

THE

# Man-o'-War's-Man's Grudge;

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY NED BUNTLINE.

[Edward C. Jackson]

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THE  
MAN-O'-WAR'S-MAN'S GRUDGE.

*A Romance of the Revolution.*

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

Let me introduce you, my friend, to one of the bravest heroes that ever drew a sword in defence of American liberty—JOSHUA BARNEY. I am about to weave a portion of his life into the web of romance; and if, spider-like, I can inveigle you into the web, I'll strive to keep you there until you acknowledge that American history and romance can be so blendid as to keep alive the fire of patriotism in the breasts of all true Americans.

And before I haul the romance tacks aboard, I will say a word in regard to the birth and early prestiges of my hero. He was born in Baltimore, in 1759. His father was a farmer, and lived near that city. He received a plain English education, and at the early age of eleven was placed in a retail store in Alexandria, but he was "like a fish out of water" in such an employment. Unlike some of our modern counter-jumpers, he had a soul above ribbons and shoe laces. In 1771 he returned to Baltimore, and insisted upon going to sea. For several months he cruised in a pilot boat, sailed by a friend of his father, and learned a good deal of the coast, especially around the Chesapeake and Capes of the Delaware, gaining a knowledge which was of immense benefit to him afterward. His father, finding that nothing would break his inclination for the sea, apprenticed him in a brig to a Captain Drysdale, who made a voyage from Baltimore to Cork. Their passage was rough, but they arrived safe, and soon after the vessel was sold. Barney returned to Baltimore, where, soon after, he had the misfortune to lose his father, who was accidentally killed by the un-

expected discharge of a pistol in the hands of a younger brother. He then made a voyage to Cadiz and Genoa, and in 1775 sailed for Italy. On this trip the mate was discharged, and Barney promoted in his place. The captain being taken sick, the navigation and whole charge of the vessel devolved upon Barney, who was then not quite sixteen years of age. In July, 1775 he went to Alicante where his vessel was engaged by the Spaniards in the transport service, they being engaged in an expedition against Algiers. But the expedition failed and he returned home. On his arrival at the mouth of the Chesapeake bay, his vessel was boarded by an officer from the British corvette King Fisher, and there, for the first time, he heard of the Battle of Bunker Hill, though he was boarded on the first of October, 1775. The ship was searched, her arms and letters taken from her, and Barney was grossly insulted by the English officer, who called him "a brat of a Yankee." From that time he bore a *grudge* against John Bull which he never forgot. Immediately on landing, he sought a berth on board the sloop Hornet, Captain Stone, and having received a flag from Commodore Hopkins, the first ever raised in Maryland, he beat up for recruits, and in one day got a full crew for the vessel.

Now, having given you a starting point so far as my hero is concerned, I am ready to make sail on the shores of my story. And having got my "bearings," taken "distance and departure" I'll open a fresh chapter by way of an anchorage.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE CHASE.

It was October, 1776. A heavy gale was blowing from the northward. Two vessels—one was a ship, the other a rakish fore-topsail schooner, both armed—were standing off the coast, leaving the Capes of the Delaware. Both were under reefed sails. The ship contained Benjamin Franklin, then bound on his mission to France—the schooner was the gallant little Wasp to which Barney had been transferred from the Hornet. It was singular that his first experience in armed vessels was in these *stinging birds*, as Paddy called the bees.

The Wasp convoyed Franklin's ship until she was well beyond the line of cruisers which infested our coast at that time, and then her Captain, Charley Alexander, put about to return to the Delaware.

It was a clear morning when they re-sighted Cape Henlopen, and at the same time made out several sail laying in the roads on that side of the bay.

"What kind of craft do you think they are, Mr. Barney?" asked the captain, as the former, who was perched on the foretopsail yard, looked at them through a spy glass.

"British men-o'-war, sir. Blast 'em, I owe them the worst kind of a grudge!" replied Barney.

"Are they heavy vessels?"

"Yes, sir—I'm sure one of them is a large frigate and the other is a frigate or a large ship-o'-war."

"Too heavy for us—I'll stand off, and then try the Cape May channel," said the captain.

The breeze was pretty fresh, and hauling more to the eastward now. But the gallant little Wasp staggered along under a whole topsail, mainsail, foresail and jib, and soon was up abreast of the Cape May channel. Her head was now laid for the entrance of the bay.

But she was not to slip in without notice, or an attempt being made to bring her to. The British vessels had evidently, from her rake and rig, discovered her character, and were under a press of canvas standing across to cut her off.

"She must bear the topgallant sail," muttered the captain, as he saw that his chance to slip by the enemy's cruisers was slim.

"She'll stand it, and the squaresail, too, sir," said Barney—"the wind is well on our quarter."

The additional sail was added, and with the bows fairly buried in foam, the little schooner

stood bravely on her course. The British ships, covered from the deck almost to their trucks with canvas, were coming up. After about two hours run, the leading vessel luffed up, and a cloud of smoke was seen to puff out from her bow. Then the spray from a shot, as it struck the water nearly a quarter of a mile short of the schooner, rose in the air.

"Too weak winded," muttered Barney. Then turning to the captain of the Wasp, he said: "If you please, sir, I think our Long Tom could measure the distance a little better than that."

"Try it, Mr. Barney, if you like," said the captain.

"Thank you, sir," replied the youthful officer. "I owe the beef-eating rascals a grudge."

Carefully sighting the gun, which threw a thirty-two pound shot, Barney applied the match. Although the leading ship was full two miles off, the effect of Barney's shot was to knock her foreyard in two close to the slings, and to deprive her of the use of both the foresail and foretopsail for a time.

"Splendid, Mr. Barney, splendid!" cried the captain, in delight.

"Shall I give her another, just by way of compliment, sir?"

"No, sir—not until we get further up the bay. Every shot we fire will deaden our headway—they are too heavy for us, and I see there is a brig larger than us standing out too. If the wind should die away, their boats, with so many men, might give us a deal of trouble."

The three British vessels, now finding it impossible to cut off the schooner before she would place a middle-ground between them over which they could not pass, for they were provided with tory pilots, now stood up the Henlopen channel, pressing every stitch of canvas which they could set, determined to overhaul her before she could reach a point of the river protected by the American batteries.

But a stern chase is ever a long one. The schooner had a little the advantage in distance, but they had greatly the advantage in canvas, for all three carried studding-sails, and the schooner had none. On—on dashed the Wasp, like a deer before the hounds, still keeping just out of gun shot until nearly night. Then, as the breeze began to die away, the enemy began to gain.

"It would be accursed luck if we were taken at last," muttered the captain.

"We will not be," said Barney, calmly. "How can we help it if they close with us? They have one forty-four gun frigate, one of twenty-eight, and that brig has eighteen. There is but one way—we can run the schooner ashore, escape in the boats, and blow her up."

"There is another way, sir," said Barney, with an air of confidence.

"I'd thank you to point it out, sir," replied the captain, less assured than his young officer.

"We are within three miles of Wilmington creek, sir; I know the way into it, and there is plenty of water for us, but not enough for them. We will be protected, in a great measure, from their guns by the trees growing at the mouth, and after running up a little way, we can take in sail and lay the schooner broad-

side on; and if they want to come in with their boats, we'll take the old grudge out of them with a little grape and canister."

"Your idea is good, Mr. Barney—I will follow it."

"And, sir," continued Barney, "after we get in we can send word up the river by express to the galleys, and they can come down and pepper the British, for it is likely they'll lay at anchor till daylight."

"True again, Mr. Barney," said Captain Alexander.

In a short time, under his skillful pilotage, Barney had the Wasp inside the creek, and in a posture for defence. The British vessels, as he had predicted, anchored outside. An express was also sent immediately to Commodore Hopkins, who was further up the Delaware.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE FIGHT.

All that night the crew of the Wasp lay on their arms on deck, ready for and expecting a boat attack. Neither Barney nor the commander closed an eye. They knew that if not attacked at night, they would be, most probably, in the morning.

But the night passed without an alarm, and before the gray of the coming dawn, the wind, which had been so strong, died away into a breeze so gentle that it hardly lifted the short night pennant at the masthead.

Suddenly the boom of a single gun, evidently of very heavy calibre, came thundering over the water. In a few moments it was repeated, and shortly gun after gun opened loudly in the morning air.

"The Commodore is down with the galleys, I expect, sir," said Barney. "With your permission, I'll take a boat and pull to the mouth of the creek, and see what is up."

"Do so, Mr. Barney, but hurry back," said the captain; "if there is a chance, I wish to improve it."

"Not worse than I do—my old grudge never will be satisfied," said Barney, as he ordered a boat lowered, that he might proceed to reconnoitre. He was not gone long, for ere the first gleam of the rising sun had reddened the eastern sky, he returned and reported that the galleys, in full force, had attacked the vessels, which were anchored in the river a short distance below the mouth of the creek. The two larger vessels were some ways out in the river, but the brig lay close in shore, having followed the schooner the night previous much nearer in than the rest.

There was not breeze enough to enable the vessels to get under way, and the galleys and gun boats, propelled by oars and sweeps, were enabled to choose their own position, and to do considerable execution. The British vessels got springs on their cables, and prepared to make the best defence they could, but their chances were precarious without a breeze.

"Can't we bring the schooner into action, Mr. Barney?" asked Alexander, fuming with impatience, as the rapid discharge of cannonry and rising clouds of smoke told him how busy they were outside.

"Easily, sir—by warping," replied the young master's mate, who was acting as first officer under the commander; "and if we could only lay the brig alongside we could take her. Standing off, she is too heavy metal for us."

Acting under Barney's advice, and by his assistance, Alexander now had the schooner warped to the mouth of the creek.

The officers and crew of the brig were occupied in returning the fire of the galleys, and watching their attack upon the larger vessels, and were not aware of the proximity of the schooner, until a thirty-two pound shot crashed through their bulwarks, dismounting one of their carronades, and killing and wounding nearly a dozen men. It is about as comfortable to be caught between two fires as it is for a married man to be caught by his wife kissing a girl whom he has been courting under the pretence of being single. If he isn't under two fires, who is?

In less than half a minute, another shot from the saucy little Wasp crashed into the brig, hitting her just above wind and water, and knocking a hole in her large enough to have shoved a man through. At that moment a gentle land breeze began to ruffle the leaves in the tree tops. The commander of the schooner saw it.

"Aloft, men, and loose the top sail!" he cried—"loose the topgallant-sail, too. Mr. Barney, clap the canvas on her—we'll board that fellow."

"Good! That's the tune I like, sir. One more chance to take out my grudge for Johnny Bull, and show him what 'a Yankee brat' can do," shouted Barney, himself springing aloft to hurry the men in their work.

Before the commander of the brig knew that a breeze was springing up, the Wasp was under canvas, and standing down upon him in a course which enabled her to rake him fore and aft, without his having hardly a chance to return the fire. The gun-boats, seeing the schooner come out, now centered their fire on the larger vessels, and left the brig to be handled by the Wasp.

"Stand by to let everything go by the run, and grapple as I lay her aboard!" shouted Alexander, as he bore down. "Mr. Barney, you will head the boarders."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the cheerful response. "Strip to the waist, men—we've got work to do," he added, as he threw off his coat and bared his right arm, with which he sustained a keen and heavy cutlass.

The next moment, amid the rattling of pistols and musketry, and the yells of maddened foemen, the hulls of the two vessels crashed together. In an instant, sheets and halliards

were let fly on board the Wasp, her sails came down, her grappels were cast, and, like two huge giants, clasped in a deadly embrace, with hundreds of struggling pigmies above them, lay the long, dark and shattered hulls.

Barney, followed by his men, yelling and fighting like so many demons, sprang upon the brig's deck, parrying the points of boarding pikes, and cutting down a foe at every sweep of his blood-stained blade. The enemy, who had met them on the fore-castle, began to fall back toward the quarter-deck. At this moment, Barney recognized an old acquaintance in the commander of the brig. It was the officer who had so grossly insulted him at the mouth of the Chesapeake.

"Stand out, you beef-eating scoundrel—stand out, and see what 'a Yankee brat' can do now!" cried the young officer. "I owe you an old grudge, Johnny—give me a chance to take it out!"

The recognition was mutual, and the British officer, who was fighting desperately at the head of his men, did not avoid the chance which Barney sought. He was a large and powerful man, and a thorough swordsman, wherein he had the advantage of Barney, who, as yet, had had but little opportunity to improve himself in the science of arms. But he did not lack strength or courage, and so impetuous was his attack that the Englishman at first fell back under the rapidity of his blows, contenting himself with parrying and not returning them. But he was only "feeling his man." A moment more and Barney's cutlass flew from his hand. He never would have struck another blow had not his foot slipped in a puddle of blood, which brought him on his knees, and his adversary's sweeping blade passed over his head. Quick as thought he drew a pistol from his belt, but before he could use it, an old seaman—a quarter gunner from the Wasp—sprung before him and drove his cutlass up to the very hilt in the Englishman's breast.

"Blast your eyes, you infernal scoundrel, what did you do that for!" yelled Barney, rising to his feet, and shaking his clenched hand in the seamen's face. "That man was my property. I owed him a grudge, and your cursed interference has spoiled my chance!"

"I reckon he'd have spoiled your chances for all time to come if I'd let him had another lick at you," growled the grim old seaman, resting on his cutlass, for with the fall of their

leader the British ceased to resist, and hauled down their colors.

The breeze had now freshened, and the enemy's other vessels were under way, and standing down the river. When they saw that the brig had surrendered, they opened fire on her and the schooner for a short time, but dared not try to retake her under the fire of the gun-boats, which, in smooth water, with their long pivot guns, were more dangerous than large vessels, for they exposed so little surface that it was next to impossible to damage them, while every shot from them told in the hulls or rigging of the Englishmen. But the breeze soon carried the latter out of fire.

Barney was busy in getting the prize in order to go up the river, when a barge rowed alongside, and the gallant Commodore Hopkins sprung on board.

"I congratulate you, Captain Alexander, on taking so valuable a prize. I have been a witness of your gallantry," he cried, grasping the hand of the commander of the Wasp.

"Mr. Barney deserves all the credit, sir," said the gallant and generous officer; "he advised the attack, and led on the boarders."

"Ah! I met you in Baltimore, did I not, sir?" asked the commodore, recognizing Barney, who was spotted with blood and blackened with smoke.

"Yes, sir; I had the honor of being appointed a master's mate by you, on board the Hornet."

"Yes, I remember. You drummed up a crew for her in one day. You are an honor to the service. You shall rank as lieutenant from this day. Call on me, to-morrow, at Philadelphia, and you shall have your commission and a command—you are worthy of it. The sloop Sachem is fitting out, and will suit a dare-devil like you to a notch."

The young officer blushed at the unexpected, yet gratifying, compliments, and did not hesitate, when invited by the captain, to join the commodore below in something "warm to take."

The next day Joshua Barney received, from the hands of that noble patriot, Robert Morris, the President of the Marine Committee, the promised commission of lieutenant, although only about seventeen years of age. But, thrown so early in a position of command, obliged to depend upon his energies, he seemed much older than he was. But youth's follies were not entirely dead in him, as the next chapter will prove.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE BAFLED SUITOR.

There was a jolly party, on the second evening after Barney had received his commission, at the sign of the "Spread Eagle," on Market street, Philadelphia. Reeves, the burly landlord, assisted by his son Clem, had their hands full to attend to the numerous calls made for Jamaica rum slings and Holland schnapps, the two most fashionable beverages in those days.

In the large, old-fashioned parlor, some fifteen or twenty persons, mostly officers in our young navy, were gathered, and many a patriotic toast was given, many a song sung not at all complimentary to King George or his loyal subjects. Young Barney was the hero of the evening, not only in consequence of his recent good conduct, but also because he was "wetting his commission," or, in other words, giving the entertainment.

While these light-hearted and gallant gentlemen are enjoying themselves, reader, we will avail ourselves of a mantle of invisibility, and visit another scene which was occurring only a half-square or so distant from the tavern.

A very lovely young lady was sitting in a handsomely-furnished room—a parlor, apparently. She was rather above the middle height—her figure noble and full, her features classically regular. Her complexion, though clear as the thin rind of a pomegranate, was of a brunetish hue, the rich blood often mantling up to her very brow at the slightest excitement. Her eyes were large and dark, as if they had been condensed from a night-cloud, with a tiny diamond of blazing light put in the centre of each. These were fringed by long ebony lashes, which hid that light if they were but cast down. At the time which I take for her introduction, she was sitting calmly on a chair by a centre-table, one of her hands toying with one of the glossy ringlets which fell upon her white shoulders, the other resting on marble less white than it was. A look of cool contempt was expressed in her face, which well became her haughty, queenly appearance, as she gazed upon the other occupant of the room.

He was a young man, very richly dressed in the extreme of the then prevailing fashion. But he bore the marks of dissipation, and his face, though it would have been called handsome by some, had not an expression which would impress a stranger. His figure was elegant, but God had written villain on his brow!

He was striding to and fro in the room, his face red and convulsed with passion, his hands clenched, and his form quivering with rage.

At last he paused before the lady, and, in a voice low and husky, said, as he bent his gleaming eyes upon her:

"So, Miss Cora Bedford, you refuse my hand—refuse it with scorn and contempt?"

"I do, Mr. Elliott!" replied the lady, neither blanching before his angry look, nor avoiding the glance of his almost bloodshot eyes.

"Am I not wealthy?" he continued.

"The world thinks you are," she replied, with indifference.

"Am I not young; as good-looking as any of your admirers?"

"You think so!" she responded, in the same tone.

"Is not my family, am not I, respectable? Stand we not at the topmost round of aristocracy?"

"No!" responded the beautiful girl—"no! not of the American aristocracy! Your father is a detestable tory, and you are a contemptible puppy!"

As she spoke she rose, her queenly form towering, and her face flushing with indignation.

"Were you not a woman!" he muttered, between his grating teeth.

"Were I a man, I'd scourge you from my presence, you dastardly coward!" she said.

"As it is, Mr. Elliott, all that I can say is, that the atmosphere in this apartment would be much more agreeable to me if it was relieved from the pollution of your presence. I hope you will understand that hint, sir, and not oblige me to ring for a servant to expel you!"

"By the God who made me, you shall suffer for this, proud girl!" he muttered.

"Swear by the devil; God never had anything to do with such a wretch as you are!" was her scornful reply.

"You shall sue on your bended knees for a favor from me yet!" he cried. "From this hour on, Cora Bedford, I devote myself to your ruin!"

"I defy you, you pitiful reptile—and mark me! the next time you dare to address me, I'll make my father's negro servant scourge you from the door, or horsewhip you in the street, if there you speak to me!"

"You will?"

"I will, Henry Elliott, as sure as I live!"

"Then hear my threat, Miss Bedford, since threats are the order of the day—and I will keep mine. I will kiss you the first time I meet you in public!"

"Make your will before you try it!" responded the spirited girl, opening the door and pointing to it.

With a curse upon his lips, the baffled suitor departed.

We will now return to the jolly party at the "Spread Eagle," then the most fashionable hotel in town. It was getting late, and their imbibitions had made them pretty warm. Barney had just finished a rousing sea song, when an addition was made to the numbers in the room by the entrance of several young men in citizen's dress, but fashionably appareled. They took a table near where the officers were seated in a circle, and, although they seemed by their actions to have already taken aboard a pretty heavy cargo, called for a bowl of punch.

The officers evidently considered this as rather an intrusion, but, as they were in the public parlor, and not in a private room, made no remark.

The punch was brought by the attentive landlord, and the glasses of the new-comers were filled.

"Here's that you may win your bet, Elliott," said one of the party, draining off a bumper.

"What was the bet, Tom?" asked another; "it was made before I came in."

"Why," responded the other, "Elliott there made a wager with Sam Wilkins that he'd kiss Miss Cora Bedford in the public street before a week has passed."

"What! the lovely daughter of Alderman Bedford—the belle of the city?"

"Yes—an! I'll bet a guinea that he wins it!" replied the other.

Another voice—not from the party—joined in the conversation. It was that of young Barney, whose eyes flashed like sparks of fire as he heard the young fops speak thus lightly of an insult to be premeditatedly offered to a respectable lady.

"The man who would make such a bet is a scoundrel, and the fellow who would take it is a fool!" he cried. "The first ought to win a broken head, and the second to be ducked in a horse pond!"

"Do you mean me, sir?" shouted Elliott, the same whom we recently saw dismissed by the lady. "I made the bet!"

"Then I mean you!" replied Barney, coolly.

"You are a scoundrel, sir—I will have satisfaction—you wear a sword!" shouted Elliott, rising from his seat.

"Yes, but I only use my sword on enemies worthy of my steel—on the foes of my country. In regard to the term you applied to me I have but one response—*what do you think of my bootmaker?*"

As he said this, Barney most unexpectedly applied the square toe of a heavy sea-boot to that portion of Elliott's person which had last been in contact with the chair. The latter, backed by his friends, made a blow at Barney, which the latter parried, and then with a tremendous right-hander he visited Mr. Elliott's frontispiece on the equinoctial line between his eyes, causing him to take a celestial observation from a reclining posture. The fight now became general, for all hands had plenty of combative fluid aboard, and the ears of the staid Quakers of the vicinity were shocked by the shouts, yells and curses of the parties. The noise awoke several watchmen from their slumbers, who rushed to the scene, and after the parties had got through the fight—the citizens having knocked under to, or rather been knocked under by, the officers—made a general arrest of all those who were well whipped, taking the words of honor of the others that they would appear at ten o'clock the next morning before his worship the Alderman of the district.

Elliott and the most of his companions were ingloriously lugged off to the watch-house, having had very little self motive left in them, though they were "fast boys."

Barney called for the bill, to which, at his request, the landlord added the damages of both parties, and promptly settled it.

"What made you pitch into that fellow so quick, Josh?" asked one of his companions, as the party were departing for their rooms.

"I felt a grudge against him the moment I saw his face, that I couldn't exactly account for; but when I heard him speak of insulting a respectable woman, then I remembered that I had a mother and a sister, and I boarded him! I couldn't help it—I only wish he was an Englishman!"

"He's worse—his father is a blasted old tory. I only wonder that he is permitted to live in the city," responded the other. "But good night, Josh—I'll see you at the Alderman's in the morning. You'll be all right there—it was his daughter that the puppy bet he would kiss."

## CHAPTER V.

## AN ALDERMAN OF THE OLDEN TIME.

It is almost impossible to find a fair representative of "an Alderman all of the olden time" now-a-days. One whose head is filled with wise saws, grave morals, much law, and yet not incapable at times of uttering an official jest, or sinking a culprit into a sense of utter nothingness by his frown. One with face as radiant as the sun seen through morn's silvery mist—round belly with fat capon lined—and eyes capable of looking over the official spectacles rather than through them—eyes capable of telling at a glance an honest man from a rogue. Such a man, for instance, as my octogenarian friend Binns, the patriarch father of the aldermanic tribe in this section. On one occasion, when he demanded bail for the appearance of a man at court, an individual stepped forward and volunteered to become surety for the accused.

"I can't take you, sir," said the Alderman, the moment he looked at him.

"Why?" asked the would-be surety, indignantly. "I'm a freeholder."

"I don't care," said the Alderman—"you'd steal if you had a chance!"

The man went away in high dudgeon, but, singular to say, on the very next morning he was arrested in the very act of larceny, and brought before Alderman Binns. "Didn't I say you'd steal if you had an opportunity?" said the Alderman, as he made out a commitment for him. But I'm yawning wildly off the course of my story. Pardon me, reader, and I'll haul my tacks aboard and come by the wind again.

On the next morning after the battle described in the last chapter as occurring at the "Spread Eagle," a visitor to the office of his worship, Alderman Bedford, would have seen that gentleman, attended by his clerk, who was none other than his lovely daughter, enter the room from an inner apartment of his house, for his office was in his dwelling, with a satisfied air of importance on his countenance and a huge volume of statutes under his arm. The hour was exactly fifty-five minutes after nine, by the huge old-fashioned gold watch which, with a pound, more or less, of seals attached, rested in a fob over his truly aldermanic paunch. I need not describe him—in fact, I did so in the commencement of this chapter.

It took him about five minutes to seat himself in the well-cushioned arm-chair behind his

desk, arrange his spectacles, etc.; then carefully brushing the shiny summit of his bald head with a silk bandanna, and addressing the beautiful girl who, pen in hand, had seated herself by his side, he was ready for business. But not an officer entered the door until precisely ten o'clock, his hour for opening court.

At the moment when that hour arrived, Mr. Elliott and his companions were ushered in by the guardians of the city's peace, all of them looking much the worse for wear. A look of malicious satisfaction crossed the beautiful face of Cora, as, in the battered and bruised face and tattered and bloody garments of Elliott, she recognized her discarded suitor.

Maddened and humiliated, he cast his eyes down, biting his lips till the red blood trickled from them. In a few moments, Barney, in his neat uniform, cleanly appareled, and looking as clear and fresh as a son of temperance and half as handsome as an Apollo appeared, attended by his companions, who, having had a night's rest and the advantages of lavation, looked as different from Elliott and his woe-begone crew as daylight from darkness.

"Who have we here? What is the charge? Have those dirty-looking ruffians been caught in some nefarious action?" asked the Alderman. Then turning to his daughter and pointing to Elliott whom he did not recognize, he said: "Mark that fellow, he has the very look of a thief, Cora!"

"Yes, father—he looks as if he'd been robbing a hen-roost!" she replied, speaking loud enough for him to hear her.

The captain of the watch now advanced to make his charge.

"Your honor," said he, "last night, about the hour of twelve, while these gallant young officers were having a quiet little time all by themselves at the 'Spread Eagle,' these here chaps with the battered mugs—and ugly mugs they have, as your worship might see without even looking through your worship's worshipful spectacles—these here fellows went into their room and called for rum punch, of which they'd had more than a full allowance already. Then one of 'em said something that offended this gallant young officer, who had just got his commission for fighting so well the other day down the river, and taking a brig from the d—d Britishers—"

"Stop there!" said the Alderman to the captain, in a tone of offended dignity. "You said d—d Britishers, Mr. Crabstick. I hate the British as bad as you do, sir—but, mark me, they mustn't be d—d in this court. Another oath, sir, and I fine you! Now go on with your charge!"

"I beg pardon, your honor," said the abashed official. "As I was saying, that 'ere hang-dog looking fellow (pointing to Elliott) said something that made the young officer wrathful, and so he up fist and darkened his peepers. Then a general scrimmage commenced, and we went in and 'pulled' the worst of these fellows, and here they are. The officers acted so like gentlemen that we took their words of honor for their appearance, and they are here to a man."

"What did you strike that fellow for, sir?" asked the Alderman, addressing Barney.

"I struck him because he struck at me, sir—but I had just kicked him. I commenced the affray, and if your honor would let him off I am willing to pay the fine. I've darkened his top-lights and stove in the ivory fancy work about his head-rail, and he's been pretty badly punished!"

"I'm to be the judge of that, sir," said the magistrate, with a tone of dignity. "Why did you kick him, sir?"

"Because he spoke disrespectfully of a virtuous lady, sir—and in my presence made a wager that within a week he would kiss her in the street; and, sir, though I did not know it then, and never had seen her—if I had, I would have knocked his head clear off his shoulders—I am much mistaken if it was not the lovely lady who sits by your side. The name which he bandied about among his dissolute and drunken companions was that of Miss Cora Bedford!"

"D—n him! did he? I'd have knocked him down myself!" cried the excited Alderman. "Kiss my daughter in the street—my Cora—the d—d villain!"

"Father, father, you are swearing!" said the fair girl by his side, smiling, though her face was suffused with blushes, for Barney's eyes were fixed admiringly upon her.

"True, my child—true—the court is in

error. The court fines itself! How many times did I d—n him?"

"Twice, fa'her," replied the fair clerk.

"That's four shillings—d—n him again! Now make it six, and charge it against me on the docket!"

This act of justice disposed of, the Alderman turned to Elliott and addressed him:

"What is your name, where do you belong, and how do you make your living? Speak up, you vagabond!"

"My name is Henry Elliott, and you know very well that I'm a gentleman, Mr. Alderman Bedford!" said the fellow, looking as fierce as he could through his half-closed eyes.

"Henry Elliott—what, a son of old Elliott, of Mulberry street?"

"Yes, sir—and a visitor at your house!"

"Until I ordered him out of it for insulting me!" added Cora.

"You are a pretty looking gentleman—you and your companions there. If I meted out full justice to you, I would commit you to prison, and cause you to travel a few days on the treadmill. It is a pity that whipping and ducking are abolished! As it is, I fine you, Mr. Gentleman Elliott, five pounds and costs, and each of your companions one pound and costs! You can pay it now, or stand committed until you do!"

The mortified villain paid his fine and hurried away, amid the sneers of those who were present.

"Have we any fines to pay, sir?" asked Barney.

"No fines, but you are not to get off without punishment, lieutenant! The court sentences you to dine with it at three o'clock to-day. Cora, you need not enter the sentence, but don't forget it!"

"I'm sure I shall not, sir!" said Barney, again glancing at the beautiful girl. As their eyes met, both blushed. What could be the cause of that?

There being no other business before the court, it adjourned, and the Alderman, at the urgent request of Barney, visited the Sachem, the new vessel which was being fitted out for him.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE TORY AND HIS SON.

A large, pompous-looking, red-faced gentleman was pacing to and fro in a room which, from its pictures and well-filled book shelves, seemed to be his library. He held an open letter in his hand, which he had just been reading.

A servant entered and asked:

"Did you ring for me, sir?"

"Yes, Francis; where is my son? I wish to see him."

"He did not come home, sir, last night," said the servant, rather confusedly.

"Not come home, eh? Do you know where he is?"

"Not exactly, sir—but I heard—or that is—the butler told me that he heard when he went to market, that—"

The servant stammered and paused.

"Well, go on, you fool—what are you hesitating for? What did the butler hear?"

"He heard, sir, that Master Henry had been in a fight last night, and got put in the watch-house."

"In the watch-house!—my son in the watch-house? By the blood of the Plantagenets I'll have satisfaction for that!—I'll see my friend Bedford!"

"You may save yourself that trouble, sir, your friend Bedford has just fined me five pounds for getting beaten by a naval officer, who made a quarrel with me," said the son, who was no other than Mr. Henry Elliott, who that moment entered the room, and heard the latter part of his father's remarks.

"Heavens, Henry! is it possible that that is you, my son?"

"It don't feel much like me, but I believe it is all that is left of me, sir!"

"How in Heaven's name did you get beaten so? who did it? and what for?"

"It was done by a young officer, who got offended about something that I said about old Bedford's daughter. She did me the honor to refuse an offer of marriage, yesterday, and it made me mad."

"Refused you? She, the daughter of a fat Alderman, who hardly knows who his grandfather was? She refused the son of Plantagenet Elliott, who can trace his pedigree back to the Norman conquest, and has an income of ten thousand pounds a year? Impossible?"

"Not impossible—but actually true?" said the son.

"I'm glad of it. The alliance would have been far beneath you. And so he fined you! I suppose he imprisoned the brute who beat you so?"

"No, sir—he invited him to dinner!"

"By the blood of the Plantagenets, this is unendurable! I'll go and curse him to his face!"

"Do—he'll fine you for every oath you utter!"

"Then I won't. He shall not have that much satisfaction out of me. But I'll be revenged upon him and every cursed rebel that I can. I have a letter here from Lord Howe, my son; he offers me protection to myself and property, and a commission for you, if I will go to New York. I have been thinking of it for some time, and have converted the greater part of my property into ready money."

"I'll accept the commission," muttered the young man, "on condition that I'm not attached to any permanent corps, which will keep me away from one object. I am bound to have revenge, both on the officer who beat me, and on old Bedford and his daughter. I've sworn to humble her pride, and I will. She scorned to be my bride, but she yet shall be my mistress! And the sooner we leave here, the better. I will not go into the street to be sneered at after this disgrace!"

"It will take some time to remove those marks so as to enable you to be fit to appear," remarked the father. "Francis, go and tell Dr. Minturn to come here instantly. You had better retire to your room, Henry. I will reply to Lord Howe—his messenger awaits, and I have other news to send him. These accursed rebels will soon be crushed, and we will be amply rewarded for our loyalty. I wouldn't be surprised if I were knighted—I ought to be, for the blood of the Plantagenets runs in my veins!"

This statement of the old tory was true—the blood was *illegitimate*, in consequence of a lack of virtue on the part of one of his female ancestors.

Henry now retired to rest, and received surgical care, while his father attended to his treasonable correspondence.

## CHAPTER VII.

## LOVE AND DUTY.

Delightful was the punishment inflicted by "the court" upon our friend Barney. Not only was the Alderman's table laden with every delicacy of the season, which, to a sailor, whose luxuries consisted for the most part of salt beef and pork, and hard bread, washed down with bad water qualified by rum, was a treat, but choice and generous wines sparkled on the board. But this was not the only charm for our young hero at that table. The dignity of "the court" melted in the conviviality of the season and place, and the Alderman related many a merry jest. And Barney told many a tale of his adventures, in reply to questions from his host, unto which the fair Cora listened as attentively as did Desdemona to the tales of the noble Moor. The chief charm at that table, however, for the young lieutenant, was that same young lady. She said but little, although her eyes spoke volumes. When she did speak, her voice sounded like music from heavenly spheres, to his entranced ears.

They were seated long at table—that is the Alderman and Barney, for after the dessert had been removed, and cigars brought in, the lady, of course, was excused—and before they arose, "the court" was almost in a state to fine itself for drunkenness. It was late before Barney left the house that evening, for the lady joined her father in pressing him to pass the evening there. He, of course, could not refuse, especially when she promised to sing, at her father's request.

When he left the house, he too was intoxicated; not with wine, but with love. "Glorious creature—I'd agree to be knocked down a dozen times for a willing kiss from her nectarine lips!" said he, as he passed down the street with her sweet "good night" still ringing in his ears, and his veins still tingling with the gentle pressure which he had distinctly felt as he shook her hand—the dear hand which he so longed to kiss, and would have given a world to possess.

The next morning, the youthful lieutenant was busy in superintending the rigging of the vessel which he was to command, when an old seaman approached him, and touching his hat, said:

"May I be so bold as to ask a favor of your honor?"

"Yes—what do you want? Your name is Thompson, isn't it? You sailed on board the Wasp—I remember, I owe you a grudge!

You cut down that British captain when he was my property!"

"If I hadn't put my steel into him when I did, your honor, you'd have never lived to get this pretty sloop!"

"I know that, you rascal; but I owe you a grudge for taking that job out of my hands. But what favor do you want!—speak it out!"

"If your honor would only be so good, I'd like to be transferred to your vessel. I've followed the sea, boy and man, for forty years; and any of 'em can tell you that old Jim Thompson is no lubber!"

"I know that, my good fellow—but why do you wish to leave the Wasp—isn't Captain Alexander a good officer?"

"Yes, your honor, every inch of him a sailor, from truck to kelson, but he don't fight as fast as you do, sir! I'm getting along in years, and I want to make a fast run of it while my spurs last. And then, your honor, if you please, I've got eight other substantial reasons."

"Eight other reasons! Why you are as full of reasons as a lawyer is of gab. What are they?"

"Why you see, your honor, the other reasons are not all my fault, though I suppose it's all right that I should father 'em. You see, about four years ago I felt lonesome like, and I fell in with a snuggish sort of a craft that had four tender little *tenders* in tow, and as I thought she had pretty hard work to make fair weather and keep off of poverty rocks with 'em all, I took her in tow. Since then she launched three more o' the same sort, and as they have to be kept in grub and rigging, why, I'd like to sail where I know the most prize money'll come in; and from the *speciment* I've seen of your honor's work, I'd rather sail with you than anywhere else. And besides, if your honor would let me, I could pick up some lads that I know of, that would go to the devil with your honor if he led the way?"

"So you married a widow with four children, and have got three more, eh?"

"Yes, your honor, and another on the stocks."

"Well, I'll see about your transfer. But remember, I owe you a grudge for killing my game!"

The commodore and several officers now approached Barney, and the seaman departed, well pleased with the result of his interview with the officer who owed him a grudge for saving his life.



## CHAPTER VIII.

MISTRESS AND SERVANT.

"What do you think of that young officer who dined with father to-day, Eliza?" asked Cora Bedford of her dressing-maid, as she was preparing her long dark tresses, and making her night toilet before retiring, after she had parted from Barney, taking good care to invite him to call again, before she said good night.

"He looks like a man, Miss Cora—not like those spindly-shanked, silk-tocking, ruffled-bosomed dandies that strut through the streets with rattans in their hands. He'd make a husband worth having! If I was only a lady, I'd jump at the chance, if he'd only offer to marry me."

"He is very young yet!" said the lady, turning away to hide the smile which rose at the honest earnestness of the manner in which the girl expressed her opinion.

"Not too young to make a good husband!" said the girl. "I've heard tell that them as marries young, before they know what it is to be a husband and wife, always make the best sort of married men."

"But they say sailors are very inconstant—have a sweetheart in every port!"

"Lawks—Miss Cora, you don't believe all you hear! For my part, I like sailors they're always so jolly and free-hearted. I wish I had one for a lover. He'd get lots of prize money, and I'd dress as fine as a lady, almost!"

"Suppose he should get killed in action!"

"I'd cry my eyes half out of my head, Miss Cora."

"And then get another one to wipe them away eh, Eliza?"

"La me—Miss Cora, how you do like to tease me. I ain't one of them croquettes, as they call 'em! If I had a beau, I'd be as true as—"

"You were to Corporal Drill!" said the young lady, laughingly finishing the sentence for her.

"La me, Miss Cora, there you are again, teasing me about that lobster-back. When he paid his distresses to me, there wasn't any war. You know I'm too good an American to love one of my country's foes. If I had him here I'd scratch his eyes out—I'd assassinate him with the carving knife, so I would!"

"Well, I have no doubt you would, Eliza. But you can go now; call me early; and, Eliza you can pick a very handsome bouquet in the morning. Let it be of red moss roses, blue violets, and white lilies. Put a bunch of forget-me-nots in the centre!"

"Yes, ma'am—shall I put it in the parlor, ma'am?"

"No—you may give it to Thomas, and tell him to take it down to the sloop Sachem, for Lieutenant Barney, in the morning when he goes to market. Tell him to be sure not to tell who sent it."

"Hain't I better take it myself, ma'am? Them riggers is stupid."

"As you like, Eliza. Perhaps you may find a substitute for Corporal Drill, on board the sloop!"

"There you are again, Miss Cora, tantalizing me about that lobster-back."

The girl departed, and in a few moments sweet Cora Bedford was asleep. Perhaps she was dreaming of the young lieutenant. *Quien sabe?*

It was not very early on the next morning when Cora awakened, for it had been late when she retired, the night before.

Eliza, who was not a bad-looking girl, was up, dressed as neatly as a pin.

"Your cheeks look as rosy and fresh as the inside of a watermelon, Eliza," said Cora, as she woke. "Have you been out?"

"Yes, ma'am—I was up before sunrise, and picked the flowers before the dew was off."

"Did you carry them down to the vessel? and did you see the lieutenant?"

"No, ma'am, but I left the flowers with a boy, who said he'd give 'em to him as soon as he turned out."

"Turned out! What does that mean?"

"I don't know, ma'am—I suppose it's some thing in seafishiology."

"Fishiology! You mean phraseology, do you not?"

"I don't know, Miss Cora—it's some kind of ology, though."

"Well, did you find a substitute for Corporal Drill?"

"No, ma'am—but I had just four or five words with a man that said his name was Jim Thompson. He said he was waiting to see the lieutenant. I liked him for one thing, though he wasn't either young or handsome. He said he had saved the lieutenant's life by sticking a British officer that had his cutlash raised to kill him when he was down on the deck. You'd ought to have heard the sailor tell how he did it, ma'am—it was so romantic. He said he struck him right in the gizzard, just as if he'd been a pig!"

"Well, that will do—you can help me to dress now, Eliza."

## CHAPTER IX.

THE BOUQUET.

"When will you have your craft ready for sea, sir?" asked Commodore Hopkins, when he approached Barney.

"Within four days, sir—possibly in three."

"You have been in a hurry, sir."

"I have, commodore. I owe the English a grudge, and I want to be hammering away at them again."

"Well, sir, you'll soon have a chance. They are ranging all along our coast. I hope your good fortune will continue, and that you will soon bring in some more prizes."

"Thank you, commodore. If Capt. Alexander has no objection, I would ask a favor!"

"I would refuse you nothing, my dear fellow," said the last named officer.

"One of your quarter gunners, Jim Thompson, wants to be transferred to my command. I owe the fellow a grudge, for he killed the captain of the brig, you remember."

"Yes, and saved your life. That's a strange thing to hold a grudge against a man for."

"Well, it was a matter of precedence—the officer was my game. But can I have the man, sir?"

"Certainly; he is a good seaman, and I'll spare him to you. And now, commodore, if you and the officers will have the kindness to step into the little cabin of the Sachem, I will produce an excellent fogmatic in the shape of some fine old Jamaica. It must be good, for it was imported expressly for our use in the brig which the Wasp captured the other day!"

The officers of course would not injure the reputation of the service by refusing an invitation of that kind, and soon were in Barney's snug little cabin.

"Ah, Mr. Barney, here's a signal that you've been within hail of some other craft than the British brig—brought her to, maybe, for I see you've captured the colors!" cried the commodore pointing to a bouquet, which, for want of a flower vase, was stuck in the neck of a porter bottle.

"The colors are red, white and blue, commodore, and shall never be struck to or by me, while I live. That nosegay was sent to me from shore by some one, I know not whom—but a patriot I suppose, from the choice of colors."

"And one that wants a place in your memory," said Alexander, pointing to the forget-me-nots.

"Some favored fair. Be careful, lieutenant, that some of the handsome Quaker girls don't win you over on the peace question. By-the-way, some one mentioned to me that some of you young officers thrashed some of the citizens night before last; how was it?"

"I only punished a puppy for insulting me and threatening to insult a lady, sir. It was a trifling affair, not worth mentioning," said Barney.

"Perhaps so—but you must be cautious about offending the citizens or getting into difficulty with them. Our navy is in its infancy—if people become prejudiced against the child, it will be fed badly, and will grow slowly."

"True, sir—but I was provoked into this quarrel. The parties who forced the trouble on were very heavily fined."

"And were you not punished?"

"Yes, sir—I was forced to eat an excellent dinner with the magistrate, who keeps the best wine in the city!"

"I shouldn't mind receiving such punishment occasionally myself," said Alexander.

"I think, as St. Paul said to Timothy, I could 'take it for my stomach's sake.'"

"And 'thine often infirmities,' added Barney, with a laugh. "But, gentlemen, this isn't the rum. There it is, 'in the original package,' as other importers say; here is some sugar which came from the same market, and those lemons were also consigned to us by his Britannic majesty's brig Tender. Help yourselves."

Soon the anti-fogmatic, prepared according to a recipe of the celebrated Phineas Carbuncle, was mixed, and success to the Sachem and her brave young commander was drunk. Alexander, who only wanted a good excuse to repeat the dose, proposed the health of the fair incognito who had sent Barney the bouquet. This brought a blush to our hero's cheek, and a second glass to his lips; then he excused himself and hastened to his duty.

"That young man will be an honor to the service!" said the commodore. "He has got just enough of the devil in him to get him into scrapes, and is cool enough to work his way out of them. I only hope he won't make a fool of himself by falling in love? A fellow in love isn't worth much aboard ship!"

"Permit me to disagree with you, commo-



dore!" said Captain Alexander. "I don't care how much a fellow is in love, provided he don't get married, and knock the romance of the thing overboard. While he is in love, he is ever ambitious to distinguish himself, and win the admiration of her whose affections he would secure. He is anxious to outdo all others, often almost rash and desperate; but I agree with you that after he is married, he is

careful of his life, apt to be homesick, and rather a shaky stick!"

"You may be right, sir," replied the old commodore, "but all that I want my officers to do now is to love their flag and do their duty. But we will pay a visit to the Wasp now, and see how she looks."

The officers departed, not, however, without again complimenting Barney on his skill and promptness in getting his craft ready for sea.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE MORNING CALL.

Another morning had arrived. The sun, audacious dog, had just peeped in through the delicate curtain of the eastern window of Miss Cora Bedford's chamber, and had actually caught her in a lovely undress, making a morning toilet; but not having a tongue, though eyes he surely hath, he could not reveal the secret mysteries by which the sex make themselves so angelic in appearance in the morning. A man generally gets up drowsy-eyed and yawning, comes forth with frowzy hair, not always with "unwrinkled front," especially in the linen line—looking for all the world like a Dutch doll washed in dirty water and badly ironed out.

Miss Cora had not quite finished her toilet, when, with the freedom of a petted servant, Eliza, her handmaiden, entered.

"I've seen him again, Miss Cora!" she cried. "I thought I'd promenade a little in the staluborous air before you got up, so I picked a bunch of flowers and went down to the side of the river, and there I met him a singin' such a nice song—it was so grand, all about Sandy the oysterman!"

"Who, the lieutenant, Eliza?"

"No, ma'am—Jim Thompson—him that stuck the British ossifer in the gizzard and saved the lieutenant's life."

"Ah! your new substitute for the poor late lamented Corporal Drill!"

"There you are again about that lobster-back, Miss Cora! I do wish him and his memory was sunk in the depths of Elysium, where there is gnashing and wailing of teeth, as Parson Sternhold says. But I saw some one else, ma'am. I didn't give the flowers to

Jim Thompson—that is, only one of 'em; I gave him a bachelor's button, just to see what he'd say!"

"What did he say, Eliza?"

"Why, he said, ma'am, that posies was well in their way, for them that liked them, but he liked the smell of fresh tar better!"

"Was that all?"

"Not exactly, ma'am. He said my cheeks looked like the southern side of a couple of big red apples, just ripe and fit for eating!"

"Well, what answer did you make—did you tell him to take a bite?"

"No, ma'am—for just then the lieutenant came on to the wharf and made a bow as polite as if I was a lady. I curtsied clear to the ground. 'Are those flowers for me, my pretty maid?' he asked. 'Yes, sir, they be,' I said. 'Then you are the fairy messenger that brought me a bouquet yesterday,' he said. 'I be,' I said. 'There is a guinea for you, my pretty maid,' he said—and now you'll tell me who sent them, will you not?' 'I can't,' said I—'my mistress told me not to!' 'I saw you at Alderman Bedford's a couple of days ago didn't I?' he asked. 'In course you did, sir!' said I."

"Then you let the cat out of the bag, you stupid girl!" cried Cora, half in anger.

"Lawks, no, ma'am, I didn't—I hadn't no cat, nor any bag either—though I did think, before I started, of taking the old gray cat's litter of kittens down and drowning them, they're a mewling around in the way, and aren't of any use!"

"Did the lieutenant say no more?"

"Yes, ma'am—he asked if you were well."



and said if you were disengaged, he'd call and see you this evening, for he expected to sail in a short time. I told him I didn't think you was engaged, for I knowed that you'd give more than a dozen chaps the mitten that had come insinervatin' their distresses 'round you."

"Stupid fool!"

"There you go again, ma'am—abusin' me when I did my best to do right. I wish I was dead, so I do!"

"Never mind, Eliza—I know you meant all for the best, but in future remember and never speak of me to a person who is almost a stranger. Come, dry your eyes—I am not angry with you!"

"I didn't mean to overstep the line of maiden perspicuity, ma'am. I'll never conglomerate a mistake again, ma'am. I'll go and tell him you are engaged if you wish me to!"

"No, save yourself the trouble, Eliza; such matters will not interest him—he cares nothing for me!"

"You would think different, ma'am, if you could only have seen how anxious like he inquired after your precious health!"

"Well, go down and see how near breakfast is ready—my appetite is in a healthy condition!"

"So is mine, ma'am, the atmosphere is so bracing, and the breeze so staluborous!" said the girl, leaving the room.

"Can it be possible that the brave, handsome young officer thinks anything of me?" said Cora, when she was alone. "I fear that if he does, Eliza, so forward and impudent, will make him think me weak-minded and forward too. A conquest easily made is never valued. If he comes, I will be reserved and distant, though the fluttering in my heart when his name is mentioned seems strange. I like him—I dare say that to myself—I like him better than—"

"Breakfast is ready, ma'am—can't you smell the beefsteak and the ingynuns? aren't they delicious?" said Eliza, popping her head in at the door.

Under the circumstances, reader, not wishing to intrude upon the matinal meal, we will close this chapter.

## CHAPTER XI.

### AN AGREABLE TETE-A-TETE.

It was evening. All the cares and business of the day was over; at least as far as concerned our friend Alderman Bedford. Seated in his favorite arm-chair, his feet encased in slippers worked by the hands of his petted daughter, his rotund form encased in his flannel-lined dressing gown, and a pipe in his mouth he looked as comfortable as the man who didn't care a darn how soon the world "broke," because he didn't owe him anything.

Miss Cora was there—her dark hair dressed with unusual care, and in it placed a single cluster of "forget-me-nots." Her graceful form was robed very neatly, in a manner to display modestly its every beauty, but she wore no ornaments. Beauty like hers never requires any. A woman is something like a vessel—when a craft is new, everything fresh and bright—hulls, spars, canvas, rigging, banners and all, she requires scarce a touch of paint to make her look well. But after she has been bagged about for a while, gone a few rough voyages, and met a few storms, the rig-

ging got stretched and whity, the sails mill-dewed, the planks a bit worm-eaten, and the colors faded, if you don't paint and dress her up soon, she don't look as if she was "worth shucks" in the market.

"Is there anything new out this evening, dear father?" asked Cora, as she seated herself near her sire.

"Nothing, except that the blasted old tory, Elliott, has shown his colors at last. He has been selling off everything he could for some time, and to day he cleared out, bag and baggage, with that precious son of his."

"Gone to New York to join the British, hasn't he father?"

"So it is reported to-night. It is said that the son is to have a commission in the English army."

"I'm glad of it, father."

"Why so, child?"

"Because, he'll be caught by some of our gallant officers, and be taught to dance the traitor's dance, with a beam of wood over him, and nothing under him! I wish—"

"Lieutenant Barney wishes to be denounced," said Eliza, entering at that moment.

"Announced, you stupid! Show him in," said Cora, blushing as his name was uttered.

"Ah, lieutenant, most welcome! We are glad to see you—I felt rather lonesome!" said the Alderman, rising and warmly shaking hands with his visitor.

"I don't see how you could be lonesome, with your fair daughter by your side!" said Barney, returning the shake of his hand, and bowing to the blushing girl.

"No flattery, my young friend—the girl is vain enough, now. As to being lonesome with her about, why, I have her by me, you see, all the time, and have got so used to her company—"

"That you would miss her very much if she was absent!" added Barney.

"Well, I suppose I should—especially when I held court. Such an excellent clerk—keeps the next docket in the city, and knows more law than two-thirds of the barristers. But have you heard the news, lieutenant?"

"I've heard, sir, that a squadron of English men-o-war are blockading the mouth of the Delaware—and I'm going down in a couple of days to take a little of my old grudge out of some of them if I can catch one away from the main fleet!"

"At what o'clock your Hogle vessel?" asked Cora, anxiously.

"Yes, Miss Bedford, one is better than three or four there: we have too large a force to oppose. Hence is easier, and occasionally, like our New Englander, we can pounce on some outsider and bring him in. But, Alderman, what was the news you alluded to?"

"That fellow whom you pum-melled the other day, at that very father, have fled to New York to join Lord Howe. Elliott, I mean. That fellow is to have a British commission."

"The grand old fellow!" responded Barney.

"Oh, off it! Why so?"

"So that the next time I meet him I can rid the world of a villain, my country of a traitor, and take out the grudge I owe him!"

"Well, I hope you will catch him. I'd like to see him and his old father strung up by the heels together. I used to like the old man—he was very fond of capons, and an amazing good judge of wine!"

"Mr. Bedford, there's some visitations at the door that want to have an interview with your honor in the office," said Eliza, coming to the door of the sitting-room.

"Till then I'll be down directly—it's no time for court hours! I wonder who they can be—perhaps a warrant is wanted for the arrest of some poor devil for stealing a loaf of bread—they generally take night time to bother me on such important business!" growled the Alderman, as he rose from his easy-chair.

"Make yourself easy, lieutenant; feel your-

self at home; I'll be back soon, and we'll break a bottle of old port!" continued the Alderman.

"Will you not need your clerk, father?" asked Cora.

"I reckon not, my bonny girl—I'll call you if I do. Stay and keep the lieutenant from going to sleep till I come back!"

"No danger of my falling asleep in such company!" said Barney, blushing at his own temerity in paying so open a compliment to her.

"Then you are to sail in two days, lieutenant?" said Cora.

"Yes, Miss Bedford; I cannot rest easy while our coast is blockaded by those haughty Britons. I owe them a bitter grudge!"

"You seem to owe almost every one a grudge!" said she, laughing.

"Not my friends! Miss Bedford; though I do begrudge your father one thing!" he stammered, blushing to the very temples.

"My father! What is that? his office as an Alderman?" asked Cora, with an arch look.

"No, Miss Bedford; it is the possession of the love of such an angel as you are!"

It was now her turn to blush and evince confusion.

Barney having got into the breakers, thought he would flounder through.

"I'm only a rough sailor, Miss Bedford," he continued; "but I've got a heart, and I believe it is stowed in the right place. I cannot talk as some of the well-educated, poetry-reading shore-chaps may, but they cannot feel more than I do. Please forgive me for saying as much as I have—I couldn't help it. I have only one favor to ask, and I'll never trouble you again until you tell me to yourself. Just give me one of your dark tresses of hair, to wear over my heart in the hour of battle, and I will ever strive to be worthy of your esteem, even if I love all hopeless of a return."

Tears were in her dark eyes—whether of grief or joy or surprise, is more than my knowledge of human nature enables me to tell at this stage of the tide. And her white hand trembled as, without uttering a word, she took a pair of scissors from a table by her side, and severing a glossy tress, handed it to him.

He pressed it as reverently to his lips as ever did a knight of olden time kiss the favor of his "lady faire," and then placed it in his bosom. Hardly had he done this and partially regained his composure, before the Alderman returned.

"I knew they wouldn't call for me at this hour for anything worth noticing. The ninth part of a man, a tailor, wanted me to get out a warrant against a barber for running away with his wife. I advised him to settle the affair according to the rules of honor, with their professional weapons—shears against razors, the goose against the curling tongs!" he said, laughing heartily.

"Did you issue a warrant, father?" asked Cora.

"No, my girl; the tailor said his wife was a shrew and a drunkard; and I told the fool that if I settled the case I'd award a compensation from him to the barber for carrying her off. So he has gone elsewhere to get legal satisfaction. And now, Cora, if you'll order up a bottle of wine, and some cake of your own making, we'll take a little comfort."

It was a pleasant evening which Barney passed, and a cloud of sadness rose upon his face when the old-fashioned clock admonished him that it was time to retire.

"You'll visit us again before you sail, will you not?" asked the Alderman.

"Certainly! Do come before you go!" added Cora, warmly, forgetful of the resolution of chilliness and reserve which she had made in the morning.

"I will try and do so," said Barney, "but my duties confine me during the day."

He now made his adieu and departed. Cora had noticed his delicacy in mentioning her flower gift, and appreciated his modesty. How she felt when she retired that night, we cannot say, of course, but it is reasonable to infer that if she dreamed, he was a subject.

## CHAPTER XII.

## READY FOR SEA.

The Sachem was ready. Her armament, one long eighteen and eight twenty-four pound cannonades, four on a side, was mounted. She was supplied with muskets, pistols, cutlasses, battle axes and boarding pikes for a crew of seventy men. On the evening of the day on which he had promised to have her ready, when the sun was yet two hours high, the national ensign and pennant were hoisted, and a salute fired. She was in commission. Both of Barney's lieutenants were older than himself; but this was an advantage rather than otherwise, for they were tried and experienced men, calculated to aid him with advice, and assist him in the hour of trial.

The oldest, Seth Yarnall, his first officer, was a genuine Cape Cod Yankee; slow, but sure; methodical as a clock in his habits; of undaunted courage, and a man of exceeding foresight and forethought. You could never mention anything that he hadn't thought of before, nor could anything occur that he hadn't foreseen. He was a tall, dried-up, muscular man, without an ounce of superfluous flesh on his large-boned body. He was fond of an occasional glass of "spirits," but they never disturbed his equilibrium. He hated an Englishman with fervor, but a "parlez vous frog-eating Frenchman," more than he did an Englishman.

The second officer, Mr. Yates, who also acted as sailing master, was an active and experienced New Yorker, who knew his duty both below and aloft. Barney had also two master's mates allotted to him. He had made

Jim Thompson acting gunner, although he reminded him when he did so, of the grudge which he owed him. His crew was made up mostly of that daring and hardy class—the Chesapeake and Delaware bay-men—who are almost born on, and always brought up on the water, in the fishing, oyster and market sloops and schooners which throng those waters. And no better men for a service like that required at that period, could be found or desired.

After the salute was fired, and the "main brace spliced," according to custom from time immemorial, Barney caused his vessel to be hauled off into the stream, to keep the crew on board and prevent anxious friends from disheartening them with farewell sighs and tears and forbodings. After all the boats had been hoisted to the davits, with the exception of his own gig, he had the latter manned, and saying that he would be back early, and would sail with the first of the ebb tide at daylight in the morning, he pushed for the shore.

Giving the crew of the boat a few shillings to drink his health with, he bade them wait for his return, and hastened up to the house of the worthy Alderman.

That worthy gentleman was rejoiced to see him; and though her tongue was chary in its expressions, the eyes of Cora beamed a glad welcome to the visitor.

"Were those your bull-dogs which I heard barking a little while before sundown, lieutenant?" asked the Alderman.

"If you allude to the guns which you heard, sir," replied the officer, "they were the pup-

pies which make the British lion howl as he shrinks off with the nails torn from his claws!"

"Their bark was pretty sharp!" said the Alderman.

"Their bite will be found sharper and harsher than their bark," said the Lieutenant, "as I hope to sail in the morning at sunrise!"

"So soon?" asked Cora, turning pale.

"Yes, fair lady. I merely came on shore to bid yourself and father farewell, and to thank you for your kindness to me. Also, to say that if ever the arm of Joshua Barney can render you any aid, it and his life are devotedly at your service. Times are perilous—the chances of war are precarious. Although I have not the slightest doubt that the ultimate result of this war will be our independence, and it recognized by England and all the world; yet long and bloody may be the struggle. We are weak in numbers, in munitions, in money, in friends; strong only in the justice of our cause. New York is already in the hands of the enemy. With a powerful army on shore, and an immense fleet afloat, they will probably turn their eyes to this city, and, though we can make them pay dearly for their conquest, they probably may take it. If so, you must fly to the interior—they never will dare to force our countrymen to battle in the forest and amid the defiles of the mountains. If they do, we will slay them as the hunter does the deer, by thousands. My duty will be upon the ocean, the bay and the river. If I

live and ever can serve you, depend upon me!"

"We will, Mr. Barney," said Cora. "but you paint a gloomy picture. Let us hope for the best, and most especially will my father and myself pray for your safety."

"Yes, it is a gloomy picture," added the worthy Alderman. "Bring up a bottle of port, Cora, darling, and let us see if we cannot brighten the colors a little!"

It was a sadly pleasant evening which Barney passed, and, at an early hour for him, he arose to retire. Tears were glistening like diamonds in the beautiful eyes of Cora, as she bade him farewell. Nor did she withdraw the trembling hand which he pressed to his lips.

"Good bye—God bless you, Lieutenant! I wish you good luck and plenty of prize money, without a scar to mar your good looks!" said the Alderman, as he warmly shook his hand. "Have your boat ashore at daylight. I want to send you a few dozen of wine, to keep us in memory while you are gone!"

"I do not need the wine to cause remembrance, my dear sir!" said Barney, glancing at Cora—"but the boat shall be sent."

Another lingering look—once more the sad farewell repeated, and then the young officer hastened to his vessel.

Of one thing he felt certain—if Cora did not exactly love him, she felt an interest in him, a very friendly interest, and took no pains to conceal it. Another thing he knew. He loved her!

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE DEPARTURE.

The sun arose, and, from a sky as cloudless as the face of young innocence when it plays amid flowers, looked down upon the dimpled body of the Delaware, which, ruffled by a gentle breeze from the northward and westward, flowed past the city of Brotherly Love. The cable of the Sachem was hoisted; her sails were loosed, and Barney only waited for the boat which he had sent on shore. Soon, impelled by six sturdy oarsmen, it left the wharf, and in a few moments was alongside. The coxswain sprang on board, and handed Barney a beautiful bouquet and a package. He knew from whose dear hand the first came, and also the second, when he unfolded it, and found it to be a beautiful flag.

He instantly ordered the banner to be hoisted at the fore—and as its silken folds opened to the breeze, nine spontaneous cheers sprang from the lips of the gallant men who stood beneath it, and the long eighteen gave voice in a tone which echoed like rattling thunder along the broad streets of the city.

At the same moment a white kerchief was seen waving on the wharf, and Barney did not need a spy-glass to discover whose hand held it.

"Get under way at once, Mr. Yarnall!" he said—"the tide serves and the wind is rising."

"Yes, sir," replied the first luff, "I foresee a cap full of wind before night!" and obeying orders, the pretty craft was soon shooting down the stream under a full spread of canvas.

"We're going to have luck this cruise, cap'n!" said Yarnall, as the vessel stood gallantly on her course. "I foresee it! I dreamed of prize money, all night, and when I woke I had the taste of *spirits* in my mouth!"

"Perhaps you took a nip just before you turned in!"

"I reckon I did—it's my custom, as a general thing; that is, when its taw be had."

"Well, suppose we take a nipper now, just to bring us luck."

"It runs agin my grain to refuse, cap'n—*spirits* and my constitution always did agree. Mr. Yates, I resign the charge of the deck taw you, while cap'n and I go below to look at the chart," said the lieutenant, in his usual dry way. He never smiled—would tell the most laughable story with a sign of humor on his blueish looking face.

After "the chart" had been duly examined, Barney and his first luff came on deck. The men were called to quarters, and for hours exercised at their guns, drilled at small arms, taught to board and repel boarders, &c. Bar-

ney knew how necessary it was at once to prepare his gallant crew to meet a skillful foe, whose boast was that "Britannia ruled the wave."

Had the gallant and ill fated Lawrence only did this, and drilled his green crew before he went out to engage the *Snaanon*, with her picked men, well disciplined and prepared, we never would have had to regret the loss of the *Chesapeake*, nor would he in his dying agony have uttered in vain—"Don't give up the ship."

Yarnall, who was every inch a man, was as busy as an eel in a frying pan, encouraging one, darning another for a booby, crying out that "practice makes perfect," &c.

His temper never got the better of him. Even when one of the greenest hands accidentally stuck nearly an inch of the point of a boarding-pike into that not too fleshy portion of his body which he denominated his "latter end," he only said, as he rubbed the afflicted part with his hand—

"Darn ye—I knowed you'd stick that 'ere boardin' spike inter soom fool or 'nother!"

With the exception of the time occupied by the men at their meals, the day was mostly passed in exercise. Night drew its mantle over the bosom of the ocean just as the open sea could be seen from the deck of the Sachem. She had no stars to button the mantle up with; dark clouds, which had been gathering all the afternoon, had thickened overhead, and there was every appearance of a nasty night.

This Barney did not regret much—the darkness, at least—for several white specks in the offing reminded him of the blockade, and he wished a chance to slip out and gain sea room. He had intended to make a cruise toward the West Indies, where he stood a chance to pick up a valuable prize or two.

The wind freshened after the sun went down—so much that they had to shorten sail.

"Didn't I foresee that this was coming?" said Yarnall. "I knowed it! Before morning we'll be lyin' taw waitin' for it to moderate down—see if we arn't!"

"We'll have to keep a bright look out for the enemy's ships," said Barney.

"I always dew—I sleep with one eye open reg'lar," said Yarnall.

"We had better put out every light on board except one in my state-room and the one in the binnacle," continued Barney.

"I was jest a goin' to have it done," said the thoughtful lieutenant. "Ned Yarnall is up taw snuff, I tell you, cap'n. When a Johnny Bull gets the weather gauge of me, I'll agree to go without *spirits* for a year."

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE INTERVIEW AND COMMISSION.

General Howe sat in his private apartment at his quarters in the city of New York. The table before him was covered with papers and maps. A look of care and anxiety pervaded his countenance. He had just dismissed a council of officers, and was determining upon a plan to force Washington, with his ill-fed, unpaid, half-clothed, and discontented army, into a general action, by which at a blow he could crush him. He was, in fact, planning the movements which, by the activity, restless daring, and consummate skill of the American chief, were foiled on the plains of New Jersey—which were displayed in his movements as he retreated toward Morristown, &c. Although the general had been successful in his advent, capturing New York, and defeating the American army on Long Island, he had done nothing since, and expected to be superseded.

An orderly announced Plantagenet Elliott, Esquire, and son.

"Admit the gentlemen at once," he said. Then, as the orderly retired, he added, "The very persons I wish to see. They probably will know all about the range of country on the Delaware, and the strength of the rebels. It is singular, that with an army of veterans we have so much trouble in subduing a disorganized mass of raw militia. Their Commander-in-chief, too, was not bred a soldier, while I have been reared to the study and practice of military manoeuvres."

Elliott and his son, the latter much improved in his appearance since we last saw him "in court," was now ushered in.

"I am glad to see you, my loyal friend," said the general, as he arose and warmly welcomed the base Tory. "This is your son, eh? A fine looking young man—has he concluded to accept a commission in his Majesty's service?"

"He has, general—I am proud to say that he is as loyal as myself."

"Then I am sure of his loyalty, my good friend. He shall be commissioned immediately, and I will place him upon my staff."

"General, you are very kind. We are bound to you by a thousand obligations."

"Do not speak of it, Mr. Elliott. Your loyalty and devotion to King George shall be well rewarded. And now, by the way, I wish to ask yourself and son many questions, on points where-in I find it difficult to obtain reliable information. I propose shortly to make a descent upon Philadelphia."

The eyes of the younger Elliott flashed with joy as he heard this.

"The city is not very well guarded, is it?" asked the general.

"The city is not, general," said the young man—"but the river below has several passes which are strongly fortified. If the city was once captured by land, by a force marching from here, or landing from the Chesapeake, and crossing over, then the rebels might desert their works in the river."

"True, my young friend—you seem to have some idea of military movements. Would the citizens of Philadelphia be apt to resist the occupation of the city very strongly?"

"Very many of them, general, are Quakers, and of course non-combatants. Were they assured of protection to private property, and no warlike interference, they would remain. If your movements were secret, and you could seize others whom I could point out as influential men, by holding them as hostages you could control a large portion of others, who will not desert their business if they can help it, and who have not yet taken up arms on the rebel side, although they lean that way."

"You seem to take a right view of things, young man. I deem myself fortunate in securing you as a member of my military family. Of course you are well acquainted with the section of country within the limits of the states of New Jersey, Delaware and Pennsylvania?"

"I am, sir—I have traveled or hunted over every part of those states."

"You will be invaluable to me. Your commission shall be made out at once. I will order my own staff tailor to call and measure you for your uniforms. You are under pay from the date of your father's letter accepting my propositions."

"Thank you, General. You will ever find me loyal."

After they had withdrawn from the audience, the younger Elliott no longer concealed from his father the joy which filled his breast as he heard Howe reveal his intention of taking Philadelphia.

"My day of revenge is not far distant," he cried. "I'll make three hearts bleed. They shall rue and remember the day when they humiliated Henry Elliott!"

"That's right, my brave boy!" said the father. "You have the blood of the Plantagenets in your veins."

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE ENEMY IN SIGHT.

"I knewed it! Didn't I tell you last night, cap'n, that we'd be lyin' tew before da light!" said Yarnall, as Barney came on deck on the morning after the Sachem had left the Capes of the Delaware.

"Is there anything in sight?" asked the young commander.

"Nothing but clouds and water, both of 'em as rough as a Christian's road tew glory," replied the lieutenant.

"It is cold and raw this morning," continued the commander.

"I was jest a thinkin' it was. I don't think a glass of spirits would hurt a chap's innards dreadful bad this mornin'—dew you, cap'n?"

"No, I think not, Mr. Yarnall; I'll take charge of the deck while you go below to try the experiment."

"Thanks, cap'n; our decks won't need washing this morning; the salt water has been pitchin' iatew 'em like fun for the last three hours."

The lieutenant now shook himself like a great Newfoundland dog, for his shaggy peajacket was covered with spray, and then he descended to test the chemical properties of sugar, Jamaica rum, and a slight dilution of water. He had been gone but a short time, when the man at the mast-head, stationed as a look out, sung out:

"Sail ho!"

"Where away?" asked Barney.

"Broad on the weatherbow, sir."

"What is she?"

"I can't exactly tell, sir, she and we are heaving and pitching so. She is square rigged, though, and lying to on the same tack that we are."

"A sail in sight, eh, sir?" said Yarnall, coming on deck, with his color slightly improved. "I calc'lated on seein' one jest about this time o' day. If she drifts more than we do, she'll come within hail before night. I foresee that."

"I wish the water was smoother—in fighting and working condition, at least," muttered Barney.

"It will be. After the blow is over—I calc'late on that sure," said Yarnall, looking very wise.

To one unused to the sea at this time the prospect from the deck of the Sachem would have seemed terrible. But to a lover of the grand and magnificent; to a sailor with poetry in his heart; to one who can recognize the

power of God in the tempest—in the sky-kissing waves—in the wilderness, as it sways to the unseen hands of the mighty wind—as well as in each lovely hue, each tender vein of the frailest flowers which beautify the earth, it was glorious. The dark blue waves, shadowed by the rushing clouds, tipped and crested with foam, like great snow-capped mountains, rolled very high. The vessel at one time seemed to climb their precipitous sides; then again, with rapid plunge, she would dart down into the deep water-vales, seeming as if she was about to dive to the unknown depths of the ocean. The wind sung through the rigging, playing, as it were, "on a harp of a thousand strings," and straining the little canvas which was exposed to its fury almost to bursting.

This was no day for exercise at arms. The battery was secured with extra tackles, and carefully housed with tarpaulins; the hatches were battered down, preventer braces and stays rove and tightened—everything done, in fact, which consummate seamanship and prudence dictated. Fortunately the wind was blowing off shore, so that there was no danger under their lee. There is nothing which a thorough sailor dreads more than the proximity of land when a gale of wind is blowing or coming on.

As the day wore on, many an eye was turned toward the sail which had been discovered first after daylight. She evidently drifted faster than the Sachem, for by three o'clock in the afternoon she could be seen from the deck of the latter, and her rig—that of a brig—distinguished. But colors were not hoisted by either vessel, for it blew rather too hard to show bunting, and entirely too hard for vessels to attempt to close with each other in any thing like hailing distance.

When night came on, the vessels were not more than six or seven miles apart, the brig being on the weather beam, instead of the weather bow, of the Sachem.

"I reckon that's a cussed Englisher," said Yarnall, as he took a look at her just before dark; "and I foresee that if she keeps on drifting, she'll be just two miles on our lee quarter in the morning."

"Well, a good look-out must be kept for her, especially if it lulls during the night. She might edge down on us before we were ready," said Barney.

"I foresee that she'd catch a tartar, if she



tried to come that dodge," replied Yarnall. "Never you fear, cap'n—old Ned Yarnall always sleeps with one eye open."

The night wore on, the first lieutenant staying on deck until midnight, when Yates took the mid watch, from twelve to four.

At the latter hour Yarnall was again called, and when the gray of dawn began to appear, he had Barney awakened, according to the directions of the latter, given the night before.

As the darkness sunk away to its caverns, and the ocean waves were lighted up by the rosy smile of day—for the clouds were breaking away, though the gale was still high—the strange brig was seen nearer than the night before, and on the lee quarter of the *Sachem*.

"Didn't I *know* she'd be there!" said Yarnall, pointing to her triumphantly.

"Show our colors, Mr. Yarnall," said Barney. "Let us see what she is."

The American flag was at once hoisted on board the *Sachem*. In a short time the cross of St. George was seen at the main gaff of the stranger.

"Right again! Old Ned Yarnall never is wrong. Didn't I say last night that she was a cussed Britisher?" cried the first luff, in ecstasy. "And we're tew windward of him. Oh, punkin sass and slapjacks, wouldn't we give

him Jesse with our long eighteen, if it was only a little smother! But it will be bye-and-bye. I foresee that I'm going to taste a glass of sperits out of his hold before the sun sets."

"I hope so," said Barney. "But she is armed."

"Yes, sir, she's got eighteen carronades; but we've got the weather guage, and can knock her intew kindlin' wood with our long eighteen, as soon as the sea is jest a leetle slicker. If she drifts further, we can edge down jest a leetle at a time, like a feller shyin' up tew a gal when he's bashful, jest so as to keep her in range till the wind slacks down—I calc'late it'll do that soon, for it has blowed its hardest, and must be e'en a'most out of breath."

"Have you freshened the nip this morning yet, Yarnall?"

"No, cap'n, I haint tech'd no sperits as yet, though I don't think 't would be very dangerous to try jest a teaspoonful."

"Well, go below and mix your grog. I'll take the deck."

"Thankes, cap'n—you're right human in your ways, always thinkin' of the sufferin'," said the first luff, as he disappeared down the companion way, in search of spiritual comfort.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE FIGHT.

The day wore on, and after the sun had reached its meridian, the strength of the wind perceptibly began to decrease. The British brig, evidently much heavier in tonnage and metal, as well as more fully armed than the *Sachem*, showed no disposition to escape or avoid a combat. As the sea began to go down with the wind, Barney hoped to be able to engage her before night; but when the sun went down the sea was still too high to attempt to do anything with the battery. As soon as it was dark the British vessel hoisted a light. Determined not to be outdone in politeness, Barney did the same, giving orders to keep a vigilant watch upon the movements of the other.

It was an anxious night with him. The wind was rapidly sinking, the sea falling in height all the time—a prospect, yes, a certainty, of a desperate struggle with a powerful foe as soon as there was light enough to work with advantage. He did not retire at all, but, wrapped in his sea cloak, paced the deck during the entire night, often glancing at the light which rose and fell upon the heaving waves so near to him. The crew had their usual rest, being on watch and watch.

At last, the welcome light of day appeared, and Barney saw that the wind and sea had sufficiently fallen to enable him to engage his opponent. At sunrise, his colors were hoisted, and replied to by the enemy. But determined to give his men every advantage in his power, he gave them ample time for breakfast, and, advised by the thoughtful Mr. Yarnall, doubled their ration of "spirits."

It was between eight and nine o'clock when he beat to quarters and cleared for action. The brig was so close that her drum and file could be distinctly heard as she followed the example. Her commander had evidently taken matters just about as coolly as Barney had.

Sail was now made upon both vessels, and the *Sachem* began to edge down upon the brig. She had the advantage only in being to windward, and being thus enabled to choose a distance suitable to work her long eighteen to the best effect.

Yarnall was in his fighting rig. His long, gaunt form was encased in tight pantaloons

and a guernsey shirt—he wore a silk handkerchief wound tight around his head. In his waist belt were stuck a pair of bell-mouthed long brass pistols, which would have carried over an ounce ball, but which, for better effect in a crowd, he had loaded with buckshot—a handful to each. A large butcher knife, in a leathern scabbard, was also stuck in the same belt. He held in his hand a weapon which he had christened his "patent amputator," a cut-las which had been made to order expressly for him. It was basket-hilted, straight, double-edged, and weighed at least fifteen or sixteen pounds. In his powerful grasp, it was, indeed, a terrible weapon. With his bluish, passionless face—his cool and calculating air and peculiar dress, he formed a picture worthy even of a more minute description than I am giving.

The crew were now all ready, the magazine opened, and every one at his post.

"It is about time that the ball opened, Mr. Yarnall," said Barney.

"I was jest a thinking so, cap'n," replied the lieutenant. "Shan't I step below to see what time it is, so tew enter it on the log? I foresee that we'll take that 'ere Johnny Bull in one hour and fifteen minutes by the watch."

"Time her if you want to," said Barney, laughing, who suspected, and not without reason, that Yarnall wanted to pay his respects to his favorite "spirits" before going to work.

Edging down until within about a mile of the Englishman, who, under her fore course, two topsails, main spencer and jib, was waiting for them, Barney hauled up on a wind and hove the *Sachem* to.

"Now, Jim Thompson, I want to see what you can do with your long Tom, there!" he cried to his gunner. "Try not to hit the spars of the brig, I want them to stand, so that I can take her into port, but pitch the iron into her hull. Try and dismount some of her guns."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the brave old seaman, slewing his gun around on its pivot, and elevating it for the range. After it was carefully sighted, he applied the match, and with a splen and spital roar it "spoke out," and sent its whizzing messenger across the water.

Barney watched the result through his spy-glass.

"Depress your gun a trifle; that shot went two feet above his hammock nettings, and through the foot of his foresail," said Barney.

At this moment, a range of smoke and fire belched out from the side of the brig, and the thunder of her whole broadside was heard. But it was poorly directed—the guns were not sufficiently elevated, or fired in range. Only one shot came near the Sachem and that struck the water close to her, and ricocheted clear over her hull, making a hole in a sail. The spray from it, however, took Yarnall in the breast and face, as he leaned over the lee bulwarks looking at the brig.

"Darn 'em!" he muttered, "I knowed they'd go to splashing a feller all over with salt water. If I'd my bran new uniform on it would have been all the same tew them!"

Thompson had by this time re-loaded his gun, and, having measured his distance, he sent his second shot crashing through the bulwarks of the brig.

"Well done—you've begun to stir them up!" said Barney. "Keep the game up. Mr. Yarnall, you may open with the lee battery; be careful not to throw away a shot."

"No fear, cap'n—I never was brought up tew waste iron. I'll be as keeful as I can." The action now became general. Although the cannonades were not very effective at the distance, the long gun of the Sachem told with terrible effect—splinters whitened the sides of the English brig every time that it was discharged.

Yarnall was here, there, and everywhere—now sighting a gun, then applying a match, now kicking a powder-monkey for not hurrying up the ammunition, then helping to move a wounded man out of the way of the guns, making all the while, in his own dry way, quaint remarks, which, even in that exciting and terrible hour, brought peals of laughter from the men.

A shot from the enemy having shattered the head of a poor fellow near him, who had often annoyed him by his stupidity, and covered him with blood and brains, he remarked, as he coolly wiped his face:

"Who'd have thought that Bill Jenkins had brains—he hardly knowed enough tew keep himself out of the fire!"

The smoke now became so dense, as it swept down upon the brig, that she could scarcely be seen by the men on board of the Sachem, who, however, kept up a fire at the flash and report of her guns.

Barney now began to think of bringing the matter to a decision by closing up.

Bidding the boarders to prepare for work, under cover of the smoke of a heavy broadside, he squared away, double shooting his larboard battery with grape and canister, intending to

run athwart the enemy, rake her with a running broadside, and then, rounding to under her lee, to lay her aboard.

Everything met his plans to a charm. He was close aboard before the commander of the brig saw his intention, and it was too late for the latter to entirely evade the raking broadside. However, he put his helm hard up the moment that the Sachem's sails loomed out of the smoke, close aboard; but this only brought the sooner in contact as the Sachem luffed up.

The instant that their hulls crashed together, Barney and Yarnall, heading their men, leaped on board the brig. They were met by the officers and crew of the brig with a determined front, and a terrible struggle for the mastery ensued. The clear shout of Barney—the hoarse cry of Yarnall, as he literally mowed a swathe with his huge cutlas—rang high above the cheers of the combatants, the yells of the wounded, and the groans of the dying. The deck was slippery with blood. The smoke rose like a frowning storm-cloud above the combatants, for steel was to decide the battle now. The impetuosity of Barney's crew drove the English back to their quarter-deck, but here they formed, and with a bristling row of boarding pikes made a hedge of steel. Yarnall's right arm at this moment was disabled by a shot. Until now, he had not seemed to think of his huge mouthed pistols. But losing the use of his sword-hand freshened his memory, and drawing them in succession with his left hand, he fired them in the faces of the close clustered men. The heavy loads scattered death in the ranks. The commander of the brig and two other officers fell.

"Darn ye, I thought that 're hail storm would bother ye!" shouted Yarnall, drawing his butcher knife, and plunging into the melee again.

"Quarter!" yelled a seaman, into whom he drove the long blade up to the wooden handle.

"Why didn't you speak sooner, you tarnal fool?" he cried, as he drew forth the reeking weapon just in time to parry a pike which was within a few inches of his breast.

"Keep your tarnal fish spear to yourself!" he said, as he sprang inside of the reach of the man who held it, and, with a kick from his huge foot, hitting the man in the pit of the stomach, made him double up and yell as if he was mortally wounded.

The English, having no officer to encourage them, were now completely disheartened. Their cries for quarter reached the ears of Barney, and seeing that their flag was hauled down, he at once bade his crew cease their terrible havoc.

The moment that it was over, Yarnall went on board the Sachem, and descended into the cabin. He returned in a few moments, saying, in a triumphant tone:

"I knowed it! It is jest as I said 'twould be. We've taken her in one hour and a quarter, lacking jest tew minutes, by the watch!"

"How is your arm? you are wounded," said Barney.

"A little—it'll get over it though. I jest poured some sperits on it," replied Yarnall.

"And took some inside, too, didn't you?"

"Jest a teaspoonful, tew keep me from feeling fair'ish."

Barney found that his prize, so gallantly won, was very valuable. She was well armed and munitioned, had a large stock of provisions, etc.; and, best of all, her commander had felt so secure of victory, that he had failed to destroy his signal books. He also had important despatches from the home government, which fell into Barney's hands.

No one but an officer in war time can appreciate the value of possessing the private signals for day and night of an enemy. So carefully are they kept that on board of all our national vessels none but the commander and

the signal officer is ever allowed access to the book. It is always bound with heavy lead covers, so that in case of imminent danger of capture it can be cast overboard and sunk in the ocean.

Barney now secured his prisoners, and putting a prize crew on board the brig, under charge of Mr. Yates, he ordered her to sail for Philadelphia. Of course he sent despatches to government, and another letter was entrusted to the officer, and a package with it. The letter was to Alderman Bedford—the package contained the ensign of the captured brig, and the trophy was directed to the Alderman's fair daughter.

By noon on the day of the battle, the brig was standing in for the Capes of the Delaware, Yates, having a copy of the signals, being instructed to use every precaution to get his prize safely into port.

The Sachem was now headed on a course to intercept homeward bound West Indiamen, and on it we will leave her for the present.

## CHAPTER XVII.

PHILADELPHIA TAKEN—CORA BEDFORD.

Dark and disastrous clouds overhung our nation. Washington, who had so long toiled and checked the enemy in their aims at Philadelphia, made a desperate stand upon the banks of the Brandywine, but was defeated, with the loss of many of the brave and devoted troops. The enemy, encouraged and flushed with victory, gave the shattered columns of the American army no opportunity to reform, but pushed on, and within fifteen days after the disastrous battle, occupied Philadelphia.

Terrible was the news to poor Cora Bedford when she heard that the enemy was approaching—very terrible, for her father was confined to his bed by illness too serious to permit a thought of his removal. Yet terrible as it was, little did she dream of all that was in store for her. She had some hopes of being permitted to remain quiet and peaceable under her father's roof, for the British general had caused a proclamation to be circulated offering protection and kindness to all who had refrained from bearing arms in the war, and

who would remain quietly in their homes. She had offered to permit—more, she had advised her father's servants to retire into the interior. When she proposed this to her own maid, the faithful Eliza, the latter felt quite hurt at the thought.

"What! in the time when danger comes threat'nin' death and distraction, me leave you, Miss Cora—and your poor father sick, too! No—I'm not a high born lady, but I've got a heart that would scorn to leave you when trouble was coming, like the clouds of an elementary storm, to make everything dark as a rebus, as Parson Sternhold says, over you. No—I'm only a poor girl, Miss Cora, but I'm above that!"

"Thank you, my faithful Eliza, but you know not what dangers may threaten. In war times the soldiers are rough and reckless—they sometimes commit dreadful enormities and excesses."

"I ain't afeard of 'em, Miss Cora—they shan't put none of their distresses on me—



I've got nails and teeth, and a butcher knife, and—oh, Lord! he's come!"

"Who?" cried Cora, as she saw Eliza, who was looking out of the window, turn pale as death.

"Oh, its Corporal Drill! I wish that Jim Thompson was here, or your lieutenant Lord ha' mercy on me, a sinner! they're a coming right across the street, a whole dozen on 'em, with an ossifer at their head!"

Cora turned pale, too, for she had recognized that officer, and in him an enemy whom she had last seen under far different circumstances.

What his feelings and intentions were might best be inferred from the fact that, without paying the slightest respect to the rules or courtesy, he entered the house without permission, or even knocking at the door, and in a moment, followed by twelve armed men, he entered the drawing-room, in which Cora Bedford stood, not pale now, but red with rage.

"What means this intrusion?" she asked, and her dark eye flashed like fire as she spoke.

"You know me, Miss Bedford, do you not?" said the officer.

"Yes, Henry Elliott, I know you as a tory and a villain—a traitor and a puppy—know you as the liveried servant of a base tyrant!"

"You had better be springing of your arse, my fair and haughty maiden. You are in my power now!"

"Never, wretch, while I hold my own life in my hands!" she said, bitterly, her proud form swelling in queenly pride as she spoke.

"We'll see!" sneered the officer. "Where is your father? My business for the time is with him. Your case shall meet my earliest attention after I dispose of him!"

"What do you mean, vile monster, in regard to my father? He is sick—nigh unto death's door!"

"Not so sick but that he can be removed to prison, I expect!" said the fiendish brute.

"To prison? Oh, God, Henry Elliott, you dare not!"

"I dare anything, Cora Bedford! I am the favorite aid of the British general, and have my own way in regard to matters!"

"But my father is helpless—to remove him from his room would be instant death. If he must die, kill him in his bed, and stain your coward hand with my blood!"

"Oh, no—I shall reserve you for a pleasant fate, Miss Cora; I have not forgo ten my love yet!" said the villain, with a look which made the poor girl shudder with horror.

"If your father is too ill to be removed at present, it will not prevent my putting a guard over him; and as I, am permitted to choose my own quarters, I shall become your guest, though perhaps rather an unwelcome one, for the time."

"Most unwelcome; but if you are so base and dastardly as to force yourself under this roof, I can confine myself to my poor father's sick room!"

"As you please; but remember that you will not be permitted to leave this house without my permission!"

"I shall not leave my father's side, sir!" said the maiden.

"Corporal Drill, you with your party will take up your quarters in this house, and see that none of its inmates depart without my permission."

"Yes, sir," said the corporal, giving the soldier's salute as he drew his stiff body up to its full height, and brought his musket from a "shoulder" to a "carry."

"My duties at headquarters deprive me of the pleasure of remaining in your company at present, Miss Bedford," said the officer, with mock politeness—"but I will return at an early hour this evening, and hope then to find you in a more amiable humor!"

The instant he left the room, Cora hurried to her father. Eliza was about to follow, when Drill, who had laid aside his musket, stretched out his arms as if to embrace her, and said;

"Eliza, old sweetheart, don't ye know me—yours to command, Timothy Drill, first corporal in his majesty's sixty-first foot?"

"Yes, I do know you, you old lobster-back, and I don't know no good of you, nor your vile audacious master neither!"

"Why, 'Liza, you ain't agoin' to file off and tarna the left shoulder on me, your own Timothy, are you?"

"Yes, I be! I despise you! You're worse than a gorgian monster, so you are!"

"Whew! I smell powder! Some one has been foraging around the camp since I was here. You've found some other lover, eh?"

"If I have, he's a better lookin' man than you be, and if he was here now, he'd 'nihilate you to atoms, so he would! If you've got to stay in this 'ere house, you may keep your tongue to yourself—I won't have nothing to do with you!"

"Well, you'll introduce us to the cook, won't you? We musn't starve in the midst of plenty!"

"Yes, I'll introduce you to the cook. She's a nigger, and 'll just suit you. I hope she'll pizen your wittles!"

"No danger of that—we'll make her eat a part of all she cooks!"

"Do—she's just fit to set down to table with a lot of mean grinnoramuses like you!" cried Eliza, as she darted past the corporal, and followed her mistress.

"Your old sweetheart, that you've been bragging of, is as sour as vinegar!" said one of the soldiers.

"She used to be as sweet as honey!" said Drill, with a sigh. "Women is like powder: if you don't take care of it, it's dead sure to

spoil. Then agin, women, in another sense, is like powder: they'll go off with a spark at any time. Then, agin, women is like powder, for git 'em mad, and there's a deal of brimstone in 'em, and lot's of saltpetre. Then, agin, women is like powder, for when they blow a feller up, they damage him awful. Then, agin, women is like powder, because they're dangerous to handle. Then, agin, women is like powder, for if they git damaged once, they ain't good for much afterwards."

After this lengthened opinion, the corporal glanced toward the sideboard, upon which, as was usual in those days, stood several decanters of liquor.

"As we're quartered here, it's wrong for us to suffer thirst!" he said.

And, to show that he really believed his statement, and spoke conscientiously, he at once filled a large tumbler, and drank it off.

"That's old Jamaica, and has the real smack!" said he, as he put the glass down.

"So has my hand!" cried Eliza, as her palm came in contact with his cheek, for she at that instant re-entered the room.

"Oh, if you wasn't a woman!" muttered the corporal, as he rubbed his stinging cheek.

"If I wasn't a woman, I'd be a man, and I'd kick you out of doors!" she cried, as she went into another apartment.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### CRIME AND MISERY.

A female sat in a miserably furnished room in a rickety house near the banks of the Delaware, in the lower part of the city. She looked as if she had once been very beautiful. Large, brilliant eyes burned within sockets far sunk under a pale and shining brow. Her cheeks were thin and wasted, as if she had been accustomed to hunger. There was a look of utter desolation, of all-absorbing woe, in her face, which was painful to behold. Her sharp features, worn into angles by the rough hand of poverty—her thin form, scarce half clothed, told a touching tale. Upon the floor, looking up at her with a half-idiotic gaze, was a pale, squallid child of not more than a year old. It had a crust of bread in its hands, at which it had been apparently nibbling in vain. Upon the hearth a few old barrel staves, apparently taken from the gutter or the river side (for they were water-soaked), smoked and steamed and fizzled, but did not blaze. Destitution, penury and want looked from the dirty walls, the broken windows, the latchless door, which was closed by a stick of wood being propped against it.

"My messenger is a long time returning!" she muttered. "He must see me, and that cursed proof of my mad folly and his treachery!"

As she spoke, she looked down at the child—not as a mother looks, but with a look of hatred and disgust. There was nothing winning, it is true, in the dirty clothed and

miserable looking little thing, yet it was too helpless to be hated by a woman. If I was a woman, I wouldn't hate anything but a puppy.

The door was opened, and a crippled and horribly deformed negro entered the room.

"Did you take the note to him, Cato?" asked the female.

"Yes, missee. But ole nigger had drefful hard work to git to see him. Mass Harry's got to be big ossifer now."

"I know it—I know all!" she said impatiently. "But what did he say? Did he ask how I was?"

"Fust when he broke open de letter he swore damn, and look black as tunder cloud; den he axed old Cato where Missee Carline lib, and den he said he'd come yar afore soon; and den he gib dis ole nigger a kick and a shillin'. Dere's deshillin', missee—old nigger kept de kick for heself!"

"No, Cato, keep your money—go and get something to eat with it. You are the only faithful friend I have on earth—I, who once had so many—so many kneeling at my feet, only to catch a smile from my face, a word from my lips, or a glance from my eyes! Keep the money, good, true Cato!"

"No, missee, dis nigga can't spend dat shillin'. It's been gone two days, and you hain't had nuffin to eat; and den de baby—"

"Speak not of the brat!" she cried, fiercely. "It is his child, and he must feed it!"

A knock at the door was heard.

"Open the door, Cato, and if it is *him*, stay outside till I call you."

The negro obeyed, and an officer attired in a gay uniform, entered the squalid apartment. The lady did not rise from the broken-backed chair in which she sat, but her pale face flushed as she looked upon him—who was none other than Henry Elliott.

"My God, Caroline! you here, and in this situation?" he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise.

"Why should *you* be astonished to find me here, and in this situation?" she said, in a bitter tone. "You, who left me alone and penniless—me, the wretched mother of your idiot child—when you knew that for you I was an outcast from friends and home!"

"But, Caroline, I was forced to leave suddenly, and since I have had no chance to send to you. This city has been in the hands of the rebels, and I hold a commission in his majesty's service."

"I know it, base tory! You, an American born, side with America's foe! But it is your nature to be false and treacherous—Judas was an angel compared to you. You need not frown—I know you—know all about you: now, while you were pretending still to love and pay me, whom you had ruined, you knelt and whined and wept as you sued for the hand of pure, noble, high-minded Cora Bedford; how she spurned you as she would a reptile from her feet; how you were justly chastised by a brave young officer for threatening to insult her; and how, to escape the sneers of every one who knew you, you sneaked off like a whipped dog, and sold yourself to the British General!"

"Have you done, Caroline?" he asked, in a cold and bitter tone.

"No—sit down there on that stool, near that half-starved brat of yours, and listen to me!"

"I will not listen unless you speak more temperately, Caroline!" he replied, seating himself. "I did not come here to be abused by you!"

"What did you come for? Did not your cowardly heart tell you that you deserved more than mere abuse at my hands?"

"I came here, Caroline, because you wrote to me—I came here to aid you. How have you subsisted?"

"By the labor of my own hands, and the work of that poor, faithful negro slave, who was true to his mistress when all the rest of the world deserted her. But you say you came to relieve me. Of course, you will never fulfil your promise to marry me. The hope of that died long, long ago—perished the moment that, blinded by your treacherous vows, I yielded that which never, never could be called back again—virtue! But will you take me from this wretched hovel, clothe me at least decently once more, and prove that there is a vestige of humanity left in you?"

"I shall have nothing more, personally, to do with you?" he replied. "But there is money!" he added, as he threw a purse of gold into her lap. "Get what you require, and trouble me no more!"

"The price of treason!" she muttered, as she regarded the money. "It is fitting that sunken virtue and the offspring of guilt should live on it!"

Raising her dark eyes again to Elliott's face, she asked:

"Have you seen Cora Bedford yet?"

"I have," he replied, as a gleam of triumph shot athwart his face. "I have taken up my quarters in her father's house, and I'll teach the proud girl a harsher lesson than you have ever learned. She shall yet envy the position I but now found you in. But I must be off. Now remember, trouble me no more!"

The officer did not wait for a reply, but arose, and abruptly left the room.

"Quartered at Alderman Bedford's, eh? Poor Cora is yet to learn a harsher lesson than I have? Not by your hand, Henry Elliott, if I have to slay you myself!" muttered she. "I will befriend the poor girl: lost and ruined though I am, I may yet save her—save her from the dark intentions of that hell-spawned miscreant!"

She paused, and seemed for a time to be lost in thought. The negro entered the room.

"Can't ole Cato do nuffin' for you, missee?" he asked.

Her eye glanced at the purse in her lap.

"Yes, Cato," she replied. "To-night, after it is dark, I shall go from here and get some other clothing, and secure a better lodging. To-morrow we will leave this wretched hovel."

"You're not gwine to send poor ole nigger off, missee?"

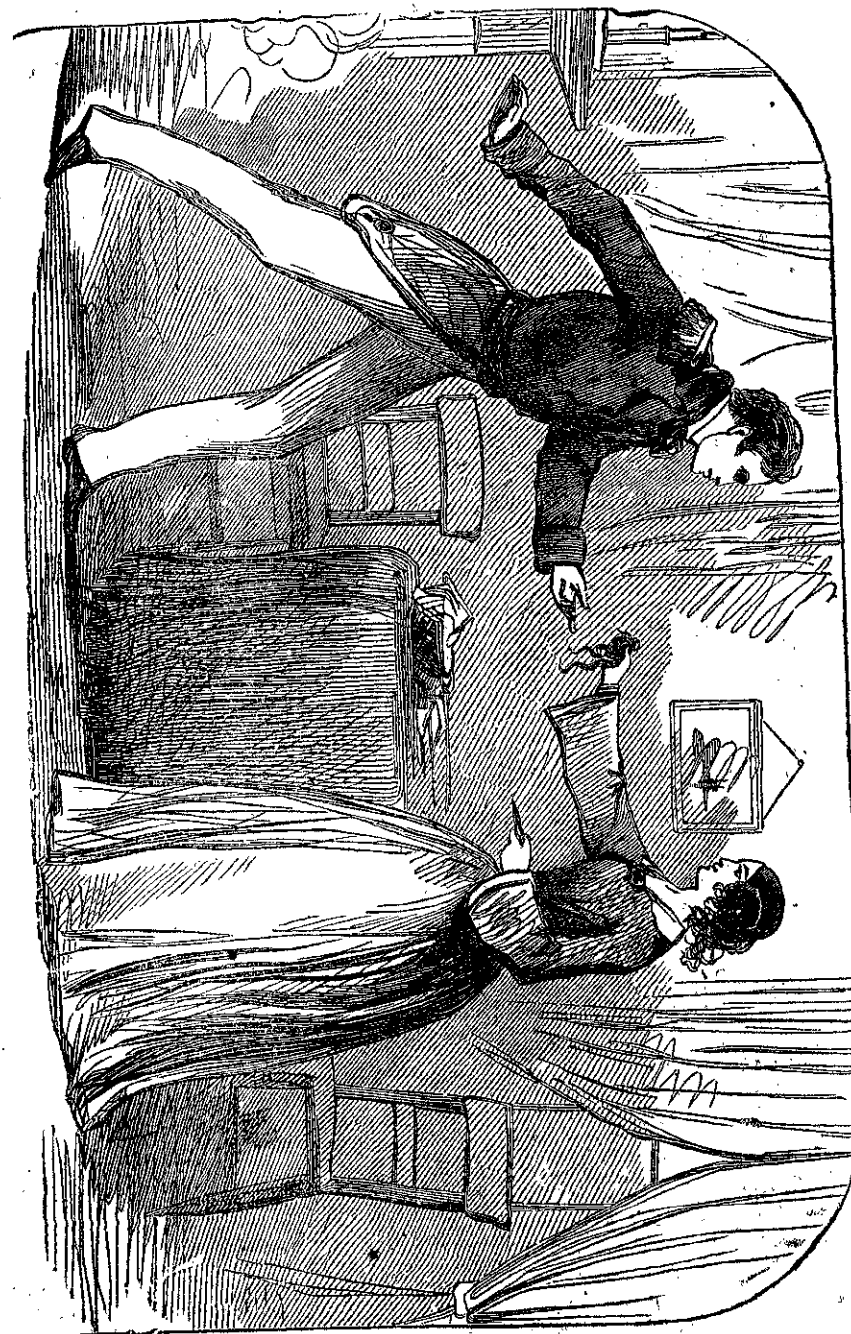
"No, Cato—you have shared my poverty, and worked for me—I will not desert you now that I have money. You shall still be my servant."

"Tankee, missee. Ole nigger'd drown himself if missee send him off!"

"Cato," continued the lady, "to-night I shall wrap that dirty brat up in a blanket, and put a card on it, stating who its father is. Thank Heaven, it looks so like him that it will be useless for him to deny the parentage. You must manage to have it left at the quarters of the British General, so that he will be sure to see it!"

"Yes missee: 'spose you put him in a basket, den put massa gin'ral's name on basket, and I take it and carry it to him quarters, and say him a basket ob fruit my missee send to him!"

"Yes, that will do. Bitter fruit it is, and accursed the tree which bore it! Now, Cato, take some of this money, and buy me food and a bottle of wine. I must have strength to carry me through that which I shall undertake."



"Yes, missee—shall ole nigger get some milk for de baby?"

"No—curse the brat!" she said, at first; then, checking herself, she said: "Yes, get it some—get it plenty. It will sleep then, and not mar my plot by crying while it is in the basket!"

The negro took the money, and left the room to obey her orders.

"Now for a disguise," she muttered. "I'll track the villain through every plot of his invention. I'll ruin him in his own camp—I'll betray him in the other—I'll foil his every aim, if I lose my life in the attempt. He shall feel how a heart that has once *loved*, can *hate*!"

## CHAPTER XIX

## THE FATE OF WAR.

When Cora entered the room where her sick father lay, after her interview with Elliott, she in vain tried to conceal her trouble and anxiety.

"What troubleth thee, Cora?" he asked, in a feeble voice. "Have the British entered the town?"

"They have, my father. I wish you were well enough to be moved from it."

"Fret not about thy old father, my child. The British, though they are enemies, are yet a Christian people, and will not do harm to a sick old man and a helpless maiden."

"Alas, father, it is not the British that I fear! I wish the brave Lieutenant Barney was here!"

"It would be ill for him, without he had heavy odds at his back, my child—but what fearest thou?"

"Anything—everything, father. That villain Elliott, with a British uniform upon him, has been here and placed a guard at thy door! He has quartered himself and twelve men in this house!"

"Without thy leave?"

"Without my leave, of course, father! Think you I would for an instant willingly harbor the wretch?"

"No! Now, by high heavens, this passes patience! Child, get me my pistols—I'll—"

The face of the sick man grew red with passion—he tried to rise, but he had no strength. He felt it, and as he looked upon his fair child he moaned in anguish.

"I have your weapons, my father—they are near to my hand if the worst comes, and I do not fear to use them!" she said. "Do not fret now—I will be firm and cheerful."

"Hast thou not better bid away from the city, Cora? Under cover of night it will be possible."

"Never! father—never will I leave you! Here by your side I take my post—here I live, or here I die! If he insults me, I will report him to his general—if he dares to offer me a rudeness, he shall learn to his cost, what a woman's hand can do in defence of her honor."

"God bless and protect thee, my child!" said the old man, feebly. "I wish I were but myself once more—but this fever has taken all my strength away!"

"Feel easy, and try and rest, my father. As soon as you gain strength we will manage to leave the city, and find some place where we can remain in safety until the enemy is driven from the land."

"I fear many a long day will pass before that time, my child. When the noble Washington is forced to retreat, then feeble are the hopes of the nation. The veteran armies of England, backed by the hired ruffians of Hesse, will prove but too powerful odds for our raw militia to cope with!"

"Our army in the north, father, has met with success. Hope is not lost. Washington does not despair. He is gathering another army. We have yet many a gallant vessel afloat. We have Jones and Barney and Barry swooping here and there like eagles, over the sea, striking when they are least expected."

"Hast thou heard from Barney, lately, child?"

"Not since he wrote to thee, father, and sent me the flag he so gallantly captured. His prize, with the galleys and other vessels, have been moved up the river, but, if not destroyed, will doubtless fall into the hands of the enemy. But so long as he is free he will do his duty. God shield him from captivity!"

"Amen, my child! Where is Washington?"

"Encamped, report says, twenty or thirty miles from the city, and gaining recruits every

day. If he only had money and arms and clothing for the troops, the clouds which shadow his path would lighten up!"

"True, child, and willingly would I give our little all to the good cause!"

"If others would do the same, then our gift would be felt," said the patriotic girl. "Oh, how I wish that I was a man!"

"Thou would'st wish thyself a woman again, if young Barney was by thy side!" said the old man, trying to smile.

"Be them red-backed lobsters going to stay here, Miss Cora?" asked Eliza, indignantly, as she came in the room at this time.

"They have the power—we have no way to force them out, Eliza," said Miss Bedford, sadly.

"I'll git 'em out!" said Eliza. "I'll funnigate them with brimston, as they do rats in the ships!"

"I fear we should suffer from the funnigation, as much as they!" said Cora, with a smile. "But can you not keep them in order? I see your old beau, Corporal Drill, is among them!"

"My old beau! He's just had one reminder from me—I slapped his face for stealing liquor from the sideboard. I only hope he'll try some more. I'll fix a dose for him! He my beau! I'd rather have a bear or a Choctaw Indian, than him!"

"Well—get along as easy as you can, Eliza. Do not get the ill-will of the men if you can help it. We may need the friendship of a dog, yet, for we know not what may happen. I do not fear them as I do the villain who brought them here. You may direct the cook to feed them and treat them kindly; and if you can, Eliza, be friendly with that Drill. Possibly, by manoeuvring well, we may yet make him useful, at least for our protection. And if there is danger, by dissimulating we will find it out the easier."

"I'll do as you wish, Miss Cora, but it goes dreadfully against my stomach. I predominate that Drill more than I do a Tottenhot!"

"A Tottenhot, you mean, I suppose, Eliza!"

"Some kind of a hot, or a tot, I don't care what, so long as it's hateful!" said the girl.

"There's the parlor bell ringing—I suppose some of the lobster-backs want to be waited on!" said the girl, going out.

She returned in a moment, and said:

"It's that hateful tory lieutenant, miss. He wants to see you."

"Tell him I am busy—I am with my sick father."

"I did, Miss Cora, and the ordacious wretch said if you didn't choose to go there, he'd come in here!"

"I will go there!" said Cora, with her eyes flashing. "I've that which will protect me!" and, as she said so, she showed the hilt of a dagger which rested in her bosom.

"So have I—I've got nails and teeth, and if

he offers to consult you, Miss Cora, I'll make him think bedlum's got loose!"

"For my sake have a care, child—I am weak, and illy able to defend thee!" said the old man.

"Fear not, dear father. I put my trust in God. The wretch dare not go too far! I am not entirely in his power. God help me if I was!"

She shuddered as the thought sped across her mind. Then, accompanied by her maid, she went into the room where Elliott was seated.

"Am I wanted for anything special?" she asked, haughtily, as she stood confronting him.

"Yes, Miss Bedford—but as our conversation will not be very brief, you had better be seated."

"It must be brief on my part, sir, and I prefer standing. My father requires my constant attendance. Say what you have to say, and permit me to retire."

"Really, Miss Cora, that look of anger, and your heightened color, becomes your style of beauty remarkably well."

"If you only sent for me to insult me, sir, I will leave you."

"No—no! Have the kindness to remain a moment. I have some written orders from my general, which I wish to read to you."

"They do not interest me, sir—obey them for all I care!"

"But they do interest you, baughty lady, and I shall obey them! The first is an order to keep a strict armed surveillance over your father until he recovers sufficiently to be taken to a safer prison. The second assigns quarters for myself and guard in this house. You are aware, of course, that in war time we are billeted on the enemy!"

"Well, sir, have you done?"

"So far as the orders are concerned, but now that I am a guest, even though an unwelcome one, I hope my lovely hostess will not deny me the pleasure of a few moment's conversation occasionally, to remind me of the past, when I was more welcome than I am now. I can only say to her, that the more agreeable she is to to me, the more pleasant it will be for herself and those who dwell under this roof."

"The less I have to say to you, sir, the better. I both hate and despise you!"

"Here, ditto!" said Eliza, following her mistress, who left the room.

"By Jove, I'll soon tame that pride!" muttered Elliott, as he went to the sideboard and drank the contents of a glass filled to the brim with brandy. "But I must get her away from here, and not push things too far in this house. If I did not so hate her now, I would force her to a marriage, for the old Alderman is rich, and she is the only heir. But hark, my fellows are carousing in the kitchen. I must give Drill his directions."

## CHAPTER XX.

## A STARTLING SURPRISE.

"Your Philadelphia trees grow singular fruit, Lieutenant Elliott!" said the British general, on the ensuing morning, as he entered the quarters of that officer, finding him, as usual, surrounded by the members of his staff.

There was a merry twinkle in the general's eye, and a suppressed smile on the faces of the officers, which Elliott could not understand.

"In season, the fruit in this section is very fine, general," he replied.

"Fruit of the kind I allude to is always seasonable, but not always acceptable!" said the general. "But I will send for the basket of fruit which was presented to me last evening—you probably being acquainted with the species, can best inform me whether it is palatable or not!"

Again that half-suppressed smile was seen on the faces of the officers, and their eyes were directed toward him. He felt embarrassed and uneasy, though he knew not why.

The general now bade an orderly bring a basket of fruit from a certain locality, which had been left in the care of a sergeant's wife, precisely as it had been left for the general, the night before.

In a short time the soldier returned and placed the basket on a table.

"Do me the favor to uncover it, lieutenant," said the general, "and tell me what you think of the fruit!"

With a nervous hand, Elliott lifted the cloth from the basket. As he did so, he started back, for the stupid, lack-lustre eyes of his idiot child looked up in his face. On its breast was a card, upon which was written:—  
"This ill-formed, sin-begotten cub, cursed in heaven and accursed on earth, belongs to a perjured villain—his name is Henry Elliott! Since the British general has provided for the father, it is but just that he should take care of the son!"

As Elliott recoiled from the basket and its contents, the British general burst out in a roar of laughter, an example which was instantaneously followed by every officer in the room.

"I don't wonder that you are surprised—I was taken rather in check myself, last night, on the receipt of the fruit!" said the general. "I am used to strange presents in a hostile country, but this is a day's march ahead of any favor that I ever received before!"

"It is an infamous hoax, sir!" cried the mortified lieutenant.

"It bears too much truth on its face, to be

considered a hoax, sir!" said the British general, again bursting out in a laugh, which was echoed by every member of the staff, who were in duty bound to laugh at every witty thing which passed the lips of the leader. "It is a very good likeness—a palpable duplicate in miniature!"

"Who has played this infamous trick upon you, general?"

"Some one whom you must have tricked, I expect, lieutenant. But, as the fruit evidently came from your garden, and I have no use for it, at least until it grows into suitable size for his majesty's service, I beg that you will take charge of it; and also let me request that you will take steps in future to prevent my inspecting any more of this kind of fruit. The orderly will convey the basket to any place which you may direct."

Pale with rage and mortification, Elliott left the presence of the general, the soldier following with the basket. He had but just entered the street, when his eye fell upon the negro Cato, who had evidently been on the watch to see the result of the affair, and who was now hobbling away.

"Here, you black scoundrel!" he shouted, "stop—I want to speak to you!"

Cato first looked as if he intended to run—for, in spite of his deformity, he could scramble over a great deal of ground in a remarkably short space of time. Then, however, he altered his mind, and, coming to a stop, waited for Elliott, who, with the orderly, approached.

"Where is your mistress? Speak, you devil's pup—where is she?"

"Ole nigger don't know, massa. She's done gone and drown sheself, I tink. She went on an' cried arter you went away las' night; and den she gib me money to git sumthin' to eat, and when I done git back she was gone. All I find in de ole house was dis bit o' paper—maybe it tell you sumthin', massa."

Elliott snatched the paper from the hand of the negro. It was a note directed to himself, and unsealed. It read as follows:

HENRY ELLIOTT: As you desire, I shall trouble you no more. I go to a distant land to hide my sorrow and my shame. Farewell—and my curse remain with you now and forever!

CAROLINE OSMERY.

"Did you carry that basket to the quarters of the general, you scoundrel?" asked Elliott.

"What basket, massa?"

"The basket which that soldier has in his hands."

"No, massa, ole nigger no carry basket to:

missa gin'ral. What for Cato do dat? No-body send him. Ole nigger been loosin' for he missee all night—down by de river an' up in de town. Guess she drown sheself an' de baby!"

"No—the brat is in this basket. I wish it and her were drowned! Take that basket and carry it to her!"

"Ki, massa! 'Fore God, old nigger don't know where missee is!"

"It may be true that she has gone!" muttered Elliott, after regarding the negro intently a moment. "It will not do to leave the brat in the street, for since the *expose* at the general's head-quarters, if I do not conceal it and hush the matter up, the whole town will ring with it. It will cost me a wine suppers to get the silence of the staff on the matter!"

"Where shall I take the basket, sir?" asked the orderly.

"Give it to that negro there—I will give him his directions. You can return to your post."

"Ki, massa! what can ole nigger do wid de picaninny? I got no house, no nuffin'."

"You must find some one to nurse it. Here is a guinea—go and hire some wench to take care of it and feed it; then come to me at Alderman Bedford's house; I want a servant, and you'll do well enough for the present."

"Ki, massa! ole nigger isn't fit for sarvant to smart young man like you. No can run fast—eyes mos' blind—teef all wore out so hominy grit, taste hard now!"

"I care not; you'll do at present to black boots and brush clothes; I'll pick up a smarter one by-and-by. Take the basket, and march; and mark you, you imp of darkness: obey my orders, or you'll catch a dressing that'll whiten your hide for a week or two!"

The negro took the basket and departed. A half hour later he was in the presence of his mistress, who was now well dressed and in decent lodgings. He told her every particular of the conversation between himself and Elliott.

A smile of satisfaction passed over the face of the female as she listened to him.

"Everything works to a charm!" she murmured. "You will obey his orders to the word, Cato!"

"What, and be his sarvant, missee!"

"Yes—obey his orders, and if ever you see me, pretend not to know me. I shall not be far from you—it is to serve me that I send you to him!"

"What will I do with the baby, missee?"

"Take the brat to some poor woman, give her the guinea, and tell her to feed it, and she shall have a guinea every month as long as she takes care of it."

"Yes, missee."

"And then go to him. Remember, whenever or wherever you see me, unless we are alone, do not dare to act as if you know me!"

"Yes, missee."

The negro now departed with his basket.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## THE CRUISE OF THE SACHEM.

For some time our friend Barney has been lost sight of; but do not deem that he, with his daring heart, ardent spirit, and towering ambition, has been idle.

Four months had gone by since he had passed the Capes of the Delaware, bound seaward, and many a prize had been taken by the *Sachem*. At last, however, the news that Philadelphia had been occupied by the enemy reached his ears, from an outward bound vessel which he had captured.

"I knowed they'd have Philadelphia?" said Yarnall, when the news was communicated.

"By heavens, they won't keep it long!" said Barney, in much agitation, as he paced his deck after hearing it.

"Do you mean to try to retake it with the *Sachem*?" asked the first luff, in his dry way.

"If you do, I foresee some trouble."

"If I can do nothing by way of retaking it," said Barney, "I can collect a squadron which will help to starve them out. If Washington will only blockade them by land, I'll do it by water. But, Yarnall, I'm going to look into the bay; I'm bound to visit Philadelphia, if it costs my life!"

"Or liberty! I knowed you would! Darn the women!" muttered Yarnall.

"What do you mean, sir?" asked the young commander, sternly.

"Why, cap'n, there's no use of your flarin' up about it—I didn't go fer to rile you—but ever since them poises or nosegays come aboard at Philadelphia, I knowed you was in love there. I've watched you many a night a walkin' the deck, and a lookin' at the stars, and a talkin' to yourself or somebody that didn't hear you, and I foresaw matrimony loomin' up atween you and t'other end of life. So now you want to put into Delaware Bay and up the river, like as not when it's as thick covered with British ships as the Chesapeake is with canvas backs in December!"

"If you are afraid, you need not go with me, sir!"

"Me afeard, cap'n? Did you ever see me back one inch from anything human, infernal or divine? By jingo, it's time that I left when you twit me with bein' a coward! I didn't foresee that!"

"Forgive me, Yarnall; I didn't mean to insinuate that you were a coward. There's my hand on it. I have ever found you the bravest of the brave!"

"Tarnal Jerusalem! I knowed you'd say that, cap'n; and now jest head the craft right for Delaware Capes, and see if Ned Yarnall backs an inch from you. Jumpin' Moses, I know what it is to be in love myself. I loved

a gal down on the Cape once—loved her worse than p'isen. A Dutch Jew pedlar got her, though—bought her off from me, after she'd promised to share my fortin, with a sixpenny calico dress and a string of gold beads, and cheated her at that, for the gold turned green afore she'd been applied a week. I hain't had nothin' to do with women folks since then. They're like a coral reef in smooth water—mighty deceivin'. If once you run ashore on it, you're chawed up in a hurry. The Capes, by our last observation, ought to bear about west-nor'-west—distant about one hundred and fifty-odd miles."

"Yes, you can keep her away. Our course will keep the wind on the quarter. If the breeze lasts, we can slip in in the night, or a little before daylight at least."

"Yes, sir; but wouldn't it be well to go in shabby like? We've got enough cargo in of the right sort to pass as a transport, if any of the Englishers should overhaul us. If we can get up the river safe, I know a creek on the Jersey side where we can stow the craft so safe that nothin' can find her from the water side, and nothin' be apt to come from the land, without they like wadin' in the swamp. It's up Rancoocas."

"We will try and get the craft in there, then. If the worst comes, and we are in danger of being taken, we can run the craft ashore and burn her. Then we can join the forcees on land."

"And make hoss marines of ourselves, cap'n? That would be jolly. I never rid a hoss but once, and I got a h'ist then that I shan't forgit afore I stop chawin' tobacco! I knowed I would afore I straddled the animal—he looked vicious about the bow-ports and kickish about the stern. But there was a lot of gals a lookin' on and gigglin', and one on 'em said a sailer couldn't ride; so I said, 'Hold on, miss, and take a turn with your jaw tackle, and I'll give you something to laugh at.' And I did!"

"Did the horse throw you?"

"Well, he kinder h'isted me, cap'n! I'd only jest got athwartships of his back, when his bows went down like a log in the trough of a sea, and in course his t'other end went up. I went up too, and when I come down the hoss was about ten fathom ahead of me, and the gals all laughin' and bustin' off their hooks and eyes at me. I've never navigated on a hoss since then."

The vessel's course was now changed, sail crowded on, and she dashed through the water at a rapid rate.



## CHAPTER XXII.

## LOVE'S STRATAGEM.

A short time after Elliott had taken the negro Cato into his service, he was called upon by a smart looking lad, who appeared to be about sixteen or seventeen, who asked if he did not want a servant. The young fellow was neatly dressed, and very good looking. His appearance rather prepossessed the lieutenant in his favor, although there seemed a little of the devil in his black eyes.

"Why do you seek to enter my service?" asked Elliott.

"Because I have no home. I am too young to be a soldier, and want to get an honest living if I can," said the lad.

The answer pleased Elliott, who wished to vie with the other officers, who mostly had smart looking valets.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"John Jones, sir."

"Were you born here, my lad?"

"No, sir—I came from New York."

"Your language and appearance indicate that you have been in a better situation than that of a servant my lad."

"No matter what I have been—I seek no high position now, sir."

"Can you read and write?"

"Passably well, sir."

"Do you know how to dress hair?"

"I can dress my own, sir and, if necessary, learn to dress yours."

"What wages do you want?"

"I leave that to your own generosity, sir."

"Well, I will take you as a confidential valet. If you write a good hand you can act as my copyist, for I have many orders and letters to copy for his excellency the general. I believe you can be trusted. You are young, yet you have an honest countenance. Somehow it seems as if I had seen you before."

"I have met you several times in the street, sir."

"That accounts for it. Well, you can enter upon your duties at once. I will show you some letters that require copying, also some orders."

The youth whom he had thus taken into his service was slender and gracefully formed. His complexion was rather dark, bronzed as if from exposure, while in singular contrast with his dark eyes, his hair, which was curled thickly down his neck, was red.

For a few days after he had domiciled him-

self under the same roof with Cora Bedford, Elliott refrained from pressing himself much into her company, but in a short time his manner became more overbearing and insulting. Nothing but her threats to appeal to the general restrained him from proceeding to greater extremities than he did. He had two reasons for fearing her resort to such a measure.

In the first place, the general was an ardent admirer of beauty, and as heartless a libertine as himself. With more power, he might snatch the prize which the lustful villain coveted for himself. Again, ever since the fruit basket *expose* he dreaded to have the general, upon whom he depended for advancement and favor, know anything in regard to his intrigues. Elliott was a remorseless villain, but not a bold one. Cowardice went hand in hand with his treachery in his constitutional character. He could lie, steal and assassinate, but he could not face an open foe. As a low criminal he could have been a leader—as a highwayman, he never would have had the courage to have robbed a priest.

But though he refrained from actual violence for a time, he never for an instant deviated in his intentions, which he could not fully carry out before the Alderman recovered sufficiently to be removed to prison, as he had originally intended to have him, procuring the order for his imprisonment by representing to the general that he was an influential and dangerous rebel.

It need not be wondered, then, that he made frequent and anxious inquiries in regard to the health of the old gentleman, showing his anxiety so plainly that Cora partially suspected the reason, and avoided letting him know that the Alderman was rapidly convalescing, causing the latter to simulate a serious illness whenever the tory officer demanded to see his prisoner.

Perhaps the reader would like to know how Eliza got along under the instructions of her mistress, which she said "went against her stomach" so much, in regard to the treatment of Corporal Drill and his guard. To give an insight into that matter, it is only necessary to describe one scene between them.

Drill was seated in a sitting room back of the parlor, and near him was Eliza. Her face had anything but a vinegar aspect, and Eliza, when she looked smiling and pleasant, was what might be termed a very pretty girl. Her

figure was neat and tidy, and knowing such to be the fact, she did not neglect to dress it well.

On this occasion Drill looked well—decidedly comfortable. As usual, he sat as erect in his chair as he would have stood had he been on parade—any other position would have been uncomfortable to him. In his hand he held a brimming tumbler of hot rum-punch—a concoction for which he had a great partiality. That it had been mixed by the fair Eliza, may be inferred from the remarks he made on the subject.

"Miss Eliza," he said, sipping the punch at each pause—"Miss Eliza, I've marched over a good deal of ground in my time, and one thing I've noticed—that is, that there's some one thing that everybody can do better than another. Now, as a drill corporal, there isn't a man that wears a chevron that can bring an awkward squad forward as well as I can. As a guide, or to cover a platoon, devil the better man walks than me. But put me in command of a company, and I couldn't say a word. I'd double 'em up, give wicy warcy orders, and make a fool of myself."

"What put all that in your mind, corporal?"

"This punch, Eliza—it is sweet as your lips—it sparkles like your eyes—it is as rich colored as your cheeks—it is a prime punch! If this war was over, and I had you for a wife, settled down in snug quarters, and had money enough to stand at ease with the world, and could take a punch like this once in a while and a puff at my pipe, I wouldn't change places with King George."

"There, you are agsin talking about having me for a wife—you know you don't mean it, corporal."

"On my honor as a soldier, I do."

"You'd love me if you wanted to marry me."

"Don't I love the very ground you march upon? I'd rather hear one word from your lips than a half a dozen of the liveliest marches that ever came from fife and drum."

"Actions speak more than words," replied Eliza, pouting. "If you loved me, you would not like to stand guard over me and my poor master and mistress."

"The only reason I like to stay here is because I'm near you. And besides, I can be kinder in my way than some others would be."

"You could be if you would, corporal."

"Why, Miss Eliza, don't I disobey orders often. Don't I let you go out and get letters, and never take them to the lieutenant, as he ordered. And don't I let you do jest as you like?"

"But if my master and mistress were able to go away—that is, *supposing*, I say, not that it is so—would you not stop them with your guard?"

"That would be my duty. I am on post, and must obey orders."

"Must obey orders, eh? Suppose, now—merely suppose, not that I say it is so—that I, Eliza Mullenleaf, spinster, aged two-and-twenty, and not ill-favored nor scrumptious in my manners, being genteelly brought up, should have saved two hundred and seventy pounds from my wages—"

"Two hundred and seventy pounds? Fire and gun-flints!"

"Don't interrupt me. Two hundred and seventy pounds, and should, in the ardent spirit of my wirginous affection, say to Corporal Drill, I love you, and will marry you—"

"Me? me?—marry me? Two hundred and seventy pounds—bayonets and ramrods!"

"Oh finish your punch, and don't interrupt me! Suppose, I say, that I should say to Corporal Drill, I will marry you on condition—"

"Never mind the conditions; he'd do it."

"Hear me out, will you; on condition that he would remove the guard, give them the countersign, and escort Mr. Bedford and his daughter beyond the English lines to a place of safety, where they could be freed from the persecutions of that tory puppy, your master."

"Bombs and explosives! That would be treason—death the rules of war! Disobedience of orders! Oh, Miss Eliza, tempt me not—I love you, but tempt me not!"

"I thought that your love was all words; oh, how deceitful you men are. You'd make a girl believe you were a dyin' for her, and then all your professions come out catamount to nothing. Oh, corporal, to think that I'd ever be so weak—so supersillyous as to confess my love, and then hear you talk of duty! Your heart is as hard as the rock of Adam's aunt, that Parson Sternhold is always preaching about."

"Don't cry, Miss Eliza—*dear* Eliza, don't carry on so. I ain't hard hearted. Make me another punch, and let me think for a day or two."

"Yes, I will make you another punch. I'll be good to you, though you are so cruel to me. Punch is all you care about. Oh! my poor heart; I didn't think it was so weak and perceptible. I meant to let 'concealment like a bud in the worn, as the poet says, eat a hole in it."

The corporal looked very solemn and sad, and sighed frequently, while she was, with a scientific hand, mixing the various ingredients of his favorite beverage.

"There," said she, handing it to him, "take it, and in its belivious depths and evaporating fumes forget your poor Eliza."

"May I be shot in the back if I do. Eliza, I love you; there's no rubbing it out, I love you. One smile from you, and a few such punches, would make me right about face and fight on t'other side."

"Would it, *dear* Corporal Drill?"

"On my honor as a soldier, dear Eliza, I'd kick the lieutenant, and—oh, Lord! here he comes; wonder if he heard me?"

"Is this the way you do duty, corporal?" cried Elliott, as he entered the room. "swizzling rum and talking to women servants! To your post, sir; the sentinels in the front passage is drunk. I suppose that is through your doings, woman," he added, angrily, turning upon poor Eliza.

"I'd have you to know that I'm no woman—I'm a lady's maid, and I don't care if you are a lieutenant, Mr. Tory Elliott! I wasn't born in the woods to be scared by an owl!"

"You'd better be careful of your tongue, or I'll have you bucked and gagged," he cried, turning pale with anger.

"Me bucked and gagged!—me, Eliza Mul-len! You poor miserable shadder of a man! You lay a hand on me, and I'll screech till high heaven opens its ears and cries forbear! Oh, you atrocious monster! Me bucked and gagged! Wouldn't I like to see you try it!"

"Cease your infernal clatter, and tell me how Mr. Bedford is."

"None of your business! He's sick—too sick to be moved—and that's more than enough for you to know," she replied, flitting out of the room.

"That woman must be got out of the way. She has the wit of a man and the spunk of the devil. She is getting the men on her side, too, with her blarney and plentiful supplies of

rum. She and the old men once out of the way, and then I'll have Cora where—"

A footstep, low, but loud enough to attract his attention, caused him to cease speaking, and turn suddenly. He confronted his valet, who was advancing with a package in his hand. He regarded him intently for a moment, to see if he could tell by his countenance whether he had been overheard or not. But there was no change in the look or tone of the valet as he handed him the package, and said:

"This is from headquarters, sir, and is marked in haste."

"Ah! orders for an advance and a night attack on the enemy's division under Wayne," said the tory, glancing at the paper which he opened. He was so intent upon the perusal, that he did not notice the intense look of hatred with which the youth regarded him, nor the gleam of intelligence and satisfaction which shot across his face as he overheard the plan of the general.

When the officer raised his head again, the expression of hatred and interest had passed away, and the youth stood, as usual, in silence, waiting his orders.

"We must ride, Jones—order the horses," he said—"I will be at the door by the time they are ready."

The youth bowed and withdrew, followed a moment after by the lieutenant.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## A SPY IN THE CAMP.

Another day had passed away. The British general paced to and fro angrily, in his room, and bearing the marks of fatigue, stood uncovered before him.

"You found the enemy on the alert, you say, drawn up and prepared to receive you?"

"Yes, general, and in advance of the position which they held when the reconnoissance was made."

"By heaven, there is some traitor in this camp—ay, I fear me, in my own staff, or closely, too closely, connected with my person. My orders were only made known to my staff, the officers who were detailed for the duty. Time after time have we thus been foiled. The enemy gain, by some unknown means, a foreknowledge of every movement we make. Our foraging parties are cut off, supplies are intercepted, and, instead of being like victors in a captured city, we are more like a besieged army. If I can discover the means by which the enemy are apprised of her movements, neither age nor sex will deter me from executing a fearful vengeance on the head of the offender."

"If I might be so bold as to speak, general!" said the officer, who waited, and whose age and scars bore testimony of long service.

"What would you say, colonel? Speak out—any advice just now would be of use."

"I would ask your excellency of what benefit to our cause is the possession of this place? It is not so good a harbor, nor is it near so accessible as Baltimore. We are too near the inaccessible ranges of the Alleghenies, whence the hardy mountaineers and riflemen can suddenly issue, sweep away our divisions, and then retire beyond our reach. The country is such that we cannot forage for subsistence with any degree of success or safety—nor can we manœuvre a large force profitably. Their militia and ranging companies, knowing the ground, and used from boyhood to following game through the great forests, the valleys, over rivers and mountains, have the advantage of our best veterans."

"True, Colonel. I have already thought of evacuating this place, and seeking a more profitable field of action. If we could only get Washington to condense his army, and meet them at once on a fair field, we could crush him!"

"If it is done, it must be done in a hurry,

general. The French will soon have a large army here."

"Poh—I care not for the French. They are like the Hessians, they fight for pay—but these Continentals and militia-men fight for freedom, for their homes, their wives, and their little ones, and they fight hard too!"

"Yes, general I and my regiment can testify to that, to our cost. But if your excellency is done with me, I will retire."

"Do so, colonel—you've been fourteen or sixteen hours in the saddle—you must be fatigued."

The officer retired, and the general again paced to and fro in the room, apparently absorbed in deep study. His attention was aroused by the entrance of Elliott.

"So, sir, the expedition of last night was a failure?" said the general.

"I regret that it was, your excellency," replied the former.

"And the failure was caused, evidently, by the enemy receiving information from some one in the secret?" said the general, scrutinizing the young officer closely.

"So it would seem—yet few knew of it. I knew that the orders sent to me were delivered in a safe manner into safe hands, your excellency!"

"Well, the secret will out yet. I shall keep a close watch hereafter, and issue no orders until it is time to execute them. I am sick of this inactivity. The government at home looks to have this accursed rebellion crushed at once, and we are scarcely holding our own, much less making head against the enemy. I shall take the field again soon. It is folly to keep the troops here in idleness."

"Does your excellency really intend to evacuate the city?"

"I may deem it expedient to do so immediately. The enemy must not be allowed to rest and gain strength, while we lay still and do nothing! You will issue an order for the commanding officers of regiments and brigades to attend a special council, this evening at my quarters."

"It shall be done, sir. Will you need my presence?"

"No, sir. I wish none, but the officers whom I have named, present!"

The young man bowed and withdrew, muttering to himself as he went: "this disagrees with my plans; what I do must be done quickly!"



## CHAPTER XXIV.

NIGHT SCENE IN PHILADELPHIA.

It was night—a cloudy, equally night. A cold and drizzling rain was falling. In a low sort of a sailors' boarding-house several long-shore men, and some boatmen, were sitting before a huge wood fire, closely huddled on the knife-scarred benches—some of them smoking, others with a glass of cheap grog in their hands.

The landlord, who looked out of but one eye, and that a vicious one—the other had been gouged out in a rough and tumble fight—stood behind the bar, with a face as red as his own brandy. His look was sour, for his company was not a very profitable one that evening. But his face brightened up on the entrance of two strangers, whose rough pea-jackets, sou'wester hats, tied under the chin with ear-flaps, and general appearance bespoke their vocation to be that of seamen—old hands, who knew how to rig themselves to suit the weather. Their faces were half hidden in huge, bushy whiskers, and they looked like old hands. Taking a look at the fire and those before it, but not seeming to care for a place before it, they shook themselves—or their jackets rather—much after the fashion of Newfoundland dogs, and brought up before the bar.

"Have you got any Old Jamaica, landlord?" asked the younger looking.

"Some o' the primest *wet* that ever was landed without payin' duty!" answered this worthy of the rufous countenance.

"Give me a sufter, hot, then—make it nor-nor-west! What'll you have, Jim?"

"The same sort o' lush suits me!" said the other.

"Sit down, by the fire, won't ye—ye're wet!" said the landlord. "Rouse up off that bench there, some of you longshore loafers, and let these ere men have a snuff o' the fire!"

"Never mind—we don't want to sit down. Mix our grog, and give us a pipe apiece," said the youngest.

The grog was mixed and turned off. The youngest threw down a Spanish dollar and said:

"Never mind makin' the change, just now, landlord—we'll want some more grog, by-and-bye, and, as we're kind o' weather-bound, we may want to berth here to-night."

"All right. If Tom Riley can't swing a clean hammock for you, never another one on Shippen street can. May I ax you what ship you come in?"

"We *did* belong to the Polly, transport—but we're looking out for a berth now."

"Yes, I see—well, if it's true that the troops is goin' away back to York you'll have chances enough."

"Is there such a report?" asked the other.

"I hearn it to-night. There's an old sergeant that always comes in here of an evenin', to bush a bit, and he said something that way, to night."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a young officer in the British uniform. The youngest of the seamen started as he saw him, and suppressed an ejaculation which was on his lips. His agitation was not noticed, however, by the new-comer, who bent over the counter, and, addressing the landlord, said, in a low tone:

"I want to see you alone, Tom; I've a special job for you to manage—one that will pay!"

"At your old tricks, eh, Master Harry? How well you look in uniform!" said the landlord, winking his solitary eye. "Will you have a drop of the old stuff before we go in the other room?"

"No; I'm in a hurry. Who are those?" he asked, glancing at the seamen, who had now sat down near the fire, with their backs toward him.

"A couple of sailors, just in from a transport. All right."

The landlord now led the way into a back room, followed by the officer, who carefully closed the door behind him.

The younger of the seamen rose to light his pipe, and then seating himself close by the door to the inner room, took up a book which lay on the counter, and *appeared* to peruse its contents; but, in reality, he was listening to a conversation which seemed to interest him, for he evinced agitation as the murmur of the two voices reached his ear from within.

The landlord and his visitor remained about a quarter of an hour, and then came out. The young officer glanced uneasily at the seaman, when he re-entered the tap-room. The latter, however, seemed to be intently engaged with his book, and did not raise his eyes from it.

"You'll take a drop now, Master Harry—or, Lieutenant, I s'pose I oughter call you now, won't ye?" said the landlord.

"Just a thimblefull of your old brandy—if

you have any of the sort you used to keep for me when I was on a lark!"

"There's some," said the landlord, handing from a back shelf an old dusty bottle, "that no king's officer—no disrespect to the button—ever had his nose over before."

The officer took a hearty "pull at the halliards," and turned to leave. As he did so, he said in a low tone:

"I leave all the arrangements to you, Tom—there must be no such word as fail. Remember, a hundred pounds down, if all turns out right, and not a farthing if it don't."

"Never fear, Master Harry! I should think I'd done jobs enough for you, to show that I'm no green hand!" said the landlord, as the officer departed. "Yes, many's the gal—" he commenced saying, but stopped as he saw the eye of the younger seaman fixed full upon him, with a singular expression.

"Did you speak?" he asked of the seaman.

"No, sir—but I was just going to tell you to mix me another lot of grog," said the latter, coolly.

"Oh, was that all?" said the landlord, seeming easier.

"And mix another for my shipmate," said the first speaker, again bending his eyes upon the book, which had the landlord been able to read, he could have seen was held upside down, for the seaman's mind was anywhere but on its pages.

The liquor was soon ready, and laying down his book, the younger seaman rose to take it, calling to his companion to join him. After the glasses were emptied, he said to the landlord:

"Me and Jim'll go and take a short cruise, to see how the weather looks, and the like, but we'll be back soon—mind you save a place for us to bunk in."

"All right, my hearties—I've room to stow a ship's crew—them 'ere chaps a loafin' afore the fire don't turn in reglar!" said the landlord, winking his solitary peeper, and filling a glass of brandy for himself.

The seamen now departed, after filing and relighting their pipes.

"It was a lucky thing that we went into that den," said the youngest, in a low tone, to his companion, after they had gained the street.

"Why, cap'n?"

"You saw that officer?"

"In course I did, sir, and set him down for one of King George's meanest monkeys."

"Well, he is one of the most infernal villains that the devil ever hatched. I owe him an old *grudge*. I knocked his daylight into darkness, the last time we met—and now, before I leave the city, it'll be ten chances to one that I send him down to his master, the devil! His visit to the rascally pirate that keeps the den, who appears to be an old co-worker in

deviltry with him, was to arrange for the abduction of the very lacy whom I am now periling life and liberty to see. Thank God, I learned one thing from his talk—she is here, and as yet she is *safe*! I must manage to see her—and between you and me, we'll knock his plans out of shape, and get her away in safety. If it is true that the British intend evacuating the city, we will have to work sharp."

"The sharper the better, cap'n—man and boy, Jim Thompson's been used to sharp work forty years or more!"

Keeping well in the shade of the houses, although it was dark anywhere, the couple hurried on toward Market street. On arriving at that street, they paused before a two-story-and-a-half brick house, of genteel exterior. The shutters were closed, and no lights visible.

"It is not late," said the youngest; "not more than nine o'clock—I'll see if I can be admitted. Be careful not to call me by name—if we go in, remember we are two poor seamen, who want a little assistance."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The youngest now knocked at the door.

"Who's there? and what do you want?" asked a gruff voice, as the door was opened, and by the hall lamp a man garbed in the uniform of a British soldier appeared, holding a musket with fixed bayonet in his hand.

"Does Captain Jones, of the ship *Argo*, stop here?" asked the younger, with admirable presence of mind.

"No—this is a sick rebel's house—one Bedford—and Lieutenant Elliott's quarters," replied the soldier, gruffly.

"We're at the wrong house, then—we're looking for Cap'n Jones," said the other.

"What is the matter? who is there?" asked a voice from within.

"Only a couple of men, lookin' for Cap'n Jones, Lieutenant," replied the guard.

"Tell them to go to the devil!"

"*Much obliged!*" said the first speaker, as the door was slammed in his face.

"What's to be done now, cap'n? There's a way around by the alley—only a fence to climb! Once in, we can see how the land lays!"

"No glass bottles broke up on the top of the fence, nor a big dog in the garden, I hope!" muttered Thompson. "I helped an officer to run away with a pretty gal, in Lisbon, once, and between the glass on the wall, and the dog in the garden, I suffered stem and starn!"

"There is no glass, I'm sure; they're not up to that dodge here yet!" said the officer; "probably no dog!"

We will now take a look inside of the house, and see what is going on there.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## LOVE AND DUTY.

"Corporal, is it true that the army is agoin' to evaporate the city?" asked Eliza, as she handed him a glass of punch, at about the hour of nine on the evening already described.

The non-commissioned officer looked at his glass drained it at a single swallow, and heaved a sigh that seemed to come up from the very soles of his brogans.

"Dead, 'Liza!" he said, with a melancholy shake of his head. "March is the word. I wish the cursed war was over. It's hard to fight with people as speaks the same lingo. If they was only French, or Dutch, or Spaniards, 't would be another thing. That punch was prime, 'Liza!"

"I'll mix you another, corporal; I'll not be unkind to you, dear Drill, though you love your duty as you call it, better than me!"

"D—n the duty!" said the corporal, with an emphasis that made her start. "If it wasn't that I'd be sure to be caught and shot for a deserter, I'd let the service find some other corporal in my place; burn my primin' if I wouldn't!"

"Dear Corporal Drill, oh! if you only would help my master and mistress to get away from the hands of that hateful lieutenant, I'd die for you, althoost!" And Eliza threw her white arms around the corporal's stiff neck with a fervor that might have choked him had he not been protected by a leathern stock of the consistency of sheet iron, and kissed him with a smack that sounded nearly as loud as the report of a small pistol.

Vision of matrimony, with infantile accompaniments, and especially the two hundred and seventy pounds, flitted before the dazzled vision of the bewildered corporal. What he would have said we know not, for at that critical moment the girl, whose face was toward the window, uttered a scream, and, turning as pale as snow, cried:

"Oh, mercy! I saw it! I saw a ghost! It rose to condemn me!"

"Who? what? Powder and ball! what is the matter?" cried the corporal.

"Oh! oh! I saw the ghost of a sailor man that I met before you came here this time—it was looking at me right through the window!"

"Ghosts don't look through windows," said the corporal. "I'll call the guard and look for the ghost in the garden."

He rushed out of the room to do this, and at

the same instant the outer door opened and Barney and his companion entered.

"Hide us quickly, my good Eliza, before that red-coat returns!" said the former.

"Goodness gracious!" is that you, lieutenant? My mistress—"

"Not a word now, Eliza, not a word, but hide us, and when he returns get him out of the way as soon as you can. Then you can let your mistress know I am here," cried Barney.

"Quick, then—get into that cupboard, both of you, and make no noise," said the girl, comprehending the ghost part now, as she saw the honest faces of the seamen bent upon her.

"Now be careful not to touch the crockery!" added the girl, as she closed the small closet door on them, just in time, for before she could regain her seat, the corporal re-entered the room, attended by four of his men, and hurried out into the yard to look for the ghost.

Of course he sought in vain, and found not even a sign of a living being, much less a ghost, if ghosts do leave signs.

"I think it must 'ave been a fancy of yours, Miss 'Liza," said the corporal. "I don't believe in ghosts, but I thought some chap might 'ave been in the the yard lookin' in at us—but there's never a feather of one there."

"Maybe it was a fancy," said Eliza; "I feel nervous and highstrikey to-night. I guess I'd better go to bed; we can talk to-morrow, you know, dear corporal."

"Yes, 'Liza, if tramp is not the word; but there's no knowin' but what orders may come for us to move in the morning, and if they do, I'll have to go with my company, and lose yours, without my master takes you along with your lady, for her he has sworn to take. I heard him do it when he was talking to himself in his room to-night."

"You did? Oh, the horrid beast! I'd tear his eyes out for five pins. But I won't go with him, that's flat."

"But with me, dear 'Liza!" and the corporal put on an exorcisingly affectionate look.

"No, nor with you, nor any other red-coat that lives, as long as there's a true American blue jacket alive!" she said, raising her voice a very little, for what purpose a good judge of woman's character can easily determine.

"Flints and ramrods, but this is a change in the marching order!" said the corporal, turning as red in the face as his own coat. "Has that sailor's ghost done this?"

"No matter what has done it—I mean every word I say, and more too!"

"Why, 'Liza, you was just as sweet to me afore you seen that ghost, as the sugar in your own punch; and now you're as sour as the lemon you put in it!"

"Very well, I thought you was agoin' to help to get my mistress and her father out of your master's clutches."

"Well, I haven't said I wouldn't since then, have I?"

"No, but you looked as if you wouldn't. But no matter; you go off to bed, or to your guard—we'll talk about these matters to-morrow."

"Well, give me one glass more of punch, 'Liza. I'm afraid going out there in the night air, without my cap on, may give me cold. One glass of punch and one sweet kiss, 'Liza, will make me forget them words about my red coat and the blue jacket."

"You shall have the punch, but when you get the kiss, I guess you'll know it!" said the girl, as she hastily set to preparing the beverage.

"Women is strange creters! Why, she was a huggin' and kissin' me as if she wanted to eat me up, when the ghost idea popped into her head. D—n the blue jackets! I could lick a dozen of 'em for her before she could mix that punch!"

A sudden crash was heard in the cupboard.

"Blood and gunpowder!" what's that?" said the corporal, starting to his feet.

"Rats—rats among the crockery; the house is full of 'em!" said Eliza, retaining her presence of mind.

"They must be big ones to stir plates that way. I guess the cat is after them," said the corporal, resuming his seat.

Eliza handed him the punch, remarking that she had made it stronger than before.

"But not so sweet; you haven't put any sugar in it, 'Liza."

"No, corporal. I emptied the sugar bowl when I made the last."

"Isn't there any in the cupboard?"

"Not a mite; I got the last out to night, and forgot to send to the grocery for more."

"Well, there's molasses there, any way, and that is very good in old Jamaica. Never mind, I'll help myself!"

"No, no—I'll get it for you!" said the girl, now terrified fully, as another crash of plates was heard.

The corporal had no time to make comments on this crash or her anxiety, for at the same time the cupboard door flew open, and the reality, not the ghosts, of a couple of blue-jackets sprang upon him, and before he could utter a single word of alarm, he was on the

flat of his back on the floor, with a man's knee on his breast, and a pair of rough hands clutched so tightly round his throat that he could not breathe, much less speak.

"Don't choke him quite so hard," said Barney, who stood by his head with a dirk drawn in his hand. Then addressing his prisoner, he said: "If you open your lips or offer to stir, your life is not worth a cent. I'll drive this piece of cold iron through your heart. I owe your whole breed a grudge, and had rather kill one than eat!"

Poor Drill looked rather crest-fallen, but he did not offer to move or speak, for he well knew, by Barney's tone and manner, that he was one who would keep his word.

"Have you any rope? I must tie this would-be lover of yours, Miss Eliza," said the lieutenant.

"Will a piece of stout bed-cord do, sir?" she asked.

"The very thing!" was his reply.

"There is a piece in the cupboard," she replied, and hastened to get it.

Bitter was the look which the corporal cast upon her as she evinced so much alacrity in procuring the "material aid" for his confinement.

In a short time the corporal's hands were securely tied behind him, and his legs also tied and so drawn up by a cord around them and over his shoulders that he could not kick.

"And now a piece of round wood for a gag, Miss Eliza."

"Will the cook's bread roller do, sir?" asked Eliza, as she brought the rolling-pin, which was at least six or seven inches in circumference.

"The corporal has an exceedingly capacious mouth," replied Barney—"must be a good feeder, but this will be rather too large for a single mouthful—a piece a trifle smaller will answer!"

"Ah, there's the pudding stick; he is fond of pudding!" said Eliza, glancing mischievously at her fallen lover.

"That doesn't argue that he'll be fond of the stick which stirs it, any more than that a school boy likes to be whipped with a birch rod after he has eaten the bark off it. But the stick will do," said Barney, with a laugh.

Poor Drill was now gagged and thoroughly secured, and the seaman rose and waited further orders.

"Is your mistress up still, or has she retired?" asked Barney of Eliza.

"Up I think, sir; she seldom leaves her father's side. Shall I go and see?"

"I will go with you, leaving my man here in guard of the corporal."

"Mayn't I mix him a nice glass of punch, sir, before we go?"

"Yes; do you think you can find the sugar now?"

"Yes, sir; there is plenty in the cupboard, and I am not afraid of the rats now!"

Poor Drill would have gnashed his teeth with anger just about this time, if he could have only moved his jaws. It was rather hard to see the idol of his affection mixing punch for a rival in a blue jacket, especially as his

own unsweetened glass, made strong on purpose, only had to have a little sugar put in it to make it very palatable to the seaman, who put it to his lips and drank the health of her who mixed it."

Barney now left the room under the guidance of Eliza, and we will change the chapter.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## A FIEND IN HUMAN SHAPE.

Immediately after leaving the commanding general, as described in the twenty-third chapter, Elliott repaired to his quarters, and after writing off a single copy of the general order which he had just received, to summon the regimental officers to a council, called his volunteer valet to his side, and bade him transcribe the necessary number of copies, and take them to the officers whom he named.

"And is it true, then, that the army is to evacuate the city, sir?" asked the young valet.

"It is talked of; curse the idea!" said the officer.

"You seem much attached to the city, sir," said the valet.

"Not to the city, but to some one in it, and whom I must get out of it if we leave. You seem to be a lad of ready wit, I wonder that you have not discovered my secret ere this."

"If by the secret, sir, you mean your passion for the lady under this roof, it is no secret to me, nor her aversion to you. Both I have already observed; but a still tongue betokens a sensible head, and I keep my own counsels."

"Then, as you are so observing, and so discreet withal, know you not of a plan by which, if we move, I can transport her to New York unbeknown to the officers, and get her even more in my power than she now is?"

"It is for you to plan, sir; I am only your servant, ready to obey orders."

The valet spoke calmly and meekly, yet had Elliott been a good judge of human nature, his suspicions must have been aroused by the manner in which the youth evidently sought to learn his plans.

"I have formed a plan, my good Jones, and I shall need some one to see it faithfully executed. You have been ready and faithful, so far, in my service, and to you I think I can entrust the delicate mission."

"Am I too bold, sir, if I ask the plan you propose?"

"No; it is necessary that you should know it. I have determined to remove her to a small

vessel which I shall charter, and send it around to New York either before us or accompanying the transport vessels. The abduction from this house will occur in my absence, and be so conducted that I shall appear to have nothing to do with it."

"But whom can you trust, sir? Not your drunken corporal and his guard?"

"By no means. I have a trusty fellow, one Tom Riley, engaged, who has done many an odd job for me, and he will get good men to aid him. All that I wish you to do is to supervise the matter, and then to accompany him to see that no harm befalls her, for among such a rough set there is no knowing what might be done."

Had Elliott seen the flash which darkened the cheek, and the shudder which shook the form of the youth, when Riley's name was mentioned, he might have suspected danger, but he did not.

"What think you of the plan, Jones?" he continued.

"If executed as well as it is laid, sir, it cannot fail; but I must hasten with these orders."

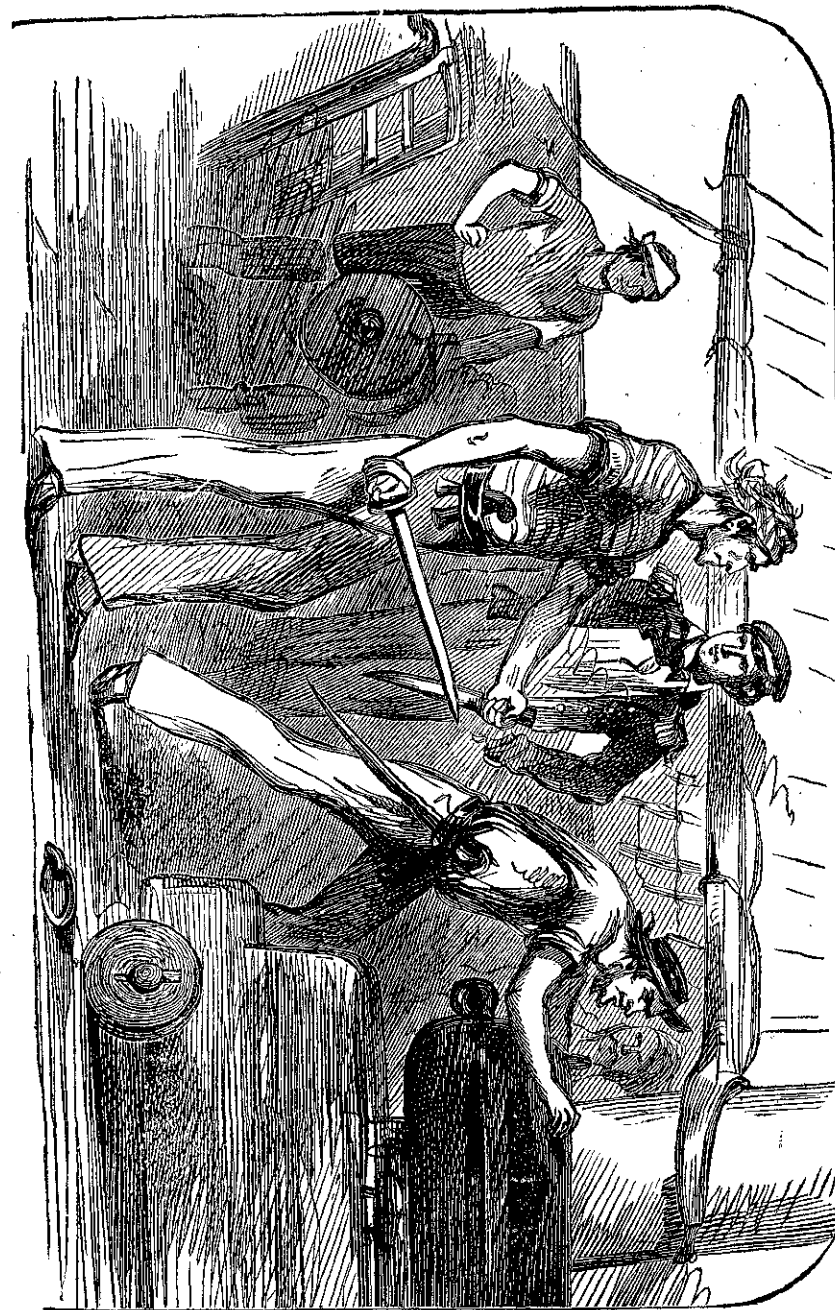
"True, my lad, and I will spend an hour with the fair Cora. It is a pleasure for me to tease her; the day is not far distant when I will humble her rebel pride; when on her bended knees she will sue to be my wife. Hasten with the orders, Jones, and be secret."

"Certainly, sir; as secret as the grave," and the valet at once commenced his duties.

Elliott now entered the parlor of the mansion. No one seemed to be in it; for though dimly lighted, his eye could scan every part of it.

"With her rebel father, I suppose, as usual," he muttered. "If she is not in soon I will ring for her impudent maid, and send for her."

So saying, he cast himself down upon the old-fashioned sofa. Hardly had he touched it, when a grunt so loud and unearthly came from underneath it, that he bounded at a single leap to the centre of the floor. He was speechless



both with surprise and terror. At the same moment a black head with two great protruding eyes stuck out from beneath the sofa, like the head of a ninety year old snapping turtle emerging from its shell.

"The devil!" muttered Elliott.

"Ki Massa, you a most squish ole nigger!" said a voice issuing from the head, and then the misshapen form of old Cato dragged itself into light.

"What were you doing under that sofa, you black rascal?"

"I creep in dere, massa, for try catch um sleep a litle bit. Ole nigger no tink de sofa so low many bump he back."

"Well, never try that bunk again. Now go into Mr. Bedford's room and tell Miss Cora that I wish to see her on special business, and then crawl off your ugly carcass into the entry, and sleep on the mat if you want to."

"Yes, massa, Ki, you a most squish ole nigger dat time."

In a short time after the negro left, Miss Bedford entered. Elliott arose and proffered a seat, which, with a gesture of calm dignity, she refused.

"You sent me word that you wished to see me on business, sir. Business matters require but few words."

"Yet, fair Cora, mine requires many; nay, turn not away, this may be the last conversation that we shall ever have in this city."

"If I thought such would be the case, I should listen to the last conversation with pleasure," replied the spirited girl.

"It probably will be. Our army is about to evacuate the city."

"It is? Then our noble Washington is approaching. He yet will conquer."

"Perhaps; but now, Miss Bedford, you will sit down and converse with me for a little while, will you not?"

"Yes; but I hope that on this occasion you will forbear your usual insults, and endeavor to act the man, if not the gentleman—I would not be so unreasonable as to ask you to attempt the latter character," continued the lady, as she took a chair at some distance from the sofa.

"Ever cruel, ever satirical, beautiful Cora," said the officer, trying to assume a calm and gentle tone, which his every look belied.

"You had better proceed with your business, and forbear your disgusting and fulsome flatteries, which come to me like the exhalations of a kennel."

"My business! Cora Bedford, I have but one business—one thought: I love you—madly love you. The more you hate me the more I love you. Win you I will; if by fair means, well, if not—"

"Well, sir; if not?"

"Then, by Heaven, I care not how foul the means are, or what becomes of the casket after I have once won and worn the jewel which it

contains. Once more I ask you, will you marry me?"

"No; a thousand times no!"

"Would you not if I would desert the king's cause, and cast my sword and influence on the side of the rebels?"

"Would you do that? Would you be a traitor a second time, and doubly perjure and damn yourself?"

"To win you I would do anything. Say, shall my sword and influence be the price of your hand?"

"No, you poor poltroon, no! One is weaker than the wooden truncheon of a fool, the other more valueless in a good cause than dust in the air."

"Will you give me your reasons for this scorn and hatred?"

"Yes. First, you are a coward—an imitation of a man—destitute of principle honor, truth, everything which can enforce respect or win regard. You are a low tory, a black-hearted seducer, a contemptible libertine! Marry you! sooner would I clasp the foul fiend of hell to my breast than call you husband!"

"Cora Bedford!" cried the officer, his face purple with passion, and his voice husky with rage, "you have sealed your own fate. You are now in my power—never shall you escape from it. Think you I was serious when, but a moment since, I asked you to become my wife? No, I did but taunt you with my words. Within one week you shall be my —"

He arose, bent his mouth to her ear, and, in a whisper, hissed the word which he dared to speak aloud. Quick as the flash of a warrior's sword when it cleaves to a foe's skull, her small, white hand swept through the air, and smote him so shortly upon the cheek that he fairly reeled beneath the blow.

In a moment, his hand was upon his sword. She quailed not, but rose, and, with folded arms, looked him in the face, and cried:

"Strike, you coward! You, who dare not face a man, strike!"

He paled before her indignant glance. He did not draw his sword, but, with a bitter look, he said:

"To-morrow, proud girl, you shall sing another tune. This night rest, if you can; I shall, for I am wearied; but mark you now, your fate is sealed. Neither heaven nor hell, neither angels nor fiends, can save you?"

He turned and departed, and she listened to his heavy footsteps, as he retired to his sleeping apartments, and slammed the door to, securing it, as was his wont, with more pleasure than she had felt that night. But after he was gone, her calmness, her courage, her naughty pride gave way, and she sank upon the sofa, and, bowing her face in her fair, soft hands, wept bitterly—sobbed as if her heart was breaking.

A step—a hand laid upon her shoulder—her name, breathed softly, aroused her.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## A WELCOME VISITOR.

She raised her head, and a scream of joy and surprise would have escaped her lips, had not his hand pressed her mouth, his look cautioned her not to speak loudly. But she kissed the hand which he held to her lips, and when he removed it, and placed his arm around her waist, she whispered:

"Thank Heaven, you are near me. Oh, you know nothing of the peril, dear Barney!"

"Yes, dear Cora, I know all," replied our hero. "I have listened to all that has happened in this room since he sent for you. I was sent, at any moment to aid you; but, nothing of the sort, you were an over-match for him at once. I could hardly keep from applauding your courage openly."

"Are you not in fearful danger here, within the grasp of your enemies?"

"My dear Cora, danger lies in the battery of the man-of-war, and not in the gallant seaman."

"But how did you pass the night? The house is completely environed with soldiers."

"I have used to boarding, and your words are easily recalled. The corporal is bound, gagged, and under guard."

"Have you seen Eliza?"

"She hid me here, and has returned to help guard the corporal. But, dear Cora, we have more important matters to talk about. A plot, which I have heard in detail, is already formed by the villain for your abduction, to-morrow night. I can and will rescue you, but not, I fear, before you are removed from this house. I cannot muster force enough to risk a fight here, where the streets are full of soldiers. But it is the villain's intention to have you taken aboard a vessel. From that, with my brave crew, I can easily rescue you—in fact, I hope to so manage it, as to be one of your abductors. When the attempt is made, make no resistance. I shall be near, and, dearest, while I live you shall be safe."

"How did you learn this plan?"

"I overheard it from the lips of the villain himself, while he was engaging a man to execute it. In this disguise, I was seeking information to enable me to approach you, when fate threw everything into my hands. After I

have effectually secured the corporal, by confining him, secured as he is now, in some dark corner of your cellar, I shall return with the trusty man who is now guarding the soldier, to the low tavern where the plot was prepared, and endeavor to so ingratiate myself into the landlord's good graces as to become a participant in the abduction. If I fail in this, fear not; my vessel, filled with daring men, who, for my sake, would rush into any danger, is near, well concealed, and with them I can cut my way through the whole fleet, or, at the worst, bear you in safety to the American lines."

"But the corporal will be missed in the morning, and will not that put Elliott on his guard?"

"Not at all. Desertions are not unfrequent in the British army now, thank Heaven, so fear not. And now, love, a sweet farewell—I shall be ever near you."

"And ever, dear," she responded, nor did she blush with anything but pleasure when his lips were fondly pressed to her own. Bidding her to return to her father, and not by sign, look or word reveal a hope which might put Elliott on his guard, Barney returned to the room where he had left Thompson and the corporal.

He found the latter bound as he was left, but looking unutterable things—things which he could not have spoken, even if he had not been tongue-tied, for there was the hated blue-jacket drinking another glass of his favorite rum punch, brewed by the hand of the faithless Eliza, whose attentions to him were by no means equivocal. The hopes of the two hundred and seventy pounds had withered in the bud—the hopes of matrimony and its delightful subsequents had vanished, even as that punch was disappearing down dim Thompson's throat.

But the severest cut of all was yet to come. When Barney asked Eliza if there was not some dark, still place, where the corporal could be stowed for the next twenty-four hours, she, without hesitation, mentioned the ash-hole in the cellar.

"No one ever goes there except to empty

the ashes," she said, "and I'll do that myself to-morrow, for I shall want to see how he gets on in sailor knots."

Drill looked daggers, but it was of no avail, and, by direction of Barney, he was shouldered by Thompson and carried down into the place designated.

"There's a few rats in the cellar—not the kind there was in the cupboard—but as they don't eat raw pork when they can get cheese, I guess they'll not hurt you, dear," said the commiserating Eliza, by way of consolation, as she left the corporal.

After arranging matters and signals for use, if required, Barney now retired by the way he came, accompanied by his trusty friend.

"Cap'n," said Jim, in a low tone, after they had cleared the wall, and were in the street, "I feel kinder dubiousome and bad, some way."

"What's the matter, my lad? I thought no danger could frighten you where I led the way."

"You didn't lead the way in this 'ere danger as troubles me, cap'n. You see ther's nothin' so troubles me as sailin' under false colors where a woman's consarned."

"I don't understand you."

"No, sir! Then I'll try to make it plainer to you. You see, arter that woman, or gal, that you called 'Liza, came back from pilotin' you where you wanted to go, she sheered right alongside o' me, and smacked a kiss right aboard of my chops. At first I thought it was

to spite the poor lobster-backed sojer, but she up and tells me, right afore his face, as how she'd been in love with me ever since I met her on the wharf the morning I shipped aboard the Sachem. I wanted to sheer off, and tell her my reasons why, but I was afeard I might make bad work, and run afoul of some of your honor's calculations, so I belayed my jaw-tackle, received her salute, and fired back again in the same way."

"How else could you do, Jim, under the circumstances?"

"Right up, like a man, and told her as how I had a craft already, as hailed under my name. It's all very well for these shovel-nosed land-sharks to go swimmin' about among women under false colors, deceiving every poor gal that comes in their wake, but a true hearted sailor would almost as soon turn sojer, and he'd quit rum and tobacco afore he'd do that. It went agin my natur, cap'n, and her kisses kind o' scorched me. I felt like a mouse in a tar-bucket, and wanted to get out."

"Well, I guess you won't get in the scrape again, my lad, but be on your guard now. Forget that I'm your officer, and rough it with me as a ship-mate. We're close aboard of the tavern where we engaged lodgings. I want to get the old codger to engage us for a scrape. You let me do the talking—side in with everything I say or do."

"Ay, ay, sir."



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## THE ARRANGEMENT OF ABDUCTION.

"Hallo, lads! back again? You staid out so late I'd made up my mind you'd slipped and found some other snoozin' ground!" said Riley, the landlord, as he recognized his customers, with a knowing glance of his single eye.

"No thought o' that, sir, with such a good berthin' place and such capital grog as this. Won't you make us a couple of night caps, and take one yourself, sir? We've been down to a dance-house but we didn't like their grog," replied Barney.

"As you seem to be pretty good hearty fellows, I don't care if I do take a tod with you, seein' but I'm going to shut up soon!" said the landlord, mixing the grog.

"Here's success to our next voyage, if we ever get a berth again!" said Barney, as he drank off his glass.

"Maybe I can look you up one!" said the landlord, as he looked at the inverted bottom of his glass. "What kind of a berth would you like?"

"Oh, a'most any kind to keep us busy—we've got a few shot in the locker, it's true, but it won't do to spend all o' them and find ourselves on a lee shore without ne'er a stiver to jingle against an anchor fluke. Any berth is better than none, you know, with fellers that ain't constitutionally given over to laziness!"

"Maybe I could get you a good berth for a short trip, that would pay well!" said the landlord, as, noisier he replenished the three glasses. "A friend of mine wants a dozen or less of good smart hands to run a little cargo to New York—I might get you a berth there!"

"We'd be thankful, sir," said Barney, hardly able to conceal his satisfaction; "it would be easier for us to get a berth in New York, than here, and wages are low here now."

"That's true," said the landlord, who well knew that wages would double as soon as the news of the intended evacuation of the city was abroad. "I think I can engage you—that is, for about six dollars the run."

"Wages won't be of no particular account for so short a run, to a good port to ship from, sir, and if Jim, here, is agreed, I'm sure that I am."

"Where you goes, I go! That's as sure as strikin' a dolphin in a six knot breeze!" said Thompson, emptying the glass which the landlord placed before him.

"And maybe we could look up three or

four more of our shipmates that's adrift; they're all staunch, tidy fellows like us, who know all that a sailor ought to know, and no more!"

"Maybe you might!" said the landlord, closely scanning the speaker with his one ocular brilliant. "I want stout ready hands, and trusty ones—especially as I shall, most likely, take charge of the craft myself. Light a pipe apiece, and I'll tell you what you have to do!"

The pipes were lighted, and the landlord resumed his conversation.

"There is an army chap that has taken a fancy to a girl here, who doesn't like him overly and above common, and as it is likely the army will move to New York soon, he wants her carried over there without any fuss being made about it. He is willing to come down handsomely for the job, and I've undertaken it!"

"Yes, sir—that is all natural—he likes her, and is willing to pay well to get her. For my part, I never cared enough for a woman to take that much trouble for her!" said Barney.

"No, nor I. I always thought they was about as wallyable as a preacher aboard ship!" added Thompson.

"Well—it's a bargain, my lads—and if you are sure you can get about four or five more of the right sort, who won't blab, you can look them up in the morning. I expect we'll be wanted to-morrow night. At any rate, it's free feed and free grog for the party, here, till we're called for."

"All right, sir—and now I reckon Jim and me had better turn in, if you'll show us where to bunk!"

The landlord first closed his place, and then led them into a loft, where several unoccupied cot beds, ranged in a row, were waiting for them. Thompson was soon wrapped in a sound slumber, but the mind of Barney was too busy to permit sleep to visit his eyelids. His heart was full of joy that he had discovered the villainous plot, and arrived in time to avert it. Moreover, he was anxious as to the result of the adventure, although he could not doubt its success, for everything seemed to work into his hands.

After the landlord had lighted the men to bed, he returned to smoke his pipe out and tie the strings of his "night-cap;" in other words, to take another snifter of rum before he turned in. Probably he, too, reflected on the chances of the adventure—undoubtedly he felt as sure

of success in his intentions, as Barney in his—undoubtedly he cogitated most pleasantly on the profits for Elliott had offered him five hundred pounds in gold, for the safe delivery of the girl in New York, and he calculated to clear at least four hundred by the operation. Like most men, he worshiped at the shrine of the great Juggernaut of humanity, Mammon. Talk of the idolatry of the heathen? Bah! Look at the tall spired church—it only cost half a million of dollars, and those who wor-

ship in it one day out of seven, kneel to a god of gold within it, even as they serve the fiend of gold six days without its walls. Enters the Christ there who says—"blessed are the humble, for they shall see the kingdom of heaven"—enters He there?

No! Though He shrunk not from crucifixion between two thieves—He would scorn such company as those tinselled dross-worshippers! But avast, I'm writing a novel, not preaching a sermon."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## STRANGE INTERVIEW.

It was later still and in the apartment which had been allotted to him, sat the *valet* so lately employed by Elliott, and in whom the young tory officer seemed to place so much confidence. His clothing had not been removed, nor had his head pressed the pillow. He, too, like those whom we left in the last chapter, was in a mood reflective. In a low tone, he muttered his thoughts.

"So," he said, "the villain Elliott must have another victim—he cannot win her by perfidy, but shrinks not from vile dastardly force to attain his ends. He must be foiled—she must be saved. How can I best attain this end, and carry out to the full, my own cherished revenge? I can foil the abduction. I can assist her to escape—but that is only a drop in the bucket. It is his heart's blood that I want. Not death in a moment, without agony, for I could slay him at any hour! No! he must die a death of shame and ignominy! He must know, even on the verge of eternity, who it was that brought him to it! He must taste all the bitterness of the gall of retribution! He must know how well one can hate who loved so madly and so blindly. But I must tell her of his intentions, and assist her to escape this night. I can pass her out easily. If the council of officers have decided his lordship to evacuate the city to-morrow, it may precipitate Elliott's intended action even before the night comes on. But if my despatches reach the American headquarters in time, General Washington may make movements which will retard the evacuation. Ah, little does Elliott know the web I am weaving around him. But I will seek an interview

with the lady—if she has retired to rest I can arouse her—at least I will try!"

Cora had not retired to rest. The events of the evening had excited her too much for that. And when a very gentle tap at the door of the room in which she sat, an ante-room to that in which her father slept, fell on her ear, she arose and opened the door, supposing that no one but Eliza would be so bold as to seek admittance at that hour.

She started back, and would have closed the door in his face, had he not spoken in a mild and gentle tone:

"Be not angry, lady, nor think that I am rude; I have that to impart to your ear which is of very serious importance!"

"If it is a message from your master, I will spare you the trouble of its utterance!"

"It is not, lady. I am your friend—I would preserve you from harm!"

"I fear no danger—he cannot harm me!"

"He has harmed—ruined others! He is soulless and vile—unprincipled and unscrupulous!"

"Then why do you serve him, if you know him to be so?"

"To work an end of my own, which I cannot at present reveal. I am your friend—his deadliest foe!"

"I cannot believe that. You serve him—he boasts of your zeal and faithfulness."

"Lady, I am not what I seem!"

"So it would appear, if I am to believe your own statement—but what is that to me?"

"Alas! lady—you will not understand me. I am a lost and wretched creature—a victim of

his infamous perfidy—but I cannot see him ruin you. I am of your own sex!"

As he said this, the valet removed the auburn wig, and her own dark glossy hair was revealed. A womanly blush, too, came upon her cheek. It was none other than Caroline Ormsly.

"Now you will believe that I am your friend and his foe, will you not, lady?" she asked.

"I will believe that you have great reason to be his enemy, but I see not why you should be my friend!"

"Lady, I will prove it. I came here to assist you to escape from this house—to escape from him, before he can carry out his plan of having you carried hence by minions of his own, to suffer even more than I have suffered; for when he wronged me I knew it not, and returned the traitor kisses which betrayed me."

"I thank you for your offer, but I prefer remaining where I am!"

"Lady, you doubt me—I see distrust in the coldness of your looks; perhaps you think I am but a tool to forward his designs!"

"I do not wish to think so—yet you might be!"

"Oh, lady, by my past wrongs I swear—by my hopes of a speedy and terrible revenge, I swear that I speak only truth. I wish to serve you; let me guide you from the house."

"I cannot leave my father."

"Lady, he can accompany you. He has so far recovered that he can walk a short distance, and I have means at my disposal which will enable me to send you in safety to the American lines!"

"Again I thank you, but I shall remain; I know Lieut. Elliott's intentions, but I do not fear him. He will fail, for God will protect the innocent!"

"Oh, why did He not protect me? I was innocent!" moaned the unhappy woman. Then turning again to Cora, upon whose pale face a look of sympathy beamed like sunlight on a bed of lilies, she added: "I will save you in spite of yourself!"

She turned away and left the room, gently closing the door herself as she left; first, however, resuming her wig of auburn hair. She did not caution Cora to keep her secret—her woman's heart told her that such caution would be unnecessary.

After she had left, Cora thought of her last words, and fearing some precipitate act of hers might overthrow the plans of Barney, almost regretted that she had not told her that a plan for her rescue was on foot; but then distrust again entered her heart, and she thought she had acted wisely in not revealing the secret to one whose own word was the only surety of her faith.

## CHAPTER XXX.

## RUMORS OF AN EVACUATION.

Among the British forces, the next day, important preparations were made for some serious movement. Although the orders had been kept studiously secret, yet in some manner the rumor had gone abroad that the city was to be evacuated. There was gladness on the faces of many of the citizens, which they scarcely made an attempt to conceal, while others—rank Tories at heart—looked sad and distrustful, for they knew that the departure of the British army, and the re-occupation of the city by the Americans, would bring them no good. Another class felt even more sadly—the liquor dealers and the panders to licentious vices and pleasures, who ever hang like jackals about an army when it is at rest—for they knew that the well fed, well clad, and well paid British army, would be replaced by an army which, though patriotic, had neither leisure for indulgence, nor moneys to dissipate. Never before, since nations have held a right to be considered civilized, has a war been carried on with less financial assistance than was our Revolution. Officers served not only without pay, but begged themselves to clothe and feed their troops. With bare feet, unmurmuring troops marched over frozen clods and icy ground, leaving their own blood upon the trail. Men who had not a blanket to rest upon at night, nor a tent to shelter them from wind and rain, still struggled on, hoping to free their country from the thralldom of tyranny. And through indomitable energy, unwavering perseverance, and a patriotism which no danger could appal, no reverses discourage, by the aid of Almighty God, they succeeded. We became a nation among nations—a star of liberty in a sky once darkened with the rain-cloud of oppression. And how have we—their descendants—repaid those noble men for their sacrifices? Go look at the squabbles of our leaders in the Senate chamber and in the Congressional halls! Go look at the leaders, forgetting country and party; and even party and self, only working to fill their coffers with spoils from the people, and not for the public honor or good—for a reply! Go ask for the graves of your Revolutionary sires! they are unmarked—even the memory of their deeds is passing away! Alas! that such things should be but they are!

It was noon. Riley, the landlord, had an interview with Elliott, whose plans were laid for the abduction to take place at midnight on that night. The latter had chartered a small, swift-sailing vessel, leaving the manning of her entirely to Riley, as well as the management, only providing that his valet, John Jones, was to take charge of the lady, and attend to her wants and her disposal on the arrival of the vessel. Riley, glad to get a crew on such easy terms, had accepted the services of the disguised Barney, and seven of his associates, who had already been on board of their new craft, and seen that she was prepared for sea.

She was a very pretty schooner, built very sharp, for those days, though not exactly what would be termed a clipper at this time. She was built for sailing in shoal water, but had very nice accommodations, having been the yacht of Mr. Robert Morris, the financial savior of his country. Barney saw at a glance that, had she been a little heavier—she was only about forty tons' measurement—she would have made an invaluable cruiser for the bay and river, if well manned. She had been seized and confiscated by the British when the city was taken. She had been named "The Mary" by the original owner, after his beautiful and amiable bride, who had been Miss Mary White, the belle of the city.

Attached to the vessel was a swift-rowing gig. Barney had managed to have a good supply of arms and ammunition concealed on board, and his men, beside, had arms concealed on their persons.

During the day he managed to exchange signals, unobserved, with his lady love; and, though their hearts trembled with anxiety, they felt confident of success. Each party deemed their plans perfect, and such as could not be overthrown.

As night drew on, it was generally rumored that, guarded by the men-of-war and strong flanking columns, the transports would move down the river on the morrow, and the city be evacuated.

Evening, with its darkening shadows, came on, and came early, for a storm was setting in. Although it was June, a cold northeast wind swept in with heavy clouds, and every-



thing looked chill and gloomy. Barney, however, was pleased with the aspect of the weather; it would render his movements more easy, his disguise more safe, and, with the wind as it was, he could lay up the river with the wind, close hauled, or send down it if he wished.

He alone, of all the Mary's crew, was permitted to remain on shore during the evening, by Riley; who made a kind of mate of him, in consequence of his apparent superior intelligence. The landlord, knowing how fond seamen were of grog, and not knowing his customers, thought it a matter of wisdom to keep them where they would not be tempted to indulge to excess before he needed them for action.

"It's going to be a nasty night, sir," said Barney to him, as they looked out from the door of the old tavern.

"Yes, but all the better for us," said Riley. "If the gal should take it into her head to squall, it'll be sharp ears that would hear her on such a night as this. Fewer people will be abroad, and when once we're aboard the schooner, we'll run down the river under

such a breeze, as if the devil had kicked us on end!"

"Isn't it nearly time we went on board, to get the men ready, sir?"

"No, not for two hours yet," said the landlord, glancing at a huge bull's-eye which he drew from his watch-fob; then, squinting to windward with his one eye, he uttered: "It'll blow a snorter to-night. I reckon a couple of horns won't set us back for the night's work, my lad."

Suiting the action to the word, the landlord mixed a couple of stiffeners of grog for himself and Barney, and then lighted his pipe. His substitute behind the bar was like himself in one respect, and singular in all others. He had lost an eye, also a leg and arm, and went under the name of "One-sided Jack." Like most men who have been deprived of a portion of their limbs, he was unusually active with what had been left to him. He had been a kind of useful pensioner to Riley, and took charge of matters for him at all times when the latter was called from his post by inclination or business.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE CORPORAL MISSED.

It was early on the morning of this day, when, anxious and restless, Elliott, having risen from his bed, called for the corporal of the guard to receive his usual report. Cato, whom he had sent for that purpose, soon returned, and, with a broad grin upon his sable face, said:

"Corporal no dare, massa—him gone."

"Gone—the devil!"

"O e bigger not know, massa, if him gone to de debil or not—he not nowhar now."

"Send one of the other soldiers to me, and make haste, you black imp!"

In a short time one of the other soldiers made his appearance.

"Where is Corporal Drill? Why is he absent from his post?"

"I do not know, sir," replied the soldier, saluting. "He has not been seen since ten or eleven o'clock last night, when he called us out to look for a ghost that Miss Bedford's maid saw."

"To look for a ghost? What sort of a cock

and bull story is that you are telling? Are you drunk?"

"No, lieutenant. At about the time I name, he came out of the room where he had been sitting with her, and called four of us to go into the yard with him to see if any one was there. The woman had been frightened, he said, by what she thought was the ghost of a sailor looking in at the window. He thought there was some one in the yard, but there was no one, nor any sign of any one. We looked carefully. He should have relieved guard at midnight, but he did not, and the sentinel called his relief himself. The corporal has not been to his bed during the night."

"Why did you not tell me of this earlier?"

"Because we were in hopes the corporal would return before you were up, sir. He is always very regular."

"Always was till he got in love with that devilish waiting maid and her punch. Are his accoutrements in their place?"

"Yes, sir."

"It can hardly be that he has deserted," muttered Elliott, thoughtfully. "Have you asked the waiting maid about him?"

"Yes, sir; she says he left her right away after we searched the yard."

"She may know where he went to; send her to me, and while she is here, search her room. A man makes a fool of himself when he is in love with a woman, sometimes."

The soldier saluted again, and departed to obey his orders.

"Strange!" muttered Elliott, as he paced to and fro in the room. "I cannot think that Drill has deserted, but that woman may have induced him to do it. I will soon learn."

In a few moments Eliza entered the room. Her face was as demure as that of a country maiden in church when she hears her banish read for the first time.

"Did the lieutenant instruct the soldier to say that I was wanted?" she asked.

"He did. What story is this about a ghost that I hear?" demanded Elliott, fixing his eyes keenly upon her, to read, if possible, any change in her countenance.

"Oh, the ghost. Well, sir, I don't hardly believe, on desecration this morning, that it was a ghost. I think, as the corporal did, that it was a phantasm of the imagination. You see, sir, I am rather nervous, and the corporal, sir, was speaking on a very delicate subject—sir—once very affectionate to a young and unprotected female girl like me, sir—when all to once I thought I saw the face of an old sweetheart looking at me through the window, and I screamed right out. Then the corporal he swore, sir, and got the men and went and looked for the ghost, but couldn't find it. And that's all I know about the ghost, sir."

"But not all that you know about the corporal. What became of him after that?"

"The Lord only knows, sir. He only sopped to take a single glass of punch after he sent the men away; then he went out of the room, and I took my candle and went to bed."

"Did you go alone—eh, my fair wench?"

"Alone, Mr. Elliott? What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean that I wish a reply to my question. Did you go alone to your room, or did the corporal go with you?"

"The corporal go with me? Oh, you scorpion! You audacious calumniator! If I was a man I'd scratch your eyes out; I don't care if you are a tory lieutenant. A man dare to go into my room! And you dare to think of such a thing!"

At this moment the soldier whom he had ordered to search Eliza's room returned, holding in his hand a red jacket. The single eye on the sleeve, below the elbow, proclaimed at once that it belonged to the corporal.

"We didn't find Corporal Drill in the lady's room, sir," said the soldier; "but here," he

added, holding up the garment in triumph, "is a part of his shell!"

"What have you to say now, my very virtuous, indignantly sanctimonious young lady of irreproachable character?" cried Elliott, with a sneer.

"To say, you mean, nasty tory, that the corpora gave me that red jacket of his and asked me to mend that hole that a bustled out under the arm. And you dare to send men to search my room! You'd a been there long ago yourself, but you knew I'd break your head if you dared to cross the door-sill! Oh, if I was a man I'd pull all your hair out!"

Eliza now, with anger and mortification, burst into tears.

Elliott waited until the first paroxysm was over, and then asked:

"Will you tell me where Corporal Drill is?"

"I don't know, nor I don't care. If I did know I wouldn't tell. I expect he's where you ought to be—dead or drunk in the gutter. Oh, you monster! I hate you like—like everything!"

"If the corporal is not produced soon, miss, I shall hold you responsible!" said the lieutenant, whom the girl's anger seemed to put into better humor. "You'll have to put on his uniform and take his place; he was last seen with you."

"Me put on a men's clothes!" shrieked Eliza. "I'd just like to see you make me, so I would? I won't stay here to be humiliated no more! You are worse than a Tute-not so you are!"

She vanished, shutting the door as she went, with a jar that shook the house.

"Keep a good lookout on her actions. If anything is heard of the corporal report to me instantly. You will command the guard until further orders," said Elliott.

The soldier saluted and turned to obey.

"Send Jones, my valet, to me," added the officer.

In a short time the valet appeared looking precisely as usual.

"Did you attend to the orders last night?" asked Elliott.

"I did, sir—all were written and safely delivered."

"That is well. Corporal Drill has disappeared."

"Yes, sir—so a soldier just told me."

"Have you any idea what could have become of him?"

"None whatever, sir."

"It is possible that he may have deserted," said Elliott, "yet I would have traced him everywhere."

"He always seemed prompt and faithful, sir."

"He was until he fell in love with that waiting maid. D—n the women!"

"They seem to give you gentlemen a great deal of trouble, sir!"

"Poh! I was not speaking of myself. By the way, be ready for the matter to-night, of which I spoke to you last night. I will settle that affair to-night, and have it off my mind."

"I shall be ready, sir. Any more commands, sir?"

"None until after I have breakfasted. You can order my horse to be in readiness then—I shall ride."

"It shall be done, sir." And the valet retired.

"I like that Jones," said Elliott, after he had left the room. "He is so prompt and ready, and seems so faithful. He has such a pleasing way with him, too. I never look at him but I think I have seen him before; yet if so, I cannot remember where. I never knew any Jones except old Jones the pawnbroker."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### THE ABDUCTION.

It was eleven o'clock. The storm raged wildly—whistling through the streets and alleys of the town, or through the rigging of the vessels at the wharves, almost winterishly. The "all's well" of the sentinels, as they paced their weary rounds, muffled up in their thick watch coats, could scarcely be heard from post to post. Here and there a light could be seen in the town, but most of the houses had been darkened, for on such a dreary night people seldom love to keep late hours.

At this hour, a boat, rowed by six men, with a seventh sitting in the stern sheets, to steer her, pushed from the side of a schooner anchored close over by the island, opposite Market street, and pulled in for the wharf. Upon entering the dock, and reaching the landing, four of the men who were in the boat followed him who was in the stern sheets, and sprang on the wharf. The other two were directed to remain with the boat.

As soon as they landed, Riley, for he was the leader, gathered the men, and, in a whisper, gave his final directions. It had been settled that Elliott should, if Miss Bedford had retired to her room—which Barney knew she would do, for he had so arranged it with her as to meet all of Elliott's plans—that he was to show a single light from a northern window in the house. Upon the party entering the house, the sentinel, who was also under instructions, was, without noise or resistance, to suffer himself to be seized, gagged, and bound. They were then to hasten to the apartment of the lady, muffle her up in her clothing, if she had retired, hasten with her to the boat, and carry her on board the vessel. Elliott was not to be seen, or appear to know anything of the

affair, nor was his valet, until he joined the party on board the schooner.

All this was now fully explained to the men, who had, of course, already received their orders from Barney, after which, Riley, giving each man a drink of grog from a huge pocket flask which he carried in his pocket, moved onward. Their steps were slow and stealthy—not a man of the party spoke above his breath.

On this occasion, the front door of the house was left unlocked, and everything "worked to a charm." Scarcely any noise was made in securing the sentinel, and then, headed by Riley, Barney and one other, hastened to the apartment of the lady.

Barney had expected to find her up and ready to be willingly abducted. What was his astonishment, however, to find her sleeping so soundly that the noise of their entrance did not awaken her.

"I reckon the lieutenant has drugged her on purpose, so that she'll make no bother for us," suggested Riley, as he reached out to take her in his arms.

Here, let me carry her, I am the strongest of the party," said Barney, as without a glance himself, or without permitting the others to look upon the form of her whom he loved, he quickly wrapped the quilt and sheets around her, and raised her tenderly, as if she were a babe, in his powerful arms. He took occasion to whisper, to her whom he supposed to be simulating asleep, "Fear not, my angel."

"Are we not to take the old gentleman along, too," asked Barney.

"No—we're not to bother with him," said Riley. "Hurry off—the girl is all that I'm to be paid for."

Barney would have insisted upon taking her father, but he dared not risk the thing, and he knew that Elliott would not dare to harm him after Cora was gone, so he hurried out with his fair burden—hastening all the faster, as a singular noise betokened that the house was alarmed. As he passed from the door, he saw rushing, or rather staggering into the entry, Corporal Drill, so pale, and covered with ashes, that he looked more like a drunken miller, than a soldier in his Britannic Majesty's service.

There was no time for a second glance. The lungs of the corporal were in full play, and the party rushed for the boat, Jim Thompson very carefully and considerably, helping Barney with his burden.

In a few minutes, the party were at the boat. "Pass her down to the stern sheets—all's safe now," said Riley, gleefully.

"Let me handle her, I'll do it gently, sir, so as not to waken her," said Barney, stepping carefully into the boat, and drawing the clothing more carefully around her form, to keep the chill wind and spray from her.

"All right—but you're uncommon careful of property that's nothing to you," muttered Riley.

"She's a woman, and were she to wake in terror, and commence screaming, it might give us trouble yet," said Barney, who almost itched to tell the heartless wretch how dearly he prized the "property" which he held in his arms.

"Shove off. It's deuced strange the lieutenant's valet isn't here—but I'm not going to wait for him."

"Hole on dah, Massa Riley, please, jest one minnit, for ole nigger," said a grum voice, speaking as if its utterer had been on a run—"Massa Elliott, he sen' ole nigger to wait on lady, and said he couldn't spare Massa Jones jest yet."

"Why, it's Elliott's crooked nigger, a pretty looking thing to wait on a lady, but I suppose it's all right. Tumble into the bows there, Ebony-Knot."

"Yes, massa! Ki, massa, you come so fast, it make ole nigger sweat."

"Yes—I can tell that easy, by the wind,"

said the landlord, as the boat moved out from the pier.

In a few moments they were alongside the schooner, and Barney, who from the start had not let the lady pass from his arms, stepped on board, and carried the lady carefully down into the state-room which had been prepared for her. Laying her carefully on the bed, he returned to the vessel's deck. He had no opportunity to speak to her, for Riley was at his side or heels all the time.

"So far, so good," said Riley, as they all stood on the deck. "Now we'll take a nipper all around, and then we'll get under way."

To this Barney made no objection, and as he did not, of course the crew assented. Who ever knew a sailor to refuse a glass of grog? In those days, too, everybody took their toddy, from the king to the peasant, from the parson to the grave-digger. It was only a matter of economy, then, that made Franklin a temperance man. Don't think, however, cold-wateristal reader, that I mean disrespect to the temperance cause; no, indeed—by the thin shadow of John Chambers I vow I do not.

After a hearty "nip" had been taken all around, the sails, or at least all she could bear, a double-reefed mainsail, foresail and jib, with the bonnets off, were loosed, and the anchor as noiselessly as possible. In less time almost than it takes for me to describe it, the vessel was moving down the river. It had been Barney's intention to take charge of her at once, and go up the river, so as to reach his own vessel, and the sooner get within the American lines, but the wind had veered more to the northward, and blew so freshly, that he abandoned the design, and made up his mind to run down the river, and hide away in a creek or river until the city was evacuated, and the British had left the waters of the Delaware.

The river in front of the city, and for some distance below, was quite thickly filled with vessels, but as lights were hoisted on board, it was easy to avoid them, and they swept on without being hailed. Had they been, it would not have mattered, for Riley had the pass word. We will now leave them, and return to the city for a while.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## WOMAN'S KINDNESS.

Some women are by nature so amiable that they never looked cross in their lives, much less uttered a harsh word. Some are so gentle, that if they were to catch a flea in the act of puncturing a vein, and withdrawing from beneath their fair skin a portion of the ruby wine of life, they would not move, for fear of disturbing the carnivorous wretch, until he had filled himself, and then gently, very gently, they would remove him and put him on a piece of perfumed note paper to rest. At least I have dreamed that there are such women.

Some there are, I know, whose answer to an unkind look or a rough word is a tear. Some there are so gentle and so good that a sore-headed bear would go beyond his nature if he was to be cross to them. A man—a true man—would sooner swallow a live rattlesnake, head first, than do it.

Some there are with the very devil in their nature, thunder on their tongues, lightning in their eyes, and a hail storm on their breath. They snarl when they want to smile, they grin when they want to laugh. When they weep it is not like the good hearty shower of April or May—it is like the half frozen drizzle of November. They act as if they had been suckled on buttermilk in their infancy, and lived on crab apples ever since. Heaven preserve you, reader, without you are a mean, miserly old bachelor, from such a woman.

Some there are that have just a little spice of the devil in their natures, just enough for seasoning like pepper in one's broth. They delight in a little mischief, just for fun's sake wouldn't do a deliberate wrong, but laugh themselves half to death if you slipped and fell by reaching on an orange peel which they had placed in your way, and if you tore your unmentionables in the fall, would regret that they had no needle and thread ready to repair the damage. Who would delight, if you were out with a clean dicky, well blacked boots, white pants and a new hat, without ne'er an umbrella, to have a good thunder shower come on when you were just out of running distance of any house, forgetting themselves and their petti-annoyances in your more serious trouble.

Some there are, bound to go balkily through life in single harness—sawp-nosed, thin-skinned, kickin'-by-nature and bitin'-by habit (backbiting I mean) creatures, who delight in

breaking off matches, in seeing tears rain from young eyes, and misery come cold into young hearts. Darn them (as the gal said about the ragged stockings) darn them, up hill and down, all over creation.

Some there are—dear, blessed, good old maids—so patient, so kind, so neat, so fond of giving cakes and goodies to little children, so ready to nurse the sick, so ready to sacrifice their own ease to add to the comfort of others, so pious, without always showing a Bible or tract under your nose and asking you for money to buy blankets for the Hottentots, so ready to make up a quarrel that has unnecessarily occurred between a young girl and her lover, so blessedly useful everywhere that the man who would breathe a word against them ought to be swallowed by the Belgian giant just before he took another kind of emetic.

I always think of such old maids as I do in regard to Washington—God kept him childless, that he might be the father of a nation; so God leaves such old maids husbandless, that they can be universally motherly, sisterly, etc.

But avast—Ned, what are you about.

Reader, really I beg pardon for writing so much about woman nature, a matter in which I have so little experience. But the subsequent matter of this chapter will show you what set me into the train of thought which elicited the above.

During the entire day after the morning's interview with Elliott, Eliza had found herself so closely watched that she had no opportunity to go down into the cellar to see how the prisoner in the ash-hole got along. Of course she knew that, so tightly bound and gagged, he must suffer, but angered and annoyed as she was, perhaps she didn't care. She supposed he was safe, and as she never had cared for him particularly in her heart, it is not to be supposed that thoughts of his sufferings lay very heavy in her bosom. She was occupied, too, in making, all as carefully as she could, without attracting notice, preparations for the intended escape of her mistress, of which she was fully informed. She wished much to accompany her lady, but this had been canvassed and thought improper, as it would not tally with the rest of the plan. It had been ordered, to make things work better, that she should retire early, so as not to appear to know anything of the abduction before

the morrow, a time, when she and her mistress both fondly hoped the latter would be with her lover, far beyond the power of the hated Elliott.

After she had gone up to her room—only a short time before Riley and his party left their vessel—the thoughts of the situation of the corporal came strongly into her mind. She had considerable of the woman in her heart, and then, when she had nothing else particularly to think about, she thought of him. There he has been, thought she, ever since midnight last night, bound so that he could not move; not a drop of water or anything else; he must be dry. Very likely, too, he is hungry. It won't do any harm, she continued to think, to go and see how he is, at any rate. Acting upon these thoughts, she took her light and going down by a back stair-case, stealthily descended to the cellar, undiscovered by any one.

She found the corporal where he had been placed, but in his struggles he had rolled to and fro until he looked literally like a lump of ashes. What was her horror on approaching him to find that he was, as she thought, at least, dead. His face was ghastly white (with ashes), his eyes were closed (to keep the ashes from blinding him), he was motionless, because he was tired out and helpless from long and useless struggling to free himself from knots tied by one who knew how.

She felt of his feet—there was still some heat in it—life was not entirely extinct. All the woman seemed to come back into her heart again.

"Poor Drill!" she murmured—"how he must have suffered."

At the sound of her voice he slowly unclosed his eyes, but as quickly closed them again, while a shudder of pain ran through his doubled up form. Ashes in one's eyes are not as pleasant as diluted rose water.

"Poor Corporal!" she again muttered—"he must not suffer so!"

She set down her candle, and with trembling hands tried to untie the rope which, tied behind his head, firmly fastened the pudding-stick in his mouth. It was a long time before she could do it. At last she succeeded. He could not speak, and could hardly bring the jaws together which had been so asunder. With her apron she carefully wiped the ashes away from his mouth and lips. At last he managed to gasp:

"Water! water! I'm dying!"

Believing that he spoke the truth for once in his life, she rushed up stairs, and in a moment returned with a cup of water. All womanly was her action, and she tenderly raised his head upon her knee, and placed the cup to his lips. Eagerly he drank of the cool, refreshing water, until not a drop remained in the cup.

"Can you not get me a little rum, Miss

Eliza," he faintly whispered; "I have almost perished."

He looked so pitiful, his whisper was so beseeching, that womanly tears came into her eyes. She could not refuse him.

"Poor Drill!" she murmured, as she hastened for the rum.

"I'll 'poor Drill' her if ever I get my hands and feet free," he muttered, bitterly, as soon as she was out of sight.

In a few moments she returned with the rum.

"It is sweetened, but I had no lemons," she said, as she handed him the desired beverage.

The draught did not bring the color to his ashy cheek, but it ran like pleasant fire through his chilled veins.

"Miss Eliza, you are a kind angel," he muttered. "I freely forgive your having me put here, for your goodness now. Will you not loosen the rope that binds my hands, just a little—the veins are almost bursting. It is a terrible torture."

"I dare not untie you," said Eliza. "It is my orders not to release you before to-morrow morning. It was only pity that brought me here now."

"I don't ask you to untie me. If you did I could not move, for every limb is as stiff as a new sergeant on parade. Just untie my hands from behind and tie them before."

That seemed so reasonable that Eliza, who had already done so much, could not refuse him. So she, with a great deal of trouble, managed to loosen his hands, and bringing them before him, tied them as tightly as she could again.

"I must now put the pudding-stick in your mouth again, so that you shall make no noise," she added, preparing to do so.

"Oh, please do not, Miss Eliza. I will not make any noise," pleaded the corporal, who knew how usefully teeth might be employed in untying knots.

Unfortunately for him the lady thought of the same thing, and was inexorable.

"You will at least leave the light here, so that the rats will not eat me up, will you not, Miss Eliza?" said Drill, as she was about to re-gag him.

"I see no harm in that," she said, as she adjusted the pudding-stick in the same manner that it was before; then bidding him good night, hurried up to her room.

If she saw no harm in leaving the light there, the corporal saw some good, for he hardly waited for the sound of her footsteps to die away, before he began to bite his body toward the candle, which she had left standing near him. Over its blaze he held the rope which bound his hands, and though as the rope burned his flesh too suffered, he bore the torture like an Indian warrior at the stake, and in a few minutes the rope was burned through, and his hands were free.

Pausing for a moment to recover the use of them, and for the pain to subside, he planned his future actions. Putting his hand in a pocket, he drew forth a small knife, and with its aid he soon had the gag out of his mouth, and his feet were free.

"Curse her—I'll fix her off for the trick, the false-hearted jade, as sure as I'm a corporal! As for her blue-jacket-lover, ramrods and wadding! only just let me catch him once!"

He now attempted to rise, but at first he could not stand. After resting a little while, and permitting circulation to resume its course, he was able to get up, and taking the light, he staggered up stairs. His first visit was to the closet where Eliza kept the rum bottle. A hearty swig at this soon made him a little more elastic, but he could hardly navigate, when he put the candle down and went to visit the guard. As he opened the door which led into the entry, he saw that it was filled with seamen, recognised Eliza's blue jacket lover, and saw that one had a female in his arm.

"Treason! Robbery! Guard, turn out!" he shouted.

His cries aroused the whole house, and in a few moments all the soldiers were standing around him, looking at his singular figure, and asking where he came from, and what was the matter.

At the same moment another person from outside was added to the group. It was none other than Elliott, who, having seen the party of seamen issuing with their prize from the house, supposed that all was right, and now advanced to inquire into the cause of the uproar, which he supposed he could unfathom more readily than any one there.

"Where have you been, sir? Drunk as usual?" he asked, with difficulty restraining a laugh as he looked at the extraordinary figure of the corporal.

"Not drunk, sir!" cried the corporal, bringing his hand up to a salute, with a jerk which threw ashes into the eyes of his nearest neighbors; "not drunk, sir, but most damnably abused!"

"What is the meaning of this uproar?"

"Why, sir, after I escaped from my confinement in the ash hole, I saw as I came to alarm the guard, a party of soldiers here in the entry, and they were carrying off a lady—Miss Bedford, I suppose—and I, as in duty bound, raised the guard!"

"On, is that all? If people choose to carry

tenant, with assumed carelessness; but ere he had finished what he intended to say, a change came over the spirit of his dream, and a shadow fell upon "the light of his countenance." This was occasioned by the appearance of an addition to the group in the shape of Miss Cora Bedford and her maid Eliza, who, with candles in their hands, and fully dressed, came out from the direction of their rooms.

"What means this mummary? Are you enjoying a masquerade?" asked Cora, of Elliott, who gazed upon her as if he could hardly believe his eyes, and realise that she stood before him.

"Miss—Bedford!" he stammered, "really—I—I thought you had retired!"

"No, sir, I had not, and from the noise out here supposed the house was on fire!"

Alas! poor Cora, she did not tell all the truth, but it be-and-bye will come out, we suppose. Detained through an artifice which she could not explain, or for what purpose she knew not, by being locked in a room near that of Eliza, to which she went by request of the negro Cato, to see "Massa Jones jest for one minnit," as he said, she had been unable until a few minutes before, to escape. She had had been liberated Eliza, whose attention she had attracted, and had hastened down on hearing the noise, supposing that it was caused by the intended movement of Barney. She, too, was almost as much surprised as Elliott was, by the appearance of matters, although both her and Eliza knew why Corporal Drill looked as he did, though neither could account for his release.

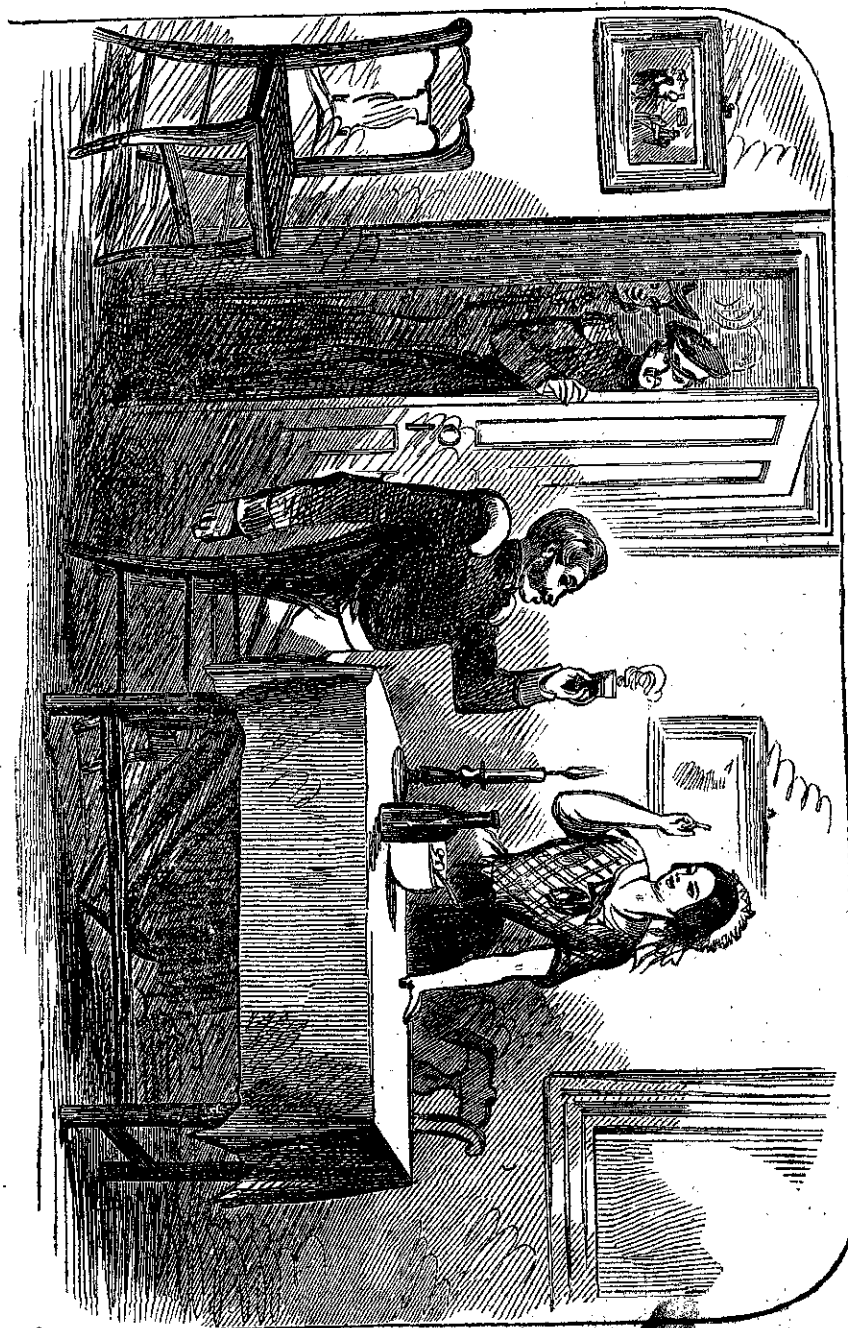
What Elliott thought could not at that moment be ascertained, for a mounted orderly rode up to the door and cried:

"Lieutenant Elliott is wanted at headquarters instantly."

The imperative order, as well as the tone in which it was given by the mounted orderly, showed Elliott that an instant obedience was required.

"You will oblige me, Miss Bedford, by returning to your room. Corporal Drill, you will clean yourself and prepare to give an account of yourself, on my return. In the meantime, the whole guard will keep watch, and by no means suffer any person either to enter or leave the house during my absence."

Having given these orders rapidly, and in a tone of impatience, he turned off and hastened toward Gen. Howe's headquarters, wondering what he could be wanted for at that hour of



## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## THE DISCLOSURE.

Eleven was an eventful hour on that night. The British General had spent the evening in examining maps and charts, and preparing for the movement determined for the next day. A large number of transports and vessels of war were ready to move and guard the troops and munitions and stores, which the general wished to do before a French squadron, even then expected off the coast, could arrive with additional men and arms for Washington. He knew well that when the Americans were strengthened by such an additional force, his position, hemmed in in Philadelphia, and blockaded by a squadron in the bay, or his retreat by water cut off, would be anything but pleasant. And he knew the necessity of secrecy in his movements.

Several members of his staff were with him, and various orders had been despatched during the evening; also several messages from different commands had been received. The general was about to dismiss his officers and retire to rest, when an officer, covered with dust, and evidently fatigued with rapid riding, came in, and hardly using the ceremony to salute the general, handed him an open despatch.

The general's brow contracted as his eye glanced over it, and his face, which first assumed a look of surprise and astonishment, reddened into anger.

"George Washington never sleeps!" he muttered. Then turning to the officer who had borne the despatch, he asked:

"When did the heavy artillery move, of which this note speaks?"

"It commenced to move, we have learned by an escaped prisoner, before daylight, sir."

"And this despatch says that the enemy, gathering in their light troops and outposts, are moving toward the city."

"It is correct, sir!"

"When did they commence this movement?"

"Also at daylight, sir."

"Had they been previously making any preparations, as if intending to attack us here?"

"None, general."

"Then, by Heaven, Washington has been informed of our intention to evacuate the city. That heavy artillery has been moved so rapidly, that it may be used on the river below, to annoy our retreat, and he has advanced so that he can enter the city in triumph, the moment we leave it. Our whole plan of operations must be changed. We must march through

New Jersey. But how could the news of my intended movement have reached him? In no way but by treason! Where," he exclaimed, angrily, as he turned toward his staff, "where is Lieutenant Elliott?"

"Gone to his quarters, general," replied the officer.

"Despatch an orderly for him instantly, and gallop to the officers of division and countermand the marching and embarkation orders. We will *not* move to-morrow!"

Pacing to and fro, chafing like an angry lion in his den, Elliott found the general when he arrived.

"So, sir!" cried the latter, "matters of importance entrusted to *your* care, have again reached the quarters of the enemy, even as soon as they were divulged to our own troops."

"I do not understand you, general! Surely you do not mean that I am at fault?"

"Did I not entrust to you the ordering together of the Council of Officers?"

"You did, sir, and I obeyed it. Whatever the decision of your council was, I know not—all orders that came to me came sealed, and were so delivered."

"Did you deliver them all in person?"

"No, general. My servant, John Jones, a very faithful and confidential young man, delivered a portion of them."

"Ah—he did! Where is he now?"

"At my quarters, sir; if you wish, I will order him to come into your presence."

"Stay here, sir—I will send for him. Let an orderly be despatched for this John Jones, at once."

Elliott felt the anger of the general very severely, yet still more did he regret the miscarriage of his attempted abduction of Cora Bedford, for which he could in no manner account. He had seen the seamen leave the house—a female was borne away by them. To this, both his eyes and those of the corporal testified. Who could she have been? How could Riley, ever before so artistic and careful in carrying out his plots of villainy, be deceived?

In a short time the orderly sent for Jones returned with the information that the valet could not be found. He, however, handed a letter to Elliott, saying:

"Your corporal, sir, told me that this letter, directed to you, sir, was found on the young man's table."



Elliott seized the letter and opened it. The keen eye of the general was fixed upon his countenance, marking its rapid changes, as the tory officer read the letter.

"Damnation!" he muttered, regardless of the presence in which he stood.

"Well, sir, what have you there? Does this confidential servant of yours, who is not forthcoming when he is wanted, impart any information which is important to the service?" asked the general, in a sarcastic tone.

"This note is on private matters, general," replied the officer.

"It at least informs you where this John Jones can be found, I presume. I am anxious to see him!"

"He has left my service, general."

"Ah—a deserter? And yet your confidential servant? Sir, this matter must be looked into! You have rendered me some important services, sir, but one error would blot the record of them all. I wish to see that note."

"General, it is, I assure you, on matters of a strictly private nature."

"Allow me to be the judge of that, young man. If it is private, it will be as secure within my breast as your own. I will trouble you for the letter, sir, at once—your hesitation, at least, gives cause for suspicion."

The officer dared not refuse, but he turned pale as he handed the letter to the general. It read thus:

"Villain—you are foiled in your attempt. You would have used vile force, and abducted Cora Bedford, that she might become another of the many victims of your vile lust. When you arrive with the body in New York, she will not be there to await your quick despatch, but one will be on your track who has sworn never to leave it until she is fully revenged for her wrongs. I desire not your black heart's blood—I could have taken that. You shall yet die scorned and dishonored among men, even as you are scorned by the mother of your child, the victim of your art."  
CAROLINE ORMSLEY."

The general read the note through, then calmly refolded it and handed it back to Elliott, who stood trembling like a culprit before him. For a time he regarded the pallid face of the officer, who dared not raise his eyes, with a look which would have withered him could he have met it. At last he spoke, and his cold, icy tone fell like a death knell upon the ambitious hopes of the libertine.

"Lieutenant Elliott, that note, coupled with some other circumstances, reveals to me your complete character. I know now why you de-

nounced this old man Bedford, of whom no one but you speaks ill, as a rebel; why you wished to quarter yourself in his house, with a guard. And it appears that you had planned the ruin of his daughter; was to have sent her to New York. But this John Jones, alias Caroline Ormsley—by Mars, I like the girl's spunk—was too much for you, and through her, if you yourself have not been the traitor, the American commander has been informed of every order issued from my hand. You are a disgrace to the uniform you wear, sir; take it off, return the commission you disgrace at once, and never enter my presence again!"

"General, forgive me; but allow me to explain."

"Silence, sir; you can make no explanations here!" thundered the general. Then, turning to another officer, he said: "Captain Huribu, you will at once remove the guard from the house of Alderman Bedford, and at a suitable hour apologise for my having, through false information, been induced to place a guard in his house. And request him, if in future he is at all annoyed, to report instantly to me, and I will punish the offenders severely. Also, tell the Commissary General to amply reimburse him for the expenses of supporting the guard."

"I will obey your orders with sincere pleasure, general," said the officer, glancing at Elliott with a look of contempt.

"Not gone yet?" cried the general, looking at Elliott, who stood as if riveted to the floor.

Starting, as if aroused from some horrid dream, with a muttered curse upon his lips, the villain left the apartment. When he had got outside, and stood in the open air, his curses were loud as well as deep.

"By high heaven!" he swore, "I'll make him rue this public and disgraceful dismissal! As to Cora Bedford—this night—"

"She shall be safe from harm and insult from such a puppy as you are!" said a deep voice behind him. "I will see to that myself. Men, not creatures of your will, shall replace your guard!"

Elliott turned and beheld Captain Huribu, who had followed him closely, but whose steps, in his anger, he had failed to hear. He laid his hand upon his sword, but quickly withdrew it and passed on, for a ranker coward at heart never turned his back upon a foe.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## THE SURPRISE AND CAPTURE.

I suppose the reader would like to take a glance at "The Mary" and her crew. Well, come aboard!

As the reader is aware, it was about the mid hour of the night when sail was made upon the gallant little craft. The wind blew so fresh, and, as it generally is in the river, blew so freshly withal, that the few hands had to keep on deck during the night. Although Barney knew the channel full as well, and probably better, than Riley, the latter was not aware of the fact, and consequently kept his station aft by the helmsman, giving his orders, and frequently taking a drop of comfort from his capacious rum flask. When the gray dawn of the morning came fogily out from the caverns of night, the schooner was well down the river, but the wind was dying away, and when the sun rose it bid fair to go down altogether. Barney did not regret this much, for he was near the creek in which he intended to secrete the schooner, but he regretted more that a British frigate lay at anchor not more than three or four miles below them, and altogether too near the creek to please him.

As the schooner's sails began to flap in the wind idly, and the wind to decrease, Riley took another pull at his flask, and offered it to Barney, who was steering. The latter did not refuse the proffered beverage.

"I reckon I'll go below and see how the gal goes along. It's strange she hasn't made any noise. Harry must have drugged her heavy. He's a knowin' one for that; he had a gal at my house once that slept three days afore she knowed where she was, or what had come of her."

"The villain!" muttered Barney.

"Oh, he paid well—I'll always say that of him," said Riley, starting to go into the cabin.

"Stop!" said Barney, suddenly stepping before him, and beckoning to Jim Thompson to take the helm.

"Why, what's up?" said Riley, angrily, attempting to pass on.

"I mean," said Barney, giving him a shove that sent him reeling against the taffrail, "that I am master here, and that if you attempt to enter that cabin without my permission, I'll pitch you overboard. I owe you a grudge for being employed by such a dirty villain in such dirty work; but out of regard to some of your kind ways, if you'll behave

yourself, you shall have all the grub and grog you want, and when I get ready I'll put you ashore, or land you in Philadelphia after the British have left."

"You're mighty considerate for a foremast hand, you are," said Riley, in astonishment. "Who the hell are you?"

"Lieutenant Barney, of the Continental service, at your command, Mr. Tom Riley, and this is the flag that I sail under," said Barney, drawing out a small American flag from his bosom; "and as soon as we're out of sight of that cursed frigate, yonder, I intend to hoist it on this my lawful prize. The crew all belong to my own good craft, the Sachem."

"Regularly taken in and done for," groaned Riley. "Five hundred pounds gone to the devil! Who'd have thought Tom Riley was such a d—d half-witted fool as to be done this way?"

The *deccant* landlord sat down on the edge of the transom, and, heaving a deep sigh, took a very long pull at his rum flask, then looked at the frigate, looming up with her black sides and heavy spars in the distance.

"If you'll promise to take things easy, make no signals, and behave yourself like a man, I'll not confine you," said Barney; otherwise it will be necessary for me to put you out of the way of troubling, or bringing trouble upon me."

"I can't do nothin' but promise," said Riley, sulkily. "You've got me, and I can't help myself," as the rat said to the trap."

"And now," said Barney, "I'll go below and see how the lady is—perhaps she'd rather see me than you. You brought her clothes along, did you not, Thompson?"

"If you mean them are things as you tossed me from the chair, when you picked me up, sir, they're in the state-room—I hove 'em in there when you laid her down."

"Then, if she has awakened from her stupor, she can dress," said Barney, as he descended into the cabin.

The negro Cato lay coiled up in front of the state-room door, so close that it could not be opened without arousing him were he asleep. But this was not the case, for he half rose up as Barney approached.

"Is the lady awake yet?" asked the officer.

"No jest hear um stir, sah," said the negro.

Barney knocked against the door gently.

"I will make my appearance in a moment," said a voice from within.

Barney started at the sound. It was a lady's voice, but to his ear it did not sound like the well remembered tones of Miss Bedford. Whatever his doubts were, they were speedily solved by the appearance of the lady, who to him was an utter stranger.

"You are not Miss Bedford!" he said, in surprise.

"No, sir!" she said, in a haughty tone. "and you may tell your master that Miss Bedford is safe from his power."

"My master, madam? I own no master but the Commander-in-chief of the forces of the United States, from whom I hold my commission."

"What, sir! Are you not a tool of Henry Elliott's, employed to abduct Miss Bedford?"

"I am no tool of his, though I supposed that I was rescuing Miss Bedford from his power. I am her dearest friend. If she were here she would be safe. But, my God, where is she now?"

"Safe, sir—fear not for her. I left her locked up in a room in her father's house, and not knowing that she had a friend near him to foil him in his infamous designs, I took her place, and suffered myself to be abducted without resistance, for I fear him not. He would rather meet the foul fiend himself than to face Caroline Ormsley, for I have sworn to effect his ruin, and I will accomplish my oath. Fear not for your friend Miss Bedford. Elliott is, probably, moving with the troops long before this time, supposing that his scheme of abduction has succeeded, and that he will find his intended victim in New York. I had intended to meet him there, and let him suppose, till the last moment, that I was Miss Bedford. But now you will sooner meet the lady if you change your course. I can reach New York easily, and, under another guise, carry out my intentions, for never will I rest while he lives."

"Lady, I thank you sincerely for your noble act and generous intentions, and Cora herself will thank you. While you are on board this vessel, every wish of yours shall be gratified. I regret there is no female servant on board to wait upon you."

"I have no need of any," she said, with a sad smile. "That faithful slave has been my only servant for a long time," she added, as she pointed to Cato, who showed at least a six inch double row of ivory as he looked up at her.

"Cap'n, I've an idea you'd better come on deck," said Thompson, from above; "we're driftin' down to'rds the frigate uncomfortable fast, and a boat is shovin' off from her."

"Excuse me, lady," said Barney, bowing; "I must attend to my duty. Have no fears for your safety, but for the present, please remain below."

"I will do as you wish, sir," she replied, as he hastened on deck.

When he got there, he found, as Thompson said, that the schooner was drifting "uncomfortable" near to the frigate. The wind had died away, and a strong ebb tide was running out. The schooner was in easy gun shot of the frigate, and nearing her every moment. Beside, a boat had left her, and was pulling toward the schooner.

Barney instantly ordered the sails lowered and the anchor to be let go. He then caused the English flag to be hoisted at the usual place, on the main topping lift.

Then turning to Riley, who sat looking at the approaching boat with undisguised pleasure, he asked:

"Have you any particular fondness for a sudden death, Mr. Riley?"

"Can't say that I have—specially jest now, when the prospect of them five hundred pounds is so much better than it was a little while ago," said Riley, with a sudden grin.

"Your prospect of short shrift and a sudden death is a great deal better," said Barney, showing the butt of a pistol, and looking him firmly in the eye.

"God! Why, man, you would't murder me?"

"Listen to me, Tom Riley. I am a man who never lied—neither to my worst foe nor my best friend. So help me God, if you disobey me in one particular, I will blow your brains out the moment you do it. Take command of this vessel now, as if we were all Englishmen, and still your crew, as you supposed when we started. When that boat comes alongside, show the officer your pass, and tell him your business, just as you would have done, had nothing happened. If you do that, you as well as ourselves are safe; if you do not, you are a dead man."

"I'll do it," said Riley, turning a little pale, for he saw death in Barney's eye—and then he took a good long pull at his flask, to strengthen his nerves.

In a few moments the boat was alongside. Riley stood aft, assuming all the importance of a skipper, while Barney was sufficiently near to fulfil his threat if he saw the least sign of treachery on his part.

"What vessel is this, and where bound?" asked the English lieutenant, as he stepped on board.

"The private schooner Mary, Captain Tom Riley, of Philadelphia, with property of Lieut. Elliott, aid to Gen. Howe, on board—also the lieutenant's wife," said Riley, quite pompously.

"Have you a pass?" asked the officer, at the same time glancing rather sharply at Barney.

The latter felt uneasy, for the face of the officer seemed very familiar to him.

"Yes, sir—here's the pass. In course I shouldn't sail without such a document—in course not," said Riley, exhibiting the paper.

The officer looked at it, then glanced at Barney, in a manner which added much to the uneasiness of the latter, and said:

"The pass says nothing about Mrs. Elliott. Can I see the lady?"

"I suppose so," said Riley, trusting to Barney to get him out of this scrape. Addressing the latter, he said:

"There, you Dick, Harry, or whatever your name is, tell Mrs. Elliott that this officer wants to see her."

Barney was glad to have a chance to caution her, and hastened to obey orders.

"Who is that man—the one whom you sent below?" asked the officer.

The eye of Barney, who was re-ascending the companion ladder, followed by the lady, was upon him—answered Riley, with well-assumed carelessness:

"Oh, a lubberly chap that I picked up in Philadelphia for this voyage."

"He don't look very like a lubber," said the officer, again glancing at Barney. Then bowing to the lady, he said, politely:

"Have I the honor of addressing the wife of Lieutenant Elliott, of his Majesty's service?"

"You are addressing the mother of his child, sir," replied the lady, with a calmness and dignity which would have implied to any one that only as a wife could she be a mother.

"Then I regret most sincerely, lady, to find you in such company. Your husband would hardly have put you in charge of Lieutenant Barney, of the Continental service."

Barney instantly saw that he was known, and put his hand upon a weapon.

"It is useless to resist, sir. I knew you the moment I came on board. I honor you as a brave man, but you are under the guns of our frigate, and it would be sheer madness to attempt to escape. When we last met I was your prisoner—I was taken in the brig which you boarded up the river, and exchanged afterwards. You treated me kindly then, sir, and I will not forget it now. I can almost say that I regret that the fate of war has thrown so brave and honorable a man into our hands."

Barney knew, as the officer said, that it was madness, and worse than useless, to offer resistance under the guns of a vessel which

could sink them, in five minutes, and, with as good a grace as he could, surrendered the vessel.

"This, I suppose, is one of your officers—he acted his part admirably," said the lieutenant, motioning to Riley.

"As it happens, he is the only man on board who does not belong under my command," said Barney, with a smile.

"He speaks the truth, your honor," cried Riley, now no longer fearing Barney's pistol. "I am a true and loyal subject of King George, and that rebel there—"

"Hold, sir! You will keep a respectful tongue in your head, or I'll show you how we touch up his Majesty's loyal subjects at the gangway. Lieutenant Barney, though my prisoner, is my friend," cried the officer, turning away from him.

"Are you truly Mrs. Elliott, madam?" he asked again, in a respectful manner, addressing Caroline, "or was you, like my gallant friend Barney, in disguise?"

"I answered you once, and correctly, sir," she said, firmly.

"Then pardon me, madam. Every attention due your rank and sex will be rendered to you. I feel confident that Lieutenant Barney has too much gallantry to intentionally separate you from your husband."

"He did not know that I was on board, sir, until an hour or so ago—he knows nothing of me, and his conduct has been most respectful. I only regret that he is a prisoner," replied the lady.

"He will soon have an opportunity to be exchanged, madam," said the lieutenant.

Under the direction of the prize officer, and assisted by Barney's crew, whom the officer pledged his honor should not be separated from their beloved commander, the schooner's anchor was weighed, and she was drifted and swept close to the frigate, to which the lady and Barney were transferred, as was also his crew.

The commander of the frigate, who was under sailing orders for Philadelphia, and bore dispatches for General Howe, got under way as soon as the tide changed, and stood up the river, not choosing to credit the report that the general had evacuated the city that morning.



## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## PAROLE OF HONOR.

On the next morning after the events described in the last chapter, the frigate *Arethusa*, that by which Barney was captured, lay at anchor off the lower part of the city. Much to the astonishment of Barney, who, from the preparations he had seen, believed the report of the intended evacuation of the city true, he found that the British army had not left, the orders all having been countermanded.

Early in the morning the supposed Mrs. Elliott had, at her request, been sent on shore, and Riley had been discharged. But Barney and his men, of course, were detained. He, most especially, was a valuable prisoner, for his daring deeds had already become widely known in the English service.

Clay, not in his rough seaman's guise, but in a genteel suit befitting his rank and position, he was pacing to and fro on the lee side of the quarter-deck, looking wistfully now and then toward the distant shore. Where his thoughts were, any reader that has ever been in love can tell.

The young lieutenant, whom we have already described—the one who boarded “The Mary”—came from the cabin, and, advancing toward Barney, said:

“My dear fellow, I have good news for you!”

“What is it, Morley? It must be good to make you look so cheerful,” said Barney, extending his hand to grasp that which was proffered him.

“The captain is perfectly willing to permit you to go on shore, or where you please, if you will give your parole of honor not to serve against us until you are regularly exchanged.”

A shadow of regret passed over the noble face of the young officer—an expression of pain rested on his countenance. After a moment's hesitation he said:

“I do not deny that my own personal considerations and feelings prompt me to thank the captain, and accept his offer at once. But I owe a duty to my country. I am enlisted in a holy cause, to which I have devoted my life and my honor. This doubtless, will be a long and bloody war—very probably I shall perish in it—but never will I purchase either life or comforts at the price of dishonor. I cannot accept his kind offer.”

“But, my dear Barney, remember, when you told me the history of your love, how anxiously you sought an opportunity to know if the lady was safe, and, if possible, to see her!”

“It is true, Morley—I would give all my hopes of fame and promotion for the next ten years to know that she was safe, and see her for only an hour!”

“Then, if I get permission to go on shore, with you under my charge for a few hours, will you give me your parole for that time, and return with me?”

“Willingly, my noble friend—and you know I would perish before I would dishonor such a pledge!”

“I know it. Now may I just hint to the captain why you wish to go on shore? He is a high minded and chivalrous man, engaged to a lady in New York himself, and your case, I know, would touch his feelings and he would consent.”

“Reveal just as much as you think proper, my good Morley—I trust all to you!”

“Then fear not but that I will succeed!” said the noble-hearted Englishman gaily.

And he did succeed, for within an hour both of them were walking arm-in-arm through the city, as friendly to manner as if they never had drawn swords on opposite sides.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## A VISIT.

I know it is terribly impertinent to enter a lady's chamber, especially when she is being dressed; but *necessitas non habet legem*, and, under the circumstances, I can't help it.

Cora Bedford was in her room, and Eliza was making up the morning toilet at about the same hour when Barney was pacing the quarter-deck of the *Arethusa*. With her usual care, the talkative girl was combing the long, glossy hair of her lady, chattering away meanwhile like a barber with the latest news, and a few extra fathoms of law, physic, politics and religion at his tongue's end.

The lady was rather pale, but did not look quite so sad and careworn as she did before her last interview with Barney, and before the house had been ridden of Elliott and his insolent guard.

“I'll wager a cent to a cookie, Miss Cora, that I know who you're a thinking of this morning,” said Eliza, as she took a half hitch and double turn around her wrist with Miss Bedford's long hair, while she combed the upper part of it.

“Who do you think, Eliza?” she asked, with a faint smile.

“Why, your handsome Lieutenant Barney, to be sure! who else?” replied the girl.

“I suppose you think so, Eliza, because your mind dwells continually with his rough-whiskered man—your Jim Thompson!”

“I don't deny that I feel some affection for him,” replied Eliza, with a sigh which would have brought a tear from a fresh roll of butter; “he's a proper, nice man. But there's some mystery in him and the lieutenant not keeping their promise about helping you away. But it has all turned out for the best.”

“So it appears, for me; but I fear for *him*—for *them*, I mean. If he were yet near, and nothing had happened to him, I should have some sign or token. But hurry and prepare me for breakfast, my good girl. Father is getting well enough to be impatient, and it is already past his usual breakfast hour when he is well,” said Miss Bedford.

“I never saw anybody get well faster than he has since that mean, nasty tory was drove out,” said Eliza. “For my part, I never shall bear the sight of a soger again.”

“Not even poor Corporal Dril! eh, Eliza?”

“Corporal Dril! indeed! Why, Miss Cora, I'd sooner make up to a natural born fool!”

“And yet you must have felt a slight tenderness, Eliza, when you took the gag from his mouth and gave him the water and rum. You must have loved him a little when you untied his hands, and tied them again in an easier position!”

“I didn't love him a bit, Miss Cora. I don't deny that I pitied him a little—I'd pity a born nigger if I saw him tied up that way.”

“Love and pity go hand-in-hand, Eliza. But there—don't pull my hair so!”

“Excuse me, Miss Cora—I was just thinkin' how tight I'd pull the ropes if I had that mean corporal to tie over again, and I forgot I had hold of your hair.”

Robed in his scarlet dressing gown, considerably paler and slightly less rotund than when we saw him last, presiding at his dinner table, and urging Barney to another glass of port, sat our old friend Bedford at the breakfast table. Opposite to him, pouring out his coffee, sat his lovely daughter, dressed neatly in white, looking as fresh as a morning glory with the dew just shaken off.

“What a comfort it is, Cora darling, to sit here and eat one's muffins hot at the table, like a Christian man and magistrate, instead of brooding it in a sick room like a dried-up Frenchman, with a house full of drinking, swearing soldiers—not to dare to call your house your own, though you own every brick in its walls and every tile on its roof. I don't wonder that I've grown thin on it.”

“Well, I hope it is all over now, and things will be better still when the English do evacuate the city, dear father.”

“And better still when they evacuate the country altogether!” said the old gentleman.

“Be careful, father—the walls have ears!”

“Well, all the ears inside of these walls now, my darling, belong to ourselves. If any others come in here, I'd like to have it in my power to nail them to the pillory!”

“Two officers wish to see Mr. and Miss Bedford,” said a servant.

“Did they give their names?” asked Cora, rather startled at so early a call.

"Lieutenants Morley and Barney," was the reply.

Cora started so at the mention of the last name, that she capriciously the coffee cup which she had just filled. Her face, but now so flushed, turned white as snow.

"Barney—Barney—it can't be your hero, Cora. Ask them no—ask them up: never mind the breakfast table—ask them up!" cried the Alderman.

The servant obeyed, and the next moment Barney and a strange officer entered the room.

"Come to my arms, lad! come to my arms, my brave boy!" exclaimed the Alderman, rising as Barney advanced, and embracing him with a fervor which, considering his late illness, was almost astonishing.

As soon as he could extricate himself from the embrace of the old gentleman, Barney turned to Cora, who had stood as she had risen, changing color as rapidly as sunlight and shadows chase each other over the bosom of a pretty lake in the fleecy summer-cloud time—first pale as a lily, then red as a moss rose—and, taking her extended hand, pressed it respect fully to his lips. He then introduced, as his friend, Lieutenant Morley of the British service.

"How is this—how is this?" asked the Alderman in surprise, after the usual introductory compliments had been passed. "Peace hasn't been declared, has it? How do I see you, an American officer, on friendly terms with one on the opposite side? or are you in the city with a flag of truce?"

The only way for Barney to do was at once to fully explain his situation, and to relate all the particulars of the late attempted abduction etc. This he did alone concealing, in the presence of the British officer, the vicinity of his own vessel.

Both father and daughter listened with deep interest to the recital which, however, was already understood by the latter. When the old gentleman was informed of the generous offer of the English commander to liberate Barney on his parole, he said:

"Why don't you accept it, my boy? Accept it and take up your quarters here. Cora would be glad to have you do so; wouldn't you, darling?"

"Whatever pleases you, dear father, pleases me. I have no advice to offer Mr. Barney on the subject. His own sense of duty and honor should govern his actions."

"Thank you, Miss Cora; that sense of duty impels me to decline the offer. The fortunes of war are as various and changeable as the wind, as my recent adventure shows. I may be re-captured—I may escape—and if so, shall at once be at liberty to again draw my sword in the cause of freedom. But on my parole I should be doomed to stand idly by and see my countrymen struggling for success, and have

my hands bound, though not with a shackle upon them. I prefer to endure imprisonment and take the chances which fortune may throw in my way."

Cora did not speak while she listened to his remarks, but her beautiful eyes told him that she appreciated his noble and honorable sentiments.

"Well, at least you can stay to dinner," said the Alderman, not at all liking the arguments which indicated the coming loss of Barney's company.

"If Mr. Morley thinks it compatible with his duty, I shall not object," said Barney.

"We have the whole day before us," said the English officer, "and I certainly shall not mar its pleasure by hurrying Lieut. Barney away from such agreeable company. I have several friends in the army whom I wish to see, and I will call on them."

"Oh, you must not leave us—you must be one of our dinner party," said the Alderman.

"After affording us so much pleasure in bringing one friend to see us, it would be really unkind, sir, not to give us a proper opportunity to thank you," said Cora, blushing beneath the admiring but respectful gaze of Morley.

"Many thanks, fair lady; I will go for a time, and return in season to partake of your hospitality," said Morley, whose delicacy told him that nothing would be more agreeable to Barney than a private interview with her whom he loved.

"Capt Hurlbut presents his compliments, and requests an interview with Mr. Bedford," said a servant, entering at this moment.

"Let him come in at once. Fineman, a very fine man, Barney. All the red-coats are not like that scoundrel Elliott. Captain Hurlbut kicked the guard out of the house, and brought me General Howe's apologies for my curvy treatment—yes, sir, his excellency's apologies. It was kind of him—very kind! You Englishmen, Mr. Morley, are beginning to carry on war in a very genteel manner, sir—very genteel!"

"I hope from my heart, sir, that this war will soon be over," said the young officer, warmly. "It seems so unnatural to fight against those who speak the same language, who were born with the same affinities, who are used to the same customs!"

"Yes, sir," said the Alderman; "it is very like the most unpleasant of all quarrels—a family quarrel. I've had cases brought up before me for my decision, before now, in which relation complained against relation, sir; and I had one way of settling them, which I found very efficacious, sir—very efficacious!"

"May I ask what it was, sir?"

"I fined both parties, sir, and admonished them!"

At this moment Captain Hurlbut entered.

He was introduced to Barney, but required no introduction to Morley; they were old friends.

"I came to see you particularly, Mr. Bedford," said Hurlbut, after the introduction had taken place, "to warn you to be on your guard against that villain Elliott. A short time since—only a couple of hours—my duty led me to the lower part of the city, and I saw the wretch in company with several out throat looking rascals. He was cunningly disguised, but I knew the villain the moment I set my eyes on him. We shall soon evacuate the city with the army, and I shall not be able as now to have a watch kept over your safety."

"I'll keep a thunderbuss for the rascal!" said the Alderman. "I'm getting strong now—and if he hangs around after your army has left, I'll have him arrested as a tory dog, sir, and hung, if I can. Ah, captain, there were three British institutions which have been abolished in this country, which I admired very much—very much, sir; they were so admirably adapted to such fellows as that Elliott. He was brought before me once in my magisterial capacity, and I stated, then in court, sir, my regret that I could only fine him. But Barney had punished him already, sir—had committed a justifiable assault and battery on him. You remember it, don't you, my lad?"

"Yes, sir," replied Barney—"not only because I inflicted a richly merited chastisement on the villain, but because it was the occasion of my introduction to yourself and daughter."

As he spoke he glanced at Cora, with a look which threw the rich blood up into her cheeks up to her very temples.

"May I ask, Alderman, what those institutions were which you regretted had been abolished?" asked Hurlbut.

"The whipping-post, the ducking-stool and the pillory, sir; Christian institutions, sir, invented expressly for such scape-gallows rascals as Elliott. There are fellows, sir, who don't care a rap for a fine or imprisonment; but, souse them under water, or give them forty, save one, on the bare back, and you touch their consciences, sir!"

"Is it probable that the army will move from the city soon, sir?" asked Cora, timidly,

for she felt, more than any other, annoyed at the vicinity of such a vile, unscrupulous villain as Elliott.

"We are under marching orders now, lady. Probably to-morrow, or next day at the latest, the column will move over into New Jersey. His excellency the general has made no concealment of his line of march, and probably we shall have a battle."

"Whatever may be its result—and I do not deny that my wishes and prayers are on the American side—I hope, sir, that you, who have been so kind to us, will pass through it unscathed," said Cora, in a tone of deep feeling.

"So do I—so do I, sir. You are a gentleman, sir—one of my own school. I like you. You must dine with us, sir, to-day. That rascal Elliott and his drunken guard made sad havoc with my wine bin, but I have some crusty old port left."

"I thank you from my heart, fair lady, and you, kind sir, for your good wishes and the invitation. Were all rebels like you, I fear that but little dependence could be placed on our army—at least on the gentlemen in it. Under such temptations, I fear they would forget their loyalty," and he bowed low to the lovely girl as he spoke.

"Don't flatter the girl, captain," said the Alderman; "I can't spare her yet, and when I do, I suppose that fellow Barney, there, will take her under his wing. Oh, you needn't blush so, either of you!" And the Alderman chuckled over the confusion which his off-handed remark brought upon both of them.

"Envy is not a part of my nature, or I should surely grudge the lieutenant so fair a prize," said Morley, bound to have his oar in the water. "But his lot carries out the poet's thought—'none but the brave deserve the fair.'"

Both officers (English) now rose, and, promising to return at dinner-time, left.

It would be rude and very uncourteous for us, reader, to remain with Barney and his lady love when we know that, both being deeply in love, and wanting to tell each other so, they would rather be alone; so let us leave them, and slide off somewhere else, and see what our other characters are doing.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

## THE TWO VILLAINS.

Tom Riley was not in a very good humor when he was set on shore from the *Arethusa*. He had two causes to be put out—in fact three of them. First, his trip and its consequent of five hundred pounds in pocket was brought to a sudden stop; next, the vessel having been taken from him by Barney and his crew, and retaken by the boat from the *Arethusa*, was now held as a lawful prize to the frigate; lastly, as the ministers sometimes say, he had received more kicks than half-pence, more curses than blessings, while aboard the vessel: for men-o'-war's-men don't like landlords, except when they are ashore on a spree, and during the entire Revolution stories were despised even by those on whose side they fought or acted. This is a notorious fact.

Riley was ready for a growl the moment he entered his house. He had his lips set for it, and only wanted a glass or two of his rum to set him going. In fact, the article which he kept for his common run of customers would have made a deacon growl just before a good dinner. But the individual whom he left in charge when he started on his trip gave him no time for an outburst, for as soon as he entered, that worthy, who was seated on a barrel-head, and who evinced no surprise whatever at his unexpected appearance—in fact, "One-sided Jack" was never known to evince surprise at anything—jerked the stump of his left arm toward the door of the inner room, and said:

"There's a chap in there that's been goin' on awful about you. You hadn't better go in."

"Hadn't better go in, eh? If he was the devil himself, I'd go in now! I never wanted a fight so bad in my life! Give me a pint mug of that old brandy, you lop-sided cur!"

Jack squinted his one eye at Riley, grinned all over one side of his face, and with his only flipper drew the required liquor, which, though it was fourth proof, being kept for his own private use, Riley swallowed at a breath without a wink. Then turning to the door, he did not wait to open it according to his usual custom, but kicked it open.

Dressed in a shabby suit, with a slouched hat drawn down over his eyes, a cigar in his mouth, and an empty glass before him, sat a man whom Riley did not recognize.

"Who the h—l are you, that's anxious for

a mues with Tom Riley?" he cried, looking daggers through his one eye.

"Why, Tom, are you back? By Jove, I'd rather see you than a king!" cried the man, springing to his feet. "Don't you know me, man? Give me your hand!"

"Why, it can't be—no—yes, it is! Is it you, Master Harry?" said Riley, scarcely believing the truth of vision in his one optic.

"Yes, it's me, Tom."

"And why don't you curse me—I've lost your vessel!"

"D—n the vessel!"

"And the gal came ashore, too, as soon as the frigate dropped her mud-hook."

"The girl? why, you didn't carry her off!"

"Yes, but we did, though. I had her all safe aboard, but the men I had turned out to be d—d Yankees, under a chap that called himself Lieutenant Barney. They took the craft from us, and then, when we lay becalmed under the guns of the *Arethusa*, she sent a boat, and Barney had to give up."

"What kind of a looking girl was it that you had on board?" asked Elliott.

"Well, she was a little taller than common, had a smart, saucy-lookin' face, and eyes as black as a bottle, and twice as bright."

"Caroline Ormsley, by Jove! her description to a dot!"

"Well, we found her in bed in the very room you told us to go to, and she never kicked a kick nor squalled a squall when we carried her off."

"No—she had her own reasons for not resisting. And you say she is on shore?"

"Yes—came ashore with a crooked cub of a nigger, afore I did."

"Then I must be on my guard. She is more dangerous than fifty men, and she has sworn to ruin me. She has well nigh done it now."

"Why don't you split her wizen, then?"

"I will, if ever I get her in my power again."

"But why don't you wear your uniform? What are you rigged out so shabby for? That's the why I didn't know you."

"It's so long a story to tell now. I've left the king's service, and that girl is the cause of it. And now I'll have revenge on both of them. I'll humble the one and kill the other, or die in trying it."

"I suppose I lose my five hundred pounds, Master Harry?"

"No, Tom, not if you'll be faithful and help me carry out my schemes. I thought I couldn't count on you after you went away, but I've got half a dozen as desperate devils as ever cut a throat or borrowed a purse without the owner's leave, and they've sworn to stick by me."

"So they will, Master Harry, as long as money is to be made. I'm kind of honorable that far myself."

"Well, I can count upon your assistance now."

"To be sure you can. I want to arm them five hundred."

"Well, you shall have them the very hour

that Cora Bedford is safely in my power. We shall need your house as a place of rendezvous."

"Aye—and I'll be careful for all time to come who I let in that I don't know. Here I had that Barney and one of his men for three or four days, and was so bloody green that I didn't know him from a regular Liverpool wharf-rat—a foremast hand. I'll serve him out yet, as sure as my name is Tom Riley. But, Master Harry, this is dry work. You Jack! bring in a bottle of my particular, you lop-sided, one-eyed lump of foul weather, you!"

The order was obeyed, and for the present we will leave the two unmitigated villains to concoct their plans, while we sail on.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

## A SOCIAL DINNER.

In olden times, dinners—that is, ceremonial ones—were far more substantial than they are now. People met in those days to eat and to drink; now-a-days they meet to pay compliments, utter sentiments, and make long-winded speeches. On this occasion, in honor of his guest, Alderman Bedford was determined that nothing should be wanting. Wisely leaving Barney and Cora to pass the forenoon by themselves, he gave directions in all matters appertaining to the banquet. Therefore it may be supposed that when Morley and Hurlbut arrived at two o'clock, the dining hour—the one used to the hard fare of a sea-going ship, the other to the exigencies of a mess table in war time—they were not at all displeased to find a table literally laden down with fish, flesh, fowl, and their accompaniments. Both officers noted that the faces of both Cora and Barney were beaming with joy, when the jolly voice of the alderman summoned them from an inner parlor to take a seat at the table. They evidently had enjoyed the morning—probably had settled all the future which was at their disposal—for we know how truthful is the adage, "Man proposes, but God disposes."

"Fall to at once, gentlemen," said the Alderman. "I'm a Christian man and a magistrate, but I leave the saying of 'grace' to the parsons, whose trade it is. I never wait to be fashionable. When I'm well, I eat because it does me good and I like it; when I'm sick,

I eat all I can to try and get better. Fall to, Mr. Morley—and you, Captain Hurlbut. We can't expect much out of Barney and Cora, there—but they'll have an appetite by-and-bye. I can remember when I used to go hungry; it was when I went to see her mother at first. I was afraid Lucy would think me pig-gish, and I never ate a full meal at her father's house. But I got over that soon after we were married—ha! ha! Lucy was a fine girl—a noble woman; knew to a turn how to roast beef, and could serve up a salmon fit for a prince. A fine girl was my Lucy. Cora is just as she used to be." And the old Alderman heaved a deep sigh at the remembrance.

"Is there any news of the proposed movement which it is not wrong to impart to a prisoner, Captain Hurlbut?" asked Barney.

"There is news, my dear sir, which, considering your present position, must be any thing but pleasant. The army will move tomorrow or next day—as soon as the vessels and transports have gone down the river. I presume, from what I heard at headquarters, that you and some few other prisoners whom we have will be sent around to New York in a transport, under convoy, there to remain until you are exchanged, which last I most cordially wish would soon happen, though I hope we may never meet except as friends."

"I hope we may not, although if we do, I beg you, spare not a blow in memory that we have met before."

"I might in memory of those in whose presence we have met," said the gallant officer, glancing at Cora.

Her face, which had paled at the thoughts that filled her mind the moment before, now reddened slightly at this allusion, and she said:

"If ever you should meet in battle, and my memory could influence either or both of you, gentlemen, you would turn aside and seek some other foe man."

"Should we ever meet, lady, I shall remember that wish," said Hurlbut.

"And I, most assuredly," added Barney.

"Pray why am not I, who, or the same profession, with unfortunately be the most likely to cross swords with my gallant friend Barney, included in the general wish?" asked Morley.

"You are, lieutenant—you are, most assuredly," said Cora.

"Well, as I'm only a Christian and a magistrate, I suppose there's no need of mentioning me in the matter," said the Aldermen; "but if I was in full power now, I'd bind you all over to keep the peace. But you don't eat, gentlemen—*dum vivimus vivamus*, as they used to say when I was at my books. I'm very much in favor of eating. I have noticed in my magisterial capacity that the greatest rascals had, like Cassius, 'a lean and hungry look,' and of course it was because they didn't eat enough to keep them good-natured with the world generally and themselves particularly."

Thus, alternately eating and joking—now filling a guest's plate and then replenishing his own—the worthy Aldermen enjoyed the dinner, forgetting that he had been confined to a sick room for some weeks. However, his early release from that could more justly have been attributed to the departure of Elliott,

whom he heartily detested, than anything else.

At last the dinner was over and the cloth removed. The gentlemen did not linger long over their wine. The most unpleasant portion of the day for Barney was drawing near—it was the hour when he must part from the one whom most on earth he cherished—when to a sense of honor and duty he must sacrifice the tenderest feelings of his heart.

It was in vain that he tried to appear cheerful as the hour of separation drew near, and, like a criminal who recently said, "If I must be hung, do the thing quickly, and let's see the end of it," he said, as he arose from the table: "It is time that we returned to the *Arethusa*, is it not, Mr. Morley?"

"I regret that I am forced to say it is, Mr. Barney. I am sincerely sorry that you will not take your parole altogether, for Miss Bedford's sake, if not for your own," replied the lieutenant.

"Were he to forget his duty and honor for my sake, Mr. Morley," said Cora, her bright face beaming brighter still with the light of patriotism, "his company would not be so agreeable to me as it now is."

"If Washington were to send his ladies to conquer our officers, I should more fear their beauty and noble sentiments than the arms of his soldiers," said Hurlbut.

"Perhaps all his majesty's officers are not equally as chivalrous and gallant as yourself, my dear captain," said Barney, with a laugh, which I must acknowledge, was somewhat forced.

It is not pleasant to describe a painful parting; suffice it to say that in a few moments after, Cora was weeping in her room, the worthy Aldermen was washing grief down with an extra bottle of wine, and Morley and Barney were on their way to the frigate.

## CHAPTER XL.

## AT SEA IN A TEMPEST.

The report this time was true in regard to the evacuation of the city, although the British general had materially altered his plans. This was necessary for two reasons. As the season advanced, Washington's forces, weakened by the severe and inclement weather, now began to recruit and strengthen, and it was pretty certainly known that a heavy French squadron was off the coast. His route now was laid across New Jersey, over the eventful field of Monmouth, where, on the twenty-eighth of June, though not literally defeated, he was so severely punished that he was glad to draw off under cover of the night, and effect a rapid retreat, while Washington and his forces slept upon the battle field. But any of you can read history—I'll come back to my story.

On the next morning after the dinner described in the preceding chapter, Barney, with his own men and ten or twelve other prisoners, was transferred from the frigate to the armed transport schooner *Cricket*. The officers of the *Arethusa*, who had even in that time become attached to him, parted with him with regret. He was so youthful, so sincere, yet so unostentatious in his patriotism, and his courage was so well known, that men of chivalry and honor could not avoid liking him. Morley, his captor and friend, became especially attached to him. But the parting words were said, and the transfer was made.

Barney, on looking around him when he got on board the *Cricket*, found that his comfort was not increased, either in accommodations or society, by his transfer from the *Arethusa*. The *Cricket*, though built for a fast sailor, was quite overloaded. In addition to her full crew of twenty men, she had a guard of twenty-five marines on board to take care of the prisoners. Her cabin accommodations were very poor. She was commanded by a bull-headed, rum-bloated man named Scraggs, who had been turned out of the regular service, after he had attained a lieutenantcy, for drunkenness and quarrelsome habits. As might be supposed, he was as near a brute as any two-legged talking animal could be. He was endurable only when about half drunk, and it was seldom he was so near sober as that.

His first officer, Mr. Maggs, tried to imitate his superior, as far as he could—he did so in drunkenness and tyranny, but lacked the courage of Scraggs. The other mate, Mr. Nims, was a meek and humble individual, who did not grumble at any extra duty put upon him

by the others, and who, to their infinite disgust, always put water in his grog. He was a very good navigator, and saved the other two the trouble of keeping the vessel's reckoning. He was a very useful officer on board, especially because both his superiors were often too drunk to do duty. He never got "over the bay," *spiritually speaking*.

The other occupant of the cabin, beside Barney, was Lieutenant Sponge, of the Royal Marines, who had especial charge of the marines. He was a "sea sojer" and *nothing else*. If you want to know what one of them is, go ask the first man-o-war's-man that you meet.

All these officers were on deck when Barney was brought alongside in the *Arethusa's* boat. When he stepped on deck, accompanied by Morley, Barney at a glance took in their respective characters. Morley at once proceeded to introduce Barney to Scraggs and his officers, and closed by hoping that they would make his time as agreeable as they could, for though a prisoner and an enemy, they would find him very agreeable company, and a gentleman.

"Gentleman or no gentleman, he's got to rough it as we do aboard the *Cricket*!" growled Scraggs.

"And we *do* rough it!" added Maggs. "No grub except rusty pork and horse beef—no lush except weak rum!"

"Bad cheese and no porter!" added Lieut. Sponge. "What are those things coming aboard from your boat, Mr. Morley?"

"Some wine, brandy, and other stores for Lieut. Barney," said the officer.

"Oh, we'll find plenty of room to stow them in the cabin!" said the lieutenant, eyeing the various articles as if he considered them already his own property.

"Aye, and in our bread baskets!" growled Scraggs. "I suppose it'll be mess property if the Yankee officer messes with us!"

"Certainly," said Barney, determined to keep on friendly terms with all parties, if he could.

Morley now took a very affectionate leave of Barney, and shoved off, the other prisoners being on board, and a general signal up for all the vessels to weigh and stand down the river.

"That Lieutenant is confounded sweet on you, seein' that he's a king's officer, and you're a rebel!" growled Scraggs to Barney, after the *Arethusa's* boat had gone.

"Quite friendly—as I hope you and I will

be after we've taken a little of my old brandy together," replied Barney. "Suppose we go below and try some."

"That's sensible—you must be a devilish good fellow, if you are a d—d rebel. Do you drink water in your grog?"

"Nixer!" replied Barney, who knew his customer by that very question.

"Give me your fist, my hearty!" cried Seraggs, holding out a hand which looked like a boiled lobster covered with barnacles. "You're no milk sop. There's Nims, my second mate, half-waters his grog. He isn't any manner of account, except he's very good in navigatin'. I don't bother with that nonsense!"

"Well, sir, we'll go below and open a bottle of that brandy—will you join us, Lieutenant Sponge?"

"Yankee, I don't drink often," replied the soldier, "but when I do, it's just about this time of day."

"And you, Mr. Maggs, will not you join us?"

"If you've got rum, I will. You needn't ask Nims, there—he don't care for grog, no way, and I've set him to work clearing up, ready to get under way," replied the first mate.

The four now went below, and when they came up, some ten minutes after, all hands, especially Seraggs and Maggs, seemed to be in excellent humor.

The breeze was tolerably stiff, and blowing fairly down the river. In the course of an hour nearly every vessel was underway, standing down, making a very pretty show with their snowy sails, moving along through the smooth water like a graceful flock of swans.

Deeply laden as she was, the Cricket not only held way with all the rest, but forged ahead of most of them. She was rigged with a square foretopmast and topgallant sail, and carried topmast and lower stem sails. She had sailed under the American flag, out of Baltimore, after the commencement of the war, but was captured soon after, and had been turned over to the transport service.

Barney's men, with the other prisoners, were confined below, a guard being placed at the hatchway to prevent their coming on deck without permission. There were, all told, nineteen prisoners on board, beside himself. And yet, Barney, with the daring which ever characterized him, determined, if there was the slightest opening, to attempt a recapture of the schooner, although her crew, guard and officers numbered forty-nine men all of whom were well armed. He had retained, unknown to the officers of the *Arethusa*, and of course unknown to those on board the Transport, the same small pair of pistols, and a keen-bladed dagger which he had provided himself with before he entered into the service of Riley. The weapons being small, were easily concealed. They were, however, large enough to be

used with deadly effect, at close quarters. Each of the men who had been with him on board the "Mary," had been similarly provided; and, although he had not been able to communicate with them unobserved, he hoped they also had been able to keep their weapons in their possession. If so, by their aid, if an opportunity should offer, it was barely possible, though the chances were desperate against so many well armed and watchful men, that he might succeed in catching them at a disadvantage. But sailing in company with other vessels, under convoy which would notice in an instant any change in her course, or disturbance on board, the thought seemed akin to madness. Yet there are some men who thrive best on difficulties, and who, though they often fail in ordinary matters, always succeed in things which look impossible.

The vessels made good headway down the river, and the day passed very agreeably, for Barney was free with his stores, of which he fortunately had a good stock, and even Seraggs, brutal as he was, treated the "d—d Yankee" with a great deal of kindness, in his way. So did Sponge. After getting so tight that he could hardly stand straight, he turned out his guard on the quarter-deck, and put them through the manual, just to please Barney, whom he declared to be a tip-top fellow. He said he would have made a first-rate royal marine, and regretted that he was a rebel.

It was night before the vessels cleared the bay. As they sighted the open sea between Henlopen and Cape May, they saw not that which they had rather feared, a blockading French squadron. But in a low blue bank of clouds that lay in the northeast, they saw the certainty of a head wind, and a very strong prospect that it would be anything but one of those "gentle zephyrs" which love-sick lads and lasses talk about.

In preparation for this, many of the vessels began to shorten sail, send down high spars, etc. Perhaps this might have been done on board the Cricket, had not the second mate, Nims, suggested it. When he did so, Seraggs d—d him for a white-livered milk sop, and swore that if the Cricket couldn't carry her spars, she should drag them.

Barney watched the weather with a great deal of interest. In case of a heavy gale, the Cricket might get separated from the rest of the fleet, and that would add to his chances. Sponge, as long as he had plenty to eat and drink, didn't care whether a gale came on or not—he had no watch to keep—nothing to do with the working of the vessel.

By midnight the fleet was fairly at sea, close hauled on a wind, and, according to orders, pretty well together, as could be seen by the lights here and there seen rising and falling on the heaving waters. The gale had risen rapidly, and seemed to increase every hour. The square sails of the Cricket had been taken in,





although Seraggs held on to them until she almost buried herself in the head sea which pitched in from the northeast. She was now under her main sail, foresail and jib, and these, without a reef, were evidently too much for her.

"Hadn't I better take in a single reef, sir?" said Nims to Seraggs, in a very humble manner.

"Go to hell, you water-drinking lubber, with your reefs. Why, it don't blow hard enough to take the fleas off from a Jamaica nigger's hide!" shouted Seraggs. "Carry on her till I tell you to take in a reef!"

"It is going to be rather a rough night, captain," said Barney; "suppose we take a little more of that brandy!"

"It is a goin' to blow a good whole sail breeze, I s'pect—brandy won't hurt none to-night!" said Seraggs, softening down.

"Won't you join us, Lieutenant Sponge?" asked Barney.

"I don't know but that I might with propriety," replied Sponge; "it is seldom that I drink at night, but if I do, it is generally about this time."

If it should come on to blow harder, and you should need the services of any of my men, Captain Seraggs, I am sure they could be depended upon," said Barney.

"Aye—maybe so—but I've got men enough of my own; d—d lazy beef-eating lubbers. It takes me and Maggs to knock the work out of 'em. Nims isn't of any account. I never knew a man that watered his grog that was."

"Mr. Maggs, we're going below to freshen the nip, won't you join us?" asked Barney, of the last mentioned officer, who, with a pipe in his mouth, was walking the deck.

"Don't care if I do," said Maggs, with a pleasant growl, looking as kind as a big bulldog when you heave him a piece of meat. "I'm like old Sponge there—I don't drink often—that is, never except when I'm dry—and if I do, it is generally about this time!"

"Oh, you needn't be laughing at me, Maggs. I haven't taken more than twenty nips to-day, and I swear you're at least about half a dozen a head of me!"

"Bless you, I ought to be—I've got more stowage room below!" said Maggs, bringing his huge paw down upon his abdomen with a slap, as if to shake down the contents and make more room.

The party now went below, and Nims walked the deck alone. Being alone he indulged in a soliloquy. And it ran thus:

"Swig—swig! There they go! There's nothin' ever softens Seraggs or mellow Maggs, but rum. As water is to oil, so is rum to them. I oughtn't to grumble when they drink—it makes the times easier for me. While they're drinkin' they aren't growlin'—while they're pitchin' into the liquor they forget to pitch into me. I wonder if ever I'll

get aboard of a better craft than this. The craft is good enough—but Seraggs is the devil, and Maggs is his mate. I've hearn tell that there is a difference betwixt hell and purgatory. I guess the last craft I was in was purgatory, for it was a little easier there than here. Thunder how it blows. I'll wager a pound of tobacco agin a quart of rum, that that foresail goes out of the bolt ropes afore long."

At that moment, rip—rip went the sail, tearing into ribbons in a moment.

"Tobaccojwins!" said Nims, coolly, as he put his head down the companion way of the cabin, and shouted—

"The foresail's blown away, Cap'n Seraggs!"

"Let it go and be d—d!" growled Seraggs, in a deep basso from below. "It's a pity you didn't go with it!" added Maggs.

"If I had, there'd be more work for you!" growled Nims, as he turned and admired the ripping propensities of the gale, as it finished up the foresail. "It saves work a reefin, or a gettin' of it!"

The vessel was much relieved by the loss of the foresail, and made better weather of it now, although she still had more canvas than she ought to carry under the circumstance. But she was so deeply laden that she did not heel to the wind as she would had she been lighter, and therefore seemed more able to bear it.

For hour after hour, even after the watch was changed, Nims paced the deck, stopping occasionally to listen to the sounds of song and shout and laughter that came up from below, tokening the manner in which the occupants of the cabin were enjoying themselves.

"I'm a thinkin'," muttered Nims, "that that Yankee officer thinks he is keen, and can drink them fellows drunk. Why, he might just as well try to fill a leaky cask, as to get enough into Maggs or Seraggs. And as to the sojer—he soaks it in just like any other Sponge!"

At last, however, the songs and laughter grew more faint, and finally only an occasional word came to his ear, and then it was sure to be accompanied by the clink of glasses.

It was nearly morning, and Nims began to feel so weary that he thought of running the risk of a cursing from Maggs, by asking him to come on deck and relieve him, when, to his utter astonishment, Barney came up from the cabin, in a perfectly sober state.

"It is blowing very fresh, Mr. Nims," said the latter, glancing to windward.

"Yes, sir, blowin' great guns—it carried our foresail clean out of the bolt ropes—didn't have a yard of canvas to swear by. Isn't Mr. Maggs coming on deck soon, sir?"

"I hardly think he will. I left him and Captain Seraggs hugging each other very lovingly under the table."

"D—n him; here I've been on deck all night," said Nims.

Then he started, and actually turned pale at his own ferocity; for he never had dared to d—n Maggs before on board, and he seemed to fear him now, even though he was helplessly drunk on the cabin floor.

"Is Sponge drunk, too?" asked Nims.

"He seldom gets drunk, I expect," said Barney, laughing; "but if ever he was drunk it was just about this time."

"And yet you're as sober as I am."

"Certainly, Mr. Nims—I never get intoxicated."

"And don't water your grog either? Well, that's strange."

Barney could have revealed a secret, in regard to the way in which he managed to drink and still keep sober, but as it might have induced Nims to try the experiment, he did not do so. Seeing that Nims was very weary, he offered, very considerably, to take charge of the deck for him, and let him go below to get a little sleep. But Nims was a good officer, though he did water his grog; he knew better than to entrust the care of the vessel to a prisoner when all the other officers were helplessly inebriated, and respectfully declined the offer. He, however, said he'd just step below and mix a glass of grog.

Barney had been in hopes that he could induce Nims to leave the deck in his charge for a while; for if he had, he might easily have released his men, retaken the vessel, and by altering her course, before daylight have got clear of the fleet. To carry out that plan, he had got the other officers in the state they were in, but Nims, whether he suspected him or not, was too wide awake for him.

The day was just beginning to dawn, when Barney, who was looking to leeward at the time, suddenly cried:

"There are breakers on our lee beam, Mr. Nims."

"Breakers on the lee bow!" shouted a man from forward.

"Breakers ahead!" cried another voice.

So close aboard were they that their dull, heavy roar, louder than thunder, could be distinctly heard.

"What shall I do, sir? They're too drunk to call," said Nims, his presence of mind utterly forsaking him.

"You must go about, sir, and that quickly," said Barney; "it breaks so far off on the Jersey coast that if we once get into the breakers we'll never get ashore."

"I'm afraid she'll miss stays, it blows so hard, and there is such a tremendous head sea."

"Then lower the peak of the mainsail, up helm, and wear her."

"You take the deck, if you please, Mr. Barney. Do, sir—I'm not much used to a fore-and-aft," said Nims.

Barney took charge, and successfully performing the manœuvre, soon had the schooner on the other tack. The escape was very close, however. As day dawned, they found that they had sagged down into a cove which set in, and had been almost into the breakers before they were discovered. But they were not out of danger, although now on a tack which bore them away from the more immediate peril. The gale was very high. If it increased so that they could not carry sail it would be utterly impossible for them to work out of the bight into which they had been set by the drift and current. Only two or three of the other vessels of the fleet were in sight, and they were far to windward, having tacked earlier in the night.

"Have you not a spare foresail, Mr. Nims?" asked Barney.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, we ought to get it on her. If we do not carry on and drag the vessel out of this cove we'll go ashore as sure as fate, and if we do, no man could live five minutes in those breakers."

"That's true, sir; but I don't believe the whole crew could bend and hoist the sail in such a blow."

"My men can help you—every one is bound to work in such a crisis," said Barney.

Nims looked at the cabin.

"I wish Seraggs and Maggs were able to be on deck," he muttered.

"But they are not, Mr. Nims," said Barney. "You are a good sailor, and will do better without them."

Nims was open to flattery. He rose a foot in his own estimation immediately, and Barney rose at least a fathom in his confidence.

"Well, you attend to getting the foresail on her, Mr. Barney; I'll stay at here," replied Nims. "Let Mr. Barney's men help the crew with that sail," he added, addressing the guard at the hatchway.

In a few moments all the prisoners were mixed with the crew, and every one working as hard as possible in getting the new sail on the vessel. Barney now saw that if ever he had a chance it was coming, but he could not act at once. The vessel was in a position which required every exertion, and the whole strength of the crew, to get her off the shore. He had no chance to communicate his intentions directly to his own men, but he exchanged looks with Thompson, and showed him that he was still armed, and meant something. The seaman managed to communicate to him that he and the rest still had their weapons, and were ready for action as soon as he gave the order.

At last the sail was bent and set, and though the gallant vessel strained and quivered and groaned under the tremendous press of sail, she began to gain and move away from the most imminent peril.

Nims was delighted, and would have done anything for Barney just then.

"I think I'll go below and take a nip, and see if the captain and mate are not going to wake up before long," said Barney, after the work was over. "Shall I mix a glass for you, Mr. Nims; you must need it after you gallant exertions."

"If you please, Mr. Barney," replied the officer; "but make it weak."

"It was well for us that you were on deck, Mr. Nims, instead of that drunken Seraggs, or the budy Maggs," added Barney, as he went below.

"He appreciates me," cried the exultant Nims. "I'd almost turn rebel to sail under such a man as that. It wouldn't be 'here, you d—d Nims,' do this or that—it would be, 'oblige me, Mister Nims, by setting the top-gallant sail, and after your watch is over join me in a glass of wine.'"

"Here is your toddy, Mr. Nims," said Barney, coming up at this moment. "I thought you must be fatigued, and mixed yours before I took my own."

"Thank you, Mr. Barney," said Nims, swallowing the liquor with the flattery, without stopping to see how strong it was.

Barney now went below, and remained a considerable length of time, long enough, indeed, to have mixed and drank several glasses of grog. But Nims did not notice the lapse of time—his heart was full of the thought that Barney appreciated his merits. The schooner was working off shore steadily though slowly, and he began to feel very comfortable. The liquor, which at first ran tingling pleasantly through every vein, seemed to soothe him down, and when at last Barney came on deck, he yawned and said:

"I feel as if a little nap of fifteen or twenty minutes wouldn't hurt me, Mr. Barney. I'll just lay down on the transom-bench a little while, if you'll look out for the schooner. You can call me if I'm needed, and specially if you hear that d—d Maggs stirring."

"There is no danger of his stirring for a while," said Barney.

Nims was too sleepy to notice the smile which flitted over Barney's face as he spoke—in fact, that worthy had been growing sleepier ever since he took the glass of grog Barney had so kindly mixed for him. He could not keep his eyes open any longer, and in less time after he laid down than it takes to write it, he was so fast asleep that the broadside of a seventy-four thundering in his ears wouldn't have awakened him. It is doubtful if the trump of Gabriel would have startled him.

Barney now moved about among the crew, giving an order here and there, with apparent carelessness, but really signaling his intentions to his own men. A glance at the sentinel, and the rack where the marines kept their arms, was understood in a moment by Thomp-

son, and when Barney went aft every one of the prisoners was aware of what he was about to do.

The first thing which he did when he went aft, was to take a couple of fathoms of ratline stuff, and very securely tie Mr. Nims by the hands and feet. The helmsman saw this operation, and at first seemed to think it was a very good joke, for such jokes are often played on board ship.

But when, a moment after, Barney drew a brace of pistols, and shouted "Forward there, you Sachems—secure your men—the schooner is ours!" he would have fled below, but Barney added: "If you dare leave that helm, or alter the vessel's course one point, I'll send a bullet through your brain."

"Lord bless your honor, if that's what you mean," cried the old tar, "there isn't a man of us that won't be glad of the change. We've been bullied and abused by old Seraggs till we've been tempted more than once to take the craft from him. We would long ago, if that fellow that's asleep on the transom had had any spirit in him. We didn't any of us understand navigation."

As this was the general feeling of the crew, but little resistance was offered, except by the marines, who, to do them justice, are always loyal. These were overpowered, being unable to reach their arms, which had been seized, by direction of Thompson, at the first word from Barney. The vessel was now in complete possession of Barney, who, in spite of their friendly professions, secured all of the Englishmen, determined to be on the safe side. The wind, as the sun arose, began to lull a little, though it still blew very fresh; and occasionally one of the short, heavy seas ever incidental to a ground swell, would come aboard, deluging everything fore and aft, but doing no material damage. The schooner fortunately headed high enough on this tack to lay out clear of the land, and within an hour after the recapture, Barney was able to edge her a little toward the Capes of the Delaware, for he knew that long before that time every armed vessel of the British had left the river, and he determined to surprise his friends in Philadelphia by his re-appearance.

After he had altered his course, and eased off his sheets a little, he determined to have some amusement. To effect this he called Thompson aft.

"Go below," said he to the latter, "and bring up the three officers. Take a couple of men with you, and bring one at a time. You'll find no trouble with them, they're dead drunk and asleep; beside that, they're tied hand and foot."

The seaman obeyed the order, and in a few moments Seraggs was brought up, as yet perfectly unconscious.

"Set him on the deck there, with his back against the transom, and put a lashing across

to keep him upright. Then put one of the others on each side of him, and set Nims on his stern too," continued Barney.

In a little while there they were all in a row, and a pretty looking row it was.

"Take a bucket and wash 'em down," said Barney, who, with the crew, was almost bursting with laughter.

Thompson drew a bucketful of water, and dashed it in the red face of Captain Scraggs. The water almost seemed to sizzle as it struck his luminous countenance.

"No—higher—d—d you, keep her full," growled Scraggs, imagining that the vessel had come up in the wind and been boarded by a sea.

Another bucket came into his face.

"D—n, blast you for a beef-eating son of a gun, why don't you keep her full? I'll split your infernal head—"

Swash came another bucket in his face, throwing some of the water down his throat as he opened his mouth. This partially awakened him, and with half drunken astonishment and bewilderment he opened his eyes.

"Give him another dash, Thompson," said Barney; "he wants the mist washed away."

The next bucketful, filling both eyes and mouth, completely aroused him.

"Blast your eyes, what're you about there?" he shouted, struggling in vain to raise his hands to wash away the blinding brine.

Then, seeing Barney standing before him laughing, he cried:

"Is this some bloody fine joke you're playing me, you d—d Yankee?"

"Anything but a joke, Captain Scraggs," said Barney, at the same time taking the small American flag from his bosom to which he have alluded before, and shaking it in the face of the astonished prisoner, and adding, "this is the flag which the Cricket will sail under hereafter."

"You don't mean it. What a d—d jack-ass I've been," growled Scraggs, looking in astonishment at the companions who were bound on either side of him.

"I do mean it, Captain Scraggs," said Barney.

"Just douse Maggs and the sojer here a little bit—wake 'em up so that they can see what d—d fools they have been too," said Scraggs to Thompson, who stood before him bucket in hand.

Barney nodded to him to comply with Scraggs' charitable wish, exemplifying, as it did, the old adage, that "misery loves company."

Swash, swash—dash, dash—went bucket after bucket of water into Maggs' face. Directly he began to growl.

"D—n and blast your eyes, be careful how you heave water when you're washin' down decks! Do that again, you slab-sided

lubber, and I'll keelhaul you. Blast you, can't—"

His mouth, opened to its fullest tension just then, received a full quantity of salt water, and choking and spluttering, he woke up.

He first looked at Barney, then feeling that he was fast, looked at the individual on his left.

"Captain Scraggs!" he said, in a dismal tone.

"Mister Maggs?" echoed the skipper, more dolefully still.

"We're in a hell of a box," said the mate.

"I'll bet we are," replied the other.

"Where's Nims, d—n him! Where's Nims?"

"Ay, ay, sir," said that worthy, just waking, and trying as usual to spring to his feet at the sound of the bully's voice.

"In the bilboes too. The d—d Yankee has served us all alike," growled Scraggs.

"Why don't you rouse the bloody sojer up too?"

Dash went a couple of buckets of water into the face of Sponge.

"Here's to King George. Hip—hip—d—n the Yankees."

Swash—swash went a couple more doses.

"Eyes right—d—n you, you'll spoil my uniform—ugh! that wine's sour. Ugh! Steward—"

The soldier, too, had his mouth opened too wide, just then, and he got an extra dose of pickle. It woke him. Looking at those around him, and for a moment contemplating their lugubrious face, he asked:

"Where's my sergeant?"

"Down below, ruminating on the vacillations of fortune in war time!" replied Barney.

"I s'pose you think you're smart, don't you?" growled Scraggs.

"Rather!" replied Barney. "What do you think?"

"I think I'd like to have you where I am now—d—n you."

"What would you do, Captain Scraggs, if you had me there?"

"D—n you, I'd keep you here forever, and kick the face off of you, you infernal rebel."

"Thompson, just cool the captain off a little, he is choleric this morning."

Swash went a bucket of water into Scraggs' face, filling his mouth, which was rolling out a volley of oaths, with brine almost as bitter as gall. Maggs opened his mouth to echo the captain, and he got a dose that soon silenced his battery. The soldier, very wisely, kept his potato trap closed. As Nims didn't receive any of these visitations, he enjoyed the scene. It was fun for him to see his old tyrants, powerless and drenched until they resembled drowned rats more than anything else.

Maggs saw him laugh, and it roused more ire than he had yet exhibited.

"Nims, you infernal white-livered, grog-watering, cat-eyed son of a sea-cook, stop your grinning. D—n you, I'll pay you for this! Just wait till I'm cast off once, I'll not leave a bone in your body."

Nims turned pale and trembled.

"Don't be afraid of him, Mr. Nims," said Barney, "he can't harm you now."

"D—n him—I'll have him hung for letting the schooner be taken when it was his watch on deck," growled Scraggs. "I'll have him hung just as soon as I get clear!"

"No you won't, you red-nosed old porpoise," said Nims, growing bolder as he felt that he was under Barney's protection. "I'll never be under your clutches again, for I'll ship in the Continental service the very moment I'm put ashore. Blast you and your king—I've served the one and been abused by the other, until I wish the devil, your master, had you both."

"You needn't wait till you get ashore, Mr. Nims, to enter the Continental service—I'll receive you now, and to show how much I trust your truth to me, and devotion to the cause of liberty, I appoint you to keep guard over these prisoners," said Barney, cutting the ropes which confined Nims, as he spoke. "If they are insolent to you, punish them."

"Mr. Barney," said the poor fellow, as tears started in his eyes, "God bless you. You are the only officer that has spoken a kind word to me for years. I'd die for you. Wherever you go, the only favor I ask is to let me follow you and stand by you!"

"You're a pretty white-livered son of a sea-cook to stand by anybody, you whimpering traitor!" yelled Maggs.

Nims turned and looked at him for one moment, as if he would take up the nearest weapon at hand and train him, but in a moment his better nature conquered, and he said:

"Maggs, you've cursed and abused and imposed upon me from the first hour you saw me till now! You've put extra duty on me in every way you could! You've never spoken a kind word to me before folks, nor have I ever heard that you spoke a good word behind my back. Now, isn't this true?"

"Yes—d—n you, yes!"

"Maggs, I'm going to punish you now—you heard what Mr. Barney told me to do if you were insolent—I'm going to punish you, Maggs!"

The villain turned pale, desperate as he was, but spoke not. He evidently expected such treatment as he would have inflicted had the position of himself and Nims been reversed.

"I'm going to punish you, Maggs, by saying I'm sorry for you!" continued Nims, quietly;

"and telling you that helpless as you now are, I'd scorn to take advantage of you; and though I'll see that you stand no chance of release, I'll not hurt a hair of your head

while you are in my power. I forgive you and Captain Scraggs both, now, for you can't harm me any more!"

"Nims, you're a brave, noble hearted fellow," said Barney, grasping him warmly by the hand.

"I'll try to prove myself one, sir!" said Nims, with emotion. "You shall never regret your kindness to me, sir!"

Maggs' face, which had been so pale but a moment before, now turned red as fire. His lips quivered—then great tears started from his eyes, which perhaps had never wept before. He could have borne abuse, kicks and blows from Nims, but this unmerited kindness from one whom he had so maltreated, opened flood gates which otherwise might have been sealed forever.

"Forgive me, Mr. Nims," he blubbered. "I've treated you like a d—d rascal, and I deserve to be hung. If you'd have had me up to the gangway, and given me twelve dozen, I wouldn't have felt it so keen as them words of yours."

"I never asked mortal man to forgive me before, but I do now, Mr. Nims!" said Capt. Scraggs.

"I forgive you both—from my heart I do!" said Nims, actually weeping. "I'm not one to bear malice."

"Then you'll please to give me a drink of water?" moaned Sponge, who looked more dismal, if possible, than either of the rest. "My head aches like a drum."

"Certainly—and a drop of rum in it," said Nims, "if Mr. Barney will permit it."

"I have no objections," said Barney. "You may bring some rum up for all of them—they'll need it to taper off on."

Nims, now, with as much alacrity as would characterize a good nurse when attending to a sick patient, hastened to serve these men who had so often heaped abuse and wrong upon him. And they were grateful.

Reader, there is something good in everything—in every one I had better say. All it requires is time and circumstances to bring it out. And if the old adage is true, that "there are various ways of whipping the devil around the stump," it is no less true that by proper management you can control, bend and soften the most obdurate character. Man is an animal something after the nature of a horse. Some can be driven, others can be coaxed; some seemed to be good-tempered from their birth. But as a general thing, kindness is far more powerful than the spur or whip. Just think of that and "make a note on 't," as my old friend Captain Cuttle used to say.

After he became satisfied that it was safe, Barney made the situation of his prisoners more comfortable, although he dared not risk their release, for, as will be remembered, the

crew of the schooner, and the marine guard outnumbered his men more than two to one.

"Will you do me one favor, Capt. Barney?" asked Scraggs, as the vessel was standing into the Bay.

"With pleasure, sir, if I can with justice to myself," replied Barney.

"I want to know, if you please, sir, how it was that you managed to make us all so drunk, and keep sober yourself!" said Scraggs.

"Do you remember that I told you I had the toothache, and asked permission to look for some tincture of myrrh, in the medicine chest?"

"Yes, sir, I remember that very well."

"Well, I found some powdered opium there, and as you liked your brandy strong, I strengthened it with that."

"The devil! I see through it all!"

"It was well you watered my grog," said Nims.

"I powdered your's too, Mr. Nims, but not quite so potently as theirs," said Barney, with a smile.

Leaving the schooner dashing up the bay, with the American flag flying at her gaff's end, and a fine breeze after her, we will close this long chapter, and open another.

## CHAPTER XLII.

I remember once when I was in Charleston, S. C., hearing a French gentleman "all of the olden school," telling another where he had passed the evening before. Said he:

"I was wiz one vatee select companie. Zere was Shack Miller, and Shon Shenkins and Monsieur Delaplan and myself—von vatee select companie!"

The City Marshal, who was taking a smile with me at the French coffee-house on "the bay," remarked, *sotto voce*, "Four more accomplished villians couldn't be raked up in the city."

So, on the same principle, "a very select company" was assembled in the back room of Tom Riley's groggery, on the second night after the city had been evacuated by the British. Although it was scarcely yet midnight, the front door, which was usually kept open nearly all night, was carefully closed, as were also the window blinds.

A large table was set in the room, and upon it stood several bottles and glasses—and over it also were strewed a variety of weapons. There was the deadly and dastardly slung shot—the keen double-edged Spanish dagger—the three-cornered Italian stiletto—the heavy and dangerous looking English sheath knife. Pistols, too, of various kinds and sizes, were there. And a rough, lawless looking set of desperadoes were the owners of these weapons. Elliott, still disguised, was there, a scowl of fiendish hate resting on his face. Tom Riley presided at the head of the table. "One-Sided Jack" acted as steward, while the rest of the company, seven in number, looked as if they had been sent up from below, by the devil, to perform some foul deed at his especial bidding. They appeared to have come from all quarters of the globe. One was a huge, repulsive looking negro. A cut, reaching from his temple clear down to his chin, had laid the flesh open, and left a broad white scar. His great eyes looked red, as if they were stained with blood, and when he opened his mouth it looked more like that of some carnivorous animal than that of a human being. His hair was grizzled, and he boasted of being one of those fiendish wretches who, in a recent revolt in the West India Islands, had butchered a large number of women, after perpetrating the most horrid enormities, having first slain their defenders. He was one of the few who had escaped the fearful fate of the others who had been burned alive—he having, after being wounded, fled to the mountains, where he remained until he had an opportunity of joining a piratical vessel,

which ran into an unfrequented cove in search of fresh water.

At the time which I take of introducing this very select company to the reader, this ferocious monster was relating, with the greatest gusto, the fearful deeds in which he had participated. And the character of his auditors may best be judged, when it is stated that they listened with gusto to his horrid details, applauding as he described the struggles of beautiful, despairing maidens in the power of wretches like himself. Oh, God, how depraved and heartless man can be! Often I sickened in describing his depravity, and yet never do I overstep that which I know to have been.

"Fill up—fill up, hearties! It'll soon be time for us to be on the move!" cried Riley.

"Yes," said Elliott, draining a glass filled to the brim with brandy, "and remember, boys, a rich prize is before you—the old man has lots of gold stowed away, and a large service of silver plate!"

"I envy you the prize the most, cap'n!" said the hideous negro; "that is, if she's as han'some as you say she is!"

"Pretty? There isn't a handsomer girl on the continent—such a form, full and voluptuous as that of Cleopatra—eyes large and lustrous as those of a gazelle—lips like strawberries bursting with ripeness—a skin softer and fairer than the leaf of a fresh blown lily!"

On, how the red eyes of the coarse negro glistened as he listened to Elliott's impassioned description.

"You'll remember your promise, cap'n!" he said: "you'll remember your promise about her!"

"Yes—yes—it will just satisfy my revenge after I've spurned her a ruined, debased creature from my feet. Yes, Domingo, you, you shall have her; and I only wish that her lover could be chained down within sight of you, as you clasp her, shrieking, to your arms!"

"Fill up—once more, and we'll be off!" shouted Riley. "Here's to our noble cap'n!"

"Here's to the captain—here's to the captain!" cried all the rest.

Elliott arose and thanked them.

"Men!" said he, "you have chosen me for a leader, and you will find in me one who never will flinch in any daring or damnable work. It was not the want of money that made me seek you out and join your band. I had enough and more than enough. I sought revenge and I will have it. This night I begin the work. But while I seek revenge for my own satisfaction, I do not forget your interest."

There is plenty of gold and plate in the house which we enter to-night. Of that I shall not touch a single ounce for my own use!"

"Bravo, captain!" Hurrah for our noble captain!"

"No, I seek, as I said, revenge!" All I want is the girl, and her I'll have, or die in the trial. You have sworn to obey me—to follow my leading!"

"Yes, to hell's gates, if you'll take us there!" shouted the negro.

"I trust to you all. This night is but the commencement of our work—after my hand is once in, you'll see that, like the lion which has once tasted human blood, there will be no stay to my appetite. You shall revel in gold!"

"And beauty!" added the hideous black.

"And rum and tobacco shall be as plenty as water in the river and chips in a ship-yard!" added Riley.

"Now, my lads, I've said my say, arm and we'll start," said Elliott, concluding, and swallowing another glass of brandy.

Each one now assumed his weapons and arranged his disguise, and then Elliott imparted his plan.

"I've secured one of the servants, by a heavy bribe," he said, and the door will be open to us. You know, Tom Riley, where the old man sleeps. You take two of the men and

fix him. The strong chest is in his room. Domingo and myself will get the girl. The other four will stay and guard the door, and be ready to cover our retreat. You'll remain here, One-Sided Jack, ready to let us in with plunder, and be sure to have the door of the cellar vault open so that I can get the girl in quickly if we are followed."

"All right, cap'n! I'll be on hand," said the cripple.

"Do you all fully understand my plan?" asked Elliott.

"All—all!" was the reply.

"Then follow me, but go still and keep scattering till we reach the house. And remember if there is any resistance, use steel; don't fire a pistol to alarm the neighborhood, if you can help it."

The party now gathered in the outer room, and, let out by the cripple, departed one by one, from the door. After the last one had gone, "One-Sided Jack" closed the door.

Then, from close under the eaves of the house, where the shadow was dense, two persons glided noiselessly out, and followed in the rear of the gang of desperadoes.

The night was dark, for there was no moon, and a strong south-easterly breeze swept a dark and heavy mass of clouds in from sea-ward.

## CHAPTER XLII.

## A FRIGHT.

"Good-night!" How sweet those two words sound from dear lips, when you know that, unlike the sad farewell, it only means *au revoir* for a little time. When you expect, yourself refreshed by "balmy sleep, nature's sweet restorer," so on again to meet the beloved one, more radiant more cheerful than ever. How sweet the good night kiss exchanged between brother and sister, between parent and child. How holy the blessing invoked from Heaven when the aged lay their feeble hands upon the heads of the young, and with that blessing and prayer bid them go to rest. Reader, always say good night to those whom you love before you retire to slumber, for you know not that you may wake to bid them good morning.

Never did Cora look more beautiful than when she bent her lovely head to kiss her dear father's brow, before she retired for the night. Her dark tresses, shining like the glossy down from a raven's breast, mingled with his white hairs, and her red lips touched his forehead, like a red rose bowing on its stem to kiss a lily. And her voice was full of melody as she tenderly said:

"Good night, my dear father."

"God bless thee, Cora, my darling," was his response, as he pressed her light and graceful form to his bosom. "May the good angels guard thee!"

Then, accompanied by Eliza, she retired to her chamber.

"I do not feel sleepy, yet it is time that I retired," she said to Eliza, as she seated herself in the room.

"I wonder where the poor lieutenant is now?" said Eliza. "Oh, how I did hate to see him go."

"He is probably on the ocean now. And the wind blows fearfully. Yet why should I fear that the elements would harm him, when man is more cruel?"

"There's one comfort, Miss Cora."

"What's that, Eliza," asked the mistress.

"He isn't alone in his trouble's ma'am. Jim Thompson, bless his noble heart, told me the night we tied the corporal, that he'd stick to him till it blew great guns—and that means always, for I don't believe that the wind will ever blow great guns, or the rain rain pitchforks, though people do talk about such things."

"Thompson is, indeed, a fine fellow, Eliza,

and very devoted to Mr. Barney, but, poor fellow, he too is a prisoner, and cannot help himself. We must have patience—they will be released some time."

"Patience, Miss Cora! I think we've been tried hard enough. It needed more patience than ever Job had to get along when those soldiers were in the house. Patience is like good fortune, it isn't every one that is blessed with it, though, for my part, I believe I'm the most patientest creature on this sublunary sphere. You never see me get into tantrums, do you, Miss Cora?—not even when he chimney smokes."

"Not often, my good Eliza—you are a kind, even-tempered girl."

"I thought you'd say that of me, Miss Cora. Shall I fix you for bed?"

"Yes, if you like, Eliza, although I do not feel sleepy."

"How sweet you do look, Miss Cora," said Eliza, after she had finished the night toilet of her beautiful mistress. Then she kissed her lily hand, and, bidding her good night, departed to her own room.

And Cora knelt down to pray. How beautiful is prayer! The kneeling of those who, though weak, and frail, and mortal, are made in His image who is immortal. The looking up from this earth, which, with all its beauties, is still dark and sin laden, to the bright spirit land where angels sing His praises for evermore; looking up and feeling that great above all greatness, powerful above all power, bright above all brightness, and good above all goodness, though He be, yet He bends His benignant ear to the petitions of the humblest being who kneels upon His footstool.

And Cora knelt in her white robes to pray for herself and for those whom she loved. Like a low gush of melody rolling on the breeze of even from off the strings of an æolian harp did her sweet whisperings fill that room.

Who but a fiend from hell itself could regard her, in her spiritual beauty, in her purity, save with hallowed thoughts, thoughts as near akin to adoration as may be given to anything that is earthly.

She has closed her prayer—she rises—she approaches her couch—she turns down the snowy coverlet. Hark! She hears a footstep—a stealthy one. Her door opens—she turns and beholds—Elliott, and a huge and hideous negro!



## CHAPTER XLIII.

ELLIOTT FOILED AND KILLED.

It was nearly midnight when, under only her mainsail and jib, a schooner swept by the wharves of the lower part of the city. She came swiftly, for the wind was fresh and fair. When she had nearly reached Market street wharf her jib was hauled down, and by the aid of her helm and her mainsail she flew around quickly head to wind.

"Stand by the anchor," said a low voice aft.

For a moment the vessel shot ahead right in the wind's eye, then her headway ceased, then she began to drop astern.

"Let go the anchor," said the same voice.

The splash of the iron and the rattle of the chain as it ran through the hawse hole was then heard, and soon the vessel was brought up, and lay as motionless as a house upon the land. Her mainsail was lowered, and, with the other sails furled, and then all was still on board. It was the Cricket. Let us now enter her cabin.

Barney and Nims were alone up in the cabin—the prisoners had long before gone to their berths.

"We'll take a light toddy as a night-cap, Mr. Nims, and turn in, I guess," said Barney. "Thompson is trusty, and I reckon it is perfectly safe to leave the deck in his charge. I want to be up early, so as to surprise the citizens by firing a salute, and showing my prize with the American flag hoisted over the English."

"Make mine weak, if you please, sir," said Nims; "and you needn't powder it this time."

"No danger, my dear fellow. I trust you entirely now, and if you do not get ahead and receive rapid promotion in the service of your adopted country it shall not be my fault."

"I shall try to deserve it."

Barney now mixed a glass of grog for himself, and another for Nims, making the latter weak, as requested.

"Whose guitar is that?" asked Barney, as he pointed to an instrument of that kind hanging up in the after part of the cabin.

"Mine, sir," said Nims.

"Do you play or sing?" continued Barney.

"Both—a little. I am very fond of it, but no one cared for music aboard here."

"What do you say to a serenade. I can't sleep a wink to-night. Suppose we go ashore—I know a lady whom I would like to waken

with a pleasant song. It will be unexpected, and she will not know your voice."

"I am wholly at your service, sir—nothing will delight me more than to please you."

"Well, get your guitar in tune, while I go on deck and have a boat lowered."

Nims proceeded to tune the guitar, and by the way that his fingers ran over the strings it could be seen that he was no novice in its management.

"The boat is all ready," said Barney, a few moments later, as he entered the cabin.

"Shall we carry arms?" asked Nims.

"I hardly know that it is necessary," replied Barney. "On second thought," he continued, "I think we had. It is late, and there is no knowing who may be prowling around the streets, especially if the American army has not yet entered the city."

Barney now selected a couple of swords which hung in the cabin, one for himself and one for Nims. He also handed the latter one of his own pistols, putting its mate in his own belt.

"We'll take another toddy, to mellow your notes, and keep off the chill of the night air, and then we'll go," said Barney.

"You can make mine a very little stronger this time, sir, if you please," said Nims.

The toddies were drunk, and then the two moved out, got into the boat, and in a short time stood on the wharf.

"You will remain here with the boat until I return, boys," said Barney to his boat's crew.

"Ay, ay, sir," was the cheerful response, as their officer and his companion moved off.

"Do you see that dark house—that large one there?" said Barney, as, after walking some way up the street, he pointed out a building to his companion.

"Do you mean the one where there is a light, sir?"

"Yes—that is it. The light is in her room. She is up yet. Perhaps she is thinking of me—praying for me. Were you ever in love, Nims?"

"Yes, sir—once, and once only. I loved a peerless flower, but another wears it on his breast now. I wrote a song about her. I'll repeat it to you, but I never sing it now."

"Do so, my dear fellow."

Nims heaved a deep sigh, and repeated the following verses:

"There was a flower, the fairest one  
That ever met my eye—  
There was a star, which seemed alone  
To gem for me the sky—  
There was a hope, to which I clung  
Most fond and fervently—  
There was a name, which on my tongue  
Alone was melody."

"But ah! that flower now is worn  
Upon another's breast—  
The hope is from my bosom torn,  
Which once that bosom blessed—  
The star which once above me shone  
Now lights my path no more—  
I dare not cherish as my own  
The name I did of yore."

"Yet in the morning, and at eve,  
The star—the flower—the name—  
And hope are cherished—which I grieve  
Are present like the flame  
Which on the holy altar burns,  
Forever, night and day;  
And as to it the Christian turns,  
So I to them, and pray."

"Pray that the flower may never fade—  
The star may never set—  
No cloud the floweret ever shade,  
No tear its bright cheek wet,  
And though I may not breathe the name,  
And hope's bright dream is o'er,  
A place in memory 'twill claim  
Until I breathe no more."

They had now almost arrived at the house, when a shriek—a wild, shrill shriek, that pierced their very hearts—came ringing on the air.

"My God, 'tis from her chamber! Draw, Nims, if you are a man, and follow me," shouted Barney, as he bounded forward. The door of the house was open, and armed men were there, as Barney sprang toward it, but they were already engaged. Two shots were fired as Barney rushed up the steps, and he saw a sword flashing in the hands of one who sought to enter. In a moment that one would have fallen by his hand, but by the flash of a pistol he recognised Caroline Ormsley, even though she was in male attire.

"You here, Miss Ormsley!" he exclaimed, as he drove his sword through the man who opposed her.

"On, Barney! on, and save her you love! Elliott is up stairs!" she cried, as she fell back, wounded, into the arms of Nims, who was close behind him.

Shriek after shriek reached Barney's agonized ear. Pushing aside with his naked left arm a murderous blow which was aimed at his heart, he clove another opposer down, and rushed up the stairs.

Wild was his shout as he sprang through the open door of Cora's chamber, and saw the poor girl, with torn dress and dishevelled hair, madly struggling in the arms of Elliott and the fiendish negro, who were striving to bind and gag her.

The negro turned as he heard that shout, and his red eyes glared like balls of fire as he drew his knife and rushed toward Barney. But he had looked his last look. A ball from Barney's pistol crashed through his brain, and

with a fearful howl he sank at Barney's feet ere he could reach him.

Elliott dropped his intended victim, and, drawing his sword, sprang with a frenzied yell of hate toward Barney. The latter, eager to meet him, rushed forward; but the negro, in his dying agony, caught him by the foot, and he fell headlong to the floor. At that instant the report of a blunderbuss below fairly shook the house; but it did not drown the yell of triumph which rose from Elliott's lips as he raised his sword to strike a death-blow home to the heart of his defenceless foe.

But a flash, a ringing shot, and his upraised arm fell powerless at his side.

"That shot was mine, Henry Elliott—mine mine! I am revenged!" shrieked Caroline Ormsley, as she staggered forward and fell down at his feet. With glaring eyes he looked at her one instant, then pressed his hand to his heart, through which the ball had passed, and fell dead at her side, without uttering a word. Her life-blood was mingling with his.

In an instant Barney was on his feet; the next moment he was by the side of Cora, and had raised her in his arms.

"Saved—saved—thank God!" she murmured, and fainted in his arms.

"My daughter—my daughter—where is Cora?" shouted the Alderman, rushing into the room in his night-clothes, carrying in his hand by the barrel a blunderbuss, the shattered and bloody butt of which told that he had not been idle.

"She is safe. Are you hurt, sir?" cried Barney; "you are bleeding."

"Only a scratch, my boy. There were two of 'em, but I did 'em both—d—n 'em, I did 'em both—the Lord forgive me for swearing. How in Heaven's name did you get here in this very nick of time? Why, that's Elliott on the floor—dead, eh?—saved the hangman a job. And a big nigger—bah! And a young lad—a handsome one; what could have brought him here? All dead!"

"Father, are you safe?" asked Cora, faintly, recovering partially.

"Yes, my chick; and Barney's safe, and you're safe, and I don't care if all the rest of the world is dead—d—d if I do! Good Lord, forgive me for swearing, but I'm so happy!"

The old Alderman now embraced both Barney and his daughter, at one moment laughing and the next crying.

Barney disengaged himself, for he now thought himself of Nims; but at that moment he entered, his sword red with blood, and a bad gash in his cheek.

"They're all gone, or down, sir," he said. "One got away, but I couldn't help it—I marked him."

"Bravo, Nims! hereafter you are a brother to me," cried Barney.

At this moment the poor crippled negro Cato crept into the room.

"Thank him—he fought like a devil!" said Nims.

"Poor fellow," said Barney, "his mistress is dead; her last act was to save my life."

The poor negro, who was himself badly wounded, crept to the side of his mistress and

looked down into her pale face. He said no word, but great tears like melted pearls chased each other down his sable face. At that instant, pale and terrified into utter speechlessness, Eliza rushed into the room.

Reader, the tableau for this chapter is perfect. Look upon it, and we will drop the curtain.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

It was a few days later. In that house wherein such a fearful scene of bloodshed occurred as was described in the last chapter, a joyous party was assembled, composed entirely of those with whom the readers have already become familiar, and for whom, I hope, they have nourished some friendly feeling.

It was in the large old dining hall that the party was assembled, and it consisted of the old Alderman, Barney and his betrothed, Nims, in a new American uniform, Eliza, the faithful maid of Cora, and last, but not least, honest, brave, faithful Jim Thompson.

The Alderman was in his glory. Seated in his favorite arm-chair, he held a brimming goblet in his hand, and drank "Joy, happiness, to all around him."

"Barney," he cried, "you deserve my Cora; take her, God bless you, and make her a good husband. She has been an affectionate, good daughter, and I know she'll make you a loving wife."

"I am sure she will, and I will try to deserve her!" said Barney, as he pressed her dear hand to his manly lips.

"And, Thompson, I suppose you'll get spliced, as you sailors say, to Eliza there. Well, I'll do the job for you for nothing."

"I'd like that very well, your honor," said Thompson, looking at Eliza, who sat blushing like a peony—"I'd like it very well, for Miss Eliza is built like a clipper, and I've no doubt would sail like one over the sea of married life; but I've got seven little reasons, and one big one, why her and me can't be spliced."

"What are they?" asked the Alderman, while Eliza turned pale, and looked as if she was about to faint.

"Why, your honor, if the truth must be told, I've got a fat wife and seven children now, and it wouldn't be exactly right for

to take a nice gal like Miss Eliza in tow afore t'other one had slipped her cable."

Eliza looked as if she would indeed faint now, but Barney brought the blushes back to her cheek, and perhaps hope to her heart once more, as he said:

"There's my noble friend Nims in want of a wife, Eliza—you shall not go husbandless. I know that he has a good heart, and will make a first-rate husband."

"I'd try to, if only to please you, my kind benefactor," said Nims; "that is, if the lady has no objection."

"I'm afraid Miss Cora can't spare me," said Eliza, smiling through her tears and blushes.

"Oh, yes, in such a case, Eliza," said the joyous Cora, "and wish you many years of unalloyed happiness."

Eliza thought at once that a single officer was a better match than a married seaman, and when Nims took hold of her hand, she did not withdraw it.

A few days later still, and Jim Thompson, as a special friend and favorite, was allowed to dance at a double wedding.

And now, reader, my tale is done. The name of Barney belongs to history; it is a proud relic of his country. His after deeds upon the water, his heroic conduct at Bladensburg are recorded in letters of glory which the hand of time, unsparing as it is, can never efface while the name of one hero of the Revolution is remembered. From his marriage with the fair daughter of Alderman Bedford, sprang some of the best stock which now exists in this city and that of Baltimore. His honored name, borne by a descendant, still graces our naval register; and if the ancient grudge is again to be worked up between us and the old country, I doubt not but that the blood will be found as good as ever.

A description of one scene, and I have finished. It was the first day of December, 1818. Where the rapid Monongahela rushes impetuously into the virgin embrace of the silvery Alleghany, and, united as "two hearts in one," they under the beautiful name of Ohio roll off toward the fathomless ocean, a Christian and a hero lay upon his death bed. The cold winter winds were sweeping over the rushing waters and snow-flakes filled the air; but hot tears were gushing out from fond eyes upon his bosom, and kind words from dear lips were cheering up his spirit as it plumed its white wings for departure to a better world.

"Cora—dear Cora," muttered the dying man, "you have been a blessed angel to me through life; weep not at my departure—you will soon follow me. Bring up our children in the path which I have trod; tell them to be true to their country and their God. I've played with death many a time, my love—have slipped out of his grasp very often; he has an old grudge against me, and must take it out."

He died, beloved by all who knew him—respected even by his foes.

It may appear vain in the author to append

the following statement, but if so he cannot help it, for it is one of the few occurrences in his life that he is proud of.

In 1844, just after retiring by voluntary resignation from the navy, he started a literary magazine in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. On one occasion, during the spring of that year, while walking through the old graveyard of the — church of that city, he stumbled over a broken and sunken slab of marble, half covered with the grass which had already grown up rank above it. Upon looking at the inscription on the stone, he found that it rested over the remains of Commodore Joshua Barney. Instantly publishing a notice of the neglected state of the grave, and also writing a biography of the hero, he called public attention to the matter, and did not rest until those revered remains were removed to the City Cemetery, and a monument worthy of the city of his burial placed over him.

And now, dear readers—you who have had the patience to follow me through this long story—farewell. I hope, though I am an old man-o-war's-man, you will not hold any grudge against me.

THE END.