"Ay, sir!"

"The devil you have?"

"Ay, and they're making such a rumpus we must see they're constantly getting their irons off," said the veteran; "and if you wish to make yourself comfortable, you'll find a snug, unoccupied berth in the cabin, and a seat in our mess."

"Thanks for your proffered hospitality, sir," said the Englishman, with a gentlemanly air, for his anger had become completely subdued by his disastrous defeat.

"Jack, my lad," said Peril, calling upon his brave nephew; "show this unfortunate gentleman below, and d'ye hear, Jack, give him a cup o' that grog which Captain Walton liked so well."

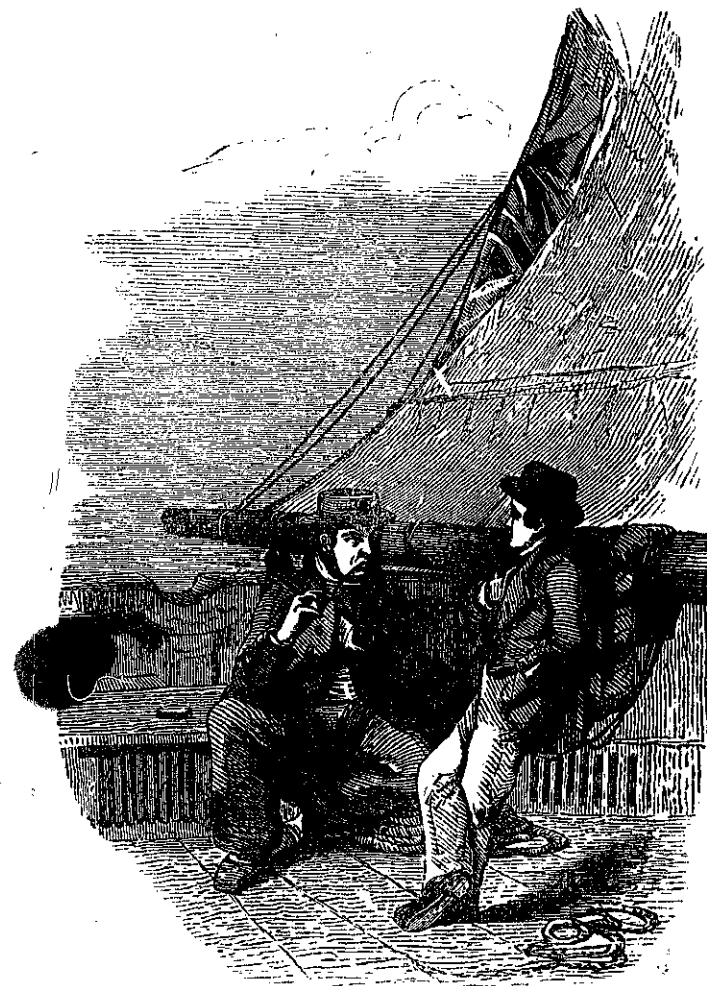
"Captain Walton," repeated the Englishman; "what Captain Walton do you allude to?"

"One o' your British captains—the commander of an armed sloop cruising off the Bermudas," replied Peril.

"What, the Terror?"

"Exactly."

"Why, her commander is my elder-brother!" said the officer.



PAUL PERIL AND JACK JARVIS ABOARD H. B. M. SHIP MERCURY. [See p. 107.]

"D—n my buttons!" exclaimed Paul, "if I didn't think you looked as much like him as one tail-block looks like another!"

"What of my brother?" eagerly asked the prisoner.

"Nothing," replied Paul, "only he was aboard of us a few evenings since, and took a few glasses o' grog with us—that's all."

"He left you well, I trust?"

"Oh, he was in most excellent spirits!"

"And where is he now?"

"He's on the sea if the sea isn't on him," was Paul's most unsatisfactory answer. "If you want to know the whole story of his boarding us, just hold on till we get snugly into port, and I'll tell you a merry yarn about that affair—it's as good as a play."

"Do you hope to escape the frigate?"

"Hope! ay, sir, and expect it too," replied Peril, raising his glass, and taking a look at his formidable pursuer.

"You're sanguine, methinks?"

"She's got to bowl along at a faster rate than she has done to overhaul us," said Peril. "She hasn't shortened the distance between us three cable's length for the last hour. D'ye see," continued he, surveying the shore, "we've passed Scituate light, and in another hour we shall be off Cohasset rocks; and in two hours we shall be in Nantasket Roads; beyond the Roads I rather reckon your frigate wouldn't like to venture, eh?" said Paul, his eye twinkling.

"I wasn't aware we'd run so far up the Bay," remarked the Englishman.

"Oh, we've had a pretty good run since daylight this morning," resumed Peril; "a light breeze but steady, and neither of us has been sparing of canvas."

The officer, after gazing around the ship with wondering eyes, and looking at his own frigate with an expression of melancholy, uttered a deep sigh, and followed our hero into the cabin, where for the present we shall leave him, brooding over the sad misfortunes of the day.

Six bells of the afternoon watch were struck, when it was ascertained that about one third of the prisoners, confined between decks, had contrived to free themselves from their manacles, and were now endeavoring to break through the bulkheads for the purpose of joining the prisoners in the forecabin with whom they had been able to communicate. Peril, accompanied by only three seamen, went below for the purpose of thwarting their intention. They had so started one of the planks or thick boards of the partition as to be able to thrust their hands through. The fingers of no less than three pairs of

hands met Peril's eye as he descended into the forecabin; and they were all swaying away together with the hope of pulling it down.

"I'll teach these mutinous rascals a lesson," whispered Peril, in the ear of one of his men. "Bring me a hatchet."

The weapon was brought. The old tar, just as the prisoners had got a good grip of the plank, and were about to make an extra effort upon the barrier, struck three light but well aimed blows of the hatchet! Three sets of fingers, from every other one of the six hands visible, were struck off, and they fell upon the forecabin floor!

Cries of agony followed Peril's first attempt at amputating limbs. His skill in surgery could not be questioned after that operation. It was a cool, keen and cruel operation, but under the extraordinary circumstances in which he was placed, the responsibility which rested upon him, together with the unruly conduct of the prisoners, he was fully justified in resorting to any means, however barbarous they might seem under other circumstances, to quell any outbreak which might hazard the prize and her crew.

This operation completely put an end to any more desire for mischief on the part of the prisoners. The maimed ones cried for bandages to stop the effusion of blood from the stumps of their fingers; and those who had escaped the infliction, quietly submitted to be again ironed. Proper attention was paid to the suffering ones, and there was no more trouble to be apprehended from that source.

Once more upon the deck, our efficient prize-master began again to examine his position, &c. He found that the prize had freshened considerably, and that the frigate was now gaining upon the ship at a more rapid rate than she had during the chase.—Two hours more at their present rate of sailing, would bring her battery in too close proximity to the prize-ship to be comfortable; but in two hours, thought Paul, with the breeze that was blowing, he should be under or beyond the guns of Castle Island,—now Fort Independence—within the reach of which the British frigate would scarcely have the temerity to venture.

The commander of the frigate, who had almost constantly watched the merchantman through his glass, had witnessed with amazement the catastrophe that had befallen the boat expedition; a result which excited his wonder, for scarcely a dozen men had at one moment been seen upon the fleeing vessel, except immediately after the destruction of the launch, when the number was augmented by their own men as prisoners! He was well aware that he was running the frigate too far up

the enemy's waters, and ere this—he then being off Scituate light—would have given up the chase, had it not been for a burning desire to avenge the fearful destruction of the two boats and their crews. He, therefore, resolved to pursue her, until she was clearly beyond his reach, or in his grasp. He was now gaining upon her, as we have before intimated, faster than during any time of the day; and if, thought he, his guns could be got within range, so that he might cripple her, she might be captured easily.

When the prize-ship neared the outer Brewster Island, the distance between her and the frigate was not more than a league and a half, nearly astern; but the only gun which could be brought to bear was the larboard bow chaser. With this the frigate commenced a cannonading, aiming at her upper spars, but every shot whistled over their heads without doing the most trifling damage. Not so, however, with a ball from Peril's favorite twenty-four pounder. The piece was carefully loaded by the old gunner himself. Jack Jarvis stood by with a lighted match.

"Now, my lad," said Peril to his pet, "I'm going to give that fellow a parting salute; watch her spars, Jack, and see if I don't give some of her crew an ugly job to do."

The piece was slowly and carefully elevated.

"Be ready—there—now—blaze away!" said Peril, speaking as he aimed the ponderous weapon.

Our young hero applied the match—a stunning report followed—and when the smoke cleared away, the privateersmen, watching the effect of the shot, gave one loud, simultaneous huzzah! The frigate's fore-topmast was shot off below the to gallant cross-trees, and now hung, sails and all, in glorious confusion on the starboard side.

The frigate immediately bore away before the wind, and as she came round, a whole broadside from the larboard battery was fired at the ship! The shot flew all about her—one pierced the hull above the water line, and another struck the dolphin-striker, carrying it away! The frigate was now bearing away E. S. E. as speedily as the wind would bear her in her crippled condition.

Thus ended this memorable chase! It would fill every Yankee tar's heart with ecstatic delight, could they have seen the manifestations of joy manifested by that little crew of Yankee Privateersmen when they beheld their formidable enemy show his heels.

When the cheering huzzas had subsided, and heartfelt congratulations exchanged between one and another of this gallant little crew of prize-men, the American ensign, waving its triumphant folds over the meteor flag of Old England, was

displayed at the maintruck, while from her fore and mizzen trucks streamed starry pennants, and from the mizzen-peak floated another ensign, the stars and stripes of 'Young America.'

Boldly the prize-ship stood up through Nantasket Roads, with every sail yet swelling to the breeze. When off Long Island Head, orders for taking in the royals, and other lighter sails were promptly executed; and under top-sails, top-gallant sails, jib and spanker she passed up Broad Sound in gallant style. When under the battery of Castle Island, she was greeted by a national salute of thirteen guns, the commandant of that fortress having watched her proceedings for the previous hour and a half, with a telescope, and witnessed her triumph over the cutter and launch, and the escape from her formidable adversary. The salute was returned from the two twenty-four pounders of the merchantman. When within our picturesque harbor, guns saluted her from every quarter, and the shipping in the harbor displayed their flags in honor of the success of the privateersmen. From every eligible point throngs of people had stationed themselves, straining their eyes, eager to know what lucky Privateer had captured and sent in so noble a prize. The cannonading of the British frigate had been heard by the inhabitants of either shore, from Marshfield and Scituate on the South Shore, and Gloucester and Marblehead on the North, to the tri-mountain town at the head of the Bay.

Gallantly the *Andes* approached the metropolis, heading towards Fort Hill, and when within a cable's length of the wharf, she bore away and passed along abreast of the line of wharves, rounded the northerly point of the town, when spanker and jib were taken in, top-gallant sails clewed up, top-sail halliards let go, and the ship having reached the same mooring-ground of her captor, the *Salamander*, dropped her best bower, and the rich prize, after having run the gauntlet of more dangers than we have narrated, floated motionless upon the swelling tide.

The sun was just descending beneath the western horizon, fringing the fleecy clouds of the west with a golden light, and tipping with its beams the spires of the town and the tall spars of the *Andes*, and those of the frigate lying at the Navy Yard, which we have alluded to in a previous chapter.

The ship had not been moored more than ten minutes, when a beautiful barge, covered by a snow-white awning, propelled by four oarsmen, swept across the placid waters and landed at the ship's gangway. In the stern sat two persons, a gentleman and a lady, who were received by Prize-master Peril, with all the politeness, which a blunt, true-hearted sailor could summon to his aid. Who these visitors were, and what were their purposes, will preface another chapter of this yarn of adventures on the boundless domain of old Neptune.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH OUR HERO FIGURES IN MATTERS NOT EXACTLY SUITED TO HIS INCLINATIONS.

"THIS is, after all, the *Salamander's* prize!" exclaimed Mr. Sinclair, the merchant, as his eyes encountered the rugged form of the first gunner of the Privateer, standing at the gangway. "Mr. Peril, I'm overjoyed to see you," continued the merchant, taking the old tar cordially by the hand;—"where's your prize-master?"

"Here—at your service, sir!" answered the sailor.

"You, my old friend! I'm heartily glad to hear it! I congratulate you!" ejaculated the pleased Sinclair. "What has become of Fellows and Warriner, who went out as prize-masters?"

"Aboard the Privateer, sir—that is, when we parted company—the sharks or John Bull may have got 'em before this time," answered Peril.

"But why did neither of them come home in the prize?"

"The truth is, d'ye see, Mr. Fellows hadn't got over Neptune's curse——"

"Neptune's what?"

"Neptune's curse—that's what we call sea-sickness—and as for Mr. Warriner, why he had the gout so badly, he couldn't stir out of his hammock; and so Captain Decker conferred the high honor upon Paul Peril, at your service."

"Ah! exactly—I understand it all—I'm glad this prize was intrusted to one so capable," said the merchant; "but I learn you've had a chase and a fight below."

"A hard chase, sir, but only a bit of a fight," replied Peril; "and speaking o' that, why we've had a number o' hard knocks since we parted company with the *Salamander*. It's a long yarn I've got to spin ye, after we've got every thing ship-shape aboard. D'ye see, we're in a bad condition just now—what with running, fighting, and being short-handed, we had no time to put ship in order. But, she's better than she looks," continued the veteran, winking significantly, "and if she don't turn out to be the most valuable prize ever brought into this port, set me down for a land-lubber—one who don't know a West Injy droger from an Injy merchantman."

"So much the better for all concerned," replied the merchant

with an expression of perfect satisfaction; "but, where's my little friend, Mr. Peril, who, it was understood, was not to leave you during the cruise?"

"Ah! you mean my nephew, Jack Jarvis? I've got a yarn to spin you about that lad," replied Paul.

"I hope, sir, nothing has happened to him?" queried the beautiful Dora Sinclare, in tremulous accents, and with a sudden look of extreme anxiety.

Her eyes had been wandering to almost every observable part of the ship, and she had scanned the weather-beaten visages of that gallant crew, as if to recognize one in whom she felt more than an ordinary interest.

"Oh, no! my little bright-eyed lass!" answered Peril, noticing her sudden alarm.—"He's right and tight as a Baltimore clipper just under weigh with a spanking breeze. Here, Jack, my boy, where the deuce are ye?" No skulking, Jack."

"I'm here, uncle—did you call me?" inquired the youth, who was aloft, apparently busying himself in clearing the signal halliards from the top-gallant cross-trees, while his eyes seemed fixed upon the fair maiden beneath.

"To be sure I did—don't ye see yer old acquaintances? Lay a low here!" ordered Peril.

The agile youth didn't take the time usually necessary for reaching the deck, but throwing himself upon a single shroud he came down on the deck upon the run, and in a moment stood in presence of the merchant and his lovely daughter.

Mr. Sinclare took his hand and greeted him with many words of kindness. Dora could scarcely give utterance to a word when she extended her delicate hand, and it was grasped lightly in the rough hand of him to whom she owed so much, even for life itself; but there was an expression in her eyes of emotion, which spoke louder than words, the meaning of which went to the very heart of the heroic boy.

Notwithstanding Jack had passed through many serious adventures since he last looked upon that sweet face, he had somewhat improved in appearance; he had partially overcome that embarrassing diffidence which he had hitherto manifested, especially when in the presence of that fair being, who had kindled in his heart a flame which burned too brightly to be brief in its endurance.

But we will not pursue those little reminiscences, so interesting to the youthful lovers, of scenes which transpired subsequent to the arrival of the prize-ship in port. Suffice it to remark that the proceeds of the ship and cargo of the *Andes* were as large as Peril had anticipated, and when a division of the spoils was made, he and his nephew found themselves in possession of a

handsome sum of money; indeed, more, as the former declared, than the sum total of the wages of a thirty months' cruise. While awaiting for the return of the prize, Jack devoted his time to study, and under the tutelage of a competent teacher, he made rapid progress in the elementary branches of education, and also some knowledge of the science of Navigation. In this latter branch he was assisted through the practical knowledge of his uncle. His ambition was now thoroughly awakened; he knew that under our institutions the humblest might rise to eminence, and the poorest to great riches. Through some source, he had accidentally learned that the rich merchant Sinclare was a poor boy like himself, and that when he first made his appearance in Boston, he was a bare-footed urchin, and made his first pennies by carrying gentlemen's baskets from the market to their mansions. We will not here pretend to affirm that the sudden change in Jack Jarvis's character was brought about in consequence of his acquaintance with the merchant's daughter; nor would he scarcely have believed that his adoration for her had awakened ambitious desires in his heart; yet he seemed to feel that there was a sweet little angel smiling upon him from aloft, beckoning him onward and upward.

But how was it with the angelic creature we have chosen to play a heroine's part in these strange adventures? She grew more reserved as childish graces began to depart from her person; as she emerged from girlhood she grew more beautiful but less artless; yet her heart grew warmer, and that tender passion which was so recently kindled, now burned steadily, brightly, purely.

Around her, too, began to swarm the butterflies of fashion, attracted towards her by her transcendent loveliness; but her heart was not susceptible to their fulsome adulations, and soon it was ascertained that Dora Sinclare was not a person to be won by flattery or led astray by professions or promises. He who would win her hand must be worthy of it, thought more prudent lovers; but when it was known that the only preference she had manifested towards any one was for an humble youth, far, very far beneath the dazzling beauty, her admirers with one accord declared her either insane or very silly, and they withdrew their attentions almost in a body. There was one, however, who was assiduous in his attentions, and determined to overcome a deep-seated prejudice which existed in the mind of Dora from the first time she ever beheld him. This personage was none other than Charles Dareall, of whom we have before spoken, and who, notwithstanding he barely escaped being sent to the state-prison for inciting the riot on "Nigger Hill," described in the second chapter of these adventures, he contrived

to keep up his familiarity with the Sinclare family, by his assiduous attentions to Quincy, his friend, during a long, suffering confinement, caused by the severe bruises he had sustained in the riotous frolic, in which they were the chief inciters and participants.

The frigate United States, to which these midshipmen were attached, had sailed without them in consequence of the indisposition of Sinclare, and the earnest appeal of Dareall to the commander to be detached for the purpose of remaining with his friend until his recovery. Dareall, through some trickery, had managed to make so lightly of his riotous conduct, that he was acquitted on examination, and the matter, therefore, escaped a naval investigation, otherwise it is morally certain that he would have been dismissed from the position he so unworthily held.

Ten months had elapsed subsequent to the arrival of the prize-ship, during which interval occurred several minor incidents in which our hero as well as the midshipmen were engaged, much to the credit of the former, and to the discredit of the latter. One or two of these incidents we propose to narrate, before we again venture abroad on the wild, billowy ocean.

May-day of 1813 had arrived. In the evening of that gala day, a magnificent party was given at the mansion of Hamilton Sinclare, to the officers of the frigate Chesapeake, then lying in port, and nearly in readiness for sea. Invitations, of course, had been extended to the elite of the town, and also to several more unassuming individuals, for whom the princely merchant had an especial regard. Among these latter, our hero, Jack Jarvis, was complimented by an invitation, and he, with the advice of his uncle, accepted it. In a neat but not costly suit, Jack, with all the composure and assurance his natural diffidence would allow, announced himself at the door of the Sinclare mansion. Dareall and Quincy were stationed in the hall to perform the honors of ushering in and introducing the guests to Mr. and Madame Sinclare. When nearly all the guests had assembled, and dancing had commenced, Cæsar announced the name of "John Jarvis!"

"What's that fellow here for?" ejaculated Dareall, to Quincy, as if he himself was not an unwelcome guest to all but his comrade; "surely, such a low character as he cannot have been invited here to-night!"

"No, indeed! he's an intruder!" responded Quincy; "he must be ejected at once. Cæsar, here!"

"Ees, sah, massa!" said the black servant.

"Ask that interloper what he's here after?" commanded Quincy.

"I tell you dat, massa."

"Well!"

"He's come to de party, sah!"

"Does the fellow have the assurance to come here unbidden?"

"Oh, no, sah!"

"Then, what's he here for?"

"He's been invited—me guv him de billet."

"The devil you did! and who gave it to you?"

"Misse Dora, sah!"

"Silly hussy!" exclaimed Quincy, indignant at his sister's conduct. "Why Dora should invite that low-bred fellow here I cannot conceive. Go and tell him, Cæsar, that there's some mistake in regard to his having received an invitation, and that his presence is not desired here."

"Ees, sah, massa, but——"

"Do as I bid you, or I'll crack your d—— cocoa-nut, you sooty scoundrel!"

Now most of this conversation, which, although carried on in whispering tones, appeared to be overheard by Jack, who stood waiting in the hall ready to be ushered into the parlor.

Cæsar gave our hero with an expression, indicating that the duty he was to perform in delivering such a message was anything but an easy one.

"Massa Quincy," began Cæsar, "dere's a bit ob a 'stake 'bout dat——"

"Bit of a——" interrupted Jack.

"Bit ob a 'stake, sah!"

"Well, go on," said Jarvis, perceiving the negro's embarrassment.

"Bit ob a 'stake, sah, 'bout dat inbitation Misse Dora sent you, an'—an'——"

Cæsar hesitated.

"Dat it was meant for somebo—— no, dat's not it," continued the darkey, scratching his woolly pate.

"Well, what?"

"Dat—dat you company am not wanted here!"

"And this message comes from Quincy Sinclare?" asked the youth, with the utmost coolness.

"Ees, sah—dat am a fac."

"You may tell that young gentleman I came not here to be insulted," said Jack, "and you may also say to his father that John Jarvis desires to speak with him."

"What, you d—— low villain!" exclaimed Quincy, darting towards him with angry looks; "you dare to talk here of being insulted by me, when your very presence here is an insult to our whole family!"

"When any one of your family but yourself, for whom I have an utter contempt, addresses me as you have, then I shall feel myself insulted; I shall also feel myself an intruder; but till then nothing that you can do will disturb me," spoke Jack with the utmost coolness.

"I'll teach you better manners," said Sinclair.

"Indeed!" returned Jack.

"Begone! there's the door—this instant, or I'll kick you out!" said Quincy, pointing towards the street.

Jarvis made no answer to this threat, but coolly folding his arms, and taking a position à la Napoleon, he stood undaunted before him.

"Let's out with him!" exclaimed Quincy to Dareall.

The two midshipmen hereupon assailed him, but quicker than thought he leveled a blow at the head of Dareall which felled him to the floor. It was in his power to have done the same to Quincy in the same manner, but the youth forebore. He could not strike the brother of Dora Sinclair. They struggled a few moments, in which struggle Jack retreated a few paces, when Mr. Sinclair and his daughter suddenly entered the room.

"Forbear, my son!" commanded Mr. Sinclair, who had been informed of the whole cause of the disturbance.

Jack let go his hold on the instant at the approach of the merchant, which gave Quincy so much advantage, that the former was thrust with some violence against the door. Here, the assailant was dragged from our hero by Mr. Sinclair, and by him severely reprimanded for his unwarrantable, ungentlemanly, outrageous conduct.

Jack was about to take his departure, when Dora ran towards him, and, catching his arm, detained him.

"Do not go," said she, earnestly, "my brother knows not what he does. I am mortified, grieved, to think that he could so demean himself, especially on this occasion, and towards one of the dearest friends of our family. Pray, try and forget this occurrence, and join us in our festivities."

"Excuse me," said Jack, "it were better that I should decline going in, after what has happened."

"I beg you will come in, my young friend," said the merchant.

"Dora, persuade him not to leave us;" then turning again towards his son, he said,—"Quincy, you have grossly injured one to whom we owe all our gratitude, and you cannot do less than to make some amends for your unwarrantable conduct by asking the young gentleman's pardon."

"I cannot do it," said the son.

"You must!"

"Never!"

"I insist!"

"I will not!"

"Then you are no son of mine!" said the merchant.

"No father could desire so to degrade a son!" said the stubborn Quincy.

"There is but one alternative," said the father.

"And what is that?" queried the head-strong youth.

"Leave my house!"

"That I prefer."

"And take your friend with you," said the merchant, earnestly; "him whose insufferable conduct I have borne too long already; nor can I longer put up with your ungovernable temper and disobedience. Begone, at once. I ought to have turned you from my doors months ago!"

"In this I'll obey you," replied Quincy; "and it shall be the last time you shall have an opportunity to turn me from your house, or any friend of mine, to make room for a low, ill-bred upstart, who is far better accomplished to grace the kitchen than the parlor."

Mr. Sinclair made no reply to this unmannerly and impertinent speech, but looked upon him with an expression of commingled grief and astonishment. Quincy, enraged beyond control, seized his hat, and with Dareall, made a sudden exit; and as he passed by our hero, he said to him in low, earnest tones, and very emphatic—

"Before the night is passed you shall hear from me!"

"Heed not, my young friend, what that rash, ill-natured son of mine may say or do to you!" remarked Mr. Sinclair, as soon as the midshipmen had got beyond his hearing. "His career, as well as that of his comrade, has been such ever since they have been here, that we have had scarcely any peace; and until Quincy shall have renounced the companionship of Dareall, and reformed his own character, he shall never again darken my doors. I could not have tolerated this scapegrace Dareall, as I am almost ashamed in having done, had his company not have seemed essential to Quincy's comfort, during his protracted sickness."

It was not until after considerable urging, by both father and daughter, that Jarvis was induced to join in the festivities of the occasion, though with great reluctance; and, notwithstanding his sphere in life had almost entirely excluded him from the society of the refined and accomplished, he deported himself like a gentleman, and gained the admiration of all with whom he came in familiar contact. True it was, that the merchant's lovely daughter monopolized the chief part of his attention, notwithstanding she was the bright, dazzling star of the evening.

On Jarvis's return home that night, he found upon the table,

in his room, a note bearing his address. On opening it, he was not a little surprised to find that he was challenged to mortal combat, by Quincy Sinclare, the meeting to take place on the following morning, at seven o'clock, on an uninhabited island, then called Noddle's Island, now known as East-Boston.

After a few minutes' deliberation, he determined to consult his uncle concerning the belligerent missive ere he slept, and for that purpose he repaired to Peril's quarters. He found the veteran tar, as good luck would have it, although it wast past midnight, had not retired to rest. Jack handed him the note, requesting him to read it. Peril perused it carefully, once, twice and thrice, as if he deliberated as to what was to be done, and occasionally, as he held it before his eyes, peering over the top of it, into Jack's countenance, as though endeavoring to discover therein some signs of trepidation; but the face of that noble boy was as placid as an unruffled lake in summer. At length, after many minutes of deliberation, he exclaimed emphatically, at the same time striking a heavy blow upon the table—

"D—n it, Jack, you must fight!"

"It is not my desire, uncle," said Jack, "but I'm not afraid to fight!"

"I should like to see the man who dare say you'd flinch from a sword or a pistol!" remarked the veteran with earnestness.—

"But, my boy, you must fight! I see no other way by which you can possibly get out of this scrape honorably!"

"I shall certainly be advised by you, uncle; and, although I have no fear to stand against an enemy's fire, yet I must confess I have scarcely the courage or the heart to stand up and shoot a man in cold blood; it looks too much like murder! the very idea of killing a human being in that manner, almost causes the blood to freeze in my veins."

"But, d'ye see, Jack," answered Paul, "the challenger will proclaim you as a coward, go where you will; and the very fact that you refuse to fight him, will be quite enough to make everybody believe what he says—that's the difficulty, Jack. It won't do in these days of war for people to entertain even the suspicion of being a coward; and more especially men of our profession."

"They may say what they please," said our hero, "but they shall not call me a coward with impunity."

"Bravo, Jack!"

"I'll meet him as he proposes."

"You, then, accept his challenge?"

"Ay, uncle."

"And I'll be your second."

"Thanks, uncle; but how shall I answer this challenge?"

"You get pen, ink and paper."

The articles were obtained, and Jack sat down and penned, according to his uncle's dictation, the following laconic acceptance:

"Sir,

"I'll fight you—weapons, pistols.

Y'rs,

J. JARVIS.

P. S.—P. Peril is my second."

"That's enough—not another word is necessary—such matters should be short and snappish—like the crack of a pistol, or the bark of a spaniel! Now, do it up, stick it together, and I'll give this fighting loblolly-boy an early morning visit. Let's see—his note says, Room 16, Exchange Coffee House. You go and turn in, Jack, and mind you sleep as soundly as you did in your watch below, when John Bull was barking closely at our heels."

Our veteran, with all the dignity of an admiral of the blue, marched down to the Exchange, and after thundering awhile at the door he gained an admittance.

"Show me aloft to Room 16!" said Peril, to the Irish servant.

"Plaize yer 'onor, that room 's full," answered Pat.

"So much the better—show me up."

"The devil o' bit can I give ye a bid in that room—the two midshipmen want it all to themselves, shure."

"Who said anything about a bed, you d—stupid Irish son of a gun!" exclaimed Peril. "Show me to No. 16, or I'll make a dead-eye o' that carrot-colored skull o' yours. I desire to see Quincy Sinclare, and may I be booby-hatched if I don't see him, if he's in the house! So heave ahead, you Irish lubber!"

Pat couldn't withstand this threat, and having lighted an extra candle, he piloted Peril up to the middies' room, in the third story, and ushered him into the presence of the young men, who, though the Old South clock had tolled the little hours of the night, were yet up, regaling themselves with champagne, cigars, etc.

"Ah, ha! old chap! what d'ye want here at this time, eh?" ejaculated the somewhat elated Quincy; "come to apologize for that nephew o' yours, hey?"

"Just run your toplights over that short yarn!" said Peril, placing the acceptance of Jack in his hand.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Quincy. "Short and sweet, but d—n pointed—hey, Dareall?" handing the missive to his friend

"A good joke, by all that's funny!" shouted Dareall, "a capital joke! he's accepted your challenge!—pistols! excellent! Yes, Quin, you must make a button-hole through his jacket, in a place where tailors always neglect to make them."

"So, then, old fellow, you are the second of this dung-hill cockerel?" queried Quincy, at the same time pretending to be in a very happy humor.

"Ay, you d—n insulting swab!" exclaimed Peril, exasperated at the language of the middy; "and if you don't use more respectful lingo, blast my tarry eyes, if I don't wring your accursed neck as a poulterer would a young chicken! Name your second, you puppy!"

"Well, by all that's agreeable," drawled out Sinclair, endeavoring to be unconcerned at this threat, or with the peculiar position of affairs; "it strikes me that you talk very loud. I've pretty much concluded, aw—yes, I may say I have concluded to withdraw the challenge. I do not wish to hurt your nephew, and I will not so compromise myself as a gentleman to fight with any low-bred fellow! I didn't really suppose the fellow knew enough to construe the meaning of a challenge, much less the bravado to accept one!"

"You know now, I presume?"

"Yes—that is to say, I think some friend, yourself for instance, assisted him," replied Sinclair. "But no matter—he nor you need give yourselves any further trouble—I'll not give it another thought."

"Do I understand that you decline meeting my nephew after what has passed?" asked Peril with an air of earnestness.

"Aw—yes—on the whole—I think I had better let the affair drop where it is. Dareall, what say you? You're *au fait* in these affairs of honor. Would it not be undignified in a gentleman to meet a low-bred fellow, eh?"

"Certainly, certainly it would. I wonder that you should have sent a challenge to a fellow so infinitely your inferior," was the reply of Dareall, who but a moment previously pretended to be so happy, that Jarvis had accepted the challenge, and that there was a prospect of sport.

"That's my sentiment to a reef-point," added Quincy. "Here's your nephew's note—and you may return mine. I'll not seek to dirty my fingers in chastising the intrusive fellow, though he richly deserves it; and if he were the smallest part of a gentleman he should not escape me."

"Puppy! poltroon!" exclaimed Peril, disgusted with the very manners of the cowardly reefers.

"Wher-what did you say, sir?" ejaculated Quincy, rising from his seat, and grasping the hilt of a small hanger; you see, we wear swords!"

"Aye—and it's a disgrace to the Navy that such dastardly puppies are allowed to wear any thing that could harm anything larger than a wharf-rat! But, dare to draw on me, and shiver my hulk to splinters, if I don't make a pair o' wrecks of ye! This challenge to Jack Jarvis, as brave a lad as ever trod a gun-deck or reefed a topsail, and which he has accepted, shall be posted up, and attached to it a proclamation that Quincy Sinclair, a reefer in our gallant navy is a coward, and dare not fight the boy he has challenged!"

"Did you ever hear such downright insolence, Dareall?" said Quincy.

"Never!"

"Do you suppose, Mr. Peril," continued Sinclair, becoming more respectful in his language, "that you can make any one believe what you say, when it becomes known that there is such a disparity in our positions in society?"

"In the name of Neptune, then, why did you challenge him, you puppy?"

"A mere joke, I assure you."

"This don't read like a joke," said Peril, running his eye over the challenge. "Perhaps you'll next swear this a forgery; but that won't save you—there are several who can swear that you wrote it, and in all seriousness, too!"

"But, suppose I do not choose to quarrel, has not the challenger a right to withdraw his challenge?"

"No! not after it is accepted," answered Peril; "and moreover, I'll have you arrested before you're ten hours older for a violation of the law against dueling, if you do not give your antagonist a meeting."

"He's right, Quin," said Dareall, with a little show of courage; "I think you had better give the fellow the satisfaction, he demands."

"Is that your serious advice?" asked Sinclair.

"It is, Quin, for I can't see but what the fellow has got you fairly on the hip."

"Well, Dareall, you must arrange preliminaries with this gentleman," said Sinclair, emphasizing each syllable of the last word in a sneering tone. "I'll fight—yes, fight it is if you say so, but I heartily wish it were to fight with one of my equals."

"But you have made him your equal by challenging him," suggested Dareall.

"True—true—I perceive that I acted very indiscreet in taking the slightest notice of the poor devil."

Saying this, Sinclair retired to his chamber, leaving Peril and Dareall to arrange matters for the meeting. It was agreed that the principals should fight with heavy pistols, at twelve paces, on

the morning of the succeeding day, and at the time specified in the note. The preliminaries concluded, Peril returned home, but before retiring he crept softly into the little room occupied by Jack, and there found him slumbering as quietly and innocently, as if an unhappy thought never troubled his imagination.

There was a sweet smile resting upon his lips, indicating that his dreams were not of swords or pistols, but rather of some celestial object, which not unfrequently haunted him in his happiest dreams by day.

CHAPTER VII.

SHOWING THAT "AFFAIRS OF HONOR," ARE VERY DISHONORABLE AFFAIRS.

No sunbeams kissed the dew from the flowers on the morning designated for the mortal combat between the midshipman, Quincy Sinclare, and the Yankee Sailor Boy, Jack Jarvis; a thick fog floated in from the sea—heavy, damp and chilly—veiling the harbor from view and covering with gloom the streets of the town; in truth, it was one of those disagreeable mornings, in the spring-time of the year, which we, denizens of the tri-mountain city experience, much too often, greatly to the annoyance of those of us who are afflicted with gouty limbs, asthmatic throats, tubercular lungs, or decayed teeth.

It was at the sunrise hour, though Old Sol was not visible, when Paul Peril and Jack Jarvis might have been seen (providing the observer might not have been more than ten yards distant) wending their way through the streets towards a wharf at the north-end, near where now is located the marine railway. Reaching the end of the pier, they launched a small row-boat, in which they embarked for the island opposite. During their walk they had maintained a strict silence, but having got a cable's length from the shore, our veteran friend broke the silent spell.

"Now, Jack, I want to give you a word or two of advice," he began; "because, d'ye see, though I never liked to tell of it, I've had some experience in the business—I've shot my man, Jack—and if 't wa'n't such a long yarn, I'd reel it off to ye."

"I need your advice more than the yarn, uncle, just at the present time," answered Jarvis.

"Exactly—well, Jack, in the first place when you take your ground brace yourself taut—measure off your paces, with a

firm unfaltering step—heave-to without a shiver—don't stand bows on, but present your starboard broadside to the enemy—let your weapon hang lightly by your side—don't raise it until you hear the word ONE—carry it up steadily and fix your eye on the mark—at the word TWO let the muzzle of the pistol be so fixed that your antagonist, if he has good eye-sight, can see into it—keep your mind and eye on YOUR target, and not give a thought to HIS—hold your weapon firmly but not tightly—at the word THREE blaze away!"

"Is that all?" queried Jack.

"If you show half the nerve I've seen you exhibit, you'll give that contemptible puppy the most perfect satisfaction!" said Peril.

"And if he should fall by my hand?"

"That's the kind of satisfaction he richly deserves, Jack."

"Yes, uncle—but—I understand you—I shall profit by your kind suggestions," said Jack, with a doubtful look.

"But what?—what do you mean by *nut*?" asked Peril.

"I was only thinking that I wished it could be that Dareall—the second instead of the principal—I am to fire at!"

"Guns and thunder, Jack!" exclaimed Peril, "you mustn't have any wishes about it—wishes at this hour 'll spoil the whole business! But why pop at Dareall rather than his comrade?"

"Sinclare is the son of the gentleman who has befriended us."

"True, and a most unnatural son he has shown himself!" declared the veteran with earnestness; "why, his father has turned him out o' doors! he isn't worthy of such a sire!"

The little boat here made a landing, and the conversation was dropped.

In silence they walked over the slippery grass to the place designated; and although the time had arrived for the meeting, the antagonistic party had not made their appearance.

"They shall have fifteen minutes' grace," said Peril; "if they don't heave in sight then, we'll go home and log your foe a coward!"

Meanwhile, the two midshipmen, and a surgeon, in a handsome barge, rowed by six oarsmen, were making their way from India Wharf, toward the island. We will give them credit for their intention to be punctual to the hour and minute appointed, but, owing to the density of the mist and the swiftly ebbing tide, they made a landing nearly half-a-mile below the place they intended to land, so they were compelled to trudge over the damp, marshy soil, which caused them considerable delay, to the place designated.

Sinclare and Dareall were both enveloped in full Spanish cloaks, yet the former could not shake off a cold, tremulous shiv-

ering which seized him as soon as they hove in sight of the foe.

"What's the matter, Quin?" queried Dareall.

"Nothing—nothing!" replied Quincy, striving to throw off the unpleasant tremor.

"You shake as if you had the ague!"

"This cursed mist almost freezes my blood—ugh!" said the middy.

"Why, I'm in a perspiration from the effects of our tramp," said Dareall. "Come, try a little of this," he continued, producing a hunting-flask of brandy. "This will raise your courage to the sticking-point!"

"That's unkind in you, Dareall, to say that," remarked his friend; "it's as much as to say that I lack courage; but let me assure you that I shall show good pluck to the last; the truth is, Dareall, I was kept awake all last night by that infernal chicken-salad we ——"

"And that's what makes you so chicken-hearted," interrupted Dareall.

"Now, that's unkind," resumed Quincy, absolutely pale with fear; "this is no time for your rude jesting; what I tell you is true as the book."

"Well, then, down with a stiff horn of the brandy! If that don't infuse a little life into your blood, nothing will."

Sinclare put the flask to his lips and took a long draught.

"There, I feel better now," said he, smacking his lips; "that cursed feeling's gone! I feel ready for the fight!"

The seconds now met, marked off the ground and fixed the positions. They were to start from a given point, march in opposite directions, wheel, wait for the words ONE, TWO, THREE—then fire!

The weapons were carefully loaded and primed, placed in the hands of the principals, and they took their positions.

"Avast there a bit!" cried Peril; "you don't intend to fight with all that canvas about you, I hope?"

"The matter of dress does not enter into the preliminaries," said Dareall. "If my friend chooses to wear a cloak, there's no reason why he shouldn't."

"Yes; but d'ye see," returned Peril, "with that quantity o' broadcloth around a slender spar like him, it'll be rather difficult to know where to find a good mark to shoot at, unless my man aims at his figure-head."

"Never mind, uncle," said Jack, who had not as yet exhibited the least sign of trepidation, but stood coolly and calmly, as we have seen him on other occasions of danger; "I shall aim just high enough to pierce the lower part of his ear. God forgive me, if my shot strikes him in more vital part!"

"Are you ready?" cried both the seconds in a breath.

There was no response—silence in such cases giving an affirmative answer.

"Forward!"

The parties stepped off briskly while the seconds counted the paces.

"Halt! about face!"

The principals halted and wheeled half about.

"ONE—TWO—THREE!"

The pistols were fired nearly together, though Sinclare fired a moment first.

"Are you touched?" eagerly inquired the veteran, running towards his nephew.

"Not even a graze that I can feel," replied our hero; "he didn't fire low enough, for I thought I heard the shot whistling above my head the moment I pulled the trigger."

"Well, Quin, you stand your ground!" exclaimed his second, rushing towards his principal at the same time Peril ran towards Jarvis.

"You didn't expect to see me fall, did you?" said he, with exultation.

"Well, I can't say I didn't," replied Dareall; "your antagonist shows better pluck than you do. Why, he's as cool at this business, as you are at a game of billiards; he retains the color of his cheek, the firmness of his step, the nerve of the arm, the steady gaze of his eye, far better than any person I ever saw under similar circumstances. He's no mean foe—that I can assure you. But didn't you get so much as a scratch?"

"I feel a sort of tingling on my right ear," said Sinclare, putting up his hand, which immediately became besmeared with purple gore. "Curse him! I believe he's hit me!" he exclaimed, greatly agitated.

Dareall looked at the wound, and sure enough, Jack's ball had cut through the lower part of the ear, making an incision sufficiently large to admit a bull-ring, besides grazing the back part of his neck, from which the blood oozed slowly.

"The devil! that's a close shot!" exclaimed his friend. "If you only had a wart here, you might button your ear back!"

"Cease your jesting, if you have any regard for me," said Quincy, angrily. "Call the surgeon."

"Halloa! surgeon—bear a hand here!—here's a small job for you!" sung out Dareall.

The surgeon came forward, and after examining the wound, declared it a slight one, and not much more than ladies usually inflict upon both ears, for the purpose of suspending gew-gaws, called ear-drops. He then stanchd the flowing of the blood, patched up the incision, and bade the sufferer think no more of it.

"Gentlemen, have ye all the satisfaction you desire?" asked Peril, stepping forward.

"What say you, Quin?—shall we proceed farther in this business?" inquired his second.

"Have I damaged my antagonist?" he asked.

"You haven't drawn from him the first drop of blood," replied Dareall. "Thus far he's the victor."

"Then I'm ready for another shot!" he exclaimed loudly, showing more nerve than he had yet exhibited.

"Be sure you wing him next time," said Dareall, in low tones.

"Fire lower, and you'll be sure to fetch him! Your foe can't make another shot so close!"

"But didn't I hear him boast that he would hit me on the right ear?" queried Sinclair.

"On the right knee, I think he said; that was mere guesswork, which, after all, he failed in," replied Dareall, with an encouraging air.

"Well, load the weapons, Dareall," said Quincy; "I'll have another shot at him at all hazards!"

The weapons were again charged, and the same regulations observed as before. The paces were walked off, the combatants wheeled, and on the word two, Quincy fired. At the word THREE, our hero, instead of firing at his antagonist, discharged the pistol in the air, and fell upon the earth.

"Foul murder!" exclaimed Peril, rushing towards his nephew, and kneeling over him.

"I think I'm not much hurt, uncle!" said our hero. "Look at my breast!"

The surgeon, as well as the midshipmen, now came forward, to look upon the prostrate youth. The former tore open his waistcoat, and laid bare his bosom. There was no wound visible, but upon it rested a richly jeweled golden locket, which had a dent upon the outer edge; farther down, upon the right side, he discovered a wound from which the blood was flowing freely! After probing it, he found the ball buried beneath the skin, which, without much difficulty he succeeded in extracting. He then stayed the flowing of the blood, and dressed it as well as he could under the circumstances.

The mystery of the wound's not being a mortal one was simply this:—the bullet had struck the locket, which partially expended its force, then glanced off and lodged in the side.

"That was a miraculous escape!" said the surgeon after finishing his work, and taking up the bruised locket. "This, luckily for you, as well as for your antagonist, has prevented the wound from being mortal! Had it proved fatal, you would not escape easily!—you fired with a murderous intent, before the word was given!"

"Sir, you do me foul wrong!" replied Sinclair. "Upon my oath, it was purely accidental that my pistol was discharged prematurely!"

"I trust that it was, sir; but, certainly, it did not so appear to my eyes," replied the surgeon; "however, you perceive, how narrowly he escaped death," said he, showing Sinclair the identical locket which his sister had presented to our hero, prior to the sailing of the Salamander.

"May I be shot!" exclaimed Quincy, "if that isn't my sister's locket! Give it to me!"

"Don't let him touch it!" said Jack, who was reclining in his uncle's arms, weak from the loss of blood.

"Give it to me, I say,—'tis my sister's!" persisted Sinclair. "I declare this fellow to be a thief! and that locket is evidence of the fact!"

While he was speaking, Peril gently laid the head of his nephew upon the ground, and had no sooner risen to his feet, than Sinclair snatched the locket, broke the chain, and was about to thrust it into his pocket, when the villain received a blow from Peril's heavy fist which leveled him to the earth!

Dareall rushed to his friend's assistance, but ere he could do anything, he was served in like manner and shared the same fate!

Peril now had no difficulty in gaining our hero's most valued treasure, and placed it in his possession.

The pair of discomfited midshipmen, at length regained their legs, and started off for their barge, leaving the surgeon, who became impressed with the fact that they were a pair of unmitigated scoundrels, to take care of their wounded antagonist.

"I'll not allow the day to pass over my head without exposing young Sinclair's conduct to his father," said the surgeon, the moment the midshipmen disappeared. "I know nothing of his friend, but I certainly took him for a gentleman. He protests that his last shot was accidental. I don't believe him. I saw the devil in his eye, and watched him. This young man has behaved nobly, and I shall be proud to consider him my friend."

"You are very kind, sir, and let me assure you that Jack Jarvis is worthy any man's friendship," replied Peril, who now, with the assistance of the surgeon, conveyed our hero to the boat, and rowed across the harbor.

On reaching the landing upon the other side, a carriage was procured, and Jack, together with the surgeon and Peril, soon reached the house of the former's mother, where the wounded sailor boy received the most watchful attention, but great care was taken to conceal from the good lady the actual cause of her son's misfortune.

The end was not yet. In one hour after Jack's return home, the surgeon called at the Sinclare Mansion, inquired for the merchant, and was ushered into his presence.

"Ah! Doctor Lancet—I'm glad to see you—always glad to see you, especially when there is no professional duty to perform—be seated, sir," said the elder Sinclare, in his courteous manner.

"Thanks, sir," replied the surgeon; "and although I called not at your request, in a professional duty, yet, I have a somewhat painful duty to discharge."

"Indeed!" said the merchant, showing symptoms of alarm; "I trust to heaven it is nothing very serious! Let us have the worst, doctor!"

"Your son, Mr. Sin——"

"Ah! I suspected that you had something to reveal concerning my wayward son!" interrupted the merchant. "But, doctor, go on—I'm prepared for any thing."

"He has been engaged in an affair of honor," said the doctor.

"A duel?"

"Precisely."

"Then my son is dead?"

"He is alive and well, with the exception of an insignificant wound in the ear," replied the doctor; "but I am pained to say, sir, that ——"

"He has murdered his antagonist?" ejaculated the merchant.

"No, sir; not quite so bad as that; but he was wounded; and I am sorry to pain your ear with the fact, that the part your son took in the affair is highly dishonorable to him; and it was by a miracle almost that his foe was not murdered!"

"Well, doctor, let's have the whole story from beginning to end; don't spare an incident, nor extenuate anything, but oblige me by stating matters just as you understand them."

Hereupon the surgeon narrated all the circumstances in the case, from the very commencement of the difficulty which occurred in the merchant's own house. These circumstances he had gathered from the two contending parties, giving the version of each. He also, with the utmost minuteness and correctness, described that which had fallen under his own observation. Nor did he neglect to show, by the facts in the case, the strong contrast between the conduct of the combatants, as well as the affair of the jeweled locket.

To this narration Mr. Sinclare listened patiently, although bitter tear-drops fell fast from his eyes, upon hearing the baseness of his dissolute, unprincipled son, whom he resolved forever to discard from his house and heart.

There was another listener to the most interesting portion of

the narrative. Isadore Sinclare was seated by a window of the back parlor, and having unintentionally overheard some portion of the conversation, she changed her seat to a position where every word fell upon her ear. She, too, wept at the startling revelation. She, too, grieved at her brother's perfidy; but there was a thrill of satisfaction and pleasure which went to her heart, when she heard of the gallant conduct of another, who held a different place in her affections; and with what eagerness did she listen to the incident of the locket—that locket which she herself had bestowed upon him; that locket which he guarded with such care, not for any intrinsic or arbitrary value which might be placed upon it, but for the giver's sake! And who, that knows the human heart, can be for a moment surprised that, notwithstanding there was much to sadden the feelings that commingled with the maiden's sorrow, there should be much joy. That locket contained her miniature! he wore it near his heart!—this was a source of joy! It had saved the youth's life!—this was a consolation; aye, the great consoling thought!

The interview between the merchant and surgeon lasted nearly an hour, and when the latter arose to depart, the former enjoined upon him to devote all possible attention to the wounded youth, and when his state of health no longer required his services, to call upon him for his professional fees.

No sooner had the physician left the house, than Dora determined to visit Mrs. Jarvis, and, if possible, gain permission to see her son. She first gained consent of her own mother; then, preparing a little basket of sweetmeats and other delicacies, and culling a bouquet of fresh flowers from the garden, she hastened towards the more humble residence of Jack's mother.

"Mrs. Jarvis," said Dora, after having been admitted to the neatly but plainly furnished front room of the little mansion, "I have brought you some sweetmeats, with my dear mother's permission, which you will be kind enough to accept."

"You are very kind, my dear," said the matron, "and I wish I might express my thanks as I ought to; but I am sorely afflicted to day, for you must know that my boy, John, who is an adventurous youth, was brought home so badly hurt that he'll be obliged to keep his room for two or three weeks, so the doctor says."

"We had heard of his misfortune," said Dora, "and for that reason I brought you these sweetmeats, and these flowers, which you will be kind enough to place in his room."

"With the greatest pleasure, my dear—he will be delighted!" replied Mrs. Jarvis, receiving the bouquet.

"Is he very badly hurt?" inquired Dora.

"Not dangerously, my dear," answered the matron. "The doctor says there is no doubt but he will be able to run about as usual after three weeks."

"Can any one see him?" Dora ventured to inquire after considerable hesitation.

"After to-day, my dear," replied Mrs. Jarvis. "The doctor made me promise that he should see no company until to-morrow; besides, he is now enjoying a refreshing sleep. You shall see him then, Dora, if you will take the pains to call."

"Oh! I shall be very happy to see him," said the maiden, revealing in one expression, to Jack's mother, the sincerity and intensity of her affection. "May I not," said she, after hesitating for a few moments, "just look at him while he is sleeping? I will be very sure not to disturb him!"

The good woman was persuaded, and Dora, with footsteps light as a fairy's, followed the mother to the apartment of her son.

Jack was, in truth, slumbering quietly. Dora first peered over the good woman's shoulders into his pale countenance, and then on tiptoe approached the cot on which he was sleeping. A sweet smile rested upon the young man's handsome features, and an occasional audible expression indicated most clearly the subject of his vision. The maiden retreated a step or two when she heard her own name distinctly pronounced, and she hid her face in her delicate hands to conceal the blushes which mantled her cheeks.

"I will go now, lest I should awake him," whispered she to the matron; and after arranging the little stand beside his bed, and placing upon it the bunch of fragrant flowers, she retired from the apartment and hastened home, much gratified with her visit.

"Mother! has any one been here?" suddenly exclaimed Jack, starting from his pillow, and staring about the room.

"Who did you think could be here, my son, beside me?"

"I thought I saw—but never mind—I was asleep and dreaming," he replied; "but how came that nosegay here? I certainly do not dream now!"

"It was brought here by that pretty girl, of whom you talk in your sleep—the rich merchant's daughter!"

"Dora?"

"Yes."

"Then she has been here?"

"Yes, my son; but you must not forget what the doctor's instructions were," chided the good woman; "he said that you must keep quiet, not get excited, nor talk much, especially to-day."

"I'll try, mother; but tell me—has Dora been in this room?"

"She was here about ten minutes ago."

"Then it was no dream."

"You was certainly asleep, my son."

"'Tis strange—I wish that I had been awake—she is very kind,—think you she will come to see me again?"

"She promised as much, to-morrow; "and see here, my son," said Mrs. Jarvis, bringing the basket, and displaying its contents; "see how many nice things the good girl has brought you. Well, she has good reason to be kind, if, as people say, you risked your life to save hers."

"Don't tell me of what I did, mother—only think of her goodness and——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the matron; "we'll converse of that when you get better; you must not say another word now, but try to go to sleep again."

Jack uttered not another word; but as for sleeping, then, that was entirely out of the question—his mind was too busily engaged in contemplating both the vision and the reality.

The much looked-for to-morrow came, bright and beautiful as the preceding day had been dark and dreary. Jack had an early visitor in the person of Doctor Lancet, who was assiduously devoted to the task of ensuring the early recovery of his noble patient, for whom he had conceived a heartfelt interest. He dressed his wound with as much care as he would have done if the patient had been his own brother; and to the inquiry of Jack's mother, he said that he was doing very well—indeed, he found him better than he expected, and if kept quiet, he would be well in a fortnight. He allowed him to sit up in the bed, and to partake sparingly, with other food, some of the delicate edibles which the kind Dora had taken pains to carry to him.

No sooner had Mrs. Jarvis prepared the little room with unusual care, and the surgeon had gone, than the merchant's daughter appeared, and as on the preceding occasion, bearing a small but well-filled basket, and a bouquet of freshly culled flowers, which she had arranged most tastefully.

"How is he?" she whispered, almost breathless, in the ear of the matron, as she crossed the threshold of the humble residence.

"Oh! he is very much better, my dear!" exclaimed the good woman, with a joyful expression. "The doctor was here to see him but a few minutes since, and gives me the hope that he will be well in two weeks."

"Is he asleep, now?" asked the maiden, with an arch look.

"Oh no—he is sitting up in his cot—he will be delighted to see you! You are so kind, so very kind to him, that I believe

he begins to love you better than he does his mother! but, my dear, I shall not be jealous. Jack's a good boy, and deserves to be loved. Come this way;" and the old lady, who always exercised her volubility when she was pleased, escorted the maiden into the invalid's apartment.

Mrs. Jarvis, being herself a good natured, discreet, indulgent and reasonable woman, very prudently retired from the room, leaving our heroine to get over her slight embarrassment as best she might. Approaching the bed-side she extended her hand, which Jack took, and very gallantly carried it to his lips and kissed it.

"I am glad, Dora, that you are so kind as to visit me," said he, "and I thank you for the fragrant and beautiful flowers which you have brought."

"Don't mention the flowers—we have so many that I shall make you a bouquet every day," said the sweet girl; "but I came this morning, not solely to bring the flowers, but to ascertain the state of your health; my father, too, is particularly desirous of knowing."

"I feel less pain and much stronger than I did yesterday," replied Jack.

"I am happy to know it."

"Indeed, I begin to surmise that I'm not half so badly hurt as the surgeon and my mother tries to make me believe; but, Dora, it was you who saved my life! See, the locket you gave me," said he, producing that which to him was so valuable when away from her; "it is slightly bruised—the ball which did that was intended to take my life! Thank Heaven! it did not injure the miniature!"

"That locket and not I saved your life!"

"Ah! but it was your gift! If you had not given it to me, I had been a corpse yesterday!"

"Yes; and by my brother's own hand!" she replied, the tears starting to her eyes. "Oh! that I ever had such a brother! His conduct for the past year has covered us with shame. My father has done all that in his power lies to reclaim him, but his endeavors have been of no avail; as Quincy grows older, his seemingly natural disposition to commit outrages, and to annoy even his own family, increases. No less than four times has my father forbade him the house, but he made each time such fair promises that he was allowed to return. His conduct for the last few days, and more especially the part he took in the duel, has so outraged his feelings, that I am sure he will never have another opportunity to give us further trouble. He is banished forever from his home! The world may think it unjust; but were it known that we actually stood in fear of losing

our lives, through him, when he has been at home, I am sure no one can attach blame to my father for the step he has taken, after having done so much for his son, and suffered so much on his account."

"How knew you, Dora, of the affair of yesterday?" asked our hero; "it was the intention of all concerned to have kept it a secret."

"The doctor narrated to my father a detailed account of the challenge, the duel, and all the attendant circumstances," replied Dora; "nearly all of which I overheard."

The conversation of our youthful lovers, on this occasion, we will pursue no farther; for it was of that character, which all true lovers, or those who have held affectionate interviews with the objects of their affections, can very readily understand and appreciate. Suffice it to remark that it was just what might have been expected from two fond, fervent, pure-hearted beings, who had loved each other from the time they first met, but this was their only long interview they had ever enjoyed without the presence of a third party. These interviews were repeated daily until our hero's health was completely restored, when, about this time, he was called to enact new and greater scenes in the drama of his existence.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DUEL ON A GRAND SCALE, IN WHICH WE YANKEES CAME OFF SECOND BEST.

The first day of June, 1813, had arrived—a day by no means worthy of commemoration by us, exultant Americans; for on that day Old England struck us a blow, which we shall long remember, and which humbled our national pride more than any event of the second contest with the mother country; and as some of our characters performed active service in that humiliating affair, we shall here introduce a brief account of it, together with some particulars which we have never seen recorded in history.

On the day alluded to, the frigate Chesapeake, rated at 38 guns, but mounting 49, was moored off Castle Island, awaiting for men and supplies, in order to proceed to sea, notwithstanding it was well known that a large fleet of English men-of-war hovered along the coast, with the hope of utterly destroying our small but gallant navy, thus to retrieve the losses which they had sustained, as well as their national honor.

One of the largest and finest frigates of the English fleet was the Shannon, of which we have before written. Since her unfortunate affair with the prize-ship Andes, she had been entirely refitted at Halifax, and now mounted 52 guns of heavy calibre, although she rated but 38. She had a crew of 396 men, selected for their experience, skill and bravery. She was commanded by Captain Broke, of whom it was said, that a more gallant, daring and judicious officer the United Service of England could not at that time boast. The Shannon, for several days prior to the memorable first of June, had been cruising in the Bay, and more than once displayed her signals within sight of the Chesapeake, defying her to come out into the bay and engage in a contest for the supremacy; but the commander of the Chesapeake heeded not these repeated challenges, for the Chesapeake had neither her complement of officers or men; and of the latter many who had enlisted were raw, inexperienced men, who had never breasted the billows of the ocean, or smelt the powder of an enemy.

Finally, on the morning of the first, Commodore Lawrence received through the hands of a bay fisherman bound into Boston, a written challenge from Captain Broke, extracts from which we here transcribe for the purpose of showing how desirous the Briton was to have a battle with the Yankee frigate. The challenge was dated on board H. B. M.'s ship Shannon, off Boston, June, '13, and was couched in the following terms:

"Sir,—

"As the Chesapeake appears now ready for sea, I request you will do me the favor to meet the Shannon with her, ship to ship, to try the fortune of our respective flags. To an officer of your character, it requires some apology for proceeding to further particulars.

* * * * *

"The Shannon mounts twenty-four guns upon her broadside, and one light boat-gun; eighteen pounders on her main-deck, and thirty-two pound carronades on her quarter-deck and fore-castle; and is manned with a complement of three hundred men and boys (a large proportion of the latter), besides thirty seamen, boys and passengers, who were taken out of recaptured vessels lately. I will send all other ships beyond the power of interfering with us, and will meet you wherever it is most agreeable to you: From six to ten leagues east of Cape Cod Light House, from eight to ten leagues east on Cashe's Ledge in lat. 43 deg. N. at any bearing and distance you please to fix off the south breakers of Nantucket, or the shoals off St. George's Bank.

"If you will favor me with any plan of signals or telegraph, I will warn you (if sailing under this promise) should any of my friends be too nigh or any where in sight, until I can detach them out of the way, or I would sail with you under a flag of truce to any place you think safest from our cruisers, hauling it down when fair to begin hostilities.

"You must, sir, be aware that my proposals are highly advantageous to you, as you cannot proceed to sea singly in the Chesapeake without imminent risk of being crushed by the superior force of the numerous British squadrons which are now abroad, where all your efforts, in case of rencontre, would, however gallant, be perfectly hopeless. I entreat you, sir, not to imagine that I am urged by mere personal vanity to the wish of meeting the Chesapeake; or that I depend only upon your personal ambition for your acceding to this invitation: we have both higher and nobler motives. You will feel it as a compliment if I say, that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render to my country; and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced, that it is only by repeated triumphs in even combats that your little navy can now hope to console your country for the loss of that trade it can no longer protect. * * *

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

P. B. V. BROKE."

The brave Lawrence, he who had established an enviable reputation as a naval commander, and notwithstanding he ardently hoped soon to meet the Shannon, frigate to frigate, he certainly regretted to receive the challenge at so early a day, for his ship was not then in a condition to meet the vessel, which he knew had a crew picked from an entire squadron, although Capt. Broke had attempted to depreciate the character of his own crew in the above note.

With the challenge in his hand he paced to and fro the quarter-deck, reflecting abstractedly upon the course of conduct his duty to his country and his honor as an officer ought to impel him to pursue, under the peculiar circumstances of the case. He would not rashly decide; no mere restlessness for battle would seduce him into action, thought he. "He had fought and conquered," wrote a cotemporary; had realized the glory of victory, and helped to establish the honor of his country. Not to go out would be an acknowledgment of victory. The result of a meeting could be no more. True, the Shannon had a crew selected from the squadron. But were not American seamen equal to any? Her captain and men were well known to each other.

Can mine want confidence in me? thought Lawrence. Has she not been long upon the cruise, and preparing for the purpose? What then? Are we not always ready? And what if she be the better sailer? The challenger will not dare to retreat; and I shall willingly spare him the trouble of pursuit."

This undoubtedly was the reasoning of the commander of the ill-starred Chesapeake, and influenced him to hazard in a really unequal contest.

He took up his glass, and looked long and steadily at the British frigate, and beheld her colors of defiance still floating proudly in the breeze.

The die was cast. The hero who had conquered in the Vixen, Wasp and Frolic; he who had distinguished himself for prowess and gallantry under Decatur, Preble, and Rogers, determined to give the proud enemy a meeting, and conquer or die.

"Mr. Ludlow," called he to the first lieutenant, who had been observing the frigate, as she was lying to, off Nantucket; "we must prepare to engage the Shannon."

"By to morrow, I trust we shall be prepared, commodore," answered the lieutenant, suggestively.

"And by that time Broke will be off to join his squadron, and the glorious opportunity of a single-handed engagement will be lost!" returned Lawrence, energetically, at the same time handing his first officer the written challenge. "Read that!"

Ludlow perused the letter carefully, and returning it to his commander, said—

"I appreciate your wishes, but under the circumstances will it be prudent?"

"Better hazard all than gain a reputation for cowardice," replied the commander. "Everybody will know that the Shannon is outside, alone, for the purpose of giving us a meeting. If we allow her to sail without one, we shall never hear the last of it, and all the apologies we can make, after making six weeks' preparation for sea, will avail us nothing with our enemies or even our own countrymen."

"True, commodore; then we must prepare to engage her as quickly as possible," replied Ludlow.

"Ay; before sundown!" responded Lawrence.

"We have then a busy day before us."

"Ay, sir; let it be a busy one, lieutenant," said the commander; "call all the men to quarters; instruct them in their duties, and what the country expects of them to day. I will write a reply to this challenge, and dispatch it under a flag of truce. By the way, Ludlow, have you heard this morning from Lieutenant Page?"

"Yes, sir; and he is reported no better," replied the officer.

"In his quarters at the house of his relative?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's his disease?"

"Lung fever."

"Poor fellow!" replied Lawrence, with a sigh. "I fear the sands of his glass are nearly run. He's a brave young officer, and the service will lose much in him; but, this is no hour for regrets, some officer must be substituted in his place."

"There are several officers ashore awaiting orders, who will gladly join us in an enterprise like this," suggested Ludlow.

"Then will I go up to the town before sailing," said Lawrence; and ordering his barge to be got in readiness he went below to indite the answer to Captain Broke's challenge, assigning the afternoon of that day for the contest.

The missive, with a flag of truce, was forthwith dispatched. A gun was fired, and signals displayed, intimating to those of the officers and crew who were ashore, to come aboard at once.

Eight stout oarsmen manned the barge, and Lawrence with Midshipman Hopewell, were quickly rowed up to the city on a flowing tide.

Throughout the town it was quickly spread abroad that the Chesapeake was on the eve of sailing for the sole purpose of engaging the Shannon, which vessel was generally known to be cruising off the harbor, to the great annoyance of vessels outward bound.

At the Coffee House the commodore met several naval officers, and stated to them his great need of officers and men to engage in the enterprise. Several, after obtaining permission from the highest authority, became attached to the frigate, and went aboard forthwith. Among these were Midshipmen Dareall and Sinclare, who had stronger reasons for joining the Chesapeake than a love of country, or a desire to improve an opportunity to distinguish themselves in battle.

The real secret was, since the disgraceful duel with young Jarvis, there had been several bold robberies committed, and though no clue had been obtained by the officers in search, as to who were the culprits, strong suspicion rested upon these two worthies.—This suspicion they were themselves aware of, for whenever they went there was sure to be an officer dogging at their heels. Under these pressing and unpleasant circumstances they agreed to make a virtue of necessity, and under the pretension of patriotism, they went aboard the Chesapeake, really little caring whether the Chesapeake should triumph over the Shannon or the Shannon over the Chesapeake.

There also enlisted under our brave commodore, no less than twenty-five men who subsequently were proved to be British

subjects, and their conduct in the action show that their hearts were still with our enemies, notwithstanding they professed to be Americans, and friends of liberty. Most of these, when they got on board on the day of sailing, were so intoxicated as to be unable to perform their duty, and they were sent below to sleep off their debauch, if possible, prior to the anticipated battle.

But there were others who enlisted not until that day who had higher and nobler motives for so doing. No sooner had the news of the expected engagement reached the ear of our old friend, Paul Peril, than he sought out the commodore, and volunteered to go aboard in the capacity of quarter-master, gunner, or gunner's yeoman. The commodore promised him one of the berths, and our veteran hastened home to pack his chest, and take leave of his dear wife, and scarcely less loved nephew, Jack Jarvis, who had recovered from his wound, and was now as sprightly as ever.

Peril's arrangements were soon made, he had taken leave of all his immediate friends, save Jack, and he was among the missing. Without expressing the regret that he felt for not having an opportunity to say a parting word to his pet, he turned his back upon home, and made his way to the end of Long Wharf, where a boat was in readiness to take him aboard the frigate. He had no sooner taken his seat in the boat, than down came our young hero, puffing and blowing like a gram-pus, bearing under his arm a bundle of clothes, which he tossed into the boat and then leaped in himself.

"I thought I should be late, uncle!" said Jack, taking a seat beside the veteran.

The old tar looked at him with an expression of astonishment.

"And who, in the name of Neptune, expected you here at all?" he ejaculated, striving to be severe.

"I don't know, unless the commodore himself!" replied Jack.

"Pray where did you run afoul the commodore?" queried Peril.

"I saw him at the coffee-house."

"Who sent you there?"

"Nobody. I went of my own accord!"

"Why?"

"I heard that the Chesapeake is to sail this afternoon," replied Jarvis; "that she is short-handed; and that she goes out to meet the identical frigate we so narrowly escaped from in the Andes."

"Well."

"Some one told me that you had shipped, and——"

"What, I should like to know!" interrupted Peril.

"I went down and shipped, too."

"So it appears, and without my permission, eh?"

"Yes, uncle; but it was certainly understood that we were to cruise in company," answered Jarvis.

"So it was! you're right, Jack!" exclaimed the veteran, taking his nephew's hand, and shaking it heartily. "D—n it, Jack, you're always right! you're a trump! I always said it! ha, ha, ha! But, Jack," continued he, assuming a serious expression, "I hope your mother knows you're——"

"To be sure, uncle," interrupted Jack. "I could not leave without her assent."

"And did you get the consent of that little bright-eyed lass, eh?" queried Peril, his eye twinkling significantly.

Jack made no answer to the last question, for it suddenly caused a feeling of sadness in his bosom. He had seen Dora at an early hour that morning, but at the time the thought of going aboard the Chesapeake had not entered his mind. It was a sudden impulse that moved him; his country called for volunteers in an emergent hour; his uncle had answered the call, and he felt it his duty to respond also. He had made no preparations for a cruise, but collecting such articles of apparel as would supply immediate wants, and taking an affectionate leave of his mother, he hurried to the wharf, which he reached just in season for embarkation, and in twenty minutes afterwards he was aboard the frigate. Here all was confusion and discontent; many of the seamen were green hands, many were foreigners, and many of these as well as some of the American seamen, were certainly unfitted for sea, because of the grog they had drank before coming aboard.

Before, however, Commodore Lawrence returned from town, Lieutenant Ludlow had contrived to produce something like order and discipline among the crew.

At one o'clock, P. M. orders were given for getting under weigh.

The officer, who had charge of this order went forward to see that the hawse was got clear, a range of the weather-cable overhauled, the messenger passed, the gratings shipped, the fish-davit rigged, cat and fish overhauled, etc.

"All hands unmoo*ship!" was the cry from the quarter-deck.

The men went about their duty with some little reluctance, but being urged on by their officers, and finding that they were in reality outward bound, and a fight in prospect, they worked with a more hearty good-will. Soon the anchor was a-weigh; the fore-topsail was hoisted and put aback; the main and mizzen braced to the wind; and while the noble frigate stood against the current, ready to be set free, the anchor was catted and fished.—Jib and staysail were hoisted, and the weather sheet hauled aft. Gradually she fell off, the sails took the freshly blowing S. S. W.

breeze, and the gallant frigate moved off in gallant style down "President's Roads."

As the ship was unmoored, a heavy gun was fired, and colors displayed at each mast-head; that on the fore was a white flag, bearing the inscription of "Free Trade and Sailor's Rights."

The departure was witnessed by thousands of people assembled on the surrounding heights, aboard of light water craft, and on the roofs of houses and stores in the town of Boston; and none were there who watched with more eager interest than Hamilton Sinclare, the rich merchant, and his daughter Isadore. The latter had heard from Mrs. Jarvis the unwelcome tidings of the sudden departure of her son on a cruise in the Chesapeake. With a saddened heart and tears streaming from her beautiful eyes, she hastened home, frankly confessed the cause of her grief to her indulgent parents, who did all in their power to console her afflicted spirit. From the top of the mansion, thro' a telescope, for several hours did she watch every movement of the frigate, and freely expressing her hopes and fears regarding the safety of our hero.

But to return to the frigate. Under a full press of canvas she followed her antagonist out into the broad bay. When within range of the enemy's guns, she took in royals, top-gallant sails and hauled her courses up, and bore down under main, fore and mizzen topsails. It was nearly six o'clock when the action began by broadsides from both frigates. The effect was terrible on both sides. On board of the Chesapeake, the rigging was much cut up, and many men and several officers fell even at the first broadside of the Shannon, and among the latter Sailing-Master White was killed, and the brave Lawrence fell mortally wounded!

Paul Peril, who served in the capacity of quarter master gunner, was the first man by the fallen hero's side.

"Jack! call the chief surgeon! tell him the commodore's fallen! make no noise about it! d'ye understand?" said Paul hurriedly to his nephew.

"Ay, ay, sir," said Jack, who held a lighted torch in his hand, and away he started for the cockpit, where the surgeon and his assistants already had begun the work of dressing wounds, amputating shattered limbs, &c. In his haste he ran afoul of a midshipman who stood in his way, who came near falling upon the deck. It was Quincy Sinclare.

"Back! back to your quarters!" he cried.

"My duty lies this way," replied our hero.

The midshipman looked into Jack's face, and discovering who it was, he exclaimed,

"Ah, villain! thief! it is you, is it!" and raising his drawn sword struck a heavy blow, but Jack warded it off with the

match-stick. The assassin then drew a pistol upon him, but it was knocked from his hand by a splinter shivered from the main-mast. Thus Jack escaped a double danger, and hastened on his important errand.

Amidst the thundering of cannon, the crashing of timbers, the falling of spars, the groans of the wounded and dying, and the storm of iron hail, Jack led the surgeon to his dying commander.

Never was there a bloodier deck than the spar-deck of that ship, and never was carnage among important officers greater in proportion to the number of men. "The captain," wrote an eye witness, "every lieutenant without exception, officers of marines, many of the midshipmen, the sailing master, the boatswain, were all early in the action, leveled with the deck; and at the precise point of time, when it was most of all important that the Chesapeake should gain a particular position, at the instant of boarding, the loss of an essential part of her rigging threw her into the wind, and gave the enemy a decided advantage."

"Don't give up the ship!" said the brave Lawrence as he was conveyed from the deck to the cockpit. From this place, even, he issued his memorable order,—"Keep the guns going!—fight her till she strikes or sinks!"

When it was announced to him that the enemy had boarded and carried the spar-deck he sent up his emphatic order, which he had before given,—"Don't give up the ship!"

But the fortune of war was against the Chesapeake. Her adversary, in every particular, save her sailing qualities and courage of the men, was her superior. She had a greater number of men; they were more experienced in naval warfare and better disciplined; she carried more guns, heavier in metal, and her whole armament was much superior. Besides these advantages, when the frigates came to close quarters, the British threw hand grenades upon the deck, one of which fell into one of the arm-chests—a terrific explosion followed, scattering death and destruction on all sides.

The decisive blow was struck. The stars and stripes were hauled down by the enemy themselves, and the frigate was wholly in their possession.

The issue of the battle was made known to Lawrence. His reply was—

"Then the officers of the deck hav'n't toed the mark—they hav'n't done their duty—the Shannon was whipped when I left!"

It was true—many of the officers had not done their duty; they had deserted their quarters, when their presence would have turned the tide of battle. The report of the court instituted to inquire into the conduct of the officers and men during and after

the conflict, complained first, against Lieut. Cox; that "being stationed in command of the second division on the main deck, he left his division during the action, while his men were at their quarters, and went upon the upper deck; that when there and the enemy boarding, or on the point of boarding, he left the deck and did not return to his division."

That "Midshipman Dareall left his quarters during the action and did not return to them."

That "Midshipman Sinclair unjustifiably assaulted John Jarvis without provocation; that he also left his quarters during the heat of the action."

That "the crew generally, though behaving well in the early part of the battle, ran below after the ships were foul and the enemy boarded, but their misconduct is to be ascribed to the confusion naturally incident to the early loss of their officers, and the omission of the call of boarders in the accustomed manner."

Soon after the battle the two vessels stood to the eastward, and on the second day subsequently arrived at Halifax. In this unfortunate battle 47 Americans were killed and 99 wounded. The British return states their loss at 27 killed and 58 wounded. But it must be borne in mind that the British, marines, after the Americans had ceased resistance, and the former had full possession of the ship, inhumanly shot down the vanquished seaman, and even fired into the cock-pit where most of the wounded lay; and to Britain's disgrace, this barbarity was committed in presence of British officers without their slightest remonstrance or interference.

The last gun fired from the Chesapeake was one of the quarter guns under Paul Peril. The shot pierced the Shannon between wind and water, as two or three of the previous ones had done, and had the Chesapeake not been boarded at the precise moment she was, the Shannon must have gone to the bottom, for no opportunity could have presented itself to stop the leak, which they did by plugging and nailing sheets of copper over the several breeches. The Chesapeake's rigging was very much cut up, but the hull of the former was riddled through and through, showing the Americans' superior skill in gunnery.

There was one little incident that occurred in the very heat of the contest which we deem worthy of relating, as it more fully develops a magnanimous trait in the character of Jack Jarvis.

It was after the triumph of the British boarders over the few American repellers that one of the American seamen, who had received a wound which afterwards proved to be mortal, was about being run through by a brutal marine. Our hero, who was entirely disarmed, perceiving the intent, unhesitatingly threw

his body over the wounded tar, and the pike's point grazed his own shoulder, changing its direction, thus causing it to spend its force upon the deck.

A British officer, who stood near, was struck with the self-sacrificing devotion of the youth, and after commanding the marine to desist from his dire intent, took Jack kindly by the hand and said—

"You're a brave lad! What relation is that man to you?"

"He's my countryman, sir," was our hero's reply.

"Is there no nearer relation?" asked the officer.

"Yes, sir; he's a Yankee!"

"You boast, then, of being a Yankee, do you?"

"I do, sir."

"Again, my Yankee lad, tell me, and tell me truly, is not the man, whose life you've just saved, a nearer relative than what you have named?"

"Yes, sir—he's my shipmate, and my messmate, too," replied Jack.

"Is he not a blood relation?"

"No, sir!"

"Then you're a hero!" said the officer, with emphasis. What is your name?"

"Jack, sir."

"Jack what?"

"Is not that sufficient? Am I not a prisoner?" queried our hero. "The curses of my country be upon those traitors who have made us prisoners!" he muttered in low but audible tones.

"It is, because you are a prisoner, that I wish to know your name, that it may be entered upon the roll," said the officer.

"Write it down 'Jack'!"

"There is possibly a score of 'Jacks' among your crew," suggested the officer.

"Well, then, put me down YANKEE JACK!" said our hero, with a careless air.

The officer smiled, and taking a memorandum book from his pocket-book, he wrote down "YANKEE JACK," and appended a sentence or two to it. Again turning to our hero, he remarked—

"You intimated a moment since, something about traitors?"

"Ay, sir, traitors!" repeated Jack, emphatically; "were it not for traitors we should have obeyed our brave commander's order after he had fallen."

"What was that?"

"Don't give up the ship!"

"Who are these traitors you speak of?" inquired the English officer.

"Two midshipmen—Dareall and Sinclair," replied our hero;

"had they not deserted important posts, to which the death of their superiors early assigned them in the battle, the Shannon would have been ours."

"Perhaps they acted cowardly, not traitorously," suggested the officer.

"I care not which," replied Jarvis energetically; "with my own eyes, I saw them turn their backs upon their enemy, at a decisive moment and run below, with the men following. Had they stood their ground but for one minute longer, no Englishman would have trodden these decks to day!"

"I will converse with you further, my lad," said the English officer, who appeared to be favorably impressed with our hero's character; "and while you are a prisoner, you shall have my influence to make your detention as comfortable as possible."

With these words, intended to be encouraging, the lieutenant went about his duty; but kind words at that time could have no consoling influence upon the heart of Jack Jarvis. He grieved not because he was a prisoner, to be transported to the enemy's country; he grieved not that he was thus to be torn away from his home, his friends and kindred, for an uncertain, indefinite period; but his soul was almost bursting with grief because his country's flag was now floating ensign down, with the banner of Old England floating proudly and triumphantly over it; because that flag had been disgraced through the cowardice or treachery—to him it mattered not which—of those who were bound to defend it; he grieved, too, that many of his shipmates now lay in the cold embrace of Death, and many more were writhing in pain from the wounds they had received.

CHAPTER IX.

SHOWING A VARIETY OF INTERESTING SITUATIONS, WHICH WE HAVE NO DOUBT WILL SOMEWHAT STARTLE THE READER.

SEVENTEENTH OF JUNE—a day well worthy of our commemoration; a day which we Americans can hail with sincere delight, while we look upon the first day of the same month with somewhat different feelings, whenever we recall to mind the unfortunate affair of the Shannon and Chesapeake, as described in the preceding chapter. The 17th of June, 1776, gave an oppressed people the first bright hopes of freedom; the 1st of June, 1813, plunged a free people into mourning for the loss of the Chesapeake, with her gallant commander and many brave tars, who composed a portion of her crew.

It was on the seventeenth day of June, after the capture of the Chesapeake, that a ship, containing most of the American prisoners, among whom was our old friend, Paul Peril, and his nephew, Jack Jarvis, sailed from Halifax, bound to Plymouth, England. The Mercury (for that was the name of the transport,) was a 28 gun-ship, and commanded by Lieutenant Usherwood, one of the officers who served under Broke in the Shannon, and he it was who expressed so much interest in our hero at the time he so narrowly escaped being run through, in the desperate attempt to save a messmate.

On the day of sailing Usherwood went down among the prisoners, and discovering our hero among a group of his shipmates, ordered him to follow him. Jack at once recognized in him the person who had addressed him kindly at the time of the capture, and he hesitated not to comply. In a few moments afterwards, the commander of H. B. M. ship Mercury, and Jack Jarvis, the Yankee Sailor Boy, were seated near each other in the cabin of the vessel, no other person being present.

"Well, my Yankee lad," said Commander Usherwood, as soon as he had given Jack a seat, "I made you a slight promise the first time we met, and I mean to make that promise good; you are at liberty to remain on deck, or below, or in any part of the ship, even my cabin if you like, for I must confess I have conceived an almost unaccountable interest in your welfare."

"You're very kind, sir," replied Jack; "and I hope that all my shipmates will meet with kind treatment; I would not take for myself that which is denied to others as deserving and perhaps more deserving than I am."

"I assure you that my disposition leads me far from a desire to heap sufferings upon the unfortunate," said Usherwood; "but you will perceive that it is impossible for me to give all the prisoners the freedom of the ship."

"But, sir, I have a kind uncle among them, an old man, whose freedom I would crave rather than my own; he is my mother's brother, and I am sure he would not abuse any favor you might show him."

"What is his name?"

"Paul Peril."

"Paul Peril!" ejaculated the commander, expressing no little surprise.

"Do you know him?" inquired our hero, noticing the confusion of his interlocutor.

"No—that is—I—the name struck me familiarly," stammered Usherwood. "And what is your name, my lad?"

"You took it some days ago," replied our hero.

"Yes—I remember; it is, let me see —"

"Yankee Jack, sir."

"And you persist in giving me no other?" said Usherwood, inquiringly.

"Not, while I am a prisoner," answered Jack.

"It can possibly do you no harm."

"It can do me no good."

"You assign no reason?"

"None, except that I am a prisoner of war, bound, I suppose, to the hulks of Plymouth?"

"Or, rather Dartmoor Prison, for that is to be the ultimate destination of all American prisoners," said the commander.

"How long to remain there?"

"Until peace be proclaimed, unless there should be an exchange of prisoners."

Our hero bent his head in sorrow, and sighed deeply.

"Cheer up, my lad," said the officer, "there are sunnier days in store for you than these. I feel an interest in your welfare, and while I command you shall be protected."

"But, my poor uncle —"

"He, too, shall have my protection for your sake," interrupted the officer; and taking a pen from the table and a scrap of paper from the desk, and inditing a few lines, passed it to our hero, saying—"Take this to the lieutenant of marines."

Jarvis did as he was directed; the instructions of the note were, to permit the bearer and Paul Peril to pass and repass the sentinels at liberty.

This was certainly a great privilege under the circumstances; the weather being sultry, and some sixty or seventy prisoners having their quarters together between-decks, rendering the atmosphere almost unendurable, it was certainly a great relief for the veteran and his nephew to enjoy a delightful sea-breeze upon deck, whenever it was their pleasure so to do.

Peril, with a pipe in his mouth, went upon the ship's quarter, and seated himself on a coil of rigging, in the shadow of the mizzen spanker, while our hero, with legs crossed and right hand thrust beneath his jacket, stood leaning against the spanker-boom.

"I don't exactly understand, Jack," said Peril, "why you and I should be selected to enjoy privileges, which are denied to our shipmates below. There's some mystery in it, depend on't, and as sure 's my name 's Paul Peril, I'll fathom it;" and the veteran shook his head and peered into our hero's face with a downcast, yet doubtful expression.

"As I told you before, uncle, he spoke kindly to me at the time of our capture," replied Jarvis; "I cannot think he has any purpose in this treatment more than he declares; he looks

kindly upon me, speaks to me kindly and acts kindly; and I would not wrong him by even entertaining a suspicion that he wishes to deceive."

"I hope not," said Paul; "But I've a notion running in my noddle, that the commander of this vessel knows us, for he clapped his top-lights rather sharply upon me this morning, as much as to say—I know ye, old fellow. And, to speak the truth, Jack, I believe he and I have met, face to face* before. I'm not so clear that he didn't come off in the Terror's boat at the time we were boarded by Captain Walton and Midshipman Vanhorn, when through you they left us with fleas in their ears, and plenty of brandy in their noddles. If that was not the time I met him, it must have been when we were chased into Boston Harbor in the old Andes, and when you smashed their launch with a pair of 32 pound shot."

"I cannot remember of ever having seen him until he spoke to me aboard the Chesapeake," remarked our hero.

"The more I think of him the more familiar he appears," resumed Peril; "he has a motive for bestowing favors upon us, that's very certain; whether it's for weal or woe, time will show; for my part I cannot help thinking he's got a grudge against us, and he has singled us out that he may have a good opportunity to show his teeth when it's his pleasure so to do."

"No, uncle—harbor no such suspicions; be assured he has no sinister motives. If there is any mystery in his conduct, I am certain that it can do us no harm."

"You always look on the bright side of things, Jack; well; it's natural, for that was the way with your father. He went on a venturesome expedition, full of hope and promise—that was the last of him, poor fellow.—Let's see, it is now nine long years since —"

"Sail ho!"

Their conversation was suddenly interrupted by this cry from the look-out at mast-head.

"Whither away?" hallooed commander Usherwood, springing up the companion-way to the quarter-deck.

"On our weather-bow, bearing down upon us under a full press of canvas!" was the look-out's reply.

"What does she look like?" sang out the commander.

"A large schooner, with topsail, topgallant-sail and gaff top-sail set," answered the man from aloft.

Usherwood seized the glass, sprang into the mizzen rigging, and with the nimbleness of a young royal-boy he ran up to the cap. He here took a survey of the approaching sail, and then hurried down upon deck.

"It's an armed schooner, Mr. Morgan," said he to his first of-

ficer; "but whether English, French, Yankee, or Spanish, it is impossible for me to make out."

"Doesn't she show any colors?" asked the lieutenant.

"Not yet."

"With this wind, sir, she'll be upon us soon," suggested Morgan.

"Yes, sir. You may as well tell the boatswain to pipe all hands to quarters! see that the deck is clear for action, and have a few rounds of shot handed up. If she prove to be an enemy, we must receive her warmly; if a friendly craft, why, then, the exercise will be just what the men need."

"Aloft there, boys! take in the r'vals and send down the yards!" said he to a group of royal boys, who stood awaiting orders.

Like so many cats, emulous of each other, the boys sprang into the main and fore-rigging, and reached the cross-trees, almost simultaneously. The halyards were let go, the boys shinned up to the yards, mounted the foot-ropes, furlled the sails, and in an almost incredibly brief period the spars and the boys reached the deck.

The wind increased momentarily and now blew quite fresh; the Mercury bowled on at the rate of eight or nine knots, notwithstanding the royals had been taken in. The commander, not particularly desiring an engagement with the stranger, nor wishing to show signs of running away, sang out to his crew through his speaking-trumpet—

"Man the top-gallant clewlines! Aloft, men, and stand by to furl the sail! Round in the weather-braces—be lively, my lads! ease away the lee sheet and halliards! Lower away! Ease away the weather-sheet—steady the yard—now lay out and furl up!"

These orders were quickly obeyed by three gangs, who went aloft to take in the mizzen, main and fore top-gallant sails.

The next evolution was in hauling up the courses and furling them, which was done promptly, and much to the admiration of Paul and Jack, who watched every manœuvre with scrutinizing eyes.

The Mercury hauled up a point or two into the wind, for the purpose of giving the schooner an opportunity to get within gun range as quickly as possible.

A flash was seen from the schooner's bow, and a ball ricocheted over the waters, was met by a wave a hundred yards short of the ship, and was seen no more. Presently a little ball of bunting was run up to the schooner's main-truck, which quickly rolled out, displaying the Yankee ensign of stars and stripes. Captain Usherwood immediately ordered the British

ensign to be run up to the mizzen peak, and a gun to be fired. He then gave orders to back the main-topsail, which being done, the Mercury lay-to, awaiting the action of the enemy.

"Mr. Morgan, is everything right on the gun-deck?" asked the commander.

"Ay, sir, all is prepared for action," replied the lieutenant; "but the prisoners are in the way; I would suggest that they be removed into the hold until after the action, if we are to have one."

"No, Mr. Morgan," replied the commander; "I wouldn't send brutes into such an atmosphere, much less human beings."

"But they are our enemies?" ejaculated Morgan.

"We should be friends; they are unfortunate, and I will deal with them as I would be dealt by. It is proverbial that the Americans treat their prisoners more humanely than the English do, and we can better afford to be lenient than they. No, Mr. Morgan, I will not so outrage humanity as to coop up men as you propose; dispose of the prisoners as you best can, without imposing punishment upon them."

This was new kind of doctrine to Lieutenant Morgan. He cast a sullen, morose look upon the captain, and without making any answer returned to his duty.

This conversation was overheard by Peril and Jarvis, who were sitting on a coil of rigging on the larboard side of the quarter-deck, watching the movements of the schooner carrying their own starry bunting.

"Jack, you're right ag'in," said Paul; "I'm taken all aback; he has just uttered some noble sentiments to that red-nosed lieutenant which I like; and may I never aim another gun if I don't think he's got the heart of a true son of Columbia if he does wear a British sword."

"I'm glad you coincide with me in opinion, uncle," said our hero; "and whatever may be the result of this battle, I hope his life may be spared."

Another flash and report from the schooner. A thirty-two pound ball came whizzing over their heads—a crash, and the mizzen topmast went by the board!

"Guns and thunder!" exclaimed Peril; "that sounds like the music of my Long John! That must be a twin-brother of the old gun! We shall have it hot and heavy, shortly! This Englishman thinks he can knock the timbers out of that schooner without much trouble, but I guess he'll find his hands full, for she's a saucy, rakish looking craft."

"She's about as large as the Salamander, uncle," remarked our hero, who kept his eye intently fixed upon the schooner. "I'll ask the commander to allow me to take the glass."

Our hero accosted the commander, obtained the glass, and took a survey of the schooner.

"If that is not the Salamander's hulk, I am no judge of water craft," said Jarvis.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Peril, seizing the glass and bringing it to his eye! "By Neptune! I believe 'tis her! but she's strangely altered: that bright silvery ribbon around her hull is gone—her ports are red instead of white—those lofty, tapering spars have given place to clumsy ones; but for all these changes she looks amazingly like the beauty we sailed in, about the bows. Vangs! I'd give a whole year's cruising money to be once more upon the old Salamander's deck!"

Our hero returned the glass to the commander, and expressed his thanks.

"Well, my lad," asked Usherwood, "what do you make her out to be?"

"A Yankee Privateer, sir," answered Jarvis; "and if I may be permitted to give an opinion, you'll find hot work and a plenty of it to do, sir!"

"Yes; these Privateersmen are hard fighters; they never know when they are fairly whipped," remarked the commander; "but let me advise you and your venerable friend to go below, as you can have no part in this conflict."

"If it be your will, sir," replied Jarvis.

"You will but expose your lives unnecessarily by remaining on deck!"

"True, sir; but we desire to witness the progress of the battle," remarked our hero.

"Stay where you are then, if you are willing to put your lives in jeopardy," said the commander, as he turned to give an order to one of his subordinate officers.

The schooner was now coming gallantly down under main-sail, jib and top-gallant sail, and when within short gun range distance, she hauled up suddenly into the wind, standing abreast in a contrary direction, and poured her whole starboard battery into the Mercury, making terrible havoc aboard, especially on the gun-deck. A broadside was returned, but not until the schooner had ranged some yards astern of the ship, the effect of which was not terrific enough to be visible to those aboard the Mercury. No sooner was the broadside received than the schooner wore round, stood on the other tack, and ran within musket-shot of the ship, and poured in a broadside from the larboard battery before the Mercury's gunners had charged and depressed their pieces for a second fire.

This manœuvre, executed so beautifully, created a sudden panic among the ship's crew, and showed the remarkable sail-

ing qualities of their antagonist, and the nautical skill of those who worked her, for the wind had freshened almost into a gale since the first gun was fired.

"Jack, this place is getting rather warm for us," said Peril, after the second broadside, a shot of which made a breach through the bulwarks not six feet from them, and scattered splinters of wood on all sides.

"Huzza! huzza!" cried our hero in great glee, and jumping up and clapping his hands, notwithstanding the battle now raged fearfully on both sides.

"What's the matter now, Jack?" queried the veteran.

"Huzza! uncle! it is the Salamander!" exclaimed our hero; "for I just now had a fair glimpse at Captain Decker, mounted on the taffarel, with trumpet in hand!"

"Then, by all that's joyful we shan't see Dartmoor Prison this heat!" replied Peril, with exultation.

"You think, then, we shall lose the battle?" ejaculated Usherwood, who stood near directing the conflict.

His manner was strange, and his words had an expression of indifference in their very tone.

"In the Salamander you'll find a foe worth conquering," answered Paul.

"You know the schooner?" queried the captain.

"Ay, sir; and a finer craft never breasted the billows of the Atlantic. As for her commander and crew, sir, a more gallant and braver set of fellows never fired a broadside!" replied Peril.

The commander turned upon his heel, and while giving an order to the man at the helm a raking broadside was poured in, and he staggered aft, having received a cannister shot wound in the breast.

"God's will be done! I've got my death wound!" he said gaspingly to our veteran, who ran to assist him. Give me the ensign halliards, my friend!"

He took the cords in his hands, and though he could not stand without assistance, he pulled down the British flag to the deck!

"There—that will make some amends for deserting my country," said the wounded man, dropping in the arms of our veteran tar. "Take me below—do not leave me, Mr. Peril—do not leave me, boy—I have a brief revelation to make ere I die—"

Peril was somewhat surprised to hear his name spoken by the wounded officer. Who can he be, thought he, who should know him; he had given an assumed name when enrolled as a prisoner, and he had not imparted his real one to any of his captors. But he had no time for reflection, and while the schooner was approaching, he, assisted by his nephew, bore the suffering man below.

The roar of cannon had now ceased—the Mercury's flag was struck, and the victors were shouting their wild huzzas! The victorious vessel ranged alongside, grappled, and her commander with some thirty or forty privateersmen rushed aboard.

Lieutenant Morgan received Captain Decker, and the former having stated that his commander had fallen in the action, and therefore the duties of formally delivering up the ship devolved upon him. This ceremony having been gone through with, Lieut. Morgan said,—

"Between decks there are quite a number of American prisoners taken at the capture of the Chesapeake. They shall say how they have been treated at our hands, and in behalf of my comrades I only have the request to make that the sufferings of our imprisonment may be made as light as theirs."

"Your wishes shall be complied with," said the victorious commander; "it is no part of the Yankee character, sir, to inflict any greater punishment upon the unfortunate captives than our own safety demands."

The American prisoners were now released and came rushing joyfully upon deck to greet their liberators, and pour out their thanks for this timely deliverance from British captivity.

But let us look into the cabin of the Mercury. Meanwhile the form of surrendering the ship to the captors was transpiring upon the deck, a sad scene presented itself below. Stretched upon a couch lay the tall and commanding form of Usherwood, suffering the severe pangs of a mortal wound. Beside him stood the first surgeon of the ship, and immediately in the rear stood Paul Peril and Jack Jarvis.

"Leave me, doctor," said the patient; "go to those whose wounds your skill can heal—my hurt is mortal."

"Perhaps——" essayed the surgeon.

"No—there is no hope! leave me!" interrupted the wounded officer. "The little time I have to live I would be alone—go!"

The surgeon reluctantly obeyed, though he saw at the first glance that his commander could not survive an hour. Peril and Jarvis were about to follow.

"Stay! in Heaven's name leave me not!" entreated the sufferer, beckoning them to approach nearer. "I said that I had something to communicate. Look at me, Mr. Peril—do you not know me?"

As he made this interrogatory he bared his right arm, upon which were marked the initials R. J., encircled in a diamond, in India ink.

Peril started back in amazement, and stared at the wounded man as if a spectre lay before him!

"Great God!" he exclaimed, while drops of perspiration stood upon his wrinkled brow: "can the ocean give up its dead?"

"You are mistaken—I escaped that terrible disaster!" returned the prostrate officer; "It was by a miracle—I am too weak to relate the circumstances."

"Then you are truly, Robert Jarvis, my long lost brother-in-law, whom we have mourned as dead for nine years?" ejaculated Peril, approaching the couch, and kneeling beside him.

"I am; though I have so much changed, that many an old comrade has passed me by without recognizing me," he replied. "That boy—he looks like my poor, deserted——"

"He's your only son!" said Peril, starting to his feet, and seizing Jack by the hand, drew him towards the suffering man; "behold your father, nephew! Would to Heaven he had died before we had known his disgrace!"

"Brother, your words torture me more than my wounds!" exclaimed the officer, almost unable to speak for want of breath. "Give me more air—that will do. Oh, God! could you know what I have passed through—what I have endured—ah——"

"Have you not been traitorous to your country? Do you not wear a British sword and British epaulettes?" ejaculated Peril, with a tear of pity in his eye.

Our hero gazed upon his prostrate father with commingled sentiments of affection, anger and sorrow—his heart was too full to speak, and he wept like a child.

"Spare me from any reflections at this hour," said the dying man, after a few moments' rest; "I could explain all—but I've not strength. Here—take this packet, and if you've one spark of love or pity for me, keep it as a treasure—it will explain all!"

With these words he pulled from his bosom a sealed packet and placed it in the hands of Peril.

"Oh say, my father, that you have not been traitorous!" exclaimed our hero, falling upon his knees beside the couch, and seizing his hand.

"Not willingly, my dear boy, believe me," said the dying man. "The packet will reveal all—open it, when you have returned home—but perhaps——no, God has been her protector—your mother still lives, my boy?" he inquired earnestly.

"Yes, father," replied Jack, bending over and kissing the bloodless lips of the sufferer.

"Ah! my dear boy! I shall now die in peace! Let me examine your features—they somewhat resemble hers—but I think they more nearly resemble mine;" and the officer with both hands parted the hair on the noble boy's forehead, and gazed upon him with all a father's fondness, forgetting almost the sufferings of his body.

"Ah! my eye-sight fails me! my head swims! I feel that I

am going ! Tell your mother, my son, that my last thoughts and prayers were of her and of you !”

“Oh, my poor father !” sobbed the boy, in piteous tones.

“Give me your hand, brother Peril !” said the dying officer, reaching out one hand, while with the other he grasped that of his son ; “forgive me, as I trust God will forgive us all ! Blessings on you, Peril—blessings on you, my son—blessings on your mother—farewell—fare—”

He gasped for further utterance, but the death-rattle was in his throat—a shudder for a moment seized his frame, and then a smile lighted up his features ; he was now calm and apparently free from pain ; his breath grew fainter and shorter at each moment, until his latest was scarcely perceptible.

“He’s gone !” said Peril, uttering a deep-drawn sigh.

A few moments elapsed when the Privateer officers, having arranged matters on deck, descended the companion way into the cabin. They stopped short as they beheld the mournful spectacle which presented itself of our hero and his uncle still kneeling beside the dead body.

“In Heaven’s name whom have we here ?—our old gunner—the prize-master of the Andes ?” ejaculated Captain Decker, recognizing Paul Peril !

“Ay, ay, sir !” exclaimed Paul, rising to his feet, striving to wipe his eyes dry, and approaching his gallant commander.

“Shiver my timbers if I didn’t know that voice !” exclaimed Peril, shaking the hand of his captain heartily ; “I knew too, the bark of my old friend, Long John !”

“And isn’t that our young friend who was aboard the Salamander with you ?”

“Ay, sir, that’s Jarvis—poor boy—he found his father and lost him in the same hour !” replied Peril.

Our hero arose, approached the captain, and received a cordial embrace.

Some explanations followed, but no allusion was made to the mysterious packet.—That Peril had concealed about his person, determining not to part with it but with his life.

Before the sun had set on that eventful day—the seventeenth of June, 1813—both vessels, under the command of American officers, were sailing on a westwardly course in company. Boston was their port of destination, and woe betide any single British cruiser who shall have the temerity to attack them. They were homeward bound, those gallant Privateersmen, and there was not a man among them, but what would spill his last drop to reach the goal of his present desires and anticipations. The Salamander’s cruise had been a long one, and a desperate one. She had been once captured by a British 74, and a prize-crew

put aboard of her. But no sooner was the seventy-four out of sight, than the prisoners freed themselves, overpowered the prize-crew, and put them in irons in turn. She had made capture of nearly half a score of merchantmen, and sent them into American ports. She had had engagements with several English cruisers, and utterly destroyed them. She had encountered fierce gales—had been twice ashore on a rock-bound coast—had dodged in and out of English, French and Portuguese ports—had been chased, day after day, by first class frigates and ships of the line—had once run the gauntlet of a whole British fleet, and came out unscathed—and her last exploit was to capture a 28 gun-ship, containing a portion of the crew of the ill-fated Chesapeake !

Never was a vessel more appropriately named than the “Salamander !”

CHAPTER X.

THE LAST OF THIS EVENTFUL HISTORY. “ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.”

It was a gala day in Boston. Despite the gloom which hung over the whole country, especially over New England, consequent upon the many reverses sustained in the early part of the war upon the ocean, in the loss of many merchantmen and several vessels of war, the citizens of the mountain town celebrated as they have done for seventy-six years the anniversary of American Independence. The authorities of the town had made their accustomed preparations. The bells rang and the national salute was fired at sunrise ; but long before Aurora had harnessed up her gilded chariot and lighted her flaming torch the merry urchins were abroad “having a time” with their squibs, crackers, pistols, guns, swivels, tin-kettles, conch-shells, and other pandemonium instruments—precisely the same sort of noisy implements which many of those identical boys—now grey-headed grandfathers of a numerous progeny—heard some two weeks since, on Independence morning, any time between the hours of 12, midnight, and the subsequent twenty-four hours.

But, on the 4th of July, 1813, the people did not, by any means, enter into the joyous festivities of that great occasion as they were ever wont to do. The truth was, there were too many sad hearts in the metropolis. Fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, bewailed the absence of dear friends who were

abroad on that stormy battle field of the last war—the Atlantic Ocean; and almost every successive day for four weeks had brought rumors of the capture of some vessel from their port. Besides, the affair of the Chesapeake was yet green in their memories; the report of the number of killed and wounded, and the numbers which were to be sent to England as prisoners, had been correctly ascertained; added to this, the funeral solemnities of the brave Lawrence had been performed in the neighboring town of Salem, and his remains had but just passed through Boston, on their way to New York, their final resting place.

But it is not our purpose here to dwell on public griefs; our sympathies are with those who have been and are intimately connected with this "ower true tale." The sad tidings of the departure of a transport ship from Halifax for the hulks of Plymouth, or Dartmoor Prison, with a large detachment of the American prisoners, including Paul Peril and Jack Jarvis, had reached their friends in Boston.

It was a severe affliction to the mother of the adventurous youth; but she had been schooled in adversity, and bore the tidings of her son's fate with all the fortitude of a Christian mother. Not so with Isadora Sinclair. When the misfortune of our hero reached her ears, she was overwhelmed with grief, and fell prostrate before her parents. Medical aid was procured, but the efforts of the physician in restoring her to a state of consciousness, had not power to render her forgetful of the calamity that had befallen him to whom she owed her life, and whom she loved with all the fervency of her susceptible heart. She was inconsolable.—Every means which her parents could devise were brought into requisition without avail, until the morning of the "Fourth," when she received a visit from Mrs. Jarvis. She whispered into the unhappy Dora's ears the breathings of a hopeful heart.

"I have a strong presentiment," said the matron, in soothing and earnest tones, "that I shall soon see my dear son again. Last night I had a vision, in which I was assured that the transport ship, on board of which he was confined, had been captured by an American vessel, and that the captor and prize would soon arrive at this port."

Although there was not enough of superstition in Dora's nature, usually to give the slightest heed to visions or prophecies, yet, at this time her weakened mind readily drank in the good woman's consoling words, and a ray of hope was kindled in her afflicted heart. By gentle persuasion she consented to go forth into the garden, where, amid perfumed shrubs and flowers and overhanging vines, her drooping spirits seemed to revive.

At the meridian hour, the bells again rang out their joyful pæans; the booming guns from every direction reiterated the nation's proclamation that we were a free people; a thousand starry flags and streamers waved on high, in commemoration of the natal day of the great Western Republic. One half hour of mighty rejoicing, and the town was comparatively quiet; but scarcely had five minutes elapsed, when the rejoicing multitudes were startled by a heavy cannonading from the harbor; and, as soon as the cause became known, the bells rang out another peal, more joyously than the first, and the populace, from every part of the metropolis, were hastening towards the wharves to witness the great scene of that day's performances. In less than half an hour, the streets and the houses were quite deserted, and even the common, which during the morning had been literally thronged with human beings, was left with scarcely persons enough to keep watch over the contents of stands, booths, etc., which had been erected for eating and drinking, and dancing and gambling.

It was, indeed, an animated spectacle to behold the wharves, the roofs of store-houses, the decks and rigging of the shipping, actually swarming with an enthusiastic people; and added, thereto, an innumerable fleet of water-craft, also laden with human beings. But what they had there assembled to witness, the reader, perhaps, has already surmised; but lest they may not comprehend fully the attraction, we will venture a brief description of the happy episode of Independence day of 1813.

In the midst of the firing of the mid-day national salute, from a thousand pieces of ordnance in all directions, two vessels, under an easy press of canvas, entered the harbor; and as they passed Castle Island, salutes were exchanged, which attracted no attention from the shore, because of the thundering of cannon all around. The foremost vessel was a large, rakish-looking topsail schooner, carrying only mainsail, foresail and jib, but she was literally bedecked with flags and pennants, from the fore-truck to the end of the flying jib-boom, and from the main-truck and main-peak to the end of the main-boom; also extending from both masts on either side to the main and fore chains. The stars and stripes floated above all from the main and fore trucks, and from the main-peak, while the union jack was displayed from a staff at the end of the bowsprit. This display of bunting embraced the flags of nearly all nations: there were strung together, without much regard to the propriety of place, the ensigns of France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Prussia, Russia, Turkey, Greece, Tunis, Malta, Morocco, Sardinia, Majorca, Mexico, Norden, Stralsund, Brandenburg, Algiers, &c.; and among the great variety, there

were displayed some twenty or thirty tattered trophies, the ensigns of the boasted Sovereign of the Seas, Old England. The gayly decorated craft was a Privateer, and the many flags which she was enabled to display were those which had been found aboard of the many prizes she had captured during her eventful cruise.

Following the Privateer, not more than a gunshot distance astern, was a large armed ship, carrying topsails and courses, her top-gallant yards having been carried away, and her mizzen topmast was entirely gone. She was more modestly attired, and the only display of bunting she made, was that of the British flag, ensign down, flying directly beneath the triumphant banner of stars and stripes.

By the time the National salutes had ceased upon the shore, all hands aboard the Privateer were called to quarters; the yards and booms were manned man-o'-war fashion, and every gun had a full complement of gunners at their respective stations; matches, too, were lighted, ready to blaze away at the word of command.

When off Dorchester Heights, about midway between Castle Island and Port Hill, she fired her larboard battery, then her starboard, followed by a feu de joie, or a regular succession of discharges at intervals of not more than a second. The same mode of firing was twice repeated, and when off Long Wharf and the T, both broadsides were discharged at once, making the very earth tremble, and creating no little consternation in the vicinity ashore, by the shaking of weak foundations and the shivering of many panes of window-glass!

The signal was here given to take in sail, drop anchor and make all snug. In less time than we can record it, the vessel was moored, every sail furled tightly and smoothly to the spars, rigging nicely coiled up, and the commander's barge manned and at the gangway in readiness to pull him ashore.

The prize-ship soon came up, and moored within a cable's length of her captor. The flag hoisted at the fore of the Privateer was hauled down, and in its place a ball of white bunting, which, when it streamed out upon the breeze, displayed, in fiery-red letters, the word "SALAMANDER!"

Then, and not till then, did the patriotic multitude ashore send up one universal, simultaneous shout of joy!

She was thought to be, on her arrival in the harbor, the famous Privateer General Armstrong, for it was confessed that to any but practiced observers none would have supposed that the newly-arrived craft was the Salamander; besides, the rumor of her capture by a British fleet had been noised all along the coast. Scarcely a spar or sail, a piece of rigging or a block,

but what had been changed during her remarkable cruise. Her hull, too, had been bruised, battered and patched from stem to stern; yet, for all this, she maintained that rakish, saucy, independent appearance which characterized her at home and abroad.

Amid the most vociferous cheering from the crew, and the noisy acclamations of the multitude ashore, Captain Decker descended into the barge and was rowed to the landing steps at India Wharf. A carriage was already there to receive him. It belonged to the merchant Hamilton Sinclair, who was the first to greet him, and inviting him to a seat in the vehicle, they were driven towards the merchant's mansion, where they soon alighted.

"Tell me, Captain Decker," said Sinclair, betraying some signs of grief, despite the joy he felt at the arrival of the Salamander,—“tell me if you know what disposition has been made of the Americans captured aboard the Chesapeake?”

"Oh, yes," replied Decker; "the greater portion of them are at Halifax, waiting to be sent to England or to be exchanged; the officers are all on parole; another portion of them, I am happy to say, compose the crew of the 28 gun ship I have brought in with me."

"How can it be possible?" ejaculated the merchant, surprised at this unexpected intelligence.

"Oh! by the most natural occurrences in the world," answered the Privateer commander in his usually careless manner. "The facts are simply these:—the Mercury sailed from Halifax, with some three score prisoners, bound to England; fifty leagues E. S. E. of the port she sailed from, we fell in with her, she displayed English colors, we ran up the stars and stripes, engaged her closely, gave her a few raking broadsides, boarded her, and of course, as we usually do, took possession, released the prisoners, confined the John Bulls in their places, and sent her in; and, as I thought the old Privateer wanted a little cooeping, I concluded to run in with her."

"Now tell me," resumed Sinclair, "if the man you sent in with the Andes was among the prisoners you liberated?"

"To be sure, to be sure—he's at his old post, the first gunner of the Privateer!" said Decker.

"And do you remember," pursued Sinclair, "his nephew, the young man who sailed with him?"

"What! Jack Jarvis! Yankee Jack! as the jolly tars call him! Remember him? who could forget him? Why he's the bravest, likeliest, most generous lad afloat! If that boy lives he'll make his mark on history's page!"

"Is he safe?"

"To be sure he is!" replied Decker.—"Where Paul Peril is there Jack Jarvis is to be found!"

"Then he's aboard the Salamander?" queried Sinclare.

"He was coxswain o' the barge that brought me ashore," replied the officer. "He asked permission for himself and uncle to take a cruise among their friends this afternoon, which of course I granted."

"Ah! what joy this will give my poor Dora," said the merchant.

"Your daughter?"

"Yes; my poor child, to tell you a family secret, has conceived a strong love for this noble youth; and ever since the tidings came that he was a prisoner in the hands of the British, she has been inconsolable, and has so pined away with affliction that we have almost feared for her life. Ah! here she comes!"

The pale but still beautiful girl came into the parlor, and with a more cheerful look than she had shown for several weeks, threw her arms about her father's neck and kissed him.

"This is our old friend, Captain Decker," said her father.

Dora smiled and curtsied.

"You seem quite happy to-day, Dora," remarked Mr. Sinclare. "Somebody has anticipated me in giving you the news of——"

"Oh, yes, father; I have been walking with Mrs. Jarvis, in the garden, and she has told me that she believed he would soon return. Do you think so, too, father?" asked Dora.

"Yes, my child."

"When?" she eagerly inquired, her bright eyes flashing with intense delight.

"Very soon, will he not, Captain Decker?" asked the merchant, looking significantly into the officer's face.

Decker nodded assent.

"Will he arrive next week or next month, father?" she asked.

"Oh, sooner than a month or a week."

"To-morrow?" pursued Dora, gazing into her father's countenance, where she seemed to read his very thoughts. "Ah, father, he has come already—I see it in your looks—is it not so?"

"Yes, my child; thanks to Captain Decker and his noble crew, he's now alive and well aboard the Salamander, which arrived not an hour ago!"

Then, Mrs. Jarvis's prediction has come to pass!" she exclaimed, while tears of joy glistened in her sparkling eyes. "I am sorry I let her go home so soon; but I can run over there and be the first to communicate to her the joyful intelligence.

Poor woman! she has been very unhappy! to lose her son would break her heart! How I have pitied her! But I shall carry words of consolation to her now!"

While giving utterance to these sentences, Dora adjusted her bonnet, and throwing a crape shawl over her shoulders, she again kissed her kind father, curtsied to the gallant captain, and proceeded on her joyful errand!

"Happy child!" remarked the merchant as soon as she was gone; "her last words far better apply to herself than to Madame Jarvis."

"So it occurred to me," said Decker; "I think I never witnessed an exhibition of stronger affection. Her lover ought to be a happy fellow; and I have no doubt he will prove worthy of her love, but his station in life——"

"Say nothing of that," interrupted Sinclare. "With me, merit levels all distinctions. My gratitude to the boy for saving the life of my daughter has ripened into a paternal affection; and while I have lost an unworthy, ignoble son, I hope, at no very distant day, to find in him a worthy and a noble one. —Knowing that he had a decided inclination for the sea, I made application some time since to the government at Washington for a Midshipman's warrant for him. Aided by a few influential friends, who set forth his many heroic deeds, the application was successful, and within the last few days I received his warrant."

"Excellent! the naval service is just the place for him!" exclaimed Decker; "and my word for it if he has an opportunity he will signally distinguish himself, and you will have a son-in-law that you'll have abundant reasons to be proud of."

The merchant and his gallant guest were now summoned to dinner, where for the present we shall leave them.

At about six o'clock that afternoon a hack stopped at Mrs. Jarvis's humble mansion, containing Paul Peril and Jack Jarvis, together with their sea-toggery. They had taken pains to rig themselves up in their holiday suits, and to scrub from their faces and hands the tar, slush and gunpowder, which usually besmear a man-o'-war's men at sea.

A trio of persons were there to give them a hearty welcome. There were Peril's wife, Jack's mother, and his darling little flame, Dora. Reader—we can't describe that scene of meeting; your imagination will enable you best to estimate the amount of felicity evinced under that humble roof within the hour next preceding the arrival of Paul and Jack.

When evening came, at Dora's earnest solicitation, our hero was induced to visit her father's house, where he passed an agreeable hour or two in conversation with the hospitable merchant and his family. Before he took his leave, Mr. Sinclair placed in his hands a packet, which he desired him to examine before he retired that night, but he gave him no idea of the import of the sealed missive.

When the Old South clock tolled the hour of eleven of that night, Paul Peril and his nephew were seated alone in the front room of Mrs. Jarvis's dwelling, in earnest conversation.

"Now," said the veteran, with a solemn air, and taking from beneath his jacket the sealed package which had been intrusted to him by the commander of the *Mercury* before he died, "we may as well overhaul this mysterious package. All I hope is, to find a 'log' which will clear up the doubts which hang over your father's character."

Carefully did he break the seal and remove the envelope, displaying three separate sealed documents. The first had an endorsement signifying that it was the last will and testament of the deceased; the second signified that it contained a schedule of effects, certificates, etc.

"These don't concern me, so I'll hand them over to you, Jack," said Peril, passing them over to his nephew.

The third bore simply the endorsement,—“Mem.—To all whom it may concern.”

"Ah! this must be his log," said Peril, breaking the seal, and producing three or four pages of closely printed matter. "Here, Jack, you must spin it off; my top-lights are too dim for the task."

Our hero took the manuscript and read it aloud, and it was listened to with intense interest by the veteran. We should be glad to give an entire transcript of what appeared to be a narrative of events in the career of Robert Jarvis; but as the document contains many uninteresting details, we propose to give an abstract of only such portions as are necessary to render intelligible the reason for the peculiar position which he occupied at the time he met with friends, from whom he had so long been estranged.

It appeared that Robert Jarvis sailed from New York, in a small armed vessel, bound to Buenos Ayres, for the purpose of entering the service of that government. Before arriving at their port of destination, Jarvis's vessel, called the *Renown*, fell in with an American homeward-bound vessel, the captain of which

informed him that Buenos Ayres was already in the hands of an English army, under the command of Major General Beresford. This information destroyed all the plans of the young commander of the *Renown*, so he resolved to proceed no further, but changed his course without any definite plan as to future operations. After touching at various ports, Jarvis steered towards the Mediterranean, with the intention of procuring a cargo of wines and fruits, and then to set sail for the United States. But his design was frustrated by finding himself, at daylight one morning, between two French privateers, one of which fired upon him, ordering him to heave-to, and to send a boat aboard with his papers. Jarvis hoisted the stars and stripes, supposing that might afford him protection, knowing full well that if he undertook to make an exhibit of the schooner's papers they would hardly prove satisfactory to the French privateersmen. But the display of the ensign of our republic did not satisfy the greedy Frenchmen, and they again demanded that a boat be sent aboard the Privateer, but Captain Jarvis heeded not their demand; thereupon he was ordered to surrender, but instead of yielding he ordered the deck to be cleared for action, determining, notwithstanding either of his threatened antagonists mounted more guns and men than he did, that he would fight so long as he had a shot in the locker or a deck to stand upon! The consequence was, a bloody battle ensued, which lasted upwards of five hours. One of the Privateers, *Le Furet*, was riddled through and through, while her consort, the *Minerve*, kept herself in a position astern, so that the Yankee's battery could not be brought to bear upon her; at the same time the *Minerve*, with her bow-chasers made terrible work among the spars and rigging of the *Renown*: her main-mast went by the board, her fore-topmast was carried away, and her taffarel and bulwarks were swept away almost entirely, carrying portions of the deck with them. The *Renown*, in truth, was nearly a wreck, and there were but three guns which could be worked, and so great was the carnage, that there were scarcely a sufficient number of men in a fit condition to work even these. Still the Yankee captain would not yield; his flag was shot down by the enemy, but he fought on with a desperation worthy only of the daring commodore of the Revolution, John Paul Jones.

While the battle raged most fiercely, an English frigate, unperceived by the combatants because of the smoke, bore down upon the scene under a full press of canvas.—She proved to be the *Apollo* of 38 guns, and had actually neared within gun range before she was discovered.

The Frenchmen were amazed when they found themselves

almost at the mercy of their common enemy. One of the Privateers, *Le Furet*, which had been so much cut up by the Yankee, forthwith struck her flag; the other, the *Minerve*, spread all sail with a view of making her escape. The *Renown* ceased firing; a boat was sent to her from the frigate, and Captain Jarvis and the few that were surviving of that brave crew were taken off, and kindly received on board the *Apollo*.—In five minutes afterwards the *Renown* foundered. A prize-crew was then sent aboard the *Minerve*, with orders to take her into the nearest English port. As soon as it was possible, the frigate crowded on all her canvas and followed in the wake of the fleeing Privateer. The chase continued for forty-eight hours, when *Le Furet* made the Isle of Bas, and ran in under the batteries of the fortress, where she came to anchor, feeling herself perfectly secure.

But not so thought the commander of the English frigate. Desperate as it seemed, he resolved to cut her out, and secure the game which he had so long pursued. He called for volunteers for his hazardous project, and among the first to step forth was the Yankee Captain, Robert Jarvis, eager to avenge the great loss he had sustained. The expedition consisted of four boats, under the command of the first lieutenant of the *Apollo*, who took the lead in the first boat. The command of the second boat was given to Jarvis.

At the hour of midnight, with muffled oars, the expedition was rowed into the harbor, but ere the boats reached their intended prey, they were discovered by a linx-eyed sentinel upon the ramparts of the fortress, who immediately gave the alarm, and the drums of the fort and aboard *Le Furet* immediately beat to quarters.

The waning moon, at intervals, shining through the light fleecy clouds, gave the Frenchmen, afloat and ashore, occasional opportunities to observe the boat distinctly, but ere the crew of the Privateer became fully aroused to a sense of their danger, the foremost boat had neared within gunshot of the enemy. A brisk cannonading first commenced from the batteries ashore, but the boats quickly ranging themselves astern of the Privateer in a line with the shot, the guns ashore ceased firing lest they should do more harm to the vessel they desired to protect than to the enemy. The schooner, likewise, could not bring either battery to bear upon the boats, because they kept in a line astern; but most of her crew assembled on the quarter-deck, armed with muskets and pistols, and commenced firing volleys upon their enemies, which were briskly returned. In the commencement of the contest the lieutenant in command was mortally wounded. His position in the expedition fell upon

Jarvis, who, after giving orders for two of the boats to continue combating the enemy on the quarter-deck, sent the third boat ahead on the larboard side, while he, amidst a shower of shot, forged ahead on the starboard side. He passed the whole battery unscathed, reached the schooner's bows, severed with an axe the hempen cable, and then with his men succeeded in clambering up the ship's bows, despite of a severe resistance; the other boat's crew now succeeded in boarding, and they fought through the enemy, Jarvis leading them on with a tiger-like desperation, even to the quarter-deck.

The Frenchmen threw down their arms in despair, and cried lustily for quarter! quarter! which was granted them.

Mainsail and jib were immediately run up, and with a fresh breeze and on the swiftly ebbing tide, the prize was soon beyond the reach of the batteries of the fortress.

Two hours only had elapsed since the departure of the expedition, when it returned and brought the prize alongside the frigate. Nine cheers greeted the gallant Jarvis and his men, for to him was awarded the merit of securing the prize, which proved to be exceedingly valuable. His daring exploit was fully reported to the Board of Admiralty.

On the arrival of the *Apollo* in England, Jarvis, by urgent solicitation, was induced to accept a lieutenant's commission in the British service. He at first hesitated, but his own country being then at peace with Great Britain, and being himself sadly reduced in circumstances, he reluctantly accepted the berth under the name of Usherwood, which cognomen he had assumed on his departure from New York. His first service under his new commission was not until the year 1809, when, near the Island of Procida, the *Cyane* of 22 guns, with *Espoir*, 18, and 12 gun-boats, engaged the *Ceres*, a 40 gun French frigate, the *Fama*, 28 guns, and a large flotilla of gun-boats, and captured them all. Immediately after this affair, Jarvis was ordered to join an expedition to India, and did not return until the spring of 1813, when he first learned that war had been declared by the United States against Great Britain. He asked to remain inactive during the war, his request was denied, and he was ordered to join the frigate *Shannon*; he obeyed, but he inwardly resolved that no effort of his should ever cause a British triumph over the country of his birth! His subsequent conduct conformed to his resolution, as we have seen in the last acts of his life!

To prove that he did not intend to abandon his family, there were found among his papers, receipts for considerable sums of money intrusted to merchant captains, to deliver to his wife in Boston, but which, unfortunately, never reached her. Among his effects were also found ten £500 notes on the Bank of

England, together with other valuables to a considerable amount. The Will was a brief one: it bequeathed all he died possessed of to his son, John Jarvis; his wife, if living, and not divorced, nor again married, to enjoy the use thereof.

When Mrs. Jarvis arose on the morning after the perusal of the papers, Peril communicated to her that which the reader already knows. The valuables were placed in her possession, and she suddenly found herself a rich widow!

But her joy on this remarkable discovery did not half equal our hero's delight, caused on finding, in the document which the merchant presented him under seal, a Midshipman's Warrant!

That is the talisman, thought the heroic youth, which will lead me to glory! and render me worthy of the hand of Isadora Sinclair! Riches were as dross in his eyes compared with what he saw in that bit of parchment, containing the autograph of William Jones, Secretary of the Navy, with the seal of his Department.

But another surprise awaited him. "On the 6th of July, an order reached him to report himself forthwith on board of the ever victorious Constitution, then lying in the harbor of Salem; and on the same day, from a source unknown, he received a complete Middy's outfit, including sword, pistols, etc. And, as if there was a "sweet little cherub sitting up aloft," showering favors upon our especial friends, Paul Peril received a Quarter-Master's Warrant, with orders also to join Old Ironsides!

But before leaving home, our hero, Jack Jarvis, after rigging himself in the full dress of a Midshipman, from top to toe, walked towards the mansion of the merchant, to bid adieu to his adorable Dora. It was evening, or he would not have dared to show himself abroad after such a complete metamorphose of his person, and it must be admitted that he walked more erectly, and with a firmer and more dignified step, in his uniform, than he was accustomed to in the plain jacket and trousers of a Jack Tar. When he reached the gate, Dora was there anxiously awaiting his coming, for she knew that he was to leave home early on the following morning. She at first did not recognize him, and was about to turn from the supposed stranger, when he simply called—

"Dora!"

The voice she instantly recognized.

"I had forgotten," said she, "that you're a Midshipman; how well the uniform becomes you!" and she gazed with feelings of pride upon the graceful figure of the youth, which, in truth, the blue lace-embroidered jacket and trousers, the handsome cap, and polished sword-belt, set off to the greatest advantage.

Our hero and heroine passed a delightful evening, and it was not until the parting moments arrived that sadness filled their

souls. The great result of the interview, however, is what we care most to know. They pledged to each other their undying affection, and with the approval of Dora's parents, she became the affianced of our hero. But for their youthfulness they would not have parted until the nuptial knot had been tied:

* * * * *

Five years have passed away, and we now have the pleasure of introducing to the reader, Lieutenant John Jarvis, U. S. N. He had acquired honor and promotion for his gallant conduct aboard the Constitution, under Commodore Stuart, in the engagement of the 28th February, 1815, with the Cyane and Levant, which resulted in the capture of both vessels; he subsequently displayed his nautical skill and tact when chased by an English squadron out of the harbor of Port Praya. After Peace was concluded the command of a brig was given him, and he sailed on a cruise to the Mediterranean, returning after an absence of two years. During the whole of this period he enjoyed the service and society of his veteran uncle, Paul Peril.

Jarvis now obtained leave of absence for six months. During this period he espoused the beautiful and constant Isadora Sinclair. The nuptials were celebrated at her father's mansion, and the joyful occasion was honored by the presence of several distinguished commodores and subordinate officers of the navy, together with the relatives and warm friends of the bride and bridegroom.

In a few years afterwards Jarvis attained to the highest grade in the service; a glorious reward for honesty, courage and perseverance.

Before taking leave of our readers, we have a few words to say respecting Quincy Sinclair and Charles Dareall. The former turned traitor to his country by joining the British Navy, soon after his arrival at Halifax, and swearing allegiance to the British crown. He was afterwards killed on board of the Levant, during her engagement with Old Ironsides. Charles Dareall, while on parole at Halifax, made his escape in a fishing vessel, and nothing was heard of him until the month of October, 1814, when he was taken, with a formidable horde of Pirates, at Barrataria, by an expedition under Com. Patterson, and ended his miserable career at the yard-arm.

The veteran tar, Paul Peril, served in his new capacity until the war closed, and then laid up his battered hulk for repairs. His life was spared him long enough to enjoy the society of a trio of little Jarvises, who loved their great uncle "next best" to their honored parents.

A New Original Nautical Romance.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

THE THREE PIRATES,

OR,

THE CRUISE OF THE TORNADO.



BY HARRY HAZEL,

AUTHOR OF "YANKEE JACK," "THE BURGLARS," "ADVENTURES OF A SAILOR BOY," ETC.

This is a startling portraiture of pirate life, and carries the reader back to the days of the ferocious Black-beard and the Buccaneers. The character and exploits of those roving demons of the sea are depicted, if we may so speak, with an awful power by the author, which, although it thrills the soul with horror, rivets the interest to a degree of intensity that we have not seen equalled in any work of a similar kind. The work also contains many scenes of pathos and humor, and in every point of view is one of the best romances of the sea that has been produced in a long time.

NEW YORK:
H. LONG & BROTHER,
43 ANN-STREET.

Just published, the following Sea Tales:—

IN BRACE, or The Life of a Sailor. Illustrated	Price 50 cts.
THE ADVENTURES OF PAUL PERIWINKLE, Illustrated	50 cts.
BLACK ARIEL, or Life on board an East Indiaman	35 cts.
ELLANT-TOH, or The Perils of the Ocean	25 cts.
THE FLYING DUTCHMAN, a Mysterious Tale of the Sea. Illust.	25 cts.

Price {

REYNOLDS' NEW ROMANCE.

{ 50 cts.

MARY PRICE;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A SERVANT-MAID.



BY G. W. M. REYNOLDS,

AUTHOR OF 'THE MYSTERIES OF THE COURT OF LONDON,' 'ROSE FOSTER,' 'KENNETH,' &c.

Although the brilliant style of Reynolds must necessarily attract attention to all that comes from his pen, yet the present work has intrinsic merits which invest it with peculiar interest, and must make it popular beyond price.

This little work, besides the charm of its style and composition, such as Reynolds alone can give, has the merit of opening new and highly interesting scenes. It lifts the veil of social life, and gives us a glimpse at the sanctuary—the inner temple—which by no means increases our feelings of reverence for human conduct.—*Critic*.

This book holds up a "mirror to nature," wherein many a mistress of the family, whose placid temper and sweetness of disposition the world never doubted, would do well to regard her own features.—*Dispatch*.

Though but the memoirs of an humble servant-girl, this novel is an exceedingly interesting picture of society by a master hand.—*Athenaeum*.

NEW YORK:
H. LONG & BROTHER,
43 ANN-STREET.

In Press—"THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER TARDY," THE FAMOUS PIRATE OF THE WEST INDIES, who was the scourge of those seas during the years 1824 to 1837. Price 25 cents.

A Companion to the Mysteries of the Court of London

PRICE,

COMPLETE.

50 CENTS.

QUEEN JOANNA; OR THE MYSTERIES OF THE COURT OF NAPLES.



BY G. W. M. REYNOLDS,
AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTERIES OF THE COURT OF LONDON," &c. &c.
With Numerous Illustrations.

This is the most brilliant and interesting work from the gifted pen of Reynolds. The scenes are laid at a period of intense excitement, amid the thrilling events of the remarkable career of that Royal Syrian, Joanna of Naples. The characters possess an historical interest, beyond the fascinations of Romance with which the skill of the author has invested them.—*London Athenaeum*.

There is no book of the day which so perfectly blends the most startling events of History with the most glorious efforts of Romance. The period chosen for the story, the reign of that frail and beautiful Queen, Joanna of Naples, is one abounding in material for the novelist, and the masterly genius of Reynolds has wrought the incidents of her life into a towering and splendid Romance.—*London Spectator*.

NEW YORK:
H. LONG & BROTHER, 43 ANN-STREET.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF

COL. MONROE EDWARDS, The Accomplished Forger and Swindler: WITH TWENTY GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIVE ENGRAVINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN A. MURRELL," "JOSEPH T. HARE," AND "HELEN JEWETT."



Edwards experimenting with Acids on Ink.

The history of the above-named extraordinary man, contains a full and graphic account of all his private adventures, his intrigues, his projects, his trials, and his crimes. It not only traces the career of Edwards himself, but embraces in its details the entire system of the Slave-trade, with the biography of Holcroft, one of the most daring free traders of 1834, and perhaps at this moment an independent rover of the ocean. It likewise gives an admirable history of the early settlement and wars of Texas, with incidental illustrations of the policy of Houston and other prominent military leaders; and it relates also to the wonderful Dart forgery in Texas, to the amount of \$200,000—never before published. Finally, it details the forger's vast projects with the English Government for the conquest of Texas; his schemes in France; and the celebrated forgery on Brown, Brothers & Co., of New York. In connection with this trial, particulars are given of the most peculiar and extraordinary character, deeply affecting parties who have never been exposed.—Price 25 cents.

THE LIFE OF HELEN JEWETT: WITH ELEGANT AND SPIRITED ENGRAVINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COL. MONROE EDWARDS," "JOSEPH T. HARE," AND "JOHN A. MURRELL."



The author of Murrell has exceeded, in the Life of Helen Jewett, the merit which he displayed in the History of the Massaroni of the West. This may be attributed, in a certain degree, to the peculiar qualities of his last subject, but perhaps is more properly to be accredited to the stronger efforts of a talent, made bold by the favor of the Public. "Helen Jewett" is one of the phenomena of modern literature. Without pretension in its style, it comprises all the qualities of pathos, humor, terror, and descriptive fact that belong to an accomplished thought, and its philosophical deductions are reasoned out with a force and point but seldom met with in mere narrative or vain romance. The story possesses, as a novel, deeper interest than the Mysteries of Paris, and we cannot read it without wondering how its strange knowledge was collected by the author, or how he was enabled to

methodize it so accurately in the hasty manner in which he must have prepared its weekly chapters for the Press.—*Pathfinder* —Price 25 Cents.

Copies of the above mailed, on the receipt of twenty-five cents, post paid, addressed

H. LONG & BROTHER, 43 ANN-STREET, N. Y.

NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION—JUST PUBLISHED,

Price Twenty-five Cents,

THE MYSTERIES OF MARRIAGE!

THEIR SOCIAL, MORAL, AND PHYSICAL RELATIONS. Addressed to both Sexes. With Hints in Choosing a Husband or Wife. By MICHAEL RYAN, Member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Physician to the Metropolitan Free Hospital, &c.

THERE IS NO SECRET IN THE NATURAL OR THE MORAL WORLD SACRED FROM THE INVESTIGATION OF MAN. ALL THAT HE HAS TO GUARD AGAINST IS ERROR.—*Essays on the Pursuit of Truth.*

To give the reader an idea of the value and importance of this great work, we give the Table of Contents, simply assuring him that every subject is fully and scientifically treated.

CHAPTER I.—Prevalence of Erroneous and Demoralizing Publications; Necessity of an Antidote; Views of a Modern Divine; Eloquent Remarks of Mrs. Jamieson; Marriage without Means; Fallacies of Mothers and Miss Marneau; Checks upon the increase of a Family—The subject considered; Degradation of Females in London; Startling Facts; Punishment of the Seduced and Adulterer by the English law, Illustration; The end of Marriage.

CHAPTER II.—Origin, nature, and purposes, and duties of Marriage; Felicities of the Married State; Illegitimate Offspring; Necessity of Maternal Care; Proper age for Marriage; Evil Results from too early Marriage; Duration of Productive Powers; Instances of Virility in Old Age; Valuable Precepts in regard to Marriage; Powers of Conception; Is Marriage conducive to Long Life?

CHAPTER III.—The Consummation of Marriage; Evils of Violence on the part of the Male; Too frequent conjugal Intimacy; The most appropriate time for sexual commerce; When abstinence is proper; Instances of death during coition; Proper proportions of the sexes in marriage; Imperativeness of the genital function; Developments in Children; Pernicious habit of Masturbation; Case related by Gail; Female circumcision; Singular operation; Cure of the habit.

CHAPTER IV.—Perils of Premature Cohabitation; What is the proper age for Marriage; Laws upon the subject; Statistics; Juvenile Parents; Opinions of the early Legislators; Plato on the period for Propagation; Aristotle; The Jews; The customs of different Nations; Irish Chastity; Disproportionate Marriage; Consequent Immorality; Young Women and Old Men; Parental authority in regard to Marriage; Evils to be Avoided.

CHAPTER V.—Evils of an Unhappy Marriage; One based on Sensualism; Fortune, &c.; The true basis; Masculine Women and Effeminate Men; Men more depraved than Women; The great Conjugal Duty; Irregularity in Marriage; The chief end; Study well the Character of your Intended Partner; An Irreligious Husband; Temper; Cares of Matrimony; Gisborne on Marriage; Love at First Sight; Foundation of True Love.

CHAPTER VI.—Polygamy; Law of Nature in Temperate Countries; Lycurgus's Method of Preventing Jealousy; Curious customs; Polygamy in Africa; Signs of Virginity; The Mosaic Laws; What Physiology Teaches; Extraordinary Case of Seduction; The Signs of Virginity may be absent, and yet the Female be a virgin; Incentives in Civilized Life to Amorous Indulgences; Women dislike men, who are gregarious in their Amours; The minor morals of Women; Their importance in retaining a Husband's Affections.

CHAPTER VII.—Requirements of Conjugal Fidelity; Grounds for refusing Cohabitation on the part of a Wife; Curious laws of Muscovy; when the Conjugal Debt ought not to be paid; Opinions of the Primitive Fathers; Conception during Lactation; Danger of Incontinence on the Husband's Part; Sympathy between

the Womb and Bosom; Abstinence from the Conjugal Rite on account of Poverty, &c.; Adultery; Lax views on the subject of Conjugal Fidelity; Napoleon; Extraordinary views of Luther; Man's Power of Procreation; Popular Fallacy; Other Causes of Conjugal Infidelity; Delicate health of Women after Pregnancy; The causes considered.

CHAPTER VIII.—Changes in the System as Puberty Approaches; Development of the Brain; Effect on the Female Organization; Nature points out her Rights; Predominance of Voluptuous Ideas; The Sexual Passion; The Progress of Lovers; Increase of Physical Love; Advice to the Young of both Sexes; Secretion of the Sexual Fluid; Full Development of the Male; Perils of Incontinence and Unnatural Excitement; Puberty considered; Origin of Life; Physiology of the Sexual Organs.

CHAPTER IX.—Causes of Fecundity; Aliment, situation and climate; Affluence and Poverty; Temperament. Passions, Volition; Impregnation during Sleep; A Mother of sixty-two Children; Happy reply of Napoleon. Causes of Sterility; Does Impregnation depend most upon the Male or Female? Impotence and Sterility.

CHAPTER X.—The Seasons most favorable to Conception; The Months most abundant in Births; Popular superstitions on the subject; Influence of Aliment; Aphrodisiacs; Coition during Drunkenness; Retort of Diogenes; Case related by Combe; Effects of Mental Exertion; Complete Efforts on the part of the Male; Conception; Curious Facts in regard to Prostitutes; Abstinence favorable to Fecundity; Anecdote of Newton; The Abuses of enjoyment.

CHAPTER XI.—New views of Marriage; A Woman is most attached to the man who has initiated her into the Mysteries of Love; Does age dull its Pleasures? The Conjunction of Souls; The Sense of Love ultimately in the Touch; Propensity to touch the Loved Object; Platonic Love, a Fallacy; Apathy after Marriage; Coldness on the Wife's part; A Husband's Duty Hints to Wives; The twin shall be One Flesh.

CHAPTER XII.—Further details in regard to the Reproductive Economy in Men and Women; Chlorosis; Perverted Appetites in Young Girls; Means of cure; Natural Defects; Effects of Extinguishing the Generative Organs; Castration; Its Effects; Origin; Italian Castrati; Anecdotes of Eunuchs; The Catamens, or Monthly Affection of Women; Useful information on the Subject.

CHAPTER XIII.—Nubility; State of mind previous to Love; Phenomena observable in Young Women; Analysis of Love; Chastity; Natural Coquetry; Rousseau's Comparison; Anecdote of Montaigne; Is Modesty Natural? Attractions of the Sex; Hints to Parents.

CHAPTER XIV.—Want of offspring; Matrimonial Disqualification; Distinction between Impotence and Sterility; Proper Mode of Treatment; Singular case of Impotence cured; Other cases; The true Principles of Restoration; Danger of consulting Quacks; The end.

H. LONG & BROTHER,

43 Ann-st., N. Y.

Copies mailed, on the receipt of 25 cents, post paid, addressed as above

REYNOLDS' NEW ROMANCE.

KENNETH! A ROMANCE OF THE HIGHLANDS.



BY G. W. M. REYNOLDS,

AUTHOR OF "MYSTERIES OF THE COURT OF NAPLES," "COURT OF LONDON," &c.

With Numerous Engravings.

There has never been a more successful laborer in the fruitful field of Scottish Romance, than our author. The wild and ferocious superstitions of the Highlands are depicted with terrible force, yet clothed in all the fascination and attractiveness of Reynolds' thrivallied style.—*Spectator*.

The Legends of Scotland have never found a more powerful delineator than our author; and "Kenneth," which in style is worthy of "Sir Walter Scott," and in incident and interest rivals the celebrated "Scottish Chiefs," will take first rank in the library of Scottish romances.—*Weekly Times*.

NEW YORK:

H. LONG & BROTHER,

43 ANN-STREET.

[75 CENTS.]

PRICE.]

Copies mailed, on receipt of 75 cents, (post paid) addressed as above

Cockton's Greatest Work---Superior to "Valentine Vox."

COMPLETE.

THE SISTERS;

OR,
THE FATAL MARRIAGES.



BY HENRY COCKTON,
AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX," "THE STEWARD," "SYLVESTER SOUND," &c.
Illustrated from the English Edition.

NOTICES FROM THE ENGLISH PRESS.

The evils of an ill-assorted marriage are so truthfully and strikingly depicted in this work, that it cannot fail to exercise a beneficial influence upon society. At the same time, the book is written with every excellence of style, all that simplicity, and beauty of diction, and interest of plot and narrative which peculiarly distinguishes Mr. Cockton.—*London Morning Post*.

The author of "Valentine Vox" has fairly eclipsed himself in the present work.—*New Monthly*.

We are always delighted with Cockton's writings; they dress useful truths in such enchantment, that we cherish their good and wholesome influences as food congenial to the soul. His present work, "The Sisters," is not excelled by any previous effort.—*Examiner*.

NEW YORK: H. LONG & BROTHER, 43 ANN-STREET.

* Copies mailed, on receipt of 50 cents (post paid), addressed as above.

The Greatest Romance of Modern Days!

THE
MYSTERIES
OF THE
COURT OF LONDON.
BY G. W. M. REYNOLDS, ESQ.
Beautifully Illustrated.



MYSTERIES OF THE COURT OF LONDON.—This splendid Romance of Reynolds is having a most unprecedented run only to be compared, perhaps, with the early popularity of Eugene Sue's "Mysteries of Paris," which it excels in deep and thrilling interest. Indeed, of its talented author's numerous and well sustained productions, it is decidedly the master-piece.—*London Times*.

For deep, intense, and thrilling interest, this brilliant work is unsurpassed by any production of the day. The most exciting elements of Romance are blended with a skill and power possessed perhaps by no other writer of our times in the same degree.—*Bell's London Messenger*.

It is surprising what life, energy and talent Mr. Reynolds throws into his works, how like the canvass, which glows instead with life and beauty beneath the touch of a master painter, the commonest scenes of life are invested with surpassing interest by his pen. "The Mysteries of the Court of London" is undoubtedly his greatest work, and as such evidently appreciated by the public, by whom the volumes are caught with an avidity we have seldom seen evinced for a work of fiction.—*London Court Journal*.

Published in two volumes, containing 412 pages, at 5s. each a volume.

H. LONG & BROTHER, 43 ANN STREET, N. Y.

Copies mailed, on receipt of \$1, post paid, addressed as above.
Just Published.—"The Mysteries of the Court of London," and "Rose Foster," beautifully bound in two volumes, cloth, and illustrated with THIRTY THREE ENGRAVINGS, from casts of the original English plates. 2/6 5s. 2/6 5s.

A Companion to "Vanity Fair."

TOM RACQUET AND HIS

THREE MAIDEN AUNTS.



TOM CATCHES SIGHT OF MR. BLINK.

With Numerous Illustrations.

NOTICES FROM THE ENGLISH PRESS.

For wit and humor, we have seldom met any production which exceeds "Tom Racquet, and his Three Maiden Aunts." That peculiar vein of fun, drollery, and pathos, which is so difficult of attainment, and so fascinating when attained, has been developed by our author with rare perfection.—*Athenaeum*.
.... This is a most delightful and amusing book; something in the mingled style of Thackeray and Hood—a work both to laugh, and cry over. We predict an unprecedented run for it.—*London Examiner*.
.... A lively and interesting novel, full of humor and pathos, and as well calculated to drive away a dull hour as any book we have read in months. The author has achieved a rare and difficult style, and we augur brilliant success in his behalf.—*Spectator*.

NEW YORK:
H. LONG & BROTHER, 43 ANN-STREET.

Copies mailed, on receipt of 50 cents addressed as above.

PRICE]

SUPERIOR TO CAPTAIN MARRYATT'S BEST WORK!

[50 Cts.

THE ADVENTURES OF PAUL PERIWINKLE.



BY THE AUTHOR OF "CAVENDISH," ETC.

Illustrated from the English Edition.

This is altogether one of the most interesting Tales of the Sea ever published. The scenes are drawn by a master hand, vivid, full of intense interest; they excel in their true and faithful delineations any on record, save, perhaps, those of Cooper and Marryatt.—*Examiner*.

The author of "Cavendish" has long held high rank as a writer of Sea Stories, and, in the present work, vindicates his claim to rank with the best authors on those topics. "The Adventures of Paul Periwinkle" are unequalled in their varied and deep interest, by any Romance of the Ocean we have ever read.—*Int. Gaz.*

Here is, perhaps, the most brilliant Sea Story ever published. The "hair-breadth 'scapes," and exciting adventures which it contains, would be past belief, if a certain air of truthfulness did not assure us "such things have been" even though they excite "our special wonderment." The author is as familiar with the terrors of the ocean as with its charms, and paints them both *can amore*, and with a master's skill.—*Ct. Jour.*

NEW YORK:
H. LONG & BROTHER,
43 ANN-STREET.

JUST PUBLISHED—THE FOLLOWING SEA-TALES:

BEN BRACE, or the Life of a Sailor. Illustrated	Price 50 cts.
JACK ARIEL, or Life on board an East Indiaman	" 25 cts.
GALLANT TOM, or the Perils of the Ocean	" 25 cts.
YANKEE JACK, &c. &c.	

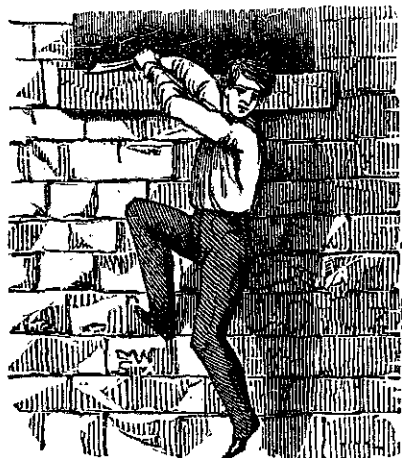
THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
JOSEPH T. HARE,
 The Bold Robber and Highwayman:
 WITH 16 ELEGANT AND SPIRITED ENGRAVINGS.



BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN A. MURRELL," "COL. MONROE EDWARDS," AND "HELEN JEWETT."

The history of the above extraordinary criminal is well deserving a niche in the felon pyramid next beside the great marauder Murrell, whose wonderful career has become a part of the history of the West. Though widely different in character from the renowned late pirate, and though the scourge of an earlier generation, Hare possessed qualities scarcely less remarkable than his satanic prototype; and his exploits may claim even a stronger interest, from the fact that he figured as the first great freebooter of the Republic. If Murrell may be called the "Massaroni of the West," Hare may be designated as the "Ridgido Rinaldini of America."—Price 25 cents.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
JOHN A. MURRELL,
 The Great Western Land Pirate:
 WITH 22 ELEGANT AND SPIRITED ENGRAVINGS.



BY THE AUTHOR OF "COL. MONROE EDWARDS," "JOSEPH T. HARE," AND "HELEN JEWETT."

The Publishers take the opportunity of saying, that the above work is at once a correct, authentic, and gro, his account of the deed of one of the most daring and prominent men that ever figured in the records of crime. In the South and West he is still spoken of as without an equal for the energy, capacity, tact, and perseverance which he exhibited in carrying out his stupendous villainies.—Price 25 cents.

77 Copies of the above mailed, on the receipt of twenty-five cents, post paid, addressed,

H. LONG & BROTHER, 43 Ann-street, N. Y.

THE
THREE GOLDEN BALLS;

OR THE

DIARY OF A PAWNBROKER.

Illustrated with Nine Engravings. Price 25 Cents.



This work presents a glowing picture of that epitome of human suffering and misery—the pawnbroker's office! What a view of life it unfolds! Crime, dissipation, folly, and too often unmerited destitution, meet at the pawnbroker's counter. The high and the low, the virtuous and the depraved, are alike the subjects of the cold, heartless, cent-per-cent usurer; who weighs with equal indifference the cherished token of affection which want wrings from the reluctant hand of suffering virtue, and the ill-got prize which successful villainy presents, and doles out his ducats with miserly hesitancy. Such are the scenes which, with the hand of a master, are portrayed here; and we venture the assertion, that it will be found a work of deep and intense interest.—*Pathfinder.*

77 Copies mailed, on receipt of 25 cts., post paid, addressed as below.

JACK ARIEL;
 OR,
 LIFE ON BOARD AN EAST INDIAMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE POST CAPTAIN," "THE PIRATE," ETC.



This volume contains a clever, spirited, and interesting tale of the sea, by the author of "The Post Captain." We know not who the real author of the work just named may be; but we are aware that there are numerous claimants to the honor, and some of them would find it difficult to spell even the name without the help of a dictionary. We ourselves have at least half a dozen "literary gents" seriously and confidently assured us that we were the real Simon Pures; and the same was the case in respect to the novel of "Godolphin," until Sir E. Bulwer Lytton stepped forward, at length, to acknowledge the paternity. The volume under notice was written to delineate life on board an East Indiaman. The object is executed in a manner that will prove satisfactory to the readers of nautical tales. Some of the characters are well sketched—the Nabob,

for instance, and the gallant Captain, who eventually marries the sprightly Cicely.—*London Weekly Dispatch.* Price 25 cents.

77 Copies mailed, on receipt of 25 cents, post paid, addressed

H. LONG & BROTHER, 43 Ann-street, N. Y.

STARTLING HISTORY OF PIRACY!!

ALEXANDER TARDY: The Poisoner, or Pirate Chief of St. Domingo.



CONTENTS

CHAPTER I. The Planter's Dwelling—The Convivial Party—The Affray—The Quadroon—The Glitter of the Gold—Zeuleka's Proposition—The Reverie of Tardy—The Quadroon and her Cauldron—The Lesson of the Victim—The Pirate's Crag—The Man with the Strip of Cloth—The Cavern Draw-bridge and the Bottomless Pool.

CHAPTER II. The Story of the Cave—The Tripod and the Giant—The History of Pope—The Priest and his Pupils—The Motive—The Lady and the Scourge—The Fearful Disclosure—The Resolve of Tardy—The Deliberation—The Discovery—Love and Poison—Murder and the Prison.

CHAPTER III. Zeuleka in her Parlor—The Quaker Tailor—Measuring a Woman—The State Prison and the Quaker Visitor—The Cell of Tardy.

CHAPTER IV. The Prison Cell and the Letter—The Visitor and the Supper—The Betrayer and the Betrayed—The Prison Lash—The Revenge of the Quadroon.

CHAPTER V. The Burial in the Cellar—The Excavation and the Skeleton—The Dolphin and the Man with the Knife—The Three Voices of Poison—St. Domingo and the Pirate's Cave.

CHAPTER VI. The Giant Negro—The Pirate Chief—The

Experiment of Poison—The Pirate Ravel—The Death of the Chief.

CHAPTER VII. The Burial of the Pirate Chief—The Election of a new Captain—The Baptism of the Circle—Pirate Personalities—The Spanish Guard Ship.

CHAPTER VIII. The Calm of the Sea and the Pirate's Carouse—The Transfigured Hand and the Bloody Card—Death by Poison, Fire, and the Knife.

CHAPTER IX. The Storm—The craft Charity, and the Mate with the Cauliflower Nose—The Prize Fight on board the Circle, and the Victory by Shine.

CHAPTER X. An Excursion to the Pacific—The Battle of the Cup of Fire and the Pirate's Toast—The Fight and the Strangeness—The Priest and the Pirate.

CHAPTER XI. The Island Paradise—The Valley Nuptials and the Revel in the Palm Grove—The Revenge of Zeuleka and the Discovery.

CHAPTER XII. Death of Zeuleka—Liberation of the Priest and Surgeon—The Fight by the Bottomless Pool of the Pirate's Cave.

CHAPTER XIII. The Retrospect—Remorse and Fear—The Spectres of the Grave—The Murder of the Priest—The Destruction of the Circle—The Murder of the Cave.

CHAPTER XIV. The Priest and his visitors—The Story of the Wreck of the Circle—The Conspiracy and its Result—The End.

NEW YORK:

PRICE] H. LONG & BROTHER, [25 CENTS.
43 ANN-STREET.

In Press—"THE GUERRILLA CHIEF, or THE ROMANCE OF WAR." Beautifully Illustrated. Price 50 Cents.

H. LONG & BROTHER,

would respectfully inform their Friends in the Trade and the Public, that their

ESTABLISHMENT, 43 ANN ST., N.Y.

will in future present greatly increased facilities for Publishing, selling at wholesale and retail, and especially for the most important department of their business, **supplying the orders** of Booksellers, Dealers in Cheap Literature, Agents, Postmasters, &c., with promptitude and dispatch, and upon **more liberal terms** than any other house in the United States.

H. L. & B. wish to call the particular attention of every branch of the Trade to their own publications, consisting of many of the most popular works of History, Biography, Fiction, &c., ever published in the United States. These works, now selling rapidly and in large editions, we will furnish on the **most favorable terms**, together with all other works, at Publishers' prices, a portion of which will be found in our Catalogue. The business of **filling the orders** of correspondents in the trade, and supplying **Agents, Pedlars, &c.**, will claim, as heretofore, our chief attention, and no pains will be spared to give continued satisfaction.

LIST OF BOOKS LATELY ISSUED.

REYNOLDS' GREAT ROMANCES.

Mysteries of the Court of London. 2 vols., paper. Price 50 cts. per vol.

Rose Foster, or, THE SECOND SERIES OF THE COURT OF LONDON. In 3 vols., \$1 37½.

Caroline of Brunswick. 2 vols., paper, price 50 cts. per vol.

Venitia Trelawney. 2 vols., paper, price 50 cts. per vol., containing 416 pages.

Mysteries of the Court of Naples. Illustrated. 1 vol., paper, price 50 cts.

Mary Price, or THE ADVENTURES OF A SERVANT MAID. 2 vols., paper, price 50 cts. per vol., containing 416 pages.

Kenneth: A ROMANCE OF THE HIGHLANDS. Illustrated. Complete in 1 vol., 75 cts.

Lord Saxondale; or, LIFE AMONG THE LONDON ARISTOCRACY. In 2 vols. Price 50 cts. per vol.

COCKTON'S BEST WORKS.

The Steward: A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE. Beautifully illustrated from the English ed. 1 vol., 50 cts.

The Sisters; or, THE FATAL MARRIAGES. Illustrated. 1 vol., paper, price 50 cts.

DUMAS' GREAT WORKS.

Three Guardsmen. 50 cts.

Twenty Years After. 75 cts.

Bragelonne. 75 cts.

Forty-five Guardsmen. 50 cts.

Iron Hand. 50 cts.

Memoirs of a Marquis. 2 vols., illustrated, price \$1.

BEST NOVELS OF THE AGE.

Frank Fairleigh; or, SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE PUPIL. With numerous illustrations. 50 cts.

Lewis Arundell; or, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE. By the author of "Frank Fairleigh." Illustrated. 1 vol., paper, price 50 cts.

The Marrying Man. A Tale founded on fact. By the author "Frank Fairleigh," &c. Price 12½ cts.

The Colville Family. By the author of "Lewis Arundell," &c., price, 50 cts.

Harry Coverdale's Courtship, AND WHAT CAME OF IT. By the author of "Frank Fairleigh," &c., price 50 cts.

Fortunes and Misfortunes of Harry Racket Scapegrace. 1 vol., illustrated, price 50 cts.

Ben Brace: A NAUTICAL ROMANCE. Equal to Capt. Marryat's best. 1 vol., illustrated, 50 cts.

Guerilla Chief: A ROMANCE OF WAR. Illustrated. 1 vol., price 50 cts.

Mervyn Glitheroe. By W. Harrison Ainsworth. Price 50 cts.

Windsor Castle. By W. H. Ainsworth. With eight splendid Engravings. From the London edition. 50 cts.

Adventures of Paul Periwinkle. Illustrated. 1 vol., 50 cts.

Martin the Foundling. By Eugene Sue. Beautifully illustrated. 2 vols., paper, price \$1.

Mrs. Hale's Great National Work.

Northwood; or, LIFE NORTH AND SOUTH. By Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. 23 Editions of this popular work have been sold, and the demand still continues. Beautifully illustrated, in 1 vol., paper covers, 50 cts., bound in cloth, \$1.

The Greatest Plague of Life; or, THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY IN SEARCH OF A SERVANT. Illustrated. 1 vol., paper, price 50 cts.

Tom Racquet and his Three Maiden Aunts. Beautifully illustrated. 1 vol., paper, price 50 cts.

The Diary of a Pawnbroker. With nine illustrations. 25 cts.

The American Joe Miller. With over 100 illustrations. 25 cts.

Portfolios of the Young 'Un. A humorous book. Illustrated. Price 25 cts., containing 150 pages.

Wan-nan-gee, or, THE MASSACRE AT CHICAGO. A Romance of the War of 1812. By the Author of "Tecumseh," &c. Price 25 cts.

The Seven Brothers of Wyoming, or, THE BRIGANDS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By a Member of the New York Press. Price 25 cts.

Jack Ariel, or, LIFE ON BOARD AN EAST INDIA MAN. A thrilling Sea Story. 25 cts.

Gallant Tom; or, THE PERILS OF THE OCEAN. 25 cts.

Yankee Jack; or, THE PERILS OF A PRIVATEERSMAN. Price 25 cts.

The Three Pirates; or, THE CRUISE OF THE TORNADO. Price 25 cts.

The Brigand; or, THE MOUNTAIN CHIEF. Price 25 cts.

The Flying Artillerist: A TALE OF MEXICAN TREACHERY. Price 25 cts.

The Flying Dutchman. A sea Tale. Price 25 cts.

Life of John A. Murrell, the great Western Land Pirate. With illustrations. 25 cts.

Life of Joseph T. Hare. Illustrated. 25 cts.

Life of Col. Monroe Edwards. With numerous illustrations. 25 cts.

Life of Ellen Jewett. Illustrated. 25 cts.

Life of Jack Rann. Illustrated. Price 25 cts., containing 144 pages.

Lives of the Felons. Illustrated. Price 25 cts.

Life of Alexander Tardy, the Pirate, a Tale of St. Domingo. Illustrated. Price 25 cts.

Ryan's Mysteries of Marriage. 1 vol., illustrated. 25 cts.

Mrs. Hale's New Cook Book; a practical system for private families in town and country, with directions for carving, arranging the table for parties, and conducting the affairs of the household with comfort and economy; also preparations of food for invalids and for children. By Mrs. S. J. Hale, with numerous Engravings, price \$1, bound in cloth.

Best Collection of Negro Melodies published.

White's Melodeon Song Book. 12½ cts.

White's Plantation Melodies. 12½ cts.

White's Ethiopian Song Book. 15½ cts.

White's Serenaders' Song Book. 12½ cts.

Agents, Pedlars, Booksellers, Canvassers, &c., throughout the country, who wish an assortment of Cheap Books, would do well to address
H. LONG & BROTHER, 43 Ann-st., N.Y.

Copies Made—Any books advertised in this Circular will be sent by Mail on receipt of price. Address, (post paid) H. LONG & BROTHER, 43 ANN STREET, N.Y.

A THRILLING TALE OF THE REVOLUTION!

**A Most Curious and Thrilling Work,
THE SEVEN BROTHERS OF WYOMING,**

AN AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF THE
Brigands of the American Revolution.



CONTENTS.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>I. The Man on the Mountain—The Decline of the Revolution—The Gorge of the Valley—The Attack on the Delaware.</p> <p>II. The Spy and the British General—The Quaker Farmer—Foxy Joe.</p> <p>III. The Council in the Cave—The Widow—The Battle of Germantown.</p> <p>IV. The Farmer-Saddler—A Match for the Downs—The Miller of Manyunk and the Battle in the Dark.</p> <p>V. The Quaker and his Guest—General Howe and the Downs—General Washington and the Smiths.</p> <p>VI. The Attack and the Repulse—The Wound—The Tragedy of the Ign of the Valley.</p> <p>VII. The Ravine of the Valley—The Death-Bed—The Rebel and the Indian.</p> | <p>VIII. The Notch of the Valley—The British Colonel and the Downs—The Alarm of the Valley—The Bridal and the Abduction.</p> <p>IX. The Tragedy of the Precipice—The Feast and the Supper—The Massacre—The Death Circle of the Rock.</p> <p>X. The Expedition into New Jersey—The Pastor's War—The Midnight Outrage.</p> <p>XI. The Disguise—The Conestoga Wagon—The Shaw Lord and Colonel—The Gathering of the Cloud.</p> <p>XII. The Ruined House and the Tragic Rebel—The Leaping Match and the Arrest—The Forest Whipping-Post.</p> <p>XIII. The Death of Moses Dean—The Letter—The Sister and the Felons.</p> |
|--|--|

NEW YORK:

**H. LONG & BROTHER, [25 CENTS.
43 ANN-STREET.**

Also Published—SAU-NAN-GEE, or the Massacre of Chicago—an Indian Tale of the War of 1812. By MAJOR RICHARDSON. PRICE, 25 CENTS.