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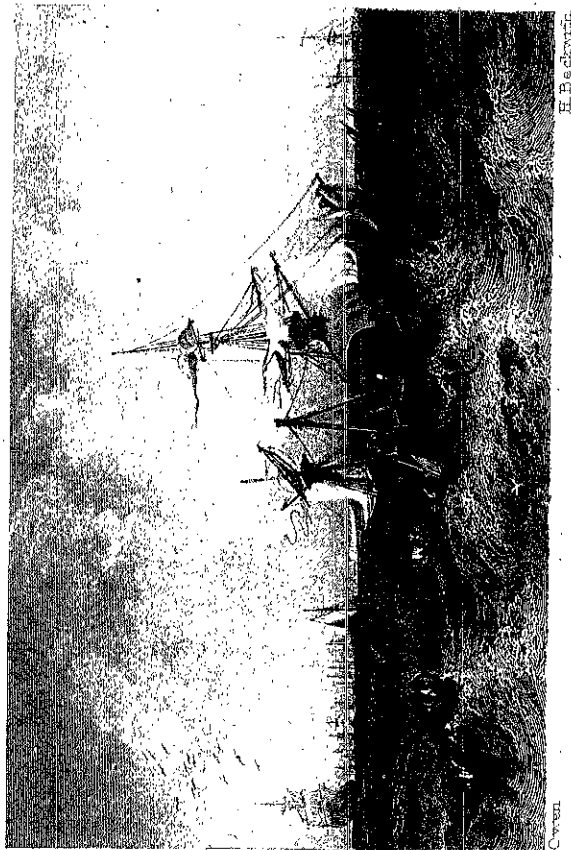
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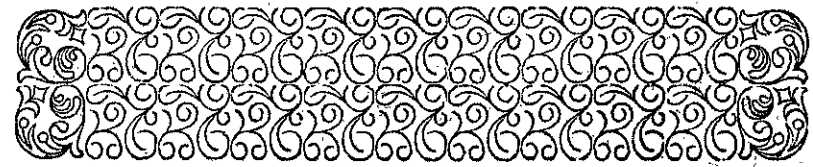


NEW YORK:
G. P. PUTNAM, 321 BROADWAY.
1858.



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Barney O'Reirdon, the Navigator.

OUTWARD BOUND.

"Well, he went farther and farther than I can tell."—NURSEBY TALE.

BARNY O'REIRDON was a fisherman of Kinsale, and a heartier fellow never hauled a net or cast a line into deep water: indeed Barney, independently of being a merry boy among his companions, a lover of good fun and good whiskey, was looked up to, rather, by his brother fishermen, as an intelligent fellow, and few boats brought more fish to market than Barney O'Reirdon's; his opinion on certain points in the craft was considered law, and in short, in his own little community, Barney was what is commonly called a leading man. Now, your leading man is always jealous in an inverse ratio to the sphere of his influence, and the leader of a nation is less incensed at a rival's triumph than the great man of a village. If we pursue this descending scale, what a desperately jealous person the oracle of oyster-dredgers and cockle-women must be! Such was Barney O'Reirdon.

Seated one night at a public-house, the common resort of Barny and other marine curiosities, our hero got entangled in debate with what he called a strange sail—that is to say, a man he had never met before, and whom he was inclined to treat rather magisterially upon nautical subjects; at the same time that the stranger was equally inclined to assume the high hand over him, till at last the new-comer made a regular outbreak by exclaiming, “Ah, tare-an-ouns, lave off your balderdash, Mr. O'Reirdon, by the powdher's o' war it's enough, so it is, to make a dog bate his father, to hear you goin' on as if you war Curlumberus or Sir Crustyphiz Wran, when ivery one knows the divil a farther you ivir wor, nor ketchin' crabs or drudgin' oysters.”

“Who towld you that, my Watherford Wondher?” rejoined Barny; “what the dickins do you know about sayfarin' farther nor fishing for sprats in a bowl wid you grandmother?”

“Oh, baithershin,” says the stranger.

“And who made you so bowld with my name?” demanded O'Reirdon.

“No matther for that,” said the stranger; “but if you'd like for to know, shure it's your cousin Molly Mullins knows me well, and maybe I don't know you and your's as well as the mother that bore you; aye, in troth, and sure I know the very thoughts o' you as well as if I was inside o' you, Barny O'Reirdon.”

“By my soul, thin, you know betther thoughts than your own, Mr. Whippersnapper, if that's the name you go by.”

“No, it's not the name I go by; I've as good a name as your own, Mr. O'Reirdon, for want of a betther, and that's O'Sullivan.”

“Throth, there's more than there's good o' them,” said Barny.

“Good or bad, I'm a cousin o' your own twice removed by the mother's side.”

“And is it the Widda O'Sullivan's boy you'd be that left this come Candlemas four years?”

“The same.”

“Troth thin you might know better manners to your eldhers, though I'm glad to see you, any how, agin; but a little travellin' puts us beyant ourselves sometimes,” said Barny, rather contemptuously.

“Throth, I niver bragged out o' myself yit, and it's what I say, that a man that's only a fishin' aff the land all his life has no business to compare in the regard o' thractericks wid a man that has sailed to Fingal.”

This silenced any further argument on Barny's part. Where Fingal lay was all Greek to him; but, unwilling to admit his ignorance, he covered his retreat with the usual address of his countrymen, and turned the bitterness of debate into the cordial flow of congratulation at seeing his cousin again.

The liquor was freely circulated, and the conversation began to take a different turn, in order to lead from that which had nearly ended in a quarrel between O'Reirdon and his relation.

The state of the crops, county cess, road jobs, &c., became topics, and various strictures as to the utility of the latter were indulged in, while the merits of the neighboring farmers were canvassed.

“Why thin,” said one, “that field o' whate o' Michael Coghlan, is the finest field o' whate mortal eyes was ever set upon—divil the likes of it myself ever seen far or near.”

“Troth thin sure enough,” said another, “it promises to be a fine crap anyhow, and myself can't help thinking it quare that Mickee Coghlan, that's a plain spoken, quite (quiet) man, and simple like, should have finer craps than

Pether Kelly o' the big farm beyant, that knows all about the great saycrets o' the airth, and is knowledgable to a degree, and has all the hard words that iver was coined at his fingers' ends'.

"Faith, he has a power o' *blasthogue* about him sure enough," said the former speaker, "if that could do him any good, but he isn't fit to hould a candle to Michael Coghlan in the regard o' *farmin'*."

"Why, blur an angers," rejoined the upholder of science, "sure he met the Scotch steward that the Lord beyant has, one day, that I hear is a wondherful edicated man, and was brought over here to show us all a patthern—well, Pether Kelly met him one day, and, by gor, he discoarsed him to that degree, that the Scotch chap hadn't a word left in his jaw."

"Well, and what was he the betther o' having more prate than a Scotchman?" asked the other.

"Why," answered Kelly's friend, "I think it stands to rayson that the man that done out the Scotch steward ought to know something more about *farmin'* than Mickee Coghlan."

"Augh! don't talk to me about knowing," said the other, rather contemptuously. "Sure I gev in to you that he has a power o' prate, and the gift o' the gab, and all to that. I own to you that he has the *the-o-ry* and the *che-mis-thery*, but he hasn't the *craps*. Now, the man that has the *craps*, is the man for my money."

"You're right, my boy," said O'Reirdon, with an approving thump of his brawny fist on the table, "it's a little talk goes far—*doin'* is the thing."

"Ah, yiz may run down larnin' if yiz like," said the undismayed stickler for theory versus practice, "but larnin' is a fine thing, and sure where would the world be at all only for it, sure where would the staymers (steamboats) be, only for larnin'?"

"Well," said O'Reirdon, "and the devil may care if we

never seen them; I'd rather dipind an wind and canvas any day than the likes o' them. What are they good for, but to turn good sailors into kitchen-maids, all as one, bilin' a big pot o' wather and oilin' their fire-irons, and throwing coals an the fire? Augh! them staymers is a disgrace to the say; they're for all the world like ould fogies, smokin' from mornin' till night, and doin' no good."

"Do you call it doin' no good to go faster nor ships ivir wint before?"

"Pooh; sure Solomon, queen o' Sheba, said there was time enough for all things."

"Thru for you," said O'Sullivan, "*fair and aisy goes far in a day*, is a good ould sayin'."

"Well, maybe you'll own to the improvemint they're makin' in the harbor o' Howth, beyant in Dublin, is some good."

"We'll see whether it 'ill be an improvement first," said the obdurate O'Reirdon.

"Why, man alive, sure you'll own it's the greatest o' good it is, takin' up the big rocks out o' the bottom o' the harbor."

"Well, an' where's the wondher of that? sure we done the same here."

"Oh yis, but it was whin the tide was out and the rocks was bare; but up in Howth, they cut away the big rocks from under the say intirely."

"Oh, be aisy; why, how could they do that?"

"Aye, there's the matther, that's what larnin' can do; and wondherful it is intirely! and the way it is, is this, as I hear it, for I never seen it, but h'ard it described by the lord to some gintlemin and ladies one day in his garden where I was helpin' the gardener to land some salary (celery). You see the ingineer goes down under the wather intirely, and can stay there as long as he plazes."

"Whoo! and what o' that? Sure I heerd the long sailor say, that come from the Aysthern Ingees, that the Ingi-neers there can a'most live undher wather; and goes down lookin' for dimonds, and has a sledge-hammer in their hand brakein' the dimonds when they're too big to take them up whole, all as one as men brakein' stones an the road."

"Well, I don't want to go beyant that; but the way the lord's ingineer goes down is, he has a little bell wid him, and while he has that little bell to ring, hurt nor harm can't come to him."

"Why thin now do you think me sich a born nat'hral as to give in to that; as if the ringin' iv a bell, barrin' it was a blessed bell, could do the like. I tell you it's unpos-sible."

"Ah, nothin's impossible to God."

"Sure I wasn't denyin' that; but I say the bell is unpos-sible."

"Why," said O'Sullivan, "you see he's not altogether complate in the demonstheration o' the mashine; it is not by the ringin' o' the bell it is done, but——"

"But what?" broke in O'Reirdon impatiently. "Do you mane for to say there is a bell in it at all at all?"

"Yes, I do," said O'Sullivan.

"I towld you so," said the promulgator of the story.

"Aye," said O'Sullivan, "but it's not by the ringin' iv the bell it is done."

"Well, how is it done, then?" said the other, with a half offended, half supercilious air.

"It is done," said O'Sullivan, as he returned the look with interest, "it is done intirely by jommethry."

"Oh! I understand it now," said O'Reirdon, with an inimitable affectation of comprehension in the Oh!—"but to talk of the ringin' iv a bell doin' the like is beyant the

beyants intirely, barrin', as I said before, it was a blessed bell, glory be to God!"

"And so you tell me, sir, it is jommethry," said the twice discomfited man of science.

"Yes, sir," said O'Sullivan, with an air of triumph, which rose in proportion as he saw he carried the listeners along with him—"jommethry."

"Well, have it your own way. There's them that won't hear rayson sometimes, nor have belief in larnin'; and you may say it's jommethry if you plaze; but I heerd them that knows bettther than iver you knew say——"

"Whisht, whisht! and bad cess to you both," said O'Reirdon, "what the dickens are yiz goin' to fight about now, and sich good liquor before yiz? Hillo! there, Mrs. Quigley, bring uz another quart i' you plaze; aye, that's the chat—another quart."

After the introduction of this and *other* quarts, it would not be an easy matter to pursue the conversation that fol-lowed. Let us, therefore, transfer our story to the succeed-ing morning, when Barney O'Reirdon strolled forth from his cottage, rather later than usual, with his eyes bearing *eye*-witness to the carouse of the preceding night. He had not a head-ache, however; whether it was that Barney was too experienced a campaigner under the banners of Bacchus; or that Mrs. Quigley's boast was a just one, namely, "that of all the drink in her house, there wasn't a headache in a hogshead of it," is hard to determine, but I rather incline to the strength of Barney's head.

Barney sauntered about in the sun, at which he often looked up, under the shelter of compressed bushy brows and long-lashed eyelids, and a shadowing hand across his forehead, to see "what time o' day" it was; and, from the frequency of this action, it was evident the day was hanging heavily with Barney. He retired at last to a sunny nook in

a neighboring field, and stretching himself at full length, basked in the sun, and began "to chew the cud of sweet and bitter thought." He first reflected on his own undoubted weight in his little community, but still he could not get over the annoyance of the preceding night, arising from his being silenced by O'Sullivan; "a chap," as he said to himself, "that lift the place four years ago a brat iv a boy, and to think iv his comin' back and outdoin' his elders, that saw him runnin' about the place, a gossoon, that one could tache a few months before;" 'twas too bad. Barny saw his reputation was in a ticklish position, and began to consider how his disgrace could be retrieved. The very name of Fingal was hateful to him; it was a plague spot on his peace that festered there incurably. He first thought of leaving Kinsale altogether; but flight implied so much of defeat, that he did not long indulge in that notion. No; he *would* stay, "in spite of all the O'Sullivans, kith and kin, breed, seed, and generation." But at the same time he knew he should never hear the end of that hateful place, Fingal; and if Barny had had the power, he would have enacted a penal statute, making it death to name the accursed spot, wherever it was; but not being gifted with such legislative authority, he felt Kinsale was no place for him, if he would not submit to be flouted every hour out of the four-and-twenty, by man, woman, and child, that wished to annoy him. What was to be done? He was in the perplexing situation, to use his own words, "of the cat in the thripe shop," he didn't know which way to choose. At last, after turning himself over in the sun several times, a new idea struck him. Couldn't he go to Fingal himself? and then he'd be equal to that upstart, O'Sullivan. No sooner was the thought engendered, than Barny sprang to his feet a new man; his eye brightened, his step became once more elastic,—he walked erect, and felt himself to be

all over Barny O'Reirdon once more. "Richard was himself again."

But where was Fingal?—there was the rub. That was a profound mystery to Barny, which, until discovered, must hold him in the vile bondage of inferiority. The plain-dealing reader will say, "couldn't he ask?" No, no; that would never do for Barny,—that would be an open admission of ignorance his soul was above, and, consequently, Barny set his brains to work to devise measures of coming at the hidden knowledge by some circuitous route, that would not betray the end he was working for. To this purpose, fifty stratagems were raised and demolished in half as many minutes, in the fertile brain of Barny, as he strided along the shore, and as he was working hard at the fifty-first, it was knocked all to pieces by his jostling against some one whom he never perceived he was approaching, so immersed was he in his speculations, and on looking up, who should it prove to be but his friend "the long sailor from the Aysthern Injees." This was quite a godsend to Barny, and much beyond what he could have hoped for. Of all the men under the sun, the long sailor was the man in a million for Barny's net at that minute, and accordingly he made a haul of him, and thought it the greatest catch he ever made in his life.

Barny and the long sailor were in close companionship for the remainder of the day, which was closed, as the preceding one, in a carouse; but on this occasion, there was only a duet performance in honor of the jolly god, and the treat was at Barny's expense. What the nature of their conversation during the period was, I will not dilate on, but keep it as profound a secret as Barny himself did, and content myself with saying, that Barny looked a much happier man the next day. Instead of wearing his hat slouched, and casting his eyes on the ground, he walked about with his

usual unconcern, and gave his nod and passing word of "*civility*" to every friend he met; he rolled his quid of tobacco about in his jaw with an air of superior enjoyment, and if disturbed in his narcotic amusement by a question, he took his own good time to eject "the leperous distilment" before he answered the querist, with a happy composure, that bespoke a man quite at ease with himself. It was in this agreeable spirit that Barny bent his course to the house of Peter Kelly, the owner of the "big farm beyant," before alluded to, in order to put in practice a plan he had formed for the fulfilment of his determination of rivalling O'Sullivan.

He thought it probable that Peter Kelly, being one of the "snuggest" men in the neighborhood, would be a likely person to join him in a "spec," as he called it (a favorite abbreviation of his for the word speculation), and, accordingly, when he reached the "big farm-house," he accosted its owner with the usual "God save you."

"God save you kindly, Barny," returned Peter Kelly; "an' what is it brings you here, Barny," asked Peter, "this fine day, instead o' bein' out in the boat?"

"Oh, I'll be in the boat soon enough, and it's far enough too I'll be out in her; an' indeed it's partly that same is bringin' me here to yourself."

"Why, do you want me to go along wid you, Barny?"

"Troth an' I don't, Mr. Kelly. You're a knowledgeable man an land, but I'm afeard it's a bad bargain you'd be at say."

"And what wor you talking about me and your boat for?"

"Why, you see, sir, it was in the regard of a little bit o' business, an' if you'd come wid me and take a turn in the praty field, I'll be behauldin' to you, and may be you'll hear somethin' that won't be displazin' to you."

"An' welkim, Barny," said Peter Kelly.

When Barny and Peter were in the "praty field," Barny opened the trenches (I don't mean the potato trenches), but, in military parlance, he opened the trenches and laid siege to Peter Kelly, setting forth the extensive profits that had been realized by various "specs" that had been made by his neighbors in exporting potatoes. "And sure," said Barny, "why shouldn't *you* do the same, and they here ready at your hand? as much as to say, *why don't you profit by me, Peter Kelly?*" And the boat is below there in the harbor, and, I'll say this much, the divil a betther boat is betune this and herself."

"Indeed, I b'lieve so, Barny," said Peter, "for considering where we stand at this present, there's no boat at all at all betune us," and Peter laughed with infinite pleasure at his own hit.

"Oh! well, you know what I mane, any how, an' as I said before, the boat is a darlint boat, and as for him that commands her—I b'lieve I need say nothin' about that," and Barny gave a toss of his head and a sweep of his open hand, more than doubling the laudatory nature of his comment on himself.

But, as the Irish saying is, "to make a long story short," Barny prevailed on Peter Kelly to make an export; but in the nature of the venture they did not agree. Barny had proposed potatoes; Peter said there were enough of them already where he was going; and Barny rejoined, that "praties were so good in themselves, there never could be too much o' thim anywhere." But Peter being a knowledgeable man, and up to all the "saycrets o' the airth, and understanding the the-o-ry and the che-mis-thery," overruled Barny's proposition, and determined upon a cargo of *scalpeens* (which name they give to pickled mackerel), as a preferable merchandise, quite forgetting that Dublin Bay

herrings were a much better and as cheap a commodity, at the command of the Fingalians. But in many similar mistakes the ingenious Mr. Kelly has been paralleled by other speculators. But that is neither here nor there, and it was all one to Barny whether his boat was freighted with potatoes or *scalpeens*, so long as he had the honor and glory of becoming a navigator, and being as good as O'Sullivan.

Accordingly the boat was laden and all got in readiness for putting to sea, and nothing was now wanting but Barny's orders to haul up the gaff and shake out the gib of his hooker.

But this order Barny refrained to give, and for the first time in his life exhibited a disinclination to leave the shore. One of his fellow-boatmen, at last, said to him, "Why thin, Barny O'Reirdon, what the divil is come over you, at all at all? What's the maynin' of your loitherin' about here, and the boat ready and a lovely fine breeze aff o' the land?"

"Oh! never you mind; I b'lieve I know my own business any how, an' it's hard, so it is, if a man can't ordher his own boat to sail when he plazes."

"Oh! I was only thinkin' it quare—and a pity, more betoken, as I said before, to lose the beautiful breeze, and——"

"Well, just keep your thoughts to yourself, i' you plaze, and stay in the boat as I bid you, and don't be out of her on your apperl, by no manner o' means, for one minit, for you see I don't know when it may be plazin' to me to go aboard an' set sail."

"Well, all I can say is, I never seen you afeard to go to say before."

"Who says I'm afeard?" said O'Reirdon; "you'd better not say that agin, or in throth I'll give you a latherin' that won't be for the good o' your health—throth, for three

straws this minit I'd lave you that your own mother wouldn't know you with the lickin' I'd give you; but I scorn your dirty insinuation; no man ever seen Barny O'Reirdon afeard yet, any how. Howld your prate, I tell you, and look up to your betthers. What do you know iv navigation? may be you think it's as easy for to sail an a voyage as to go a start fishin'," and Barny turned on his heel and left the shore.

The next day passed without the hooker sailing, and Barny gave a most sufficient reason for the delay, by declaring that he had a warnin' given to him in a dhrame, (Glory be to God,) and that it was given to him to understand (under Heaven) that it wouldn't be looky that day.

Well, the next day was Friday, and Barny, of course, would not sail any more than any other sailor who could help it, on this unpropitious day. On Saturday, however, he came running in a great hurry down to the shore, and, jumping aboard, he gave orders to make all sail, and taking the helm of the hooker, he turned her head to the sea, and soon the boat was cleaving the blue waters with a velocity seldom witnessed in so small a craft, and scarcely conceivable to those who have not seen the speed of a Kinsale hooker.

"Why, then, you took the notion mighty suddint, Barny," said the fisherman next in authority to O'Reirdon, as soon as the bustle of getting the boat under way had subsided.

"Well, I hope it's plazin' to you at last," said Barny, "throth one u'd think you were never at say before, you wor in such a hurry to be off; as new-fangled a'most as a child with a play-toy."

"Well," said the other of Barny's companions, for there were but two with him in the boat, "I was thinking myself, as well as Jimmy, that we lost two fine days for nothin',

and we'd be there a'most, may be, now, if we sail'd three days agon'."

"Don't b'lieve it," said Barny, emphatically. "Now, don't you know yourself that there is some days that the fish won't come near the lines at all, and that we might as well be castin' our nets an the dhry land as in the say, for all we'll catch if we start an an unlooky day; and sure I towld you I was waitin' only till I had it given to me to understan' that it was looky to sail, and I go bail we'll be there sooner than if we started three days agon', for if you don't start with good look before you, faix maybe it's never at all to the end o' your thrip you'll come."

"Well, there's no use in talkin' about it now, any how; but when do you expec' to be there?"

"Why, you see we must wait antil I can tell how the wind is like to hould on, before I can make up my mind to that."

"But you're sure now, Barny, that you're up to the coorse you have to run?"

"See now, lay me alone and don't be crass-questionin' me—tare-an-ouns, do you think me sitch a bladdherang as for to go and shuperinscribe a thing I wasn't aigual to?"

"No; I was only goin' to ax you what coorse you wor goin' to steer?"

"You'll find out soon enough when we get there—and so I bid you agin' lay me alone,—just keep your toe in your pump. Shure I'm here at the helm, and a waight an my mind, and it's fittier for you, Jim, to mind your own business and lay me to mind mine; away wid you there and be handy, haul taut that foresheet there, we must run close an the wind; be handy, boys; make everything drhaw."

These orders were obeyed, and the hooker soon passed to windward of a ship that left the harbor before her, but

could not hold on a wind with the same tenacity as the hooker, whose qualities in this particular render it peculiarly suitable for the purposes to which it is applied, namely, pilot and fishing boats.

We have said a ship left the harbor before the hooker had set sail, and it is now fitting to inform the reader that Barny had contrived, in the course of his last meeting with the "long sailor," to ascertain that this ship, then lying in the harbor, was going to the very place Barny wanted to reach. Barny's plan of action was decided upon in a moment; he had now nothing to do but to watch the sailing of the ship and follow in her course. Here was, at once, a new mode of navigation discovered.

For this purpose he went to windward of the ship and then fell off again, allowing her to pass him, as he did not wish even those on board the ship to suppose he was following in their wake; for Barny, like all people that are quite full of one scheme, and fancy everybody is watching them, dreaded lest any one should fathom his motives. All that day Barny held on the same course as his leader, keeping at a respectful distance, however, "for fear 'twould look like dodgin' her," as he said to himself; but as night closed in, so closed in Barny with the ship, and kept a sharp look-out that she should not give him the slip in the dark. The next morning dawned, and found the hooker and ship companions still; and thus matters proceeded for four days, during the entire of which time they had not seen land since their first losing sight of it, although the weather was clear.

"By my sowl," thought Barny, "the channel must be mighty wide in these parts, and for the last day or so we've been goin' purty free with a flowin' sheet, and I wondher we aren't closin' in wid the shore by this time; or maybe it's farther off than I thought it was." His companions, too, began to question Barny on the subject, but to their

queries he presented an impenetrable front of composure, and said, "it was always the best plan to keep a good bowld offin'." In two days more, however, the weather began to be sensibly warmer, and Barny and his companions remarked that it was "goin' to be the finest sayson—God bless it—that ever kem out o' the skies for many a long year, and maybe it's the whate wouldn't be beautiful, and a great plenty of it." It was at the end of a week that the ship which Barny had hitherto kept ahead of him, showed symptoms of bearing down upon him, as he thought, and sure enough she did; and Barny began to conjecture what the deuce the ship could want with him, and commenced inventing answers to the questions he thought it possible might be put to him in case the ship spoke to him. He was soon put out of suspense by being hailed, and ordered to run under her lee, and the captain, looking over the quarter, asked Barny where he was going.

"Faith then, I'm goin' an my business," said Barny.

"But where?" said the captain.

"Why, sure, an it's no matther where a poor man like me id be goin'," said Barny.

"Only I'm curious to know what the deuce you've been following my ship for, for the last week?"

"Follyin' your ship!—why thin, blur an agers, do you think it's follyin' yiz I am?"

"It's very like it," said the captain.

"Why, did two people nivr thravel the same road before?"

"I don't say they didn't; but there's a great difference between a ship of seven hundred tons and a hooker."

"Oh, as for that matther," said Barny, "the same high road sarves a coach and four and a low-back car; the thravellin' tinker an' lord a' horse-back."

"That's very true," said the captain, "but the cases are

not the same, Paddy, and I can't conceive what the devil brings *you* here."

"And who ax'd you to consayve anything about it?" asked Barny, somewhat sturdily.

"D—n me, if I can imagine what you're about, my fine fellow," said the captain, "and my own notion is, that you don't know where the d—l you're going yourself."

"O *baithershin*!" said Barny, with a laugh of derision.

"Why then do you object to tell?" said the captain.

"Arrah sure, captin', an' don't you know that sometimes vessels is bound to sail under *saycret ordhers*?" said Barny, endeavoring to foil the question by badinage.

There was a universal laugh from the deck of the ship at the idea of a fishing-boat sailing under secret orders: for, by this time, the whole broadside of the vessel was crowded with grinning mouths and wondering eyes at Barny and his boat.

"Oh, it's a thrifle makes fools laugh," said Barny.

"Take care, my fine fellow, that you don't be laughing at the wrong side of your mouth before long, for I've a notion that you're cursedly in the wrong box, as cunning a fellow as you think yourself. D—n your stupid head, can't you tell what brings you here?"

"Why thin, be gor, one id think the whole say belonged to you, you're so mighty bold in axin' questions an it. Why tare-an-ouns, sure I've as much right to be here as you, though I haven't as big a ship nor so fine a coat—but may be I can take as good sailin' out o' the one, and has as bowld a heart under th' other."

"Very well," said the captain, "I see there's no use in talking to you, so go to the d—l your own way." And away bore the ship, leaving Barny in indignation and his companions in wonder.

"Why don't you see," said Barny, whose object was

now to blind them, "don't you see, how do I know but maybe he might be going to the same place himself, and maybe he has a cargo of *scalpeens* as well as us, and wants to get before us there."

"Thru for you, Barny," said they. "By dad you're right." And their inquiries being satisfied, the day passed as former ones had done, in pursuing the course of the ship.

In four days more, however, the provisions in the hooker began to fail, and they were obliged to have recourse to the *scalpeens* for sustenance, and Barny then got seriously uneasy at the length of the voyage, and the likely greater length, for anything he could see to the contrary, and, urged at last by his own alarms and those of his companions, he was enabled, as the wind was light, to gain on the ship, and when he found himself alongside he demanded parley with the captain.

The captain, on hearing that the "hardy hooker," as she got christened, was under his lee, came on deck, and as soon as he appeared Barny cried out—

"Why, then, blur an agers, captain dear, do you expect to be there soon?"

"Where?" said the captain.

"Oh, you know yourself," said Barny.

"It's well for me I do," said the captain.

"Thru for you, indeed, your honor," said Barny, in his most insinuating tone; "but when will you be at the end o' your voyage, captain jewel?"

"I dare say in about three months," said the captain.

"Oh, Holy Mother!" ejaculated Barny; "three months! —arra, it's jokin' you are, captain dear, and only want to frecken me."

"How should I frighten you?" asked the captain.

"Why, thin, your honor, to tell God's thruth, I heerd you were goin' *there*, an' as I wanted to go there too, I

thought I couldn't do betther nor to folly a knowledgeable gintleman like yourself, and save myself the throuble iv findin' it out."

"And where do you think I *am* going?" said the captain.

"Why, thin," said Barny, "isn't it to Fingal?"

"No," said the captain, "'tis to *Bengal*."

"Oh! Gog's blakey!" said Barny, "what'll I do now at all at all?"

HOMEWARD-BOUND.

"'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good."—OLD SAYING.

THE captain ordered Barny on deck, as he wished to have some conversation with him on what he, very naturally, considered a most extraordinary adventure. Heaven help the captain! he knew little of Irishmen, or he would not have been so astonished. Barny made his appearance. Puzzling question, and more puzzling answer, followed in quick succession between the commander and Barny, who, in the midst of his dilemma, stamped about, thumped his head, squeezed his caubeen into all manner of shapes, and vented his despair anathematically—

"Oh! my heavy hathred to you, you tarnal thief iv a long sailor, it's a purty scrape yiv led me into. By gor, I thought it was *Fingal* he said, and now I hear it is *Bingal*. Oh! the divil sweep you for navigation, why did I meddle or make wid you at all at all! And my curse light on you, Terry O'Sullivan, why did I iver come acrass you, you

onlooky vagabone, to put sich thoughts in my head? An' so it's *Bingal*, and not *Fingal*, you're goin' to, captain?"

"Yes, indeed, Paddy."

"An' might I be so bowld to ax, captain, is *Bingal* much farther nor *Fingal*?"

"A trifle or so, Paddy."

"Och, thin, millia murther, weirasthru, how 'ill I iver get there, at all at all?" roared out poor Barny.

"By turning about, and getting back the road you've come, as fast as you can."

"Is it back? Oh! Queen iv Heaven! an' how will I iver get back?" said the bewildered Barny.

"Then you don't know your course, it appears?"

"Oh, faix I knew it illigant, as long as your honor was before me."

"But you don't know your course back?"

"Why, indeed, not to say rightly all out, your honor."

"Can't you steer?" said the captain.

"The divil a bettther hand at the tiller in all Kinsale," said Barny, with his usual brag.

"Well, so far so good," said the captain. "And you know the points of the compass—you have a compass, I suppose?"

"A compass! by my sowl an' it's not let alone a compass, but a *pair* a compasses I have, that my brother the carpinter left me for a keepsake whin he went abroad: but, indeed, as for the points o' thim I can't say much, for the childher spylt thim intirely, rootin' holes in the flure."

"What the plague are you talking about?" asked the captain.

"Wasn't your honor discoorsin' me about the points o' the compasses?"

"Confound your thick head!" said the captain. "Why, what an ignoramus you must be, not to know what a com-

pass is, and you at sea all your life? Do you even know the cardinal points?"

"The cardinals! faix, an' it's a great respect I have for them, your honor. Sure, ar'nt they belongin' to the Pope?"

"Confound you, you blockhead!" roared the captain in a rage—"twould take the patience of the Pope and the cardinals, and the cardinal virtues into the bargain, to keep one's temper with you. Do you know the four points of the wind?"

"By my sowl I do, and more."

"Well, never mind more, but let us stick to four. You're sure you know the four points of the wind?"

"By dad it would be a quare thing if a sayfarin' man didn't know somethin' about the wind, any how. Why, captain dear, you must take me for a nath'ral intirely to suspect me o' the like o' not knowin' all about the wind. By gor, I know as much o' the wind a'most as a pig."

"Indeed I believe so," laughed out the captain.

"Oh, you may laugh if you plaze, and I see by the same that you don't know about the pig, with all your edication, captain."

"Well, what about the pig?"

"Why, sir, did you never hear a pig can see the wind?"

"I can't say that I did."

"Oh, thin, he does, and for that rayson who has a right to know more about it?"

"You don't, for one, I dare say, Paddy; and maybe you have a pig aboard to give you information."

"Sorra taste, your honor, not as much as a rasher o' bacon; but it's maybe your honor never seen a pig tossin' up his snout, consaited like, and running like mad afore a storm."

"Well, what if I have?"

"Well, sir, that is when they see the wind a comin'."

"Maybe so, Paddy, but all this knowledge in piggery won't find you your way home; and, if you take my advice, you will give up all thoughts of endeavoring to find your way back, and come on board. You and your messmates, I dare say, will be useful hands, with some teaching; but, at all events, I cannot leave you here on the open sea, with every chance of being lost."

"Why, thin, indeed, and I'm behowlden to your honor; and it's the hoighth o' kindness, so it is, your offer; and it's nothin' else but a gentleman you are, every inch o' you; but I hope it's not so bad wid us yet, as to do the likes o' that."

"I think it's bad enough," said the captain, "when you are without a compass, and knowing nothing of your course, and nearly a hundred and eighty leagues from land."

"An' how many miles would that be, captain?"

"Three times as many."

"I never larned the rule o' three, captain, and maybe your honor id tell me yourself."

"That is rather more than five hundred miles."

"Five hundred miles!" shouted Barny. "Oh! the Lord look down on us! how 'ill we iver get back!"

"That's what I say," said the captain; "and, therefore, I recommend you come aboard with me."

"And where 'ud the hooker be all the time?" said Barny.

"Let her go adrift," was the answer.

"Is it the darlint boat? Oh, by dad, I'll never hear o' that at all."

"Well, then, stay in her and be lost. Decide upon the matter at once, either come on board or cast off;" and the captain was turning away as he spoke, when Barny called after him, "Arrah, thin, your honor, don't go jist for one minit until I ax you one word more. If I wint wid you, whin would I be home agin?"

"In seven months."

"Oh, thin, that puts the wig an it at wanst. I dar'n't go at all."

"Why, seven months are not long passing."

"Thru for you, in throth," said Barny, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Faix it's myself knows, to my sorrow, the half-year comes round mighty suddint, and the Lord's agint comes for the thrifle o' rint; and faix I know, by Molly, that nine months is not long in goin' over either," added Barny, with a grin.

"Then what's your objection as to the time?" asked the captain.

"Arrah, sure, sir, what would the woman that owns me do while I was away? and maybe it's break her heart the craythur would, thinkin' I was lost intirely; and who'd be at home to take care of the childher, and airn thim the bit and the sup, whin I'd be away? and who knows but it's all dead they'd be afore I got back? Och hone! sure the heart id fairly break in my body, if hurt or harm kem to them, through me. So, say no more, captain dear, only give me a thrifle o' directions how I'm to make an offer at gettin' home, and it's myself that will pray for you night, noon, an' mornin' for that same."

"Well, Paddy," said the captain, "as you are determined to go back, in spite of all I can say, you must attend to me well while I give you as simple instructions as I can. You say you know the four points of the wind, north, south, east, and west."

"Yis, sir."

"How do you know them? for I must see that you are not likely to make a mistake. How do you know the points?"

"Why, you see, sir, the sun, God bless it, rises in the aist, and sets in the west, which stands to raison; and when

you stand bechuxt the aist and the west, the north is forninst you."

"And when the north is forninst you, as you say, is the east on your right or your left hand?"

"On the right hand, your honor."

"Well, I see you know that much, however. Now," said the captain, "the moment you leave the ship, you must steer a north-east course, and you will make some land near home in about a week, if the wind holds as it is now, and it is likely to do so; but, mind me, if you turn out of your course in the smallest degree, you are a lost man."

"Many thanks to your honor!"

"And how are you off for provisions?"

"Why, thin, indeed in the regard o' that same we are in the hoighth o' distress, for exceptin' the scalpeens, sorra taste passed our lips for these four days."

"Oh! you poor devils!" said the commander, in a tone of sincere commiseration. "I'll order you some provisions on board before you start."

"Long life to your honor! and *I'd like to drink the health* of so noble a jintleman."

"I understand you, Paddy, you shall have grog too."

"Musha, the heavens shower blessins an you, I pray the Virgin Mary and the twelve apostles Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, not forgettin' Saint Pathrick."

"Thank you, Paddy; but keep all your prayers for yourself, for you need them all to help you home again."

"Oh! never fear, whin the thing is to be done, I'll do it, by dad, with a heart and a half. And sure, your honor, God is good, an' will mind dissolute craythurs like us, on the wild ocean as well as ashore."

While some of the ship's crew were putting the captain's benevolent intentions to Barny and his companions into practice, by transferring some provisions to the hooker, the

commander entertained himself by further conversation with Barny, who was the greatest original he had ever met. In the course of their colloquy, Barny drove many hard queries at the captain, respecting the wonders of the nautical profession, and at last put the question to him plump.

"Oh! thin, captain dear, and how is it at all at all, that you make your way over the wide says intirely to thim fur-rin parts?"

"You would not understand, Paddy, if I attempted to explain to you."

"Sure enough indeed, your honor, and I ask your pardon, only I was curious to know, and sure no wonder."

"It requires various branches of knowledge to make a navigator."

"Branches," said Barny, "by gor I think it id take *the whole three o' knowledge* to make it out. And that place you are goin' to, sir, that *Bingal* (oh, bad luck to it for a *Bingal*, it's the sore *Bingal* to me), is it so far off as you say?"

"Yes, Paddy, half round the world."

"Is it round in airnest, captain dear? Round about?"

"Aye, indeed."

"Oh, thin, aren't you afeard that when you come to the top and that you're obleeged to go down, that you'd go sliddhering away intirely, and never be able to stop maybe. It's bad enough, so it is, goin' downhill by land, but it must be the dickens all out by wather."

"But there is no hill, Paddy; don't you know that water is always level?"

"By dad it's very *flat* any how, and by the same token it's seldom I throuble it; but sure, your honor, if the wather is level, how do you make out that it is *round* you go?"

"That is part of the knowledge I was speaking to you about," said the captain.

"Musha, bad luck to you, knowledge, but you're a quare thing! and where is it Bingal, bad cess to it, would be at all at all?"

"In the East Indies."

"O that is where they make the *tay*, isn't it, sir?"

"No, where the tea grows is farther still."

"Farther! why that must be at the ind of the world intirely."

"Not exactly, Paddy," said the captain, laughing.

"My name's not Paddy, your honor," said Barny, returning the laugh, but seizing the opportunity to change the subject, which was getting a little beyond him, "my name isn't Paddy, but Barny."

"And what's your name besides Barny?" asked the captain.

"O'Reirdon, your honor—Barny O'Reirdon's my name."

"Well, Barny O'Reirdon, I won't forget your name nor yourself in a hurry, for you are certainly the most original navigator I ever had the honor of being acquainted with."

"Well," said Barny, with a triumphant toss of his head, "I have done out Terry O'Sullivan, at any rate, the divil a half so far he ever was, and that's a comfort. I have muzzled his clack for the rest iv his life, and he won't be comin' over us wid the pride iv his *Fingal*, while I'm to the fore, that was a'most at *Bingal*."

"Terry O'Sullivan—who is he, pray?" said the captain.

"Oh, he's a scut iv a chap that's not worth your axin for—he's not worth your honor's notice—a braggin' poor craythur. Oh, wait till I get home, and the divil a more braggin' they'll hear out of his jaw."

"Indeed, then, Barny, the sooner you turn your face towards home the better," said the captain; "since you will go, there is no need in losing more time."

"Thru for you, your honor—and sure it's well for me I had the luck to meet with the likes o' your honor, that explained the ins and outs iv it to me, and laid it all down as plain as prent."

"Are you sure you remember my directions?" said the captain.

"Throth an I'll niver forget them to the day o' my death, and is bound to pray, more betoken, for you and yours."

"Don't mind praying for me till you get home, Barny; but answer me, how are you to steer when you shall leave me?"

"The Nor-Aist coorse, your honor, that's the coorse agin the world."

"Remember that! never alter that course till you see land—let nothing make you turn out of a North-East course."

"Throth an' that id be the dirty turn, seein' that it was yourself that ordered it. Oh no, I'll depind my life an the *Nor-Aist coorse*, and God help any one that comes betune me an' it—I'd run him down if he was my father."

"Well, good bye, Barny."

"Good bye, and God bless you, your honor, and send you safe."

"That's a wish you want more for yourself, Barny—never fear for me, but mind yourself well."

"Oh, sure, I'm as good as at home wanst I know the way, barrin' the wind is conthrary; sure the *Nor-Aist coorse* 'ill do the business complate. Good bye, your honor, and long life to you, and more power to your elbow, and a light heart and a heavy purse to you evermore, I pray the blessed Virgin and all the saints, amin!" and so saying, Barny descended the ship's side, and once more assumed the helm of the "hardy hooker."

The two vessels now separated on their opposite courses. What a contrast their relative situations afforded! Proudly the ship bore away under her lofty and spreading canvas, cleaving the billows before her, manned by an able crew, and under the guidance of experienced officers. The finger of science to point the course of her progress, the faithful chart to warn of the hidden rock and the shoal, the log line and the quadrant to measure her march and prove her position. The poor little hooker cleft not the billows, each wave lifted her on its crest like a seabird; but three inexperienced fishermen to manage her; no certain means to guide them over the vast ocean they had to traverse, and the holding of the "fickle wind" the only *chance* of their escape from perishing in the wilderness of waters. By the one, the feeling excited is supremely that of man's power. By the other, of his utter helplessness. To the one, the expanse of ocean could scarcely be considered "trackless." To the other, it was a waste indeed.

Yet the cheer that burst from the ship, at parting, was answered as gaily from the hooker as though the odds had not been so fearfully against her, and no blither heart beat on board the ship than that of Barny O'Reirdon.

But each huzza became less audible; by degrees the cheers dwindled into faintness, and finally were lost in the eddies of the breeze.

The first feeling of loneliness that poor Barny experienced was when he could no longer hear the exhilarating sound. The plash of the surge, as it broke on the bows of his little boat, was uninterrupted by the kindred sound of human voice; and, as it fell upon his ear, it smote upon his heart. But he rallied, waved his hat, and the silent signal was answered from the ship.

"Well, Barny," said Jemmy, "what was the captain sayin' to you all the time you wor wid him?"

"Lay me alone," said Barny, "I'll talk to you when I see her out o' sight, but not a word till thin. I'll look after him, the rale gintleman that he is, while there's a topsail of his ship to be seen, and then I'll send my blessin' after him, and pray for his good fortune wherever he goes, for he's the right sort and nothin' else." And Barny kept his word, and when his straining eye could no longer trace a line of the ship, the captain certainly had the benefit of "a poor man's blessing."

The night fell, and Barny stuck to the helm as long as nature could sustain want of rest, and then left it in charge of one of his companions, with particular directions how to steer, and ordered, if any change in the wind occurred, that they should instantly awake him. He could not sleep long, however, the fever of anxiety was upon him, and the morning had not long dawned when he awoke. He had not well rubbed his eyes and looked about him, when he thought he saw a ship in the distance approaching them. As the haze cleared away, she showed distinctly bearing down towards the hooker. On board the ship, the hooker, in such a sea, caused surprise as before, and in an hour she was so close as to hail, and order the hooker to run under her lee.

"The divil a taste," said Barny. "I'll not quit my *Nor-Aist coorse* for the king of England, nor Bonyparty into the bargain. Bad cess to you, do you think I've nothin' to do but to plaze you?"

Again he was hailed.

"Oh! bad luck to the top I'll go to you."

Another hail.

"Spake loudher you'd better," said Barny, jeeringly, still holding on his course.

A gun was fired ahead of him.

"By my soul you spoke loudher that time, sure enough," said Barny.

"Take care, Barny," cried Jemmy and Peter together. "Blur an agers, man, we'll be kilt if you don't go to them."

"Well, and we'll be lost if we turn out iv our *Nor-Aist coorse*, and that's as broad as it's long. Let them hit iz if they like; sure it 'ud be a pleasanther death nor starvin' at say. I tell you again I'll turn out o' my *Nor-Aist coorse* for no man."

A shotted gun was fired. The shot hopped on the water as it passed before the hooker.

"Phew! you missed it, like your mammy's blessin'," said Barny.

"Oh, murther!" said Jemmy, "didn't you see the ball hop aff the wather forninst you. Oh, murther, what 'ud we ha' done if we wor there at all at all?"

"Why, we'd have taken the ball at the hop," said Barny, laughing, "accordin' to the ould sayin'."

Another shot was ineffectually fired. Again the report of the gun was followed by no damage.

"Augh! never heed them!" said Barny, contemptuously. "It's a barkin' dog that never bites, as the ould sayin' says," and the hooker was soon out of reach of further annoyance.

"Now, what a pity it was, to be sure," said Barny, "that I wouldn't go aboard to plaze them! Now, who's right? Ah, lave me alone always, Jimmy; did you ivir know me wrong yet?"

"Oh, you may hillow now that you're out o' the wood," said Jimmy, "but, accordin' to my idays, it was running a grate rishk to be contrary wid them at all, and they shootin' balls afther us."

"Well, what matther?" said Barny, "since they wer only blind gunners, an' *I knew it*; besides, as I said afore, I won't turn-out o' my *Nor-Aist coorse* for no man."

"That's a new turn you tuk lately," said Peter. "What's

the raison you're runnin' a *Nor-Aist coorse* now, an' we never heard iv it afore at all, till afther you quitted the big ship?"

"Why, thin, are you sitch an ignoramus all out," said Barny, "as not for to know that in navigation you must lie an a great many different tacks before you can make the port you steer for?"

"Only I think," said Jemmy, "that's it's back intirely we're goin' now, and I can't make out the rights o' that at all."

"Why," said Barny, who saw the necessity of mystifying his companions a little, "you see, the captain towld me that I kum a round, an' rekimminded me to go th'other way."

"Faix, it's the first I heard o' goin' a round by say," said Jemmy.

"Arrah, sure, that's part o' the saycrets o' navigation, and the varrious branches o' knowledge that is requizit for a navigathor; and that's what the captain, God bless him, and myself was discoorsin' an aboard; and, like a rale gintleman as he is, Barny, says he; Sir, says I; you've come the round, says he. I know that, says I, bekase I like to keep a good bowld offin', says I, in contrairy places. Spoke like a good sayman, says he. That's my prenciples, says I. They're the right sort, says he. But, says he (no offince), I think you wor wrong, says he, to pass the short turn in the ladieshoes,* says he. I know, says I, you mane beside the three-spike headlan'. That's the spot, says he, I see you know it. As well as I know my father, says I——"

"Why, Barny," said Jemmy, interrupting him, "we seen no headlan' at all."

"Whisht, whisht!" said Barny, "bad cess to you, don't

* Some offer Barny is making at latitudes.

thwart me. We passed it in the night, and you couldn't see it. Well, as I was saying, I knew it as well as I know my father, says I, but I gev the preferrince to go the round, says I. You're a good sayman for that same, says he, an' it would be right at any other time than this present, says he, but it's onpossible now, tee-totally, on account o' the war, says he. Tare alive, says I, what war? An' didn't you hear o' the war? says he. Divil a word, says I. Why, says he, the Naygurs has made war on the king o' Chaynee, says he, bekase he refused them any more tay; an' with that, what did they do, says he, but they put a lumbaago on all the vessels that sails the round, an' that's the rayson, says he, I carry guns, as you may see; and I'd rekimmind you, says he, to go back, for you're not able for thim, an' that's jist the way iv it. An' now, wasn't it looky that I kem across him at all, or maybe we might be cotched by the Naygurs, an' ate up alive?"

"Oh, thin, indeed, and that's thrue," said Jemmy and Peter, "and when will we come to the short turn?"

"Oh, never mind," said Barny, "you'll see it when you get there; but wait till I tell you more about the captain and the big ship. He said, you know, that he carried guns afeard o' the Naygurs, and in throth it's the hoighth o' care he takes o' them same guns; and small blame to him, sure they might be the salvation of him. 'Pon my conscience, they're taken betther care of than any poor man's child. I heer'd him cautionin' the sailors about them, and givin' them ordhers about their clothes."

"Their clothes!" said his two companions at once in much surprise; "is it clothes upon cannons?"

"It's truth, I'm tellin' you," said Barny. "Bad luck to the lie in it, he was talkin' about their aprons and their breeches."

"Oh, think o' that!" said Jemmy and Peter in surprise.

"An' 'twas all iv a piece," said Barny, "that an' the rest o' the ship all out. She was as nate as a new pin. Throth I was a'most ashamed to put my fut an the deck, it was so clane, and she painted every color in the rainbow; and all sorts o' curoisities about her; and instead iv a tiller to steer her, like this darlin' craythur iv ours, she goes wid a wheel, like a coach all as one; and there's the quarest thing you iver seen to show the way, as the captain gev me to undherstan', a little round rowly-powly thing in a bowl, that goes waddlin' about as if it didn't know its own way, much more nor show anybody their's. Throth myself thought that if that's the way they're obliged to go, that it's with a great deal of *fear and thrimblin'* they find it out."

Thus it was that Barny continued most marvellous accounts of the ship and the captain to his companions, and by keeping their attention so engaged, prevented their being too inquisitive as to their own immediate concerns, and for two days more Barny and the hooker held on their respective courses undeviatingly.

The third day, Barny's fears for the continuity of his *Nor-Aist coorse* were excited, as a large brig hove in sight, and the nearer she approached, the more directly she came athwart Barny's course.

"May the divil sweep you," said Barny, "and will nothin' else sarve you than comin' forninst me that way? Brig a-hoy there!!" shouted Barny, giving the tiller to one of his messmates, and standing at the bow of his boat. "Brig a-hoy there!—bad luck to you, go 'long out o' my *Nor-Aist coorse*." The brig, instead of obeying his mandate, hove to, and lay right ahead of the hooker. "Oh look at this!" shouted Barny, and he stamped on the deck with rage—"look at the blackguards where they're stayin', just a-purpose to ruin an unfort'nate man like me. My heavy hathred to you, *quit* this minit, or I'll run down an

yees, and if we go to the bottom, we'll hant you for evermore—go 'long out o' that, I tell you. The curse o' Crummil an you, you stupid vagabones, that won't go out iv a man's nor-aist coorse!!”

From cursing Barny went to praying as he came closer. “For the tendher marcy o' heavin and lave my way. May the Lord reward you, and get out o' my nor-aist coorse! May angels make your bed in heavin and don't ruinate me this a-way.”

The brig was immovable, and Barny gave up in despair, having cursed and prayed himself hoarse, and finished with a duet of prayers and curses together, apostrophising the hard case of a man being “*done out o' his Nor-Aist coorse.*”

“A-hoy there!” shouted a voice from the brig, “put down your helm, or you'll be aboard of us. I say, let go your jib and foresheet—what are you about, you lubbers?”

'Twas true that the brig lay so fair in Barny's course, that he would have been aboard, but that instantly the manœuvre above alluded to was put in practice on board the hooker, as she swept to destruction towards the heavy hull of the brig, and she luffed up into the wind alongside her. A very pale and somewhat emaciated face appeared at the side, and addressed Barny:—

“What brings you here?” was the question.

“Throth, thin, and I think I might betther ax what brings *you* here, right in the way o' my *Nor-Aist coorse.*”

“Where do you come from?”

“From Kinsale; and you didn't come from a betther place, I go bail.”

“Where are you bound to?”

“To Fingal.”

“Fingal—where's Fingal?”

“Why thin ain't you ashamed o' yourself an' not to know where Fingal is?”

“It is not in these seas.”

“Oh, that's all you know about it,” says Barny.

“You're a small craft to be so far at sea. I suppose you have provision on board?”

“To be sure we have; throth if we hadn't, this id be a bad place to go a beggin'.”

“What have you eatable?”

“The finest o' scalpeens.”

“What are scalpeens?”

“Why you're mighty ignorant intirely,” said Barny, “why scalpeens is pickled mackerel.”

“Then you must give us some, for we have been out of everything eatable these three days; and even pickled fish is better than nothing.”

It chanced that the brig was a West India trader, which unfavorable winds had delayed much beyond the expected period of time on her voyage, and though her water had not failed, everything eatable had been consumed, and the crew reduced almost to helplessness. In such a strait the arrival of Barny O'Reardon and his scalpeens was a most providential succor to them, and a lucky chance for Barny, for he got in exchange for his pickled fish a handsome return of rum and sugar, much more than equivalent to their value. Barny lamented much, however, that the brig was not bound for Ireland, that he might practise his own peculiar system of navigation; but as staying with the brig could do no good, he got himself put into his *Nor-Aist coorse* once more, and ploughed away towards home.

The disposal of his cargo was a great godsend to Barny in more ways than one. In the first place he found the most profitable market he could have had; and, secondly, it enabled him to cover his retreat from the difficulty which

still was before him of not getting to Fingal after all his dangers, and consequently being open to discovery and disgrace. All these beneficial results were not thrown away upon one of Barny's readiness to avail himself of every point in his favor; and, accordingly, when they left the brig, Barny said to his companions, "Why thin, boys, 'pon my conscience but I'm as proud as a horse wid a wooden leg this minit, that we met them poor unfort'nate craythers this blessed day, and was enabled to extind our charity to them. Sure an' it's lost they'd be only for our comin' across them, and we, through the blessin' o' God, enabled to do an act of marcy, that is, feedin' the hungry; and sure every good work we do here is before uz in heaven—and that's a comfort any how. To be sure, now that the scalpeens is sowld, there's no use in goin' to Fingal, and we may as well jist go home."

"Faix, I'm sorry myself," said Jemmy, "for Terry O'Sullivan said it was an illigant place intirely, an' I wanted to see it."

"To the divil wid Terry O'Sullivan," said Barny, "how does he know what's an illigant place? What knowledge has he of illigance? I'll go bail he never was half as far a navigatin' as we—he wint the short cut I go bail, and never daar'd for to vinture the round, as I did."

"By dad we wor a great deal longer, any how, than he towld me he was."

"To be sure we wor," said Barny, "he wint skulkin' by the short cut, I tell you, and was afeard to keep a bowld offin', like me. But come, boys, let us take a dhrop o' that bottle o' sper'ts we got out o' the brig. By gor it's well we got some bottles iv it; for I wouldn't much like to meddle wid that darlint little kag iv it antil we get home." The rum was put on its trial by Barny and his companions, and in their

critical judgment was pronounced quite as good as the captain of the ship had bestowed upon them, but that neither of those specimens of spirit was to be compared to whiskey.

"By dad," says Barny, "they may rack their brains a long time before they'll make out a purtier invintion than *potteen*—that rum may do very well for thim that has the misforthin not to know betther; but the whiskey is a more nath'ral sper't accordin' to my idays." In this, as in most other of Barny's opinions, Peter and Jemmy coincided.

Nothing particular occurred for the two succeeding days, during which time Barny most religiously pursued his *Nor-Aist coorse*, but the third day produced a new and important event. A sail was discovered on the horizon, and in the direction Barny was steering, and a couple of hours made him tolerably certain that the vessel in sight was an American, for though it is needless to say that he was not very conversant in such matters, yet from the frequency of his seeing Americans trading to Ireland, his eye had become sufficiently accustomed to their lofty and tapering spars, and peculiar smartness of rig, to satisfy him that the ship before him was of transatlantic build; nor was he wrong in his conjecture.

Barny now determined on a manœuvre, classing him amongst the first tacticians at securing a good retreat.

Moreau's highest fame rests upon his celebrated retrograde movement through the Black-forest.

Xenophon's greatest glory is derived from the deliverance of his ten thousand Greeks from impending ruin by his renowned retreat.

Let the ancient and the modern hero "repose under the shadow of their laurels," as the French have it, while Barny O'Reirdon's historian, with a pardonable jealousy for the honor of his country, cuts down a goodly bough of the

classic tree, beneath which our Hibernian hero may enjoy his "*otium cum dignitate*."

Barny calculated the American was bound for Ireland, and as she lay *almost* as directly in the way of his "Nor-Aist coorse," as the West Indian brig, he bore up and spoke to her.

He was answered by a shrewd Yankee captain.

"Faix, an' it's glad I am to see your honor again," said Barny.

The Yankee had never been to Ireland, and told Barny so.

"O throth I couldn't forget a gintleman so aisy as that," said Barny.

"You're pretty considerably mistaken now, I guess," said the American.

"Divil a taste," said Barny, with inimitable composure and pertinacity.

"Well, if you know me so tarnation well, tell me what's my name?" The Yankee flattered himself he had nailed Barny now.

"Your name, is it?" said Barny, gaining time by repeating the question, "why what a fool you are not to know your own name!"

The oddity of the answer posed the American, and Barny took advantage of the diversion in his favor, and changed the conversation.

"By dad I've been waitin' here these four or five days, expectin' some of yees would be wantin' me."

"Some of us!—how do you mean?"

"Sure an' arn't you from Amerikay?"

"Yes; and what then?"

"Well, I say I was waitin' for some ship or other from Amerikay, that 'ud be wantin' me. It's to Ireland you're goin', I dar' say."

"Yes."

"Well, I suppose you'll be wantin' a pilot," said Barny.

"Yes, when we get in shore, but not yet."

"Oh, I don't want to hurry you," said Barny.

"What port are you pilot of?"

"Why, indeed, as for the matther o' that," said Barny, "they're all aigual to me a'most."

"All?" said the American. "Why I calculate you couldn't pilot a ship into all the ports of Ireland."

"Not all at wanst (once)," said Barny, with a laugh, in which the American could not help joining.

"Well, I say, what ports do you know best?"

"Why, thin, indeed," said Barny, "it would be hard for me to tell; but wherever you want to go, I'm the man that'll do the job for you complate. Where is your honor goin'?"

"I won't tell you that—but do you tell me what ports you know best?"

"Why there's Watherford, and there's Youghall, an' Fingal."

"Fingal! Where's that?"

"So you don't know where Fingal is. Oh, I see you're a stranger, sir,—an' then there's Cork."

"You know Cove, then?"

"Is it the Cove o' Cork?"

"Yes."

"I was bred an' born there, and pilots as many ships into Cove as any other two min *out* of it."

Barny thus sheltered his falsehood under the idiom of his language.

"But what brought you so far out to sea?" asked the captain.

"We wor lyin' out lookin' for ships that wanted pilots, and there kem on the terriblest gale o' wind off the land,

an' blew us to say out intirely, an' that's the way iv it, your honor."

"I calculate we got a share of the same gale; 'twas from the nor-east."

"Oh, directly!" said Barny, "faith you're right enough, 'twas the *Nor-Aist coorse* we were an sure enough; but no matther now that we've met wid you—sure we'll have a job home any how."

"Well, get aboard then," said the American.

"I will in a minit, your honor, whin I jist spake a word to my comrades here."

"Why, sure it's not goin' to turn pilot you are?" said Jemmy, in his simplicity of heart.

"Whisht, you omadhaun!" said Barny, "or I'll cut the tongue out o' you. Now mind me, Peter. You don't understan' navigashin and the varrious branches o' knowledge, an' so all you have to do is to folly the ship when I get into her, an' I'll show you the way home."

Barny then got aboard the American vessel, and begged of the captain, that as he had been out at sea so long, and had gone through a "power o' hardship intirely," that he would be permitted to go below and turn in to take a sleep, "for in troth it's myself and sleep that is sthrayngers for some time," said Barny, "an' if your honor 'ill be plazed I'll be thankful if you won't let them disturb me until I'm wanted, for sure till you see the land there's no use for me in life, an' throth I want a sleep sorely."

Barny's request was granted, and it will not be wondered at, that after so much fatigue of mind and body, he slept profoundly for four-and-twenty hours. He then was called, for land was in sight, and when he came on deck, the captain rallied him upon the potency of his somniferous qualities, and "calculated" he had never met any one who could sleep "four-and-twenty hours on a stretch, before."

"Oh, sir," said Barny, rubbing his eyes, which were still a little hazy, "whiniver *I* go to sleep *I* pay attintion to it."

The land was soon neared, and Barny put in charge of the ship, when he ascertained the first landmark he was acquainted with; but as soon as the Head of Kinsale hove in sight, Barny gave a "whoo," and cut a caper that astonished the Yankees, and was quite inexplicable to them, though, I flatter myself, it is not to those who do Barny the favor of reading his adventures.

"Oh! there you are, my darlint ould head! an' where's the head like you? throth it's little I thought I'd ever set eyes an your good-looking faytures agin. But God's good!"

In such half-muttered exclamations did Barny apostrophize each well-known point of his native shore, and when opposite the harbor of Kinsale, he spoke the hooker that was somewhat astern, and ordered Jemmy and Peter to put in there, and tell Molly immediately that he was come back, and would be with her as soon as he could, after piloting the ship into Cove. "But an your apperl don't tell Pether Kelly o' the big farm, nor indeed don't mintion to man nor mortal about the navigation we done antil I come home myself and make them sensible of it, bekase, Jimmy and Pether, neither o' yiz is aqual to it, and doesn't understan' the branches o' knowledge requizit for discoorsin' o' navigation."

The hooker put into Kinsale, and Barny sailed the ship into Cove. It was the first ship he ever had acted the pilot for, and his old luck attended him; no accident befel his charge, and what was still more extraordinary, he made the American believe he was absolutely the most skilful pilot on the station. So Barny pocketed his pilot's fee, swore the Yankee was a gentleman, wished him good bye, and then

pushed his way home with what Barny swore was the easiest made money he ever had in his life. So Barny got himself paid for *piloting* the ship that *showed him the way home*.

All the fishermen in the world may throw their caps at this feat—none but an Irishman, I fearlessly assert, could have executed so splendid a *coup de finesse*.

And now, sweet readers (the ladies I mean), did you ever think Barny would get home? I would give a hundred of pens to hear all the guesses that have been made as to the probable termination of Barny's adventure. They would furnish good material, I doubt not, for another voyage. But Barny did make other voyages, I can assure you; and perhaps he may appear in his character of navigator once more, if his daring exploits be not held valueless by an ungrateful world, as in the case of his great predecessor, Columbus.

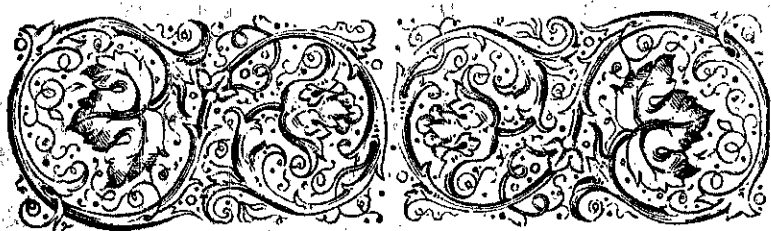
As some *curious* persons (I *don't* mean the ladies) may wish to know what became of some of the characters who have figured in this tale, I beg to inform them that Molly continued a faithful wife and time-keeper, as already alluded to, for many years. That Peter Kelly was so pleased with his share in the profits arising from the trip, in the ample return of rum and sugar, that he freighted a large brig with scalpeens to the West Indies, and went supercargo himself.

All he got in return was the yellow fever.

Barny profited better by his share; he was enabled to open a public-house, which had more custom than any ten within miles of it. Molly managed the bar very efficiently, and Barny "discoarsed" the customers most seductively; in short, Barny, at all times given to the *marvellous*, became a greater romancer than ever, and, for years, attracted even the gentlemen of the neighborhood,

who loved fun, to his house, for the sake of his magnanimous mendacity.

As for the hitherto triumphant Terry O'Sullivan, from the moment Barny's *Bingal* adventure became known, he was obliged to fly the country, and was never heard of more, while the hero of the hooker became a greater man than before, and never was addressed by any other title afterwards than that of THE COMMODORE.



The Sunken Rock : A Tale of the Mediterranean.

CAPTAIN JAMES GROVE, of His Britannic Majesty's ship *Thetis*, was famous even amongst his sharp brother commanders as a keen cruiser, a daring "cutter-out," but at the same time a cool, prudent hand in carrying his purposes into execution, except that, rather than give in to a Frenchman of what size soever, he would see himself blown out of the water, or his enemy what the Jack-tars quaintly call "blowed." Added to which, he was a perfect gentleman, and of course a thorough sailor—channel-bred, ocean-bred—in short, bred all over, by actual experience, while knowing the Mediterranean well. Grove was, in fact, one of those first-rate specimens of the British seaman that the time produced, with all his merits and all his defects, amongst which the present age might probably number the excess of that bulldog tenacity, and that contempt of abstract views, wherein lay much of our naval success.

Most of the cruising ships on the station were now being recalled, as at this period there was but little left for them

to do; and the gleanings of the harvest were reserved for a few men of interest, chiefly young scions of aristocracy, to whom the field was new. Many a gallant spirit that had greeted these bright waters with a smile, was going home to rust ashore on half-pay, or amidst the North-Sea blasts, the long gales which blow fiercely round the southern capes, or the wearisome vicissitudes of the tropics, to remember their Mediterranean days with a sigh.

The *Thetis* had long had her copper washed by its short, sharp waves, so that she daily expected her orders home, and was lying quietly at anchor off the harbor of Malta; when, after the arrival of a new sloop-of-war from England, the admiral's flag-ship one evening signalled despatches, along with the familiar telegraphic numbers, by which Captain Grove's presence was required on board the seventy-four. The thought of home, perhaps more easily forgotten than elsewhere in these regions, with their continual excitement, and their varying temperatures—one gliding almost insensibly into the other—began to realize itself as the captain's gig pulled swiftly towards the line-of-battle ship, hugely looming at her anchors, between the frigate and the broad blue offing of the eastern sea; while the last red glimmer of the sun, dropping behind Malta, brought out its black mass of land from beyond, fringing its outline with crimson, which imperceptibly melted into the purple haze which floated above. The heavy yards of the ships looked whiter, and the buoy over the anchor of the seventy-four was dipping ahead of her in the first pulses of the land-wind from Sicily. The fire of the admiral's evening gun flashed from one of her ports as the boat lay under her gangway; then were heard the bells from the many churches and convents in the town of Valetta, beginning to jangle musically after its deep sound had boomed away to leeward; the large, clear evening star was out above the dim lights on shore;

and the British ensign, with its deep-blue field, and the flag of St. George, with its white ground and red cross, could be seen lazily half unfolding as they caught the breeze. Then England, with her sober aspect and less brilliant climate, returned as it were mildly, even on such rude hearts as were gathered along the fore-bulwarks of the frigate; for hardy tars might be seen looking out towards the flag-ship, in anxious speculation as to what was passing there; or clustering together to talk of wives, sweethearts, and friends, and how they might soon be able to spend their prize-money in a good, honest, English way. All were, for the first time for two or three years, stirred up by what looked like an actual turning homewards; not a few swearing, with true nautical caprice, that for their part, "next to your flat-topped houses, your white walls, and your infernal blue sky, they hated your weather that's neither too warm nor too cold!" When the captain's gig had again reached the ship, however, and in little more than an hour her capstan was manned to heave up anchor, her crew were too much accustomed to naval procedure to persist in their home-speculations after a departure so sudden; and the forty-four was soon standing out under all sail to seaward, every one but the commander seemingly in complete ignorance as to her destination.

It was well past the end of summer, when the regular alternation of winds, so familiar to the seamen especially in that region of the Mediterranean, began to be affected by other influences; but for the first three or four days the Thetis, with her head turned north-westward, made good progress up the broad channel that intervenes between the Tunisian capes and the coast of Sicily; still receiving the strong southerly air each morning, the western zephyr in the afternoon, and the cool, fresh, north-eastern night-breezes from the distant shores of Italy, spent and weakened in their passage across the yet ampler waters of the Italian sea, with

intervals of light calm, in which her sails would catch hot, fitful puffs, or transient squalls, off the great African desert—memorials of the past sirocco. The frigate, however, was one distinguished for her sailing qualities, and she was already far up towards the wide reach between Sicily and Sardinia, as if bound for Naples, when she encountered a strong *greggale*, or north-easter, which, after she had continued to beat up close-hauled against it for an hour or two, kept her during the next afternoon and night driving to leeward under her three reefed topsails, and pitching on the short, angry sea till morning, though happily too far from the land to be in any danger. When the gale broke and fell, as it did amidst the quick and struggling light of dawn, the Thetis shook the reefs out of her topsails, altering her course a point or two nearer to its previous inclination; and inspiring enough it was, certainly, to the sailor's heart in her officers of the watch, as the stately ship buffeted the waves in clouds of white spray from her weather-bow, her long yards dotted with hardy seamen crowding in to descend the rigging, her tall, broad sheets of canvas shaking into steadfastness before the force of the wind, and the female figure at her bows stretching its arm in antique grace over the turbulence below, as if the old sea goddess from whom she took her name were once more seen controlling the forward monsters of the deep, in all their Protean shapes—that brute strength of nature which yields ever to higher influences and to divine behests. While the sun lifted his glorious orb through the scattered mist to windward, brightening the high, wet sides of the frigate, and glittering along the range of quarter-deck guns as she rolled, the wind shifted gradually round in her favor, as the usual morning breeze resumed power, and the Mediterranean surges, though still agitated, soon rose beautifully blue again; the Thetis leaning over as she anew began to urge

her former course towards the Italian Channel. The well known azure peaks of a cape somewhere near Algiers had been purposely brought visible before, as a point of "departure;" but with unusual care, as if it was desired that the utmost nautical precision might guide her ensuing progress: and the curiosity of all on board was again excited as to the particular object of the cruise.

The first cold tints of daybreak next morning-watch found the frigate still out of sight of land, although, by the rate of her progress during the last twenty-four hours, far off indeed from where the sun had last risen upon her. The brisk south-westerly breeze continued to sweep across to her larboard quarter, raising the expanse of water into lively little surges, whose heads were scarce crisped with foam, while they swelled up from purple hollows to glitter in the level radiance, with edges of emerald green; on the ship's other side the whole sea came out, from her very bends to the sky, in one shining semicircle, hemmed by a keener rim of light, beyond which the sun shot up his dazzling orb with a blaze of splendor unspeakable. The frigate was now, notwithstanding the breeze, under what is called easy sail; merely expanding her three broad topsails, jib, and spanker, to its influence, her courses being hauled up in the brails, and the loftier sails furled on the yards; nor, as it brushed the whole wide surface into one rounded floor of sparkling and restless blue, was there any addition made to her spread of canvas; so that the *Thetis* moved but gently ahead, with every point in her hull and lofty gear sending back the rays of sunlight as they glanced upon her, like one weakened by the arrows of Apollo of old. Her decks, however, were newly washed down; and, as usual before their drying up, the officers and men of the watch alone occupied their respective positions aft and forward; the former, visible here and there about the quarter-deck, looking aloft or sea-

ward with variously-modified airs of occupation, ready for the visit of their superiors; the latter clustered idly in the bows, gazing carelessly over the side, or walking backwards and forwards in the gangways. On this occasion, indeed, amongst that portion of the frigate's crew now on deck, a greater variety and excitement of feeling prevailed than was externally discernible through the usual repressed manner of British sailors, whose idea of manly indifference is so opposed to all *empressement* as to be sometimes ludicrous. The mixture of dissatisfaction and curiosity was chiefly brought out by off-hand remarks and quaintly-speculative comments on the proceedings of those above them, with an originality which was far from displaying itself in the more restricted calculations of the quarter-deck.

"What are we a-losing this here good breeze for," said one; "an' in a couple of hours more it'll no doubt be dead calm?"

"Ay, 'mate," said a fine black-bearded topman; "but what's the skipper *after*? that's the main p'int, ye know, Tom."

"Well, to my thinking now," answered another, "I shouldn't wonder if the captain's got naught to do with this here short canvas we're under; an' it's all owin' to cautious Carey yonder, the second luff, as is al'ays feared for white squalls of a mornin'. Why, what the blessed *can* we be arter but right up for Naples, Jack?"

"Phew!" said the topman again. "Catch slashing Jim Grove without a cue of his own, or the hooker under canvas *he* don't know about! I bet ye a week's grog, 'mates, he's got word o' some French merchantman, or mayhap a frigate, at sea hereabouts; an' afore long, take my word for it, ye'll see some'at smart. Why, bless ye! heels or broadside, the saucy *Thetis* 'll have her; or if it comes to a cut-out, our skipper's not the man for to say hold on, ye know?"

Every eye was here instinctively turned to the horizon again, one head and another stooping or stretching to see past the complicated hamper of the ship, through which the blue line of distance shone so clear, however, with its superincumbent space of air, that the least speck could not have escaped the experienced glance of the sailors: and all faces were finally raised for a moment aloft to where the look-out, on the foretop-gallant-yard, with his arms folded on a white spar, leant contemplatively over it, like some spectator from a purer sphere—one saw his keen eyes gleam, and his head turn against the blue atmosphere to survey the semicircle behind—from which his voice would have fallen like no earthly call.

"What does *you* think o' the consarn, old ship?" said Tom, addressing the elder of two stout, salt-looking old tars, who had been rolling to and fro along the gangway in separate conversation, while alternately leaving and approaching the group.

"As how, lad?" said the veteran, endeavoring not to appear too much softened by the complimentary appeal to his authority.

"Why," answered Tom, "here's Jack Brown an' a lot more will have it there's some'at more i' the wind than a trip to Naples this bout; 'cause why, ye see, jist by reason the craft's got a little less cloth airing nor or'nary! Now, what d'ye make on it yerself, old ship?"

"Well," replied the old sailor, turning one eye aloft, "it's hard to say, Tom, my lad; cruising canvas it be, ye know!"

"In course," said Tom, glancing contemptuously at his companions; "in course—that's all!"

"Any word of a Frenchman hereabouts?" asked several eagerly.

"Lord love ye, 'mates!" said Ben, "I don't fancy

there's two French sticks together almost o' this side the Gut!"

"So says I!" interrupted Tom; "a blue look-out enough for more prizes!" And the eager attention of the circle gave way to a general expression of astonishment.

"You talks o' prizes though, shipmates," resumed old Ben; "an' no wonder either, seein' a man tires o' ploughin' brine for nothing at all. But you young chaps don't think much o' them without a few hard knocks first, or a tough chase; whereas an ould hand like me, why he's seen enough on that 'ere sort o' thing to turn sick of it. Now, as for the war, 'mates, I'm in doubt we've seen the last shares it'll bring us; 'cause why—there was over many a-hauling at it. The sooner we've peace, to my notions, the better?"

"That's neither here nor there though, old ship!" remarked a sailor.

"Why, 'mates," continued the old seaman more significantly than ever, "what 'ud ye think if so be there was more prizes to be got hereabouts nor would buy the whole o' France twenty times over, an' that without never a shot fired nor more canvas set than we has just now; and what's more, without pickin' other folks' pockets? for, d'ye see, I'm blessed if it ha'n't gone to my heart at times to chuck about them shiners as some poor French devil's lost, an' him doin' no harm to no one, besides bein' clapped in jail ashore, with mayhap a wife and babies at home, mind ye!"

"Why, for that matter," said the foretop-man, although somewhat undecidedly, "mayhap you takes your turn; it's all a toss-up, old ship!"

"But what's that you says about prizes, Ben?" exclaimed the rest, pressing closer.

"Why," continued he, looking round him, and pointing to the glittering expanse of sunlit waters, "what d'ye fancy this here Middy-tarranean, as we're afloat upon, *is*?" A

question to which the puzzled faces of his hearers naturally returned no other answer than to glance around at it again, and back to the speaker. "It's not like the reg'lar oshun, as they calls blue water, look ye, 'mates; 'cause why, I've sailed on it this four year come Christmas, an' never knowed the rights of the thing, till t'other week off Malta I chances for to overhaul a book that the captain's stoo'd lends me one night, which it let me into the matter. D'ye see, in ould times the whole o' them coasts an' ileyands all round, they'd got as many kings an' empyrores as the whole world has now-a-days; and as thick of towns, steeples, an' natives as Lunnun's self, with more fleets nor they knowed what to do with in sich narrow waters. What's more, they didn't know how to handle 'em; and as soon as a bit of a breeze or a white squall gets up, down they went; besides fighting like so many cats whenever they'd meet. So in course, 'mates, in them days there was nothing but wracks an' ill-luck went on; but bein' as rich as Jews, they didn't mind, an' they builds more; though through time the craft got smaller and poor, like what ye sees now. Now if ye just could see under this here sea, or dry up the water, why, 'mates, it 'ud be nothing more but a reg'lar sprinkle o' gould cups an' coins, jowels, an' di'monds, an' what not. Now here is we right in the track for ould Room, where them auncient fleets used for to steer along shore, an' what I axes is—d'ye think Captain Grove's the man to waste wind, time, an' trouble for nothing?" Here the grizzly-haired old tar squirted his tobacco-juice into the scuppers, and looked round in triumph. "Hows'ever, 'mates," continued he, "all this an't neither here nor there—for I tell ye what, Ben Bryce an't the lubber for to guess i' the dark that fashion—I knows some'at to clinch the matter pretty sartin!"

"Aye, aye, old ship!" eagerly exclaimed the crowd of

seamen at the pitch of interest, and turning their ears to listen more intently, while every eye was fixed sideways on the talkative veteran; "what's that, Ben?"

"Here's the p'int, lads," said he; "you want to know how ye're to get at them treasures below water—why, it's easier nor you think; all you've got to do's just to heave-to and use the lead—the steadier we keeps the better. But in course there's *one* thing more ye need, an' that's how to man-handle them said treasures when ye know where they are! Now what d'ye think we've got aboard this very hooker, down in the mainhold there?"

"Blowed if I knows!" exclaimed one and another, opening his eyes.

"Well, 'mates," said Ben, "d'ye mind the night afore we left Malta we h'isted aboard a big lump of a consarn, all wrapped up in tarpaulins?"

"Ay, ay, bo," rejoined several, "few 'ud forget it as had a hand in the haulin' of it up!"

"Well, blessed if I'd the least notion what it were, till next night Mr. White the bo'sun let me into the nater on it, 'sides some'at of its make; and I'm blessed, shipmates, but it's neither more nor less than what they calls a divin'-bell!"

"*What?*—how's that? Divin'-bell, old ship!" were the exclamations of his audience. "What craft's that, Ben?—eh, old Salt?"

"Why," replied he with an air of superior intelligence, "it's a rum consarn altogether, no doubt—bigger nor a battle-ship's poop-lantern: more like the top taken off a small lighthouse. You hoists it out with a tackle from the main-yard-arm, and lets sink alongside right to the bottom, with two or threc hands inside of it—pumps in air a one side, and up comes their breath out on the other; and there they stays grabbing at what's below, and overhauling the whole

blessed bottom, till such time as they gives the signal to haul up. So ye see, 'mates, when I talks o' prizes to be got under water, I'm not so far out after all!"

On the quarter-deck the curiosity had been naturally heightened by the orders left at the end of the middle watch, and which confirmed the supposition of the Thetis having been despatched on some particular service. The second lieutenant, who was in charge, leaned with his arms on the capstan, and one hand on the telescope, with which he had again and again surveyed the distant horizon on every side.

"Nothing in sight yet, at any rate, Neville," said he now to his next in rank, a lively young man in undress uniform, who had left his berth below earlier than necessary from mere interest in the matter; "and little likelihood of anything on this track, I'm afraid!"

"Can it be only some of Sergeant Slyturn's affairs after all, Carey?" suggested the other, using a backname for the first lieutenant, which was occasional in the gun-room, and familiar in the midshipmen's mess; "one of those scientific trips he talks about—eh?"

"Why, no," said the officer of the watch; "*that* can't well be, since, anxious as he evidently seems, I believe Mr. Sleighton knows little more of the affair than any of us; in fact, I have a notion the captain has held it so close just to keep the first lieutenant as long as possible out of it, which makes me think it must be some navigation concern certainly; so hanged inquisitive as he is, and always wanting to stick his finger in every pie of the kind!"

"Yes, of the *kind*," said Neville, laughing; "though not, perhaps, if it happened to be some piece of hot boat-work off Toulon! By the by, our reefers have a good joke about him they got from their friends in the Majestic, where he was before——"

"Hush! here he comes himself," said the second lieutenant in a low tone; and next moment the gold-banded cap of the first lieutenant appeared above the combings of the after-hatchway. The sunlight sparkled on the epaulette of his left shoulder as he came up the companion-ladder, gazing aloft while he did so, and round the horizon whenever he had reached the deck. He was a slender young man, younger-looking, in fact, than either of his two subordinates; and instead of presenting any ground in his first appearance for the sort of dislike with which he was regarded by his fellow-officers, his features were finely intellectual, though delicate for a sailor's, and an indistinct smile was always playing about his sharp upper lip, that was apt to curl into a kind of sneer when he spoke, at least to his shipmates. The truth was, Mr. Sleighton's father happened to have been in business; and he owed his presence and position in the navy to two things—his having an uncle a member of parliament, who could be inconvenient, if he chose, to the ministry, and his own acuteness and knowledge in all matters, especially theoretical, connected with his profession, derived from a good preparatory education at school. This of itself, added to the fact of his having been pushed over their heads, would have tended to produce a misunderstanding between the other officers and him; but Sleighton, unfortunately, had as little the frank, straightforward, and high-minded spirit, which to most of his companions was a thing of blood, as he possessed their off-hand, gentlemanly bearing—or, for instance, the manly, dashing figure, and handsome browned face, of either of the two lieutenants beneath him. With these deficiencies he could scarcely have been expected wholly to conceal his consciousness of intellectual superiority; while the pettier vanity which made him, instead of standing upon this merit, talk of his "uncle the member for so-and-so," and his "brother the sergeant-at-law," not only exhibited the

weak points of a new school of naval men, but brought out the worst features of the old—its supercilious self-reliance. Above all, that characteristic which a sailor, from his peculiar habits, dislikes most heartily, is that of what he calls a “sea-lawyer,” or one who, instead of ordering, obeying, or acting in his place, resorts to disputation and argument about the matter; and this chanced to be the tendency of the first lieutenant of the *Thetis*; while curiously enough, too, the sailors specially disliked him on the very ground that, in place of issuing peremptory commands like the rest, with perhaps an oath or two—in place of knocking them about, as they called it, and bringing a man “to the gratings when he deserved it”—it was his way, on the contrary, to speak them fair, to reason with them, and, when he could, to substitute milder punishments of an indirect kind for the cat. Still more fatal to his acceptance with the capricious mind of Jack was his sparing use of sea terms; so that, on the whole, Mr. Sleighton could not be said to have many friends on board.

“There is nothing visible yet, I think, Mr. Carey?” said the first lieutenant as he approached, after having taken one long look through the glass.

“Not a speck in sight, sir,” replied the other briefly, and touching his cap, while both he and his companion quietly observed the ill-concealed air of dissatisfaction and restlessness which their superior attempted to cover by appearing quite at ease as well as secretly intelligent.

“Ah, well!” said he, stooping to glance into the compass-boxes, “north-east-by-east—that is well, Mr. Carey—so! Half a point more east, my man, as nearly as you can. I see you’ve got both courses pulled up, Mr. Carey—quite correct, sir!”

“Exactly as I had the orders, sir,” answered the second lieutenant.

“We are somewhere about longitude ten and a half,” said the first, as if to himself, “latitude thirty-eight and a half, say—off the Sardinian coast.”

“Indeed, sir?” inquired Carey, trying a random hit; “then we are pretty near the right quarter, I suppose?”

“Right quarter!” repeated the first lieutenant with a sudden stare; “for what?”

“Why, for what you are expecting, sir, you know,” replied Carey with the utmost outward respect, but exchanging looks with Neville on the other side. The lieutenant caught the expression; his keen eyes flashed as he turned away for a moment as if to examine the horizon, but the next instant he gave both the officers a cold clear glance of indifference, the usual sneer playing about his mouth as he said formally to the one in charge, “the captain will be on deck directly; you will see the men summoned to divisions, sir.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” replied Carey, walking a few steps forward, and calling out, “Boatswain’s mates, pipe to divisions there!”

The bells struck to mark half-past seven; the whole crew were next minute crowding up and shuffling together in awkwardly-ordered masses along both gangways; a double column of clean white trousers, blue jackets, and bearded faces, with the ship’s name repeated brightly in front of every black-ribboned tarpaulin, while the cross-belted marines drew across before the quarter-deck. In five minutes more the tall, strong form of the captain emerged from the hatchway, the drums tapped and rolled, the arms of the marines clashed as they were presented, every sailor’s hat was off, and the commander stood running his quick, bold eye forward along the crew, aloft to the ship’s lofty spars and canvas, out to the blue waters and their horizon, then over the throng of men again.

"Pipe down, Mr. Sleighton," said he, "and let the men get breakfast over this morning as quickly as possible;" upon which he turned and walked back to the capstan.

The broad white awnings had been spread above the frigate's quarter-deck, and a knot or two of her various officers about the taffrail and the larboard or subordinate side seemed disposed to lounge a little till eight o'clock, but a hint from their commander's manner was sufficient to send all below to their respective breakfast-places, except a small party composed of the first, second, and third lieutenants, who stood on the opposite side of the capstan, waiting deferentially for orders; while the stout, grey-headed, old sailing-master, with some rolled-up charts under his arm, remained close by. The decks were quiet, and otherwise deserted, save by the man at the wheel, a veteran quarter-master near him, a single sailor at the distant bows, and the two look-out men far aloft; the ship still forging slowly ahead through the water, and little else audible but the sound of its light surges plashing before the keel, melting liquidly away from it, and running back along her outer timbers, with the gently-sweeping rustle of the festooned courses about the two lower-mast heads. Captain Grove also held a paper in his hand, which he began to unfold as he leaned his elbows on the capstan, signing to the group of officers to close in, where the broad round surface of that nautical machine, like a miniature of the larger natural circumference beyond, extended its brass-rimmed area within the circle.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, pleasantly, though with all the easy superiority of authoritative position, "I have a matter before us here which you will join me in managing—for, in fact, the sooner we get done with it the better, and the earlier we go home. The truth is, gentlemen, privately speaking," and he slightly lowered his voice to a somewhat

confidential tone, with a smiling nod, "why, I think the whole affair in itself— Ah, no matter!—at any rate *settled* it must be, though we should box about here till doomsday, like the Flying Dutchman! Now we have a long day before us, gentlemen; fine weather, just the sort required—and— Why, I think, if we set about it, all hands with a will, and in a seamanlike manner, we may put it at rest by to-morrow at furthest, one way or other. The thing is this: there is some report, or rumor, or whatever you like to call it, of a rock, or a shoal, or a bank, or something of the kind, not laid down in the charts, and the Admiralty of course want to know the truth of it. Now what we've got to do is just to find out whether there *is* such a thing or not; and if so, *where* it is: in one sense a sort of compliment no doubt to the Thetis—in another, perhaps rather more fit for some ten-gun brig or other, that can't do better: but the fact is, I always like to do what's expected of me, and do it I will. The affair, in short, is what any seaman can do—it only needs a little care; so let's all be active, gentlemen; look sharp, and what we don't like let's finish as quick as possible, and ship-shape to boot! I'll read you what mainly concerns the point in hand." Whereupon the commander proceeded to read aloud part of his despatch from the Secretary of the Naval Board, his usual distinct, manly notes involuntarily falling to a sort of drawling rote as he went on. "'To Post-Captain James Grove, of His Majesty's frigate Thetis, their lordships of the Honorable the Board of Admiralty,' and so on—'desiring you to search out and thoroughly investigate,' et cetera. Ah! 'Extract from the ship's log of the trading brig Jane Ann of Greenock, Alexander Macnellan, master, kept by Thomas Roger, mate, during voyage home from Leghorn'— Why did the man take round by Sardinia, I wonder?"

"Probably to avoid the French privateers, sir," suggested the first lieutenant.

"Ah, I daresay, Sleighton," continued the captain; "why didn't he wait for convoy, then? But these Scotchmen must always be taking advantage, and poking their long noses where they oughtn't; yet they're too cautious to do more, as you'll see here:—'*April the 26th, 1813.*—Off the island of Sardinia, out of sight of land—weather looked dirty to windward. In first dog-watch stood in till made Cape Carboneray, about three leagues on the starboard-bow, when gave the land a good offing agen by nightfall. 27th.—Out sight of land. Took the sun, to shape a course round, and made the latitude 38 degrees 50 minutes,* longitude by reckoning about 10½ degrees as nere as may be. At 4 bells afternoon watch, came on strong gale from north-east-and-by-east—Which refed tops'ls, and put the brig before it, being like to turn out a heavy gale at north. About three-quarters of an hour thereafter, saw breakers right under our lee-bow, and went about in good time. Being not come on to blow hard yet, and reesonabli clear to lee-ward, saw the breakers plain about 1 mile and ½ off. Calculated to have run near nine notts and a ½ sinse we took the sun and reckoned longitude. Signed, Thomas Roger, mate; and Alexander Macnellan, master.' Now," said Captain Grove, "all this is pretty particular certainly."

"He seems rather a correct person the mate, sir," observed the first lieutenant.

"Correct, my good sir," rejoined the captain, smiling; "why, yes, if you don't suppose most of this correctness hatched up to excuse their cursed laziness, or caution, or

* In the Mediterranean, latitude is of course always *north*, and the Greenwich meridian almost everywhere to westward. The theory and instruments of navigation are here also generally less important than experimental pilotage.

whatever it might be, in not going about again to see closer; for you'll notice, by their own confession, the gale hadn't come on yet, and they might have sent out a boat, if they had one to swim. Quite an extraordinary correctness indeed for Mediterranean merchantmen, unless they wished to give their owners a notion of their merits, or their friends a yarn about the dangers of the seas—which the good folks send forthwith to the Admiralty forsooth! Why, either it might have been the first of the gale breaking in the mist; or, for aught I see, instead of Cape Carbonara, they might have made Cape Teulada on the other side, and afterwards one of those reefs about the islands there." Here the sailing-master unrolled a chart on the capstan drum-head, and pointed them out with a respectful nod of assent. "But the truth is," continued the commander, "the matter becomes just as important whether or not; for unless such a thing is shown *not* to exist, why, with the best charts made, people won't be able to sleep in their hammocks at night; and we need to have a few of these tales regularly exposed. At any rate, we have our orders to execute; so, Mr. Jones, be so good as show exactly, if you please, where you have the ship's place pricked off on the chart."

"Here it is, sir," said the master, putting his horny forefinger on the spot, and peering closely into it.

"What latitude and longitude do you make it then?" inquired Captain Grove, looking at the mark.

"Well, sir," replied the old seaman, "as near as I can say since last noon, about thirty-eight, forty, north, by ten and three-quarters east, according to what we found her longitude last mid-watch, sir."

"Rather more nearly ten and a half, I think, Mr. Jones," remarked the first lieutenant.

"I reckon her to've made that much easting since we shortened sail, Mr. Sleighton, sir," rejoined the master.

"Well, well," said the captain, "Mr. Jones is more likely to be right, as he keeps the log, Mr. Sleighton. Then here's Cape Carbonara, Mr. Jones, exactly north-west of us."

"Nigh fifty miles off, sir, Cape Carbonnyraw may be," returned Mr. Jones; "but you'll make it out half that distance off from the mast-heads, sir, in this here clear sort of a climate."

"No doubt, no doubt," said his superior; "then *that's* our first landmark. 'Twill take us almost three full hours to get over as much ground close-hauled, under all the canvas we can set, and fast as the Thetis is; however, the more time for looking out. By noon, at furthest, we shall be up with it, after which we shall probably have a slant of wind off-shore, and can brace round again so as to make a sort of sharp angle on our late track. In which case, gentlemen, we can finish with a cut through it, like slicing through a whisp of hay for a needle! Mr. Sleighton, be so good as to see the yards braced up sharp at once, sir, if you please."

"Certainly, sir," answered the young officer, turning, though hesitating for a moment. "Might I be allowed to make one suggestion?" said he.

"Why, you see, Mr. Sleighton," said Captain Grove, smiling rather coldly, "the whole matter is so simple, so much of a clear coil to any seaman, that—Why, sir, in short, I mean to take the *management* to myself—and leave my officers to handle the ship—the more cleverly the better of course."

The first lieutenant turned on his heel, followed by his companions, and next moment the necessary orders were being given; the ship came gradually nearer to the wind as her heavy yards swung round, the confined sheets of canvas aloft fell spreading to the breeze, and she was soon rushing swiftly through the water at more than double her previous rate.

"By the way, Mr. Jones," resumed Captain Grove to the old master, "did *you* ever see or hear of anything of the kind hereabouts?"

"Well, Captain Grove, sir," replied he, rubbing his chin thoughtfully with one hand, "for my part I can't say I ever did, sir; and one time with another, man and boy, sir, I've sailed in this here Mediterranean a good dozen and a half year! I make bold to say I know this same channel we're in, sir, as well as most; but you'll be kind enough to observe, Captain Grove, that it weren't common for craft to keep so far into the land, in my day at any rate. And after all, sir, I'd never take upon me to go against what a man *sees*, so he *do* see it, seeing it's always hard for to prove a thing's *not*, sir, whatever you may have seen yourself, you know, sir."

"Unless you show that it isn't where he said it was, Jones," said the captain familiarly to the old seaman; "that you'll allow, eh?"

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the master, with a cautious style of agreement; "of course, sir, that's the matter, I don't deny."

"Now, Mr. Sleighton," said Captain Grove to his first lieutenant, when the latter had come on deck again from despatching his breakfast, "you will hold straight on this course, clapping on everything you can, till you make out the land from aloft, and no longer. That being the chief point at present, I shall leave it to you; however, send a couple of leadsmen into the chains, and keep them heaving. See that there is a bright look-out aloft too, sir, if you please."

The frigate, accordingly, under a pyramid-like cloud of white sail, continued to rise buoyantly over the bright-blue surges, that leapt and sparkled as she cleft sharply through them, while the shower of snowy spray scattered back upon her was at times prised by the radiance into fragments of

rainbows. The breeze seemed to freshen from south-west, driving softly away up into the deep-blue ample hollow of heaven overhead, the shape of one long gauzy vapor, which the ancients might have fancied as Aurora rising from the pursuit of the fervent sun: it was absorbed in the approach of noon, and the central concave of the pure Italian sky above grew more lucidly transparent in its profundity, till it had all the tint of intense violet. The men high on the frigate's topgallant cross-trees, meanwhile, were repeatedly hailed to keep on the watch, both towards horizon and sea; from every point of the ship looked out some curious eye, accustomed to scan the confusing and transient objects presented by water in motion; while, in truth, the minds of her crew naturally persisted in blending with the immediate purpose of their proceedings somewhat of the treasure-finding ideas recently set before them, and which in no small degree enhanced their attention. The shadow of hull and canvas, too, was as yet thrown long to the westward of the vessel, substituting there a light-green tinge for that bright-blue which the waves of the Mediterranean, unlike the deeper ocean indigo, wear only in view of the sky and sunlight; and lest some hidden danger, or actual change of color, might be thus passed by under a veil, the leadsmen leaning out of her chains cast their hand-leads at short intervals far forward towards the bows; the sharp plunge of the weights, settling till they dipped right below the seamen's feet, the knotted line vibrating to its full stretch through their hardy fingers, was followed only now and then by the long-drawn cry of "No—grou—nd!" The transient shade left the waters blue as ever astern, and still their broad expanses offered nothing more unusual than the foam-tipped crest of a larger surge, or some sea-bird's wing glancing along the gentle hollows at a distance.

Noon was not far off, and the breeze began to fall away

in capricious puffs and sighs, letting the ruffled surface pass into smoother ripples, that reflected the blaze of light from above; when, although from the frigate's decks the clear sapphire-like outline of the horizon was alone visible, the sudden hail of "Land—O!" came falling hoarsely down from more than one point high amongst her towering spread of canvas.

"Hallo!" shouted the shrill voice of the first lieutenant, "where-away?"

"Right ahead, sir," was the reply; and the old master, spy-glass in hand, slowly ascended the rigging to verify his expectations.

"Quite right, sir," said he to the commander, who awaited him on his descent; "it's Cape Carbonnyraw to a certainty."

"Then, Mr. Sleighton," said the captain, "you may go about at once; we are pretty near where the Scotchman must have been, according to his own account, before he stood out to sea the second time, and shall just try, after that, to be as like going before a north-easter as we can with westerly winds."

Such as the breeze was, it was shifting towards a west wind or zephyr by the time the Thetis had tacked, so that she now edged off gradually from her former track, her recent watchfulness being if possible redoubled, with the addition of slight changes occasionally in her course, which placed a wider reach of surface under immediate examination. The sun's altitude, as it reached the meridian, was now taken, and the calculations from it agreed accurately enough with the reckonings of the master. The charts indicating the depth of water hereabouts, and the nature of the bottom, the ship was accordingly hove to, soundings taken with the deep-sea lead, and found to be such as stated by the authority; while at the distance of a mile or two

south-west a shoal or bank was mentioned where the water shallowed considerably, passing from hard rock to grey sand and shells. Here, too, the usual process confirmed the correctness of the topography, even to the minutest circumstance, as the hollow at the end of the lead, filled with white lard, brought up its sample of the grey sand and shells which were so precisely specified. Having thus much at least found the valuable guidance of the charts in all points confirmed, Captain Grove was the less disposed, so far as his own convictions went, to mistrust them in aught else. The *Thetis*, nevertheless, still made way in the direction of her new course, till the light air, which had more and more unsteadily played around her, at length deserted the highest of her sails, and she lay finally becalmed on the hot expanse, where the glittering Mediterranean scarcely undulated beneath a flood of light. Even then, however, the activity of her commander's investigation was far from being intermitted. No sooner had the ship's company dined, than several boats were sent off towards as many different points, with orders to pull about and notice the slightest peculiarity of the surface within view—a piece of service on which the midshipmen and sailors entered with all the glee excited by variety in nautical routine.

The afternoon was far advanced towards evening, and the blue ethereal glow of the sky already began to extend its span above the idle canvas of the frigate, from eastward to the intenser west, as if it let down the sun with all his glories from its embrace, and ampler room went silently up in it; colors and streaks of cloud gathered low over against the frigate's starboard bow in the transparent distance, when the land-wind came stealing from the north-west, imparting a faint tint of emerald to the blue of the waters as it ruffled them, and she was soon gliding off again with her head turned away from it. The breeze had by degrees freshened,

the stately *Thetis* began to fly along like a racer, with the white sea-dust rising from before her, till, as the more easterly wind from Italy and the Apennines joined the local one, her progress increased to the swiftness of an arrow; the lively waves rushed briskly on her weather-quarter, sending the sprays now and then sprinkled across her bows. The whole series of precautionary measures was again in full play, and she was fast running down the required line of investigation, so as to make the most of what daylight remained; but shortly afterwards a sail was descried to leeward, at the distance of two or three miles outside the course of the *Thetis*. The looks of the officers on the quarter-deck were naturally directed towards it with interest; but as to speak the vessel closely would seriously divert them from their present aim, no change was at first made in the movements of the frigate.

"It's nothing more but one of their small Sardinian coasting-craft, sir," remarked the master, as he laid down the glass, in reply to the question of his commander.

The captain paused, looked at the sky brightening with sunset, and appeared doubtful. "We have little more than an hour of the light to count upon though, Mr. Jones," he observed.

"These coasters, sir," said the first lieutenant quietly, "are generally pretty well acquainted with the localities, although people seldom think of taking advantage of their knowledge, sir."

"Yes," said Captain Grove, "we might get a hint or two, Mr. Sleighton, that might do us good as soon as the moon rises; so I think you may—Yes, sir, put up her helm, and stand down to that coaster."

As the frigate's yards swung fuller to the wind, and she bore swiftly down towards the Sardinian vessel, the two striped triangular sails of the latter seemed scarcely larger

than the wings of a sea-gull, which they greatly resembled, with one sharp corner of each slanting far out above the short masts; more especially when she altered her course a little, apparently at sight of the ship in chase of her, and began to scud off before the wind, shifting over one sail so as to point opposite to the other. The *Thetis*, however, with the whole force of the breeze on her lofty canvas, drove through the surges like some stately creation of the deep in pursuit of some stray adventurer from the land. The foam seethed up around her massive sides, and sank again, as if the element acknowledged her, while the little felucca's tiny hull was at times half hidden by the bright-blue waves on which it dipped and danced along. All at once, on the ship's suddenly firing a blank shot across her wake, the coaster let go her yards by the run; and when the smoke had cleared away, she was seen lightly rising and falling, without a rag spread, at little more than half a mile's distance. The *Thetis* stood on for a few minutes longer, and hove to, close by the felucca, after which she sent out a boat to bring the Sardinian master on board. The poor padrone, or captain, in his red-tasselled cap, dingy-velvet jacket, and open-kneed breeches, had no sooner contrived to scramble up the side and reach the quarter-deck, followed by a grinning midshipman, than he gave vent to all sorts of gesticulations and protestations explanatory of his having unfortunately mistaken the British ship for a French one.

"Mr. Sleighton," said Captain Grove to his first lieutenant, "I believe you are the only one of us that knows the poor's man's confounded lingo; pray try to stop his jabber, and ask him whence he comes, and where he's bound. For my part, I know even less of it than I do of French, which, Heaven be thanked, is very little!"

It was characteristic of Sleighton that he had given his attention, wherever he had been on shore, to acquiring the

language of the country: and as descriptive of his fellow-officers at the time, that it was one of the things they disliked him for, or despised in him. He accordingly put the desired question to the Sardinian, who appeared much relieved.

"Eccellenza, to Spartivento," said he, answering only the latter part of the inquiry.

"Where *from*?" repeated the lieutenant in Italian.

The Mediterranean mariner hesitated, glanced about uneasily, and at last named "Marsala in Sicily."

"The very tract we want, I think," said the captain.

"Does he cross the channel often?"

"Securo, signor, securo! (certainly)," was the answer.

"And knows the coast well?" suggested Captain Grove again.

"Si, eccellenza! motto bene!" replied the Sardinian, smiling modestly.

"Does he know of any small rock or shoal, where the sea breaks, or otherwise, anywhere on the tract betwixt Sicily and Sardinia?" was the next inquiry.

"Rock—or shoal?" repeated the man in his own language, seeming to muse for a moment, and then shaking his head as he looked up at the lieutenant who put the query; "Questo non so, signor, 'scuso—(I do not know, signor, excuse me)."

"Has he heard of any vessels being lost thereabouts lately, or at any particular time?" asked the commander once more.

At this last question the padrone of the felucca appeared uneasy, and his eye caught the first lieutenant's. "I have not, signor," said he, turning round; "Santa Maria, non l'ò! After the *greggalè* comes, however, signor, there is sad work sometimes;" and he crossed himself devoutly.

"The *greggalè* blew here a day or two ago, did it not?"

inquired the first lieutenant carelessly; and he cast another look over the bulwarks towards the little vessel, where a couple of brown-faced Italian mariners were sitting with their bare legs over the sails which had been hauled down upon the lumber below, as they gazed up curiously at the lofty sides and upper gear of the frigate.

"Si, signor," said the padrone briefly, in reply to his question.

"And since then," continued the lieutenant, "you have been *fishing*, I suppose?"

The Sardinian looked about him, and gave no further response; while the old master of the Thetis observed to Captain Grove that "them fellows commonly knew less about the matter than a seaman; for," said he, "a deep keel draws more water than a shallow one; and where *you* strike, sir, why *they* go clear over, and know nothing at all about it."

The keen eye of Sleighton, notwithstanding, while attention was paid to the padrone himself, had for a moment remarked the number of casks and other articles apparently concealed by the felucca's sails; and connecting the circumstance with his manner, he suspected the Sardinian of knowing more on the subject than he was willing to avow. However, Captain Grove presented the man with some silver for his trouble; the boat once more put him on board his own craft; and the Thetis, hauling round her mainyard again, was shortly afterwards cleaving the waters as before; although now with the shades of night beginning to close fast in around her, so that ere long her canvas was reduced to nearly the same proportions it had shown at daybreak, in order to await the advantage of moonlight for her future researches.

Night, in that pure climate of the Mediterranean and at that season, seems to steal up from earth and down out of

the sky, not in vapors and defined shadows, but with a new atmosphere; almost as if it were the more normal state of things, containing a truer revelation. The round compass of the sea drew itself sharply about the horizon, its blueness seeming to exhale into the air above it, while all within was one liquidly-rising depth of flowing silence, made more intense by the light plash of the water alongside and the ripple at the bows; a floating hush, as it were, pervaded the obscure, and a sort of airy glimmer which took away the sense of darkness. Scarcely, indeed, had the dark closed upon the rear of twilight, when a transparency from beyond seemed about to break forth anew; and all the while an amplitude of space, far vaster than before, was being cleared away around as well as above; until the dark-blue firmament spread itself immensely over all, shining with starry points and clusters, amongst which came out many a figure, as well known to sailors as those upon their mothers' printed gowns when they were boys. The breeze still blew freely, and every man on deck inhaled its coolness over the bulwarks, balmy as it was after the heat of the day, and faintly smelling of land; while the light through the bull's-eyes of the quarter-deck, and the side-scuttles aft, showed that the officers were despatching their evening meal, in order to resume the late process with the first moonlight. Shortly after the streaks of hazy, grey cloud, low in the east, began to show, as it were, a pool of amber light diffusing from behind; the azure of the sky looked over them, and the large, yellow circle of the full moon floated at length slowly out, like some pale, rescued face of the Nereids, or fair ancient Diana restored to belief. In five minutes more the sharp order of the officer of the watch was heard and passed along, when breadth after breadth of canvas fell from aloft against the sky, and rose tightening to the breeze, as the frigate again went ploughing swiftly to the south-east.

She continued thus, as before, to slip easily through and over the lengthened surges, that now rose glittering past her shadow out of their pale-blue hollows, while eastward ran a floor of silver moonshine, till it was past midnight, and the ship must have been sixty or seventy miles aslant from the land seen during day. She was then put about, so as to bring the wind before her beam, and beat up with sails sloped to meet it, into the base of the long triangle formed by her entire cruise since daybreak: the moon, high in heaven, and filling its upper sphere with light which far surpassed that of northern regions, whitened the whole lee-side of the frigate, and the full bosoms of her sails; while the foam came sweeping to her outer timbers along that side, out of clear-edged circles and silver eddies. Nothing as yet varied the surrounding expanse, far or near, but such scarcely-heeded accidents; and the men of the watch, beginning by this time to weary of their fruitless labor, turned their eyes involuntarily ever and anon from their occupations towards the sky aloft, where a pointed streak or two of cloud hung delicately white amidst the suffusion of the upper air, and motionless, in spite of the brisk breeze by which the *Thetis* rushed ahead. One starry sign above another, too, spread up beyond the moon: the larger and lesser plough, the great triangle, trembling in keen points, with separate stars sparkling out awfully between; while one cluster, like a diamond lyre, high up, and as it were distant since sunset, appeared to twinkle, ere it vanished, in the very purest pinnacle of vacancy; others melting back into the light which flowed over them as from a spring. The captain and chief officers, indeed, had collected on the ship's lee-quarter, sextants or other instruments in hand, to fix the present longitude by lunar observation, choosing to measure the planet's distance from one bright, well known star, which had been fancifully pre-

ferred throughout many a former voyage. Castor, it might have been, whom, with his twin brother Pollux, the old mariners were wont to recognise as tutelary. The calculation had no sooner been accomplished, than the commander of the *Thetis* remarked, with an air of satisfaction, on their being now in pretty near the same parallel as that indicated by the account of the merchantman. "And yet," continued he, chiefly addressing the first lieutenant, "not the slightest sign have we seen or felt of anything like what that fellow pretends!"

"Allow me to observe, however, sir," replied Sleighton gravely, "what I wished to say before—that instead of getting the latitude at one time and the longitude at another, which only tends to confuse us, we ought in a matter of this kind to——"

"How, sir!" said Captain Grove a little sharply, "do you suppose one of his majesty's ships mayn't find her place at least as correctly as a red-haired Scotchman with his grandmother's watch?"

"But, sir," persisted the first lieutenant, "the more incorrect *they* were, the more need—excuse me, Captain Grove—for care in our own astronomical observations, sir, I presume."

"Astronomy be hanged!" said the commander; "the thing doesn't depend on astronomy, Mr. Sleighton."

"At any rate, we should have taken a *variety* of deep-sea soundings, sir," replied Mr. Sleighton, "leaving buoys to mark where we had been before. I think the best way in such cases, sir, is to take the report for granted, till it is *proved* undeniably false."

"Take it for granted, Mr. Sleighton!" rejoined his superior; "I shall do nothing of the sort, I assure you, sir. The fact is, Mr. Sleighton, you are a little too fond of contrariety, for the mere sake of it; but the best thing you can

do, sir, is—get a ship of your own, and come out to look for this shoal fly-away you are so convinced of, I suppose, when other people begin to scout it—*then* of course you can make astronomical observations as long and often as you please.” The first lieutenant bit his lip, but nothing else betrayed his feelings save that he leant over the side and looked steadily into the water sliding past. “However, gentlemen,” continued Captain Grove in his usual tone, “we shall soon have run through the whole ground, with the next stretch to windward at least; and if *that* don’t bring the matter out, why I have a good mind to be fairly off by morning.”

“We shall be delighted to hear it, sir,” answered the second lieutenant, smiling respectfully.

The frigate was soon tacked again, and catching the wind on her opposite side, she ran up the space she had hitherto chiefly inclosed; while the moon, setting slowly past her lee-quarter, began to lengthen its broad reflection into a dancing path of light across the waters on the ship’s beam.

Nothing was now heard but the liquid ripple alongside, and at intervals the splash of the frigate’s leads cast from the weather-chains into her passing shadow, with the slow listless tramp of men lingering out their vigil on the forecastle; the captain paced the weather-side of the quarter-deck alone, and the patient old master rested his night-glass on the ratlins of the mizen-rigging, when a sudden call from aloft, quick and startling, roused all beneath into eagerness not unmingled with alarm.

“On deck there! Breakers to leeward!”

“Whereaway?” hailed the captain himself on the instant, springing upon a carronade, and looking up clear of the sails to the look-out aloft.

“Two points on the lee-bow, sir,” answered the man;

and the yards were braced up sharper to the wind, which now blew with increased briskness, so as to insure her weathering the spot in safety. One officer and another ascended the shrouds in order to catch sight of the scarcely-expected peril, while the commander remained standing on the bulwarks with eyes directed impatiently to the horizon; the countenance of the first lieutenant, as he watched the proceedings with affected indifference, nevertheless betraying mingled emotions, amongst which it would have been hard to say whether triumph or some secret feeling of disappointment had the better.

Half an hour intervened, during which the ship, in her present state, and with her characteristic sailing qualities, must have made five or six knots headway; but at length an almost simultaneous murmur along the decks betokened that the danger in question was now visible. Over a broad space before the frigate’s course a silvery haze was hung around the brightly-setting moon, while she shed her light intensely on the surface underneath; an azure band severed that stretch of water from the horizon, and the nearer waves ran into it, dark by contrast, yet all along within it they rose shining and glittering in white radiance; but towards the further edge of this was seen but the more instantaneously some low black object, over which the breeze sent the snowy spray in wreaths and showers that lent an additional air of hazy indistinctness, as they scattered across it, and as the moonshiny reflection trembled with its fairy web-work of lines, and its threads of lustre from one smooth wave to another. All eyes were naturally bent upon it from the throngs of excited seamen, amongst whom this most dreaded of nautical terrors gained no small increase by the whole circumstances foregoing, as well as the somewhat perplexing and fantastic character of mystery attendant on its sudden appearance, thus placed like a fragment

of jet in the crisped silver setting of the moonlight: small as it seemed, indeed, yet the more perilous on that account would it have been had the night been dark, with the breeze blowing right down upon it, and the vigilance of the crew well nigh at an end. The commander only signed with his hand to the man at the wheel to luff still more, and the officers stood grouping silently together with mutual exchange of looks as the *Thetis* continued to edge rapidly in the direction of the rock, till at length her mainyard was backed, and she hove to at about three-quarters of a mile distant, rising and falling on the surges as the reversed canvas on her mainmast counteracted the breeze in her other sails.

A boat was then lowered from the ship's lee-quarter, and its crew, under the charge of the third lieutenant and master, pulled cautiously away for the spot, which was now conspicuous enough; although the very dazzle of the light, the showering of the spray, and the motion of the vessel when thus held in check, combined to render it still at that distance quite incapable of proper survey. The movements of the boat's crew were, however, sufficiently distinguishable; and as they neared the place where the water broke, making a half-round, to go to leeward of it, the frigate's bulwarks were topped by one continuous row of eager heads, the watch below having come on deck half-dressed to witness the discovery now being accomplished. All at once the men in the cutter were seen to rise and wave their hats, with a loud cheer, which struggled up against the breeze to the ears of their shipmates; and directly after the boat pulled straight in upon the supposed rock, becoming almost blended with the light spray to leeward of it. The eye of Captain Grove sparkled for a moment with sudden intelligence, but he merely beckoned with his hand to the men by the braces and the wheel; five minutes more suf-

ficed to bring the frigate rushing down upon the place, when she again sheered round to the wind and became stationary, almost grinding her bows against the edge of the mass in question. By that time all were aware of its real nature, after noticing that it floated, instead of being fixed in the water, composed as it was of a couple of large hogs-heads, nearly full, and connected into a sort of unwieldy raft by the top-frame of a ship's mast, with its attendant cordage and other hamper; while it drifted deep and slowly enough to offer considerable resistance to the sharp surges of the breeze, which dashed and sprinkled over its weather-side as upon the crown of some small reef. At this curious *dénouement* a general hurra burst from the assembled crew of the *Thetis*, which the commander repressed with a sign of his hand, although all severity in it was belied by the smile on his face. On the quarter-deck, indeed, he gave vent to his amusement and satisfaction in unrestrained laughter, to which all but the first lieutenant fully responded, even he professing to smile.

"Well, gentlemen," exclaimed Captain Grove, "it seems we might have added another bugbear to that fellow's hobgoblin; for as to its being in the same place, ha! ha!—or near it—that is out of the question. So I think if nothing turns up by to-morrow at furthest, why, we may be contented with the charts, at least till some volcano or other shoves a new reef above water—eh, gentlemen?"

"Oh, after this," the first lieutenant responded smoothly and with unusual openness of manner, "certainly, sir; you could not do less."

"I'm glad to see you can be convinced, Sleighton, in spite of your theories," returned Captain Grove, good-humoredly. "Now, get these casks overhauled, as there's evidently something in 'em; and set the lumber adrift, that it mayn't frighten any one else. Why, such a concern as

that would give a pretty thump to one's bows of a dark night after all. I shall go and turn in now," continued he, "and let the ship be kept off and on hereabouts, if you please, till daybreak."

One of the casks was found to contain nothing but salt water, its bung-hole having been open; the other was more than half full of common Italian wine, which was freely served out to the men as soon as it had been got on board; the former, with the timber accompanying it, fell to the share of the mess-cooks for firewood, so that the sailors jocosely remarked there was something to be got by shoal-hunting after all.

The first lieutenant stood musing silently by himself near the taffrail ere retiring to rest, when he was accosted by the old master of the frigate. "Well, Mr. Sleighton," said the latter, "I'm glad it's nothing in the shoal way, sir, though here's some poor fellows gone to the bottom again, it's likely; but I'm not so sure it's a sign all's clear hereabouts."

"Pooh, pooh, Mr. Jones," answered the lieutenant; "the captain is right; this is just the kind of thing that gives rise to such reports."

"Aye, Mr. Sleighton," said the master, "but what's them things owing to, sir, I ask?"

"Why, they've foundered, or something, in that greggale the day before yesterday," replied Sleighton; "such clumsy fellows as they were, no doubt."

"Well," said the master, "that might be; more especially as there's a strong current down this channel here sometimes—mostly about the full o' the moon, sir; and *that* would bring 'em from no'th-east a good way since the gale."

"And how much way would an affair of this kind make, do you suppose, Mr. Jones," continued Sleighton, carelessly, "in a couple of days now?"

"Why," said the master, calculating, "with the nor'easter in their favor at first off-go—then this same current, we'll say, sir—and different winds a-baffling about of 'em after'ards—why you couldn't give them casks much more than about two-score knots in that time, Mr. Sleighton."

"Ah," said Sleighton, "and we're in ten longitude, or so, I think; latitude?—"

"Thirty-eight, four, or pretty nigh that, I make it," replied the accurate master, after reckoning on his fingers; "but it's hard to say how long they might drift, you know, sir."

"True, true, Jones," said the lieutenant.

"Well, Mr. Sleighton," said the old seaman, shaking his head, "it's a bad part to be in, of a strong nor'easter, is this Italian channel. The Gulf of Lyons for a roaring gale, no doubt; but it's thought by some there's a sort of a whirlpool somewhere here—others, again, say it's only at certain times, more particularly when one of them greggales comes on; and, according to them, it shifts its place more or less."

"Ah, I daresay, Mr. Jones," said Sleighton, with an air of deferring to the old man's experience; "and no better authority for such facts than yourself."

"I never heard of it so far south as this though, Mr. Sleighton," ran on the master, fond of having a listener to his old sea-lore; "nor so near Sardinia, either; but I mind well enough, about seven year ago, being in a convoy, home'ard bound, round these same islands, when a gale came on thick from east'ard, out o' sight of land, we had a fine French Indiaman, a prize which was taken up the Gulf of Genoa. Well, sir, how it was nobody ever knew, but next morning when it cleared, not a stick of her was to be seen—she'd clear vanished out o' the very midst of us, two or three frigates, and twenty brigs or more, scattered on every hand."

There we cruised round and round, looking for a sign of her; but nothing was ever found, till about a month afterwards, I heard her wheel was got by some fisherman or other, with the ship's name on it."

"Strange, indeed," responded the first lieutenant; "and where was this, now, Mr. Jones?"

"Must have been a good bit up from here, sir, I think," said the master; "though not far out o' the same course for Naples. Howsoever, I must go below, and turn in for a spell; so good-night t'ye, Mr. Sleighton."

As soon as the lieutenant was alone, he took out his pocket-book and carefully noted down a series of memoranda by the light of the binnacle, for the moon was already set; he then slowly followed his late companion down the after-hatchway. "Fools!" exclaimed he to himself, as he hastily threw off his uniform in the little state-room, "not one capable of putting a few simple inductions together. But we shall see."

When next morning dawned on the *Thetis*, she was slowly forging ahead under still less sail than at the previous daybreak; a low, grey bank of haze lay on the horizon to west and northward, against which her hull and spars, nearly bare, would have been scarcely discernible from the opposite direction, where the sun was about to strike his first rays through a lighter vapor of the east. The breeze came freshening along from the south-west again, in the cool, exhilarating morning air; till the frigate, whose few extended sails were so slanted to it as to neutralize most of its influence, rose curvetting on the lively greenish surges like a creature impatient of restraint. The men of the watch looked out on all sides wistfully, as if to the full as tired of the whole matter as she was; while the officers on deck walked restlessly about, with evident anxiety for the appearance of the captain, and the change of procedure which

might soon ensue. The objects on deck were as yet but coldly visible, and the grey sky above the eastern board had merely begun to show a few pearly streaks, the thin, white mist seeming to creep nearer from the horizon, as the breeze swept under it—when all at once a faint flash of light was seen to gleam, as it were, within the veil it presented, and the distant report of a gun came rolling along the water from southward. It was shortly followed by another, and the mist in that quarter began to scatter gradually apart, leaving a break of the horizon clear and coldly drawn against the sky, already becoming transparent with the approach of the sun. Every eye was of course directed at once to the open prospect, where, almost immediately, could be made out the figure of a large brig under all sail, studding-sails out aloft, and bending over as she squared off more fully to the wind, when the telescope could distinguish her British ensign flying at the main-peak. Next minute or two sufficed to detect the cause of her recent firing (previously concealed from the frigate by the brig's intervening hull and canvas) in the appearance of another craft, a couple of miles further off, whose two immense lateen sails loomed dark to windward, like the wings of a vampire in chase.

The lofty spars of the *Thetis* still scarcely rose above the background of northern vapor, lazily curling off to the breeze, and which would for a time completely hide her presence from both the distant vessels coming across her weather-bow; but her decks were in five minutes crowded with men and officers, not a soul on board excepted from the resistless impulse, and all instinctively seeking the stations necessary for instant action, while yet gazing with breathless anxiety, and speaking in whispers, as if louder sounds might betray the frigate in her ambush earlier than the sunlight which now began to brighten the distant edge

of the horizon, making the mist as transparent as gauze, and striking purple along the ruffled waters. Now and then an eye glanced stealthily towards the captain, who, with one hand raised to hold on his cocked-hat, stood up on a carronade, watching the chase with intense interest, the brig again firing from her stern at her pursuer, which was apparently a swift xebecque or galley, and seemed to gain on her fast. The matter was one of no small nicety, indeed, to manage; since, on the one hand, if too soon made aware of the proximity of the frigate, the stranger would get too favorable a start, and that well to windward; whereas, on the other hand, the merchantman might be overtaken, and her crew treated in pirate style, were the delay too long protracted. The seamen of the *Thetis*, however, were heard to express their earnest wish that the enemy should have "plenty of law" given him, that he might lead them a good tight chase, "after this here hanged long spell of treasure-fishing and shoal-hunting." A dozen hands were laid ready on the shrouds of each mast, waiting for the order to lay aloft and loose sail, which of itself would probably discover the frigate to the vessels in sight; her sharp bows meanwhile slowly parting the waves ahead, and helping somewhat to improve her position for bearing down, when they were nearly abreast the beam. At length the captain stepped down from the gun, looked once more to windward, and made a sign to the man at the wheel. "Away aloft, my lads!" said he quickly to the ready sailors, who had already begun to ascend the rigging; the tall folds of canvas fell off the yards, which were hoisted by those on deck with the men still upon them. The frigate was next minute in stays, going about on the other tack, almost as the sun tipped the radiant horizon with his dazzling crest; she rose, dipping to the vast increase of force, and then, like a greyhound released from the leash, shot out of the haze under a cloud of

white sail, on which the light struck yellow, as upon a brazen giant suddenly risen out of the deep. The flash and the roar of a gun at the same time broke from one of her open ports, sending a heavy shot spinning far across towards the pirate craft, now about four or five miles off: he had already taken the alarm, however, and his two huge three-cornered sails jibed sharply round, their long, slant yards bending like whips as he bore up almost dead before the wind. The breeze freshened as usual in the morning at that late season, with a sweep that curled every bright-blue surge into vivid hollows and snowy crests, and the Tunisian galley was at times seen to dive into them amidst a cloud of spray, then to rise, ducking and rolling like a tub, swift as she was; while the frigate, scarcely leaning to it, drove steadily through the waves after her, with sails broad against the sunrise. The brig, safely pursuing her course, took in her studding and top-gallant sails from the growing force of the wind, which brought the *Thetis* every few minutes a new advantage over her chase. The latter hauled closer up to it again, as if to try a better method for escape, and edge nearer to her own coast; upon which the frigate was seen to brace on the same tack, and on a wind her own people knew well she found her favorite sailing-point. They could ere long distinguish the moist gleam of the very brine dripping from the Tunisian's bottom, as she rose, with the Moorish skull-caps of her crew; but by that time, to the deck of the merchant brig, both vessels had dwindled to specks on the blue horizon.

The *Thetis* had gone home to England, and been nearly a year paid off, when Captain Grove happened one day to enter the Naval Club-room at Plymouth, where he found an old professional friend seated at his newspaper. The usual courtesies and greetings were exchanged, followed by va-

rious topics of conversation; after which the other captain suddenly asked, "By the by, Grove, I think you had a young blade named Sleighton for your first luff the last time I saw you in the old Mediterranean?"

"Yes," said Captain Grove; "what of that?"

"Why, perhaps it's not the same. What sort of chap was he?" continued his friend.

"Oh, why, an exceedingly good officer," replied Captain Grove; "only, by the by, a little disputatious sometimes, and one of your scientific men."

"First name Frederick?" inquired the other.

"Yes," said Captain Grove.

"Haven't you heard of the fellow's good luck, then, Grove?" was the next question. "Why, he's made a commander."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the captain of the *Thetis* in surprise. "I'm glad to hear it though, by Jove! I believe he was poor. But how the deuce has that sly old uncle of his contrived to get him promoted so soon?"

"'Tis rather a queer story," said the other: "as I heard it, he had been some time or other in a ship sent out to discover a new reef, or something of the sort, about the coast of Sicily, and his captain couldn't find it; so what does Sleighton do, a few months ago, but go and tell the Admiralty he was pretty sure he could ferret out this said rock of theirs, if they'd only give him a schooner with a few hands. He got the schooner, and off to the Mediterranean, where, sure enough, he found the rock, and his commander's gilt swab too—which in our day, Grove, you know, we should have thought you couldn't buy so quickly, except by taking a French frigate at the least!"

"Well," said Captain Grove with forced calmness, "do you suppose this story to be *true*, Captain Fanshaw?"

"*True*, my dear sir!" was the reply; "why, I believe

you'll find it laid down in the chart, at any rate!" and the other captain turned to the last Admiralty chart, which lay on a book-stand in the room. He pointed to the spot in question, and Captain Grove slowly and distinctly read off the words—"Twilks Rock, latitude 38 degrees 50 minutes 11 seconds north; longitude 10 degrees 37 minutes 12 seconds east; lying south-east and north-west; depth over the crown of the reef, one fathom at low water; sea breaks on it during a north-easter; fifty miles east by south from Cape Carbonara."

"Ah," said he in accents of ironical self-constraint, "very particular *indeed*! Do you know, now, the *Thetis* happened to be the ship sent on the duty you allude to, and *I* was the captain who couldn't find the rock wanted?"

"Is it possible, Grove?" exclaimed Captain Fanshaw.

"Yes, sir, by Jove! I spent twenty-four hours using every possible means to turn over the ground, and turn it over I did. Why, sir, we went through that very spot again and again; and, by Heaven, Captain Fanshaw, the whole story from beginning to end is a cursed lie!"

"Oh," put in Fanshaw, with the view of soothing the passion which now inflamed his companion's features, "oh, I daresay Sleighton spent a week or two on the matter instead of twenty-four hours! He could better afford it, you know; and, besides, he wanted his new commission!"

"The whole thing is a falsehood!" repeated Captain Grove, giving way to his irritation; "trumped up, don't you see, most plausibly, and safe enough, too, for who is ever to disprove it? A schooner and a few hands, forsooth! Why, the scoundrel might cheat or bribe a dozen ignorant foremast-men and a couple of master's-mates perhaps into anything of the kind he chose, and everybody in future steers clear of the place! And *he*, the sneaking hound,

was among the first to seem convinced there was nothing of the sort!"

"Contemptible swab!" said the other captain; "but of course that was his cue."

"Is this infernal shoal, or whatever they call it, to haunt me right and left?" continued the commander of the *Thetis*, much excited. "I tell you, sir, I am as sure it does not exist, where they put it at least, as I am that I stand here, and so I reported to the Admiralty. Why, the fellow has given me the direct lie—to the very first day I have been afloat, the direct lie!—and that, I'm convinced, with the full knowledge he was telling a falsehood himself! The least I could do, were he not a cowardly rascal, as I've reason to think, would be to cane him in the public street. But, Fanshaw, I will *prove* him a liar, as I did the Scotch skipper a fool before him! I tell you I'll sail over that very spot again the first opportunity, else I shouldn't die easy! If I ever have the keel of the *Thetis* under me in those waters again, and if I don't carry her clear over where your chart marks a rock, call James Grove a liar, and no seaman to boot!"

To this outbreak, so natural for a man of Captain Grove's temper in the circumstance, his friend made no reply except an accommodating one, and parted from him, somewhat dubious as to the exact state of the case, and soon to forget the matter altogether.

More than two years had elapsed, during which peace on land and sea had left the ships of Europe to deal as they best could with old Queen Nature, far as her homeless water-realm extended, when, late one autumn, the *Thetis* was in the Mediterranean, bound for Naples, with the British Ambassador and his suite on board. The frigate, repaired and painted anew, seemed to rise on the bright-

blue surges, sparkling to the sun, with all the easy grace of former days; and every liquid splash of her coppered bows into their foam was like the renewing of an acquaintance; while they, too, ran and leapt along her high sides as if, to a seaman's fancy, they were trying to keep pace with her in token of welcome. None on board or amongst her crew, however, except Captain Grove himself and the old master, were of those she used to bear about there in the war. "Cautious Carey" was somewhere in the West Indies, the lively Neville off the west coast of Africa, and a hundred other craft had some of her hearts of oak on as many different points of the watery globe. Bright skies, gentle airs, or favorable breezes for the most part, carried the *Thetis* eastward for Italy; the white awnings spread daily over her broad quarter-deck, the royal standard of St. George at her main-sky-sail-masthead, the music of the band floating far across to leeward from her at meal-times: military uniforms, civilian figures, even ladies' dresses, being seen at intervals to mingle with the active motions of her officers on deck, or with the sturdy blue jackets of her crew, as they thronged hither and thither during her progress. When sextant and quadrant began to show her approach to the scene of those last proceedings of hers in this quarter, to southward of Sardinia, the variety of preoccupation from so unusual a company of guests was likely to make her commander not particularly apt at the time to recall the minutiae of an incident which never, except accidentally, had been much impressed upon his mind, nor did he seem to have even remembered it at all.

The *Thetis* found herself one afternoon, however, standing up to north-eastward, with a wind nearly fair, into the wide channel which leads to Italy, out of sight of land: the waves came briskly from the south-west, and over the frigate's stern and larboard-quarter hung the pale, keen azure

of the autumn sky. In the east, nevertheless, a grey covering of vapor seemed, as it were, to thicken from it, sending out feathery flakes and shreds of scud that drifted high aloft, contrary to the wave-crests far below. Now and then a little strip of cloud was seen to flicker and stream out over the very top of the haze, then again to disappear; a "grey mare's tail," as it was called by the men on the fore-castle. The south-westerly wind grew chiller, singing and sighing sharply through the frigate's cordage; and past the edges of her huge sails; passing fits of rain accompanied it, as it shifted round to north-west and north, requiring constant alterations in the trim of the yards; till all at once it finally chopped into the north-east, the rain ceased, a vivid fragment of rainbow came and vanished on a cloud to windward, while the darkening waves rose shorter and more numerous against the sudden check to their course. The gay train of aides-de-camp, secretaries, and diplomatic officials, had retired to their cabins in proportion as the nautical activity augmented, and as the spirits of the frigate's crew seemed to be wakened up by this change of weather; and when the last red streaks of sunset glimmered low behind the black ridges of water astern, as if it were dabbled in beyond the openings of their troughs, the *Thetis* was beating up nearly close-hauled, though most of her canvas remained still set, against the beginnings of a gale which threatened ere long to blow with no small violence.

The sole anxiety of her captain, however, was to get her well off the land before the full strength of it came on; since, when afterwards unable to show more than storm canvas with safety, and a lee shore only about fifty miles off, especially if the gale drew further to eastward, none could say in what imminent danger the ship might be placed as she drifted to its force. The three topsails had already been double-reefed,

the frigate buffeting stoutly with wind and sea, and driving her massive bows gallantly into the spray that showered over her weather cathead, while the thickness of the mist had come closing down on her, and the grey scud careered aloft so as to hide her uppermost spars. Captain Grove paced the higher side of the quarter-deck with the accustomed rapid turns and steady footing of a seaman, looking sharply to windward and overhead, and evincing satisfaction at the way in which the old *Thetis* behaved, as he phrased it. The lieutenant of the watch, his glazed hat shining and his rough pilot-coat glistening with moisture, peered every now and then into the binnacle-light to observe the compass; the old master was carefully running over his charts and reckoning beside a lantern on the capstan head; it was eight o'clock, and the ambassador's late dinner in the state-cabin had been more than usually deferred by the first movements incident to rough weather, commonly more inconvenient than when it has risen towards its height, and the ship has been, as it is called, "made snug." The captain merely waited to assure himself that he might go below, and do the honors to his distinguished passenger.

"Keep a good weather-helm, my lad," said he to the sailor on the upper side of the wheel; "a point higher, if you can, quarter-master." He then stepped towards the veteran master, who had immediate care of the navigation. "Well, Mr. Jones," said Captain Grove cheerfully, "we shall do yet, I think, if we only keep our own for an hour longer at this rate. We *must* get to windward a little more though, for a devil of a sneezer this gale looks to turn out before midnight. Ill-tempered while they last, these greg-gales are hereabouts, Mr. Jones, but not long of blowing over."

"No doubt, sir," said the master; "it'll break before morn, I shouldn't wonder, sir."

"How far off the land do you make her now, Mr. Jones?" asked the commander, pointing to the chart.

"Why," replied the master, holding it towards the lantern, although it flapped and struggled as he did so, "by dead reckoning since noon, sir, about fifty miles east by south of Cape Spartyvento, which'll set us somewhere nigh hand eight-and-thirty miles south-east and by south of Cape Carbonnyraw, sir."

"That won't do with this stiff gale," said the captain; "and with what we *may* have before long! We must certainly weather the cape a good deal clearer than that, Jones. Mr. Abbot," continued he, addressing the bluff-like first lieutenant, who had just appeared on deck, "you will see the yards braced sharper up, if you please, sir, immediately; and make her course for the next two hours as exactly east-by-north as you can."

"Just so, sir," replied the first lieutenant with respectful alacrity; and as soon as the change had been effected, Captain Grove prepared to go below, his mind now in a great measure at rest. The old master looked again at his chart, fidgeted, and then approached his superior by the after-hatchway, wearing an expression of considerable uneasiness. "But, Captain Grove," said he, hesitating, "there's one thing, sir, in that case—why——"

"Well, what is it, Mr. Jones?" said the captain, turning ere he should descend; "pray make haste, though."

"Why, sir, if I'm right in my reckoning at all," continued Mr. Jones, "that very same course will bring us pretty near right upon——Look here, if you please, sir," and he held the lantern towards the chart again.

"What do you mean, Jones?" said Captain Grove hastily. "I really can scarce see the chart at all; out with it, man!"

"It's laid down plain in *one* o' the charts at any rate,

sir," replied the master, still faltering, as if afraid of giving some offence; and the captain glanced curiously for a moment at the old man.

"What?—which?—go on, Mr. Jones," said he sharply.

"What they call the—the Twilks Rock, sir—and at this rate we're going, why, sir, it's just the very course to bring the ship fair upon some part of it in about two hours' time," was the hurried answer. "The only thing to keep her safe, sir, so as to be sure," continued the master, "would be to keep her off a point; for you know, sir, the Thetis always comes pretty nigh where she looks."

Captain Grove had started at the first words, as if some unseen hand struck him in the face, and he turned fully round again to the master. "What!" exclaimed he, roused by the suddenness of the thing and its circumstance to the height of passion, "is this cursed invention of an infernal, cunning, lying scoundrel to meet me slap in the teeth *again*! No, sir! I swore I would sail over *that* spot the very first chance, but I had forgot the thing; and after all, not on a night when the God that made us shows his power, am I going to trouble myself with braving down even a *lie*! But by that God I will *not* flinch—no, not one quarter of a point—from carrying this ship as close to windward as she will go! Because, forsooth, one cowardly lubber has come home and frightened his neighbors with a tale of a flying-shoal, and another sneaking rascal goes out and takes advantage of it to better his own affairs, by keeping everybody after in dread on the high seas—I am to endanger his majesty's frigate, and a British envoy, by falling to leeward in a gale near land, for the sake of what I have found myself doesn't exist!" and he dashed his clenched fist on the head of the capstan, to which he had walked. "Mr. Abbot," resumed he firmly, "you will keep her close up to windward, sir, till you have occasion to send for me—with a nice helm, too,

if you please—and hold on everything aloft. She makes easy enough weather of it at present, and the worst of the gale will probably be near midnight." So saying, the commander hastened below to the state-cabin.

The lieutenants continued to walk the weather quarter-deck, one attending carefully to the binnacle, the other watching how the canvas bore it aloft, both ignorant, except from what they had caught of their superior's words, as to the entire matter concerned. The grey-headed master alone remained leaning over the bulwarks, his hair driven about his temples as he gazed uneasily out, now and then peering under his hand upon the obscure and troubled waste of waters; while the heavy waves struck the frigate's side, and the gale moaned through her lower rigging when she rose higher than usual, before ploughing sternly down again through the ridge that swelled across her bows. Sometimes a sort of wild, uncertain light would seem to come clearing out amidst the confused elements, on the gleaming face of the water weltering up into crests of spray; and the mud-colored, loose scud was seen flying overhead from below one black cloud to another, but again it blew together, and all was dark. At intervals, however, the master could perceive far to leeward, over the waving, tumultuous outline which formed the horizon, where a glimmering streak of white sky showed the figure of another vessel slanting across it; her close-reefed topsails alone spread on her three naked masts, like a mere black rag, as if she were some merchantman struggling less boldly with the gale. The frigate, on the contrary, strong and stately as ever, made good way to windward, extending an ample breadth of stout canvas below as well as high on her tall spars; and she still drove ahead, in the utmost apparent security, even the more proudly, too, that her bow at times received the seas over it in a deluge of spray, while her

masts quivered in the gleaming fits of the wind like feathered arrows that had entered her newly from the deck above, and every bulkhead below decks creaked now and then, as if her frame were parting.

The envoy's dinner-table below was not the most favorable to social gaiety, heaving as it seemed to do under the swinging lamps; but the presence of Captain Grove, with his manly and sailor-like character, greatly contributed to do away with all sense of danger in the mind of his distinguished passenger and those of his suite. The naval officers who were privileged to attend—their services not being required on deck—were, as usual, in high spirits, devoting themselves to soften off the discomforts incidental to a gale at sea, and eagerly reassuring the one or two fair guests, by a variety of nautical remarks, which had all the weight of experience to render them consolatory. A frigate in a gale, well off the land, and under charge of British seamen, was soon understood to be greatly safer than a house, or, for instance, a church with crowded galleries; and in fact the motion of the *Thetis* underneath them, or aloft, had, after all, a stately ease of swing in it which required only a little custom to make it even add a feeling of agreeably high excitement to the entire party, rid as they had been of sea-sickness in the Bay of Biscay. The ladies, however, had retired at length, and the gentlemen sat over their wine, when Captain Grove proceeded to relate to the envoy, as a curious and amusing instance of Admiralty innocence and Admiralty promotions, the whole story of his search for the rock, and his lieutenant's pretending to find it.

"The fellow deserves some credit for his cunning, though," said he, laughing; "for I haven't the least doubt he calculated on what is generally the case in such matters—no one ever venturing there again at all. However, that

is not the worst of it," continued he, "for sometimes one may actually be in real danger from the fear of a false one, as we might have been to-night, Sir Henry, had I not happened to know the thing thoroughly before-hand. Why, I was so angry at the time I first heard of this so-called discovery, that I'd have given anything to sail over the spot in the darkest night going—not to try it over again, of course, but to show my utter contempt of the thing, by never giving it a thought."

"Ah, though, my dear sir," said Sir Henry, "that would have been rather fool-hardy; would it not?"

"Certainly, in any other than myself, who have examined the ground through and through, Sir Henry," replied Captain Grove. "However, the most curious part of it is, that, without my intending it at all—merely as necessary to the ship's perfect safety—why, I believe, Sir Henry, in five minutes' time or little more"—and he took out his watch—"she will pass over the very place in question."

At this the envoy turned pale, as did most of the faces in the cabin; Captain Grove, on the contrary—with all that unflinching firmness of nerve, and that obstinacy which would have made him rather sink than yield to a French line-of-battle ship—remaining cool, both in reference to the possible danger and to the alarm of the ambassador.

"Gracious heavens, sir!" exclaimed the latter anxiously; "are you in earnest, Captain Grove?"

"Certainly, Sir Henry," replied he; "but had I not the most undoubted grounds for my conviction, you cannot suppose I should have ventured to say what I have, at least till afterwards. At any rate, Sir Henry," resumed he, taking up his watch again after a long and awkward pause, "the time is past; I assure you we have gone over this wonderful reef—the thing was a mere trifle, otherwise I shouldn't have mentioned it."

The former conversation was then renewed, with the more vivacity from this relief to such a disagreeable announcement; all were laughing and talking, while the very plash and stroke of the waves on the ship's side, and her deep, weltering pitches were a source of unconscious satisfaction to hear, as the sign at least of plenty of water underneath.

Captain Grove was in the act of passing the decanters from one compartment of the firm-lashed cabin table to another, when all at once a slight, grating touch, as it were, was felt to run along from the ship's keel through her whole vast frame—a wild, hoarse scream seemed next moment to be blown over the after-hatchway—there was a sudden sensation, as if the succeeding wave were too light to bear the frigate, and she were going down—when a mighty shock, like that of the earth receiving a mistaken footstep in the dark, threw every one from his seat; the deck fell all at once steeply over, the timbers quivered, and a fierce burst of water on the side was succeeded apparently by whole seas, with the tumultuous cry of human voices heard even above the gale. The captain had started up, and stood instinctively keeping his feet in the attitude of one still expectant; his white, rigid face, seen by the swinging lamps, would at that instant have quelled any reproaches, had such been likely—incredulity, defiance, and terrible conviction of a reality, seeming to flit across it as quickly as the shadows it caught. Next moment he rushed towards the cabin door and found his way on deck.

The old master had redoubled his anxieties, till they began at length to yield before the protracted and regular motion of the ship, however violent and deafening the monotonous roar of the blast, when, without further warning, the sharp yell of the look-out men ahead was transmitted aft, to "port the helm!" "Breakers close under

the lee-bow ; port, for God's sake, port!" was the common shout. But it was too late, and the frigate drove fiercely with the next surge upon the white chaos of broken water, then struck nearly amidships, as if she had tried to leap across. Another wave half lifted her, and she came crashing down upon the hard rock, her tall spars vibrating with the force till the foremast yielded, toppling over, and the upper part of her mainmast shortly followed, when they beat up on her lee-side to the back-swell of the sea.

The fearful sight appeared to restore nerve and coolness to her commander, and his voice was now heard clear and trumpet-like to windward, endeavoring to renew order amongst the disorganized crew, then directing their activity. The wreck of the mast was cut away, the remaining canvas hauled down, and the boats cleared ; while, as the vessel formerly distinguished was thought to be still not many miles distant to leeward, blue-lights were burned, and a heavy gun fired at short intervals, so that, if possible, she might be led at least to lie to, and pick up the boats whenever a lull in the gale should render it at all practicable for them to venture off. In half an hour the moon would have risen high enough to shed some light through the scud ; and for the last emergency a raft was constructed close alongside in the frigate's lee, by means of spars lashed together upon empty casks, with a stage amidst it for the passengers and ladies, which floated ere long in comparative security on the less turbulent surface now preserved there under the stationary mass of the frigate's hull. Not a single spar now rose above her bare, shelterless decks, groaning and cracking as she heaved to the force of the sea, its spray driven over her tilted weather bulwarks ; while the gale burst upon her bodily in all its bleak, unmerciful strength, wild sounds fluctuating far away to leeward, with now and then seething flashes from the breakers, and fits of misty

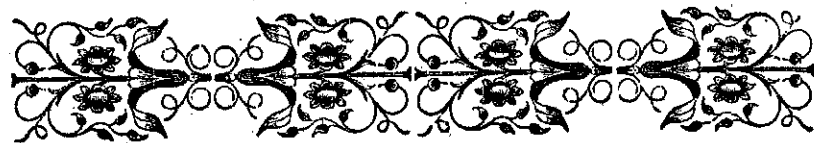
light eddying through the darkness as the moonlight began to struggle in. Long and anxiously did those clinging to the wreck peer forth, every minute expecting to feel it give way under them, or at best to commit them to the chances of the raft and boats at random. However, the fury of the gale seemed at length for a time to be subsiding ; and the light faintly diffused from the moon, although she herself was completely hidden, afforded a view to leeward ; where it was with joy, impossible of course to be expressed, that the crew of the *Thetis* could make out the form of the merchant vessel, seen indistinctly now and then between sky and sea. She was seemingly, from her present position, aware of some disaster having happened ; and signals of distress having been again made, the officers carefully prepared to embark the envoy and his suite upon the raft, to be followed by the boats.

The former had at last been safely freighted with its living cargo ; and when furnished with a lantern on a spar, as well as a small sail to assist its motion to leeward, was slacked off from the side of the wreck ; when, as soon as it was free of the turmoil created by the reef, its own buoyancy enabled it to drift down comparatively secure towards the distant merchantman, dimly visible by the lights she had hung aloft, when the raft was borne up on the waves. Two or three of the boats, managed by the oars of their crews, were already imitating the example, and profited by the temporary lull to make progress after the raft ; while the remainder were in course of lowering away and receiving the groups of men who swung themselves down out of the lee chains, or jumped right in from the bulwarks. The captain stood by the gangway, overseeing the process, and sternly refusing to leave his post until all should be provided for ; the respect yielded him before being now accorded by every one perhaps more truly than when full discipline

could be carried out, even although a whisper of the truth had begun to circulate during the last hour or two amongst those who retained the presence of mind to converse at all. A considerable proportion of the seamen, in fact, with the desperation so frequent to the class in such extremities, had contrived to break into the spirit-room previously to the hope of rescue: their mad shouts and yells of frantic laughter could be ever and anon heard ascending from below decks, as they quelled in liquor that strange horror of drowning, which made some who would have faced a loaded carronade, or have passed an earing aloft in the wildest hurricane, yet wish to "die drunk." Again and again the attempt had been made to rouse them; and not only had they given no help, but had retarded the efforts of the rest, till their shipmates swore that not one of them should enter the boats if he wished. The frigate's launch, which had been with the utmost difficulty hoisted out by various contrivances, now floated alongside, filled with the last crowd of men and officers, and held on to the ship's hull merely by a couple of lines, while every minute increased the necessity for letting go, and she was kept off the side by continual thrusts of the oars. The men shouted loudly for the captain, who seemed still to be detained by anxiety for the insane revellers below, notwithstanding that the hull beneath him shook and groaned to the foaming rush of the breakers on her weather side, and at intervals its bottom came grinding down from a longer heave that threatened to force the wreck over the reef altogether, when it would no doubt sink at once; the gale, too, was about to come again with renewed fury. Suddenly a half-intoxicated seaman rushed wildly up through the fore-hatch, as if somehow or other restored to a sense of his danger: the wind and spray appeared to sober him on the instant, and he gazed around in utter despair at the seem-

ingly deserted decks. The men in the launch were again calling to their commander to descend, when he returned an answer of assent, and sprang hastily towards the sailor in the gangway. "Here, Jackson, my lad," exclaimed he, taking off his uniform coat, "on with this, and jump into the boat! As for me, it shall never be said that James Grove deserted the ship he lost by his own folly!" The man instinctively did as he was told; next minute he was safe amongst the boat's crew, and the captain himself let go the ropes which held her to the frigate. One long sweep, and the launch drifted off to leeward, rising on a surge clear of the breakers, while the sailors kept her stern to the coming seas. For one half minute, as they pulled off, the uncertain light showed them the white figure of their captain bare-headed and in his shirt, as he stood gazing towards them from the dark hull of the *Thetis*—the spray driven across it, and the foam bursting round her bows and astern; then the wind and sea seemed to blot it out. When the seamen found they had thus left their commander to perish, they could scarcely be restrained from visiting their indignation on the poor fellow mistaken for him; but to return and compel him to leave the wreck was then impossible.

No vestige of the old *Thetis* of course was ever more seen so as to be recognised; she most probably drove over the edge of the rock soon after the gale was renewed, taking with her the unfortunate captain only and the drunken remnant of her crew—the latter as unconscious of what befell them as the former must have bitterly realized it, and its cause. For as often as he had confronted, without flinching, the anger of his fellow-men and that of the elements, he did not dare to face the shame that falls on one whose self-confidence has turned out supreme folly. A true story this, and one which the old sailor, spinning yarns to his mates, has often shaken his head over at sea.



The Johasmee; or, the Pearl-Diver of Bahrein.

“**H**E will drown. He is a dead Sheah.”
“There goes his boat drifting out to sea.”
“But how well the dog swims!”

“Yes, but observe, he knows nothing of the surf. Look, how he keeps in the hollow of the sea!”

Such were the remarks addressed to one another by a small party of Arabs on the sea-shore near the harbor of Muscat, as they watched the movements of a swimmer struggling in the surf which rolled in at their feet. The most complete indifference was evident in their tones and attitudes. Some were crouching on the sand, others stood erect wrapped in their mantles. While they gazed upon the unhappy wretch, they speculated on his probable fate with less interest than would have been shown by Europeans, or even by themselves, in the escape of a dog. The person who was the object of their remarks was evidently in the greatest danger. His boat had swamped in the breakers, and had been swept from his grasp, leaving him depend-

ent for his life on his own exertions, and the slight support of an oar which he had been fortunate enough to grasp. Unluckily, as was remarked by one of the spectators, though a good swimmer, he was unaccustomed to the surf, and by keeping in the hollow between two waves, exposed himself to be frequently buried by a toppling surge. From every such submersion he rose manifestly more confused, and weakened in his power of struggling. His fate would have soon verified the predictions of the Arabs, but for the appearance of another individual who joined the party on the beach. He was a mere youth, of some eighteen or twenty years. His garb and features bespoke him an Arab, but it was evident that he was of a different class from the others, who were all Muscatys, or inhabitants of the neighboring town of Muscat. The lighter complexion of the newcomer, his bold aquiline features, the sternness, approaching to gloom, of his handsome countenance, not less than the striped shawl of cotton and silk which formed his turban, and the long matchlock which he bore on his shoulder, proclaimed him one of the tribe of Johassam, the far-famed pirates of the Persian Gulf,—or, as the Arabs term it, the Sea of Bahrein. He was wrapped from head to foot in a long mantle of black cloth woven from the hair of the camel; and beneath this the clash of arms was heard as he walked. He advanced with the hasty, imperious step of one who had never known what it was to stand in the presence of a superior, his black, deep-set eyes flashing from side to side beneath the shade of his thick shawl turban. When his glance fell on the swimmer whose feeble exertions betrayed his exhausted condition, he exclaimed, in quick, sharp tones—

“Ye Muscatys, why do you not save your brother?”

The question excited a general laugh.

“Our brother!” said one; “in the name of Allah, when was a dog our father, and the son of a dog our brother?”

"He is a Persian, a heretic Sheah," said another; "let him perish; let his father's grave be defiled."

"Let him call on Ali, his Imaum," added a third; "perhaps he will come from Kerbelah, and save him."

"He is a pearl merchant," exclaimed a fourth, who was a kind of wag; "no doubt he is seeking for pearls. Look, he is going to dive."

Another laugh followed this witticism, for such it was considered. The Johasmee alone did not join in the merriment. He stood for a moment, as if irresolute, muttering to himself—"It is better to save life than to destroy. I have disobeyed thee, O my father! I have taken life. A Persian for a Mohassanee." Then turning suddenly to one of the Muscatys, who was lounging on the sand, he said—

"Keep thou for me this matchlock, this cloak, this shawl, and this girdle; likewise my sword, my shield, my knife, and my cartouch-box;" taking off the various articles as he spoke and laying them on the sand. "I will save the dog of a Sheah."

It would be impossible to describe the astonishment with which this speech was heard by all the party. That a Johasmee should expose his life to save that of any human being, not of his own tribe, was sufficiently remarkable; but that he should so exert himself for a Persian and a heretic, was utterly unaccountable. They stared in silent amazement until the young man had completed his preparations and advanced to the edge of a rock which overhung the boiling sea, waiting a favorable moment to dash in. A general cry burst from them as they saw him plunge headforemost into the waves, in the train of a retreating billow. For a minute nothing more was seen of him, until his head reappeared far to seaward, and at no great distance from the Persian.

"Bismillah! a wonderful swimmer," exclaimed several,

and his proceedings were now watched with the greatest attention.

The youth approached the person whom he had come to save, and was instantly seized by him with the tenacious grasp of a drowning man. Uttering a terrible imprecation, as he felt himself dragged under the surface, the Johasmee was about to strike him off with his clenched fist; but suddenly restraining himself he exerted all his strength, and compelled the other, partly by force and partly by threats, to loosen his hold, and betake himself again to one end of the oar, while the youth steadied and guided the other. Following his directions, they turned their faces first to seaward, and as the huge waves came rolling in, by diving simultaneously, they allowed the mass of water to pass harmlessly over their heads. This course they continued, until at length a billow of unusual height was perceived approaching.

"Now," shouted the Johasmee, "turn thy face to the land, and swim for thy life."

As he spoke, the immense roller heaved them on high, and the youth, by exerting all his strength and activity, managed to keep the oar balanced on the crest of the wave, which bore them with the swiftness of a racehorse towards the land and hurled them high up on the beach. Several of the Arabs now rushed down and dragged them still further up, before the retiring waters could sweep them back into the sea.

The young man, though somewhat bruised by the violence with which he had been cast on the shore, arose instantly, and after rubbing the sea-water from his limbs, and wringing it from his thick black hair, proceeded in silence to resume his dress and arms. His only remark was, as he saw them bring up the half-drowned Persian:

"Lay the fool on the sand and let the sun dry him. He will revive like a drenched fly."

In a few minutes, accordingly, the poor fellow began to stretch himself, and after making some motions like those of a person attempting to swim, he shuddered, opened and shut his eyes, and at length raised himself slowly to a sitting posture, and began to rub his eyelids and stare about him. His first words were:

"Oh, my friends, in the name of Allah and the holy Prophet, tell me where is my boat? And my slaves, are they safe?"

"Your boat, O Saadee," answered one of the Arabs, "is on its way by itself to Bushire, whence I think you came; and your slaves are among the pearls at the bottom of the sea."

At these words, the unhappy merchant began to tear his hair and beat his breast like one distracted.

"Oh, hapless day!" he exclaimed. "Oh, my faithful slaves, Seyd and Babk! Oh, my good boat, which cost me a hundred golden sequins. Wretch that I am, how shall I go back to Bushire? How shall I meet Zemin Khan, who lent me so much money for my venture? Oh, miserable man! Would that I had perished with my slaves and my boat!"

The Johasmee, who had been listening to this outburst of grief with a countenance expressive of stern contempt, now interrupted him.

"If such be thy wish, Saadee, behold, yonder is the sea! Be assured I will not again prevent thee from joining thy slaves, on whom the saw-fishes and the sharks are now feeding."

This address brought the merchant to his senses, or rather, changed the current of his ideas.

"Oh, excellent and worshipful youth," he exclaimed, "thou who hast the strength of a Zal and the courage of a Rustum, how much do I not owe to thee! Woe is me, that

I am a beggar, and cannot display my gratitude! Yet, perhaps I may do something. Art thou a Muscaty?"

"I am a Bedowee, of the tribe of Johassam, and I do not save life for hire," replied the other coldly.

"Thou a Johasmee!" exclaimed the merchant, astonished at finding that he owed his preservation to one of that dreaded tribe. "And for what didst thou save my life?"

"To obey my father," replied the young man.

"Thy father," said the other, looking eagerly around, "where is he? I do not see him."

"He is dead," replied the youth gloomily; "nevertheless, to obey him, and also to render life for life, I have saved thee."

"How can that be?" asked the Persian, still more perplexed at this singular reply.

The Johasmee looked on either side, and stood silent, as if in doubt whether or not to answer the question of his companion. The other Arabs, having no further interest in the scene, had retired towards the town, and the two were left alone. At length he spoke, rather with the air of one willing to disburden his mind of a load, than as if caring to gratify the curiosity of the merchant.

"I know not how it can concern thee to learn the reason wherefore I have saved thy life; yet, if thou wouldst know, listen. My father was a Sheikh of the family of Beni Amrou, at Ras el Khima. He was esteemed the wisest man of the tribe of Johassam, and his judgments were obeyed like those of the Cadi here in the town; for they were wise and just. He was, moreover, a lion in war, and his courage was like a flame of fire. In his youth he was as quick to anger, when his blood was stirred by an injurious word, as is a gun to go off when the match touches the powder. So has it always been with the Beni Amrou. Alas for me! why else am I here? Now it chanced that in his younger days my

father slew in a quarrel a man of the family of Zobeyee. They quarrelled about the spoil of a Feringee ship, and my father fought with him and killed him. He had neither parent, nor brother, nor uncle, so nothing was done, for the Beni Amrou were very strong. But he had one son, who was then not old enough to speak. This son grew up to manhood with his mother, who told him all that had happened. And three months ago, as my father was sitting alone at the door of his tent, he came behind him, and struck him with his dagger in the back, saying, 'It is I, the son of Daood Ibn Zobey, who avenge my father;' and having done this, he fled to the desert.

"Then when I came to my father, oppressed with grief and rage, he put forth his hand and said to me,—'Khalil, my son, I am dying, as it is appointed to all men to die. Grieve not, therefore, but attend to what I say. I have lived long, and have made the pilgrimage to Meccah, and gained much wisdom. Now, therefore, my son, hear my last commands. Avenge not my death in the blood of the son of Daood: for I slew his father, and a life for a life is just; why should it go further? If he offer thee the price of blood, take it, and make peace with him. In time of battle be thou brave as a lion; slay and spare not, and take booty, for this belongs to the true believers. But in time of peace keep thy hand from the dagger; for a bloody hand shall never prosper. It is better to save life than to destroy. Now swear to me, my son, that thou wilt obey my commands. For the Beni Amrou are a violent race, and quick to shed blood.' So I swore that I would keep my hand from the knife in time of peace, and that I would rather save life than destroy. And my father died."

"And thou hast obeyed thy father, and kept thine oath, in saving me," said the merchant.

"I have disobeyed my father, and broken my oath," re-

turned the young man. "Hear yet further. When my father died, I was about to take for a wife Amineh, the daughter of the Sheikh Abdallah, of the family of Mohassan, the loveliest maiden of Ras el Kheima. We had been betrothed from childhood. Now it chanced that six days ago, I made a bargain with her brother Zeyn for this dagger which you see. He was a rogue and a cur, greedy for gain as a Jew, and wily as a Hindu. He swore that the haft was of silver, and you see it is only copper coated with silver. So when I found this, I cast it at his feet and said, 'Thou son of Shaitan, thou hast cheated me; there is thy dagger. Return me my ten dollars.' But he would not, and as we talked he grew bitter and snappish, like a dog as he was, and threw the knife at my head. Behold," he said, lifting his turban, and showing a raw wound on his temple. "Then," continued the youth, "the hot blood of the Beni Amrou boiled in my veins, and I struck him through the ribs with my dagger. He never spoke again. For three days my brothers and my kindred concealed and defended me: but the Mohassanees were too strong for us, and I fled for safety behind the forts of the Imaun. So I saved thy life to atone for the life which I took, contrary to the oath that I had sworn to my father. Though thou art but a Persian and a Sheah, I think thy life is worth quite as much as that of Zeyn Ibn Abdallah."

The merchant was too well accustomed to the contempt with which those of his creed and nation were regarded by the Arabs (a contempt which the Persians retort with equal bitterness in their own country), to take exception at the ambiguous compliment with which his companion concluded his narrative. After a moment's reflection he said—"And will nothing but thy life content the friends of the young man? Will they not take the price of blood, seeing that he began the fray, and thou art betrothed to his sister?"

"And where," asked the youth, "am I to find two thousand dollars for the life of a Mohassanee? All my family have not so much."

"Two thousand dollars are a large sum," said the Persian, shaking his head; "I am a poor man; nay, a beggar; and in debt to Zemin Khan for money advanced in this last venture. Yet if my boat and my two slaves had not been lost, I might have shown thee how to gain two thousand dollars in two months."

"What dost thou mean?" asked the Johasmee, eagerly: "is it to plunder? Dost thou know of a prize? I have a good boat, in which I came from Ras el Kheima, and three stout slaves, brave as lions in battle."

"I know of no prize," replied the merchant, laughing, "and besides I am too old to fight. But are thy slaves as good swimmers as thou? Can they dive as well?"

"What! would thou have us go to fish for pearls? and to make two thousand dollars in two months? Am I an idiot, that thou should'st laugh at my beard?"

"Nay, but listen, most excellent young man, flower of Bedowees,—be not so hasty. Wilt thou swear by the holy Kaabah and the Tomb of the Prophet that what I shall reveal to thee shall remain a secret in thy breast?"

"By the holy Kaabah and the Tomb of the Prophet, I swear that I will not betray thee," said the youth, whose curiosity was now excited.

The merchant looked around on every side to assure himself that there were no listeners, and then proceeded in a low tone, and with great seriousness, as follows,—
"About the time of the last Ramadham, there came to Zemin Khan in Bushire, a pearl-diver, who informed him that, when fishing in a boat alone, near the island of Karak, he was driven off by a strong wind to the westward, until he came to a low rock. He had heard of this rock, for

many vessels have been wrecked upon it. But he found to his astonishment, that there was a bank of six or seven fathoms on one side. The existence of this bank had never before been known, and judging from the depth that there might be good pearls on it, he dived five or six times. He brought up but twelve oysters, for though they were very numerous, yet the water being deep, and having no assistance, he could not obtain more. But these oysters were very large, and in them were three pearls, either of them worth ten tomauns of Boshrah. Look, here is one,"—and unwinding the sash which confined at the waist his ample trowsers, the merchant drew from its folds a pearl, whose value the experienced Johasmee saw had not been overrated.

"It is a pearl of eight coats," said he.

"True, Khalil, thou understandest the business, as a Johasmee should do," replied the merchant. "When the diver found these, he was, as thou mayst think, overjoyed. As soon as the wind served, he made his way back to Karak, and thence to Bushire. He came to Zemin Khan, who, thou knowest, was once a great man in Bushire, but is now a poor merchant, and informed him of his discovery. Zemin Khan was not rich enough to send out a boat with divers of his own, and, besides, he feared that the Sheikh of Bushire might seize the pearls as coming from Karak, which, thou knowest, he claims as his property. So he came to me, who was then at Bushire, and proposed that, as I had a shop in Muscat, I should proceed thither with Haroun the diver, and that we should hire a boat with our joint stock, and divide the profits. So one month ago I came hither for that purpose, but poor Haroun was smitten by the Angel of death on our voyage here, and died on board the bugalah. However, as I knew the way to the rock, by his directions, and also by a chart, I did not renounce my project, but

sold my shop and all my merchandise for twelve hundred dollars, and bought two slaves, and also a boat, of the people of Oman. Alas! they are gone before we entered the harbor of this accursed Muscat, and one half my money is gone with them. But if thou wilt lend thy boat, and go with me on this adventure, I have enough left to hire divers, and also for equipment and provisions. We will divide the profits into three equal parts, one for thee, one for me, and one for Zemin Khan. What sayest thou? Is it not a good offer?"

In truth, Khalil could not deny that the enterprise bore a promising appearance, and that he was admitted on very advantageous terms. That, however, which chiefly influenced him to accept the merchant's offer was his earnest desire to get away from the town of Muscat, where, inclosed by walls and armed fortresses, and jostled in the narrow dirty streets by soldiers, public officers, townspeople, and traders from every clime, the free-born Bedowee pined in spirit and chafed against his confinement like a wild sea-bird in an aviary. After a moment's thought, he acceded to the proposal of his new friend, and they proceeded together towards the town, settling as they went the details of their enterprise.

The preparations of the partners, so singularly brought together, were soon made. The boat of the Johasmee was of good size, requiring, to man it completely, eight rowers. In addition, therefore, to the three slaves of Khalil, who were well accustomed to the work, they hired five others, who were also to serve as seibors or "pullers up," a term which will be hereafter explained. Besides these they had six ghowas, or divers; Khalil himself intended to take the chief part in the work. Having laid in a supply of dates, rice, dried fish, and other provisions, they set sail from Muscat, and stood over towards the opposite or northern shore of the Persian Gulf. By so doing, Khalil hoped to avoid fall-

ing in with any of his acquaintances—whether friends or enemies—of the tribe of Johassam, who occupy the northern and western side of that gulf. He looked, indeed, anxiously towards the lofty headland, dimly seen in the distance, behind which lay the town of Ras el Kheima, the abode of his brethren and of his foes—of those who sought his life, and of one who he knew loved him more than life. But not even the sight of that home, for which his heart was yearning, could cause the slightest change in the stern and cold aspect with which he had learned from childhood, like the Indians of America, to veil all his feelings. Without a sigh, he turned from Ras el Kheima, to gaze on the barren rock of Ormuz, once the most splendid mart of Oriental commerce, and now the abode of a few hundred poor fishermen and salt-gatherers. After passing this, they entered the long and narrow strait between the island of Kishm and the Persian shore. Here they made their way swiftly with sail and oar, and at length came out into the broad and open gulf. Two days of steady progress brought them in sight of the island of Karak. They saw on their way many other sails of vessels, some bound on errands of trade, others proceeding towards the various resorts of the pearl-fishery, and one or two, as they surmised, lying in wait to entrap some unwary prize.

They had the good fortune to avoid them all, and having reached the point from which poor Haroun had been blown off, they steered as nearly as possible in the direction which he indicated, to discover the Rock of Good Fortune; for this was the name which he had bestowed upon it in the transport of his discovery. After going to the full distance which he had directed, and even further, they could find nothing of it. Two days were spent in unsuccessful cruising near the spot, and the unfortunate Persian was in despair. With the usual levity and inconstancy of his nation, his spirits, which had been excessively raised by what he deemed

the certain prospect of great acquisitions, were proportionably depressed. He cursed his ill-luck, which perpetually pursued him; poured maledictions on the memory of poor Haroun, whom he denounced as a liar and an impostor, and entreated his companion to spend no more time in the useless search for that which had no existence. But the Johasme was of a different temper. He coolly turned the head of the boat towards the island of Karak, and from thence took what seamen call "a fresh departure," keeping a better look-out than before. Again were the hopes of Saadee raised, only to be dashed by a new disappointment. The rock still eluded their search. It is impossible to say whether Khalil ever heard the well known anecdote of the Oriental conqueror, who was taught a lesson of perseverance by observing that an ant, after failing in seventy-seven attempts to carry a grain of millet up a wall, made yet another and succeeded. It is certain that he acted in the spirit of this story, for he turned once more towards Karak, and started yet again in the search, keeping more towards the south so as to allow for the current which he thought might have led Haroun astray. This time they were successful, coming directly upon the rock, and so suddenly as to surprise them all. The bank was found in the assigned place, and the memory of the poor pearl-diver was vindicated.

They now prepared for business. The divers, including Khalil, dressed themselves in complete suits of white cotton, to protect their bodies from the contact of the round gelatinous masses of animated matter, called by sailors sun-jellies or sea-nettles, and by naturalists medusæ, which have the property, when touched, of producing a sharp stinging pain. Then each diver letting himself over the side of the boat, placed his feet on a stone attached to a cord, which was held by a seibor or puller-up. On his left arm he carried a small basket, to receive the oysters which he might collect.

Then, closing his nostrils with a piece of elastic horn, he gave the signal, by raising his right arm, and was immediately lowered away, the stone enabling him to sink to the bottom without difficulty. Here, in a time varying from thirty to a hundred seconds, he employed himself in filling his basket: as soon as this was done, or he felt himself in need of breath, he jerked the rope as a signal, and was immediately hauled to the surface. It may be as well to remark here that the stories which are told of divers remaining under water for five or more minutes are not to be credited; the most experienced fishermen are unable to continue two minutes without breathing.

The evening was spent in opening the largest and most promising oysters, which they did with their knives. The pearl, it is well known, is found imbedded in the substance or "flesh" of the oyster, near the joint of the shell. Saadee and Khalil were soon convinced that the Rock of Good Fortune was rightly named. Every day pearls of great size and beauty rewarded their search. The mass of shells, which they had no time to open, were thrown on the rock, where the heat of the sun soon decomposed them, and caused the valves to burst asunder, giving the pearls which they contained to view. Khalil was indefatigable in his labors. He saw the ransom rapidly accumulating which was to restore him to his home, his friends, and his Amineh. Every morning, after the early prayer, he resumed his labors, nor did he cease till the setting sun called them all to their evening devotions. September at last was nearly over, and the gulf, hitherto smooth and placid, began to be roughened by the autumnal gales. Long experience made the divers aware that it was time to cease their efforts for the year. With a heavy sigh, Saadee gave the word to raise the anchor, and setting their sail, they directed their course towards the mouth of the gulf. A strong northerly wind made it neces-

sary to keep along the southern shore, and approach within a short distance of the headland of Ras el Kheima. This, however, gave little apprehension to Khalil, as he considered that the same wind would prevent any of his tribe from putting to sea. But in this expectation he was doomed to be disappointed. Hardly had they passed the cape when a large bugalah put out from behind a long row of islands which extended parallel to the shore. A single glance showed Khalil that it was the vessel of his deadly enemies, the Mohassanees. Whether they had been lying in wait for him, or, as was more probable, for some other prize, they were, at all events, fully armed and prepared for a deadly encounter. Khalil felt assured that his capture would be followed by the instant death, not only of himself, but also of his companions.

He at once got out the oars and double-banked them by means of the divers, telling them, as he pointed to the approaching bugalah, to row for their lives. It may be believed that they needed no second bidding. The long sweeps bent and quivered with their powerful strokes, and the light skiff shot through the waves like a flying-fish darting from billow to billow. But with not more unrelenting eagerness does the dolphin pursue the flying-fish than did the bugalah bear down upon the devoted boat, her enormous lateen sail projecting far over her side, and her bows throwing up a cataract of foam. It was soon evident to those in the boat that the bugalah was gaining rapidly upon them. The merchant crouched in the bottom of the boat, wringing his hands, tearing his beard, and anathematizing the evil fortune which seemed to dog his steps. The boatmen muttered ejaculations to Allah and the Prophet, as they gazed with pallid cheeks and quivering lips on the dark hull which bore their approaching doom. Khalil alone stood erect in the stern of the boat, plying the steering-oar, and bending a

look of gloomy hate and unconquerable pride on his advancing foes. He had directed his course towards the extremity of the row of islets, hoping that his knowledge of some intricate passage among them might give him a chance of baffling his pursuers, whose large vessel, managed by a sail, would be less fitted for winding among the rocks. But as he knew that they had two small boats on board for such service, he was aware that his grounds for hope were but slight.

The Mohassanees understood his object, for they opened a fire upon the boat with their long matchlocks; but the distance was too great, and most of the bullets fell short. One, however, struck Khalil on the breast, and buried itself in the flesh. No change in his countenance betrayed that he felt the wound, and he still continued to urge his men to the utmost exertion. They approached the range of islands, and wound their way through a narrow channel into the open sea beyond. Khalil then directed his men to lie on their oars, to see whether the bugalah would not bear away and desist from the pursuit, of which he had little hope, or whether the crew would take to their boats; in the latter case he determined to await their approach, and fight them hand to hand. It was their only chance, though a desperate one. But to their great surprise, the bugalah neither kept away nor stopped to lower her boats, but continued her course through the narrow passage. It was evident that her crew, inflamed by the sight of their expected prize, had resolved to risk the dangerous attempt. A gleam of pleasure for the first time passed across the dark visage of the young Johasmee.

"Merchant," said he to Saadee, "sell me now thy share in our common stock. It is but a moment since I would not have given thee a piastre. I offer thee now three hundred tomauns of Bosrah."

Before the Persian could collect his scattered senses to reply, the great sail of the bugalah was taken aback, and swung violently over to the other side, as the crew attempted suddenly to alter the course of their vessel in a sharp turn of the channel. The current of the tide, which poured strongly through the passage, struck the huge hull upon its broadside, and drove it heavily upon a reef. The first crash broke through the thin sides of the vessel, and in a minute she rolled over to leeward, and went down in the deep water. Some of the crew gained the rocks, and climbed up out of the reach of the waves; others were swept away by the current. Among these were two who, clinging to a plank, were borne slowly towards the boat in which Khalil and his companions were coolly observing the fate of their enemies. As they drifted near, the Johasmee was delighted to find that they were his two deadliest foes, the father and the elder brother of the slain Zeyn.

"Ha!" he cried, "blessed be Allah! I have but to hold my hand, and the enemies who seek my life will perish before my eyes;" and he followed with eager looks the movement of the drifting plank.

"By Allah," said the merchant, laughing, "if these be the kindred of the young man whom thou slewest, now will be thy time to drive a bargain for the blood-money. A small sum will content them now."

These words, spoken half in jest, produced a sudden change in the feelings of Khalil. He recollected that the two men who were helplessly drifting out to sea before his eyes were the father and brother of Amineh, as well as of Zeyn. The dying commands of his father also came into his mind. Standing erect in the bow of his boat, he waved his hand aloft, and shouted, "Abdallah Ben Mohassan, dost thou know me?"

"Dog, and son of a dog!" responded the deep voice of

the old Mohassanee, "I know thee. Murderer of my son, destroyer of my race, I know thee. This time thou hast conquered, coward as thou art. My folly and my evil fate have given thee the victory. But know that the hour shall come when thou shalt die the death of a dog, like thy father."

"Sheikh Abdallah," said the youth, "wilt thou take the price of thy son's blood?"

This proposition was evidently unexpected, and the old man hesitated for a moment: the plank was now within a few yards of the boat. At length he spoke, in an altered tone: "How much dost thou offer?"

"Offer him the fourth part," suggested the merchant in a whisper.

"I will give thee five hundred dollars," said the young man.

"I will not sell my son's blood for the worth of two miserable slaves," returned the old Sheikh. "Give me a thousand."

"I will give thee two thousand if thou wilt reckon it for the dowry of thy daughter Amineh."

"So be it," replied the old man, and this singular bargain was concluded.

The two Mohassanees were immediately taken into the boat, and the utmost cordiality succeeded to the deadly hatred which had so lately existed. The young man informed his new friends of his late good fortune, and they consented to accompany him to Muscat, where the pearls might be disposed of, and the stipulated ransom paid at once. On their arrival at the port, Saadee proceeded to the bazaar, with his bags of pearls properly assorted, and displayed them to the Hindoo merchants there assembled. Their unusual size and elegance of shape excited great admiration, and after an infinite deal of chaffering, the prac-

tised merchant succeeded in disposing of his whole stock for fourteen thousand dollars. After deducting the hire of the divers and boatmen, whom he paid double wages, and the cost of provisions, there remained rather more than twelve thousand dollars, to be divided equally among the three partners in the enterprise. Khalil found himself in possession of a larger sum than he had ever before seen in his life.

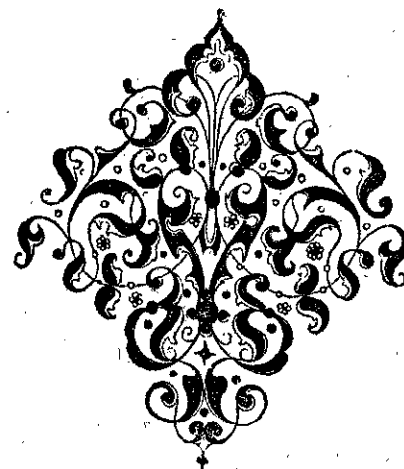
"Have I kept my word with thee, my son?" said Saadee; "dost thou now believe that the life of a Persian heretic can be worth saving?"

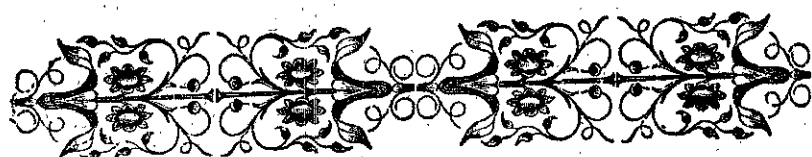
"I owe thee more than life, my father," replied Khalil. "Come with me to Ras el Kheima, and thou shalt learn how the Johasmees treat their benefactors."

"Nay," answered Saadee, "I am bound to Bushire, to my friend Zemin Khan. If thou art satisfied, I am content. We have both gained wisdom with our money. I have learned that a Johasmee can be compassionate, and thou believest that a Persian can be honest. Be happy with thine Amineh, and remember the dying words of thy wise father, 'It is better to save life than to destroy.' I bless Allah and the Prophet that they sent thee to my aid in the time of my great peril."

With these words the two friends separated. Khalil proceeded with Abdallah and his son to Ras el Kheima, where he was received with great joy by his friends, and especially by Amineh, who had remained constant to her betrothed, notwithstanding the feud between their families. Their marriage took place shortly afterwards, and the whole tribe united in the festivities. Several years have since passed away. Khalil is the owner of a fine vessel of two hundred tons, with which he makes voyages to India and Africa, in the pursuit of his honest calling as a trader; for he has renounced piracy altogether, considering it inconsis-

tent with the dying commands of his father. He occasionally pays a visit to his friend Saadee, who is now a wealthy merchant of Bushire, very fat, and much given to the chibouque, and long stories. He is particularly fond of relating his adventures on his voyage in search of the Rock of Good Fortune; indeed he has told them so often, and in so many different ways, that the precise facts of the history have become a matter of uncertainty. But the most authentic version appears to be that which we have just related.





An Irish Pilot on Board an Indianman.

IN the 5th of April, 1833, the Hon. Company's ship *Dunira* passed the well known rocks called the Bull, Cow, and Calf, on her way to Bantry Bay, whither she had been ordered to repair on her return from the East. Now it happened that of the hundred and forty persons on board the ship not one had ever been in that bay before; and, consequently, as the weather was thick and windy, the Captain, as night drew on, became very anxious to secure the services of a pilot. However, several guns had been fired, the abutting cliff at the entrance, called the Sheep's Head, had been long passed, and the ship had advanced far into the bay, ere a small skiff was observed standing towards her. In a few minutes after the Indianman was hove-to, the skiff alongside, and our hero on board. His manners showed that he had been to sea, for he touched his cap reverently on reaching the quarter-deck, and then with huge strides, that seemed like a march galvanized, walked aft, where the Captain stood to receive him.

It was a group for a painter. About the middle of the quarter-deck stood a little, acute, aristocratic-looking gentleman, dressed in gold-banded cap and the Company's uniform—he is the Captain. Before him was a strange, ungainly-looking being, about six feet high, uncouthly dressed, and as remarkable in feature and form of limb as in the fashion of his apparel—he was the pilot. Several officers, surrounded by midshipmen, and here and there a quartermaster, whose lantern threw a light on the central figures, and also enabled the spectator to discover some rough-looking personages peering from a distance through the darkness, and endeavoring to gain a glimpse of the proceedings, complete the group.

"My Lord, your Royal Highness, Admiral, Sir," said the Irishman, making a grotesque inclination of his body, "I was the pilot that piloted the last admiral into the harbor, and I hope your honor will let me pilot you up."

"Are you well acquainted with the bay?" said the Captain, eyeing him with intense curiosity.

"Troth, your honor, does a man know his own breeches? Isn't it I that's been cruising up and down here these seventeen years; and who ought to know it better than I do, your honor? Sure, I know it as well, every bit of it, Admiral dear, as I know the deck of my own little craft there, long life to her!"

A few more words passed, and as the Captain was anxious to secure his services, Pat proceeded to the poop, intrusted with all the power of a pilot. The ship at the same time was making about eight knots, and standing right up the bay with a fair wind. He continued walking up and down by the break of the poop for some minutes, giving occasional directions to the helmsman in a very seaman-like manner. At length he turned to the Captain.

"We must go about, Admiral."

"Go about! Why?"

"We shall be ashore in ten minutes, else."

The Captain looked surprised; but it is always very dangerous to question the wisdom of a pilot, and especially so in a ship worth nearly half a million sterling; so the Captain demurred an instant and complied. In one minute the ship resounded with the shrieks and shouts of Pipes and his myrmidons; the officers flew to their stations, the men to theirs.

"Ready, all ready," shouted the chief from the poop.

"Ready, O!" replied a voice from the forecastle.

"Raise tacks and sheets—helm's a-lee—mainsail haul!" and the huge after yards, that but a moment before appeared as immovable as the fixed mast itself, swung round with the lightness of a wand in a dancer's hand. "Steadily with the boom, there! Let go and haul!"

The foreyards were brought steadily round, and braced sharp up, the ship regathered her way, and was soon rapidly crossing the bay. But no sooner did she near the opposite side than, to the astonishment of all on board but one, the evolution was repeated; and this occurred several times. The night was dark and cold, and to the crew, who had just returned from India, it appeared especially so. The rain fell copiously; it was a cold and cutting rain, and the drops that struck the skin tingled like shots. The wind was sharp and boisterous. The men sheltered themselves, as well as they could, behind the windward bulwarks: the mids on the poop were glad to make a similar use of the hencoops. The Captain and chief officer applied themselves assiduously to the night-glass, endeavoring to catch the features of either shore as they neared them alternately. At times they conversed earnestly together; then they referred to the pilot, or descended to the cabin to examine their charts.

"All right, all right, Admiral; you'll see, we shall be there presently, maybe," was his constant reply.

But the Captain neither appeared to think it "all right," nor to be well convinced of the truth of the pilot's predictions. "I can't imagine," said he, "what he's about—I don't understand it at all. I have a great mind to take the ship out of his hands. I wish the night would clear up a little. He's actually beating us out of the bay; Jove! isn't that the Sheep's Head?"

"It looks like it, certainly," said the officer.

"And what would your honor have it look like?" said Pat, who overheard them.

"What are you about? Are you drunk, sir?" said the Captain. "You're beating us out of the bay!"

"Oh! bating ye out of the bay is it, Admiral dear? Wait a minit, and ye'll soon see where I'm bating ye to."

"Take the fellow below," said the little Captain, getting into a passion, "let me see no more of him till I send for him. Confound him! he has delayed us an hour. I can't conceive this fool's motive." That the Captain learned afterwards.

In a few minutes the ship was again before the wind and standing up the bay, and in due time the pilot, having been sent for, reappeared upon deck.

"Where are we now?" said the Captain to him, as soon as he reached the poop.

"Where are we?" replied Pat, looking around him, "why this is Beer Island—what should it be? Didn't I say we should be here presently, now, Admiral dear?"

"What depth of water is there?"

"About forty-five fathoms, surely."

The leadline had already been passed, and in a few minutes the quartermaster corroborated the statement.

"I see," said the Captain, "you erred wilfully. Why

did you not bring us here at once?—eh, fellow! eh, sir!”

“Bring ye here at once!” said Pat, doubtfully.

“Yes, sir, at once, you scoundrel! What do you mean by it? to keep a whole ship’s company exposed in a night like this, when we might have been here in half an hour from the time you boarded us. What was your motive, sirrah? You ought to be clobbered.”

“To bring ye here at once! Was that what ye wanted, Captain?”

“Certainly,” said the Captain, “what else did I hire you for?”

“And two pounds for the like o’ that, and a fair wind, too! Admiral dear. Wouldn’t your honor a thought I’d been chating ye? There’d a been no conscience in it at all, at all,” said Pat, scratching his head.

And thus, for conscience’ sake, had this Irishman been keeping a whole crew hard at work, and exposed to severe weather, for nearly an hour. Let the pious exceed that if they can.

In a few minutes the anchor was dropped, the chain veered to ninety-six fathoms, the sails furled, the boatswain had piped, “Grog, O,” and the wet and weary crew were fast forgetting the vexations they had endured from the Irish pilot.

I shall now give a minute description of our hero; and the reader must imagine a day to pass in the interim. As I have said, his height was about six feet, his limbs were long and large, but so ill-fitting that he looked like a man made by subscription; that is, as if a dozen large men had contributed each a limb, or some other portion, and he had been made up of the aggregate; or, to adopt a more possible fancy, he seemed as if his limbs had been broken on the wheel, and badly set again. His dress consisted of a

ragged tarpaulin sou-wester, an old brown Flushing coat, which descended almost to his knees, and thirdly, what appeared at first sight to be a pair of piebald trousers, but which a close inspection showed to consist of two pairs, a pair of white over a pair of blue, which, as the holes did not fall in the same places in both, were together as good as a whole one. The ends of a blue worsted comforter, which peeped out at the throat of his tightly-buttoned coat, and a pair of Wellington boots on a new and improved principle, having holes in the toes, as their owner said, *to let out the water*, completed the worthy’s attire. His face was thin, but red and weather-beaten; his eye quick and restless; his hands immensely large and red. And now for his second adventure.

As our hero himself might have said, it was a dark windy night, about four o’clock in the morning. The second mate, a midshipman, and a quartermaster, were the only individuals on the deck of the Hon. Company’s ship *Dunira*, and probably the only ones awake on board. The two former were pacing the quarter-deck; the latter, with his lantern beside him, stood motionless beneath the poop-awning, apparently listening to the wind, and watching the clouds, as they hurried past. The tread of the two officers, and the occasional splash of the waves, were the only sounds to be heard. The moon was seen indistinctly through the clouds, giving such an idea of her full splendor as the remains of many a baronial castle afford of their appearance in the hour of their completeness and grandeur. Distance and time are alike in this. We never have a perfect view of the former; neither have we of the past or future; but our deficiencies in actual knowledge are more than supplied by fancy. So much for sentiment! Sailors see so much that is grand, beautiful, awful, and varied, that if they have a chord of poetry in them, it must be struck into utterance.

"Is it eight bells?" said the officer.

"Wants two minutes, sir," was the quartermaster's reply.

"Light another lantern, bring it on deck, and then strike the bell."

The quartermaster did as he was ordered.

"Call the boatswain. Mr. S——, tell the chief mate that it is eight bells."

The midshipman and quartermaster each disappeared, and in a few minutes returned; the boatswain and chief officer soon appeared on deck.

"How's the wind?" said the first of these.

"Dead south-west," replied the mate of the watch.

"Right in our teeth; but turn the hands up."

In a few minutes the silence of the ship was broken by the boatswain and his mates, with their pipes shrieking in chords until the decks rang again. "Up all hammocks!" resounded their melodious voices, and in an instant they darted below.

"Show a leg, and save clew," said the master-at-arms, as he hurried forward on the gun-deck, groping his way among the hammocks with one hand, as he buttoned his trousers with the other.

Lights were soon distributed through the decks, and the half-sulky and sleepy sailors began to roll out of their hammocks, which were soon lashed and carried on deck.

"All hands up anchor," was the next cry with which the decks reverberated.

"Bring-to below, there," said the first mate, speaking down the main-hatchway. "Bear a hand, and swift your capstan-bars here! All ready at the after hatchway?"

"All ready, sir," was the reply.

"All ready forward?"

"All ready, sir."

"Strike up, fifer! Huzza for Blackwall!"

The fifer fided merrily, round went the men with the capstan-bars, keeping time with their feet to his music, and shouting at intervals in chorus to rally themselves at their labor; and in a short time the ninety-six fathoms of chain were rounded in, the sails loosed, and the old ship once more beating out of the bay. But the wind was strong, obstinate, and opposed; ere noon it had increased to almost a gale, and it was not until after eleven hours' labor that the crew found themselves again abreast the Sheep's Head, where the pilot had brought them so much against their wish a short time before. That worthy was still on board; for the Captain, foreseeing the work to be gone through, and wishing to avail himself of his local knowledge, had engaged him to keep a look-out on the fore-castle; and, as it did not seem likely that he would be able to get rid of him immediately after leaving the bay, had promised to take him to London, whither he was very anxious to go.

"One more tack," said the Captain, "and I think we shall do. Is the pilot forward?"

"Yes, sir; and he kept a smart look-out all through; he knows the bay well, and is no fool of a sailor, notwithstanding the trick he served us."

As this passed, our hero made his appearance, and, surmounting the poop-ladder with three awkward strides, made his way to the Captain.

"All right now, Admiral."

"Yes; but why do you come aft?"

"There's no doubt I must go to London, now, Admiral, for my own little craft couldn't live in the likes of this at all, at all!"

"Yes; so I promised you. But go instantly forward again. I ordered you to keep a look-out there."

"But it's all right now, Captain. All right now. We shall be clear away in half an hour."

"Go forward again, sir; and don't leave the forecastle without permission. It blows fresher and fresher; I think the fog is clearing a little."

"Breakers ahead! close on the lee-bow!" shouted a voice from forward.

The Captain looked, and through the dense fog he could indistinctly perceive foaming and boiling breakers, as the sailor had reported, close on the lee-bow.

"What is that?" he earnestly inquired of the pilot.

"Sunken rocks, Admiral. All right, your honor! I know 'em, as indeed it's reason I should, seeing my own brother, Tim, God rest his soul! was lost on them not a year ago."

"What water is there close to them?"

"Forty fathoms."

The Captain drew a deep breath. The ship was going at the rate of ten or twelve knots an hour. Whilst the above conversation passed, they were almost within the breakers; it was too late to attempt to go about. With the judgment and quick determination that marks a true sailor, the Captain instantly comprehended the extent of the danger and the only chance of escape. By standing right on, if wind, ship, and cordage held them, they might weather the danger. On they went: every instant the breakers grew more distinct and louder; the ship drew nearer and nearer, the gale seemed to increase, the muzzles of her quarter-deck guns were ploughing the water, the spray of the broken waves dashed half up the foresail, and they seemed determined to arrest her course, as, rank after rank, they broke against her bow; and you might imagine her roaring in angry determination, as she rushed through them, and threw them indignantly aside;—on she

went, as if madly rushing to destruction, the winds howling in her rigging, like a legion of fiends, enraged that their private retreats were intruded on. The bravest man on board held his breath, as she drew opposite the breakers—not a word was spoken—the eyes of the whole crew were intently fixed on one object; let a tack or a sheet start now, and there is their grave before them—they may perish within a few hours' sail of their homes, and no man be able to give an account of their fate. The Captain stood by the mizen-mast, holding by a belaying-pin, his eyes travelling slowly over the rigging with the warmest anxiety; every cord and canvas was strained to its full bearing, but none gave way. The pilot's countenance, as he stared open-mouthed at the danger, was one of mingled fear and astonishment. The ship was almost within the breakers, as she swept by them—a moment more, and they were passed. The effect on all on board was as if there had been but one valve to all their bosoms, and that had been suddenly opened. The officers met and smiled, as they turned to look at their late threatening enemy; the men gathered in groups to jest and descant upon it; the pilot, with a very doubtful expression of countenance, sidled up to the Captain, who stood where he had been in the moment of danger, and was now silently observing the conduct of the crew.

"All right; ye'll trust me agin when I say it's all right, Admiral. I knew where they were."

"Your carelessness nearly lost the ship, sir."

"Ah! but didn't I know the old craft—didn't I know what she'd go through, honey?"

"Hold your tongue, sir. You never sailed in her before; what could you know about her?"

"Troth! but didn't I know what the Admiral was that had command iv er?"

"Go forward, sir; let me have no more of you."

The Irishman slunk forward, no less abashed by the Captain's repudiation of his blarney, than by the consciousness of his own remissness; but we have not done with him yet.

On the day following that on which the last adventure occurred, the ship was in the Channel, and received on board the Isle of Wight pilot, a very respectable, quiet, decent kind of a man, named Love—Cupid in flushings, and no mistake.

Our Irishman had now become a great favorite with the crew. We like those who can sympathize even with our failings, and as the men had discovered that he shared with them in an unfortunate relish for strong liquors, they were not long in forgiving his trespasses as fully as the most Christian spirit could have desired. Another great source of his popularity was a power he possessed of exciting laughter. There are two ways of making people laugh—wit and folly; by the first we find subjects for their mirth; by the second we ourselves become the subject of laughter. In the first case we are laughed with; in the second we are laughed at; the first is the wit, the second the fool. Now, our Irishman had little wit, but his folly was so humorous that but few would have wished him to have exchanged it for wit. To look at him, and try to imagine him either saying a grave thing or doing a wise one, was like playing a little farce to oneself, the thing seemed so impossible. If he stumbled into trouble, he soon managed to blunder out again; and the mode of escape was generally as ludicrous as the accident. A hammock had been given him, but as he preferred a roomy berth, a luxury which the spacious accommodations of his own hooker had probably rendered necessary, he had hitherto slept in the sail-room or on the deck, as suited his pleasure. About nine o'clock, having

cajoled the midshipmen out of two glasses of grog, the boatswain out of another, and the Captain's steward out of a fourth, he betook himself to the deck; and although it was raining very fast, he laid his head on a coil of ropes, and slept for some time. At length he awoke, and finding his position rather uncomfortable, removed to beneath the poop-awning, and there he stood in his wet flushing, looking about as desirable a bedfellow as a well soaked bear. The awning cabin, near which he stood, had been appropriated to the use of the Isle of Wight pilot, who having about an hour before slung his cot, made his bed, and disposed everything to his own satisfaction, returned to his duty on deck; and about eleven o'clock, as if to add a crown of reward to his industry and forethought that had made such comfortable arrangements, a cuddy servant entered, and placed a bumper of grog on the locker, to await Mr. Love's return. It was done in an instant; but Pat had observed the proceeding, as also the interior of the cabin. The sheets of the cot looked white and inviting—the grog was a very bait for him.

"Who is that for?" said he to the servant.

"For the pilot."

"And maybe he'll enjoy it," said Pat.

The servant went below, and in a few minutes afterwards the Irishman was reposing in supreme comfort, Mr. Love's grog being we can't say precisely where.

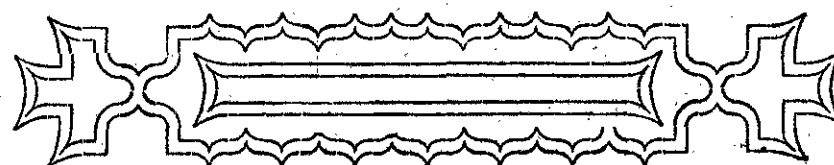
The night continued squally, and it was nearly six o'clock in the morning before the proprietor of the cabin could quit his duty for the purpose of indulging himself in the luxury of repose. "What a blessing to have one's cabin to oneself," said he, as he closed the door, "now for a glorious snooze." He placed his lantern on the locker. It burned dimly, for the flame was already half-hid in the socket. He tried to snuff it with his fingers, and out it

went. "I can turn in without it," was his consolation. "I wonder where they have put my grog." His heart exulted as he felt the glass, but sank as he lifted it to his lips. "Gone again!" he exclaimed; "always so. Hang these crews of Indiamen—sweepings of London!" After a few imprecations he proceeded to undress—an operation at which sailors are usually expeditious. "How this deck looks," he observed, laying his hand on the bed-clothes for the first time. "There's a wet swab in the bed! Why it's full of wet swabs! I'll complain to the Captain! Wet all over, as sea-weed in the gulf! There's a man in the cot! Turn out! Who are you? I'll break every bone in your body!"

A storm of blows on the top of the cot, and kicks at the bottom, disturbed its inmate. "What's the matter?" said he, slowly raising himself on his elbow.

"Matter! You're in my cot."

"Eugh!" replied Paddy, lying complacently down again, "that all! Be aisy, man, can't ye; there's room for two!"



The Frigate, the Privateer, and the Running Ship.

THE little open cabin skylight of the good armed schooner Mary Anne, was darkened by the weather-beaten face—as brown—as brown as brown paint—and the shock of fiery red hair—with whiskers to match—of our worthy captain, Macleod to name, and related to the chief of that ilk. He had been at sea in every sort of craft, and in every part of the world; and, as you may think, the old Islesman was as stout and thorough a sailor as ever faced wind and weather, and cannon and musket shot too.

There were three of us. Mr. Dargle, a great planter in Demerara and Berbice, who had nine hundred slaves, of whom he used to say that he had never flogged but three, and never sold but one—at his own desire. He was a mild, quiet man, and every house in the coast colonies was delighted when his kettarin appeared, with its high stepping bay. The second man of the party was Mr. Mosca, Mr. Dargle's agent, who, as his father was a Cuban Spa-

niard, and his mother a French quadroon, was rather of a peppery disposition, which required all the mild persuasiveness of Mr. Dargle to keep down. However he was, to my knowledge, a most energetic and excellent agent; and as he and his employer were generally seen together, they usually went by the name of "brandy and water." As for myself, I was a poor subaltern in a West Indian regiment, going home invalided, after a tight brush with Yellow Jack. And now you know the company which Captain Macleod addressed.

"What are you drinking, boys?" he said.

"Madeira sangaree, Captain Macleod," said Mr. Dargle, at the same time knocking a white worm with a black head out of a biscuit.

"Well, I've just been taking a meridian—you needn't snigger, Mr. Mosca"—and the skipper produced a huge old-fashioned quadrant; "I think that if the wind blows as steady as it's doing now, to-morrow night I'll show you the Lizard lights."

There was a simultaneous clattering of glasses on the table.

"And without as much as seeing the shadow of one of them damned privateers—to say nothing of these"—expletive again—"French frigates. Curse them and their dandy hoist in the nape of their topsails."

"Well, then, captain, I suppose we have made the run," says Mosca.

"Why, don't whoop till ye're out o' the wood," rejoined our skipper. "There's often a swarm of these craft, as quick as flying fish and as fierce as sharks, lurking about the chops of the channel—the infernal villains—to pick up all they can get. However—Sambo, a couple of bottles of that champagne I got from the governor."

"Sail ho!" echoed through our canvas, and the brown

face disappeared as if by magic, and there was a moment's trampling of feet. All the watch below were tumbling up, as they call it; and, as you may think, we tumbled up too.

"Where away?" said the skipper, addressing the top-gallant-mast cross-trees.

"Broad on the lee-beam," was the answer, "standing on the same way with us."

"Glad she's to lee'ard, at all events," said the captain.

"She's going through the water very fast, sir," said the first mate, touching his straw hat.

"What do you make her out, Mr. Matthews?"

"Why, sir, she's a smallish vessel to carry three square-rigged masts."

Captain Macleod looked grave, and, without a word, took his old pet telescope from the brackets, and leisurely mounted the fore-rigging. It must have required long practice to use a glass from a yard which was continually on the swing, and that sometimes twelve or fifteen feet at a lurch. However, the captain took a long survey, and then descending, went below, and returned on deck with an old account-book, with letters down the edges of the leaves, which were closely scribbled over, and an immense lot of loose memorandums, written on all sorts of scraps of paper, backs of letters and torn bills of lading, and turned up B. After a long scrutiny, during which we all stood anxiously around him, waiting for the old hard-a-weather's opinion, he brought his clenched fist down upon the old book, and exclaimed—

"By heavens, it's her, and no other;" and he read—

"The Jean Bart, of Dieppe, consort to the Belle Poule, was a barque—built sharp for the slave-trade—altered to frigate rig for privateering. Low in the water, and very fast, particularly on a wind—lofty rig—high in the top—

sails—always strongly manned and heavily armed—mizen-mast rakes well aft.”

“She’s rising us fast, sir,” sung the look-out aloft.

“Pack on—pack on every stitch she can carry. Look alive, Mr. Mathews! Be smart, Mr. Jenkins! We’ve got an ugly customer hanging to us, and if we can we must show him a clean pair of heels! Get the fore-royal on the ship, set the main-topsail-stun’sail, rig out the flying-jib-boom, and set the sail, drop the forecourse, and get up the broadest-headed gaff-topsail: we’ll drive the ship under rather than be taken.”

No sooner said than done, and the *Mary Anne* was under a press of canvas, her upper masts bending, and the weather-stays like fiddle-strings, the lee scupper-holes buzzing in the foaming water, and the schooner making gallant way.

For more than an hour there was silence in the ship. Captain Macleod and Mr. Mathews stood on each side of the wheel, keeping the craft, which was really behaving very well, as near the wind as was consistent with the absence of the slightest shiver in the windward tack of the fore-topsail. During this pause we had time to consider our situation. Of all the privateers sent out by France, *La Belle Poule*, ultimately captured by the *Black Joke*, and the *Jean Bart*, were the most famed for their successes, and the most notorious for plundering to the skin their unfortunate prisoners.

However, there was one comfort, I had nothing to lose but a few dollars—colonial currency, my uniform, and some light West Indian clothing; and a thought struck me to put on the uniform, as I had heard that even French privateers respected the red coat of an English officer. Putting the idea into practice, to the great astonishment of all on board, I appeared on deck in the full uniform

of a full lieutenant of his Majesty’s 2nd West India Regiment.

Looking round I saw that the privateer was rapidly overhauling us, and that the captain was preparing for action. He had eight thumping carronades on board, and a long eighteen on a swivel fixed into the heel of the bowsprit, and which was the apple of the skipper’s eye.

The crew—thirty stout fellows—for the *Mary Anne* was double manned—stripped to the waist and barefooted, were getting out the guns on the starboard side: the larboard carronades were obliged to be made fast to ringbolts to prevent their diving overboard, while the starboard or windward carronades had their noses cocked up to the zenith. Two men at every gun were equipped with big ship-pistols and cutlasses, while boarding tomahawks and pikes were placed handy. Long Tom had a special crew, and every gun was loaded with a double charge of grape.

“For,” says the skipper, “I stand no nonsense; the French like long shots, but I like muzzle to muzzle. That’s my way!”

The privateer was now within about five miles to leeward. She was certainly a beautiful craft; long, low, and sneaking, with the characteristic hoist in her topsails, and the masts, particularly the mizen, raking tremendously. She carried only topsail and top-gallant sails, mizen sail, and forestay sail, as if in scorn of our packed canvas; and rose and fell on the long sea with a grace which was all her own. Our poor *Mary Anne*, good ship in her way as she was, half buried herself every time she plunged at a curling swell. The *Jean Bart* also held a closer wind, and it was evident there was nothing for it but the old formula of command:—“Now, men, you see the enemy; lay your guns and point them well. Fire fast and fire true, and hurrah for Old England!”

Meantime my fellow-passengers were in the cabin busily engaged in writing. Mr. Dargle's face was very pale. Mosca's black eyes glittered, and he was so nervous that he could hardly hold the pen. He was armed to the teeth, and evidently determined, as he had often said, not to be taken alive. I was beginning to contrast my position, with only a dribble of half-pay to depend upon, with Mr. Dargle's, the rich proprietor of half-a-dozen plantations, the husband of a fond, beautiful wife, and the father of a family of sprightly little Creoles. I was watching his face, as from time to time a spasm-like quiver went across it, and his hand stole to his eyes, when the faintly-heard boom of a heavy gun came up from the privateer; and at the same moment our mast-head look-out sang sharp and quick:—"A sail to windward!"

"What like?" shouted the skipper. "She looks like a big frigate," was the reply. "She's got stunsails on both sides, and she's coming down before the wind like a race-horse."

Again the captain's telescope was in requisition, and every eye was directed to the windward ship, the topsails of which could be seen from the deck, when she rose upon a sea. Presently the old skipper shouted—"She is a frigate! and if I know anything of a frigate, she's one of the right sort. I know it by her topsails—and in less than half an hour, my boys, you'll see St. George's ensign."

And the old fellow rattled down the shrouds with singular velocity.

"Have up the two bottles of champagne," he shouted, "and, steward, serve all the crew round with a double stiff ration of grog."

But the first mate did not seem so confident. He also had narrowly examined the coming ship so far as it could yet be seen, and was likewise an old and experienced sea-

man. He shook his head. "There's a lot of French frigates—woundy like English ones," he said, "and some of them, as I heerd tell, have topsails cut English fashion, to cheat the merchant ships."

"I don't know, captain, but I think it would be most prudent not to take sail off the schooner."

For Mathews had seen the skipper's fingers fidgiting with the maintop-gallant-sail halyards.

"Well, Mathews," he said, "we'll compromise. We'll make short boards instead of long."

"We'll lose ground by that, Captain Macleod."

"Well, but so will the Johnny Crapaud. Every time we tack, he'll tack, and I don't want to get out of the way of my friend to windward."

So presently up went the head of the Mary Anne into the wind, and round she came on the other tack very cleverly.

"Never missed stays when she had a mouthful of wind," said the captain approvingly. But the "Mounseers," as Mr. Mathews called them, were every bit as quick as we, and the lively little frigate swung round, as if she had been stuck on a pivot.

"She made a deadly forge ahead then," said the desponding mate; and the captain, as if influenced by his subordinate's evident opinions, went again into the rigging, and after a good long look at the fast-approaching ship, the hull of which was now visible, he shouted, "Mr. Mathews, I'll put my head into a bucket of tar and eat it, if that's not an English frigate; and before ten minutes you'll know it yourself, when you see the Ensign at the peak, and the Jack at the fore-top."

As the captain seemed so perfectly confident, the champagne corks popped, and the men had their rum-and-water, which they infinitely preferred to wine, or indeed to spirits of any description, but all kept their eyes

alternately on the frigate, now fast nearing us, and rolling majestically before the following seas.

"Look at her teeth, look at her teeth," shouted the captain in ecstasy, as the frigate gave a slight yaw on a cross sea—"A forty-four at the least. Thirty-twos and eighteens at the very least."

Meantime the Frenchman showed no change of tactics, unless it was a tendency to go off down to leeward, her movements betokening suspicion of the big fellow coming down before the wind, with a magnificent wreath of foam decking his ample bows.

At length she was within a mile, when she made a sudden sweep, and then rushed round, with her broadside to us—backing her main-topsail—letting go her stunsails—firing a gun—and hoisted her colors—French!

"Now then, captain," said Mathews, "now then, what do you say now?"

Before he could answer, the privateer also fired a gun, and also hoisted the tricolor.

The captain had a moment's time to take counsel with himself; and then he gave a most unexpected jump on the deck, flung up his straw hat, which blew into the sea, and exclaimed—"It's a dodge—a dodge—he wants to bring the privateer closer, so that he'll be surer of her."

Mathews shook his head.

At this moment the frigate fired another gun.

"No ball," said Mathews, looking rather disappointed than otherwise.

Then an officer appeared on the chains in French uniform.

"Do you see that?" said Mathews, all but triumphantly.

The officer hailed, and the words came down distinctly on our ears. They were English.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Mathews?" retorted the captain.

"Schooner, ahoy! Back your fore-topsail, and lay to under our lee." The operation was performed, and the officer hailed again—

"What schooner is that?"

"The Mary Anne, of Bristol," thundered the captain, after waiting for the first call.

The lieutenant bowed, and rejoined—

"This is His Britannic Majesty's Frigate Hero. The ship down there is the Jean Bart. She is too fast for us in a chase; but we are going to try to trick her to-day. Haul down your colors."

It was done, and the ensign fluttered from the peak to the deck. At the same moment, the two quarter and the stern-boat of the frigate dropped like feathers into the surging water, and their crews came shinning, hand under hand, down the tackles, a cataract of blue jackets.

The frigate again hailed, "Our men will board you as if you were our prize, and Captain ——"

"Macleod!" roared the skipper.

"Macleod," resumed the lieutenant, "will be good enough to send on board a portion of his crew;" and then, as if he anticipated an objection, raising his voice, he shouted, "there will be no pressing work, upon my honor. We only want to cheat our friend down yonder the better, by pretending to take on board prisoners. Our men will stay aboard you until your own come back. It is all right, Captain Macleod, is it not?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" responded the skipper, quite reassured: "which of my lads will volunteer?"

"Me and me, and me and me!" burst from a score of voices. And the next moment the three cutters dashed their boat-hooks simultaneously into our lee side, that

next the Frenchman, while the lieutenant and the midshipman in each, followed by the crew, only leaving a boat-keeper, scrambled upon our decks.

The second lieutenant bowed politely to the master and the passengers, and looked round at our warlike preparation.

"You were going to fight our friend down there? I hope we can save you the trouble: but meantime—" Jameson, his coxswain, came up with a French ensign—"for once, captain, the Mary Anne must carry the tricolor."

"No objection, no objection," stammered the skipper; although he clearly didn't like it. Up, however, went the token of conquest, the English ensign beneath it, and our volunteers, carrying empty bags and hammockless hammock-cloths, so as still further to deceive the little Frenchman, went over the side, the half of the boats' crews remaining on board with their third lieutenant and a couple of midshipmen.

Again the boats, with the apparent prisoners, pulled round the schooner's stem and stern, giving the privateer a full view of them. The trick took perfectly. The Jean Bart filled her main-topsail and came up, making small tacks until we could see the swarming crew on deck. The interest of the scene was now growing intense. We could see a stealthy movement in the frigate's sails, and as the privateer made the last tack which would have carried her clear of the schooner's bowsprit, the main-topsail of the frigate was suddenly filled, her top-gallant sails sheeted home, and she started like a greyhound, gathering way astonishingly quick, while, amid the banging of her bow-chasers full at the Jean Bart, the French flag passed the English on the halyards, one descending, the other ascending, and, in a moment more, the frigate's bowsprit was entangled in the privateer's mizen rigging, and the crash of

the meeting ships was heard amid the rattle of the Hero's musketry. The breeze was fresh enough to blow away the smoke; and the instant that the ships touched, with a cheer which only excited Englishmen can give, with rattling pistols and flashing cutlasses, a swarm of boarders poured like a cataract over the frigate's bows, and down from her bowsprit right upon the Frenchmen's heads, the marines following as fast as they might, and forming as they managed to scramble on the decks. But there was no need. Taken utterly by surprise, the men not at quarters, the guns untackled, the small arms below in the racks, and attacked by a force at least double their number, the French did no discredit to their manhood, though they followed the sentiment of *saute qui peut*, and disappeared "like rats," said Captain Macleod, down into the interior of their vessel. A few alone kept their ground, headed by their officers, but a moment sufficed, as the ring of marines closed round them, to make them throw down the cutlasses which they had snatched up, and make a sulky surrender. And then the tricolor came down, and presently went up "at the stern," said Captain Macleod, "the St. George and St. Andrew's ensign." The operation, however, reminding him of the tricolor at the truck of his own ship, he speedily had it down; and the national symbol, hoisted again, was received with a universal burst of acclamation.

There remains but little more for me to say, only that there was another exchange of prisoners made—a true one this time; and a more desperate lot of desperadoes, I give you my honor, I never saw. They seemed to be ruffians of all nations on board; but, of course, the French predominated. Now I hope you don't think that what I say is the effect of prejudice. I give you my word of honor that I speak the exact fact; but you must remember that they were—not men-of-war's men—nor yet honest merchant

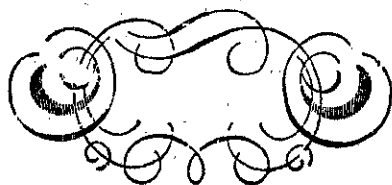
sailors—but privateersmen, who are the dregs of the seaports from which they come; and are very little better, if at all, than pirates. I know that the strict rule is, when it can be done, to give a privateer the stem; but bad as they are, I think that's too bloodthirsty a thing for Englishmen to do, even if the privateersman were as wicked as the devil himself. Well, we got our men on board, with the captain of the frigate's thanks and compliments, and three dozen of claret; and the frigate men of course returned to their own berths in their own boats.

"Gentlemen and men," said Captain Macleod, "we'll give the Hero and her prize a parting salute. We're clear of the ships, so the shot of the guns won't do any harm to anybody but the fishes!"

And accordingly the light carronades were very cleverly fired, one alternately from each side, while Long Tom gave a finishing bang.

"And now," said Captain Macleod, "Gentlemen, Dinner!"

The following day we saw the frigate with her prize standing the same course as ourselves, and the following night we saw the Lizard Lights, when we were drinking the Hero's claret.



Saint Escarpacio's Bones.

UPON a fine May morning in the year 1585, a Spanish vessel lay at anchor in the Port of St. Jago, in the Island of Cuba. She was about to sail for Cadiz, the passengers were on board, and the sailors at their several stations, awaiting the word of command. The captain, a small, tight-built, shrewd-looking man, with the voice and manner of a naval officer, which, indeed, he had formerly been, was brave and experienced, and although somewhat wild and daring, he was a good fellow at heart, but now and then violent and headstrong to a fault—in short, Captain Perez was the terror of his men.

He was walking the deck with rapid strides, and exhibiting the greatest impatience, now stopping to observe the direction of the wind, and casting a glance at the shore, then resuming his walk with a preliminary stamp of disappointment and vexation; no one, in the meanwhile, daring to ask why he delayed getting under way.

At length strains of church music at a distance are heard on board the vessel, and all eyes are directed to the shore. A long procession of monks, holding crosses and

lighted wax tapers, and singing, is seen approaching the beach opposite the vessel. The procession moves slowly and solemnly to the cadence of the music. Between two rows of monks dressed in deep black is a coffin richly decorated with all the symbols of the Catholic faith, and covered with garlands and chaplets, and, what is singular, the coffin is carried with difficulty by six stout negroes. Four venerable Jesuits support the corners of the pall, and, immediately behind the coffin, walks alone, with a grave and dignified step, the Right Reverend Father Antonio, superior of the Jesuit missionaries of the island of Cuba. An immense crowd of citizens, the garrison of the island, and the military and civil authorities, piously form the escort.

Suddenly the singing ceases, the procession halts, the coffin is placed on elevated supporters. Father Antonio approaches it, and kissing the pall with reverence, exclaims, with a solemnity befitting the occasion—

“Adieu! Saint Escarpacio, thou worthy model of our order, adieu! In separating myself from thy holy remains, I fulfil thy last wishes; may they piously repose in our happy Spain, and may thy saintly vows and aspirations be thus accomplished. But before their departure from our shores, we conjure thee, holy saint, to look down from thy holy place of rest in heaven, and deign to bless this people, and us, thy mourning friends on earth.”

The whole assembly then knelt upon the ground, after which the negroes, resuming their heavy burden, carried it on board a boat, closely followed by Father Antonio. With vigorous rowing the boat soon reached the vessel's side, and the coffin was hoisted on board.

“You are very late, reverend father,” said Captain Perez, “and you know *wind and tide wait for no man*. I ought to have been far on my way long before this hour.”

“We could not get ready sooner, my son,” the holy

father replied, “but fear not, God will reward you for the delay, and these precious remains will speed you on your voyage. I hope you have made your own private cabin, as you promised, worthy of their reception?”

“Yes, certainly, I have.”

“You must not for a moment lose sight of the coffin.”

“Make yourself easy on that point, holy father; I shall watch over it as if it were my own. Hollo there, forward, bear a hand aft,” the captain cried.

Four sailors place themselves at the corners of the coffin, but they can hardly raise it from the deck; two more are called, and the six, bending under its weight, succeed in carrying it down into the cabin, followed by the Captain and Father Antonio.

When the coffin was properly bestowed, the reverend father addressed Captain Perez in the most earnest and solemn manner:

“I hope you will be found worthy of the great confidence and trust I now repose in you. These precious remains should occupy your every moment, and you will sacredly and faithfully account to me for their safety—the smallest negligence will cost you dear. On your arrival at Cadiz, you will deliver the coffin to none other than Father Hieronimo, and not to him even, unless he shall first place in your hands a letter from me—you understand my instructions and commands? Now depart, and may God speed you on your way.”

Father Antonio then came upon deck, and bestowed his benediction upon the vessel, and upon all it contained; after which, descending to the boat, he was rowed to the shore. As he placed himself at the head of the procession, the singing recommenced, the anchor was weighed, and, to the sound of music, the cheering of the people, and the roar of cannon, the vessel moved slowly on her destined voyage.

When fairly at sea, the wind was favorable, and all went well. The second evening out, Captain Perez was alone in his private cabin, and in a contemplative mood, when the feeble light of a single lamp glancing across the coffin, as the vessel rocked from side to side, attracted his attention, and led him to think about the singularity of its great weight.

"It is very strange," he said, musingly, "six stout fellows to carry a man's dry bones!—it cannot be possible. But what does the coffin contain if it does not contain the saint's bones? Father Antonio was very, *very* particular. I should really like to know what there is in the coffin. It took a good half dozen strong healthy negroes, and then as many sailors, to carry it: what can there be in the coffin? Why, after all, I *can* know if I please. I have but to take out a few screws, it can be done without the slightest noise, and I am alone, and the cabin door is easily fastened."

Suiting the action to his soliloquy, he bolted the door of the cabin, took from his tool chest a screw-driver, and, after a moment's indecision, began cautiously to loosen one of the screws in the lid of the coffin, his hands all the while trembling violently.

"If," thought he, "I am committing a heinous sin, if the saint should start up, and if, in his anger, he should in some appalling manner punish my sacrilegious meddling with his bones?"

A cold sweat overspread his bronzed visage, and he stood still a moment, hesitating as to whether he should go on. But curiosity conquered, and he rallied his energies with the reflection, that if he opened the coffin, Saint Escarpacio himself well knew it was only to find out what made his bones so heavy; there could be no impiety in that—quite the contrary. His conscience was by this time somewhat fortified, his superstitious fears gradually grew fainter,

and keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon the lid of the coffin—to be sure the saint did not stir—he slowly and silently took out the first screw. He then stopped short: the saint showed no signs of anger.

"I knew it," said Perez, going to work more boldly upon the second screw, "I knew there was nothing sinful in opening the coffin, for the sin lies in the intention."

All the screws were soon drawn out, and to gratify his curiosity it only remained to raise the coffin lid, and here his heart beat violently—but courage—Perez did raise the lid, *and, and, he saw—no saint, but hay—the hay is carefully removed—then strips of linen—they are removed—then hay again, but no saint, nothing like the bone of a saint—but a wooden box.*

"Well, that is odd," thought Perez, "and what can there be in it? I must open the box, but how? there is no key, what is to be done? Shall I force the lock, or break the cover of the box? Either attempt would make a noise, which the passengers or sailors might hear, but what is to be done? Good Saint Escarpacio, take pity on me, and direct me how to open the box," whispered Perez, and there was perhaps a little irony in the supplication.

In feeling among the hay surrounding the box, Perez found a key at one of its corners secured by a small iron chain.

"Ah! ha! I have it at last," Perez cried, "*the key, the key,*" and quickly putting it into the key-hole, he opened the box—and he saw—what? *Leathern bags filled to the top* according to the beautifully written tickets, with GOLD PISTOLES—SILVER CROWNS, closely ranged in shining piles—all in the most perfect order. "But what is this? a letter? I must read it," exclaimed the excited Perez—"by your leave, gentle waa," and he tears the letter open. It began thus:

"Father Antonio, of Cuba, to the reverend fathers in Cadiz, greeting.

"As agreed between us, Most Reverend Fathers, I send you THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND LIVRES, in the name, and under the semblance of Father Escarpacio, whose bones I am supposed to be sending to Spain. The annexed memorandum of accounts will show that this sum comprises the whole of our little gleanings and savings up to this time, for the benefit of our Holy Order. You will pardon, I am sure, this innocent artifice on our part, Most Reverend Fathers, as it will prove a safeguard to the treasure, and avoid awakening the avarice and cupidity of the person to whom I am obliged to intrust it.

"(Signed)

ANTONIO, of Cuba."

"Three hundred thousand livres! There are, then, three hundred thousand livres," exclaimed Perez in amazement, as he realized that this immense sum lay in real gold and silver coin before his eyes. "Oh, reverend, right reverend and worthy fellows of the crafty Ignatius! you are indeed cunning foxes! A hundred to one your trick was not discovered, for who but a Jesuit could have imagined it, and who could have guessed that the coffin contained *money*? And so these bags of gold are your *holy remains*, and I too, old sea-shark as I am, to be humbugged like a land-lubber, with your procession and your mummary—but I am deceived no longer, my eyes are opened; and, by my patron saint, trick for trick, my pious masters—bones you shall have, and burn me for a heretic, if you get anything better than bones;" and he began to untie and examine the contents of the money-bags. "Let me consider," said he, "I want some bones, and where the devil shall I find them?"

He was on his knees, his body bent over the box, with his hands in the open gold-bags. His agitated countenance

expressed with energy the mingled emotions, of desire to keep the rich booty all to himself, and of fear that in some mysterious manner it might elude his grasp—but he must, he *must* have it.

"A lucky thought strikes me," said he; "what a fool I am to give myself any trouble about it! What says my bill of lading? '*Received from the Reverend Father Antonio, a coffin containing bones, said to be those of Saint Escarpacio.*' A coffin containing bones, said to be those, &c.—very good, and have I seen the bones, *said* to be delivered to me, and *said* to be the saint's bones? Certainly not, and the coffin might contain—anything else—the *said* coffin containing—what you please—how should I know? *said to be the bones of Saint Escarpacio,*" &c. &c.

In short, Captain Perez began noiselessly and methodically to empty the box of its bags of gold and piles of silver, taking care to stow the treasure away in a chest, to which he alone had access. He then filled the box with whatever was at hand, bits of rusty iron, lead, stones, shells, old junk, hay, &c., substituting as nearly as possible pound for pound in weight if not in value, conscientiously adding some bones which were far removed from *canonization*, and at last carefully screwing down the lid. The right reverend Father Antonio himself, had he been on board, could not have discovered that the coffin had been touched by mortal hand.

In about a month the vessel arrived at the port of Cadiz. The quarantine for some unexplained reason was much shorter than usual, and had hardly expired when a venerable Jesuit was the first person who stood before the captain, a few minutes only after he had taken possession of his lodgings on shore.

"I would speak with Captain Perez," said the Jesuit, gravely.

"I am he," the captain replied, somewhat disconcerted at the abruptness of the inquiry. Quickly recovering his presence of mind, however, he added, with perfect calmness, "You have probably come, holy father, to take charge of the precious remains intrusted to my care by Father Antonio, of Cuba?" The Jesuit bowed his head, in token of assent.

"And I have the honor of addressing Father Hieronimo?"

"You have," was the reply.

"You are no doubt the bearer of a letter for me, from Father Antonio?"

"Here it is," said Father Hieronimo, handing Captain Perez a letter.

"I beg a thousand pardons, holy father," the captain said, with much humility, "but I hope you will not take offence at these necessary precautions?"

"On the contrary, they speak in your favor."

"I see all is right," said the captain, "and I will go myself and order the coffin brought on shore."

The captain went immediately on board, Father Hieronimo meanwhile placing himself at an open window whence he could overlook the vessel and watch every movement. The coffin was brought on shore by eight sailors, who, bending under its weight, slowly approached the captain's quarters.

"How heavy it is, how *very* heavy!" said the Jesuit, rubbing his hands in exultation.

Captain Perez had of course accompanied the coffin from the vessel, and now that he was about to deliver it into Father Hieronimo's keeping, he said to him, in a solemn and impressive manner—

"I place in your hands, holy father, the precious remains intrusted to my care."

"I receive them with pious joy."

"The responsibility was great."

"It will henceforth be mine."

"It was a precious treasure."

"Very precious."

"I have watched over it with vigilance."

"God will reward you."

"I hope so."

"From this hour everything will prosper with you."

"Do you think so, holy father?"

"I am sure of it. I must now bid you adieu."

"You have forgotten, holy father, to give me a receipt; but if"—

"You are right," said the Jesuit, "it had escaped me." And he seated himself at a table on which lay writing materials, first sending a servant for his carriage.

The receipt spoke of the piety and zeal of Captain Perez in the most flattering terms; and, while the captain was reading it with becoming humility, the carriage drew up opposite to the coffin, which was soon resting upon the cushioned seats within the vehicle.

"I go immediately to Madrid," said Father Hieronimo. "You can no doubt imagine the impatience of the holy fathers to possess the sacred relics; they have waited so long. Once more adieu, believe me, we shall never forget you."

With these words, and a parting benediction on Perez, Father Hieronimo stepped into the carriage, and, with his holy remains by his side, started at a brisk trot of his well fed mules on the road to Madrid. When fairly out of sight and hearing of Captain Perez, the good father laughed aloud. "The captain, poor simple soul," said he, "suspects nothing."

And Perez, he too would have laughed aloud if he had dared; indeed he could with difficulty restrain himself in

presence of his crew. "The crafty old fox," he said exultingly, "he has got his holy remains—ha! ha!—and he *suspects nothing*."

A day or two after the delivery of the coffin, Captain Perez sailed for Mexico.

After an interval of ten years, during which period, according to the Jesuit's prediction, prosperity had constantly waited upon Perez, he became weary of successful enterprise, and tired of the roving and laborious life he was leading. Worth a million, and a bachelor, he wisely resolved to give the remainder of his days to enjoyment. Seville was judiciously selected for his residence, where a magnificent mansion, extensive grounds, a well furnished cellar, good cooks, chosen friends, with all the other *et ceteras* which riches can bring, enabled him to pass his days and nights joyously. Captain Perez was indeed a *happy dog*.

One night he was at table, surrounded by his friends of both sexes. The cook had done his duty; there were excellent fruits from the tropics; there were wines in abundance and variety, and with songs and laughter the very windows rattled, when Perez, the jolly Perez, *half seas over*, begged a moment's silence.

"I say, my worthy friends, I have something to tell you better than all your singing. I must tell you a story that will make you split your sides—a real good one, about a capital trick I served them poor devils the Jesuits. You must know I was lying at anchor in Cuba, and"—

Suddenly the door of the apartment is thrown open with great violence, and a monk, clothed in deep black, enters, followed by a guard of *alguazils* armed to the teeth.

"Profane, impious wretches!" he cried, in a voice of appalling harshness, "is it thus you do penance for your

sins? Is it in riotous feasting and drunkenness you spend the holy season of Lent?" Then, turning to Captain Perez, he said, "Follow me to the palace of the Holy Inquisition. Before that tribunal you must answer for your sacrilegious conduct."

The guests were stupefied with fear, and Perez, now completely sobered, stared in affright at the monk.

"Do you recollect me, Captain Perez?" said the monk.

"No—but—it appears to me I have somewhere seen"—

"I am Father Antonio, of Cuba," cried the monk, fixing his eyes, sparkling with savage fury, upon Perez.

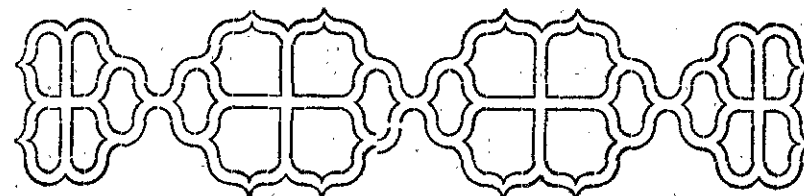
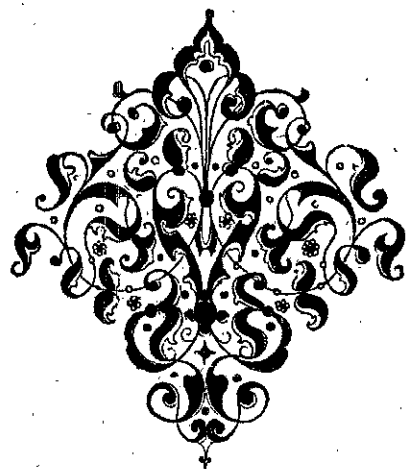
"And you are a member of the Holy Inquisition?" Perez faltered out in trembling accents.

"I am. Again I say, follow me on the instant."

Poor Captain Perez, or rather rich Captain Perez, at the early day in which he lived, had, perhaps, never heard the avowal made by a man who, in speaking of honesty and dishonesty, declared *honesty to be the best policy*, for, said he, *I have tried both*.

That the captain was not born to be hanged is certain; and although from childhood a sojourner upon the ocean, it was not his destiny to be drowned. There is a tradition handed down, that had it not been for very considerable donations, under his hand and seal, to a religious community in Spain, a method of bidding adieu to this life more in accordance with the pious notions prevalent three hundred years ago, would certainly have been chosen for our hero. Indeed, there were not wanting many heretic-hating persons who affirmed that an *auto-da-fè* was got up expressly for the occasion. But we have ascertained beyond a doubt that he reformed in his manner of living, that he secured to the Holy Order the donations already mentioned, that the reverend fathers kindly took from his legal

heirs all trouble in the division of his riches, and that he died in his bed at last, as a pious Catholic should die, and was buried in consecrated ground, with every rite and ceremony belonging to the community he had so munificently contributed to enrich.



The Frigate's Tender: or the Ruse.

IT was early on a sunny morning, during the progress of the last war with Great Britain, that a young naval officer, walking on the Battery at New York, had his attention drawn to a group of persons earnestly engaged in watching two vessels that were just visible down the harbor.

"What is it, my friends?" he asked, in a frank, hearty tone, as he joined them.

"The tender, again, chasing in a schooner, sir," answered an old tar, touching the point of his hat, as he noticed the anchor button on the officer's coat.

"Here is a spy-glass, sir," said a master's mate, who stood near, and at the same time respectfully handed it to him.

"Thank you, my man," answered the lieutenant, with a smile, as he took the instrument and placed it to his eye.

By its aid he could clearly distinguish an armed schooner of about ninety tons, crowding sail in chase of a trading "fore and after," that was making every exertion to escape, both by towing and wetting her sails.

"The chase is about half a mile ahead, sir," said the

master's mate: "but the tender sails like a shark in chase of a dolphin. The fore and after don't stand any chance of getting in past the fort."

"That tender can sail, and I am the one that ought to know it," said a stout, weather-beaten man. "She was a pilot boat, and the fastest craft that ever danced over the water. Three weeks ago I and my crew were out in her, when yon English frigate suddenly made her appearance out of a fog bank, and brought us to. But I took to my yawl, and pulled for the land a league away, and escaped; for the fog was so thick that the Englishman could not get a glimpse of me. It is my schooner they have turned into a tender, sir, and that's made so many captures the last three weeks of our small coasters."

"She carries forty men and a long thirty-two, so I hear," observed a seaman in the group.

"And is commanded by a luff and a reefer," added the master's mate.

"It would be a blessing," observed a man-of-war's man, who had not yet spoken, "if that craft could be caught napping. It aint safe for a sloop to put her nose out of the harbor, beyond the cape; but while the frigate was there alone, they could slip along the coast in light water, and show her their heels. But now everything that ventures out is brought to by the long gun of the tender."

"That's a fact, Ben," responded another seaman. "She has taken or driven back into port no less than twenty-six craft in the last three weeks. I shall be glad for one, when our frigate lying off there gets her armament aboard; for then I think we'll swallow the English frigate outside, and pick our teeth with the tender."

All these remarks were heard by the young officer, who all the while continued to look through the spy-glass at the tender and her chase.

"There goes a gun!" cried several of the spectators, as a flash and jet of smoke came from the tender's bows.

"That is bold enough," observed the young officer, as if speaking his thoughts aloud; "the impudent tender is almost up to the fort, and dares to fire at the chase in the very face of the batteries."

"It's only to try and do her mischief, sir," said the master's mate; "for she finds the fore and after will escape her, so she fires a gun to cut away something."

"You are right, my man," responded the officer, "for she has put about and stands seaward again."

He continued to watch the retiring tender for some moments in silence.

"It's a pity that we hadn't an armed cutter in port that would sail faster than she can, so that we might give her chase out," said a lad, approaching the group. His dress was that of a midshipman, and his air singularly free and careless.

"Ah, Frank, are you here?" said the lieutenant. "Come aside with me," said he, putting his arm in that of the midshipman. "I have conceived a plan for capturing the tender."

"In what way, sir?" demanded the youth.

"I will show you. The tender's game appears to be the coasting vessels from which she takes men to impress in the British navy, and also plunders the craft of such things as they contain which are of any value. My plan is to charter an old sloop, the worst-looking one that it is possible to find in port, yet a tolerable sailer, for she must work well, and readily obey her helm. I will load her deck with hen coops, filled with poultry, pens crammed with pigs, and a few sheep, and a calf or two, by way of variety. You laugh, Frank; but the commander of the tender will find it no laughing matter, if I succeed as I anticipate. I shall ship

about thirty-five men, and conceal them in the hold, and taking command of my craft with one hand only visible on deck, I shall set sail out of the harbor. When I get outside, I think I shall be able to show John Bull a Yankee trick he will not be likely to forget very soon. But all will depend on our good management of the affair. Now you see what I would be at, Frank! Will you join me?"

"Heart and hand, sir," responded Frank Talbot, with enthusiasm.

"Now we want to proceed at once to action," said the lieutenant. "I want you to go to the Anchor rendezvous, in Pearl street, and drum up about five-and-thirty men. Take only those that are daring and ready for anything. Let none of them know your object, lest we should be betrayed by information being conveyed to the tender. You will find enough in these times that will ask no questions. Meet me at twelve o'clock at the Exchange reading-rooms, and report to me."

The midshipman then took his leave, and hastened up the Battery. The lieutenant returned to the group, and taking aside the master's mate, whom he knew, he laid briefly before him his project. The old tar entered into it with all zeal. Together they went to the docks, where, on account of the blockade, lay idle a large number of vessels of every description. They were not long in discovering such a craft as suited them: a Hudson sloop of 70 tons. She was immediately put in trim for sailing by the master's mate and three or four men whom he employed, while the officer proceeded to buy up and send on board his live stock.

* * * * *

The morning following these events, the tender of the British frigate was standing off and on under easy sail and close in with Sandy Hook. The wind was from the southwest, and blowing about a five-knot breeze. The sky was

without a cloud, and only a gentle undulation lifted the surface of the ocean. The tender was a clipper-built vessel, very long and narrow in the beam, and constructed wholly with an eye to her fast sailing qualities; and she gave proof of them by overhauling everything. She carried amidships a long thirty-two pounder. Her crew consisted of about thirty men, in the uniform of the British navy. They were now principally assembled in the bows and on the windlass, talking together or watching the shore. Aft, the officer of the deck, a bluff, full-faced, young English "middy," was lounging over the quarter railing, smoking a cigar. The man at the helm had a sinecure of his post, for the vessel tripped along so easily that she seemed almost to steer herself.

"Sail ho!" cried the look-out from the heel of the bowsprit.

"Where away?" quickly demanded the officer.

"In shore, two points forward the beam!"

"Aye, aye, I see!" answered the middy, levelling his glass at a sloop just stealing out of the harbor, closely hugging the shore. "It's another of the Yankee coasters. A sail in shore, Mr. Stanley," said he, speaking through the skylight.

The lieutenant, a stout, fleshy-visaged John Bull, came on deck and took sight at the stranger, which was about a league distant.

"It is a lumber sloop; but we will bring her to, if she dares to venture out; for we may get some fresh provisions and vegetables from her, if nothing more."

"Shall I put her on the other tack, sir?" asked the middy.

"Not yet. Keep on as we are till the sloop gets an offing. If we run for her now, she will take refuge in the harbor," replied the lieutenant.

The sloop stood out for half a mile, and then hauling her wind, beat down along the land. The tender delayed her chase until she had got too far from the entrance of the harbor to get back again, and then, putting about, ran for her so as to cut her off. The sloop seemed to take alarm, and, putting about, began to make the best of her way towards the harbor she had left. Confident of the speed of his own vessel, the English lieutenant felt satisfied that the chase was already his, and laughed at the efforts of the sloop to get away.

At length they came near enough to see that her decks were covered with pigs and poultry.

"A rare haul we shall make this morning," said the midddy. "Enough chicken pie for the whole frigate's crew, to say nothing of the turkeys and roast pig for the cabin!"

"What a regular slab-sided Yankee skipper she has at her helm! Man and boy, she has a stout crew!" said the lieutenant, laughing. "They look frightened out of their senses, as they begin to think they are gone for it! Sloop, ahoy!"

"What ye want?" came across the water, in the strongest nasal of Yankeedom.

"I want you to heave to, brother Jonathan!"

"I'd rather not, if it's all the same to you! I'm in a mity hurry!" was the reply.

"Frank," added the disguised officer, in an under tone, "when I order you to let go the jib, you must draw it aft as hard as your strength will let you. I at the same time will put the helm hard up, so the sloop will pay rapidly off, and fall aboard of the tender; for I am determined to fall aboard of her. I shall curse your blunders, and order you to let go; but don't mind me; keep pulling the jib-sheet hard to windward. Leave the rest to me. Now, my men," he said, speaking through the companion-way, "take

good grasp of your pistols and cutlasses. When I stamp my foot on the deck over your heads, throw off the hatches, leap on deck, and follow me."

"Heave to, or I will sink you! What are you palaver-ing about?" shouted the Englishman.

The two vessels were now side by side, steering on the same course, abeam of each other, the tender to leeward, and about a hundred fathoms off.

"Wall, don't be too free with your powder, and I will. Aminadab, let go that 'ar jib-sheet."

"Yes, I will," answered the young reefer; and with a hearty will he began to draw it to windward. At the same moment the American officer put the helm hard up, and the sloop rapidly paid off right towards the tender.

"Let go that jib-sheet!" shouted the English officer.

"Yes, Aminadab, you tarnal fool you, let it go, I say! Let it go! Don't you see we are coming right aboard the capting's vessel?"

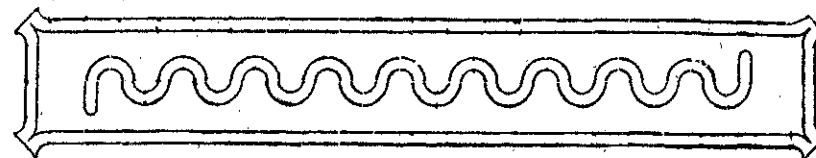
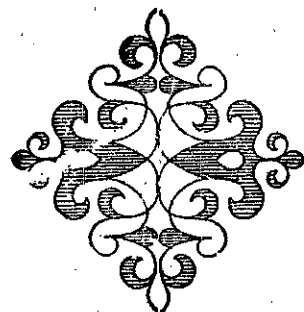
But "Aminadab" pulled the harder, and fairly took a turn with the sheet about a belaying pin.

The English officer was about to pour out upon him a volley of oaths, when, seeing that the sloop would certainly fall foul of him, he turned to give orders for the protection of his own vessel; but ere he could utter them, the sloop's bows struck her near the fore rigging, and swung round, stern with stern. At the same instant the American officer stamped upon the deck, and forty armed men made their appearance from the hatches, fore-castle, and cabin, and leaped after Percival upon the tender's deck.

The Englishmen, taken by surprise, surrendered without scarcely striking a blow; and, getting both vessels under sail, in the very sight of the frigate, the gallant young cap-tor sailed with his prize back into the harbor, and safely

anchored her off the Battery after an absence of six hours and twenty-seven minutes.

This exploit is doubtless one of the boldest and most spirited affairs that came off during the war, and the account given above is a faithful narrative of the transaction.



MS. found in a Bottle.

Qui n'a plus qu'un moment à vivre
N'a plus rien à dissimuler.

Quinault—Alys.

OF my country and of my family I have little to say. Ill usage and length of years have driven me from the one, and estranged me from the other. Hereditary wealth afforded me an education of no common order, and a contemplative turn of mind enabled me to methodize the stores which early study diligently garnered up. Beyond all things, the works of the German moralists gave me great delight; not from my ill-advised admiration of their eloquent madness, but from the ease with which my habits of rigid thought enabled me to detect their falsities. I have often been reproached with the aridity of my genius; a deficiency of imagination has been imputed to me as a crime; and the Pyrrhonism of my opinions has at all times rendered me notorious. Indeed, a strong relish for physical philosophy has, I fear, tinctured my mind with a very common error of this age—I mean the habit of referring occurrences, even the least susceptible of such reference, to

the principles of that science. Upon the whole, no person could be less liable than myself to be led away from the severe precincts of truth by the *ignes fatui* of superstition. I have thought proper to premise thus much, lest the incredible tale I have to tell should be considered rather the raving of a crude imagination, than the positive experience of a mind to which the reveries of fancy have been a dead letter and a nullity.

After many years spent in foreign travel, I sailed in the year 18— from the port of Batavia, in the rich and populous island of Java, on a voyage to the Archipelago of the Sunda islands. I went as passenger—having no other inducement than a kind of nervous restlessness which haunted me as a fiend.

Our vessel was a beautiful ship of about four hundred tons, copper-fastened, and built at Bombay of Malabar teak. She was freighted with cotton-wool and oil, from the Laccadive islands. We had also on board coir, jaggeree, ghee, cocoa-nuts, and a few cases of opium. The stowage was clumsily done, and the vessel consequently crank.

We got under way with a mere breath of wind, and for many days stood along the eastern coast of Java, without any other incident to beguile the monotony of our course than the occasional meeting with some of the small grabs of the Archipelago to which we were bound.

One evening, leaning over the taffrail, I observed a very singular isolated cloud, to the N. W. It was remarkable, as well for its color, as from its being the first we had seen since our departure from Batavia. I watched it attentively until sunset, when it spread all at once to the eastward and westward, girding in the horizon with a narrow strip of vapor, and looking like a long line of low beach. My notice was soon afterwards attracted by the dusky-red appearance of the moon, and the peculiar character of the sea. The

latter was undergoing a rapid change, and the water seemed more than usually transparent. Although I could distinctly see the bottom, yet, heaving the lead, I found the ship in fifteen fathoms. The air now became intolerably hot, and was loaded with spiral exhalations similar to those arising from heated iron. As night came on, every breath of wind died away, and a more entire calm it is impossible to conceive. The flame of a candle burned upon the poop without the least perceptible motion, and a long hair, held between the finger and thumb, hung without the possibility of detecting a vibration. However, as the captain said he could perceive no indication of danger, and as we were drifting in bodily to shore, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the anchor let go. No watch was set, and the crew, consisting principally of Malays, stretched themselves deliberately upon deck. I went below—not without a full presentiment of evil. Indeed, every appearance warranted me in apprehending a Simoom. I told the captain my fears; but he paid no attention to what I said, and left me without deigning to give a reply. My uneasiness, however, prevented me from sleeping, and about midnight I went upon deck. As I placed my foot upon the upper step of the companion-ladder, I was startled by a loud, humming noise, like that occasioned by the rapid revolution of a mill-wheel, and before I could ascertain its meaning, I found the ship quivering to its centre. In the next instant, a wilderness of foam hurled us upon our beam-ends, and rushing over us fore and aft, swept the entire decks from stem to stern.

The extreme fury of the blast proved, in a great measure, the salvation of the ship. Although completely water-logged, yet, as her masts had gone by the board, she rose after a minute heavily from the sea, and, staggering awhile beneath the immense pressure of the tempest, finally righted.

By what miracle I escaped destruction, it is impossible to say. Stunned by the shock of the water, I found myself, upon recovery, jammed in between the stern-post and rudder. With great difficulty I gained my feet, and looking dizzily around, was at first struck with the idea of our being among breakers; so terrific, beyond the wildest imagination, was the whirlpool of mountainous and foaming ocean within which we were engulfed. After a while, I heard the voice of an old Swede, who had shipped with us at the moment of leaving port. I hallooed to him with all my strength, and presently he came reeling aft. We soon discovered that we were the sole survivors of the accident. All on deck, with the exception of ourselves, had been swept overboard; the captain and mates must have perished as they slept, for the cabins were deluged with water. Without assistance, we could expect to do little for the security of the ship, and our exertions were at first paralysed by the momentary expectation of going down. Our cable had, of course, parted like packthread, at the first breath of the hurricane, or we should have been instantaneously overwhelmed. We scudded with frightful velocity before the sea, and the water made clear breaches over us. The frame-work of our stern was shattered excessively, and in almost every respect we had received considerable injury; but to our extreme joy we found the pumps unchoked, and that we had made no great shifting of our ballast. The main fury of the blast had already blown over, and we apprehended little danger from the violence of the wind; but we looked forward to its total cessation with dismay; well believing, that in our shattered condition we should inevitably perish in the tremendous swell which would ensue. But this very just apprehension seemed by no means likely to be soon verified. For five entire days and nights—during which our only subsistence was a small quantity of

jaggeree, procured with great difficulty from the fore-castle—the hulk flew at a rate defying computation before rapidly succeeding flaws of wind, which without equalling the first violence of the Simoom, were still more terrific than any tempest I had before encountered. Our course for the first four days was, with trifling variations, S. E. and by S.; and we must have run down the coast of New Holland. On the fifth day the cold became extreme, although the wind had hauled round a point more to the northward. The sun arose with a sickly yellow lustre, and clambered a very few degrees above the horizon—emitting no decisive light. There were no clouds apparent, yet the wind was upon the increase, and blew with a fitful and unsteady fury. About noon, as nearly as we could guess, our attention was again arrested by the appearance of the sun. It gave out no light, properly so called, but a dull and sullen glow without reflection, as if all its rays were polarized. Just before sinking within the turgid sea, its central fires suddenly went out, as if hurriedly extinguished by some unaccountable power. It was a dim, silver-like rim, alone, as it rushed down the unfathomable ocean.

We waited in vain for the arrival of the sixth day—that day to me has not arrived—to the Swede, never did arrive. Thenceforward we were enshrouded in pitchy darkness, so that we could not have seen an object at twenty paces from the ship. Eternal night continued to envelope us, all unrelieved by the phosphoric sea-brilliance to which we had been accustomed in the tropics. We observed, too, that, although the tempest continued to rage with unabated violence, there was no longer to be discovered the usual appearance of surf, or foam, which had hitherto attended us. All around were horror, and thick gloom, and a black sweltering desert of ebony. Superstitious terror crept by degrees into the spirit of the old Swede, and my own soul

was wrapped up in silent wonder. We neglected all care of the ship, as worse than useless, and securing ourselves as well as possible to the stump of the mizen-mast, looked out bitterly into the world of ocean. We had no means of calculating time, nor could we form any guess of our situation. We were, however, well aware of having made further to the southward than any previous navigators, and felt great amazement at not meeting with the usual impediments of ice. In the meantime every moment threatened to be our last—every mountainous billow hurried to overwhelm us. The swell surpassed anything I had imagined possible, and that we were not instantly buried is a miracle. My companion spoke of the lightness of our cargo, and reminded me of the excellent qualities of our ship; but I could not help feeling the utter hopelessness of hope itself, and prepared myself gloomily for that death which I thought nothing could defer beyond an hour, as, with every knot of way the ship made, the swelling of the black stupendous seas became more dismally appalling. At times we gasped for breath at an elevation beyond the albatross—at times became dizzy with the velocity of our descent into some watery hell, where the air grew stagnant, and no sound disturbed the slumbers of the kraken.

We were at the bottom of one of these abysses, when a quick scream from my companion broke fearfully upon the night. "See! see!" cried he, shrieking in my ears, "Almighty God! see! see!" As he spoke, I became aware of a dull, sullen glare of red light which streamed down the sides of the vast chasm where we lay, and threw a fitful brilliancy upon our deck. Casting my eyes upwards, I beheld a spectacle which froze the current of my blood. At a terrific height directly above us, and upon the very verge of the precipitous descent, hovered a gigantic ship, of perhaps four thousand tons. Although upreared upon the

summit of a wave more than a hundred times her own altitude, her apparent size still exceeded that of any ship of the line or East Indiaman in existence. Her huge hull was of a deep dingy black, unrelieved by any of the customary carvings of a ship. A single row of brass cannon protruded from her open ports, and dashed from their polished surfaces the fires of innumerable battle-lanterns, which swung to and fro about her rigging. But what mainly inspired us with horror and astonishment, was that she bore up under a press of sail in the very teeth of that supernatural sea, and of that ungovernable hurricane. When we first discovered her, her bows were alone to be seen, as she rose slowly from the dim and horrible gulf beyond her. For a moment of intense terror she paused upon the giddy pinnacle, as if in contemplation of her own sublimity, then trembled and tottered, and—came down.

At this instant, I know not what sudden self-possession came over my spirit. Staggering as far aft as I could, I awaited fearlessly the ruin that was to overwhelm. Our own vessel was at length ceasing from her struggles, and sinking with her head to the sea. The shock of the descending mass struck her, consequently, in that portion of her frame which was nearly under water, and the inevitable result was to hurl me, with irresistible violence, upon the rigging of the stranger.

As I fell, the ship hove in stays, and went about; and to the confusion ensuing I attributed my escape from the notice of the crew. With little difficulty I made my way unperceived to the main hatchway, which was partially open, and soon found an opportunity of secreting myself in the hold. Why I did so I can hardly tell. An indefinite sense of awe, which at first sight of the navigators of the ship had taken hold of my mind, was perhaps the principle of my concealment. I was unwilling to trust myself with a

race of people who had offered, to the cursory glance I had taken, so many points of vague novelty, doubt, and apprehension. I therefore thought proper to contrive a hiding-place in the hold. This I did by removing a small portion of the shifting-boards, in such a manner as to afford me a convenient retreat between the huge timbers of the ship.

I had scarcely completed my work, when a footstep in the hold forced me to make use of it. A man passed by my place of concealment with a feeble and unsteady gait. I could not see his face, but had an opportunity of observing his general appearance. There was about it an evidence of great age and infirmity. His knees tottered beneath a load of years, and his entire frame quivered under the burden. He muttered to himself, in a low broken tone, some words of a language which I could not understand, and groped in a corner among a pile of singular-looking instruments, and decayed charts of navigation. His manner was a wild mixture of the peevishness of second childhood and the solemn dignity of a God. He at length went on deck, and I saw him no more.

* * * *

A feeling, for which I have no name, has taken possession of my soul—a sensation which will admit of no analysis, to which the lessons of by-gone time are inadequate, and for which I fear futurity itself will offer me no key. To a mind constituted like my own, the latter consideration is an evil. I shall never—I know that I shall never—be satisfied with regard to the nature of my conceptions. Yet it is not wonderful that these conceptions are indefinite, since they have their origin in sources so utterly novel. A new sense—a new entity is added to my soul.

* * * *

It is long since I first trod the deck of this terrible ship,

and the rays of my destiny are, I think, gathering to a focus. Incomprehensible men! Wrapped up in meditations of a kind which I cannot divine, they pass me by unnoticed. Concealment is utter folly on my part, for the people *will not* see. It was but just now that I passed directly before the eyes of the mate; it was no long while ago that I ventured into the captain's own private cabin, and took thence the materials with which I write, and have written. I shall from time to time continue this journal. It is true that I may not find an opportunity of transmitting it to the world, but I will not fail to make the endeavor. At the last moment I will enclose the MS. in a bottle, and cast it within the sea.

* * * *

An incident has occurred which has given me new room for meditation. Are such things the operation of ungoverned chance? I had ventured upon deck and thrown myself down, without attracting any notice, among a pile of ratlin-stuff and old sails, in the bottom of the yawl. While musing upon the singularity of my fate, I unwittingly daubed with a tar-brush the edges of a neatly-folded studding-sail which lay near me on a barrel. The studding-sail is now bent upon the ship, and the thoughtless touches of the brush are spread out into the word *DISCOVERY*.

I have made many observations lately upon the structure of the vessel. Although well armed, she is not, I think, a ship of war. Her rigging, build, and general equipment, all negative a supposition of this kind. What she *is not*, I can easily perceive; what she *is*, I fear it is impossible to say. I know not how it is, but in scrutinizing her strange model and singular cast of spars, her huge size and overgrown suits of canvas, her severely simple bow and antiquated stern, there will occasionally flash across my mind a sensation of familiar things, and there is always mixed up

with such indistinct shadows of recollection, an unaccountable memory of old foreign chronicles and ages long ago.

I have been looking at the timbers of the ship. She is built of a material to which I am a stranger. There is a peculiar character about the wood which strikes me as rendering it unfit for the purpose to which it has been applied. I mean its extreme *porousness*, considered independently of the worm-eaten condition which is a consequence of navigation in these seas, and apart from the rottenness attendant upon age. It will appear perhaps an observation somewhat over-curious, but this wood would have every characteristic of Spanish oak, if Spanish oak were distended by any unnatural means.

In reading the above sentence, a curious apothegm of an old weather-beaten Dutch navigator comes full upon my recollection. "It is as sure," he was wont to say, when any doubt was entertained of his veracity, "as sure as there is a sea where the ship itself will grow in bulk like the living body of the seaman." * * *

About an hour ago, I made bold to trust myself among a group of the crew. They paid me no manner of attention, and, although I stood in the very midst of them all, seemed utterly unconscious of my presence. Like the one I had at first seen in the hold, they all bore about them the marks of a hoary old age. Their knees trembled with infirmity; their shoulders were bent double with decrepitude; their shrivelled skins rattled in the wind; their voices were low, tremulous, and broken; their eyes glistened with the rheum of years; and their grey hairs streamed terribly in the tempest. Around them, on every part of the deck, lay scattered mathematical instruments of the most quaint and obsolete construction. * * *

I mentioned, some time ago, the bending of a studding-sail. From that period, the ship, being thrown dead off the

wind, has continued her terrific course due south, with every rag of canvas packed upon her, from her truck to her lower studding-sail booms, and rolling every moment her top-gallant yard-arms into the most appalling hell of water which it can enter into the mind of man to imagine. I have just left the deck, where I find it impossible to maintain a footing, although the crew seem to experience little inconvenience. It appears to me a miracle of miracles that our enormous bulk is not swallowed up at once and for ever. We are surely doomed to hover continually upon the brink of eternity, without taking a final plunge into the abyss. From billows a thousand times more stupendous than any I have ever seen, we glide away with the facility of the arrowy sea-gull; and the colossal waters rear their heads above us like demons of the deep, but like demons confined to simple threats, and forbidden to destroy. I am led to attribute these frequent escapes to the only natural cause which can account for such effect. I must suppose the ship to be within the influence of some strong current, or impetuous under-tow. * * *

I have seen the captain face to face, and in his own cabin—but, as I expected, he paid me no attention. Although in his appearance there is, to a casual observer, nothing which might bespeak him more or less than man, still, a feeling of irrepressible reverence and awe mingled with the sensation of wonder with which I regarded him. In stature, he is nearly my own height; that is, about five feet eight inches. He is of a well-knit and compact frame of body, neither robust nor remarkable otherwise. But it is the singularity of the expression which reigns upon the face—it is the intense, the wonderful, the thrilling evidence of old age, so utter, so extreme, which excites within my spirit a sense—a sentiment ineffable. His forehead, although little wrinkled, seems to bear upon it the stamp of a myriad

of years. His grey hairs are records of the past, and his greyer eyes are sybils of the future. The cabin floor was thickly strewn with strange, iron-clasped folios, and mouldering instruments of science, and obsolete long-forgotten charts. His head was bowed down upon his hands, and he pored, with a fiery, unquiet eye, over a paper which I took to be a commission, and which, at all events, bore the signature of a monarch. He muttered to himself—as did the first seaman whom I saw in the hold—some low peevish syllables of a foreign tongue; and although the speaker was close at my elbow, his voice seemed to reach my ears from the distance of a mile. * * *

The ship and all in it are imbued with the spirit of Eld. The crew glide to and fro like the ghosts of buried centuries; their eyes have an eager and uneasy meaning; and when their fingers fall athwart my path in the wild glare of the battle-lanterns, I feel as I have never felt before, although I have been all my life a dealer in antiquities, and have imbibed the shadows of fallen columns at Baalbec, and Tadmor, and Persepolis, until my very soul has become a ruin. * * *

When I look around me, I feel ashamed of my former apprehensions. If I trembled at the blast which has hitherto attended us, shall I not stand aghast at a warring of wind and ocean, to convey any idea of which, the words tornado and simoom are trivial and ineffective? All in the immediate vicinity of the ship, is the blackness of eternal night, and a chaos of foamless water; but, about a league on either side of us, may be seen, indistinctly and at intervals, stupendous ramparts of ice, towering away into the desolate sky, and looking like the walls of the universe. * * *

As I imagined, the ship proves to be in a current—if that appellation can properly be given to a tide which,

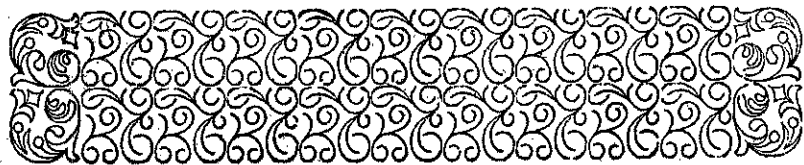
howling and shrieking by the white ice, thunders on to the southward with a velocity like the headlong dashing of a cataract. * * *

To conceive the horror of my sensations is, I presume, utterly impossible; yet a curiosity to penetrate the mysteries of these awful regions, predominates even over my despair, and will reconcile me to the most hideous aspect of death. It is evident that we are hurrying onwards to some exciting knowledge—some never-to-be-imparted secret, whose attainment is destruction. Perhaps this current leads us to the southern pole itself. It must be confessed that a supposition apparently so wild has every probability in its favor. * * *

The crew pace the deck with unquiet and tremulous step, but there is upon their countenance an expression more of the eagerness of hope than of the apathy of despair.

In the meantime the wind is still in our poop, and, as we carry a crowd of canvas, the ship is at times lifted bodily from out the sea! Oh, horror upon horror!—the ice opens suddenly to the right and to the left, and we are whirling dizzily, in immense concentric circles, round and round the borders of a gigantic amphitheatre, the summit of whose walls is lost in the darkness and the distance. But little time will be left me to ponder upon my destiny! The circles rapidly grow small—we are plunging madly within the grasp of the whirlpool—and amid a roaring, and bellowing, and thundering of ocean and tempest, the ship is quivering—O God!—and—going down!

Note.—The "MS. Found in a Bottle," was originally published in 1831; and it was not until many years afterwards that I became acquainted with the maps of Mercator, in which the ocean is represented as rushing, by four mouths, into the (northern) Polar Gulf, to be absorbed into the bowels of the earth; the Pole itself being represented by a black rock, towering to a prodigious height.



Carl Bluvén, and the Strange Mariner.

ON that wild part of the coast of Norway that stretches between Bergen and Stravanger, there once lived a fisherman called Carl Bluvén. Carl was one of the poorest of all the fishermen that dwelt on the shore. He had scarcely the means of buying materials wherewith to mend his net, which was scarcely in a condition to hold the fish in it; still less was he in a condition to make himself master of a new boat, which he stood greatly in need of; for it was so battered and worn, that while other fishermen adventured out into the open sea, Carl was obliged to content himself with picking up what he could among the rocks and creeks that lay along the coast.

Notwithstanding his poverty, Carl was on the eve of marriage. His bride was the daughter of a wood-cutter in the neighboring forest, who contrived, partly with his hatchet, and partly with his gun, to eke out his livelihood; so that the match was pretty equal on both sides. But Carl was in a sad dilemma on one account; he had nothing

to present to the minister on his marriage,*—not a keg of butter, nor a pot of sausages, nor a quarter of a sheep, nay, not even a barrel of dried fish; and as he had been accustomed to boast to his father-in-law of his thriving trade, he knew not in what way to keep up appearances. In short, the evening before his wedding day arrived, and Carl was still unprovided.

So dejected had Carl been all day, that he had never stirred out of his hut; and it was approaching nightfall. The wind had risen, and the hollow bellowing of the waves, as they rolled in among the huge caverned rocks, sounded dismally in Carl's ear, for he knew he dared not launch his leaky boat in such a sea; and yet, if he caught no fish, there would be nothing for supper when he should bring his wife home. Carl rose, clapped his hat on his head, with the air of a man who is resolved to do something, and walked out upon the shore. Nothing could be more dismal than the prospect around Carl's hut; no more desolate and dreary home than Carl's could a man bring his bride to. Great black round-headed rocks, partly covered with sea-weed, were thickly strewn along the coast for many miles: these, when the tide was out, were left dry, and when it flowed, their dark heads now seen, now hidden, as the broadbacked waves rolled over them, seemed like the tumbling monsters of the deep.

When Carl left his hut, the rising tide had half covered the rocks; and the waves, rushing through the narrow channels, broke in terrific violence on the shore, leaving a wide restless bed of foam, as they retreated down the sloping beach. The sun, too, was just disappearing beneath the waves, and threw a bright and almost unnatural blaze upon the desolate coast. Carl wandered along, uncertain

* The fees paid to the clergy in Norway, at births, marriages, and burials, are always paid in kind.

what to do. He might as well have swamped his boat at once, as to have drawn it out of the creek where it lay secure; so, after wading in and out among the channels, in the hope of picking up some fish that might not have been able to find their way back with the wave that had thrown them on shore, he at length sat down upon a shelving rock, and looked out upon the sea, towards the great whirlpool called the Maelstrom, of which so many fearful things were recorded.

"What riches are buried there," said Carl to himself, half aloud. "Let me see—within my time three great ships have been sucked down; and if the world be, as they say, thousands of years old, what a mine of wealth must the bottom of the Maelstrom be! What casks of butter and hams—to say nothing of gold and silver—and here am I, Carl Bluven, to be married to-morrow, and not a keg for the minister. If I had but one cask from the bottom of the Maelstrom I would"—But Carl did not finish the sentence. Like all the fishermen of that coast Carl had his superstitions and his beliefs; and he looked round him rather uneasily, for he well knew that all in the Maelstrom belonged to Kahlbrannar, the tall old mariner of the whirlpool;* and after having had the hardihood to entertain so bold a wish, Carl felt more uncomfortable than he cared to own; and seeing the night gathering in, and the tide rising to his feet, while the spray dashed in his face, he was just about to return to his solitary hut, when a high crested wave, rushing through the channel beside him, bore a cask along with it, and threw it among the great stones that lay between the rocks.

* This is one of the oldest and most inveterate superstitions of the western coast of Norway. Scarce a fisherman lives on that coast who has not a story to tell of the tall mariner paddling in his small boat, previous to the loss of a ship in the Maelstrom.

As parts of wrecks had often been thrown upon this dangerous coast, Carl was not greatly surprised; and the circumstance having greatly allayed the superstitious fears that were beginning to rise, he had soon his hands upon the cask, getting it out from among the rocks in the best way he was able; till, having reached the sand, he rolled it easily up to the door of his dwelling: and having shut to the door, and lighted his lamp, he fell to work in opening the cask to see what it contained. It proved to be the very thing he wanted; a cask of as fine butter as ever came out of Bergen, and as fresh as if it had been churned a month ago. "This is better," said Carl, "than a cask from the bottom of the Maelstrom."

Next morning betimes, Carl Bluven was on his way to his wedding, rolling the cask before him, with the larger half of the butter in it for his marriage fee. With such a present as this Carl was well received by the minister, as well as by his father-in-law, and by Uldewalla the bride, who, with her crown upon her head, the Norwegian emblem of purity, became the wife of the fisherman; and he, after spending a day or two in feasting with his new relations, returned with Uldewalla to his hut on the sea-shore, carrying back with him a reasonable supply of sausages, and brandi-wine, and Gammel Orsk cheese, and such like dainties as the dowry of his wife.

For some little while all went well with Carl. What with the provisions he had brought home, and the remains of his butter, the new married couple did not fare amiss, even although the fisherman rarely drew a net; for Carl wished to enjoy his honey-moon, and not be wading and splashing among the sea-green waves, when he might be looking into the blue eyes of Uldewalla. At length, however, the sausage pots stood empty, and even the Gammel Orsk cheese was reduced to a shell: as for the butter, Carl

and his wife had found it so good, that the cask had been empty long since.

Carl left his hut, taking his net and his oars over his shoulders, leaving Uldewalla picking cloudberry; and unmooring his boat, paddled out of the creek, and began throwing his nets; but not a fish could he take; still he continued to try his fortune in and out among the creeks till the sun set, and dusk began to creep over the shore. The tide had retired, so that Carl's boat was left dry a long way within water mark, and he had to walk a dreary mile or more, over the shingle and sand, among the black dripping rocks that lay between him and his own dwelling. But there was no help for it; so, mooring his boat the best way he could, he turned towards the coast, in somewhat of a dejected mood at his want of success.

As Carl turned away, he noticed at a little distance, close to the water, a small boat, that well he knew belonged to no fisherman of that coast; it was the very least boat he had ever seen, such as no fisherman of Bergenhus could keep afloat on such a sea; and the build of it, too, was the queerest he had ever beheld. But Carl, seeing from the solitary light that shone in the window of his hut, that Uldewalla expected him, kept his direct course homeward, resolved next day to return and examine the boat, which he had no doubt had been thrown ashore from some foreign wreck. But Carl had soon still greater cause for wonder; raising his eyes from the pools of water, in which he hoped to find some floundering fish, he observed a tall figure advancing from the shore, in the direction of the little boat he had seen, and nearly in the same line he was pursuing. Now Carl was no coward; yet he would rather have avoided this rencontre. He knew well that no fisherman would walk out among the rocks towards the sea at the fall of night; and besides, Carl knew all the fishermen within

six leagues, and this was none of them; but he disdained to turn out of his way, which, indeed, he could only have done by wading through some deep channels that lay on either side of him; and so he continued to walk straight on, his wonder, however, and perhaps his uneasiness, every moment increasing, as the lessening distance showed him more distinctly a face he was sure he had never seen on that coast, and which was of that singular character which involuntarily raised in the mind of Carl certain uncomfortable sensations.

"A dreary night this, Carl Blüven," said the strange mariner to our fisherman, "and likely for storm."

"I hope not," said Carl, not a little surprised that he should be addressed by his name; "I hope not, for the sake of the ships and the poor mariners."

"You hope not," said the other with an ugly sneer; "and who, I wonder, likes better than Carl Blüven to roll a cast-away cask to his cabin door?"

"Why," returned Carl apologetically, and still more suspicious of his company, from the knowledge he displayed, "what Providence kindly sends, 'tis not for poor fishermen to refuse."

"You liked the butter I sent you, then?" said the strange mariner.

"You sent me!" said Carl.

But Carl's rejoinder remained without further explanation. "Ah ha!" said the tall mariner, pointing out to sea in the direction of the Maelstrom, "she bears right upon it—the *Frou*, of Drontheim, deeply laden. We'll meet again, Carl Blüven." And without further parley, the tall strange mariner brushed past Carl and strode hastily towards the sea. Carl remained for some time rooted to the spot, looking after him through the deepening dusk, which, however, just enabled Carl to see him reach the little boat,

and push off through the surf—but further he was unable to follow him.

As Carl walked towards his own house, as fast as the huge stones and pools of back-water would permit him, he felt next thing to sure that the tall mariner he had encountered was no other man than Kahlbrannar; and a feeling of satisfaction entered his heart, that he had made so important and useful an acquaintance, who not only could, but had already shown his willingness to do him a kindness; and just as Carl had come to this conclusion, he reached the water-mark opposite to his own house, and, at the same time, his foot struck against a cask, lying high and dry, on the very spot where the other had drifted. Carl guessed where it came from; and rolling the cask to his own door, he was soon busy staving it, and drawing out, one after another, some of the choicest white puddings,* and dried hams, that ever left the harbor of Bergen. "Here's to Kahlbrannar's health," said Carl, after supper, taking his cup of corn brandy in his hand, and offering to hobernob† with his wife. But Uldewalla shook her head and refused to hobernob, or to drink, and Carl fancied, and no doubt it was but fancy, that he heard a strange laugh outside the hut, and that, as he raised his eyes, he saw the face of the tall mariner draw back from the window. Carl, however, tossed off his cup, feeling rather proud of the friendship of Kahlbrannar.

Carl Bluven had a singular dream that night. He thought that, looking out of the door of his hut, he saw the little boat he had noticed that evening, lying beyond the rocks at low tide, and that he walked out to examine it;

* A favorite article of the Norwegian kitchen.

† Either in drinking with each other, or in drinking toasts, every one in Norway touches his neighbor's glass with his own.

and being curious to know whether he could steer so very small a boat, he stepped into it; and leaning forward, hoisted the little sail at the bow, the only one it had; and when he turned round to take the helm, he saw the tall mariner sitting as steersman. Away shot the boat, Carl nothing daunted at the company he was in, or the frailty of the vessel, for the helmsman steered with wonderful dexterity, and the boat flew along like a sea-bird skimming the waves. Not a word was spoken, till after a while the steersman pointing forward, said, "There she is, as I told you, the *Frou*, of Drontheim, bearing right upon the Maelstrom, as my name is Kahlbrannar; she'll be down to the bottom before us." Carl now looked out ahead, and saw a fearful sight: the sea, a league across, was like a boiling caldron, whirling round and round and round, and gradually, as it were, shelving down in the centre, where there appeared a huge hole, round which the water wheeled with an awful swirl, strong enough to suck in all the fleets that ever sailed the seas. A gallant three-masted ship was within the whirlpool; she no longer answered the helm, but flew round and round the caldron, gradually nearing its centre, which she soon reached, and, stern foremost, rushed down the gulf that swallowed her up. But notwithstanding the Maelstrom, and the horrors of this spectacle, Carl did not yet awake from his dream. The little boat, piloted by the tall mariner, flew directly across the whirlpool to the centre—down, down they sank, and the next moment Carl found himself walking with his companion on the ribbed sea-sand at the bottom of the Maelstrom. What a sight met the eyes of Carl! Mountains of wealth; piles of all that ships have carried or nations trafficked in from the beginning of time; wrecks of a thousand vessels, great and small, scattered here and there, and the white bones of the mariners, thicker strewn than grave-stones in a church-yard. But what mainly

attracted the eyes of Carl, was the gold and silver that lay about as plentiful as pebble-stones: all bright and fresh, though ever so old; for Carl could read upon some of the coins which he picked up, the name of Cluff Kyrre, the first king of Norway.

"Now," said Kahlbrannar, after Carl had feasted his eyes awhile upon all he saw, "what would you give, Carl Bluvén, to be master of all this?"

"Faith," said Carl, "it's of little use lying here; but, save and except the silver and gold, that which has lain in the salt water so long can be worth little."

"There you're wrong," said Kahlbrannar, taking up a large pebble-stone, and beating out the end of a cask, out of which rolled as fine fresh sausages as ever were beaten, grated, and mixed by any *Frou* of Bergenhuus; "just taste them, friend; and besides, have you forgotten the casks I sent?"

Carl tasted and found them much to his liking. "You know," said he, "I am but a poor fisherman; you ask me what I would give for all I see here; and you know I have nothing to give."

"There you're wrong again," said Kahlbrannar; "sit down upon that chest of gold, friend, and listen to what I am going to propose. You shall be the richest butter-merchant in all Bergenhuus, and have more gold and silver in your coffers than King Christian has in his treasury; and in return you shall marry your daughter to my son."

Carl having no daughter, and not knowing whether he might ever have one, tempted by the things about him, and the prospects set before him, and half thinking the offer a jest, said, "a bargain be it then," at the same time grasping the hand of the tall mariner; and just as he thought he had pronounced these words, he fancied that the

water in which he had up to this time breathed as freely as if he had been on shore, began to choke him; and so, gasping for breath, while Kahlbrannar's laugh rang in his ears, Carl awoke and found himself lying beside Uldewalla.

Carl told Uldewalla all that he had dreamed; how that he had walked with the strange mariner at the bottom of the Maelstrom, and seen all the wealth and gold and silver; and of the offer Kahlbrannar had made, and how that he thought he had closed a bargain with him.

"Thank God, Carl, it is but a dream!" said Uldewalla, throwing her milk-white arms about his neck; "have nothing to do with the tall mariner, as he is called; no good will come of the connexion;" and it was this morning, for the first time, that Carl learned his prospect of being by-and-by made a father. Carl thought more of his dream than he cared to tell his wife; he could not help fancying that all he had seen in his dream was real; and having already substantial proof of Kahlbrannar's good disposition towards him, he saw nothing incredible in the idea, that he might become all that riches could make him.

It was the morning after this, that Carl, awakening just at daybreak, sprang out of bed, and telling Uldewalla that he was going to draw a net that morning, left his hut, and walked towards the rocks. Perhaps he had dreamed the same dream that had visited him the night before; or perhaps he could not dismiss his old dream from his mind: or it might be, that he really intended trying his fortune with his nets that morning. It is certain, however, that Carl left his hut in the early twilight; and that Uldewalla, feeling uneasy in her mind, rose and looked through the small window, and saw her husband, in the grey of the morning, walk out among the black rocks (for the tide was back); and, although her eye was unable to follow all his turnings out and in among the channels, she could see him after-

wards standing close to the low water line, and another taller of stature standing by him. Uldewalla's eyes filled with tears; and when she wiped away the dimness, she could perceive neither her husband nor his companion.

Carl, however, was not long absent; a terrific storm soon after arose, and in the midst of it he arrived, rolling a huge cask up to the door.

"It is singular," said Uldewalla, "that fortune should so often throw prizes in your way, Carl: for my part, I would rather eat some fish of your own catching, than the stores of poor shipwrecked mariners." But Carl laughed, and jested, and drank, and feasted, and was right merry; and swore that fishing was a poor trade; and that he thought of leaving it, and setting up for merchant in Bergen. Uldewalla thought he was making merry in his cups, and that he only jested; but she was mistaken. Next day Carl told her he was discontented with his manner of living—that he was resolved to be a rich man, and that the very next morning they should depart for Bergen. Uldewalla was not sorry to leave the neighborhood, for more reasons than one; and besides, being a dutiful wife, she offered no opposition to her husband's will.

The same evening Carl walked out along the coast for the last time, that he might consider all that had passed, and all that was to come; and as he slowly paced along he thus summed up the advantages of his agreement:—"It's a good bargain I've made, any how," said he; "I may never have a daughter at all; and if I have, 'tis seventeen or eighteen good years before Kahlbrannar can say aught about the matter; and long before that time, who knows what may happen, or what plan I may hit upon to slide out of my bargain?" But Carl knew little of him with whom he had to deal, or he would scarcely have talked about sliding out of his bargain.

Well, next morning saw Carl and Uldewalla on their way to Bergen. Uldewalla proposed that they should take their provisions with them, and such little articles as they possessed; but Carl said there was no occasion for such strict economy, as he had a well stored warehouse and everything comfortable at Bergen; and although Uldewalla wondered at all her husband told her, she resolved to say nothing more about it just then; and so Carl and his wife followed the path through the skirts of the forest, sometimes diving into the deep solitude of the old pines, and sometimes emerging upon the sea-shore, till towards night they reached the side of a great Fiord [an arm of the sea], that ran many, many leagues inland; and Uldewalla looked up in her husband's face, as if to ask how they were to get over. But Carl pointed to a small creek just before them, where lay the very least boat, and the queerest shaped, that Uldewalla had ever seen: and Carl helped her into it and paddled her over. Uldewalla wished her husband to moor the boat, that the owner might find it again; but Carl, with a significant look, said, "Trust him for finding it;" and so the boat drifted from the Fiord towards the sea; and Carl and his wife pursuing their journey, arrived the same afternoon at Bergen.

Carl led Uldewalla to a good house, facing the harbor, where, as he had said, everything was prepared for their reception. A neighbor who had lived hard by brought the key, telling them that a good fire was lighted, for a tall gentleman, who engaged the house, had ordered everything to be got ready that evening; and adding—"The quantity of goods brought into the warehouse this day, is the wonder of all Bergen; they've been carried in as fast as boats could land them, and boatmen carry them; and the boatmen, they say, were all as like to each other as one cask they carried was to another."

Never, indeed, was a warehouse better stored than Carl Bluven's; casks of butter, casks of reindeer hams, casks of foreign spirits, jars of grated meat, and jars of spotted fish, all ready for sale or for export, were piled in rows one above another; and besides all there was a granary filled with as fine Dantzic corn as ever was seen in Bergen market. Carl drove all before him; and as everything that he sold was allowed to be prime, and as all that he bought was paid for in gold counted down, he was soon looked upon as a most considerable merchant, and the most moneyed man in Bergenhuus. It is true, indeed, that Carl had detractors. Some wondered where he came from; and others where he got his money; and to all who did much business with Carl, it was a matter of surprise, that all his payments were made in old coin, or strange coin, and not in the current money of the country. But prosperity always raises up enemies, and there are whisperers in Bergen as well as elsewhere. And Carl's gold was good gold, and none the worse for its age; and his payments were punctual; and so he soon rose above these calumnies.

To Uldewalla all this time it was a mighty agreeable change; in place of being a poor fisherman's wife clad in the coarse stuff of Stavanger, she was the *frou* of the richest merchant in Bergenhuus; with her silks from France, and muslins from England, and her furs, the richest that could be bought in the Hamburg markets.

And in good time Uldewalla became the mother of a girl so beautiful, that she was the admiration of her parents and the wonder of all Bergen. About the time of this event a cloud might be seen upon Carl's brow; but it wore off; and he was as fond and happy a father as any in all Bergenhuus; and as Uldewalla never gave him but this one, he was the prouder of the one he had.

Well might any one be proud of the little Carintha.

The purest of hearts was mirrored in the most beautiful of faces. But there was a seriousness in the depth of her large mild blue eyes, that was remarked by all who looked upon her; and in the gentle and courteous speech there was a sadness that never failed to reach the hearts of those upon whose ears her accents fell. And Carintha fell into greater beauty, and more and more and more won the affection of all who knew her; and at length she reached the verge of womanhood, and grew lovelier still, every day disclosing new charms, or adding another grace to those that had accompanied her from her infancy.

For the first fifteen years after Carintha was born, Carl was not only a thriving but a right merry merchant. His dealings grew more and more extensive; and in respect of wealth, he distanced all competition. Carl enjoyed himself also: he had his five meals every day; sour black bread was never seen in his house; he had his wheaten bread, and his dainty rye bread, sprinkled with caraway seeds; and his soup with spiced balls in it; and his white puddings, and his black puddings, and his coffee, aye, and his wine and cognac; and he hobnobbed with his neighbors, and sang *Gamlé Norge* [the national song of Norway], and, in short, enjoyed himself as the first merchant in Bergen might. But as Carintha grew up, Carl grew less merry: and when she had passed her sixteenth summer, and when Uldewalla, some little time after this, spoke to her husband about settling Carintha in the world, any one, to have looked into Carl's face at that time, would see that something extraordinary was passing within.

It was about a year after this that the son of the governor of Bergenhuus, Hamel Von Storgelven, cast his eyes upon Carintha, and became enamored of her. She, on her part, did not rebuke his advances, except with that maidenly timidity that is becoming; and all Bergen said there would

be a wedding. The governor liked the marriage, though Carintha was not a Froken [young lady of quality], calculating upon the wealth that would pass into his family : and as for Carl Bluven, rich as he was, he was elated at the thoughts of so high a connexion ; for Carintha having now passed her seventeenth year, and having heard nothing of a certain person, he began to treat all that had once passed as an old story ; and seeing his money bags about him, and his warehouses full of goods (goods as well as money all new and current—for he had long ago parted with all his first stock, in the way of trade)—there was nothing to remind him of his hut on the sea-coast, and what had happened there, and nothing but what might well breed confidence in any man : so that when sitting in his substantial house, with his substantial dinner before him, and his substantial townsmen round him, he would have thought little matter of tossing a glass of corn brandy in Kahlbrannar's face, if that individual had made so free as to intrude upon him. But the fancied security of the merchant was soon to be disturbed.

It was now the day before that upon which Carintha was to espouse Hamel Von Storgelven. The affair engrossed all Bergen ; for Carl Bluven was chief magistrate of the city, and never before were such preparations witnessed in Bergenhuus. Carl, above all, was in high spirits ; for although the bargain he had once made would sometimes intrude upon his thoughts, he had taught himself the habit of getting quickly rid of the recollection ; and, indeed, the multifarious business of the chief magistrate, and first merchant in Bergen, left him little leisure for entertaining the remembrance of old stories.

It was a fine sunshiny day—the day, as has been said, before the celebration of Carintha's nuptials—and Carl Bluven was standing on the quay with the other merchants

looking at the cheerful sight of the ships passing in and out, and the bales of goods landing, and chatting about city matters, and trade, and such like topics,—every one paying to Carl Bluven the deference that was due to one that was on the eve of being allied to the governor,—when suddenly all eyes were directed towards the harbor ; Carl's eyes followed the rest, and sure enough he saw something that might well create wonder in others, and something more in him.

"Where does it come from?" said one.

"What a singular build!" said another.

"Never was such a boat seen in Bergen harbor," said a third.

"And look at the helmsman," said a fourth ; "he's taller than the mast."

The seamen who were aboard the ships hurried to the sides of their vessels, and looked down as the small boat glided by with the tall mariner at the helm ; the porters laid down their burdens, and stared with wondering eyes ; even the children gave over their play, to look at the strange boat and the strange helmsman. As for Carl, he said nothing, but remained standing with the group of merchants. Meanwhile the boat touched the landing-place, and the tall mariner stepped out and ascended the steps that led to the quay. There was something in his appearance that nobody liked, and every one made way and stood back ; and he, with a singular sneer on his face, walked directly up to Carl Bluven, who had not fallen back like the rest, but manfully stood his ground, and was, therefore, a little apart from his companions. No one could distinctly hear what passed between the tall old strange mariner and the chief magistrate, though it may be well believed that the conference created no small wonder ; it was evident, however, that angry words pass-

ed between the two; the countenance of the mariner grew darker and darker; Carl's grew flushed and angry; and the bystanders thought they were about to proceed to extremities, when the mariner, darting a menacing scowl at his companion, turned away and descended into his boat, which he paddled out of the harbor, while every one looked after it, and asked of his neighbor the same question as before, "Where does it come from?" But no other but Carl Bluvén could have answered that question.

"I served him right!" said the chief magistrate, as he walked homewards: "fulfil my bargain, indeed! No, no; if he was such a simpleton as to fill my warehouse with goods, and my coffers with cash, upon a mere promise, I'm not such a fool as to keep it. Let me but keep on dry land, and I may snap my fingers at him; and by the ghost of King Kyrre, if I catch him again on the quay of Bergen, I'll clap him into the city jail."

So spoke the chief magistrate; and to do Carl Bluvén justice, he had no small liking to his daughter Carintha; and if he had had no prospect of so high an alliance, he would never have entertained the thought of decoying his child into the power of Kahlbrannar. He now, however, knew the worst. His promise could not bind Carintha in any way, who would be secure even against treachery, so soon as the wedding ring was placed upon her finger. But the mariner had told him, as plainly as words could, that having consented to her marriage with another, he had no mercy to expect, and bade him remember the white bones he had seen lying at the bottom of the Maelstrom.

It was Carintha's marriage-day; and a beautiful bride she went forth; her eyes were blue, and deep, and lustrous, as the heavens that looked down upon her; her smile was like an early sunbeam upon one of her own sweet valleys;

her blush like the evening rose-tint upon her snowy mountains; her bosom, tranquil, yet gently heaving, like the summer sea that girded her shores. Carintha went forth to her nuptials, having first recommended herself to God, who took her into his keeping; and the ring was placed upon her finger, and she was wed; and from that moment, the danger that hung over her from her birth being for ever gone by, the seriousness that all used to remark passed away for ever from her countenance and from her speech.

There is little doubt that if Carl Bluvén had kept his promise to the strange mariner, and decoyed Carintha into his power, God would have saved the child and punished the unnatural father by delivering him early into the hands of him with whom he had made so sinful a bargain. But, although it was wicked in Carl to make such a bargain, it would have been more wicked still to fulfil it: and Carl's refusal to do this, as well as the good use which he made of his money, and the creditable way in which he discharged the duties of chief magistrate, had, no doubt, weakened the power of Kahlbrannar over him, and therefore, prevented the success of the many stratagems resorted to for getting Carl into his power. And so for more than twenty years after the marriage of Carintha, Carl Bluvén continued to enjoy his prosperity, and to exercise, at due intervals, the office of chief magistrate: and he saw his grand-children grow around him: and at length buried his wife Uldewalla. But the penalty of the rash promise had yet to be paid.

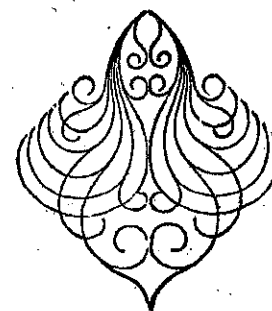
It chanced that Carl Bluvén—who, by the by, was now Carl Von Bluvén, having long ago received that dignity—was bidden to a feast at the house of a rich citizen, who lived just on the opposite side of the harbor. Although it was nearly half a league round the head of the harbor and across the drawbridge, Carl walked round, rather than trust himself across in a boat; a conveyance which, ever since

his interview on the quay, he had studiously avoided. It was a great feast; many bowls of bishop [a kind of mulled wine] were emptied, and many a national song roared in chorus; so that Carl, as well as the rest of the guests, began to feel the effects of their potations. In the midst of their conviviality, and when it nearly approached midnight, the merriment was suddenly interrupted by the hollow beat of the alarm drum; and all hastily arising, and running to the window, which looked out upon the harbor, Carl saw that his own warehouse was in flames. Carl was not yet tired of being a rich man, and so with only some hasty expressions of dismay, he hurried from the banquet, and ran at full speed towards the harbor. It, was as has been said, half a league round by the drawbridge: the merchant saw his well stored warehouse within a stone's throw of him, burning away—the fumes of wine were in his head—and without further thought, he leaped into a boat that lay just below, and pushed across.

Scarcely had Carl Bluven done this, when he recollected his danger. Paddle as he would, the boat made no way: what exertions the merchant made, and what were his thoughts, no one can tell. Some seamen were awoke by loud cries for help; and some who jumped out of their hammocks, told how they saw a boat drifting out of the harbor.

Two or three days after this event, the *Tellemarke*, free trader, arrived in Bergen, from Iceland, and reported "that but for a strong northerly breeze she would have been sucked into the Maelstrom; that a little before sunset, when within two leagues of the whirlpool, a small boat was seen drifting empty; and that soon after another, the smallest and strangest built boat that ever was seen, passed close under their bows to windward, paddling in the direction of the Maelstrom: that two mariners were in it; he at the helm

of an exceeding tall stature, and singular countenance; that the other cried out for help; upon which the ship lay to, and manned a boat with four rowers, but that with all their exertions, they were unable to gain upon the little boat, which was worked by a single paddle; and the boatmen, fearing that they might be drawn into the whirlpool, returned to the ship; and that just at sunset, they could descry the small boat, by the help of their glasses, steering right across the Maelstrom, as if it had been a small pond." Of all which extraordinary facts, the master of the "*Tellemarke*" made a deposition before the chief magistrate who filled the chair after Carl Bluven had disappeared in so miraculous a manner.





Vanderdecken's Message Home ;

OR, THE TENACITY OF NATURAL AFFECTION.

OUR ship, after touching at the Cape, went out again, and soon losing sight of the Table Mountain, began to be assailed by the impetuous attacks of the sea, which is well known to be more formidable there than in most parts of the known ocean. The day had grown dull and hazy, and the breeze, which had formerly blown fresh, now sometimes subsided almost entirely, and then recovering its strength, for a short time, and changing its direction, blew with temporary violence, and died away again, as if exercising a melancholy caprice. A heavy swell began to come from the south-east. Our sails flapped against the masts, and the ship rolled from side to side, as heavily as if she had been water-logged. There was so little wind that she would not steer.

At two P.M. we had a squall, accompanied by thunder and rain. The seamen, growing restless, looking anxiously a-head. They said we would have a dirty night of it, and that it would not be worth while to turn into their hammocks.

As the second mate was describing a gale he had encountered off Cape Race, Newfoundland, we were suddenly taken all aback, and the blast came upon us furiously. We continued to scud under a double reefed mainsail and foretop-sail till dusk ; but, as the sea ran high, the captain thought it safest to bring her to. The watch on ~~deck~~ consisted of four men, one of whom was appointed to keep a look-out a-head, for the weather was so hazy that we could not see two cables' length from the bows. This man, whose name was Tom Willis, went frequently to the bows, as if to observe something ; and when the others called to him, inquiring what he was looking at, he would give no definite answer. They therefore went also to the bows, and appeared startled, and at first said nothing. But presently one of them cried, " William, go call the watch."

The seamen, having been asleep in their hammocks, murmured at this unseasonable summons, and called to know how it looked upon deck. To which Tom Willis replied, " Come up and see. What we are minding is not on deck, but a-head."

On hearing this, they ran up without putting on their jackets, and when they came to the bows there was a whispering.

One of them asked, " Where is she ? I do not see her." To which another replied, " The last flash of lightning showed that there was not a reef in one of her sails ; but we, who know her history, know that all her canvas will never carry her into port."

By this time, the talking of the seamen had brought some of the passengers on deck. They could see nothing, however, for the ship was surrounded by thick darkness, and by the noise of the dashing waters, and the seamen evaded the questions that were put to them.

At this juncture the chaplain came on deck. He was a

man of grave and modest demeanor, and was much liked among the seamen, who called him gentle George. He overheard one of the men asking another, "If he had ever seen the Flying Dutchman before, and if he knew the story about her?" To which the other replied, "I have heard of her beating about in these seas. What is the reason she never reaches port?"

The first speaker replied, "They give different reasons for it, but my story is this: She was an Amsterdam vessel, and sailed from that port seventy years ago. Her master's name was Vanderdecken. He was a staunch seaman, and would have his own way, in spite of the devil. For all that, never a sailor under him had reason to complain; though how it is on board with them now, nobody knows; the story is this, that in doubling the Cape, they were a long day trying to weather the Table Bay, which we saw this morning. However, the wind headed them, and went against them more and more, and Vanderdecken walked the deck, swearing at the wind. Just after sunset, a vessel spoke him, asking if he did not mean to go into the Bay that night. Vanderdecken replied, "May I be eternally d—d if I do, though I should beat about here till the day of judgment!" And to be sure, Vanderdecken never did go into that bay; for it is believed that he continues to beat about in these seas still, and will do so long enough. This vessel is never seen but with foul weather along with her."

To which another replied, "We must keep clear of her. They say that her captain mans his jolly-boat, when a vessel comes in sight, and tries hard to get along-side to put letters on board, but no good comes to them who have communication with him."

Tom Willis said, "There is such a sea between us at present as should keep us safe from such visits."

To which the other answered: "We cannot trust to that, if Vanderdecken sends out his men."

Some of this conversation having been overheard by the passengers, there was a commotion among them. In the meantime, the noise of the waves against the vessel could scarcely be distinguished from the sounds of the distant thunder. The wind had extinguished the light in the binnacle, where the compass was, and no one could tell which way the ship's head lay. The passengers were afraid to ask questions, lest they should augment the secret sensation of fear which chilled every heart, or learn any more than they already knew. For while they attributed their agitation of mind to the state of the weather, it was sufficiently perceptible that their alarms also arose from a cause which they did not acknowledge.

The lamp of the binnacle being relighted, they perceived that the ship lay closer to the wind than she had hitherto done, and the spirits of the passengers were somewhat revived.

Nevertheless, neither the tempestuous state of the atmosphere, nor the thunder had ceased; and soon a vivid flash of lightning showed the waves tumbling around us, and, in the distance, the Flying Dutchman scudding furiously before the wind, under a press of canvass. The sight was but momentary, but it was sufficient to remove all doubt from the minds of the passengers. One of the men cried aloud, "There she goes top-gallants and all."

The chaplain had brought up his prayer-book, in order that he might draw from thence something to fortify and tranquillize the minds of the rest. Therefore, taking his seat near the binnacle, so that the light shone upon the white leaves of the book, he, in a solemn tone, read out the service for those distressed at sea. The sailors stood round with folded arms, and looked as if they thought it would be of

little use. But this served to occupy the attention of those on deck for a while.

In the meantime, the flashes of lightning becoming less vivid, showed nothing else, far or near, but the billows weltering round the vessel. The sailors seemed to think that they had not seen the worst, but confined their remarks and prognostications to their own circle.

At this time, the captain, who had hitherto remained in his berth, came on deck, and, with a gay and unconcerned air, inquired what was the cause of the general dread. He said he thought they had already seen the worst of the weather, and wondered that his men had raised such a hubbub about a capful of wind. Mention being made of the Flying Dutchman, the captain laughed. He said, "he would like very much to see any vessel carrying top-gallant-sails in such a night, for it would be a sight worth looking at." The chaplain, taking him by one of the buttons of his coat, drew him aside and appeared to enter into serious conversation with him.

While they were talking together the captain was heard to say, "Let us look to our own ship, and not mind such things;" and accordingly, he sent a man aloft, to see if all was right about the foretopsail yard, which was chafing the mast with a loud noise.

It was Tom Willis who went up; and when he came down, he said that all was tight, and that he hoped it would soon get clearer: and that they would see no more of what they were most afraid of.

The captain and first mate were heard laughing loudly together, while the chaplain observed, that it would be better to repress such unseasonable gaiety. The second mate, a native of Scotland, whose name was Duncan Saunderson, having attended one of the University classes at Aberdeen, thought himself too wise to believe all that the sailors said,

and took part with the captain. He jestingly told Tom Willis, to borrow his grandam's spectacles the next time he was sent to keep a look-out a-head. Tom walked sulkily away, muttering, that he would nevertheless trust to his own eyes till morning, and accordingly took his station at the bow, and appeared to watch as attentively as before.

The sound of talking soon ceased, for many returned to their berths, and we heard nothing but the clanking of the ropes upon the masts, and the bursting of the billows a-head, as the vessel successively took the seas.

But after a considerable interval of darkness, gleams of lightning began to reappear. Tom Willis suddenly called out, "Vanderdecken, again! Vanderdecken, again! I see them letting down a boat."

All who were on deck ran to the bows. The next flash of lightning shone far and wide over the raging sea, and showed us not only the Flying Dutchman at a distance, but also a boat coming from her with four men. The boat was within two cables' length of our ship's side.

The man who first saw her, ran to the captain, and asked whether they should hail her or not. The captain, walking about in great agitation, made no reply. The first mate cried, "Who's going to heave a rope to that boat?" The men looked at each other without offering to do any thing. The boat had come very near the chains, when Tom Willis called out, "What do you want? or what devil has blown you here in such weather." A piercing voice from the boat, replied in English, "We want to speak with your captain." The captain took no notice of this, and Vanderdecken's boat having come close alongside, one of the men came upon deck, and appeared like a fatigued and weather-beaten seaman, holding some letters in his hand.

Our sailors all drew back. The chaplain, however, look-

ing steadfastly upon him, went forward a few steps, and asked, "What is the purpose of this visit?"

The stranger replied, "We have long been kept here by foul weather, and Vanderdecken wishes to send these letters to his friends in Europe."

Our captain now came forward, and said as firmly as he could, "I wish Vanderdecken would put his letters on board of any other vessel rather than mine."

The stranger replied, "We have tried many a ship, but most of them refuse our letters."

Upon which, Tom Willis muttered, "It will be best for us if we do the same, for they say, there is sometimes a sinking weight in your paper."

The stranger took no notice of this, but asked where we were from. On being told that we were from Portsmouth, he said, as if with strong feeling, "Would that you had rather been from Amsterdam. Oh that we saw it again!—We must see our friends again." When he uttered these words, the men who were in the boat below, wrung their hands, and cried in a piercing tone, in Dutch, "Oh that we saw it again! We have been long here beating about: but we must see our friends again."

The chaplain asked the stranger, "How long have you been at sea?"

He replied, "We have lost our count; for our almanac was blown overboard. Our ship, you see, is there still, so why should you ask how long we have been at sea; for Vanderdecken only wishes to write home to comfort his friends."

To which the chaplain replied—"Your letters, I fear, would be of no use in Amsterdam, even if they were delivered, for the persons to whom they are addressed are probably no longer to be found there, except under very ancient green turf in the church-yard."

The unwelcome stranger then wrung his hands, and appeared to weep; and replied, "It is impossible. We cannot believe you. We have been long driving about here, but country nor relations cannot be so easily forgotten. There is not a raindrop in the air but feels itself kindred to all the rest, and they fall back into the sea to meet each other again. How, then, can kindred blood be made to forget where it came from? Even our bodies are part of the ground of Holland; and Vanderdecken says, if he once were come to Amsterdam, he would rather be changed into a stone-post, well fixed into the ground, than leave it again; if that were to die elsewhere. But, in the meantime, we only ask you to take these letters."

The chaplain, looking at him with astonishment, said, "This is the insanity of natural affection, which rebels against all measures of time and distance."

The stranger continued, "Here is a letter from our second mate, to his dear and only remaining friend, his uncle, the merchant who lives in the second house on Stuncken Yacht Quay."

He held forth the letter, but no one would approach to take it.

Tom Willis raised his voice, and said, "One of our men, here, says that he was in Amsterdam last summer, and he knows for certain, that the street called Stuncken Yacht Quay, was pulled down sixty years ago, and now there is only a large church at that place."

The man from the Flying Dutchman, said, "It is impossible, we cannot believe you. Here is another letter from myself, in which I have sent a bank-note to my dear sister, to buy some gallant lace, to make her a high head-dress."

Tom Willis hearing this, said, "It is most likely that her head now lies under a tombstone, which will outlast all the

changes of the fashion. But on what house is your bank-note?"

The stranger replied, "On the house of Vanderbrucker and Company."

The man, of whom Tom Willis had spoken, said, "I guess there will now be some discount upon it, for that banking-house was gone to destruction forty years ago; and Vanderbrucker was afterwards amissing. But to remember these things is like raking up the bottom of an old canal."

The stranger called out passionately, "It is impossible—we cannot believe it! It is cruel to say such things to people in our condition. There is a letter from our captain himself, to his much-loved and faithful wife, whom he left at a pleasant summer dwelling, on the border of the Haarlemer Mer. She promised to have the house beautifully painted and gilded before he came back, and to get a new set of looking-glasses for the principal chamber, that she might see as many images of Vanderdecken, as if she had six husbands at once."

The man replied, "There has been time enough for her to have had six husbands since then; but were she alive still, there is no fear that Vanderdecken would ever get home to disturb her."

On hearing this the stranger again shed tears, and said, if they would not take the letters, he would leave them; and looking around he offered the parcel to the captain, chaplain, and to the rest of the crew successively, but each drew back as it was offered, and put his hands behind his back. He then laid the letters upon the deck, and placed upon them a piece of iron, which was lying near, to prevent them from being blown away. Having done this, he swung himself over the gangway, and went into the boat.

We heard the others speak to him, but the rise of a sudden squall prevented us from distinguishing his reply. The

boat was seen to quit the ship's side, and, in a few moments, there were no more traces of her than if she had never been there. The sailors rubbed their eyes, as if doubting what they had witnessed, but the parcel still lay upon deck, and proved the reality of all that had passed.

Duncan Saunderson, the Scotch mate, asked the captain if he should take them up, and put them in the letter-bag? Receiving no reply, he would have lifted them if it had not been for Tom Willis, who pulled him back, saying that nobody should touch them.

In the mean time the captain went down to the cabin, and the chaplain having followed him, found him at his bottle-case, pouring out a large dram of brandy. The captain, although somewhat disconcerted, immediately offered the glass to him, saying, "Here, Charters, is what is good in a cold night." The chaplain declined drinking anything, and the captain having swallowed the bumper, they both returned to the deck, where they found the seamen giving their opinions concerning what should be done with the letters. Tom Willis proposed to pick them up on a harpoon, and throw it overboard.

Another speaker said, "I have always heard it asserted that it is neither safe to accept them voluntarily, nor when they are left to throw them out of the ship."

"Let no one touch them," said the carpenter. "The way to do with the letters from the Flying Dutchman is to case them up on deck, by nailing boards over them, so that if he sends back for them, they are still there to give him."

The carpenter went to fetch his tools. During his absence, the ship gave so violent a pitch, that the piece of iron slid off the letters, and they were whirled overboard by the wind, like birds of evil omen whirling through the air. There was a cry of joy among the sailors, and they ascribed the favorable change which soon took place in the weather,

to our having got quit of Vanderdecken. We soon got under way again. The night watch being set, the rest of the crew retired to their berths.



Story of Richard Falconer.*

I WAS born at Bruton, a market-town in Somersetshire, of parents in tolerably good circumstances. My mother having died while I was very young, I was left entirely to the charge of my father, who had been a great traveller in his youth, and frequently related his adventures abroad. This roused a desire in my mind to follow his steps. I often begged he would let me go to sea with some captain of his acquaintance; but he would reply, "Stay where you are; you know not the hazards and dangers that attend a sea life; think no more of going to sea, for I know it is only the desire of youth, prone to change: and if I should give you leave, one week's voyage would make you wish to

* This narrative is reprinted, with some slight alterations, from a rare old work, now little known, but which was a favorite with Sir Walter Scott in his younger days, as appears from the following observations made by him on the blank-leaf of a copy which had been in his possession:—"This book I read in early youth. I am ignorant whether it is altogether fictitious, and written upon Defoe's plan, which it generally resembles, or whether it is only an exaggerated account of the adventures of a real person. It is very scarce; for, endeavoring to add it to the other favorites of my infancy, I think I looked for it ten years to no purpose, and at last owed it to the active kindness of Mr. Terry: yet Richard Falconer's Adventures seem to have passed through several editions."

be at home again." It was with me as with many other heedless lads; I disregarded my father's advice, and used all the arguments I could think of to move him from his opposition, but without effect. At length, in consequence of certain family misfortunes, my father gave his consent to my departure. I now proceeded to Bristol, and by the recommendation of my parent to a Captain Pultney, was put on board the Albion frigate, Captain Wase commander; it was a trader bound for Jamaica, and set sail with a fair wind on the 2d of May, 1699. The vessel reached its destination in safety after a stormy, and to me far from pleasant voyage.

Finding our affairs would detain us here about half a year, I obtained leave of the captain to go in a sloop, with some of my acquaintances, to seek logwood on the South American coast, at the Bay of Campeachy; and on the 25th of September we set sail on this expedition. The manner of getting this wood is as follows:—A company of desperate fellows go together in a sloop, well armed, and land by stealth, to avoid an encounter with the Spaniards, to whom the country at that time belonged; but in case of any resistance, the whole crew attend on the cutters ready armed, to defend them. We sailed merrily on our course for six days together, with a fair wind towards the bay; but on the seventh, the clouds darkened, and the welkin seemed all on fire with lightning, and the thunder roared louder than ever I heard it in my life. In short, a dreadful hurricane approached. The sailors had furled their sails, and lowered their top-mast, waiting for it under a double-reefed foresail. At length it came with extreme violence, which lasted three hours, until it insensibly abated, and brought on a dead calm. We then loosed our sails in expectation of the wind, which stole out again in about half an hour. About six in the evening we saw a waterspout, an aerial cloud that draws up the salt water of the sea, and distills it

into fresh showers of rain. This cloud comes down in the form of a pipe of lead, of a vast thickness, and, by the force of the sun, sucks up a great quantity of water. I stood an hour to observe it. After it had continued about half an hour in the water, it drew up insensibly, by degrees, till it was lost in the clouds; but in closing, it shut out some of the water, which fell into the sea again with a noise like that of thunder, and occasioned a thick mist that continued for a considerable time.

October the 6th, we anchored at Trist island, in the Bay of Campeachy, and sent our men ashore at Logwood Creek, to seek for the logwood cutters, who immediately came on board. The bargain was soon struck; and in exchange for our rum and sugar, and a little money, we got in our landing in eight days, and set sail for Jamaica on the 15th day of October. Now, getting up to Jamaica again generally takes up two months, because we are obliged to ply it all the way to windward. I one day went down into the hold to bottle off a small parcel of wine I had there: coming upon deck again, I wanted to wash myself, but did not care to go into the water, so went into the boat astern that we had hoisted out in the morning to look after a wreck. Having washed and dressed myself, I took a book out of my pocket, and sat reading in the boat; when, before I was aware, a storm began to rise, so that I could not get up the ship's side as usual, but called for the ladder of ropes that hangs over the ship's quarter, in order to get up that way. Whether it broke through rottenness, as being seldom used, I cannot tell, but down I fell into the sea; and though the ship tacked about to take me up, yet I lost sight of them, through the duskiess of the evening and the storm. I had the most dismal fears that could ever possess any one in my condition. I was forced to drive with the wind, which, by good fortune, set in with the current; and having kept my-

self above water, as near as I could guess in this fright, four hours, I felt my feet every now and then touch the ground; and at last, by a great wave, I was thrown and left upon the sand. Yet, it being dark, I knew not what to do; but I got up and walked as well as my tired limbs would let me, and every now and then was overtaken by the waves, which were not high enough to wash me away. When I had got far enough, as I thought, to be out of danger, I could not discover anything of land, and I immediately conjectured that it was but some bank of sand that the sea would overflow at high tide; whereupon I sat down to rest my weary limbs, and fit myself for death; for that was all I could expect, in my own opinion; then all my sins came flying in my face. I offered up fervent prayers, not for my safety, because I did not expect any such thing, but for all my past offences; and I may really say I expected my dissolution with a calmness that led me to hope I had made my peace with Heaven. At last I fell asleep, though I tried all I could against it, by getting up and walking, till I was obliged, through weariness, to lie down again.

When I awoke in the morning, I was amazed to find myself among four or five very low sandy islands separated half a mile or more, as I guessed, by the sea. With that I began to be a little cheerful, and walked about to see if I could find anything that was eatable; but to my great grief I found nothing but a few eggs which I was obliged to eat raw. The fear of starving seemed to me to be worse than that of drowning; and often did I wish that the sea had swallowed me, rather than thrown me on this desolate island; for I could perceive, by the evenness of them, that they were not inhabited, either by man or beast or anything else but rats, and several sorts of fowl. Upon this island there were some bushes of a wood they call burton wood, which used to be my shelter at night; but, to complete my misery,

there was not to be found one drop of fresh water anywhere, so that I was forced to drink sea water for two or three days, which made my skin come off like the peel of a broiled codlin. At last my misery so increased that I often was in the mind of terminating my life, but desisted, from the expectation I had that some alligator or other ferocious creature would come and do it for me.

I had lived a week upon eggs only, when, by good fortune, I discovered a bird called a booby sitting upon a bush. I ran immediately, as fast as I could, and knocked it down with a stick. I never considered whether it was proper food, but sucked the blood and ate the flesh with such a pleasure as none can express but those who have felt the pain of hunger to the same degree as myself. After I had devoured this banquet, I walked about and discovered many more of these birds, which I killed. My stomach being now pretty well appeased, I began to consider whether I could not with two sticks make a fire, as I had seen the blacks do in Jamaica. I tried with all the wood I could get, and at last happily accomplished it. This done, I gathered some more sticks and made a fire, picked several of my boobies, and broiled them as well as I could; and now I resolved to come to an allowance.

At night, I and my fellow-inhabitants endured a great storm of rain and thunder, with the reddest lightning I had ever seen, which well washed us all, I believe. As for myself, my clothes, which were only a pair of thin shoes and thread stockings, and a canvas waistcoat and breeches, were soundly wet; but I had the happiness to find in the morning several cavities of rain water, which put in my head a thought of making a deep well, or hollow place, that I might have water continually by me, which I wrought to perfection in this manner:—I took a piece of wood, and pitched upon a place under a burton tree, where, with my hands and the

stick together, I dug a hole, or well, big enough to contain a hogshead of water; then I put in stones, and paved it, and got in and stamped them down hard all round, and with my stick beat the sides close, so that I made it capable of holding water. But the difficulty was how to get the water there, which I at length effected by means of a sort of bucket made from a part of my clothing. I now felt greatly cheered with my prospects, and thought I should not be very badly off for a while; for, besides the water for my drink, I had ready broiled forty boobies, designing to allow myself half a one a-day. I had a small Ovid, printed by Elzevir, which was in my trousers pocket when I was going up the ladder of ropes; and, by being pressed close, was not quite spoiled, but only the cover off, and a little stained with the wet. This was a great mitigation of my misfortune; for I could entertain myself with this book under a burton bush till I fell asleep. I remained always in good health, only a little troubled with the headache, for want of a hat, which I lost in the water in falling down from the ladder of ropes. But I remedied this as well as I could by gathering a parcel of chickenweed, which grows there in plenty, and strewing it over the burton bushes under which I sat. Nay, at last finding my time might be longer there than I expected, I tore off one of the sleeves of my shirt, and lined a cap that I had made of green sprigs, twisted with the green bark that I peeled off.

I had been here a month by reckoning, and in that time my skin looked as if it had been rubbed over with walnut shells. I several times thought to have swam to one of the other islands; but as they looked only like heaps of sand, I believed I had got the best berth, so contented myself with my present station. Of boobies I could get enough, which built on the ground, and another bird, that lay eggs, which I used to eat, but I never ventured to taste the eggs. I was

so well satisfied with my boobies, that I did not care to try experiments. The island which I was upon seemed to me to be about two miles in circumference, and was almost round. On the west side there was a good anchoring-place, the water being very deep within two fathoms of the shore. God forgive me! but I often wished to have had companions in my misfortune, and hoped every day either to have seen some vessel come that way, or a wreck, where, perhaps, I might have found some necessaries which I wanted. I used to fancy that if I should be forced to stay there long, I should forget my speech; so I used to talk aloud, ask myself questions and answer them. But if anybody had been by to have heard me, they would certainly have thought me bewitched, I often asked myself such odd questions. All this while I could not inform myself where I was, nor how near any inhabited place.

One morning, which I took to be the 8th of November, a violent storm arose, which continued till noon. In the meantime, I discerned a bark laboring with the waves for several hours; and at last, with the violence of the tempest, perfectly thrown out of the water upon the shore, within a quarter of a mile from the place where I observed them. I ran to see if there were anybody I could assist, when I found four men (being all there were in the vessel) busy about saving what they could. When I came up with them, and hailed them in English, they seemed mightily surprised. They asked me "how I came there, and how long I had been there?" When I told them my story, they were concerned for themselves as well as for me, for they found there was no possibility of getting their bark off the sands, the wind having forced her so far: with that we began to bemoan one another's misfortunes; but I must confess to you, without lying, I was never more rejoiced in my whole life, for they had on board plenty of everything, for a twelvemonth, and

not an article spoiled. Their lading, which was logwood, they had thrown overboard to lighten the ship, which was the occasion of the wind forcing her so far. Had they kept in their lading, they would have bulged in the sands half a quarter of a mile from the place where they did; and the sea, flying over them, would not only have spoiled their provisions, but perhaps have been the death of them all. By these men I understood to what place I had got, namely, one of the islands of the Alcranes, which are five islands, or rather large banks of sand, for there is not a tree or bush upon any but that on which we were. They lie in the latitude of twenty-two degrees north, twenty-five leagues from Yucatan, and about sixty from Campeachy town. We worked as fast as we could, and got at everything that would be useful to us before night. We had six barrels of salt beef, three of pork, two of biscuit, a small copper and iron pot, several wearing clothes and a spare hat, which I wanted mightily. We had, besides, several cags of rum, and one of brandy, and a chest of sugar, with many other things of use, some gunpowder, and one fowling-piece. We took off the sails from the yards, and, with some pieces of timber, raised a hut big enough to hold twenty men, under which we put their beds that we got from the bark. It is true we had no shelter from the wind, for the trees were so low that they were of no use. I now thought myself in a palace, and was as merry as if I had been in Jamaica, or even at home in my own country. In short, when we had been there some time, we began to be very easy, and to wait contentedly till Providence should fetch us out of this island. The bark lay upon the sands, fifty yards from the water when at the highest, so that I used to lie in her cabin, by reason there were no more beds ashore than were for my four companions, to wit, Thomas Randal of Cork, in Ireland, whose bed was largest, which he did me the favor to spare

a part of now and then, when the wind was high, and I did not care to lie on board; Richard White, William Musgrave of Kingston, in Jamaica, and Ralph Middleton of Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. These men, with eight others, set out of Fort Royal about a month after us, bound for the same place; but the latter, lying ashore, and wandering too far up the country, were met, as it is supposed, by some Spaniards and Indians, who set upon them in great number. Yet, nevertheless, by all appearance they fought desperately; for when Mr. Randal and Mr. Middleton went to seek for them, they found all the eight dead, with fifteen Indians and two Spaniards. All the Englishmen had several cuts in their heads, arms, breasts, &c., that made it very plainly appear they had sold their lives dearly. They were too far up in the country to bring down their dead, so they were obliged to dig a hole in the earth, and put them in as they lay, in their clothes. As for the Indians and Spaniards, they stripped them and left them above ground as they found them, and made all the haste to embark, for fear of any other unlucky accident that might happen. They set sail as soon as they came on board, and made the best of their way for Jamaica, till they were overtaken by the storm that shipwrecked them on Make-Shift Island, as I had named it.

Now, we had all manner of fishing-tackle with us, but we wanted a boat to go a little way from shore to catch fish; therefore we set our wits to work, in order to make some manner of float, and at last we pitched upon this odd project. We took six casks, and tarred them all over, then stopped up the bungs with corks, and nailed them close down with a piece of tarred canvas. These six casks we tied together with some of the cordage of the vessel, and upon them we placed the scuttles of the deck, and fixed them, and made it so strong, that two men might sit upon them; but for fear a storm should happen, we tied to one end of her a coil or two

of small rope, of five hundred fathoms long, which we fixed to a small stake on the shore. Then two of them went out (as, for my part, I was no fisherman) in order to see what success they should have, but returned with only one nurse, a fish so called, about two feet long, something like a shark, only its skin is very rough, and when dry will do the same office as a seal-skin. The same, boiled in lemon juice, is the only remedy in the world for the scurvy, by applying pieces of the skin to the calves of your legs, and rubbing your body with some of the liquor once or twice. We sent out our fishermen the next day again, and they returned with two old wives, and a young shark about two feet long, which were dressed for dinner, and they proved excellent eating. In the morning following we killed a young seal with our fowling-pieces. This we salted, and it ate very well after lying two or three days in the brine.

We passed our time in this Make-Shift Island as well as we could, and invented several games to divert ourselves. One day, when we had been merry, sorrow, as after gaiety often happens, stole insensibly on us all. I, as being the youngest, began to reflect on my sad condition, spending my youth on a barren land, without hopes of being ever redeemed. Whereupon Mr. Randal, who was a man of great experience, and had come through many sufferings, gave me considerable comfort in my affliction, both by a narrative of his own mishaps, and by a plan he laid before us of a means of getting off the island. "Mr. Falconer, and my fellow-sufferers," said he; "but it is to you," pointing at me, "that I chiefly address myself, as you seem to despair of a safe removal from this place, more than any other. Is not your condition much better now than you could have expected it to be a month ago? There is a virtue in manly suffering; as, to repine, seems to doubt of the all-seeing Power which regulates our actions. Our bark is strong and firm; and, by

degrees, I do not doubt but with time and much labor to get her into the water again. I have been aboard her this morning when you were all asleep, and examined her carefully inside and out, and fancy our liberty may soon be effected. I only wonder we have never thought before of clearing the sand from our vessel, which, once done, I believe we may launch her out into deep water."

Having spent the night in reflection on what had passed, the next morning we went to work to clear the sand from our vessel, which we continued working on for sixteen days together, resting only on Sunday, which at last we effected. The next thing we had to do was to get poles to put under our vessel to launch her out; which we got from the burton wood, but with much difficulty, as we were forced to cut a great many before we could get them that were fit for our purpose. After we had done this, we returned God thanks for our success hitherto; and on the day following, resolved to thrust off our vessel into the water; but we were prevented by Mr. Randal being taken ill of a fever, occasioned, as we supposed, by his great fatigue in working to free our ship from the sand, wherein he spared no pains to encourage us, as much by his actions as his words, even beyond his strength. The concern we were all in upon this, occasioned our delay in not getting our vessel out. Besides, one hand out of five was a weakening of our strength. Mr. Randal never thought of his instruments till now, when he wanted to let himself blood; but not feeling them about his clothes, we supposed they might have been overlooked in the vessel: so I ran immediately to see if I could find them; and, getting up the side, my very weight pulled her down to the sand, which had certainly bruised me to death if I had not sunk into the hollow that we had made by throwing the sand from the ship. I crept out in great fright, and ran to my companions, who, with much

ado, got her upright; and afterwards we fixed some spare oars on each side to keep her up from falling again; for the pieces of wood that were placed under her were greased, to facilitate her slipping into the water, and we had dug the sand so entirely from her, that she rested only on them, which occasioned her leaning to one side with my weight only. When we were entered into the vessel, and our endeavors to find the box of instruments were fruitless, we were all mightily concerned, for we verily believed that bleeding would have cured him; nay, even he himself said that if he could be let blood, he was certain his fever would abate, and he should be easier; yet to see with what a perfect resignation he submitted to the will of Heaven, would have inspired one with a true knowledge of the state good men enjoy after a dissolution from this painful life. He grew still worse and worse, but yet so patient in his sufferings, that it perfectly amazed us all. He continued in this manner a whole week, at the end of which time he expired. After our sorrow for his death was somewhat abated, we consulted how to bury him, and at last agreed on committing his body to the hole in the sand which I had dug for my well. After fulfilling this melancholy duty, the whole of our thoughts were bent on our vessel, and the means of escape from the island.

On Monday, the 31st of December, we launched our vessel out into the sea, and designed to set sail the next day from the island upon which we had been so long confined. After we had fixed her fast with two anchors and a hawser on shore, we went on board to dine and make ourselves merry, which we did very heartily; and, to add to our mirth, we made a large can of punch, which we never attempted to do before, as we had but one bottle of lime juice in all, which was what indeed we designed for this occasion. In short, the punch ran down so merrily, that we

were all in a drunken condition. When it was gone, we resolved to go to rest; but all I could do would not persuade them to lie on board that night in their cabins, yet without a bed: they would venture, though they were obliged to swim a hundred yards before they could wade to shore; but, however, they got safe, which I knew by their hallooing and rejoicing.

Having brought my bed on board, I went to rest very contentedly, which I did till next morning: but oh! horror! when I had dressed myself, and gone on deck to call my companions to come on board to breakfast, which was intended over night, and afterwards to go on shore and bring our sails and yards on board, and make to sea as fast as we could, I could not see any land! The vessel had driven from the shore, and was now on the broad ocean. The sudden shock of this catastrophe so overcame me, that I sunk down on the deck without sense or motion. How long I continued so I cannot tell, but I awoke full of the sense of my melancholy condition; and ten thousand times, in spite of my resolution to forbear, cursed my unhappy fate that had brought me to that deplorable state. Instead of coming on board to be frolicsome and merry, we should have given thanks to Him who gave us the blessing of thinking we were no longer subject to such hardships that we might probably have undergone if we had been detained longer on that island. I had no compass, neither was I, of myself, capable of ruling the vessel in a calm, much less in a storm, should it happen—a case not infrequent in this climate.

After I had vented my grief in a torrent of words and tears, I began to think how the vessel could have got to sea without my knowledge. By remembrance of the matter the night before, I found, by our eagerness and fatal carelessness, we had forgotten to fasten our cables to the geers; and, pulling up the hawser which we had fastened to one of

the burton trees on shore, I perceived that the force of the vessel had pulled the tree out of the earth. Then I, too late, found that a hurricane had risen when I was sound asleep and stupified with too much liquor. When I began to be something better contented in my mind, and thought of sustaining nature, almost spent with fatigue and grieving, one great comfort I had on my side, which my poor wretched companions wanted, was provisions in plenty, and fresh water; so that when I began to consider coolly, I found I had not that cause to complain which they had, for they were left on a barren island without any other provision than that very same diet which I was forced to take up with when first thrown on shore.

I remained tossed upon the sea for a fortnight, without discovering land; for the weather continued very calm, but yet so hazy, that I could not perceive the sun for several days. One day, searching for some linen that I had dropped under the sacking of my bed, for I did not lie in a hammock, I found a glove with seventy-five pieces of eight in it, which I took and sewed in the waistband of my trousers, for fear I should want it some time or other. I made no scruple in taking it, for I was well assured it had belonged to poor Mr. Randal. Besides, I had heard the other people say that they were sure that he had money somewhere; and, after his death, we searched for it, but could not find any. January the 20th, 1700, I discovered a sail near me, but she bore away so fast, that there was not any hope of succor from her, and I had not anything to distinguish me. I supposed, though I could see them, yet they could not see me, by reason of my want of sail, which would have made me the more conspicuous. The next day I discovered land, about six leagues to the south-west of me, which I observed my vessel did not come nigh, but coasted along shore. I was well assured it was the province of Yucatan, belonging

to the Spaniards, and was the place we came from. Now, all my fear was, that I should fall into their hands, who would make me do the work of a slave; but even that I thought was better than to live in continual fear of storms and tempests, or shipwreck.

I coasted along in this manner for two or three days, and at last discovered land right ahead, which I was very glad of; but yet mixed with fear, in not knowing what treatment I should have. On January the 30th, I made the bay and town of Francisco di Campeachy, as it proved afterwards, and was almost upon it before I was met by anything of a ship or a boat; but at last two canoes came on board, with one Spaniard and six Indians, who were much surprised when they learned my condition, by speaking broken French, which the Spaniard understood. They immediately carried me on shore, and thence to the governor, who was at dinner. They would have made me stay till he had dined; but he, hearing of me, commanded me to come in where he was at dinner with several gentlemen and two ladies; and though it is very rare any one sees the women in these countries, yet they did not offer to veil themselves. I was ordered to sit down by myself at a little table placed for that purpose, where I had sent me of what composed their dinner, which was some fish and fowls, and excellent wine of several sorts.

After they had feasted me for two or three days, they sent me about, with several officers appointed by the governor, to make a gathering; which was done with success, for in three days we had got seven hundred and odd pieces of eight; and two merchants there were at the charge of fitting up my bark, in order to send it for my poor companions, to hearten us up; as some bottles of fine wines, two bottles of citron water for a cordial, chocolate, and several other useful things; but the difficulty was to get seamen to

go with me. At last they remembered they had five Englishmen that were prisoners there, and taken in the Bay of Campeachy upon suspicion of piracy, but nothing could be proved against them, whom they freed without any ransom. I indeed received as much humanity among them as could be expected from any of the most civilized nations.

All things being prepared, on the 15th of February 1700 we set sail from Campeachy Bay, after paying my acknowledgments to the generous governor; but having nothing to present him worth acceptance but my Ovid, I gave him that, which he took very kindly, and said he would prize it mightily not only in the esteem he had for that author, but in remembrance of me and my misfortunes. We plied it to windward very briskly, and in fifteen days discovered the isles of the Alcranes; but we durst not go in with the shoals, because we were all ignorant of the channel. So we cast anchor, and hoisted out our boat, with two men and myself, and made to shore, where we found my three companions, but in a miserable condition, and Mr. Musgrave so faint and weak, that they expected he would not live long.

They mentioned to me, that when they awaked, after I had drove off in the vessel in the dark from the island, they were all in despair to find the ship gone, which they perceived was occasioned by a hurricane, that they were assured was violent, because it had blown down their tent, though without awaking them. When they began to consider they had no food, and but very little fresh water, which was left in a barrel without a head in the tent, their despair increased. As no passion, however, can last long that is violent, it wore off with their care for sustenance, which they diligently searched for; and not finding any quantity of eggs or boobies, the dreadful fear of starving came into their minds, with all its horrid attendants. They had been five days without eating or drinking; for the boobies were

retired, out of fear or custom, to some other place; neither could they find one egg more; and weakness came so fast upon them, with hunger and drought, that they were hardly able to crawl, so they thought of nothing but dying; when, at last, they remembered the body of good Mr. Randal, that had been buried a week, which they dug up without being putrified; and that poor wretch, that helped to support our misfortunes when alive with his sage advice, now was a means of preserving their life, though dead. We arrived in time to save them from continuing this horrid cannibalism, and having seen the remains of my old friend once more consigned to the tomb, we all got on board our vessel, in order to sail as soon as the wind would rise, it being perfectly calm, and continued so for two days. At last it blew a little, and we weighed anchor, and stood out to sea, but made but little way.

I was now master or captain of a ship, and began to act accordingly. We were nine men, all English; that is, myself first, Richard White, W. Musgrave, and Ralph Middleton, my old companions; John Stone, W. Keater, Francis Hood, W. Warren, and Joseph Meadows (all of England), the five men given me by Don Antonio, who, as I said before, were taken on suspicion of piracy; whereupon a thought came into my head that had escaped me before. I considered if these were really pirates, being five to four, they might be too powerful for us, and perhaps murder us. One day we all dined together upon deck under our awning, it being very calm weather. I then asked the five men what was the reason that they were taken by the Spaniards for pirates? Upon this they seemed considerably at a loss; but Warren soon recovered himself, as well as the rest, and spake for the others in this manner:—"We embarked on board the ship *Bonaventure* in the Thames, bound for Jamaica, whither we made a prosperous voyage; but after

taking in our lading, in our way home we were overtaken by a storm, in which our ship was lost, and all the men perished, except myself and four companions, who were saved in the long-boat. But the reason we were taken for pirates was, that, going on shore to save ourselves, we saw a bark riding at anchor without the port of Campeachy, which we made to, in order to inquire whereabouts we were, and to beg some provisions, our own being gone. On entering the vessel, we found but two people in it; the third, jumping into the water, swam on shore, and brought three boats filled with Spanish soldiers, who came on board before we could make off." "Make off!" said I; "what! did you design to run away with the vessel?" "No," answered Warren with some confusion, "but we did design to weigh anchor, and go farther in-shore, that we might land in the morning, it being late at night."

I must confess I did not like the fellow hesitating now and then, as if not knowing what to say; but, upon consideration, thought it might be for want of words to express himself better; so for that time I took no more notice, not weighing it in my mind; but in the evening Mr. Middleton came to me with a face of concern, and told me he did not like these fellows' tale. "Why so?" said I. "Because I observe they herd together," answered he, "and are always whispering and speaking low to one another. If a foreboding heart may speak, I am sure we shall suffer something from these fellows that will be of danger to us."

Upon this I began to stagger in my opinion of their honesty, and therefore we resolved to stand upon our guard. We took no notice of our conference then to our two other companions, but resolved to stay till night, having a better opportunity then, as we lay together in the cabin aft. When we were to go to supper, we called one another to come; but five of the sailors excused themselves by saying

they had dined so lately that they had no stomach yet; whereupon we had an opportunity sooner to converse together than we designed; for, being at supper, we opened the matter to our other two companions, and they agreed immediately that we were in some danger; so we resolved in the middle watch of the night to seize them in their sleep. We were to have the first watch, which we set at eight o'clock; then they were to watch till twelve; and then, in the third watch, between one and two, we had concluded to seize upon them as they slept; that is, four of them; for one of them watched with us, which was Frank Hood, the cook, whom we agreed to seize and bind fast towards the latter end of the watch, and to threaten him with death if he offered to make the least noise.

As soon as ever our first watch was set, we sent Mr. Musgrave to prepare our arms. In about half an hour, or thereabouts, Warren called to Hood upon deck (they lying below) to get him a little water, for he was very dry, he said; whereupon the other went down immediately with some water in a can to him. As soon as he was gone down I had the curiosity to draw as near the scuttle as I could, to hear the discourse. Now, you must know, Hood our cook had been employed that day in examining our provisions, our beef casks and pork, to see what quantity we had, that we might know how long it could last; so that the others had not an opportunity to disclose the design to him. As soon as he had got down, I could hear Will Warren say to him, "Hark ye, Frank, we had liked to have been smoked to-day; and though we had contrived the story that I told you, yet I was a little surprised at their asking me, because then I did not expect it; but we design to be even with them in a very little time; for, hark ye——" said he, and he spoke so low that I could not hear him: upon which the other said, "There is no difficulty in the matter; but we

need not be in such haste, for you know, as we ply it to windward, a day or two can break no squares, and we can soon (after effecting our design) bear down to leeward to our comrades that we left on shore; for I fancy," added he, "that they have some small suspicion of you now, which in time will sleep, and may be on their guard: therefore it is better to wait a day or two." "No; we'll do it to-night when they are asleep," replied Warren; whereupon there were many arguments *pro* and *con*. as I fancied. A little while after Hood came up again; and after walking up and down, and fixing his eyes often upon me, who in the meantime was provided with a couple of pistols under my watch-coat, and which indeed were their own, that we had hung up ready charged in our cabin (which was one reason of their design to attack us in our sleep). Hood, as I said before, seemed to fix his eyes frequently on me; for, till now, I never watched in the night. At last, said he very softly, "If you please, Mr. Falconer, I have a word or two to say to you that much concerns you all." "What is it?" said I. "Why," answered he, "I would have the rest of your companions ear-witnesses too." With that I called them together; "but," said he, "let us retire as far from the scuttle as we can, that we may not be heard by any below deck." So we went into the cabin, and opened the scuttle above, that Mr. Musgrave, who steered, might hear what was said. When we had sat down upon the floor, Hood began as follows:—"My four companions below have a wicked design upon you; that is, to seize you, and put you into the boat, and run away with the vessel; but I think it is an inhuman action, not only to any one, but to you in particular, that have been the means of their freedom." Upon this (finding his sincerity) I told him that we were provided against it already; and, with the consent of my companions, I told him of our design of seizing them in the third watch. "But,"

said he, "they intend to put their project in practice their next watch; therefore I think 'twill be more proper for us to counter-plot them, and seize them at once." "As they have no arms," said I, "and we have, we need not fear them."

We had several debates about this, which took up too much time, to our sorrow; for Warren mistrusting Hood, it seems, got up and listened; and when he found that we retired all of us, to the cabin, he got upon deck, and, stealing softly, came so close, that he overheard everything we said, which, as soon as he understood, he went immediately to his companions, who waited impatiently, as they told us afterwards, and let them know all our discourse; whereupon, without pausing, they resolved to attack us immediately, in the midst of our consultation; which was no sooner resolved upon than done; for we were immediately surprised with their seizing us, which they did with that quickness, and so unperceivable, that we were all confounded and amazed: they had got off two pistols in our consternation, which they clapped to our breasts. In this confusion I had forgotten mine that were at my girdle (or else we might have been hard enough for them); neither did I remember them till they found them about me. They shut the cabin door on the inside till they had bound us, and never heeded Mr. Musgrave's knocking and making a noise, till they had secured us; which done, they opened the door and seized him, who came to know what the matter was, for we had no candle in the cabin; and he, hearing a noise amongst us, thought we were seizing Hood, and called to us to forbear (as he said afterwards), and make haste, for he was going to tack about, though we did not hear him; on which he clapped the helm a-lee, and came down to fetch us out to haul off the sheets, &c., and was seized; and the sails fluttered in the wind, by reason she was veering round when the helm was a-lee.

After they had fixed the vessel, and it was broad day, they came and unbound our legs, and gave us leave to walk upon deck: whereupon I began to expostulate with them, particularly Warren, as he seemed to have a sort of command over the others. "And what," said I to him, "do you design to do with us, now you have your desire?" "Do with you! why, by and by we design to put you into the boat, and turn you adrift; but for that Hood, we'll murder him without mercy! A dog, to betray us! But as you have not so much injured us, we'll put you immediately into the boat, with a week's provision and a small sail, and you shall seek your fortune, as I suppose you would have done by us." "No," answered I; "we only designed to confine you till we came to Jamaica, and there to have given you your liberty to go where you had thought fit: put us ashore at any land that belongs to the English, and we will think you have not done us an injury." "No," said he; "we must go to meet our captain and fifty men upon the mainland of Yucatan, where our vessel was stranded, not to be gotten off. Our first design, when we were taken in our boat, was to get us a vessel to go a-buccaneering, which we had done at Campeachy, if it had not been for the Indian that swam on shore, unknown to us, and brought succors too soon."

When they had got everything ready—that is to say, a barrel of biscuit, another of water, about half a dozen pieces of beef, and as much pork, a small kettle and a tinder-box—we were better provided than we expected, by much: besides, they granted us four cutlasses and a fowling-piece, with about four pounds of powder, and a sufficient quantity of shot; together with all poor Mr. Randal's journals, after their perusing them, and finding them of no use. When this was done, Warren ordered them to tie Hood to the mast of the vessel, and was charging a pistol to shoot him

through the head, not considering it was charged before; for it was one of them I had at my girdle, and which they took from me; but in his eagerness and heat of passion, he did not mind it. We all entreated for the poor fellow, and he himself fell upon his knees, and begged, with all the eloquence he had, to spare him, and let him go with us; but Warren swore bitterly nothing should save him. With that he cocked his pistol, and levelled it at Hood; but firing, it split into several pieces, and one struck Warren into the skull so deep, that it almost killed him on the spot. One of the bullets grazed upon the side of my temple, and did but just break the skin. As for Hood, he was not hurt, but, with the fright and noise of the pistol (as we supposed), labored with such an agony of spirit, that he broke the cords that tied him by the arms, though as thick as a middle finger, and fell down, but rose immediately; and not finding himself hurt, ran to us, and unbound our arms, unperceived by the other two, who were busy about the unfortunate Warren; and though they were called to by the man that steered (who ran immediately to prevent it), yet they did not mind it, they were so concerned about Warren. Before he that steered came, Hood had unbound me, and stopped the fellow (Meadows) by giving him a blow with his fist that knocked him down. In the meantime I had unbound White, Musgrave, and Middleton, and we went and seized upon the other two pirates, as now we called them nothing else.

After we had bound them in our turn, we went to see what assistance could be given to Warren, when we found that a piece of the barrel of the pistol had sunk into his skull, and that he was just expiring; but yet he sat up with great resolution. "You have overpowered us," said he, "and I likewise see the hand of Heaven is in it. I was born of good honest parents, whose steps, if I had followed, would

have made my conscience easy to me at this time ; but I forsook all religion ; and now, too late, I find that to dally with Heaven is fooling one's self ; but yet in this one moment of my life that is left, I heartily repent of all my past crimes, and rely upon the Saviour of the world, that died for our sins, to pardon mine." With that he crossed himself and expired. I must confess that I was very sorry for the unhappy accident of his death, but yet glad that we were at liberty, and felt something easy that the poor soul repented before his expiring.

After we had secured the others, we threw Warren overboard, and bore to the wind ; for after our first tacking about in the morning, when the bustle happened, they bore away with tack at cat-head, as being for their purpose. The three men that were left, desired us to let them have the boat, and go seek their companions, which we refused, not having hands enough to carry our vessel to Jamaica. But we promised them, if they would freely work in the voyage, they should have their entire liberty to go where they thought fit, without any complaints against them. Upon this we began to be a little sociable, as before ; and they all declared that what they did was at the instigation of Warren.

The next day we discovered a ship to windward of us, that bore down upon us with crowded sails. We filled all the sails we had, and endeavored to get away from her as fast as we could, but all to no purpose. We saw they gained upon us every moment ; and therefore seeing it was not possible for us to escape, we backed our sails, and laid by for them, that they might be more civil if they were enemies. As soon as ever they came up with us they hailed us, and ordered us to come on board, which we durst not deny ; when Mr. Musgrave and I, with Hood and White for rowers, went on board them. We found by Hood's knowin-

them that they were his captain and comrades. Now, as Hood said, we did not know how we should behave ourselves, or what we should say about Warren ; but we only told the captain how we met with his men, and that they were redeemed upon my account. He never asked particularly for Warren, but how they all did ; and when they sent on board to search our vessel, they soon came to the truth, for the other three told them the story, though not with aggravated circumstances ; upon which poor Hood was tied to the mainmast, lashed with a cat-o'-nine-tails most abominably, and, after that, pickled in brine, which was more pain than the whipping ; but it kept his back from festering, which it might otherwise have done, because they flay the skin at every stroke, and then wash it with brine, which is called whipping and tickling. After this they would not keep him among them, but sent for the other three men from our vessel, and ordered us all on board, with another of their men, who was ill of a dangerous fever, which they feared might prove infectious. They did not take anything from us, as we expected at first ; only gave us this sick man to look after, which we were very contented with ; so we parted with them, very well satisfied, but much better when we were out of sight, fearing they had forgotten themselves, and would send for us back, and take our provisions from us, or one mischief or another ; for pirates do not often use to be so courteous.

Two nights after we had parted from the pirate, we encountered a dreadful storm, that lasted two days without abating ; and our poor bark, which was none of the best, was tumbled and tossed about like a tennis ball ; yet we received no damage but that she would not answer the helm ; so we were obliged to let her go before the tempest, and trust to the mercy of Heaven for relief. We, in the middle of the storm, discovered land right ahead, which put us all

into our panics. We endeavored to bring our vessel to bear up to the wind, but all to no purpose; for she still drove nearer the shore, where we discovered several tokens of a shipwreck, as pieces of broken masts, and barrels swimming on the water, and a little further, men's hats. Then we began to think that we certainly should run the same fate—when, as soon as thought, our bark was driven on shore in a smooth sandy bay, where we had opportunity to quit her; which was happy for us, for the sea washed over her with such violence, that we had not any hopes of her escaping the storm, and thought, of course, we should be torn to pieces.

When we were ashore, we all concluded it could be no other land but the south of Cuba island, belonging to the Spaniards. We were then in a terrible fright lest we were near any place that belonged to the Indians; for Musgrave assured me that Indians dwelt in some parts of the south side of Cuba in spite of the Spaniards, and massacred them wherever they encountered them, or any other whites. We remained all night in great fear; and though we found the storm abated, or rather a calm succeeded, yet we durst not stir till the moon rose, and then we walked towards our vessel, which we found all on one side; but, by good fortune, most of our provisions were dry, which mightily rejoiced us. But all the vessel's rigging and masts were shattered and torn to pieces, and some part of her quarter wrung off, so that she could not be of any use to us if we could have got her upright. We took out all our provisions and our arms, with two barrels of gunpowder that were dry, the rest being damaged with water and sand that had got in. We had arms enough, as having those that belonged to the three sailors that were taken in the pirate, which we supposed they had forgotten; so we were six men well armed, with each a musket, a case of pistols, and a bayonet, besides two cut-

lasses, if we should need them. By the time we had taken everything out, day approached, and then we designed altogether, well armed, to go and view the country. John Rouse was very well recovered of his fever, but a little weak; yet his heart was as good as the best of us; so we resolved if we were set upon by Indians, to defend-ourselves to the last drop of blood, choosing rather to die by their hands in fight than to be tortured after their usual manner.

When we had placed our provisions, and other necessities, safe behind a tuft of trees that grew close by the water side, we fixed our arms, and ventured to walk up into the country, which we did almost every way that day, four or five miles, but could not discover any living creature, nor any sign of inhabitants; only in one place the grass seemed to be lately trodden, but whether by man or beast, we could not discover; so, being tired, we went back again to our station, where we ate heartily, and at night we laid ourselves upon the grass, and fell asleep; for we durst not lie upon the sails we had got for that purpose, as they were not dry, though spread all day long.

I was awakened the next morning by a company of lizards creeping over me, which is an animal frightful enough to look at, but very harmless, and great lovers of mankind. They say that these creatures (if any person lie asleep, and any voracious beast, or the alligator, which comes on shore often, is approaching the place where you lie) will crawl to you as fast as they can, and, with their forked tongues, tickle you till you awake, that you may avoid, by their timely notice, the coming danger. I got up, being roused by these animals, and looked about me, but saw nothing except an odd kind of snake, about two feet long, having a head something like a weasel, and eyes fiery like a cat; as soon as it spied me it ran away, and my dog after it, but he did not kill it.

We now resolved on another walk to discover what inhabitants were our neighbors, whether Indians or Spaniards; if Indians, we designed to patch up our boat, which had several holes in it, and make off as fast as we could, and row northward, till we came to some place inhabited by Spaniards; but if we found the latter, to beg protection, and some means to get to Jamaica; whereupon we ventured out with these resolutions.

We had not gone far before my dog began to bark, when, turning my head on one side, I beheld a black approaching us; and being startled at the sight, I cocked my piece and resolved to fire at him; but he called to me in English, and told me he did not come to do me any harm, but was a poor distressed Englishman that wanted food, and was almost starved, having eaten nothing but wild fruit for four days. Upon that I let him come near, when he was soon known by Rouse to be William Plymouth, the black trumpeter to the captain that commanded the pirate ship. Upon this, knowing him, we sat down and gave him some provision, which we had brought with us, because we designed to be out all day.

After he had refreshed himself a little, we asked him how he came into this island? To which he answered, "We were cruising about Cuba, in hopes of some Spanish prize, when a storm arose and drove us upon a rock, where our ship was beaten to pieces, and not above eighteen men saved, beside the captain." "And did that wicked wretch escape the shipwreck?" said I. "Yes," answered Plymouth, "but to undergo a more violent death; for as soon as ever we landed, we wandered up the country to seek for some food, without any weapons but a few cutlasses, having lost our firearms; but, however, we all got something or other to defend ourselves on shore, as long clubs, which we took from the trees we found in our walks. Our captain resolved, if he met

with any Indian or Spanish huts, he would murder all that he found in them, for fear they should make their escape and bring more upon us. Thus he encouraged his men to follow him with their clubs: 'We will walk,' said he, 'till we find some beaten path, and there lie hid till night, when we may go on to some house, and come upon them undiscovered, by which means we may get provision and other arms;' for the Indians of Cuba use firearms as well as the Spaniards, and are fully as dexterous in using them as any Europeans. After travelling about ten miles to the north-west, we discovered a path, upon which a halt was commanded; and we retired into the woods again till night, and dined upon what fruits we could get upon the trees.

"About two hours before night, a dog smelled us out, and, running away from us, barked most furiously. Upon that we were afraid of being discovered, which fear proved true; for in half an hour, or thereabouts, after the dog left us, we were saluted with several arrows and musket-shot, that killed three men and wounded me in the foot; but it proved the means of saving my life; for as soon as our men had perceived what had happened, they ran as hard as they could to meet the danger, knowing they could do no good till they came to handy-blows. I, in endeavoring to follow them, found my hurt, which prevented me keeping up with the rest; but I could hear and see them at it. About two hundred Indians set upon our men, and in half an hour killed them every one. I saw the captain lay about him desperately; but at last he fell, being run through the throat with a wooden stake. As soon as ever the Indians had conquered, or rather murdered them, they fell to stripping them as fast as they could, and carried them off, together with their own dead, which were many; for the English sold their lives very dearly.

"After they were gone, I ventured to steal out from be-

hind a row of bushes where I had placed myself to see what had happened. I went to the place of battle, where I found two of our men that they had left, with all their arms; so I took up one of their best muskets and a cutlass, and made farther into the wood, for fear of being caught; which I had certainly been if I had stayed a quarter of an hour longer; for I soon heard them whooping, screaming, and hallooing back, to fetch the other two bodies and their arms, as I conjectured.

"I walked as far as my injured foot would let me that night, and out of the danger of the Indians, as I thought; and then laid me down to sleep as well as I could, being very hungry and sadly tired, and slept very well till morning, when I proceeded forward in my painful journey, and directed my course north-east, thinking that was the best way to avoid the Indians, and probably to meet with some Spaniards, who I knew inhabited towards the north; the Havannah, the capital city of the whole island, being seated there. I wandered for four days, eating nothing but fruit in the woods; but, laying myself down about an hour ago to rest myself a little, I thought I heard the tongues of Englishmen, which, to my great joy, proved true. I left my musket behind the bushes, for fear of alarming you; but now, after returning God and you thanks for this timely nourishment, I'll go and fetch it;" which he did; and it might be easily known to be an Indian piece, for it was rudely carved all over with several figures of birds and beasts.

"Now," said I to my companions, "you see the reward of wickedness. The pirate was not suffered to go on long in his crimes; for though justice has leaden feet, yet they always find she has iron hands."

After poor Plymouth had refreshed himself, we set forward, and walked along till we came to a road that seemed to be the main road of the island. Here we consulted

what we should do; whether we should go on or return for more provision. We resolved to go a little distance from the road, for fear we should meet with more of the Indians, and run the same fate with the other Englishmen. But Plymouth told us we were a great way from the place where his countrymen were killed (for Plymouth, though born in Guinea, would always call himself an Englishman, being brought over very young); so we resolved, one and all, to venture.

We sent up prayers to the Almighty for our safety, and went on with an idea that we should come off with success; but we had not gone far when we heard the reports of several muskets, and shouting in a barbarous manner, behind us. Looking that way, we saw a mulatto riding as fast as his mule could carry him. When he came up to us he stopped, and cried in Spanish, "Make haste! run!—the Indians are coming upon you; they have killed several Spaniards already and are fighting with them!" Mr. Musgrave, who understood Spanish very well, interpreted what he said to us, and asked how far they were off. He answered, "Just by:" and hearing another shout, put spurs to his mule and left us in an instant. We found by the shouting and the firing, that they would be immediately upon us; so we retired out of the road to let them pass, and lay down upon the ground that they might not discover us. Immediately came by about twenty Spaniards on horseback, pursued by nearly a hundred Indians. Just as they came by us, one Spaniard dropped, and crept into a bush on the other side of the road; and presently the Indians followed, shouting in a horrid manner, and overtook the Spaniards again, who, being very swift of foot, outran an ordinary horse; and they had thrown away their firearms, to make them the lighter to run, as we supposed. The Spaniards knew they would soon overtake them, so only ran to charge their pistols, and

stayed till they came up; then discharged them to put them in confusion, and then ran again to prolong the time in the hopes of some aid. All this we understood from the Spaniard who crept into the bush undiscovered by the Indians, he being the foremost in the flight. He told us, moreover, that, about three leagues further, there was a fort belonging to the Spaniards, to stop the Indians, they using to make inroads before that fort was built even to the gates of the city of Havannah. Upon this we consulted, and resolved to follow on the edge of the road, to see if we could be useful. We soon came even with them; for they were in a narrow place, and the Spaniards kept them at bay pretty well. By good fortune there was a high hedge, made by trees, all along as we went, which hindered us from being discovered. Here we resolved to fire upon them altogether, and then run further up, and, if possible, get out into the road and face them.

Accordingly, we agreed to fire four and three, and the first four to charge again immediately. Mr. Musgrave, Mr. Middleton, Mr. White, and myself, agreed to fire first; then Hood, Rouse, and Plymouth; which, as soon as we had taken good aim, we did; and, firing at their backs, killed four downright, and wounded several; for I had ordered them to put two bullets into each piece. As soon as we had fired our muskets, we let fly one pistol each, and then the other three fired their guns. After a good deal of fighting and skirmishing, we put the savages completely to the rout. However, we took four of them prisoners, and tying their hands behind them, fastened them to two of our foremost horses, the rest following after, that they might not get loose.

We were met on the road by twenty Spanish horse, each with a foot soldier behind, upon the full gallop to our assistance, having been alarmed by the mulatto that rode by;

but I believe some were glad they came too late. The officers and the rest saluted us very courteously when they heard how luckily we came to their assistance; but they fell a-whipping the poor naked Indians so barbarously, that, though they deserved it, I could not bear to see it done; and though the blood followed every lash, yet they never cried out.

We were well entertained at a gentleman's house at dinner, with provision dressed after the English way, and all manner of sweetmeats and cool wines. As soon as we had dined, we were obliged to get upon horseback, and away for the Havannah, which we reached about six o'clock in the evening. We had rooms allotted us; and several Englishmen and Irishmen who lived there came to see us.

I met there with a priest, who I am sure harbored nothing of cruelty in his breast, for he came to see us every day, and in such a friendly manner, that charmed us all. He was always sending one good thing or other, and would take us to divert us abroad. He understood Latin very well, and some English. On the Sunday he preached an excellent sermon in Spanish, in order to excite charity in the auditors, and let us have what was necessary for carrying us to Jamaica. The next day he brought us the value of £50 in Spanish dollars, which were collected at the church doors for us. There was a small vessel upon the stocks, that was bought of the owners for us, and a collection made in the town for money to pay for it. This was very agreeable news, and we were told our vessel was ready, and therefore might be going when we pleased. It was as neat a one as ever was built by the Spaniards, and carried between thirteen and fourteen tons. We had all sorts of provisions sent on board for half a year or more, so that we only stayed for the wind to rise, it being quite a calm. While we remained there, the

four unfortunate Indians were executed in the midst of the parade.

When all was over, Father Antonio took us home to his lodgings, to give us a small collation for the last time, as the next day we all designed to lie on board, in expectation of the wind rising. In the morning we paid our hearty acknowledgments to all our benefactors, and went on board; where we had not been a quarter of an hour, before an extraordinary message came from the governor for Plymouth, our black, who went with them without any hesitation, and returned with a present from the governor of several bottles of rack, Spanish wines, fowls, rice, and brandy, with twenty pieces of Spanish gold, as the messenger told us, in recompense for the loss of our companion; for the governor had sent for Plymouth to know if he would serve him in quality of his trumpeter, and a pension should be settled on him for life. Plymouth thought fit to accept of it, as having no master, nor knowing when he should have one; but he got leave to come on board to bid us farewell, which he did in a very affectionate manner; so we parted with Plymouth, and with hearty thanks commended ourselves to Father Antonio for all his favors. Plymouth had a trumpet given him by the governor as soon as he came on shore, which he brought with him, and so sounded all the way in the boat as he went back again, to oblige us; for really he sounded extraordinarily well, and had learned on several other instruments, having a tolerable knowledge of music. The wind rising, we weighed anchor, and left port with three huzzas and a volley of small arms (having no cannon), and in two days lost sight of the island of Cuba.

The weather continued favorable, so that we arrived at Jamaica without meeting anything remarkable in our passage. As soon as we had cast anchor, I ordered the boat to be made ready to carry me on board my own ship, which

I saw riding there. But when I got up the ship's side, I found my clothes selling at the mast at "Who bids more?" which is the method as soon as a person is dead or killed; the first harbor they anchor in, the clothes of the deceased are brought upon the deck and sold by auction, the money to be paid when they come to England; for it generally happens that sailors have not any till they come home again.

They were at the last article when I came up to the ship's side, which was a pair of black worsted stockings, that cost, I believe, about 4s., which went off at 12s. 6d., though they had been worn. As soon as I was seen by them, some cried out, "A ghost! a ghost!" and others ran away to secure the clothes they had bought, suspecting that now I would have them again. When they were satisfied of my being alive, and were told my story, they were all rejoiced at my good fortune; but none could be prevailed upon to let me have my clothes again; so I took up the slop book, and cast up what they were sold for, and found what cost me about £20 were sold for four times the money. When I was satisfied in that, I called every person, one by one, that had bought any of my clothes, and struck a bargain with them for ready money, and bought them for about ten pounds; but the ready money pleased them mightily.

Captain Wise being sick ashore, I went to pay him a visit: he was exceedingly glad to see me, believing that I had perished. He told me that the vessel hung lights out for several hours, that I might know where to swim, and laid by as long as the wind would permit; as the crew acquainted him when they came into harbor. The captain told me he did not think he should live long, therefore was extremely glad I was come to take charge of the ship, which would have sailed before, if he had been in a condition to bear the sea. From thence I went on board my new bark, and settled my affairs there with my new companions, who

were very sorry to think of parting from me. Hood and Rouse desired they might be received on board as sailors, and go to England with us; for Hood was an Englishman, and Rouse had friends there. Besides, it was as easy to go from England to Bermuda as from Jamaica. So I spoke to the Captain, who was very well pleased to receive them, as he had lost five men by the distemper of the country. Captain Wise died in a week after my coming, and left me executor for his wife, who lived at Bristol.

As soon as we had buried him, I went on board with my two men, designing to sail in three days at furthest; which I would have done before, but that I was hindered by wanting a chapman for our bark, as we had shares to dispose of.

When I came on board, the master told me he had no occasion for the two men, to add to their charge: "That is as I shall think fit," said I; "for the power is in my hands now." "And who put that power into your hands?" said the master. "He that had power so to do," said I; "the captain;" whereupon I showed him his writing. He told me "it did not signify anything, and that I should find no one of the sailors would obey a boy incapable to steer a vessel. It would be a fine thing," added he, "for my mate to become my captain; and as I was designed by the captain to have the command of the vessel before you came, so I intend to keep it." "But," said I, "this paper, signed by his own hand, is but of two days' date, and you cannot show anything for the command, as you pretend to; therefore I'll make my complaint to the governor, and he shall right me." "Ay, ay, do so," said he; "I'll stand to anything he shall command."

Whereupon Rouse, Hood, and myself, went into the boat again, and rowed immediately on shore; but the governor was six miles up in the country; and as it was pretty late, we designed to wait for his coming home, which, we

were told, would be in the morning early: so I went on board the bark, and lay there all night, the ship lying beyond the quays, two leagues from the harbor, in order to sail. The next morning, getting up with an intent to wait upon the governor, and looking towards the place where the ship lay overnight, I found she was gone; and casting my eyes towards the sea, saw a ship four or five leagues distant from us, which we supposed to be ours. I immediately went on shore, and found the governor had just come to town, and made my complaint. He told me there was no remedy, but to send immediately to Blewfield Bay, where he supposed they would stop to get wood, which was usual with our ships that were bound for England: whereupon there was a messenger ordered for Blewfield, whom I accompanied, to give instructions to the officer that commanded at the fort to seize the master of the ship, and order him before the governor at Port Royal; so we got on horseback, and reached it in three days, it being almost a hundred miles. When we came there, we found several ships in the harbor, but none that we wanted; so we waited a week, all to no purpose; for she passed the bay, as mistrusting our design. Upon this we were obliged to return with heavy hearts, and tell the governor of our ill success, who pitied me, and told me he would see me shipped in the first vessel bound for England: so I went on board my own bark, where they were all glad to see me, though sorry I was so disappointed. Now, I was very glad that I had not disposed of my bark, for I thought it might be of use to me. We consulted together to know what it was best to do; at last I made a bargain with them, if they would venture with me in our bark to England. Upon this we agreed; and, with what money I had, I began to lade my vessel with things to traffic with. I bought a good quantity of indigo, some cotton, sugar, and rum. In short, I laid out the best part of

my money; and on the 1st of June, 1700, set sail with a fair wind, and steered our course to England.

We put in at Blewfield Bay for the convenience of obtaining wood and water, and when we were provided, steered our course onward as fast as possible; but as soon as we came within ten leagues of the Havannah, a Spanish man-of-war of forty guns came up with us, and commanded us to strike our sails, which we did immediately; and coming on board us, were surprised to find us all Englishmen, not expecting other than Spaniards, from the build of our vessel; whereupon they made us all prisoners, and sent fifteen men on board to carry the vessel into the Havannah. Telling them how we came by the vessel did not signify anything, for they said we were pirates, and had seized it; and our pass which we had from the governor of Havannah not being to be found, made things appear so different from what they really were, that it had on the face of it a very suspicious appearance. We were very much afraid we should find a great number of difficulties in obtaining our liberty, especially if they proceeded to their station, which was St. Jago. But it happened much better than we had any reason to expect; for she proceeded directly to the Havannah, where we knew everything would be placed in a true light again. When we were anchored, and the people could come on board us, we were soon known, and the captain going to the governor, was informed of the matter; so we were released immediately, and had a visit made us from Father Antonio and honest Plymouth, who were mightily rejoiced to see us. We were detained two days before we could get away; and then we set sail with a brisk gale, first saluting the town.

In two days after our sailing we made Cape Florida, and entered the gulf which bears the same name, and passed it without danger. But here a sudden calm overtook us,

as frequently happens when you are past the gulf, and the current set strong to westward, occasioned, as we supposed, by the opening of the land upon that coast. The calm lasting for four days, we were insensibly carried within half a league of the shore; but a little breeze rising from land, helped us further out again. Still, our danger increased; for we soon perceived three large canoes making towards us, full of armed Indians.

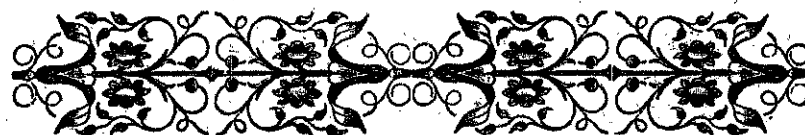
We had not much time to consult what to do, for they gained upon us every moment. Now, death, or something worse than death, stared us in the face; and most of us thought this was the last day we had to live. "Come, friends," said I, "if we must die, let us die bravely, like Englishmen." We charged our four guns with double and round, and our patteraroes with musket-balls; the rest of our arms we got in readiness, and resolved to die fighting, and not suffer ourselves to be taken to be miserably butchered, as all the Indians of Florida do when they get any whites in their power. We resolved to fire our six muskets upon them as soon as they came within reach; so we took our aim, two at each canoe, and fired upon them, which did them some damage, for they stopped upon it. Whereupon we made the best of our way; but they soon pursued us with loud and rude shouts.

By this time we had charged our pieces the third time, which we fired as before, but did more execution, as they were nearer to us; and now we charged them the fourth time, and laid them along the deck for a further occasion.

Looking towards the shore, we saw eight more of their canoes standing towards us. This put us upon making all the sail we could; and the sea-breeze being now pretty strong, we had good way. Being anxious to avoid killing the poor and ignorant creatures, we made all the sail we could, and as they could not keep up with us, we soon left

them far behind. And so we sailed on with a prosperous gale, and met with no incident worth recording till Thursday, the 15th of July, when we discovered land, which amazed us all, for we did not think of falling in with any land till we saw England. We went to consult our charts, and saw we were near Newfoundland: and finding that we steered directly into St. John's harbor, which is the most commodious in the island, and the capital of that part of Newfoundland which belongs to the English, we were very well pleased.

After being there two days, we set sail, and made our course to England, July 25, 1700. We met with no extraordinary incident in our passage till we discovered the Land's End, on the 21st of August. How rejoiced I was to see my native country, let them judge that have been placed in the same condition that I have. I may with truth say, that the transports I felt on first seeing the white cliffs of the island that gave me birth, exceeded the joy I received when I was delivered from the most imminent danger.



Byron's Narrative of the Loss of the Wager.

ON the 18th of September, 1740, the Wager, one of five ships of war under the command of Commodore Anson, sailed with its consorts from St. Helen's, being intended for service against the Spaniards in the Southern Pacific Ocean. The Wager was the least effective of all the vessels of the squadron, being an old Indiaman, recently fitted out as a man-of-war, and the crew being formed of men pressed from other services; while all the land force on board consisted of a detachment of invalids, or men but partially convalescent, from Chelsea Hospital. Besides being intended to act as a store-ship, the Wager was heavily laden with military and other stores for the use of the squadron. All these circumstances conspired to render the vessel more than usually hazardous, from the very commencement of its long voyage.

The Wager rounded Cape Horn, with the other ships in company, about the beginning of April, 1741, and soon after, the distresses of the ship began. The weather became tem-

pestuous, and the mizen-mast was carried away by a heavy sea, all the chain-plates to windward being also broken. The best bower-anchor had next to be cut away, and the ship lost sight of its companions. The men were seized with sickness and scurvy, and one evil followed another, till, on the 14th of May, about four in the morning, the ship struck on a sunken rock, and was laid on her beam ends, with the sea breaking dreadfully over her. All who could stir flew to the deck; but some poor creatures who could not leave their hammocks were immediately drowned. For some time, until day broke, the crew of the *Wager* saw nothing before or around them but breakers, and imagined that every moment would be their last.

When daylight came, land was seen not far off, and the thoughts of all were turned to the immediate leaving of the ship, and saving of their lives. With the help of the boats, the crew, with the exception of a few who were either drunk or thought the ship safe for a time, got on shore; but the prospect before them was still a dreadful one. "Which-ever way we looked, a scene of horror presented itself; on one side the wreck (in which was all that we had in the world to support and subsist us), together with a boisterous sea; on the other, the land did not wear a much more favorable appearance; desolate and barren, without sign of culture, we could hope to receive little other benefit from it than the preservation it afforded us from the sea. We had wet, cold, and hunger, to struggle with, and no visible remedy against any of those evils." The land on which the crew had been cast was unknown to them, excepting in so far as they were aware of its being an island near, or a part of, the western coast of South America, about a hundred leagues north of the Straits of Magellan. In all, the shipwrecked party amounted to about a hundred and forty, exclusive of the few on board. The first night was passed

in an old Indian hut, and the discovery of some lances in a corner of it bred a new source of alarm—namely, from the natives. For some days afterwards, the men were busied in the attempt to get beef casks and other things from the wreck, which did not go entirely to pieces for a considerable time, although all the articles on deck were washed ashore one by one. After great difficulty, the men who remained on board, and who indulged there in great disorder, were persuaded to come on shore. With materials got from the wreck, or cast ashore, tents were got up, and a common store-tent erected for all the food or casks of liquor got from the ship in the same way. This place was watched incessantly; for the allowance was of course a very short or small one, and the men could scarcely pick up a morsel of fish, flesh, or fowl, on the coast for themselves. The weather also continued wet and cold.

"Ill humor and discontent, from the difficulties we labored under in procuring sustenance, and the little prospect there was of any amendment in our condition, were now breaking out apace." Some men separated themselves from the others, and ten of the hardiest of these seceders resolved to desert altogether. They got a canoe made, "went away up one of the lagoons, and were never heard of more!" The spirit of discord was much aggravated by an accident that occurred on the 20th of May. A midshipman named Cozens, who had roused the anger of Captain Cheap by various acts and words, was finally shot by his superior's hand. The act was a rash one, but the captain had cause to imagine at the moment that Cozens had openly mutinied, or was about to mutiny. This act made an unfortunate impression on the minds of the men, who found food every day growing more scarce. A few Indians, men and women, of small stature, and very swarthy, visited the party, and were of service in procuring food; but the seamen affronted their

wives, and they all went away. "The Indians having left us, and the weather continuing tempestuous and rainy, the distresses of the people for want of food became insupportable. Our number, which was at first one hundred and forty-five, was now reduced to one hundred, chiefly by famine. The pressing calls of hunger drove our men to their wits' end, and put them on a variety of devices to satisfy it. Among the ingenious this way, one Phipps, a boatswain's mate, having got a water puncheon, scuttled it; then lashing two logs, one on each side, set out in quest of adventures in this extraordinary and original piece of embarkation." He often got shell-fish and wild-fowl, but had to venture out far from land, and on one occasion was cast upon a rock, and remained there two days. A poor Indian dog belonging to Mr. Byron, and which had become much attached to him, was taken by the men and devoured; and three weeks after, its owner was glad to search for the paws, which had been thrown aside, and of which, though rotten, he made a hearty meal.

Till the 24th of September, the party continued in this condition of continually augmenting wretchedness, with only one hope of relief before them, and this resting on the long-boat, which the carpenter was incessantly working at, to bring it into a strong and safe condition. On the day mentioned, the long-boat being nearly finished, Mr. Byron and a small party were sent to explore the coast to the southward, almost the whole crew being resolute to make for Magellan's Straits, although the captain wished to go along the coast to the northward. In a day or two the party returned to the island (for such was the land on which the wreck had taken place), and the long-boat was immediately afterwards launched, with the cutter and barge, all of which boats had been saved at first. Eighty-one men entered these boats, being the whole survivors of the party, with the

exception of Captain Cheap and two companions who remained voluntarily, and for whose use another boat, the yawl, was left. The leaving of the captain was a thing unexpected by Byron and some others, and when a necessity occurred for sending back the barge to the island for some left canvas, these parties seized the chance of going in the boat to rejoin the captain and share his fate. On the 21st of October the final separation took place between the shore party and those in the long-boat, who sailed for the south. Captain Cheap and those who came to him were joined by a small party who had originally seceded from the main body; and the whole of this united band, amounting to twenty men, set sail in the barge and the yawl towards the north, on the 15th of December. Up to that time they contrived, with almost unheard-of difficulty, to subsist on what they could pick up. "A weed called slaugh, fried in the tallow of some candles we had saved, and wild celery, were our only fare, by which our strength was so much impaired that we could scarcely crawl." One fine day, the hull of the Wager, still sticking together, was exposed, and by visiting her, the party got three small casks of beef hooked up. This soon restored to them sufficient strength for their enterprise, which they undertook on the day mentioned, in the barge and yawl. Unhappily, the sea grew very tempestuous, and "the men in the boats were obliged to sit as close as possible, to receive the seas on their backs, and prevent their filling us. We were obliged to throw everything overboard to lighten the boats, all our beef, and even the grapnel, to prevent sinking. Night was coming on, and we were fast running on a lee shore, where the sea broke in a frightful manner." Just as every man thought certain death approaching, an opening was seen in the rocks, the boats ran into it, and found a haven as "smooth as a mill-pond!"

The party remained here four days, suffering much from

their old enemy, hunger. In passing farther along the coast, which they did at continual risk, they were reduced to such distress as to "eat the shoes off" their feet, these shoes being of raw seal-skin. They never knew what it was to have a dry thread about them, and the climate was very cold. During the first few weeks of their course, the yawl was lost, and one man drowned; but what was a more distressing consequence, they were obliged to leave four men on shore, as the barge could not carry all. The men did not object to being left; they were wearied of their lives. When the poor fellows were left, "they stood upon the beach, giving us three cheers, and called out, God bless the King!" They were never heard of more; and it is but too probable, as Byron says, that they met a miserable end. But, indeed, every one had now given up hope of ultimate escape, and this was shown by the resolution taken almost immediately afterwards, to "go back to Wager's Island (the place of shipwreck), there to linger out a miserable life." Eating nothing but sea-weed and tangle by the way, the poor mariners again reached the island. They were here no better off. The weather was wretchedly wet, and "wild celery was all we could procure, which raked our stomachs instead of assuaging our hunger. That dreadful and last resource of men in not much worse circumstances than ours, of consigning one man to death for the support of the rest, began to be mentioned in whispers." Fortunately, one man found some rotten pieces of beef on the sea-shore, and with a degree of generosity only to be appreciated by persons so placed, he shared it fairly with the rest.

This supply sustained the whole till the arrival of some Indians, accompanied by a chief or cacique from the island of Chiloe, which lies in 40 degrees 42 minutes of south latitude. This cacique could speak a little Spanish, and he agreed to conduct the party in the barge to the nearest

Spanish settlement, being to receive the barge and all its contents for his trouble. Fourteen in number, the wrecked sailors again put to sea, and were conducted by their guide to the mouth of a river, which he proposed to ascend. But after toiling one whole day, the attempt to go up against the current was given over, and they were forced to try the coast again. The severe day's work, conjoined with hunger, caused the death of one of the strongest men of the party, although it was thought that he might have been preserved but for the inhumanity of Captain Cheap, who alone had food at the moment (got from the Indians), but would not give a morsel to the dying man. This roused the indignation of the others, and the consequence was, that, while others sought food on shore, "six of the men seized the boat, put off, and left us, to return no more. And now all the difficulties we had hitherto encountered seemed light in comparison of what we expected to suffer from the treachery of our men, who, with the boat, had taken away everything that might be the means of preserving our lives. Yet under these dismal and forlorn appearances was our delivery now preparing."

Mr. Byron was now taken, with Captain Cheap, by the Indian guide to a native village, whence he expected to get more assistance in conducting the party, who, if they could not recover the barge for him, were to give a musket and some other articles as a reward. On coming in the evening to the Indian wigwams, after two days' travel, Mr. Byron was neglected, and left alone. Urged by want and cold, he crept into a wigwam upon chance, and found there two women, one young and the other old, whose conduct amply corroborates the well known and beautiful eulogium passed by Ledyard upon the kindness of that sex everywhere to poor travellers. They saw the young seaman wet and shivering, and made him a fire. They brought out their only

food, a large fish, and broiled it for him. When he lay down upon some dry boughs, he found, on awaking a few hours after, that the women had gently covered him with warm clothes, at the expense of enduring the cold themselves. When he had made signs that his appetite was not appeased, "they both went out, taking with them a couple of dogs, which they train to assist them in fishing. After an hour's absence, they came in trembling with cold, and their hair streaming with water, and brought two fish, which having broiled, they gave me the largest share." For a poor stranger they had just gone out in the middle of the night, plunged into the cold sea, and, with the aid of their nets or other apparatus, had got him food. These kind creatures were the wives of an old Indian, who was then absent, but who on his return struck them with brutal violence for their hospitality, Mr. Byron looking on with impotent rage and indignation. The return of this Indian and his companions enabled the native guide of Captain Cheap and Byron to make an arrangement for conducting the shipwrecked party northward as they wished. The captain and Byron then left the wigwams to go back to their companions, being joined soon after by a body of Indian guides.

It was the middle of March, 1742, ere this journey to the northward was begun. Various Indian canoes conveyed the whole party day after day along the sea-coast; shell-fish, eggs from the rocks, and sea-weed, being the food of the band, and even this being procurable in such miserable quantities as barely to sustain life. The condition of the captain in this respect was better than the others, for the Indians thought their reward safe if they attended to the chief of the whites alone, and he cruelly encouraged the notion. But what but selfishness could be expected from one in the following state:—"I could compare Captain Cheap's body to nothing but an ant-hill, with thousands of vermin crawling

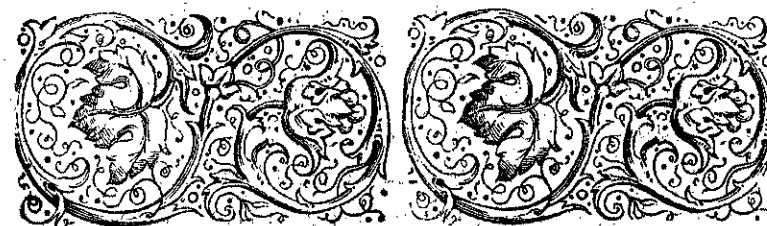
over about it; for he was now past attempting to rid himself in the least from this torment, as he had quite lost himself, not recollecting our names that were about him, or even his own. His beard was as long as a hermit's, that and his face being covered with train oil and dirt, from his sleeping, to secure them, upon pieces of stinking seal. His legs were as big as mill-posts, though his body appeared to be nothing but skin and bone." The rest were little better, and Mr. Byron had often to strip himself in the midst of hail and snow, and beat his clothes with stones, to kill the insects that swarmed about him. At length, however, after one of them had sunk under his sufferings, the party got to the island of Chiloe, a place at the north extremity of the province of Chili, and under the rule of the Spaniards. Being a remote corner, Chiloe had only a few Spaniards in it, and these chiefly Jesuit priests; but the Indian inhabitants were comparatively civilized. The troubles of the party may be said to have ended here, for the natives pitied them much, and supplied them with abundance of food; fortunately, the quantity taken did not prove injurious.

Even after staying on the island for a considerable time, and being conveyed to the mainland to the town of Chaco, where a Spanish governor resided, the eating of the famished mariners continued to be enormous. "Every house was open to us; and though it was but an hour after we had dined, they always spread a table, thinking we could never eat enough after what we had suffered, and we were much of the same opinion." Mr. Byron made friends with the governor's cook, and so carried his pockets always full to his apartment, there to feed at leisure. They were in all four in number now; namely, Captain Cheap, Messrs. Byron, Hamilton, and Campbell. From Chaco they were taken to the larger town of Castro, and remained there for some months in the condition of prisoners at large, poorly clad,

but decently lodged and well fed. On the 2d of January, 1743, their case having become known to the authorities of Chili, they were put on board a ship to be conveyed to the city of St. Jago. Here they remained two years as prisoners, but not in confinement. Fortunately for them, a Scotch physician, who bore the name of Don Patricio Gedd, entreated the governor to allow the captives to stay with him, and for two years this generous man maintained them like brothers, nearly at his own expense. In December following, Captain Cheap and Messrs. Byron and Hamilton were put on board a French vessel, to be conveyed to Europe; Mr. Campbell, having become a Catholic, remained in Chili. They reached France safely, and after some detention there, were permitted to go to Britain by an order from Spain. Their friends were much surprised to see them, having long given them up for lost. Their term of absence exceeded five years.

The six men who cruelly made off with the barge, appear never to have been heard of again, and perished, doubtless, on the coast. The fate of the more numerous body who went off to the south in the long-boat, is known from the narrative of John Bulkley, gunner, one of the survivors. This band actually succeeded in rounding South America through the Straits of Magellan, and reached the Portuguese territory of Rio Janeiro, after hardships equal to those of the other party, and which reduced their number from nearly eighty to thirty. They reached the Rio Grande in January, 1742. All of the thirty, however, probably did not see Britain. On coming to the Portuguese colony, they found food, friends, and countrymen, and separated from one another. Bulkley and two others reached England on the 1st of January, 1743.

The members of this expedition went out with the hope of gathering gold at will among the Spanish colonies. What a different fate befell the unhappy crew of the Wager!



Why the Sea is Salt;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF SILLY NICHOLAS.

ONCE on a time there lived a rich and extensive merchant, who was preparing to dispatch a largeship to a distant country. When she was just ready to sail, he called the whole crew together.

"My good fellows!" said he, "you are going on a long and difficult voyage in this ship, and will have to work hard to earn money for me; it is only fair, therefore, that you also should have your opportunity. In the country to which you are bound there is plenty of money to be made, if a man only knows how to turn his purse and his wits to good account. I give you all permission, therefore, to take with you whatever wares you may be able to purchase, and all that you make by the transaction shall be your own. And moreover, whoever, on your return, shall turn out to have been the most successful, shall receive a premium from myself; for it is always right to encourage industry and enterprise. There are still two days at your disposal; turn them, therefore, to good account, for on the third morning from this you shall set sail."

The sailors, it need hardly be said, hastened on shore, and each, according to his own views, endeavored to invest his little capital profitably. Among the number, however, there was one poor friendless lad, who had just been bound apprentice in the ship, and as he had received no wages as yet, was of course without a single penny to make a purchase. The poor fellow was greatly dejected, and could not help envying his shipmates, as they returned on board, panting under their burdens, and gloating over their dreams of future treasures. At last it occurred to him that he had an old aunt in the city who had the character of being a very wise woman, and had helped many a one out of a difficulty by her counsel. He betook himself to her, therefore, and bade her good morning.

"Good-day, Silly Nicholas," she replied; for this was the name her nephew commonly went by, not being supposed to be very much over-burdened with sense. He sat down upon an old stool opposite his aunt, and told her a long roundabout story of all that had occurred, and how he was the only one who was obliged to let the golden opportunity pass.

"I don't wonder at it in the least, my son," she replied. "It was often your poor father's case before you, and is no novelty in my family. But you might have saved your visit to me, for I am poor, and have nothing to give you. There is small store of either goods or money in this poor little house."

Silly Nicholas began to cry. "They are making game of me already on board, even without this," said he; "and if I now go back without anything, I shall never have a moment's peace the whole voyage."

The old aunt was struck by this. "For once in his life," said she, "the poor wight has spoken sense. Well, then, never mind. I have no gold nor diamonds, it is true, to

give you; but I have a very valuable article, which, if you only use it as you ought, will make a man of you; and this I will give you."

"What can it be?" thought Nicholas, when she went out to fetch it; and what was his amazement when she returned with an old coffee-mill, so rickety that it was almost falling to pieces! The old dame read his disappointment in his looks. "My son," said she, "you must not despise a gift because its exterior is unpromising. This mill contains, and will supply to you, every necessary of life (I do not mean gold or jewels), if you only employ it judiciously, and do not abuse it."

"And how am I to use it?" he inquired.

"I will show you," replied his aunt. "Is there anything which you would particularly wish for at this moment?"

"Ah, my dear aunt," said Nicholas, "I have not eaten a morsel to-day; and I should like of all things a couple of penny rolls."

The old dame set the mill upon the table, and said very slowly and deliberately—

"Mill, mill! grind away
Some fresh penny rolls, I pray!"

In an instant the mill was in motion, and before long a roll, fresh from the oven, came forth, and then a second, and a third! But when a fourth made its appearance, the old dame suddenly cried—

"Bravo, mill! rest thee now;
Thou hast ground enough, I trow!"

And in a moment the mill was at rest! Silly Nicholas had

looked on in silent wonder; but silly as he was, he at once perceived the use to which it might be turned; and therefore, while he was eating his penny rolls, he learned very accurately from his aunt both the rhymes which were to be employed. He then shook her affectionately by the hand, took his mill under his arm, and went aboard the ship in the highest spirits. When his shipmates saw the old coffee-mill, they burst into a loud laugh, and ridiculed him without end. Silly Nicholas, however, let them enjoy themselves, stowed his mill away in a quiet corner, and for the rest of the voyage they were all so occupied with their plans of future operation, that they forgot it altogether.

At length they reached their destination; and Silly Nicholas, who had been thinking, the whole voyage through, how he could best turn his capital to account, went to the captain and asked leave to go on shore for the purpose of transacting a little business.

"I will give you leave certainly, my boy," said the captain; "but I fear you will make no great hand of it."

"Time will tell," replied Nicholas; "but as a specimen, I engage to produce for you, at a moderate price, within four-and-twenty hours, any sort of merchandise you may desire."

"A bargain!" said the captain, resolved to amuse himself with the lad's (as he believed) simplicity and silliness.

"All my poultry have been eaten during the voyage, and I am longing for some fresh chickens. Bring me, therefore, to-morrow, a couple of dozen, and I shall not only give you leave, but pay you well for the fowl."

Silly Nicholas cheerfully took his mill under his arm, and sauntered leisurely through the city, till he reached a quiet and retired spot fitted for his operations. He first made a large wicker-cage, and placing his mill before the door, repeated his rhyme—

"Mill, mill! grind away
Fine fat poultry now, I pray!"

The mill began to turn, and in a few moments out popped a beautiful chicken, and flew, crowing and clapping its wings, into the cage. Nicholas watched closely, and when the full number of two dozen was completed cried out—

"Bravo, mill! rest thee now;
Thou hast ground enough, I trow!"

As soon as this task was finished, he lay down on the grass beside his birds, and fell asleep perfectly happy. Next morning he presented his poultry. The captain kept his word honorably, paid him a dollar for each of the chickens, which were a rarity in that country, and gave him a month to employ for his own private advantage. Silly Nicholas had observed in the market-place a large wooden booth, where some itinerant jugglers had held their exhibition. This he hired, and he got a painter to paint over the entrance in large letters—

"ALL SORTS OF GOODS SUPPLIED HERE FOR HALF-PRICE
AT A DAY'S NOTICE."

Having made these preparations, he placed his mill in a quiet corner, and sat down to abide the result. Next morning a customer presented himself.

"Is it true, sir," said he, "that on a day's notice you supply goods at half-price?"

"Certainly," said Nicholas; for we must henceforth drop the prefix which he deserved so little.

"If so," said the stranger, "I request you will supply me to-morrow with six wagon-loads of corn. There has been a

great dearth this harvest, and I shall pay you a hundred gold dollars for it on the spot."

"Agreed!" cried Nicholas. "Let your horses be here to-morrow."

He kept his word; and when the wagons were loaded, the horses could scarcely move them from the door. The man gladly paid the hundred dollars, and something over, and went his way.

By this transaction Nicholas soon established a character, and his mill was seldom allowed to stand idle. He was in a fair way of soon being a rich man; but what pressed most upon him was, that his month's leave was nearly out, and the captain was not willing to extend it, for he expected to be able to turn his apprentice's talents to his own private advantage.

This fact was quite notorious, and every one in the city pitied the poor young man, that, with such prospects, he should be compelled to return to his former degrading occupation. They advised him to run away; but he was too honest to follow the advice, and resolved to submit to his fate if he could find no honorable means of avoiding it.

In this crisis of his fortunes the minister at war came to him one day, and told him that, having heard of his great fame, and of his extraordinary resources, he had come in the hope of being released from great embarrassment. The sultan, his master, had suddenly commanded a grand review of the army, and they were all in the greatest perplexity, as, in consequence of the non-arrival of cloths, ordered from England and Leipsic, the body-guards were not all provided with their new uniforms. "If, therefore," said he, "you can produce within two days two thousand scarlet caftans with white facings, of this pattern, you shall share the profits with myself, and I will get you named Army-Contractor to his Majesty the Sultan. This appointment will free you

from your present obligations, and will be but a step to higher promotion."

Nicholas promised to do his best; and before the end of forty-eight hours, the two thousand caftans were punctually delivered. The minister kept faith honorably, and three hours before the expiration of the captain's leave, Nicholas received a large patent, whereby he was named "Court-and-Army Contractor to the Sultan."

No one was more indignant at this than the captain. He could no longer reclaim his apprentice, now that he had been created a nobleman, nor compel him to share his wealth with himself. He therefore tried every way to discover Nicholas's secret, and was constantly spying about his workshop. At last an opportunity offered. Nicholas had gone out to a neighbor's house, and had omitted to close the door as carefully as usual. The captain went in, and searched every imaginable spot; but that day's goods had all been removed, and there was nothing to be seen but the four bare walls. At last, just as he was going to retire, he spied a little recess, and, on examination, discovered in it the old coffee-mill which Nicholas had brought on board, and which had been subject to so much ridicule. He recollected, too, that Nicholas had taken this with him when he came on shore.

"Beyond a doubt," said he, "this mill must be the work of some great conjuror, and does everything the silly fellow wishes to have done. I had better seize on it at once, and hereafter, by force or stratagem, I shall discover the way to use it, and then I am a made man!"

As he spoke he stretched out his hand to seize it. But at this moment Nicholas, who had come in meanwhile, and overheard his old master's soliloquy, cried out suddenly—

"Mill, mill! grind away
Stout oak cudgels now, I pray!"

when lo! the mill began to turn furiously, and a multitude of cudgels issued from it, and belabored the unfortunate captain's back till they left it black and blue, and in a most melancholy plight. He shouted and stormed, alternately threatening and imploring for mercy; but in vain. The castigation continued, and indeed became more violent; for the mill was constantly setting new cudgels in motion, and when the early ones fell off, there were ever new recruits to take their place.

"Ah, my dear, sweet Master Nicholas!" sobbed the unfortunate captain, "do, pray do, stop this cudgelling, or I shall expire. Oh—oh—oh! Why did I ever call this stupid young rascal, who by right should be my servant—why did I call him 'sweet Master Nicholas?' Stop this moment your infernal tricks, you worthless scoundrel, or I shall hang you at the mast-head like a weathercock; there you shall dangle while there is breath in your body! Oh, murder! murder!"

Nicholas, instead of answering him, pointed to the blue caftan—his uniform as an officer of the court—which sheltered him from all the captain's menaces.

"Yes, yes!" the wretched man replied; "I was wrong when I spoke so disrespectfully to your excellency. I regret it bitterly; and if you will only have pity on my wounded back, I shall never forget myself so again."

"Well, I am beginning myself," said Nicholas, "to think that you have got quite enough to teach you never to lay your hand on another's property again. I shall open the door for you therefore, and you may go about your business; but be sure never to attempt such a trick again, else you shall not escape so cheaply."

The captain flew, as if he had wings, through the open door, and all the cudgels pursued him merrily. But as soon as he was a short distance away, Nicholas cried—

"Bravo, mill! rest thee now;
Thou hast ground enough, I trow!"

The cudgels ceased, therefore, and the unfortunate captain was left to pursue his way in peace, as well as his pains would permit him: but from this day forth he entertained a deep grudge against Nicholas, and vowed and declared that he would leave no stone unturned to get possession of this magic mill, and, if possible, to revenge himself some other way. For a long time he planned and planned, but in vain, till at length a thought occurred to him which appeared very feasible. He could not set about it at once, however, for he was obliged to wait until the traces of the cudgelling had disappeared. But the delay only made his hatred the more deep and bitter, and the very moment he was well, he went straight to Master Nicholas, offered him his hand, told him they should mutually forgive and forget, and in evidence of the sincerity of his reconciliation, invited Nicholas to a splendid entertainment at the principal hotel, to which he had asked a number of his friends.

Nicholas, who was naturally a good-humored youth, at once accepted the invitation. The wine proved very attractive, and in a short time Nicholas had taken quite enough for the captain's purpose. He would gladly have sliced off the poor fellow's ears as he lay, but the presence of Nicholas's friends compelled him to bridle his revenge; and while they were engaged in conveying Nicholas to bed, the captain hastily repaired to the poor youth's house, having previously abstracted the key out of his pocket, and began to search for the mill. He found it without difficulty, concealed it carefully under his cloak, flew like lightning to the ship, and lest, when Nicholas had slept off his drunken fit, he should raise an alarm about the robbery, ordered the ship to put to sea without a moment's delay.

Late in the evening Nicholas awoke, and was greatly surprised to find himself in bed in a strange place. After a while, however, recalling to mind the occurrences of the day, he was dreadfully alarmed; for he saw that what had happened with the captain and his friends was a concerted plan, and that they had availed themselves of his insensible condition to play a villainous trick upon him. He flung on his clothes, and hurried without delay to his house; but found, to his indescribable affliction, that his precious treasure, the origin and foundation of his wealth, was gone.

Still he resolved to do his best, though he feared it was too late, to recover his treasure. Summoning his neighbors to his assistance, therefore, he went down to the river where the ship had been lying. But alas! she had long since set sail, and now had reached the open sea, where it was hopeless to attempt pursuit. Sick at heart, and deeply downcast, he returned to his house, and from that moment was of course compelled to leave his orders unexecuted, and to break up his establishment. The people in the city said he had speculated too far, and had run out his capital. But Nicholas himself knew where the shoe pinched, and quietly betook himself to the country, where he had time, in his cooler moments, to reflect that he was better off than he thought at first; having contrived, while his trade lasted, to lay up a considerable sum, sufficient to purchase a very nice property, on which he lived till a good old age, pouring blessings on his old aunt and her still older coffee-mill.

Meanwhile the thief was sailing over the deep sea, and chuckling at his good fortune. He indulged himself in thinking what a multitude of speculations he would embark in, till he should at last be the first man in the land. "And then," said he, "I shall break the old mill to pieces, lest any one else should grow as rich as myself. Luckily I still

recollect, since that accursed cudgelling, the words which set the mill in motion."

During this soliloquy he had begun to feel hungry, and ordered the cook to serve dinner without delay. The cook soon presented himself. "A nice dinner it will be!" said he with a countenance full of ill-humor. "Where am I to find it, pray? We set sail in such a hurry, that we have not a fortnight's provisions on board! And this moment, when I went to put some salt in your soup, I found to my horror that there is not a grain of salt in the ship!"

"Well, well!" said the captain in great good-humor, "make your mind easy about it. Be assured we shall want for nothing; and in the first place, I must get you some salt for the soup."

He took the coffee-mill down from the ship as he spoke, and said with great solemnity—

"Mill, mill! grind away;
Let us have some salt, I pray!"

The mill, according to its wont, began to turn, and, to the captain's great delight, forth came a thick stream of salt. The cook opened his mouth and eyes, but could not for his life conceive how this came to pass, till at last, when there was already a large heap of salt lying before them, he said, "That may do for the present, and the mill if it pleases may grind us something else."

The captain also, who saw that they now had salt enough to last for a year and a day, was disposed to stop the mill; but, alas! to his horror, it now struck him for the first time that he did not know the words necessary to stop it! In his terror and anguish of mind he grasped it for the purpose of stopping its revolutions; but it struck him such a blow upon the fingers, that the blood spouted

out furiously, and he drew back screaming with pain and affright.

"It must be some devil or hobgoblin we have got on board!" cried the cook, who, as the heap of salt continued to increase, ran away to the foredeck, and told the sailors what the captain had done.

Meanwhile the captain tried every species of prayer, and every form of exorcism; but to no purpose. At last he flew into a rage, and drew his sword. "Worthless thing that you are!" he cried with fury, "I will knock you to shivers, and put an end to your magic at once!" He aimed a terrific blow at the mill, and struck it with such effect, that it flew into two pieces. At first he was delighted with his heroism; but what was his horror when he saw both halves stand erect, and both begin to grind away as busily as the one mill had ground before! He was struck dumb with terror, and could make no farther effort to relieve himself.

Meanwhile the mills continued to grind away busily, and at last they ground such a quantity of salt, that the ship could not float any longer under the weight, but sunk to the bottom with the captain and the crew!

From that time forth—as the story-books go—the sea has been salt, and it will always continue so; for both the mills are still at work, and never fail to maintain the supply!

