



# Colonial Days.

BEING

Stories and Ballads for Young Patriots,

AS RECOUNTED BY

FIVE BOYS AND FIVE GIRLS

IN

“AROUND THE YULE LOG.”

“ABOARD THE MAVIS.”

“ON THE EDGE OF WINTER.”

BY

RICHARD MARKHAM.

*ILLUSTRATED.*

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PART ONE.

# Around the Yule Log.

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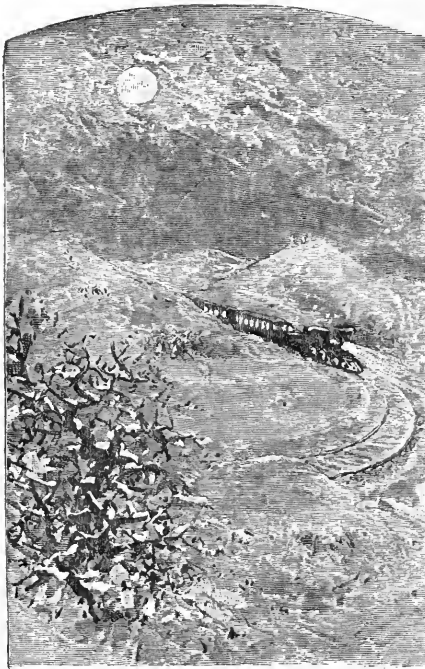






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## CHAPTER I.



IN THE SHINNECOCK HILLS.

THE sun had been gone more than an hour on a certain cold winter's evening, and only a dull glow in the west told where he had set. But his light was not missed; for overhead the moon shone out clear and white through the frosty air, making the snow that lay deep all about flash and glitter like a burnished shield.

The air was so still, that, above the dull booming of the ocean, one could hear the train more than two miles away, as it puffed slowly onward through the Shinnecock Hills; and the drivers of the sleighs, who had been

waiting for it at the station, left off stamping about the plat-

form and swinging their arms about them, and made haste to get their teams ready.

In one of the cars that was drawing near there was great confusion. Ten boys and girls were reaching up to the racks above their heads for their parcels, or were busily at work putting on their wraps. A lady and gentleman vainly tried to make themselves heard above the uproar caused by a blue-gray Skye terrier, who, roused by the confusion, was barking at the top of his lungs, without stopping for a moment to take breath.

“Thistle, be quiet!” said the gentleman.

But Thistle absolutely refused; and even when Carrie Longwood picked him up, and held him under her seal-skin jacket, he still kept up a muffled “woof-woof-woof.”

Had it not been for his rude conduct, I should have presented you in form to all this party. As it is, I shall only have just time to tell you their names before the train stops and they leave it. The gentleman and lady are Mr. and Mrs. Longwood, and Tom and Carrie are their children. They have asked eight of their young friends to pass the holiday week with them at their place on the seashore; and now at last the long and tedious miles through the scrub-oak forest have been passed over, and they are nearly at their journey's end.

The house has always been shut in winter, while the family are in the city; but Mr. Longwood had sent down a week before, and fires had been kindled, a good stock of provisions laid in, and a first-rate cook engaged.

At this very moment she was standing in the kitchen doorway, listening for the whistle of the engine; and no sooner did she hear

it coming across the fields than she hurried back, and saying, "La sakes! now they will be here in no time, and mighty hungry, I specs," set about broiling her chickens with great zeal.

Meantime the train had stopped at the station, and our party was making all speed to get out. There were Rose and Kate Waring, Charlie and Will Morgan, Lou and Ned Grant, and Gertrude Hastings and her little brother Jack.

How fresh and crisp the air seemed after the close car! They stood in a little group for a moment, watching the departing train, which, after much wheezing and coughing on the part of the engine, had got under way again, and was fast disappearing in the distance. But Tom Longwood was much too excited to stand still longer, and crying, "Come, boys! come, girls!" led the way to a great four-horse sleigh which stood waiting, the horses stamping and shaking their bells impatiently. It took but a moment for all to get their seats, and draw the robes about them. Crack went the whip: the leaders plunged and danced for a moment; and then, settling down to their work, away they all went down the broad village street at a rattling pace, every bell jingling its loudest, and every boy and girl talking as fast as tongue could wag.

On they sped, leaving the village behind, the roar of the surf growing louder as they came nearer the sea, until they saw before them, at only a little distance from the water's edge, a group of houses standing out bold and clear in the bright moonlight. All were dark but one, and in that there was a perfect glow of light. Every window was bright; and in the parlor, as they drove up, they could see a blazing fire, that filled the whole of the great chimney-place, and made candles useless.

"They are evidently expecting us," said Mr. Longwood.

"I hope they have something to eat," said Tom: "I am as hungry as a bear."

"I think that we can trust Mary Ann not to let us go to bed supperless," said Mr. Longwood. "See! there she is at the door."



MARY ANN.

Mary Ann was a Shinnecock Indian, one of a tribe of whom we shall have more to say farther on; and very stout and comfortable she seemed, as she stood waiting to welcome them. Around her head was wrapped a gorgeous turban; and she looked so jolly, that Tom, as he rushed up to shake hands with her, said, —

"Why, Mary Ann, you look as blooming as a rose!"

"La sakes! Master Tom, now you jist git along," said Mary Ann, very much pleased.

What else she would have said, no one knows; for Thistle, discovering of a sudden his old summer friend Garm, a great English mastiff, set up such a wild and joyful barking, rushing about under every one's feet, that no one could hear a word;

and all were fain to run into the house, and leave the dogs to renew their acquaintance in the snow.

They had hardly thrown off their wraps, when another sleigh drove up loaded with the trunks; and then there was a great tramping of feet in the hall as the men carried them up-stairs under the direction of the two maids who had come from the city with the party. In the midst of the confusion, supper was announced; and the promptness with which the call to it was obeyed showed that the long ride had given them all good appetites. If any other proof had been needed, the rapidity with which Mary Ann's chickens disappeared would have furnished it.

The dogs soon found out what was going on, and both put in an appearance at the dining-room door; Garm advancing with a smiling countenance, and a suggestive sniffing of the air, his great tail waving slowly back and forth; while Thistle rushed forward to Carrie, and, sitting up on his haunches, waved his paws wildly in the air. But the rules of the family were strict, that the dogs should not be fed at the table; and so they had to control their impatience as best they could till the meal was over.

As soon as they rose from the table, all went out on the front piazza; the girls catching up cloaks and shawls as they passed through the hall, while the boys waited only to seize their hats. It was a perfect night. Not a thousand feet away the ocean was breaking on the beach, and the air was filled with the never-ceasing thunder of the surf. Through the gaps in the sand-hills they could see the waves leaping and plunging far out at sea, while a broad lane of dazzling silver led from the shore

out to where the moon hung clear and white over the changing waters. Directly in front of them, not a stone's-throw distant, lay the little Lake Agawam, its surface gleaming in the bright light. Overhead there was a stiff breeze blowing, and great masses of white clouds were hurrying across the sky before it.

"How the clouds do fly!" said Rose Waring.

"Yes," said Mrs. Longwood. "They remind me of a little piece of poetry:—

The deep blue sea of sky-world  
 Is white with many a sail:  
 All canvas spread, ropes taut o'erhead,  
 They fly before the gale.

From the far North, southward bearing,  
 Are they fresh from arctic seas?  
 Have they sailed the north-west passage,  
 Sealed to other craft than these?

Are their crews the ghosts of sailors  
 From earth long passed away?  
 Is the skipper bold of spirit-mould?  
 Is this their heaven alway?

'Ahoy! whence come ye, shipmates?'  
 But no answering hail is heard:  
 The shrill wind whistles through their shrouds;  
 They pass without a word."

"It is curious," said Ned Grant very seriously, "how different objects in nature suggest thoughts to one. Just as the clouds

have been speaking to Mrs. Longwood, so the lake before us is now speaking audibly to me."

"What does it say?" asked Mrs. Longwood.

"Come and skate on me," said Ned.

"Oh, what a splendid idea!" said Tom; while they all laughed. "Let us take a run down, and see how the ice is."

So all the boys took to their heels down the path; while the girls, finding standing still rather cold work, began to move toward the door to go in.

The boys were back in no time. They pronounced the ice excellent, and were wild to get out their skates, and begin at once. But Mr. Longwood said, "No: we have all been travelling five hours, and are pretty tired. If we overdo matters at the start, we shall not have half so good a time afterward. So let us put off skating till to-morrow, and all go into the parlor and have some games. I fancy Mary Ann may have some apples and nuts."

"It seems almost a pity not to skate," said Tom, looking longingly at the lake. "It may snow before morning, and then our chance will all be gone."

"I don't think that there is much danger of that," said Mr. Longwood, laughing. "At all events, none of the girls could go; and it would not be at all polite, Master Tom, to go off and leave them by themselves."

This was a point that the boys had not thought of: so they all made haste to join the rest of the party in the parlor.

"What shall we do?" asked Lou Grant.

"Well, what do you say to some games?" said Carrie.

"I'll tell you what would be much nicer," said Will Morgan. "Mr. Longwood knows ever so many splendid stories. If he would tell us one, I know you would be sure to like it."

They all joined in urging this plan so vigorously, that finally Mr. Longwood agreed to tell a story.

"But what shall it be about?" he asked.

"Injuns," said little Jack Hastings, who sat at the end of the circle about the fire, his eyes as big as saucers.

The boys all voted that Jack's choice was a good one; and so Mr. Longwood began.





## CHAPTER II.



AN INDIAN WARRIOR.

“IN the year 1636, when what I am about to tell you took place, there was not a single settlement on Long Island, and only one or two along the whole Connecticut shore. Everywhere were wild forests, and the whole region hereabout was owned by a tribe of fierce and warlike Indians, — the Pequots.

“At first they had been friendly to the whites; but, after a time, there had come signs of trouble. A whole vessel’s crew who had gone up the Connecticut River to trade with them had been cut off, and not a man had been left to tell the tale. Notwith-

standing this warning, there were to be found men who were.

willing to run all risks for the sake of the great profit that could be made in bartering with them.

“One of these was John Oldham, a bold and hardy adventurer, who had spent years in such traffic. Loading his pinnace with beads, knives, and other things that the Indians loved, he would sail to some part of the coast where his coming speedily became known. Soon his vessel would be crowded with Indians, eager to exchange beaver-skins and other furs for the bright trifles that took their eye; when he would sail back to Plymouth, where his skins were shipped to England to be sold at a great profit.

“But he ventured too often; for on one of these journeys, while off Block Island, his only crew being a boy and two friendly Indians, he was boarded by some twenty or more Pequots. The cargo was too great a temptation for them: so they killed Capt. Oldham and cut off his head, carried off the crew prisoners, and seized the vessel. But his death was avenged speedily and thoroughly, as you shall hear.

“Hardly had the foul deed been done, when a sail was seen in the distance, drawing near. It was Skipper John Gallup in his sloop. He had set out from Connecticut to trade with the Indians on Long Island, somewhere near where we now are; but the wind had changed suddenly, and, coming on to blow, he was driven toward Block Island. The sail ahead at once attracted his attention; for there were so few craft then, that every skipper knew at once the name of every sail he met. So Capt. Gallup knew that it was Capt. Oldham’s pinnace: and when, as he drew nearer, he saw a canoe-load of Indians leave it for the

shore, while on the deck he could count fourteen Pequots, each man armed, his heart misgave him; for he saw at once that Capt. Oldham had been killed.



INDIANS BRINGING BEAVER-SKINS TO BARTER.

“His own crew was small enough,—his two sons, both lads, and one grown man, were all: so that many a one would have

thought it no cowardice to fly from so large a band of enemies. But such a thought never entered Skipper Gallup's mind. He stationed his crew all forward, where they were sheltered by the bulwarks, and armed them with the two guns and two pistols he had on board. Then, taking his station at the wheel, he bore down toward the pinnace. The three in the bows used their weapons to such good effect as soon as they came within gunshot, that the whole band of Indians presently left the deck in great haste and confusion to seek protection from the bullets below. Then the skipper all at once changed his vessel's course, and, coming down at full speed before the wind, struck the pinnace, bows on, on her quarter.

“The shock was tremendous; and she careened so far, that the Indians thought that she was about to capsize; and six, filled with fright, rushed up from below, and jumped overboard, where, as it was blowing half a gale, and they were two miles from shore, they were soon drowned.

“Meantime our skipper had again worked his sloop to windward, and was coming down once more to strike the pinnace as before. This time he hung his great anchor over the bow in such a way, that, when he struck, her fluke should tear open the side of the pinnace. His crew were directed to hold their fire till after they had met, when they were to deliver their shots through the hole they hoped would be made.

“This onset was even more successful than the first. The sloop raked the pinnace from bow to stern, tearing open her side, and causing such fright among the heathen, that four more leaped overboard. Only four now remained; and Capt. Gallup

and his man at once boarded the enemy. One Indian came up, and begged for quarter. They bound him hand and foot, and put him into the sloop. A second followed. Him they also bound. But, when they thought an instant, they saw that they should put themselves in much danger if they spared his life. What if the two, having loosed one another's bonds, should rise upon them at night when they were worn out with work? They had been taken red-handed; for there in the pinnace lay the body of poor Oldham. The risk was too great. Overboard he must go, and overboard he went to share the fate of his fellows.

"There were now but two left, and these were hidden below, and were afraid, as well they might be, to show themselves. The gale was increasing. So Skipper Gallup hastily shifted what cargo of the pinnace had not been stolen to his own boat, and such of her sail and rigging as could be hastily transferred, fastened down her hatches, and, taking her in tow, set sail once more, hoping to carry her into port with him. But the storm increased so rapidly, that after a time he had to cut her loose; and she was never seen again."

The boys indulged in many praises of Skipper Gallup's bravery; till at last Will Morgan said,—

"And was that the end of the trouble with the Pequots?"

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Longwood: "they became worse than ever. Whenever a white man showed himself outside of the towns, he was sure to find an Indian arrow in wait. At last all the colonies united, and raised a small army. There was a great battle, in which over seven hundred of the red men were killed; which so weakened them, that the surrounding tribes, their enemies, fell upon them, and exterminated them to a man."

"I wonder what became of Skipper Gallup," said Ned Grant.

"I do not know," said Mr. Longwood; "but one of the sons who was with him in this affair became a captain, and was killed in King Philip's War."

"Isn't there some good story about that war?" asked Ned.

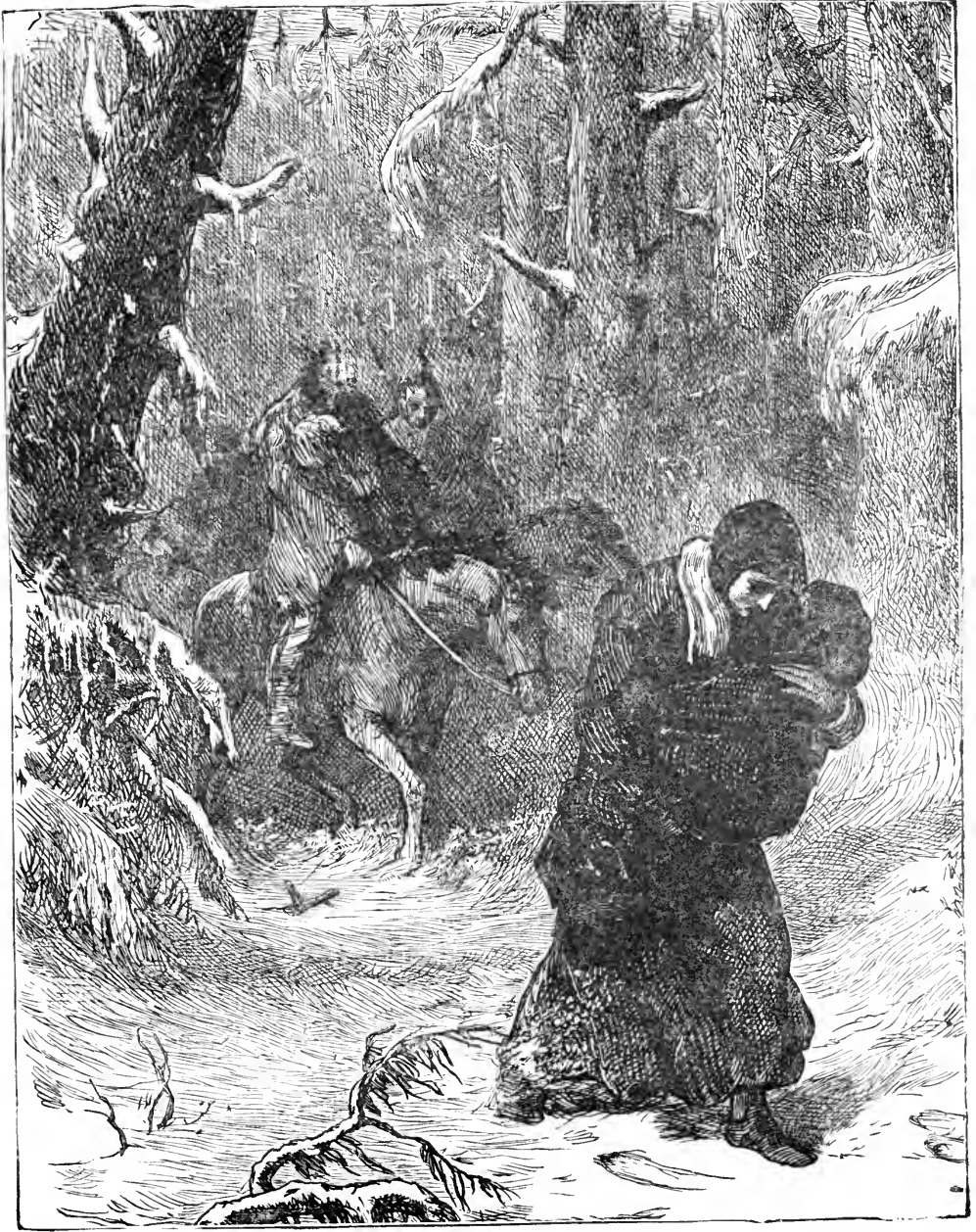
"Yes," said Mr. Longwood: "there are a great many. There was one man who was a great fighter. At one time, when almost all alone, he captured sixty Indians."

"I know a good story," interrupted little Jack Hastings. "My great-grandmother" —

"Hush, Jack!" said his sister. "Do go on, please, Mr. Longwood."

"King Philip's War," said Mr. Longwood, "was much more important than the one I have been telling you about. It came forty years later, when there were a great many more settlers in the country; and there were so many tribes engaged in it, and they were at first so successful, that it seemed that the Indians would carry out their threat to drive every white man out of the land.

"The first blood was shed in a town named Swansey. The people were expecting trouble with the Indians; and so a day of humiliation and prayer was ordered, in the hope that God would hear the cry of his people, and avert the great calamity which they feared was coming upon them. They had all met in the meeting-house, which, as of course you know, was more like a fort than a church, and to which they were always summoned by the beating of a drum; for there were no bells in those days. The prayers were said, and the people were on their way to their



CAPTURED BY THE INDIANS.





homes, when the fearful war-whoop was heard, and from an ambush close at hand came a flight of bullets, and several dropped dead.

“Then the Indians fell upon all the towns and outlying farms.

When the men went out to work, they were shot down by an unseen foe. Those whom the bullet only wounded, the tomahawk finished. All made haste, leaving their homes to be burned, and their crops to be destroyed, to flock into the garrison-houses, which, built of heavy logs, were bullet-proof. But many was the poor man and woman shot down before they dreamed of danger, and many were the captives carried away to drag out a miserable existence,—the women and children



A SETTLER ATTACKED.

as slaves; the men to run the gauntlet, or to be tortured to death to satisfy the cruel nature of their captors.

“If you read the histories of that time, you will hear of many a hairbreadth escape, and many a deed of daring. At one time,

in one of the garrison-houses, a woman in the second story was turning cheeses, and had slipped back a small shutter to let in



RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

light. An Indian who was on the watch fired at the opening. The ball passed completely through the cheese that the woman held in her hand, but did her no injury.

“At another time, on a very dark night, a man who was a capital shot let himself out of the garrison-house, and took his stand just beside the door. A companion within put a light in one of the loop-holes of the house, and retired instantly. It was well that he did so; for the next instant a bullet fired by some ambushed Indian came with such good aim, that it put out the candle. Our friend

outside the door, however, was waiting with his rifle to his shoulder. Quick as thought he fired at the flash of the Indian's gun, and brought down his man.

"It was not the men alone who did daring deeds. In Dorchester lived a Mr. Minot, who had two little children. One



AN INDIAN LODGE. ~

Sunday morning, while the rest of the family were at church, they were left at home alone with a servant-maid. She made the door fast as usual, and was busy about her household affairs. On a sudden an Indian appeared, and tried to make his way in. Not being able to force the door, he ran to the window. The

girl waited only a minute to hide the children under two great brass kettles, and rushed up stairs for a musket. The Indian fired at her as she ran, but missed her. She fired back at him with better aim, hitting him in the shoulder. But the shot did not disable him; and, filled with rage, he made all the more vigorous efforts to get in. There was no time to load again: so, catching up a shovel of live coals, she dashed them against his face with such force, that he made haste to get away. The next day his dead body was found in the woods, his face one mass of burns.

“Well, at first it seemed, as I said, as if the Indians were going to be successful, and drive all the white men out of the country. Town after town was burned. There was no way of paying them back in kind; for their lodges, built of sticks covered with skins, were rebuilt in a day. Things looked very black for the colonists.

“But all at once the tide turned. A great battle was fought, in which many hundred Indian warriors were slain. At last King Philip, the chief of their whole confederation, was killed; and then the war was practically at an end.

“The most successful leader of the settlers was Capt. Church. He was a man without personal fear. He would venture into the councils of tribes whom he feared were about to join the enemy, and would sit unmoved amid the wildest gesticulation and fury of orators urging their nation to take up arms against the whites. Often, by his personal coolness, he weaned a tribe back to their old alliance. He it was who captured the sixty Indians; and this was the way it happened:—



AN INDIAN ORATOR.



“In the battle in which King Philip was killed, one of the Indians was heard calling out in a loud voice to his men, ‘*I-oo-tash; I-oo-tash!*’—‘Stand to it; stand to it!’ This was old Annawon, Philip’s right-hand man.

“A few days later, when Capt. Church was on a scouting expedition with one white man and five or six friendly Indians, they captured one of the enemy, an old fellow, who, on being questioned, confessed that he had come from Annawon’s camp, which he said was situated in a swamp. He further told that there were with him some sixty men, and that by hard marching the camp could be reached by nightfall. Capt. Church had, as I said, but one white man and five Indians with him. If he waited for re-enforcements, he would lose his opportunity; for it was well known that Annawon was too wily to ever camp twice in the same place. He turned to his men. Would they join him in a forlorn hope to capture this great chief? The white man answered, ‘I am never afraid of going anywhere when you are with me;’ and the Indians, so great was Capt. Church’s renown as a warrior, at last consented. The old man whom they had taken prisoner agreed, if they would spare his life, to pilot them; and so they set out, their guide striding before them at such a pace, that he was often out of sight.

“At last, as dusk drew near, he halted. This was the time, he said, when Annawon sent out his scouts. If they went on, there was danger of being discovered. They must wait an hour or so, and then it would be safe to move again. Here Capt. Church asked the old man if he would fight for him. The Indian bowed low, and said, that, as he owed him his life, he had

consented to show him the way; but he prayed him that he might not be made to fight against his old master. He promised, however, to come to the captain's aid, should any one attack him.

"Then they set out again. Soon they came in sight of the



A SQUAW AND PAPPOË.

camp. It was in a deep recess; and the only way to it was to climb down some rocks in single file, in sight of all below. The guide was sent first, so that he would be recognized as a friend; and they followed in his shadow. A young woman was pounding corn in a mortar. When she pounded, they moved on; when she stopped to turn the corn, they stopped: and so it turned out, that before Annawon, who was lying half asleep

with his son beside him, realized that the enemy were upon him, Capt. Church had stepped across his prostrate body, and secured all his arms, which had been stacked a little to one side.



“The old chief saw that he had been outwitted, and, after the first start and exclamation of surprise, lay in perfect stillness with true Indian stoicism. Meantime the rest of Capt. Church’s party had gone to the other Indians of the band, who were lying about fires a little distance away, and telling them that Annawon was taken, and that they were entirely surrounded by whites, but that, if they would give up their guns, they should have quarter, persuaded them to yield their arms.

“Capt. Church had succeeded; but his position was by no means an enviable one. Should his captives find out the truth, they could by sheer force of numbers overcome him. He, too, was worn out with his work. Bidding his men keep watch for a couple of hours, he lay down, and fell asleep. But he took the precaution to throw one of his legs over Annawon, and the other over his son, so that neither could move without disturbing him. At the end of the two hours he awoke. Annawon lay with his eyes wide open, watching him. Together they remained eying one another. At length the old Indian rose, and strode off into the forest. Capt. Church, as he was gone some time, fearing that some villany was preparing, made the chief’s son lie beside him in such a way that no bullet could reach him without first killing the Indian. But his precautions were needless; for the old man soon returned, bearing with him the belt of King Philip, which he had taken from its hiding-place. Kneeling down, he presented it to Capt. Church, saying in broken English, —

“ ‘Great captain, you have killed Philip, and conquered his country: for I believe that I and my company are the last that war against the English, so suppose the war is ended by your means; and therefore these things belong to you.’

“The war was, as Annawon had said, at an end. He had no heart to fight further; and his captor marched him off the next morning with his men to Plymouth, where shortly after he was tried for the murder of many English, and, notwithstanding Capt. Church’s efforts in his behalf, was executed.”

“What I can’t understand,” said Tom Longwood, “is why Annawon did not try to escape the next morning. He must have seen then how much stronger his own party was than that of Capt. Church.”

“I suppose he did not think that he would be shot by the settlers,” said Mr. Longwood. “Very likely Capt. Church promised him his life. After Annawon had brought King Philip’s belt, they sat by the fire, and talked together till morning. It is certain that Capt. Church tried his utmost to save him, and that he was very much depressed when he heard of his taking-off. But Annawon confessed that he had put whites to death by torture, and there was no chance for him after that.”

“How glad I am that all those days are over!” said Rose Waring. “It was very kind of you, Mr. Longwood, to take so much trouble to amuse us; and I am sure we all thank you very much.”

“Yes, indeed!” they all cried; and Ned Grant said, “I hope that to-morrow night you will feel like telling us another.”

“How would it do,” said Mr. Longwood, “for each of you young people to tell a story? We shall be here five nights more, and there are ten of you. That would give us ten stories in all,—two on each evening. We might make the condition that they should be from American history. There are a great many

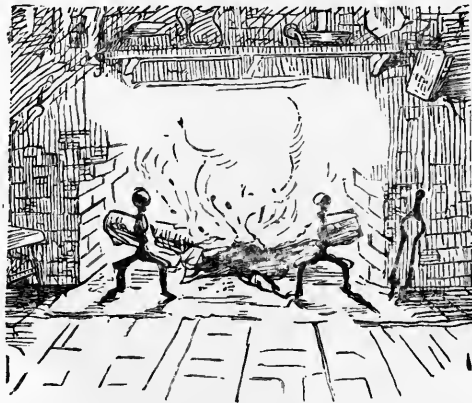
books on that subject in the library, and you can easily hunt up some story if you do not know one already. What say you all? Shall we try it?"

The question was put to vote, and it was decided that the plan should be tried. Then lots were drawn, and each had his or her day allotted. Carrie Longwood and Will Morgan drew theirs for the next evening, while at the very end of all came little Jack Hastings.

"I know what I shall tell," said that young gentleman. "My great-grandmother" —

"Don't tell us to-night, Jack," said Mrs. Longwood. "It is high time that we all went to bed, if we want to be fresh in the morning for to-morrow's fun."

So they all trooped off up-stairs, and soon the parlor fire was flickering and blinking to an empty room.





### CHAPTER III.



GERTRUDE'S FRIGHT.

“DEAR me, girls!” said Gertrude Hastings when they were up-stairs, “I am so glad that our rooms open into one another! It is like all sleeping in the same room. Those Indian stories have made my blood creep, and I expect to hear a war-whoop at any moment.”

“I am so sleepy,” said Kate, “that I don’t think a hundred war-whoops could wake me to-night. It must be the sea air. I never am so in New York.”

Notwithstanding all this, she made no haste to get into bed, but joined the other girls, who, in their

night-dresses, had crouched around the blazing fire. They were

all deep in some of the many subjects that girls find to talk about; and might have continued there till morning, had not Mrs. Longwood come in and packed them all off to bed, when their tongues soon stopped for the night.

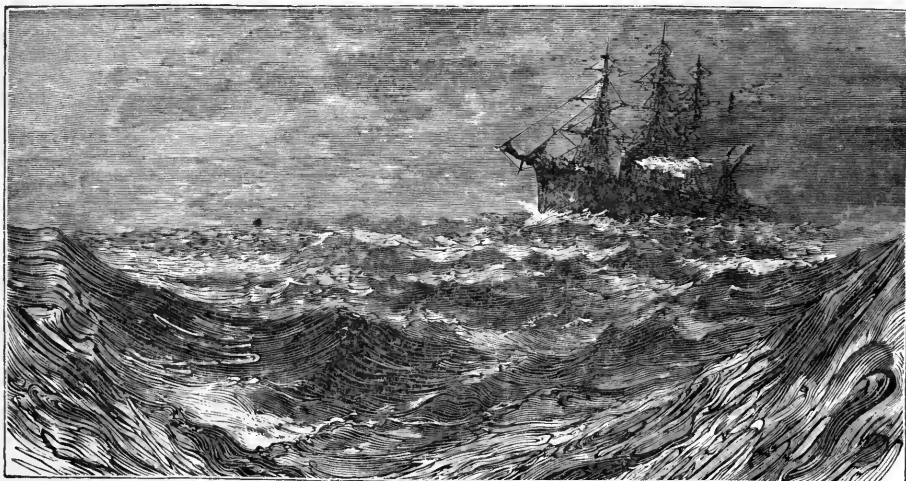
It must have been about three o'clock in the morning when Gertrude awoke suddenly. The blaze had all died away from the fire, and only a few embers threw a dull red glow on the ceiling. As she lay there only half conscious, she heard a noise, *crunch, crunch*, on the snow outside. In an instant all the Indian stories came back to her mind, and she started up in bed in a fright. But a moment's thought told her that Indians had long ago ceased to rouse people from their sleep. Still the noise went on, *crunch, crunch*. Something, she was sure, was wrong. Perhaps it was a burglar. She felt a strong desire to lie down, and cover her head with the bed-clothes, but, putting away all such suggestions, jumped up, and, making her way to the window, looked out.

The moon was just setting; but there was still light enough to make out the cause of her fright. It was Garm. He was walking slowly about, keeping guard over every thing. What a sudden change it made in her feelings! Now she felt as safe as a little while before she had been frightened. She tapped softly on the pane; and he looked up, and, seeing her, stood still a moment, and wagged his tail, and then resumed his walk.

Her window looked out upon the sea; and there, as she raised her eyes, close in shore, was a great ocean-steamer. Gertrude could make out clearly the outlines of her masts and the red flame that poured from her smoke-stacks as she made her way onward.

But she soon found herself shivering with cold: so she left the window. "I'll just put one of these logs on the fire," she said: "a little blaze is such good company." And then she hopped into bed again, and, long before the blaze had sprung up, was fast asleep.

Morning arrived in due time, and with it the breakfast-hour. When Mr. and Mrs. Longwood came down stairs, they found the girls all waiting in the parlor; but not a boy was to be seen.



THE STEAMER AT SEA.

"Why, this is very strange!" said Mr. Longwood after they had all said good-morning. "Where are the boys?"

"I have not heard a sound," said Kate, "and I have been down stairs more than half an hour."

"What heavy sleepers they must be! — Bridget!" he called to the maid who was standing in the hall, "go up to the young gentlemen's rooms, and tell them that breakfast is ready."

“Sure, it’s skatin’ they’ve been this hour, sur,” said Bridget. “I saw thim wid their skates in their hands whin I first came down.”

“This will never do,” said Mrs. Longwood. “They must always have something to eat before going out, or they’ll be catching cold. — Bridget, tie a napkin to the piazza-post. Master Tom will remember that that was the way we called him to dinner last summer, when he was out boating.”

The napkin was tied up; and the girls who gathered at the window to watch soon saw the five boys, side by side, with hands joined, come gliding down toward them, the two dogs plunging and slipping and barking wildly behind.

And in less than no time they were up at the house, and sitting around the table.

“Well, young people,” said Mr. Longwood when they had been helped, “how did you sleep?”

All declared that they had not opened their eyes till daylight, except Gertrude, who told the story of her fright.

“I suppose,” said Ned Grant, “that, if it had been a real Indian, you would have been very much frightened.”

“Yes, indeed I should,” said Gertrude.

“And yet there was an Indian crouched within fifty feet of your bed all night long.”

“O Ned Grant, what an awful story!” said two or three of the girls.

“It isn’t a story at all,” said Ned. “Mary Ann, the cook, is a Shinnecock Indian. I went out to the kitchen before going skating to see if I couldn’t get a piece of bread. I was afraid,

having just got over a bad cold, to go out before eating. Mary Ann gave me a slice of bread and butter and a glass of milk; and while I was eating it she told me that she was a Shinnecock Indian, and that the tribe lived only two miles away on land reserved for them by the government. She told me ever so much beside; and I got so interested, that all the fellows had their skates on, and were off, before I reached the lake. I am going to see her again some time."

"I suppose," said little Jack, "that the bread she gave you must have been Indian bread."

"O Jack," they all cried, "what a wretched joke!—But is it true, Mr. Longwood, that there is a tribe of Indians close to us?"

"Yes," said that gentleman,— "not two miles away. Before we go back, we will all go over there in the big sleigh. We can go to-day if you like."

"The skating is prime," said Tom, "and it may not last. If it should snow, there would be an end to it; while the Shinnecock Indians are not likely to run away."

"Not very far in this cold weather, at all events," said Mr. Longwood. "Perhaps it is better not to try any excursions on our first day. The lake will give us plenty of amusement; and it is so close at hand, that, if any get tired, they can easily come to the house and rest."

So as soon as breakfast and prayers were over, they all set out. The boat-pier made a capital place for the girls to sit while the boys put on their skates; and in a very few moments they were all on their feet and away, except Rose Waring, who stood holding her skates in her hand, and looking after them with quite a melancholy face.



“Why, Rose,” said Charlie Morgan, “how solemn you look! Sit down here, and I’ll have your skates on before you can say Jack Robinson.”

“But I don’t know how to skate,” said Rose.

“Oh! you’ll learn in no time,” said Charlie encouragingly. “I learned in an hour. Come: Ned Grant and I will hold you up on each side, and you’ll get the hang of it at once.”

So Rose had her skates put on, and started off with a boy on either side. But she soon found that the expectation Charlie had held out, of her learning in an hour, was a vain one. As long as the two boys held her up, she got on very well; but, the minute they let go, down she went in a heap. Half an hour passed, and she made no more progress than at first. She was a very considerate girl; and so, as she saw that she was keeping them from skating, and as she knew that they would never leave her by herself, she suddenly discovered that she was very tired, and decided that her skates must come off. The boys remonstrated; but she persisted.

Just as she had got on her feet without them, Tom and Will came down.

“Why, Rose!” they cried, “what is the matter?”

“She says she is tired,” said Ned Grant; “but I know that it is only because she thinks that she is troubling us.”

“Wait a moment,” said Tom: “I have an idea.” And, taking off his skates, he ran to the house. A moment later, they saw him coming back with a rocking-chair over his head.

“It just occurred to me that Rose could sit on this, and we could push her. I think it will run nearly as easily as a sled;

and, if it doesn't, there is a sled in the barn. Perhaps, now that I have my skates off, I had better get that, in case the chair doesn't work." So off he went again, and soon was back with the sled, and a rug that he had picked up on the way.

The chair was tried, and the sled both; but the boys pronounced in favor of the sled, because it had a long rope, and three or four could draw it at once. So Rose, snugly tucked up in the rug, was soon flying to the other end of the lake, where the others were.

"It is pretty cold," said Carrie after a time: "one has to keep moving to keep warm. I should think you would freeze on that sled, Rose."

"I should," said Rose; "but Tom tucked me up so snugly, that I am as warm as toast."

"There is a great pile of old fence-rails on our land close by the lake," said Tom; "and I am sure that we could have some to make a fire on the ice."

At that they all set out again in the direction of home; and, Mr. Longwood's consent being gained, a bright blaze was soon made, and the young folk gathered around it, sitting down on sundry rails that were to feed the fire when it grew low.

Just then Ned Grant gave a frantic scream.

"What is the matter?" they all cried.

"That," said Ned with much gravity, "was a war-whoop. I saw Mary Ann out by the kitchen-door, and thought that perhaps she would think it a polite attention on my part to salute her after the manner of her nation."

"It seems to have been a very effective salute, at all events."

said Tom; "for she is coming this way. Look out, Ned, for your scalp; for she may be on the war-path."

"That basket doesn't look like it," said Ned. "I hope it's sandwiches."

Mary Ann by this time had reached the lake, and was walking over the ice toward them with as much care as if she expected to see her heels fly into the air at any moment.

"Hillo, Mary Ann! what's in that basket?" said Tom, skating toward her, and trying to take it.

"Now you jist git along," said Mary Ann. "Fust thing you know, I'll be down; and that's no laughing matter. Young folks is mighty risky of their lives. I'd no more put them skates on my feet than I'd fly."

The basket did contain sandwiches, and they all munched them with great satisfaction.

"It's eleven o'clock already," said Carrie. "How the time has flown! And I'm rather tired too. What do you say, girls, to going in, and resting till dinner?"

The girls all fell in with her plan, and the boys were soon left alone.

"I have an idea," said Tom. "There is an ice-boat at the upper end of the lake, and I know the man who owns it. If one of you fellows will go with me, we will hunt him up, and see if he won't take us out in her."

Will Morgan and he thereupon set off; and in about twenty minutes little Jack, who was on the lookout, called out, "There they come! They've got her! I see a sail!"

A minute later the ice-boat was right abreast of them, flying

like the wind; Tom and Will standing up and waving their hats, and shouting like two young lunatics.

“Hold hard!” the others could just hear a gruff voice call in the distance; and the next instant the boat came around in the wind, and moved slowly toward them. One after another, they took turns in sailing. The breeze was strong, and the boat fairly flew. The captain turned out to be a jolly fellow too, and he let the boys help manage her; and altogether they were in such a wild state of delight, that the napkin tied to the piazza-post to tell them that dinner was ready was not seen at all, and Mr. Longwood had to come down to the pier and call again and again before they heard.

After dinner, they went skating again as wildly as if they had not seen ice for a twelvemonth. And now I must tell you what befell Jack Hastings. It had got to be four o'clock, and the boys were playing snap-the-whip. Jack was on the very end. How it happened so, I know not; for he was a little fellow, and they were always very careful of him. Will Morgan, who was the strongest, cracked the whip; and he did it with such force, that poor Jack was thrown down, and sent flying over the ice. Very little harm would have been done by this, for Jack had had at least fifty hard tumbles that day before; but it so happened that they were near the edge of the lake, and close at hand was a hole that had been broken to make a place for some cattle to drink.

Toward this hole Jack went flying, and into it he plumped. The water could not have been more than a foot deep; but when he got on his feet, and came out, he was pretty thoroughly wet.



JACK HASTINGS' ACCIDENT.



His coat had protected his body; but they could hear the water crunch in his boots as he walked.

“Off with his skates, fellows! quick!” cried Ned Grant, stooping down to take off his own. “Run, youngster!” he cried as Jack shook off the last strap; and, taking him by the shoulder, he hurried him along till they reached the house, all panting from the run.

Mrs. Longwood, who was in the hall, took in the situation at a glance; and Master Jack was hurried up-stairs, and, before he knew it, had his wet things off, and was perched up on a table, where Bridget rubbed him dry, while Mrs. Longwood rummaged in his trunk for a change of clothes. They were soon forthcoming; though Bridget’s sharp eye found that a button was off, and so she stopped to put it on. Jack did not in the least object to the delay, but seemed to take a great satisfaction in the whole business. Especially did he enjoy it, when, in answer to his mild insinuation that a hot lemonade was capital to ward off colds, Mrs. Longwood sent Bridget down to make one.

But after dinner, when they had all gathered around the fire, Master Jack was discovered to be very hoarse; and Mrs. Longwood, in spite of his appeals, and his statement that there was nothing the matter with him, decided that he must go to bed instanter. So he was packed off up-stairs; and his bed was put into her room, so that she would be close at hand in case he should grow worse in the night.

Jack was at first quite inconsolable. “You see,” he said to Margaret, Tom and Carrie’s old nurse, who had been in the family for years, and who helped him undress, “I know a splen-

did story about my great-grandmother, and I am so afraid that some of the fellows may tell it! However," he went on, "I don't see how it can be helped; and I don't believe they any of them ever met her, anyway." And, with this bit of comfort in his thoughts, he rolled over, and was soon asleep.



JACK GOES TO BED.





## CHAPTER IV.



AN OLD INDIAN CHIEF.

“My story,” said Will, when they had all drawn up into a great circle before the fire, “has to do with Indians. I am very sorry that it has, because Gertrude begged that there should be no Indian story this evening, as she did not want to have another fright. It would be a pretty difficult thing to find any part of early American history in which Indians did not play a part; and as it is not very long, and the Indians did not altogether have the best of it, perhaps it will not disturb her slumbers, after all.

“It is a ballad; and the incidents it describes must have taken

place in King Philip's War, of which Mr. Longwood told us last night.

"It is called

1677.

Fair blew the wind at Marblehead  
 Long years ago, on a morn in May,  
 When the little fleet of fishing craft,  
 Outward-bound, left the quiet bay ;  
 And the band of women upon the pier  
 Watched them grow fainter, with sigh and tear.  
 True hearts have the women of Marblehead.

Scarce had a fortnight passed and gone,  
 'Twas the Lord's Day morning, clear and calm,  
 From the open doors of the meeting-house  
 Came the sound of the closing psalm,  
 And the words of prayer for those at sea,  
 That the Lord would be with them where'er they be.  
 Warm hearts have the women of Marblehead.

Why do the goodwives crowd on the steps,  
 Shading their eyes to look over the bay?  
 What is so strange in yon incoming sail?  
 Why do they start when they hear one say,  
 "By the cut of her jib, 'tis my goodman's boat ;  
 'Tis 'The William and Mary,' right well I know't" ?  
 Sharp eyes have the women of Marblehead.

"What harm can have fallen the fishing-fleet,  
 That he comes alone at this early day?"  
 Through the crowd, at her word, a tremor runs :  
 "To the pier!" they cry ; "to the pier! Away!

What hinders the men, that so slow they sail?  
Will they never get closer, and answer our hail?  
Wild fears have the women of Marblehead.

“Skipper, ahoy! What news do ye bring?  
Tell us at once, does all go well?”  
“God have mercy!” the skipper said:  
“Hard is my fate such news to tell.  
Taken or slain are all our men,  
Routed at night by the Indian.”  
God pity the women of Marblehead!

“Anchors down in a sheltered cove,  
Reckoned we nought of a hidden foe.  
Down came the heathen five hundred strong,  
All of our crews asleep below:  
Some they slew with a savage zest,  
But to sail the fleet they saved the rest.”  
What news is this, women of Marblehead?

“I and my mates we watched our chance:  
Four of our foes we pitched into the sea,—  
Sharp was the fight, but our lives were at stake,—  
Crowded all sail; and so here we be.  
Two of the red men we have fast bound  
Down below deck all safe and sound.”  
Crazed are the women of Marblehead.

“Kill!” screamed a fisher-wife lank and thin:  
“They are taken red-handed, these murderers!”  
And she tore her sparse and grizzled hair,  
And hurled a stone at the prisoners.

Then all the women in that mad crowd  
Tore them to pieces with shriekings loud.  
Have a care of the women of Marblehead!

“Dear me!” said Lou, “do you mean that they actually killed them? I don’t believe it. Why, it was ever so much worse than that riding of Floyd Ireson in a cart, that Whittier wrote about.”

“Nevertheless, it is so,” said Will. “The old record says that they, in a tumultuous way, very barbarously murdered them. Oh! those were savage days, and neither side had much to boast of. In the same book where I found that story there is a letter from an officer. After telling of their various marches, and the number of prisoners captured, he says, —

“‘Dec. 17, we sold Capt. Davenport forty-seven Indians, young and old, for eighty pounds in money.’”

“Why, what could Capt. Davenport do with them?” asked Rose.

“He burned them at the stake, one a day,” said Ned Grant solemnly.

“Nonsense! he did nothing of the sort,” said Will, seeing Rose’s look of horror. “He probably sold them to the plantations in the West Indies as slaves.”

“That was about as bad, anyway,” said Ned.

“We must remember,” said Mr. Longwood, “that there was hardly a settler who had not lost friends or a home by the savages. They came to be regarded as wild beasts rather than men.”

“The people who landed in ‘The Mayflower’ did not think so,” said Carrie. “Almost one of the first things they did was to make a treaty with the Indians; and, if any one cheated them, he was made to pay for it severely. Among their earliest records,” she went on, taking up a large book, and reading out of it, “is this:—

“‘Josias Plaistowe, for stealing four baskets of corn from the Indians, is ordered to return them eight baskets, to be fined five pounds, and hereafter to be called by the name Josias, and not Mr. as formerly he used to be.’”

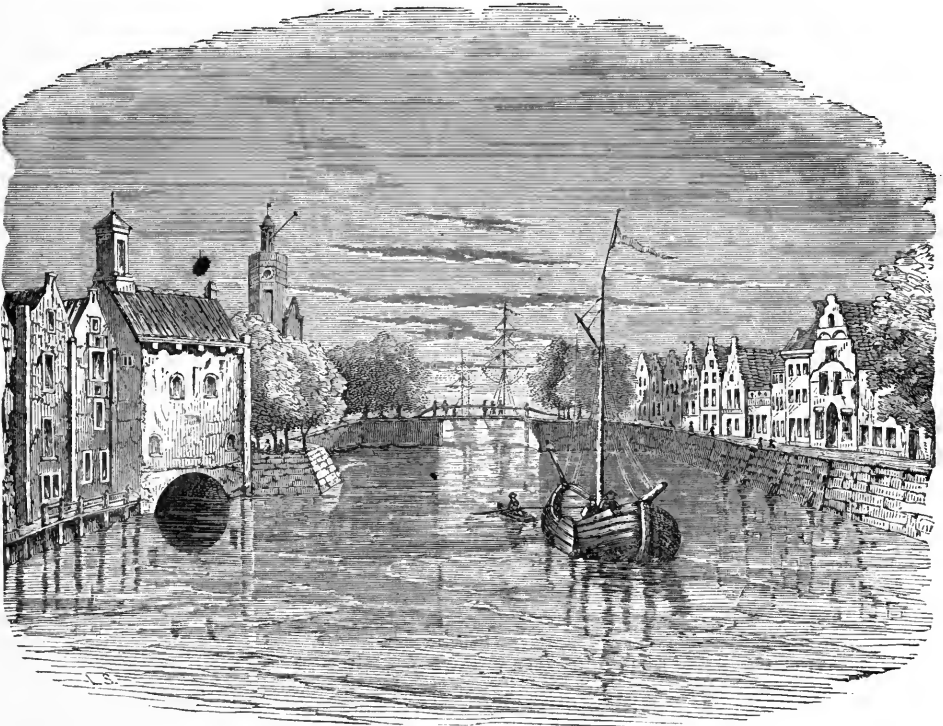
“What a learned lady you are!” said Ned Grant, very much astonished.

“You see,” laughed Carrie, “when I came in from the pond to hunt up a story for my part to-night, I took down an old book that was all about the Pilgrims. I was so interested, that I read on until nearly tea-time; and then all at once I found that I had no story: so I made up my mind to tell something about the first settlers of New England.”

“Blaze away!” said Tom.

“Well,” said Carrie, “the Pilgrims, you know, fled from England, where they were persecuted because of their religious belief, and went to Holland, and formed a settlement there. But, after a time, they became dissatisfied. They did not want their children to grow up Dutchmen; and, as they had heard a great deal about the New World, they decided that they would go to America, and form a new colony. The land on the Hudson River was known to be excellent, and they intended to settle there.

“As all could not leave at once, they selected out of their number some to go before. All flocked to Delft Haven, where their vessel lay; and, amid the tears and prayers of those left behind, the sails were hoisted, and the good ship soon left Holland

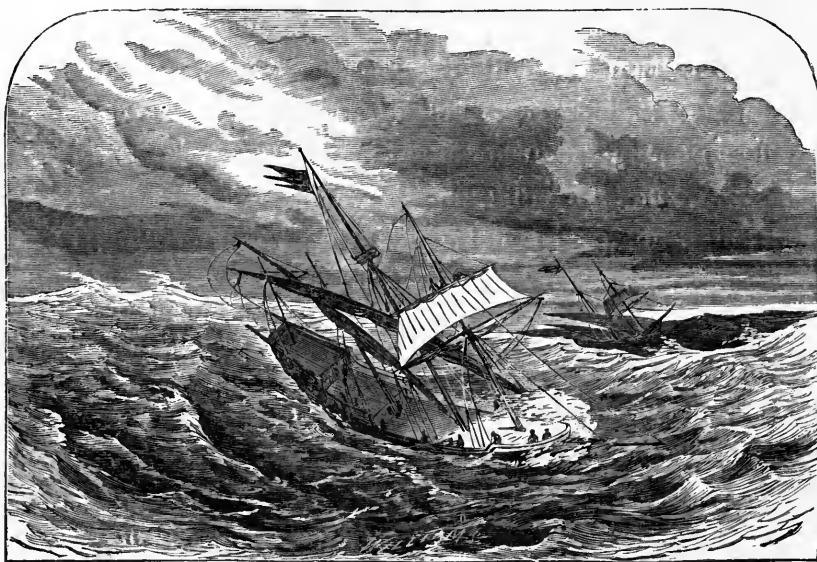


DELFT HAVEN.

on the lee. Another vessel had been hired, which joined them at Southampton; and together, their prows headed westward, they set out for the New World.

“But storms soon came, and it was found that ‘The Speed-

well' was unseaworthy. There was no help but to put back to port. Part of their number had to be left behind. The rest, crowded together in close quarters in 'The Mayflower,' once more set sail, on the 6th of September, and, after fifty-five days of weary tossing and violent storms, saw land before them. They hailed it with joy, though it was but the barren sands of Cape



THE "MAYFLOWER" AND "SPEEDWELL."

Cod, and many miles north of the Hudson River, for which they had set out."

"How many were there?" asked Tom.

"One hundred and two," said Carrie. "One baby was born on the way, and he was named Oceanus. There were a good many children, and they had such odd names! There were

Humility Cooper, and Desire Minter, Remember Allerton, Love Brewster, and Wrastle Brewster. These last were brother and sister; and their other two sisters, Fear and Patience, came over later. If the children were as sober as their names, what solemn little groups must have played together on 'The Mayflower's' deck!

"Well, when they found that they were so far north of where they intended to be, they were, as I said, very much disappointed. But they decided that it was so late in the season, that it would not do to go farther, but that they must get ashore, and build them houses before the winter was upon them. It was very well that they did not go to the Hudson River; for the fiercest Indians in the whole country were there, and they would, no doubt, have been cut off speedily; while the whole coast hereabout had been visited only three years before by a great pestilence, that had carried off nearly all the natives, leaving the country almost uninhabited.

"Scouting-parties were sent out every few days to find a good place to begin the town. The first of these, consisting of sixteen men, under the lead of their captain, Miles Standish, marched afoot, each man armed with musket, sword, and corselet. They had not gone far before they saw five or six Indians; but these had no sooner seen them, than they fled into the woods at the top of their speed. The scouting-party followed their tracks some ten miles; but the Indians were too fleet to be overtaken. Night came on; and, stationing three sentinels, they built a fire, and lay about it till morning.

"As soon as daylight appeared they followed the tracks once





OFF FOR THE NEW WORLD.



more, hoping to fall in with some of the natives, or at least to find their houses. But though they went on through bush and brake, so wild that their very armor was torn, they could find neither. They were nearly famished with thirst too; for they had brought neither water nor beer with them, and theirs had been a long and weary tramp. But at ten they came upon a deep valley with a spring, 'of which,' says one, 'we were heartily glad, and sat us down, and drunk our first New-England water with as much delight as ever we drunk drink in all our lives.'

"Then their march was taken up again. After a time they discovered patches of cleared ground, where Indian-corn had evidently been planted. A little farther on there were a few boards where a wigwam had been, and a heap of fresh sand smoothly piled up.

"This they digged into, and found within it a basket of Indian-corn. It was a great blessing to them; for in this way they got seed for their next year's crop. Indian-corn was not known in Europe; and the grain that they brought with them did so poorly, that they soon came to depend entirely upon it. Taking what they could carry, they set out once more. Again night came, and again they camped out by a fire, three sentinels keeping watch as before. They were now not far from the ship, and, in the morning, made their way back to her.

"One of the party fell into a deer-trap, and was caught by a noose around his leg. It was well for him that his friends were with him, or he might have dangled head downward in the air, as the trap was made by bending down a strong sapling, which, being suddenly set free, snapped back, dragging any poor animal whom it had caught into the air.

“After the victim had been set free, they soon reached the ship, weary enough.

“Another party set out a few days later in the shallop. They camped the first night in a favorable spot on the beach; but the next morning, when they were about to set sail again, there came an Indian war-whoop and a flight of arrows. They sprang to their arms, and there was a sharp fight for a few moments; but the white men’s weapons soon put the savages to flight, and the party resumed their journey.

“The day was wild and stormy. The spray dashed over them, freezing as it fell, until they were coated with ice. Snow and rain came to add to their misery. Just at dark the gale increased. At a critical moment their mast broke into three pieces, and in an instant more they would have been in the breakers. But the sailor who was steering called to them, if they were men, to put the boat about, and pull with the oars for their lives. They needed no spur, but tugged with might and main, and so at last got into smooth water under the lee of an island. They were afraid to go ashore, for fear of Indians; and yet staying out in a December rain, wet to the skin, in an open boat, was worse. So they ventured to land, and built them a fire, and fortunately were not disturbed by the Indians at all. We may be very certain that this party were very glad to get back to their ship.

“At last, after exploring still farther, they decided on settling at Plymouth; and on Christmas Day all the men were at work on land, building their houses.”

“And did they all live on the ship from the 9th of November until Christmas?” asked Tom.

“Yes,” said Carrie; “except that the women went on shore at times under guard to wash.”

“Whew!” whistled Tom. “I am glad I wasn’t there. Just think of being close to shore for more than six weeks, and not being able to land! I should have been wild.”

“There was a boy just like you, Tom. His name was Billington. He must have felt wild too. When his father was away on an expedition he got some gunpowder and made squibs, which he let off on deck. Then he went into his father’s cabin and took his fowling-piece, and fired it off. It was a wonder he did no damage; for not only was the piece loaded, but there was half a keg of gunpowder open in the room.

“They were all happy enough to get on shore; but on the scouting-expeditions many had been wet through, and then exposed to icy cold; and they had often had to wade ashore from their boats through the surf; and a great illness came on, so that, before the end of March, there were only fifty left alive.

“But before this their town of log-houses had been built. It had one broad street running up a hillside. At the top of the hill, said a visitor who was there soon after it was finished, ‘they have a large square house with a flat roof, made of thick-sawn planks, stayed with oak beams, upon the top of which they have six cannon, which shoot iron balls of four or five pounds weight, and command the surrounding country. The lower part they use for their church, where they preach on Sundays and the usual holidays. They assemble by beat of drum, each with his musket or firelock, in front of the captain’s door. They have their cloaks on, and place themselves in order three abreast, and are led by a sergeant without beat of drum.

“Behind comes the governor in a long robe; beside him, on the right hand, comes the preacher, with his cloak on; and on the left hand the captain, with his side-arm and cloak on, and with a small cane in his hand: and so they march in good order, and each sets his arms down near him.”

“What larks!” said Tom.



THE FORT ON THE HILL.

“Not so much as it may seem,” said Carrie. “These were very solemn people. Why, a young woman, a servant, was threatened with being sent out of the country as a common vagabond, only because she smiled in church. And they did not think that any one should spend any thought on their clothes. In Holland



THE CALL TO PRAYER.





some of them raised a great complaint because one of the ministers' wives wore whalebones in her bodice and sleeves, and corked shoes; and one old woman who had entertained a clergyman, when he was about to depart came up to him, and felt of his band, for her eyes were dim with age, and, finding that it had been stiffened with starch, was much incensed, and reproved him sharply, fearing God would not prosper his journey.

"If you had lived in those days, Master Tom, I don't believe you would have read your Sunday-school book during the sermon, as I saw you doing last Sunday."

"I don't believe I should have had any to read," said Tom, laughing.

"The laws that they made were very strict. Here are one or two of them:—

"A stubborn and rebellious son, and any one who cursed his parents, was to be put to death.

"Profane cursing and swearing was fined ten shillings; and, if there were more than one oath at a time, twenty shillings.

"Idle people and tobacco-takers were to be at once taken before a magistrate for punishment.

"Any person who walked in the streets or fields on the sabbath was fined ten shillings.

"One of the most common of their punishments was the pillory. On a raised platform, in the sight of all the people, in some public place, the convicted person was made to stand. Sometimes his head and feet were put into the stocks in addition.

"Edward Palmer, for his extortion in taking two pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence for the woodwork of Boston stocks,

is fined five pounds, and ordered to be set one hour in the stocks.'

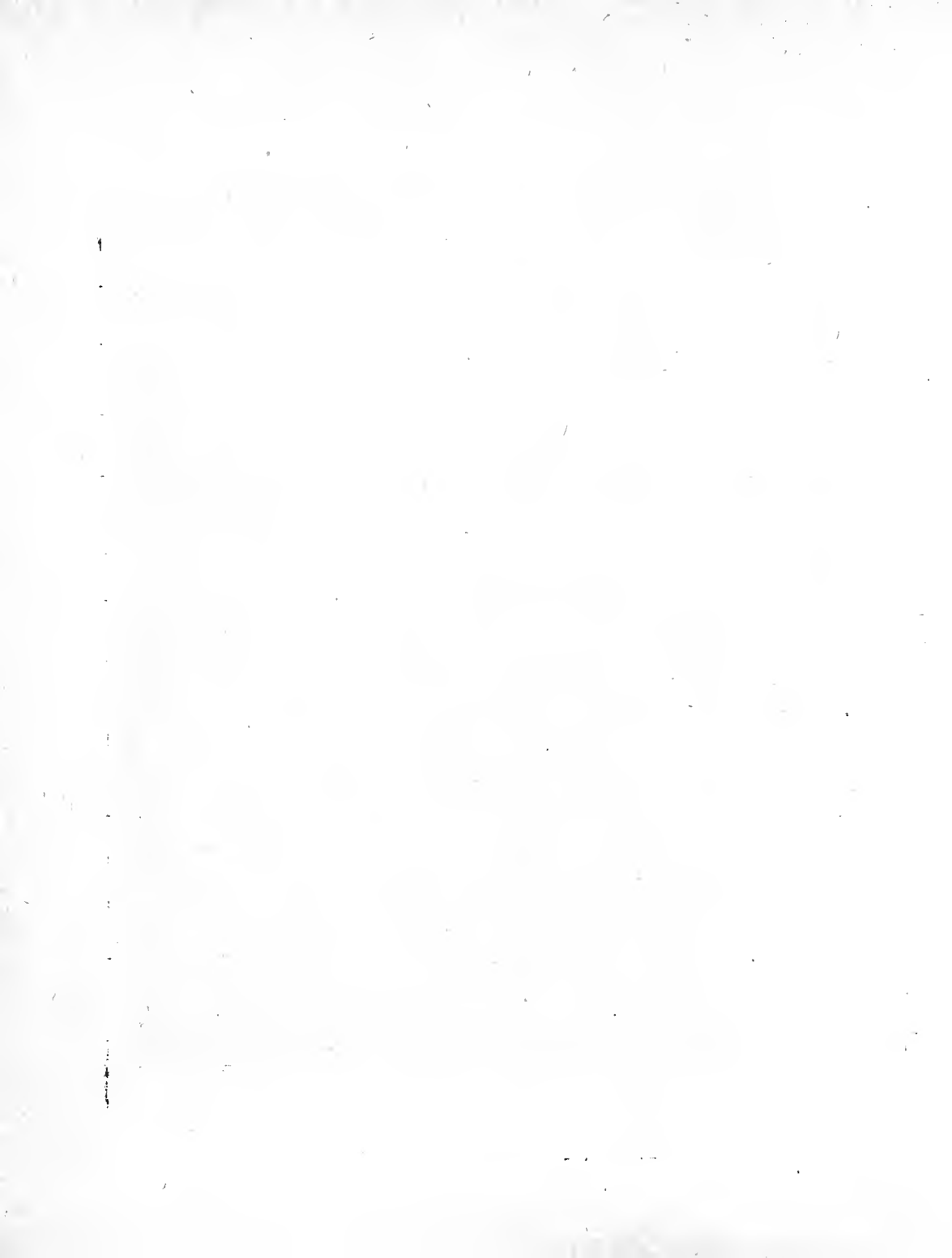
"The pillory continued many years in New England,—long after the log-huts had given place to well-built houses. The Pilgrims were sorely troubled with later emigrants who differed somewhat from them in religious matters; and many was the person condemned as a scoffer, whom they made to stand on it.

"Their encounter with the Indians made them keep a sharp lookout all the time that they worked in building; but though they saw the smoke of their fires in the woods about them, yet none of the natives themselves were to be seen. But one day, right down the village street, came an Indian. He walked boldly into their midst; and they were astonished to hear him say, 'Welcome, Englishmen!' He had picked up a little English from the crews of some ships that had been on the coast fishing; and this now stood them in good stead, for he became their interpreter to the other Indians. He was most friendly, and, in spite of their hints to the contrary, stayed all night. In the morning they sent him away loaded with presents, and bade him take friendly messages to the other Indians, and tell them to bring beaver skins to trade.

"He did his errand faithfully; and on the next Sunday he re-appeared, followed by several stalwart fellows bearing the skins. But it was Sunday, and the Pilgrims would do no business on that day. They gave them presents, and bade them come again. In a few days, Massasoit, the sachem of the tribe that lived about them, paid them a visit with some sixty warriors, all with their best paint on. The faces of some were red, and of some black, and



SCOFFERS IN THE STOCKS.



they were all stalwart fellows; so that our friends only received the chief and some few of his principal men into the town, while the rest waited outside. They feasted them, and gave them strong water to drink. It made Massasoit's eyes fairly start out of his head at first, and then it threw him into a great heat; but his reception pleased him very much, and he made a treaty with them, and kept it so faithfully, that they could wander alone anywhere about in the forests in perfect safety. The Indians were only too glad to trade beaver-skins; and the women fancied the things they had to offer so much, that they sold their dresses of beaver off their backs.

“That dreadful Billington boy now made as great an excitement as he did when he nearly blew up ‘The Mayflower.’ He got lost in the woods. They had about given up hope of finding him, when they learned that he had been discovered by a tribe of Indians that lived some distance away. So Capt. Standish had to take a boat's crew, and go after him. It took four or five days.

“Boys,” said Carrie, looking about her in a very superior way, “are a great deal of trouble.”

Ned Grant opened his mouth to defend the poor boys, attacked in this sudden and unexpected manner; but Carrie made haste to go on before he could begin:—

“They kept on very friendly terms with Massasoit, and he was always their firm ally. Through him they learned of a plan of some of the other tribes to cut them off to a man. Pecksuot and Wituwamet were the two men at the head of the conspiracy. The governor of the colony called a meeting. It was necessary

to act instantly, or it might be too late. They called upon Capt. Standish, who was always ready. Selecting eight men, he set out at once for the enemy's country. As soon as they reached it an Indian came, pretending that he wanted to trade, but in reality as a spy. Standish received him pleasantly, as he did not want his plans suspected; but the man went back to his fellows, and reported that he saw by the captain's eyes that he was angry.

"Wituwamet and Pecksuot were very bold and confident. They had their followers in strong force with them, and whetted and sharpened their knife-points before his face, and used many impudent gestures. Wituwamet bragged of his knife, which had a woman's face on the handle: 'but,' he said, 'I have another at home, wherewith I have killed both French and English, and that hath a man's face on it; and by and by these two must marry.' Pecksuot, being a large man, laughed at Capt. Standish because he was small; but the captain said nothing, biding his time.

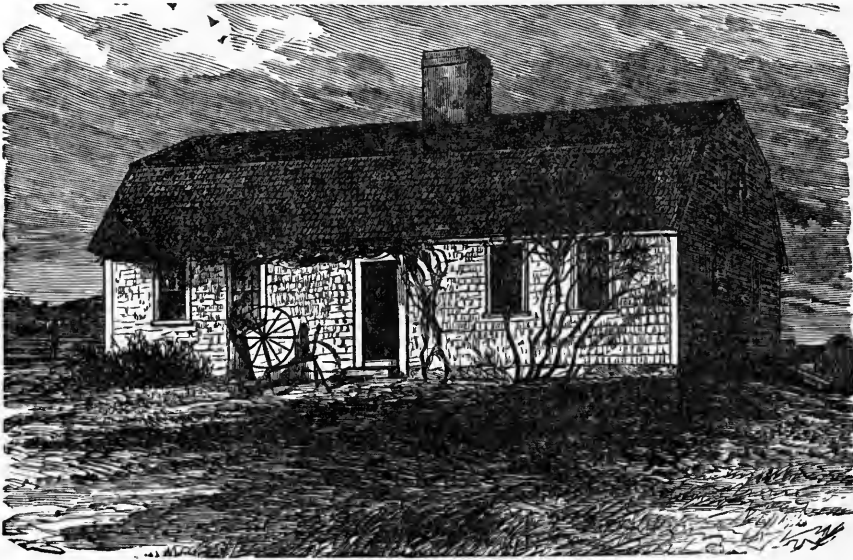
"The next day they were in a room together,—the two conspirators and another Indian, and the captain and two of his men. The time had come. Calling to his men outside to make fast the door, he rushed upon Pecksuot, and, tearing his knife from his neck, after a fearful struggle killed him. The other two men killed Wituwamet, and bound the other. The uprising of the Indians was at an end; and the little army of nine marched back to their town, to be received in triumph.

"And I had just read as far as that," said Carrie, "when the tea-bell rang; and so that is all I have to tell."

"Capt. Standish must have been a brave man," said Charlie

Morgan, "to have attacked Pecksuot hand to hand; for he could easily have killed him with his musket without risk to himself."

"He was a man of small stature," said Mr. Longwood, "but of great personal courage. He had a very quick temper; but it always seemed to blaze out at exactly the right moment for the

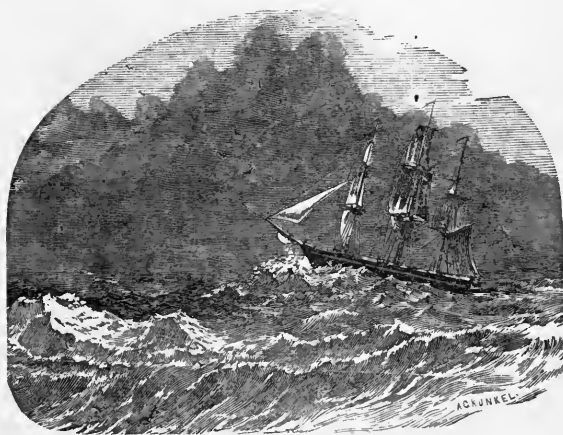


THE HOUSE THAT CAPT. STANDISH BUILT.

good of the colonists, as in this case, where the sudden slaughter of a few Indians, no doubt, saved them all from destruction. He was one of the chief men of New England during his whole life. The house that he built and lived in is still standing."



## CHAPTER V.



“WHAT are we to do to-day?” asked Tom the next morning as they sat at the breakfast-table. The boys had not got up so early as on the day before: indeed, truth compels me to say that Tom and Will did not put in an appearance until after all the rest were seated. Jack Hastings was the first to show himself, and he had been stumping up and down stairs to hurry up the others ever since. He had made one trip to the kitchen; but Mary Ann, who had taken a great fancy to him, tried to kiss him, and he had beaten a hasty retreat to the parlor in great dudgeon. His cold was all gone, and he felt, as he himself expressed it, as jolly as a sand-boy.

“I ordered the big sleigh to be here at half-past nine,” said Mr. Longwood in answer to Tom’s question. “So, if you all like, we will drive over to Shinnecock Bay. If it were summer



we could take a boat, and sail across to the light-house; but now the bay must be full of ice, so that sailing is no easy matter. We can see the Shinnecock Indians: and I told the stable-man to put in four horses that could travel at a good rate of speed; so that, if we do nothing more, we shall, I hope, have a pleasant ride."

"It will be very interesting to see the Indians and their village," said Lou. "I have never seen any real Indians."

"You must not be frightened," said Ned, "if they seem a little wild. I read in a government agent's report a while ago that all attempts to civilize the Indians had failed, and that they could not be persuaded to leave off their paint and barbarous ways. But there are too many in our party for them to dare attack us. So if you see one push aside the skins that make the door of his wigwam, and come striding toward us, the feathers in his crest quivering with his excitement, while he carries a murderous knife in his belt, you must not be frightened. Just keep your eyes fixed on him, and don't show fear in your face, and you are all right."

"I don't think I want to go," said Gertrude Hastings. "It sounds pretty dreadful."

"Pshaw!" said Jack. "Don't be a coward. Remember what stuff your great-grandmother was made of. Mr. Longwood is sure to be known, and they won't dare to touch us."

"Soon the jingle of bells was heard, and the sleigh came up to the door. All hurried to put on their wraps, and were in a short time on the piazza ready to start. But they found the sleigh already occupied. Thistle had full possession of the high

seat beside the driver ; and Garm had climbed on behind, and was stretched at full length upon the straw at the bottom, where he lay eying the party, and lazily beating his tail upon the floor, but making no move to come out.

“Get down, sir!” called Mr. Longwood.

“Oh, let us take them with us!” cried two or three of the girls. “There will be plenty of room; and, if Garm lies the way he now is, he will be as good as a foot-stove.”

So they all made haste to clamber in. Garm seemed to enjoy it hugely. His tail beat the floor harder than ever, but he made no attempt to move; and when they were all seated, and the robes pulled up over their laps, no one would have had an idea that a dog was anywhere about.

“How is he to breathe?” asked Rose. “He will certainly suffocate where he is.”

“Never fear,” said Tom: “he will let us know when he wants to change his position.”

Jack had clambered up to the high seat, and Thistle was in his lap; and the sleigh was soon off. Master Jack lost no time in opening a conversation with the driver, and they were soon on the best of terms.

“There,” said the man, pointing ahead with his whip after they had been riding about half an hour, “that fence there marks the boundary of the Reservation. We go through that gate yonder.”

“I’ll jump down and open it,” said Jack.

“No, you needn’t,” said the driver: “that Injun walking ahead of us will get there just as we do.”

“Is that an Injun?” asked Jack.

“Oh, yes!” was the reply.

Jack stared very hard at him as they came closer; and when the man pulled open the gate, and held it for them to pass through, he turned around, and called out,—

“Gertrude, Gertrude, here is a warrior! Don’t be afraid!”

“Where? where?” asked Gertrude.

“Why, holding open the gate! Don’t you see him?” said Jack.

“That isn’t an Indian,” said Gertrude: “that’s a negro.—Is it an Indian, Mr. Longwood?”

The man was very old, and bent nearly double. His head was covered with wool, and his features were coarse like a negro’s. He carried a basket on one arm, and a long staff in his hand, and made his way on very slowly and painfully.

“I am afraid,” said Mr. Longwood, “that, if you believed all that Ned told you this morning, you will be somewhat disappointed. The Shinnecoeks intermarried with negroes to such an extent, that the present generation are virtually negroes. Instead of going on the war-path like their ancestors, they fish, and pick huckleberries to sell at the boarding-houses.”

They were now fairly in the Reservation, and the children looked about them with much interest. They were on a great open moor, with not a tree or fence to break the view. On all sides the land lay as if it had once been a sea of rolling waves suddenly changed to earth; while over all was the pure white snow, dazzlingly bright in the sunlight.

“In the summer,” said Mr. Longwood, “all this land is the feeding-ground of great herds of cattle.”

Just at this moment they passed a small Indian boy. He, too, looked like a negro.

“Have a ride?” called Tom, who was at the end of the sleigh.

“Thankee,” said the boy, and ran and jumped on the step.

Now, whether it was the boy’s voice, or whether it was that he had been asleep, and dreamed that the company were in great danger, from which only prompt action on his part could save them, I do not know; but it is certain that Garm chose that moment to spring up. He dashed on to his feet, sending the robes right and left, and, stretching himself to his full height, opened his mouth, and gave a deep bay.

“Lord a massy!” said the little Indian boy; and he jumped off, and took to his heels across the fields at the top of his speed.

Garm made no attempt to follow him; but the sight was too much for Thistle. He wiggled out of Jack’s arms; took a flying leap, landing on Carrie’s head; and then rushed across their laps to get out behind. In another moment he would have been after the boy; but Tom caught him as he was just jumping, and, despite all his struggles, held him fast.

“Stop! stop!” said Mr. Longwood to the driver. “Call to the boy, Tom, to come back.”

Tom shouted, and the boy turned around. He stood still eying them for a long time, but was very slow in his progress back, until he understood that Tom had a ten-cent piece for him, when he mastered his fears, and came and climbed up where he was before, only saying, —

“Sakes! I thought I was going to be eaten up.”

Gertrude soon found that Ned's pictures of Indian life were not, as Mr. Longwood had hinted, very true as far as the Shinnecocks were concerned. There were no wigwams built of skins, but, instead, neat little frame-houses, at whose doors and windows they saw negro men and women standing; though here and there the long straight black hair and aquiline features of one showed that the blood of his Indian ancestors had not all gone. The children were much more interested when after a time the village was left far behind, and a sudden turn in the road brought them right upon the bay.

It was a sight to be remembered. The water was everywhere covered with white-capped waves, while away out on a narrow spit of land that run far into the bay, the tall white tower of the light-house reared itself against the sky.

“Isn't it beautiful?” said Carrie.

“Yes,” said Mrs. Longwood.

“The gardens of the sea are all abloom  
 This chill December day:  
 The wild clematis hangs her clusters out  
 On tumbling waves that break in watery rout  
 O'er all the tossing bay.

The wild winds tear the petals from the flowers;  
 They fall like drops of rain;  
 Their faint salt breath on every landward breeze  
 Comes up from off the ever-heaving seas,—  
 The breath of sea-flowers slain.

These are no blossoms born of April showers  
And the warm sun of May :  
The hoarse winds raving o'er the watery waste  
Call the chill sea-flowers forth in eager haste  
To bloom and fade away."

Away down the beach, on a little bluff, they could see a small house. Drawn up on the sands before it was a boat, and they could make out two or three figures moving about.

"Let's take a run over there, fellows, to warm us up!" called out Tom. "The tide has washed the snow off the beach, and we can race."

The boys all jumped out at this, and made off, followed by the two dogs. Mr. Longwood called after them not to be gone long; but they were shouting so, that I doubt whether any of them heard what he said.

Garm was the first to reach the goal; but the boys were close upon his heels. They found a man at work at the boat, stopping up the seams where they had warped; while two boys looked on. Our party watched him for a time with great interest.

"The boat seems pretty old," said Will at last.

"Yes," said the man: "she hasn't been used for several years,—not since the inlet was closed. But, now that it has been opened, there is a chance for fishing again: so I have hauled her up here for repairs."

"How do you mean about an inlet being opened?" asked Will.

"You see," said the man, "that there used to be an inlet from the ocean to the bay. Then the blue-fish could run into the



PAINTING THE OLD FISHING-BOAT





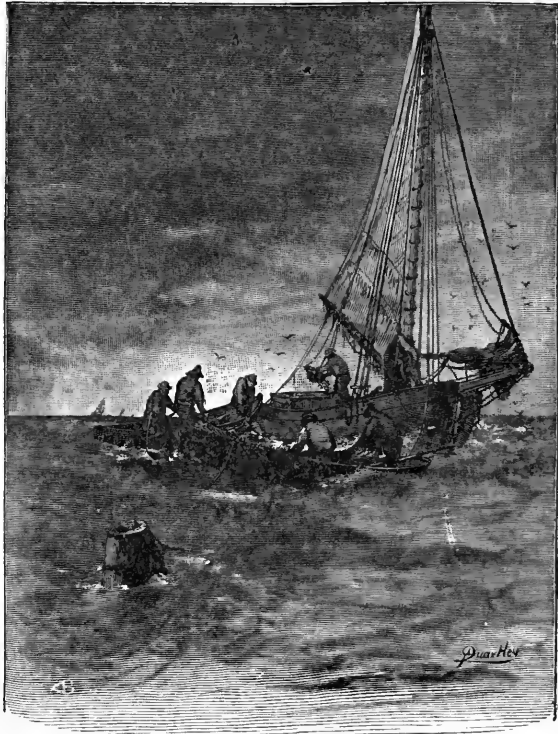
bay, which made prime fishing. Or we could sail out into the ocean, and fish there. But the storms closed it up, and kept it so for several years. That has stopped most of the fishing; for the surf is so heavy on the ocean, that it is no light task to launch a boat. This winter the inlet has opened again, and all the fishermen feel happy."

"What do you fish for?" asked Charlie Morgan.

"Mossbunkers, a good deal of the time," said the man. "We go out with a boat like my 'Phillis' here, and a couple of row-boats. Pretty soon we see a school of mossbunkers, — menhaden some call them. They run so thick, that you can see them a long way off by the dark color of the water. Then we get out the seine and the small boats, drag the seine around the fish, bring them up to 'The Phillis's' side, and dump them in. Sometimes we get six or eight cartloads at a time."

"Are they good to eat?" asked Will.

"Not very," said the man. "They have too many bones for



A HAUL OF MOSSBUNKERS.

my taste. We sell them to the farmers to put on the land to make the crops grow."

"And couldn't you fish at all when the inlet was closed?"

"Well," said the man, "we don't let a school of blue-fish go by, if we know it. And there are a good many mossbunkers caught by dragging the seine up on to the beach. When the



A SCHOOL OF BLUE-FISH IN SIGHT.

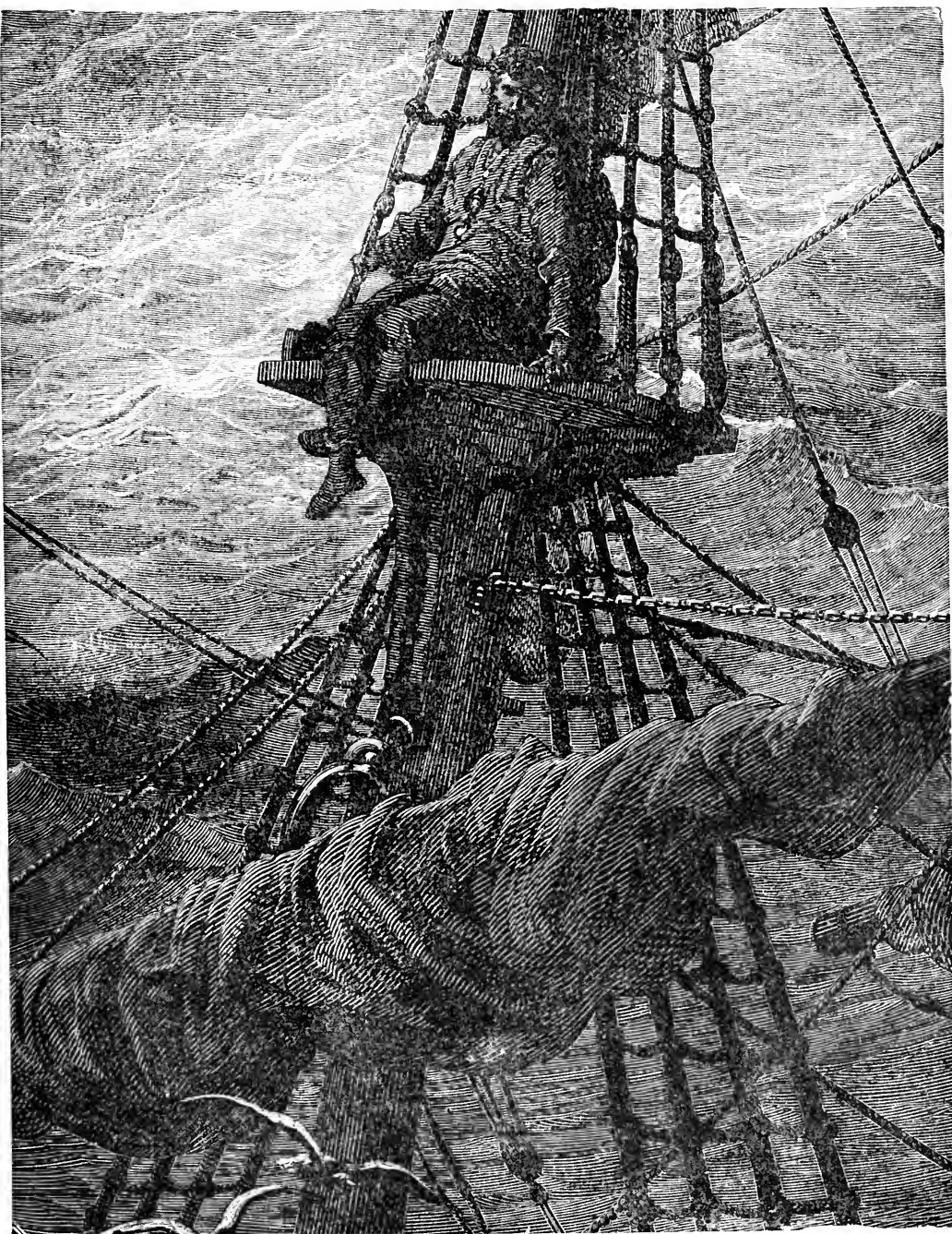
blue-fish begin to run, the fishing companies keep a man on the lookout most of the time. As soon as a school is sighted, he runs up a signal to the top of a pole,—a bush or an old shirt, or some such thing; and the rest of the company hurry down, launch their boat through the surf, and make for the fish. Sometimes they make great hauls. I've seen as many as five hundred blue-fish brought in at one time. That was a good day for the fishermen."

"Did you ever go to sea?" asked Jack.

"Yes," said the man: "I followed the sea more than twenty years."

"Did you ever go to far-off countries, such as India and China?"

"Only once," said the man: "most of my trips were to the



ON THE LOOKOUT.



Arctic Ocean a-whaling. Many and many is the day I have been at the mast-head keeping a sharp lookout. The cry of 'There she blows!' would wake a ship's crew up pretty quick, I can tell you."

"Did you ever have any adventures?" asked Jack.

"Well," said the man, "I was wrecked twice."

"Oh! do tell us about it," said the boys.

"The first time," said the man, "our ship was nipped in the ice. It was just at dusk, and we" —

Just at that moment there came a faint halloo from the distance.

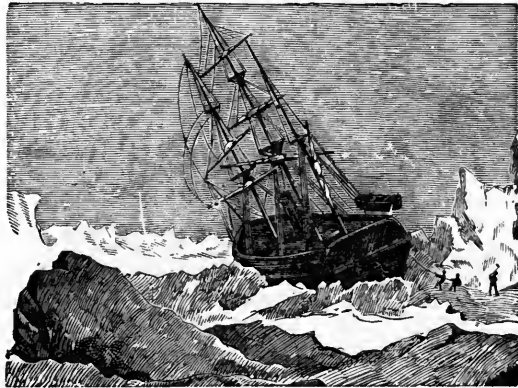
"Oh, dear!" said Jack. "It's Mr. Longwood calling, and we must go."

"I suppose he is afraid that we shall not get home for dinner," said Tom.

"You had better go, then," said the man. "Dinners spoil in keeping; stories don't."

So the boys started back, and they were all soon hurrying homeward.

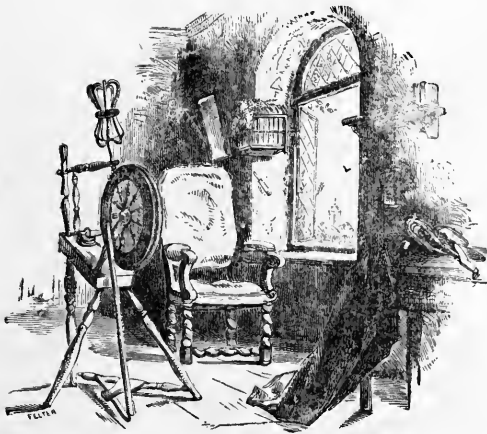
In the afternoon they went skating on the lake; but nothing worth chronicling happened. Evening found them all seated about the fire, waiting for Charlie Morgan and Lou Grant to entertain them.



NIPPED IN THE ICE.



## CHAPTER VI.



“WE are going to take a skip of about a hundred and fifty years,” said Ned Grant, “into the time just before the Revolution; and I am going to tell you how a whole nation gave up drinking tea, and took to wearing homespun.

“You must know, that, when the colonies first began to settle in the New World, each had a charter from the English king, in which they were promised absolutely and forever the power to make their own laws, to assess their own taxes, and other such rights as these. But after they grew, and the whole country began to be settled, the English Government thought that it would be a fine thing if America could pay a part of the expenses of the mother-country: so they passed a law called the Stamp Act. By this, all business was to be done on stamped paper, every sheet of which paid a small tax. Unless this paper was used, any marriage was null; notes of hand were worthless. If a ship's papers were not on it,

she might be seized at sea, as a prize, by any one. These were some of the penalties for not using it. Hardly a man in England imagined that the colonists would dare to resist.

“But they did. ‘What business has the King of England to tax us without our consent?’ they cried. ‘The next thing will be, that he will claim our lands, and all that we have. We are freemen, and not slaves; and we will not submit!’ Crowds gathered in the streets. The men who had been appointed in every part of the country to sell the paper were waited upon: if they refused to resign their office, they were mobbed. The ministers preached on the subject, rousing the people with their stirring words. One chose as his text, ‘I would they were even cut off which trouble you; for, brethren, ye have been called unto liberty.’ The country was in revolt.

“All eyes were turned to New York; for there were British troops and British men-of-war. How would they face the crisis? The officers were confident that the New-Yorkers would never dare to disobey the law. ‘If they refuse,’ said one braggart, ‘I will cram the stamps down the throats of the people with the point of my sword.’ But he did not know the people that he was talking about.

“Soon the vessels with the stamped paper began to arrive in the different ports. The shipping in the harbors welcomed them by putting their flags at half-mast. What was to be done with the paper? There was not a person in the whole land to distribute it; for not a stamp-collector but had been made by the people’s rage to resign his office. The governors of the Colonies took possession of it in the absence of the proper persons.

“The morning of the 1st of November, 1765, the day on which the law was to go in force, was ushered in over the whole country by the tolling of church-bells and the booming of minute-guns. Flags were everywhere at half-mast. And no one bought any of the hated stamps. The newspapers, boldly defying the law, came out on the same paper as before.

“In New York, where the royal officers were so certain of success, the whole city rose in wrath. Placards were posted at the street-corners, threatening any one who should buy the stamps. At night there was a great uproar. A vast body of men with torches, bearing with them a scaffold and two images, paraded the city. They broke into the governor’s coach-house,—for he was no friend to the people,—and took the state carriage. In it they placed the two images: one was of himself; the other, opposite, was that of the Devil. They drew the coach thus occupied through the streets of the town, and returned later in the night to Bowling Green, where they burned him in effigy before his very eyes. Another party sacked the house of the major who had talked about cramming the paper down their throats with his sword.”

“Hurrah for New York!” cried Jack Hastings.

“‘We are not safe while the paper is in your possession,’ said the people to the governor. ‘We demand that it be given into our hands.’

“The governor hesitated: the people insisted. They were determined, and he dared not refuse. It was taken from the ships, and delivered to the Common Council in the City Hall. And that was the way the New-Yorkers submitted to the Stamp Act.





READING THE STAMP ACT.



“As it was in New York, so it was elsewhere. No stamped paper was sold.

“When the news of all these outbreaks came to England, the act was repealed; but the government would not give up the right it claimed to tax the Colonies. It now said, ‘If the people don’t want to pay taxes in the way we proposed, we must try another.’ So a duty was put on nearly every thing that was imported from England.

“But it was not the paying taxes that had made the outbreak; for the people had always paid those imposed by their own legislatures. It was the claim of the English Government that they had the right to tax without the consent of the colonists, and without their having a voice in the matter.

“The merchants of New York met together, and proposed a union of all the people of the country. ‘Until the duties are repealed,’ they said, ‘let us not buy an article from England. Let us weave and wear homespun, give up drinking tea, and do without luxuries.’ The whole land took up the plan with wild enthusiasm. British imports fell the first year from twelve millions to eight millions of dollars. There was the greatest excitement everywhere. The newspapers were full of exhortations to the people to stand by their rights, many of them couched in what was supposed to be poetry. Here is one from ‘The Boston News-Letter:’—

‘TO OUR LADIES.

Young ladies in town, and those that live round,  
Let a friend at this season advise you:  
Since money’s so scarce, and times growing worse,  
Strange things may soon hap and surprise you.

First, then, throw aside your top-knots of pride ;  
 Wear none but your own country linen :  
 Of economy boast ; let your pride be the most  
 To show clothes of your own make and spinning.

What if homespun, they say, is not quite so gay  
 As brocades? yet be not in a passion ;  
 For, when once it is known this is much worn in town,  
 One and all will cry out, "'Tis the fashion !"

And, as one, all agree that you'll not married be  
 To such as will wear London factory ;  
 But at first sight refuse ; tell 'em such you will choose  
 As encourage our own manufactory.

No more ribbons wear, nor in rich silks appear ;  
 Love your country much better than fine things ;  
 Begin without passion ; 'twill soon be the fashion  
 To grace your smooth locks with a twine string.

Throw aside your Bohea, and your Green Hyson tea,  
 And all things with a new-fashion duty :  
 Procure a good store of the choice Labrador ;  
 For there'll soon be enough here to suit you.

These do without fear, and to all you'll appear  
 Fair, charming, true, lovely, and clever :  
 Though the times remain darkish, young men may be sparkish,  
 And love you much stronger than ever.'

"Presently the London merchants began to cry out. They were being ruined. Business with the Colonies was at a standstill. Neither was any revenue coming in. The clamor grew so

loud, that the duties had to be taken off. But the Government would not give up entirely. They exempted every thing but tea. At the same time, they put the duty on tea in American ports much lower than it was in English. But a principle was involved. 'We will never touch it,' said the patriots. Here is one of the rhymes with which they encouraged one another. It was set to a sacred air, and sung far and wide :—

'Rouse every generous, thoughtful mind ;  
The rising danger flee :  
If you would lasting freedom find,  
Now, then, abandon tea.

Scorn to be bound with golden chains,  
Though they allure the sight :  
Bid them defiance, if they claim  
Our freedom and birthright.

Shall we our freedom give away,  
And all our comfort place  
In drinking of outlandish tea,  
Only to please our taste ?

Forbid, it, Heaven ! let us be wise,  
And seek our country's good ;  
Nor ever let a thought arise  
That tea should be our food.

Since we so great a plenty have  
Of all that's for our health,  
Shall we that blasted herb receive,  
Impoverishing our wealth ?

Adieu, away, O Tea! begone!  
 Salute our taste no more;  
 Though thou art coveted by some  
 Who're destined to be poor.'

“The patriots resolved not only that they would buy no tea, but that none should be landed. The ships that came to New York and Boston were ordered to return at once to England. When the royal authorities refused to let them go, and insisted that the tea must be landed, the people boarded the ships, and threw it overboard. This old song from ‘The Pennsylvania Packet’ will tell you how it happened in Boston:—

‘As near beauteous Boston lying  
 On the gently swelling flood,  
 Without jack or pendant flying,  
 Three ill-fated tea-ships rode,

Just as glorious Sol was setting,  
 On the wharf, a numerous crew,  
 Sons of Freedom, fear forgetting,  
 Suddenly appeared in view:

Armed with hammers, axe, and chisels,  
 Weapons new for warlike deed,  
 Towards the herbage-freighted vessels  
 They approached with dreadful speed.

Quick as thought the ships were boarded,  
 Hatches burst, and chests displayed:  
 Axes, hammers, help afforded;  
 What a glorious crash they made!

Squash into the deep descended  
Cursed weed of China's coast :  
Thus at once our fears are ended ;  
British rights shall ne'er be lost.

Captains ! once more hoist your streamers,  
Spread your sails, and plough the wave :  
Tell your masters they were dreamers  
When they thought to cheat the brave !'

“The party who destroyed the cargoes of the Boston ships were disguised as Indians. They were very careful that none of it should be stolen. One man, who slyly slipped some into his coat-tail pocket, found, when he reached home, that his coat had no tails. A neighbor had seen him, and had cut them off.

“There are some very amusing stories of this tea business. Many an old lady found it very hard to give up her cherished beverage, and took it on the sly. On one occasion an old gentleman fancied that his wife had invited some cronies to have an unsuspected cup with her. He stole up stairs to the room where the forbidden feast was to be held. Sure enough, there was the teapot before the fire. He lifted the lid quietly, and dropped in a great piece of tobacco. Then he went down stairs, chuckling, to wait the breaking-up of the party, which came very speedily.

“But, in spite of such cases, the feeling was so strong, that no merchant dared sell it, and no revenue ever went to England from tea.”

“And how did all this end?” asked Tom.

“It ended, before many years were passed, in the War of Independence,” said Charlie.

“I don’t think they lost much by not having tea, anyway,” said Jack. “It is pretty thin stuff, I think.”

“Well, Kate,” said Mr. Longwood after Charlie’s story had been talked over, “what have you to tell?”

“During the time that Charlie has been describing,” said Kate, “when such heavy duties were laid on imports, a small schooner was sent to Rhode Island by the admiral of the English fleet at Boston to prevent smuggling on that coast. The commander, Lieut. Duddington, would not show the State officers any legal warrant for his actions; and, as he was known to be no customs-officer himself, they were very indignant, as may be imagined. They made a protest to the admiral; but all his answer was, that, if one of them dared touch his lieutenant, he would have him hanged in Boston for a pirate. Duddington made himself as obnoxious as he could, — stopping and examining coasters that he must have known were not smugglers, and being generally as overbearing as could well be. What follows is told in this ballad: —

‘THE BURNING OF THE “GASPÉ.”

Seventeen hundred and seventy-two,  
 Summer was smiling the whole land through;  
 New-mown meadows scented the air:  
 But the hearts of men were full of care.  
 Trouble was rife; for a tyrant’s hand  
 Heavily lay on our own fair land.



Up and down the Rhode-Island shore  
Sailed the "Gaspé," schooner of war.  
Might makes right when foes are few :  
Braggart was captain, and braggarts the crew.  
Colonists had no laws that they,  
Officers of the king, should obey.

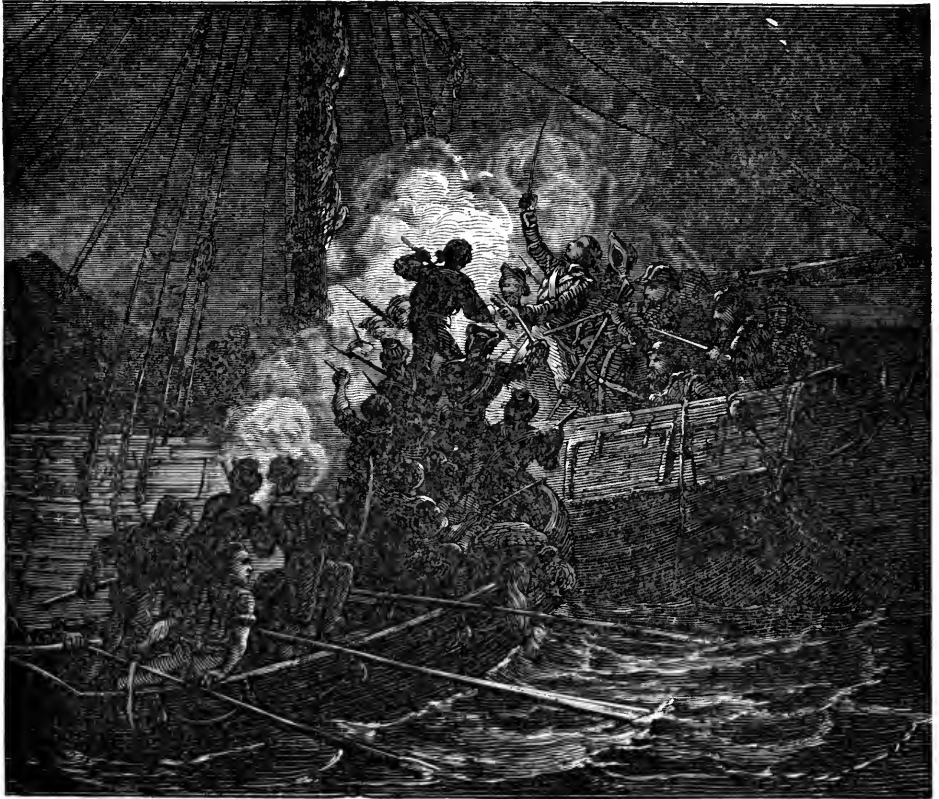
Sailing now here, and sailing there,  
Carrying trouble everywhere ;  
At length, one day, in a hurried chase,  
After a schooner flying apace,  
Fast on the bar the "Gaspé" lay,  
Fast, till the tide should come up the bay.

Midnight darkness had settled down :  
Out from the wharves of the silent town  
Boats moved swiftly with muffled oar ;  
Quickly behind them sunk the shore,  
Till by the "Gaspé's" sullen side  
They float on the waves of the coming tide.

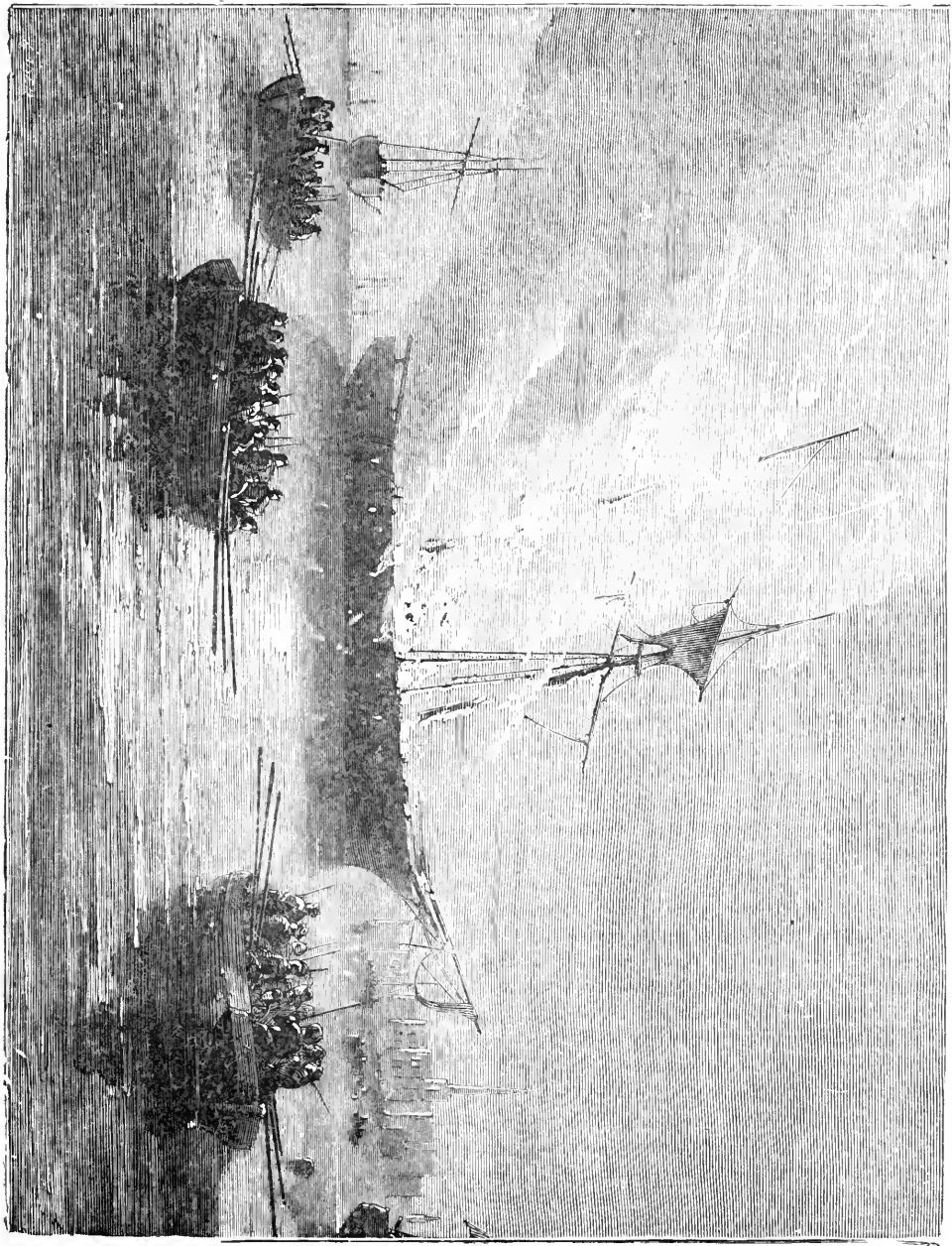
Up on the deck with a sudden leap,  
Seeming like foemen sprung from the deep !  
The ship is theirs ere the crew half know,  
Tumbling on deck from their hammocks below.  
Lower your boats, and make away :  
Never again shall you sail our bay.

As they pulled homeward, a lurid flame  
Lights them back o'er the way they came.  
Up the tall masts the fire runs free,  
Turning to blood the unquiet sea ;  
Till, with a crash like a thunder-tone,  
Night falls again, and the "Gaspé's" gone.'"

“Your ballad is very well, as far as it goes,” said Mr. Longwood; “but it does not tell what follows. The English Government offered five thousand dollars to any person who would give



information as to who was the leader of this expedition, and two thousand five hundred each for the names of any in the party. But not a man did they find; for, though hundreds knew who were the offenders, no one was base enough to betray them.





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Duddington was wounded in the affair. An old doggerel thus speaks of these rewards:—

‘Now, for to find these people out,  
King George has offered, very stout,  
One thousand pounds, to find out one  
That wounded William Duddington;  
One thousand more, he says, he’ll spare  
For those who say the sheriffs were;  
One thousand more there doth remain  
For to find out the leader’s name;  
Likewise five hundred pounds per man  
For any one of all the clan.  
But, let him try his utmost skill,  
I’m apt to think he never will  
Find any of those hearts of gold,  
Though he should offer fifty-fold.’”



## CHAPTER VII.



“I SAY,” called out Tom, who had been standing for some time at the window, “you have no idea what a magnificent night it is. It is as light as day. The moon must be full, or nearly so; and the snow fairly sparkles. Hillo!” he went on, “here comes a man. I wonder what he is after. Oh! I know: it is one of the crew from the life-saving station. I am going to speak to him.” And he ran out, followed by the other boys.

“I suppose,” said Tom after the man had stopped, and they had chatted for a moment or two, “that your crew will have an easy time to-night. No ship could very well go ashore in such a quiet sea as there is now, and in such a clear light.”

“Ay,” said the man; “but it is not going to last. We expect a storm before morning. The barometer is falling fast, and the wind is shifting. We shall have snow before many hours, or I am mistaken.”

“Then good-by to skating,” said Ned Grant.

Mr. Longwood had by this time come out on the piazza, and

had heard the news. "If the skating is to be spoiled," he said, "we had better make the most of it at once. Boys, get ready yourselves, and tell the girls; and we will have an hour or so of it before it goes."

With a wild whoop and halloo the boys carried the tidings into the parlor, and soon they were all on the ice. The fire was kindled where it had been a few days before, and they dashed up and down and about it in great glee.

At eleven o'clock, when they went back to the house, they saw that the man's prediction of a storm was coming true. The wind had grown damp and chilly; and a thin mist was gathering over the sky, through which the moon shone with a sickly light.

"It's fortunate that we learned of the storm in time," said Tom; "but I am pretty tired, for one."

"So am I," said Gertrude. "I don't believe even an Indian could wake me to-night."

"I think we shall be pretty safe in telling Mary Ann not to put on breakfast till nine o'clock," said Mr. Longwood. "Then we shall have time to get thoroughly rested."

At half-past eight the next morning, when Master Jack awoke, and raised himself on his elbow to look out of the window, he found that the snow had indeed come. The air was full of it. No one of the other boys had as yet waked up. Ned Grant in one bed, and Will Morgan in the other, were sleeping as quietly as if it were midnight. The door into the room where Tom and Charlie slept was closed; but there was not a sound to be heard. Jack stealthily raised himself to his feet, and, taking a firm hold of his pillows, hurled them at the sleep-

ing figures. Each went straight to the mark, and the two boys were brought up standing. Holding up his finger to caution them to silence, Jack seized the small toilet-pitcher, and, softly opening the door, stole into the next room. The others followed to see the fun. Advancing to Tom's bedside, Jack raised the pitcher, and a gentle stream of cold water was on its way from it to Tom's face, when, all of a sudden, a pillow came flying from the bed in which Charlie Morgan was supposed to be fast asleep. It missed Jack's head, at which it was directed, but hit his extended elbow with such dire effect, that the entire contents of the pitcher were emptied on him, soaking him from head to foot. Finding the laugh thus turned on himself, that young man retired with haste to dry and dress himself.

"I do believe," said Carrie as they were about to sit down to breakfast, "that the storm is over. See! it has stopped snowing."

They all crowded to the window to look out. What a change a few hours had made! The lake had disappeared, and to all appearance they were in the midst of snow-covered fields. Some distance away they could see two men and a dog making their way toward the village. But, even as they stood by the window, the flakes began to fall again, and soon came down faster than ever, shutting out the whole landscape.

"Suppose," said Jack, "that it keeps on snowing till the house is nearly buried. Then we couldn't get out and go to New York. What larks that would be!"

"No storms have ever come severe enough to bury a house, have there, Mr. Longwood?" asked Gertrude.



“Not in this part of the country. But the New-England storms are pretty severe at times. I remember reading an account of one that came many years ago. Perhaps I can find



ON THEIR WAY TO THE VILLAGE.

the book. Yes, here it is,” he said, coming back a moment later from the library. “It is a letter from a clergyman in Boston to a friend in England. I will read part of it.”

BOSTON, 10th Dec. 1717.

SR.,—Tho we are gott so far onward as the beginning of another Winter, yett we have not forgott ye last, which at the latter end whereof we were entertained & overwhelmed with a Snow, which was attended with some Things, which were uncommon enough to afford matter for a letter from us.

On the twentieth of last February there came a Snow, which being added unto what had covered the ground a few days before, made a thicker mantle for our

Mother than what was usual: And ye storm with it was, for the following day, so violent as to make all communication between ye Neighbors everywhere to cease. People for some hours could not pass from one side of a street unto another. But on ye Twenty-fourth day of ye Month, comes Pelion upon Ossa: Another Snow came on which almost buried ye Memory of ye former, with a Storm so famous that Heaven laid an Interdict on ye Religious Assemblies throughout ye Country, on this Lord's day, ye like whereunto had never been seen before. The Indians near an hundred years old, affirm that their Fathers never told them of any thing that equalled it. Vast numbers of Cattel were destroyed in this Calamity. Whereof some there were, of ye Stranger sort, were found standing dead on their legs as if they had been alive, many weeks after when ye Snow melted away. And others had their eyes glazed over with Ice at such a rate, that being not far from ye Sea, their mistake of their way drowned them there. One gentleman on whose farms were now lost above 1100 sheep, writes me word that there were two Sheep very singularly circumstanced. For no less than eight & twenty days after the Storm the People pulling out the Ruins of above an 100 sheep out of a Snow Bank, which lay sixteen foot high drifted over them, there was two found alive which had been there all this time, and kept themselves alive by eating the wool of their dead companions. When they were taken out they shed their own Fleeces, but soon gott into good Case again.

Sheep were not ye only creatures that lived unaccountably for whole weeks without their usual sustenance: A man had a couple of young Hoggs which he gave over for dead. But on the twenty-seventh day after their Burial they made their way out of a Snow Bank at the bottom of which they had found a little Tansy to feed upon. Hens were found alive after seven days. Turkeys were found alive after five and twenty, buried in ye Snow, and at a distance from ye ground, and altogether destitute of any thing to feed them.

The Wild Creatures of ye Woods, ye outgoings of ye Evening, made their Descent as well as they could in this time of scarcity for them toward ye Sea-side. A vast multitude of Deer, for ye same cause taking ye same course, & ye Deep Snow Spoiling them of their only defence which is to run, they became such a prey to these Devourers, that it is thought not one in twenty escaped.

It is incredible how much damage is done ye Orchards For the Snow

freezing to a Crust, as high as the boughs of ye trees, anon Split ym to pieces. The Cattel also walking on ye crusted Snow a dozen foot from ye ground so fed upon ye trees as very much to damnify them. The odd Accidents befalling many poor people whose cottages were totally covered with ye Snow & not ye very tops of their chimneys to be seen would afford a story. But I forbear them subscribing myself

Syr, Yours with an affection

that knows no Winter

COTTON MATHER.

“There, Jack, you see what would happen to you,” said Ned Grant, “if you had your wish to have the house buried in snow. You would have to live by eating our clothes, like the sheep.”

After breakfast, Tom proposed that the boys should put on their top-boots, and run over to the life-saving station. Mrs. Longwood, however, thought it better that Jack should stay at home, as he caught cold so easily.

“We won’t any of us go,” said Will Morgan. “It would be too bad to leave Jack.”

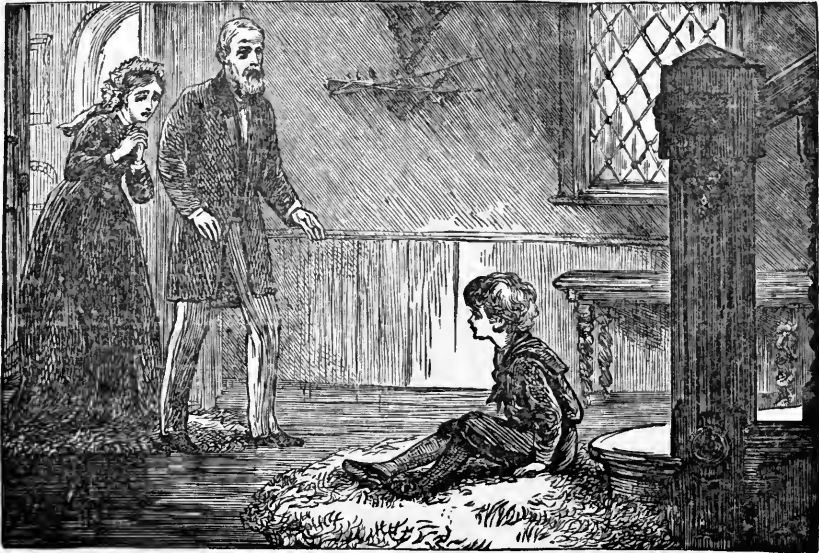
“Nonsense!” said Jack. “Go ahead. I’ll get on somehow. Only don’t be gone all the morning.”

So the boys started, Jack watching them till they were lost in the snow. Then he strolled about the room, and finally set out for the kitchen to see if there were any thing there to amuse him. Mr. Longwood, meanwhile, was deep in a book; Mrs. Longwood was writing a letter; and the girls had gathered around the fire, and were sitting idly.

“For my part,” said Carrie, “I am not sorry that we have to be quiet to-day. We have been going so hard, that I feel like sitting still.”

“So do I,” said the rest.

Crash! clang! clatter! thump! thump! bump! came from the hall. Such a noise it was, that all sat still and stared at one another for a minute. Then Mr. and Mrs. Longwood sprang up, and ran out. Jack was found sitting in a sort of dazed way at the foot of the stairs, while a great metal tea-tray lay on the polished floor some distance from him.



“What is the matter?” cried Mrs. Longwood.

“I had a fall,” said Jack.

“There seems to be no harm done; at all events, no bones are broken,” said Mr. Longwood, who had been feeling and pulling Jack all over. “Here, I will carry him to the sofa; and then he can tell us all about it.”

“ Oh ! I can walk well enough,” said Jack ; and he scrambled up to his feet.

“ How did it happen ? ” asked the girls.

“ Well,” said Jack, “ you see, it was kind of lonesome with only girls about : so I thought I had better be occupied in some way. I had heard one of the fellows in school say that his mother told him, that, when she was a girl, she used to coast down the stairs on a tea-tray. There was a great big tray out in the kitchen ; and I borrowed it of Mary Ann, and got on it at the top of the stairs, and started. It was jolly at first : but something must have happened ; for the tray came out between the banister-rails about half-way down, and I came the rest of the way without it.”

“ It is a mercy you did not break your neck,” said Mrs. Longwood. But Mr. Longwood lay back in his chair, and shouted with laughter.

“ Here, Jack,” said he, when he had recovered his breath, “ put on your coat and boots, and I’ll take you over to the boys on my back. I don’t believe that you will run half the risk that you do at home.”

When they reached the life-saving station, they found Tom and the rest sitting about the fire, trying to coax one of the two men who were there to tell them some adventure that he had had a hand in. Mr. Longwood deposited Jack, and, asking the boys to take good care of him, went back to the house to his book.

As soon as the door was closed behind him, the boys began to urge the man again.

“ But I have never had any adventure,” said he.

“ Oh, yes, you have ! ” said Ned Grant.

“ But I haven’t,” said the man.

“ You don’t go about this in the right way,” said Jack. “ You fellows be jury, and I’ll be judge, and he shall be the prisoner. Gentlemen of the jury,” he went on in a solemn tone, cocking himself cross-legged on the top of a table, “ look upon the prisoner. — Prisoner, look upon the jury. What is your name ? ”

“ George Washington,” said the man with a grin.

“ George Washington,” said Jack, holding out a mess-fork, “ take this in your right hand. Do you well and truly promise to answer all the questions that may be asked you, according to the best of your knowledge and ability ? ”

The man nodded, and grinned again.

“ Where were you born ? ” asked Jack.

“ In the State of Maine.”

“ It strikes me,” said Ned Grant, “ that it is a new kind of court where the judge asks all the questions.”

“ Counsellor Grant,” said Jack severely, “ the Court awards you worthy of contempt. You are hereby fined twenty-five cents ; the amount to be expended in gum-drops for the benefit of those present.”

“ Oh ! I am a counsellor, am I ? ” laughed Ned. “ A moment ago I was one of the jury.”

“ Silence in the court ! ” said the judge. “ When did you leave the State of Maine ? ”

“ When I was twenty-five years old,” said the man.



F. JENKINS, G.

THE FIRST STROKE.





“What did you do in those twenty-five years?”

“The first few I hollered a good deal, I expect,” said the man.

“What then?”

“Then I went to school.”

“What did you do after that?”

“Oh! nothing particular till I was twenty-one.”

“When you were twenty-one, prisoner, what did you do?”

“I went off for the winter, lumbering in the backwoods.”

“Ah!” said Jack, turning to the jury, “we are getting to facts. Believe me, gentlemen, that, before we get through with this witness, we shall lay bare the whole truth about this abominable business.”

“Oh!” said Ned, “he’s a witness, is he? I thought he was a prisoner.”

“Silence!” said Jack. “Prisoner, you will now detail to us, without varying the slightest from the truth, the circumstances of that winter which you spent lumbering.—Gentlemen of the jury, should there be any point on which you desire light, you are at liberty to ask questions.”

“Well,” said the man, “I hired out to go lumbering, as I said. There was a large gang of us. We reached the ground long before the snows began to fall, and set to work. The first thing to be done is to choose the place for the camp, and build the shanties for the men to live in. Of course they must be near a brook or spring.”

“What kind of shanties are they, George Washington?” asked Charlie.

"Log huts," said the man, "such as you see in pictures."

"And do you lie on the floor?"

"No: we make bunks around the walls. They are pretty



SAWING IN THE SNOW.

hard beds; but, when a man has swung an axe all day long, he goes to sleep at night without thinking whether his bed is hard or soft. After the houses are all ready, we begin work. Of course, no hauling can be done till the snow comes; but we commence felling at once, and sawing the logs into lengths, and skidding them up, as we call it, into great piles, so that they can be loaded on to sleds easily.

"Before long the snow comes. It is not so much fun then

to stand up to one's knees in a bank, and drag a saw back and forth through some prostrate tree: but it has to be done; and, after a little, one gets used to it all."

“What do you do in the evenings?” asked Tom.

“What do you have to eat?” asked Will.

“Which question am I to answer first, judge?” said the man, turning to Jack.

“Neither, George Washington,” said Jack with dignity. “Tell us first all about hauling the logs.”



LOADING THE LOGS.

“Well, the sleds, with horses or oxen, take off the skidded logs first. When they have drawn those, they come to where the men are cutting, and take them right off the ground as they lie.”

“I should think it would need ever so many men to handle

such huge fellows," said Ned. "I have seen them at saw-mills more than four feet through."

"They use the teams to help load," said George Washington. "First the sled is brought near a log. Then two long skids are laid, with one end of each on the sled, so that the timber can be rolled up on them. A long chain is passed under it. One end is made fast to the sled, and a team is hitched to the other; and, when the team starts, the log rolls right up into its place. This is the way: do you see?" And the man, with some sticks and a piece of string, showed them just how it was done.

"Well, now," said Jack, "what do they do with them when they are loaded?"

"The camps are always as near some stream as they can be placed," said the man. "If you have ever been in Maine, you will know that it is a pretty mountainous country. The streams run in the gorges between the hills. In the autumn they are often only little brooks that one can jump over; but when in April the warm rain comes, or some hot days, the snow that lies six or eight feet deep on a level melts all at once, and pours down the mountain-sides. The little brooks become raging torrents twenty feet deep, and carry every thing away before them. The lumberman has made ready beforehand, knowing just about when the freshet is due. The sleds carry their loads to the edges of these deep gorges all winter long. There is a moment's pause while the measurements are taken and entered in a book. Then the driver takes his bill-hook in his hand, and gives a strong wrench. The log tumbles clumsily off

the sled, slips slowly forward, and then, with a rush like thunder, tears down the hillside like an avalanche to join his fellows below. When that part of the gorge is full we move on, and fill it up farther down stream."

"Now, then, what do you do in the evenings?" said Tom.

"Well, mostly nothing; for there is nothing to be done. Some of the men play cards; and others sit around the fire, and smoke, and tell yarns. But they soon get talked out. If there is an old newspaper, or any thing of that sort, it gets read to pieces. Why, I went through a whole volume of Patent-Office reports, including the 'whereases' and 'now therefores,' that winter. But work in the open air makes one glad to sit still; and by eight o'clock we had all had our pipe, turned in, and were fast asleep."

"What did you have to eat?"

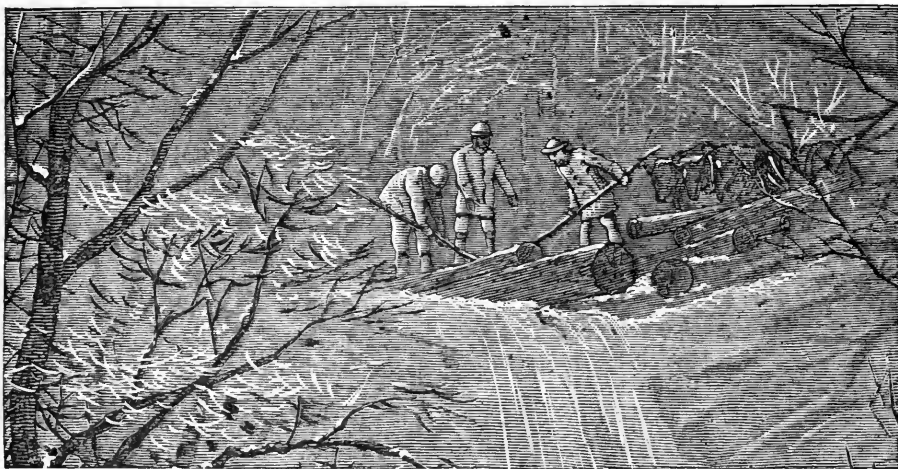
"Pork and flapjacks, tea and coffee, about made up the bill of fare."

"Did you cook in turn?" asked Will.

"No: our gang was so large, that we had a regular cook. He used to get some plain talking to, I can tell you, if the coffee wasn't right. But he was a pretty good hand at his trade; for one of the men fell ill, and he made no end of tasty messes for him.

"When it gets along toward spring, the men begin to wonder what kind of a run of logs there will be. If the snows have been light, or if the thaw comes too gradually, and the autumn before has been dry, so that the ground takes up much of the moisture, there will be hardly any rise in the

stream, and the logs will have to lie over till another season. On the other hand, if the freshet is too great, all the level land on each side of the stream is overflowed; and, when the water begins to go down, the logs are often stranded so far from the current, that it costs more to get them than they are worth.



“ With the freshet comes the hardest work of all. Axes and saws are no longer of any use. Each man takes his billhook in hand, and follows down the course of the stream. It is a wild sight. The raging torrent is black with logs, which it swirls and tears about as if they were straws. Here some great fellow caught by an eddy rears straight up on end. In one wild rushing mass they tear along.

“ All at once the experienced logman’s eye sees that there is trouble ahead. Before him he hears, at some bend or narrow part of the river, a crushing of timber. He sees, as he hurries



AWAY SHE GOES!





forward, the logs piling themselves up in mad confusion high above the water's surface. The stream beside him begins to rise rapidly. It is a jam. Two of the foremost timbers, in passing, have got wedged together in the shape of the letter V. The point is up stream, and each end is braced against the bank. The whole run is stopped. Prompt action is neces-



BREAKING A LOG-JAM.

sary. The logman rushes out on the piled-up mass. His shoes are armed with sharp iron spikes to prevent his slipping. He sees in a moment which log it is that is the key to the position. He takes firm hold of his bill-hook, and wrenches at the offender until the wedged end slips out. At the top of his speed he makes for the shore, reaching it just as the now

loosened mass, urged on by the water backed up behind, once more plunges wildly forward down stream.

“By and by, when the streams have all run into some great river on their way to the sea, the logs are mingled together with those that have come down from some other mountain tributary and belong to other owners. In order to sort them out, a boom is stretched across at some convenient spot, where they are all halted. Here those bearing the same mark are made up into great rafts, and, taking their crews on board, pass onward like some clumsy vessel. Slowly carried along by the current, and kept in mid-course by long poles wielded by the mariners, they come at last to their destination, and are made fast at the side of some mill. When I reached that point in my experience I was paid off, and went home.”

“Gentlemen of the jury,” said Jack, “you have heard the evidence, and the prisoner’s statement in his own behalf. What say you? Is he guilty, or not guilty?”

“I hope your honor will remember my youth at the time the offence was committed,” said the man. “If you’ll let me off, I’ll never go lumbering again.”

“All right, then,” said Jack: “we’ll let you off this time.”

“I suppose,” said Ned, “that there has been a great difference in saw-mills since you went lumbering. I saw one out West a year ago. There were no end of saws, through all of which a log passed at one time. When the hind end was going into the mill as a log, the front end was coming out a dozen good boards.”

“No,” said the man. “We had nothing like that.”



THE RAFT IN RAPIDS



The boys looked about the life-saving station for some time, examining the appliances for saving wrecked mariners. The man showed them the mortar, from which a bomb, with rope attached, was thrown over a ship in distress. They climbed into the life-boat, and into the life-car, in which they imagined themselves being drawn through the surf. Then they went up stairs and looked at the men's quarters. They proposed to go to the lookout on the roof; but George Washington, as they still called him, said that they could see nothing on account of the snow, and the wind was so high that he feared they might be blown away. The storm was a wild one. The surf, only three hundred feet distant, was tearing and dashing up over the sand-hills as if it longed to get at them, and sweep them away.

"Well," said Tom after a while, "it must be getting near dinner-time. We had better go back to the house. I wonder what we can do this afternoon. I wish there were some way of getting to the village."

"There is a man coming down from there about three o'clock with a load of wood for us. If you don't mind standing up, he will take you. I'll send him over to the house."

"But how shall we get back?"

"Oh! I reckon he'll bring you," said the man. "Anyway, if you give him fifty cents, he'll drive you about all the afternoon."

"All right, then," said Tom. "Send him up, please."

After dinner, as the sled did not appear, and the snow held up a little, the boys decided to build a great snow man. The

girls put on their wraps, and came out ; but hardly was the first ball rolled up, when the belated vehicle arrived. Off set the

five youngsters : and whatever they found to interest them I do not know ; but they did not get home till just before tea.

When that meal was well over, they gathered in the parlor, as usual. - Then Ned Grant produced a great package of gum-drops, as he had been ordered to do when found guilty of contempt of court ; and they all sat munching, and saying not a word. At last Tom turned to Charlie Morgan, and said briefly, —

“Strike up music.”

“How can I tell a story?” said Charlie. “You will eat up all those gum-drops before I get half through, and I won’t have any.”



THE BEGINNING OF THE SNOW MAN.

At this there was a general laugh ; and a handful being delivered over to him, and safely put into his pocket out of the reach of Jack’s mischievous fingers, all settled themselves to listen.



## CHAPTER VIII.



“SOMEWHERE about the year 1580,” began Charlie Morgan, “there was born at Willoughby, in Lancashire, England, a boy named John Smith.”

“Smith, Smith,” interrupted Jack Hastings meditatively. “The name sounds familiar. Where can I have heard it?”

“When he was thirteen years old,” went on Charlie, without paying

any attention to Jack’s remark, “his father and mother died, and he came under the care of guardians. It had long been his great desire to go to sea; and so he hailed with joy an apprenticeship to a great merchant of London, upon one of whose vessels he hoped soon to set sail. But, his longing not being gratified, he took French leave of his master, who, for eight years, did not set eyes upon him again. He made his way

across to France, and for a long time knocked about, seeing strange lands, — the Low Countries, Italy, and Egypt, — and all the time gaining knowledge, and growing in strength and all manly acquirements.

“ At length, in Hungary, where the Turks and Christians were always at deadly feud, he rendered such distinguished service that he was made captain of a troop of two hundred and fifty horse, and was thenceforth known as Capt. John Smith.

“ With the Turks he fought furiously, and his name soon became a well-known word in their camp. The city of Alba Regalis the Pagans had conquered from the Christians, and for sixty years had held against many an assault. They believed it to be impregnable. Once again a Christian army surrounded it. A night attack was determined on. Capt. Smith invented a sort of infernal machine. First he took a number of round-bellied pots, and filled them with gunpowder. Over all he spread a layer of pitch, and this he stuck full of bullets ; then more pitch ; and over this cloth soaked in oil was tightly bound. These grenades were lighted, and hurled from slings. ‘ At midnight it was a fearful sight to see the short flaming course of their flight in the aire ; but, presently after their fall, the lamentable noise of the miserable slaughtered Turks was most wonderful to heare.’ The enemy was thrown into great confusion ; the city was set on fire ; and, a terrific onslaught being made by the besiegers, the banner of the crescent gave place to that of the cross upon its walls.

“ Not long after, the Christians laid siege to another town ; and here, to relieve the tedium of the camp, a Turk sent a chal-



lenge into their lines, directed to any captain of a company who durst combat with him for his head. Smith was chosen to meet him. A truce was declared, and the lists were formed. On all sides were fair ladies and knights. Each combatant, with lance in rest, awaited the word for the onset. They met in mid-course; and Smith's spear was so well aimed that it pierced his enemy's helmet, and hurled him lifeless to the ground.

“The death of the Turk so enraged a friend named Gualgo, that he sent a personal challenge to our hero. Again the lists were opened, and the trumpets sounded the charge. The knights met: their lances were shivered. In the hand-to-hand contest that followed, Smith again came off victorious, and the Turk bit the dust.

“It was very important that the attention of the enemy should be drawn away from certain movements in the besiegers' camp. To effect this, it was arranged that Smith, in his turn, should send a challenge into the enemy's ranks. A doughty Pagan, Bonny Mulgro by name, made haste to accept it. A third time the lists were opened. The contest was a furious one; and it was only by a skilful use of his dagger, after his battle-axe had been beaten from his hand, that the Englishman managed to snatch victory out of the jaws of defeat.

“For these deeds a coat of arms was given him, on which stood out, in bold relief, three Turks' heads.

“But fortune, that had so far stood his friend, now deserted him. In a pitched battle he was left among the dead and wounded on the field, and was there found by the wretches who came to pillage. Perceiving by his armor that he was a person of posi-

tion, they saved him for ransom. Healed of his wounds, he, with many others, was sent to Axopolis, where, in the market-place, they were sold for slaves, like so many beasts. He was bought by a bashaw, who sent him as a present to his lady-love in Constantinople; whither, with other prisoners chained together by the necks in parties of twenty, he was marched without delay.

“He was fortunate in finding a kind mistress. She became greatly interested in him; and, fearing that her mother might again sell him, she had him despatched to her brother, the Bashaw of Nalbrits, in the country of the Crym Tartars, directing that he should be treated with especial kindness.

“But her commands were totally disregarded. Within an hour after his arrival, Smith was stripped naked; his head and beard were shaved; about his neck was riveted a great iron ring; a rough coat of hair was thrown on him, only held together by a piece of undressed hide; and in this wretched condition he was made to perform all the menial offices for a hundred other slaves.

“After a time, he was set to threshing. At work one day in a lonely field, he was visited by his master, who, in anger, began to beat him: whereupon, forgetting that he was hundreds of miles from any Christian land, and that his chances of escape were almost hopeless, Smith turned upon the wretch, and beat out his brains with his flail. Then, putting on the dead man's clothes, he hid the body under some straw, and, mounting his horse, fled at the top of his speed. Sixteen days he kept on, nearly dying with hunger and fatigue, but mercifully avoiding notice, which was the cause of his escape; for he would at once

have been known by his collar to be a slave. On the seventeenth day he reached a Christian garrison on the Don, where he was among friends, and safe at last.

“Our captain now thought that he would return to ‘his own sweet countrie:’ but on his way thither, being in Spain, and hearing of the wars in Africa, he must needs pass over at once into Morocco; whence, after more fighting, he sailed, and again set foot on English soil.

“The time of his arrival was especially fortunate. To a man of his wild spirit, and contempt for danger, a chance for fresh adventure offered in the planting a colony in Virginia, in the New World. He entered warmly into the project, and on the 19th of December, 1606, with a hundred others, set sail.

“The three ships carried no such company as that which fourteen years later settled New England. Instead of hard-working, God-fearing men, these were a band of reckless adventurers, lured by the stories of the golden prizes which the Spaniards had found in the South Seas, and hoping each to so enrich himself with spoils, that, after a few months, he need nevermore do any work. Of the one hundred, forty-six were gentlemen; twelve were their servants. Not a single woman was of the company. To build a city in a new world, they took with them but four carpenters, one mason, one bricklayer, one blacksmith. Never was a party so ill assorted.

“They were fairly prosperous on their voyage, which they made by way of the West Indies; though at the last they fell in with a gale that so discouraged some, that they were for turning back to England. But, when the storm had somewhat abated,

the glad cry of 'Land, ho!' was heard from the lookout; and they found themselves at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay. Wearied with the long confinement of shipboard, some thirty made haste to recreate themselves on shore; but they were attacked by the savages, and two were badly hurt; whereon the rest with all speed got back to their ships.

"Some little time was spent in selecting a site whereon to build; but on the 13th of May a spot was chosen. Capt. Smith was sent off on a voyage of discovery with a small boat's crew, and the rest set to work. While they were building in careless security, their arms not even within reach, the Indians fell upon them. One was killed outright, and seventeen wounded; and they would have been cut off to a man, had not a chain-shot from one of the ships, tearing through the tree-tops, put their foes to flight.

"Hardly had the ships' sails disappeared down the horizon, on their return to England in June, before sickness came; and, in a fortnight, hardly ten men were on their feet. Night and day they had stood on their guard against the Indians; working with desperate energy, in the mean time, to finish their half-built fort and houses. Their provisions, too, had given out. It was now the time for planting, and months must elapse before they could reap. For a while they lived on sturgeon; but those were soon gone, and starvation stared them in the face. 'At this crisis,' says the old chronicler, 'God, the patron of all good endeavours, so changed the heart of the Salvages that they brought such plenty of their fruits and provisions as no man wanted.'

"Capt. Smith had proved himself the ruling spirit in the midst

of all these troubles. He now set out in the pinnace with a crew of seven to trade with the savages; for their provisions would soon again fail. Not one of his men, with a single exception, had ever sailed a boat. They knew not even how to raise a sail. But their hearts were staunch; and so, in an open craft, the eight set out to face whole tribes of enemies.

“At their first landing the Indians treated them with scorn, as famished men. They offered them a handful of corn for a gun, and another handful for their clothes. Whereupon, seeing that nothing was to be gained from such men as these by gentleness, the captain ordered his men to discharge their pieces; whereat the Indians all fled into the woods. So, marching towards their houses, they might see great heapes of corn, much a doe he had to restraine his hungry souldiers from present taking of it, expecting, as it hapned, that the Salvages would assault them, as, not long after, they did, with a most hydeous noyse. Sixtie or seaventie of them, some blacke, some red, some white, some party-coloured, came in a square order, singing and dancing, out of the woods, with their *Okee* (which was an Idoll made of skinnes stuffed with moss) borne before them: and in this manner, being well armed with Clubs, Targets, Bowes and Arrowes, they charged the English, that so kindly received them with their muskets loaden with Pistoll shot, that downe fell their God, and divers lay sprauling on the ground: the rest fled again to the woods.’ After this, they were glad enough to treat for peace; and in a short time, for a few pieces of copper, Smith had bought a boat’s load of corn, and was on his way back to the settlement.

“His next voyage of any importance ended disastrously for himself; for he was taken prisoner. With a small crew, as before, he had set out to discover the sources of one of the rivers that emptied into the bay. They ascended the stream so far, that their barge could go no farther. Whereupon it was anchored in mid-channel, out of the reach of any stray arrows; and, bidding his men on no account venture ashore until his return, the captain made his way, in a canoe with two whites and two Indians, some twenty miles farther, to the head of the stream.



“The men remained in the barge, as ordered, for a time; but they were not accustomed to obeying, and they soon grew restless, and hauled the boat to the river’s bank to disembark. The savages fell upon them, and it was only by the most vigorous efforts that they reached a place of safety. As it was, one was taken and tortured. Before his death, his captors found out from him the direction in which Smith had gone, and set out to take him also. The two Englishmen, his companions, they came upon



CAPT. SMITH IS CAPTURED.





as they were sitting by a camp-fire; and a flight of arrows soon left them lifeless. Smith himself was hunting for their supper with one of the Indian guides. Finding that he was surrounded by two hundred of the foe, he quickly with his garters bound the guide to his arm as a shield; and, plying his musket vigorously, he slew three of the enemy, and so frightened the rest that they dared not come within gunshot.

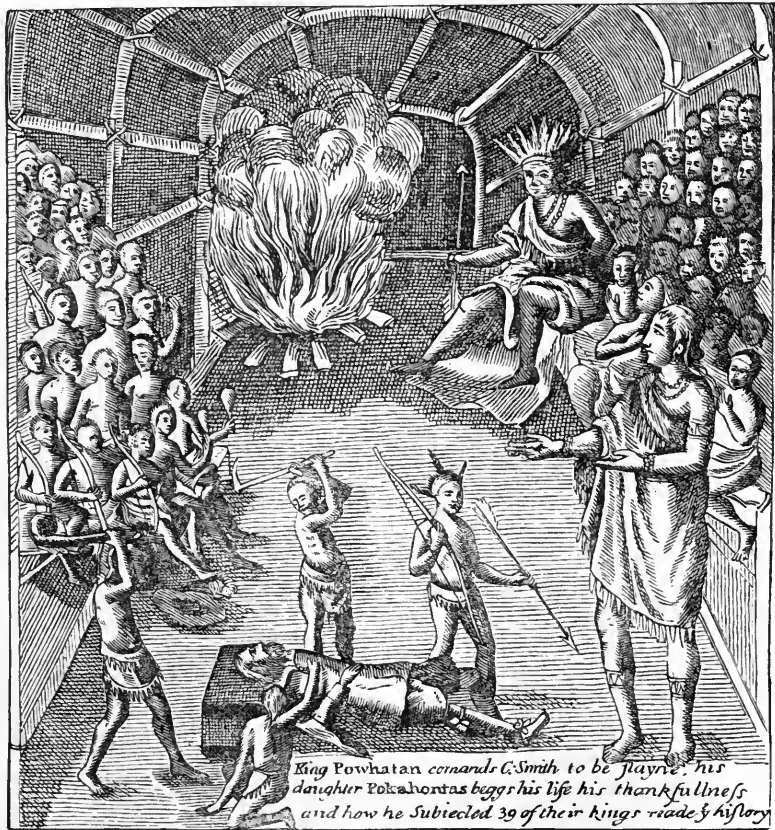
“ Seeing this, he began a retreat to his canoe, still with his Indian shield before him; and he would no doubt have reached it had he not slipped, and fallen into a pool of mud, where he sank up to his waist, unable to move. Even when in this plight his foes did not dare to approach, till, half perished with cold, he threw away his piece. Then they dragged him out, and, dancing about him with fierce glee, brought him to their king.

“ Opechankanough was this worthy's name. Capt. Smith presented him with a compass. The motion of the needle, and the glass cover, excited the greatest interest in the royal mind; and when his men, a little later, bound their captive to a tree, and took their stand to shoot at him, he raised his hand, and commanded his release. Manifestly a man who knew so much as this one was not to be killed off like a common prisoner of war.

“ Smith was now for weeks in the hands of the Indians. They carried him about from tribe to tribe as a great show. At one time he narrowly escaped death at the hands of a warrior, indignant that he did not cure his son, to whom the captain was taken just as the breath was leaving the lad's body.

“ At one time ‘ they entertained him with most strange and fearful conjurations.’ In a long house he was put alone. A fire

was made in the centre of the floor, and on each side of it a mat was stretched. On one of these our hero took his seat. Presently in came a great fellow, painted black with coal and



oil, and adorned with all manner of hideous devices. In his hand he bore a rattle, and in a frightful voice began an invocation to his god, dancing wildly. A moment later, in came three others similarly gotten up. These four kept up their frightful singing,



ONE OF CAPT. SMITH'S EXPERIENCES.



howling, and dancing, the livelong day; while their poor victim looked on, fasting. The intention of all this, they told him, was to find out whether he meant them well or ill. It took them three days to do this to their satisfaction, which must have been far from pleasant to poor Smith.

“At last, in the course of their wanderings, they brought him to Powhatan, the chief of all the tribes. Here he was received in great state. A queen brought him water to wash his hands, and feathers on which to dry them, while two hundred grim courtiers looked on. Then he was feasted: but the feast had a most unpleasant ending for the captain; for two great stones were brought in, and he was seized, and laid prostrate on one, while his swarthy captors stood ready to dash out his brains with their clubs. At this moment, when he had given up all hope of life, Pocahontas, the young daughter of the king, rushed forward, and, throwing herself beside him, shielded him with her own body. Upon which Powhatan relented, and Smith’s life was spared; and, a short time after, he got safely back to Jamestown.”

“Is that the end?” asked Carrie as Charlie stopped. “You haven’t told us all, I am sure. Did Capt. Smith have no more adventures?”

“Oh, yes!” said Charlie: “there was no end of them. He went off for several years on expeditions among the Indians, who were nearly always more or less hostile. He had a hand-to-hand fight with the King of Paspahugh, who, being a huge man, dragged him into the river, and tried to drown him, but failed, and was himself taken. He seized the King of Paumaunkee by his scalp-lock in the face of seven hundred of his armed

warriors. They had planned to take Smith, but found themselves outwitted, and the king at the mercy of his pistol if they dared to move a hand.

“Nor were the Indians the only people that engaged his attention; for, nearly every time that he came back to Jamestown, he had to crush a rebellion among the settlers, who were a sad sect.



“At last a great accident befell our captain. ‘Sleeping in his Boate, accidentallie one fired his powder-bag, which tore the flesh from his body and thighes, nine or ten inches square, in a most pittiful manner; but to quench the tormenting fire, frying him in his cloaths, he leaped over-board into the deepe river,



*C. Smith taketh the King of Pamavnkee prisoner -1608.*

FROM AN OLD HISTORY OF VIRGINIA.





where, ere they could recover him, hee was neare drowned.' There was no physician in the country skilful enough to cure a wound so severe as he had received; and, a ship being about to return to England the next day, he hastily had another person appointed governor in his stead, and bade farewell to the colony forever.

"Did his wound heal?" asked Kate.

"Yes," said Charlie: "he made many other voyages to America, but they were to New England."

"That part about Pocahontas," said Jack Hastings meditatively, "reminds me of my great-grandmother."

"What became of Pocahontas?" asked Rose.

"She was always a staunch friend of Capt. Smith's," said Charlie. "Several times she came in the night to warn him of treachery on the part of the Indians. After the captain had gone back to England, her father became very restless; and the settlers by a stratagem seized her, and kept her as a hostage for his good conduct. While she was thus held, 'Master John Rolfe, an honest gentleman and of good behaviour,' became very anxious about her soul, and determined to convert her. His efforts were successful, and she was baptized. They fell in love with one another, and were married. It was a very happy union; for she was very quiet and gentle in her nature.

"Rolfe took her to England, where she was presented at court, and attracted great attention. They were just about to take ship back to America, when she suddenly died. There are many families in Virginia now which are very proud to trace back their descent to this Indian princess."

"Hark!" said Mrs. Longwood, holding up her hand. "Can that be rain?"

They all stopped to listen; but the fire made such a crackling, that no one could hear distinctly.

“Never mind,” said Mr. Longwood: “let us go on with our stories. — What have you for us, Lou?”

“In the early years of the Revolution,” said Lou, “there was stationed at Newport a detachment of the British army. In those old days the harbor of Newport was white with the sails of merchantmen; but the war soon put a stop to all peaceful sailing of the seas, and these vessels, one after the other, fell into the enemy’s hands. The English men-of-war lay in the harbor, and the English soldiers were billeted on the town. In command of the land forces was Gen. Prescott. There was no man whom the Americans more hated and despised; for he was the soul of meanness. The people were, of course, at his mercy; and this petty tyrant took every advantage of his position. When he walked in the streets, if he saw two or three talking together he would shake his cane at them, and call out, ‘Disperse, ye rebels!’ He made it a rule that every one should take off his hat on passing him. One day he met a Quaker named Elisha Anthony. This man kept his hat on, as is the custom with Quakers, because, as he himself said, he did not think it right to show those signs of respect to man. Prescott ordered his servant to knock it off his head.

“Anthony had a pair of horses that he had grown very fond of. They knew him, and were warm friends; for he was never tired of petting them. The day after his affair with the British general, that officer sent for these horses, saying that he wished them in the king’s service to carry an express to Boston. Resist-

ance was useless. What became of one is not known; but that afternoon Anthony found the other by the roadside, prostrate. He had been ridden furiously, and was dying. The old man hurried to him, and, kneeling down, took his head into his lap. The poor beast gave one look of pain and misery in his master's face, and died.

"When Prescott took up his quarters in Newport, he wished a sidewalk in front of his house. There were no stones convenient: so his men quietly took the door-steps of the houses near, and built one with them.

"He arrested the townspeople on the slightest provocation, and kept them in jail to show his power. One citizen named Tripp was thus treated. He was not allowed to write, or hear from his family; though his quick-witted wife managed to write him a letter, which she baked in a loaf of bread, and sent him. When she went to petition Prescott for her husband's relief, she was met by his aide, who slammed the door in her face, having first told her that he expected that her husband would be hung as a rebel in less than a week."

"What old brutes he and his master must have been!" said Tom.

"Well," went on Lou, "you may imagine that Prescott was pretty thoroughly hated. At last, in the summer of 1777, he had his quarters at a farmhouse belonging to a Quaker. The house was about five miles from Newport, and was close to the shore. In front of it were anchored three frigates, each with their guard-boats out; and close at hand was an encampment of light-horse and a guard-house. Col. Barton of the patriot army conceived a

plan to surprise Prescott by night, and carry him off. It was a scheme full of danger, but one which, if successful, would bring great glory to all concerned. He chose forty men, on every one of whom he knew he could depend in emergency. Each man, too, knew how to handle an oar; for it might well be that they would need to show a clean pair of heels, should the men-of-war espy them. In several boats, with muffled oars, the party set out from the mainland. It was about nine o'clock on the night of the 10th of July. They passed silently across the bay, so close to the frigate's guard-boats that they plainly heard the sentinel's cry of 'All's well!' and landed in a cove near the house.

"Here the party divided. One section took a roundabout path, and came up to the rear of the house, cutting off all escape in that direction. The other marched stealthily forward, led by a negro, Jack Sisson, who had been Prescott's servant.

"They passed between the guard-house and the cavalry-encampment, and came directly up to the front-door. The sentinel on duty called out, 'Who's there?' but they paid no attention, and marched steadily on. 'Who's there?' called out the man again. 'Give the countersign.'

"'We have no countersign,' said Barton. 'Have you seen any deserters here to-night?'

"Deceived by this question, the guard let them approach nearer, and in a moment more was seized, and threatened with instant death if he made a sound.

"Barton, with some of his men, at once entered the house. The Quaker was sitting reading: all the others of the family

had gone to bed. In response to their demand, 'Where is Prescott's room?' he pointed to the one directly overhead. We can imagine the joy with which he heard them dash up stairs, Jack the negro leading the way. The door was locked. No time was to be lost. Jack backed the width of the hall, and, rushing forward with head down, burst it open at the first blow.

"Prescott sprang up in bed as they entered; but there was no chance for escape. His aide in another room, hearing the noise, jumped out of the window to give the alarm, but was instantly captured by the men below. Barton ordered the general to rise, and go with them. He begged for time to dress. But delay was dangerous. Throwing a cloak about him, they took him in his shirt, telling him that on the other side of the bay he would have time to dress at his leisure. The rest of the party, who had remained on guard outside, formed around the prisoners; and as stealthily as they came they made their way back to the boats. Once again with muffled oars they passed by the frigates, the men chuckling to themselves as they heard the sentry's cry of 'All's well!' and thinking of the chagrin that would befall them, when, a little later, they learned that all was ill.

"A carriage was waiting on the main-land. As they were about to enter it, Prescott broke the silence that he had held since his capture. 'Sir,' he said, turning to Barton, 'you have made a bold push to-night.'—'We have been fortunate,' said that hero."

"Wasn't it just splendid!" said the boys.

"This daring deed was instantly known far and wide. Con-

gress presented the gallant colonel a sword, and a grant of land in Vermont. This land, though, brought him great trouble in the end. In managing it, his affairs became involved, and he was arrested. It was in the days when people were imprisoned for debt; and for fourteen years the hero lay in jail. At the end of that time La Fayette revisited America. Asking for his old friend, he heard with grief and indignation of his hard fate, and at once paid his debts, and set him free."

"And what became of old Prescott?" asked Charlie.

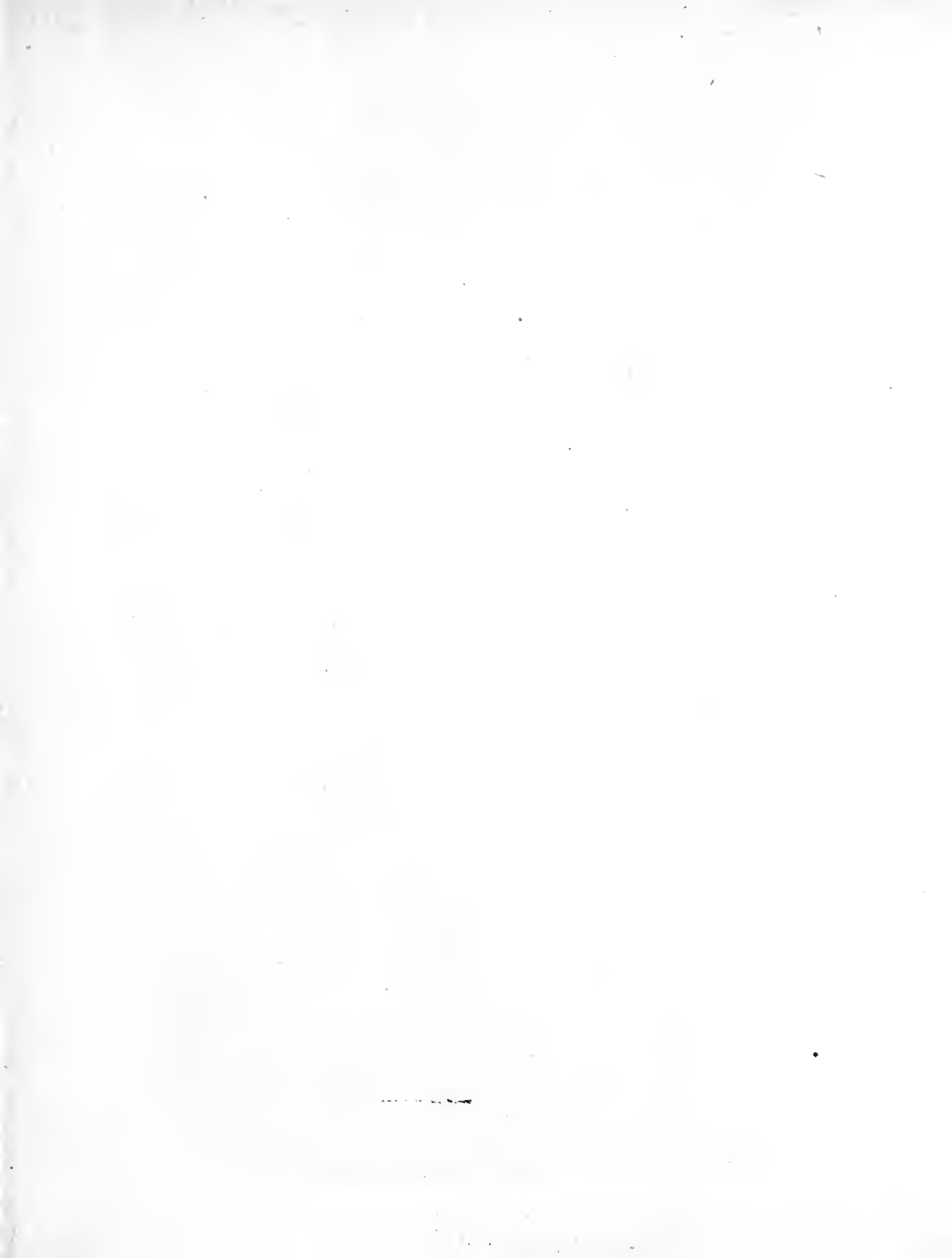
"He was sent to Washington's headquarters in New Jersey. His late ignoble capture did not seem to have improved his manners. On his way thither he stopped to dine at a tavern kept by one Capt. Alden, in Lebanon, Conn. Mrs. Alden brought him his dinner. Among the dishes was one of succotash. Prescott took up the dish, and threw it on the floor, exclaiming, 'What! do you treat me with the food of hogs?'

"Upon this Mrs. Alden left the room. The British officer was somewhat dismayed, a little later, to see her stalwart husband enter with a horsewhip in his hand. It was too late then to regret his rudeness. He was seized, and had a good dressing."

"Oh, cricky!" said Jack ecstatically. "What fun!"

"He was exchanged after some months, and went back to Newport to his old command. But the horsewhipping seems to have rankled. He was visited by a committee of citizens on some business, on one occasion after his return. To one of them he was so rude and violent, that the gentleman left the room. On his friends asking of him the reason, Prescott said





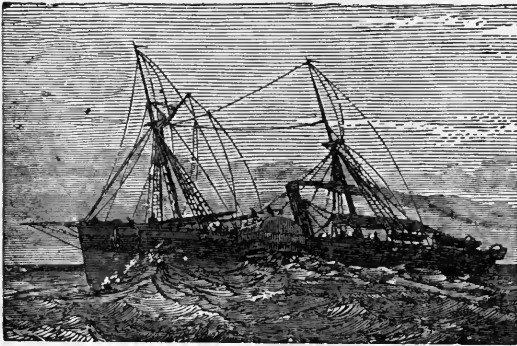


that he looked so much like a Connecticut man who had horse-whipped him, that he could not abide his presence."

"That's a tiptop story," said Jack with enthusiasm; "but just wait till you hear about my great-grandmother!"



## CHAPTER IX.



THERE was no doubt at all, when the children trooped off to bed that night, as to whether it was raining or not. The clatter on the roof above and about them was so loud, that they could hardly hear one another speak. It was like the trampling of many feet. Ned went to the window, and flattened his nose against the pane in a vain attempt to see something in the darkness outside; but what little he did see was so depressing, that he made haste to take off his clothes, and get into bed. Will Morgan had not come up, having stayed behind to do a little writing. The other boys, sitting in bed, with their hands clasped about their knees, waited for him, listening to the wind which was coming in blasts that made the house shake, and that dashed the rain against the pane as if it would break the glass.

“What a wild night it is at sea!” said Charlie. “The men at the life-saving station must have a fearful time patrolling the

beach in such a storm. I shouldn't wonder if there were wrecks on the coast before morning."

"Yes," said Ned sleepily; "but, if the rain keeps on long enough to take off the snow, there will be good skating again when it clears. I wonder what Will can be writing, to keep him so long. I'm going to sleep, anyway;" and, stretching himself down in the bed, he pulled up the clothes, and was off in no time. The other boys followed his example with such speed, that, when Will did come, he found no one awake to greet him.

"Whew!" whistled Tom, sitting up in bed for a moment at half-past seven the next morning. "Isn't it a stinger? It has cleared off cold with a vengeance. I have been dreaming, for ever so long, that I was a snow man; and my nose is just like a lump of ice. I'll wager that the water is frozen stiff in the pitchers;" and a little cloud of frozen vapor rose from his mouth as he spoke.

"I say," he went on, "who's going to make the fire? There are kindlings and the oak logs all ready. If any of you fellows want to do it, don't hesitate on my account."

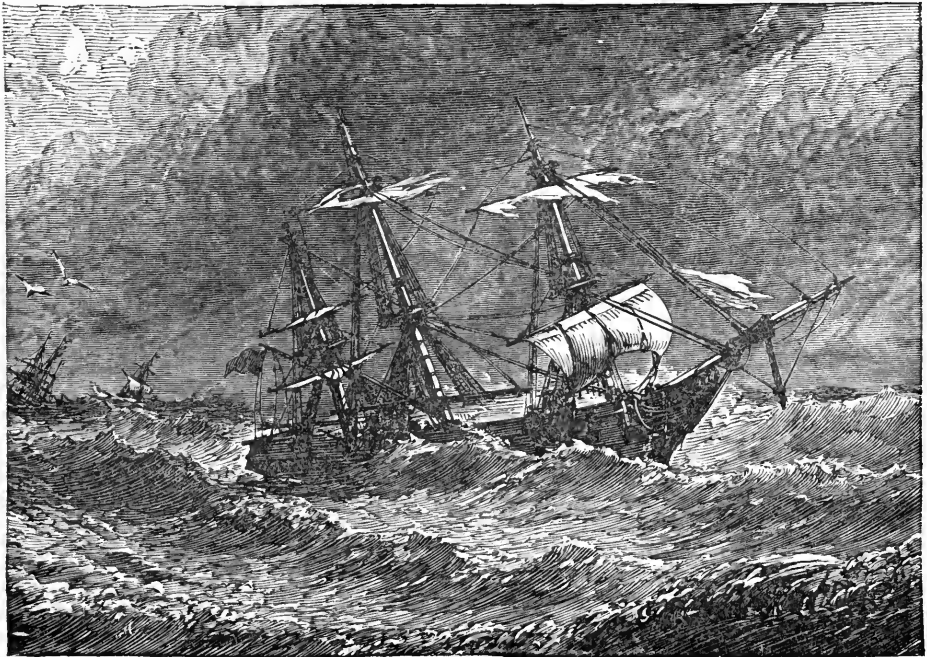
At this there was a sudden stillness, all the boys pretending to be fast asleep.

"Well, I can't be much colder than I am now," said he; "so here goes:" and out he jumped. The crackling flames were soon roaring up the chimney, and the pitchers were set down in front of it to thaw out; and gradually the boys, one after another, crawled out of bed, and sat before the blaze to dress.

"I say, fellows!" cried Ned, all at once glancing out of the window. "Come quick! Why, here's a great ship right in shore,

and she's had a hard time of it too. Her sails are all blown away. She must be going aground."

"No," said Will, after watching her a moment or two: "the wind is off shore, and she has sail enough to make headway against any current setting towards land. But I don't envy the sailors.



Think of being out at such a time! The sea dashes over the decks every minute or two, and must freeze instantly; and the rigging is stiff with ice. But we shall be stiff ourselves if we stand here, and, besides, be late to breakfast."

"I wonder," said Ned Grant when they were all about the

table, "what writing it could have been that kept Will up so late last night. It looks suspicious."

"I know," said Jack: "it was poetry. It fell out of his coat when he put it on this morning. He picked it up very quickly; but I saw it. — Don't blush," he said, turning to Will patronizingly: "I've written poetry myself."

"O Will!" said the girls: "do let us hear it!"

Will, thus besought, tried to beg off. Finally, finding that there was no use, he produced the paper from his pocket. "When we were all over at the life-saving station yesterday," he said, "one of the men told me that his father, an old sea-captain, told him of the wreck of a British man-of-war that took place when he was a boy. So, when we were in the village, I happened to meet the old gentleman, and he told me all about it. I tried to put it in rhyme as follows: " —

#### THE WRECK OF "THE SYLPH."

'Tis nigh upon seventy years ago  
Since "The Sylph" came ashore:  
'Twas the war of eighteen hundred and twelve,  
And she was a British sloop-of-war.  
Lord! I can see it all again, —  
The gale, and the spray, and the wild surf's roar,  
And the wave-lashed corpses of drowned men;  
Though I was but a lad of ten  
When "The Sylph" came ashore.  
And the old sea-captain's silver hair  
Fluttered and tossed in the summer air,  
As he leaned at ease o'er his garden-gate,  
And told me the tale of "The Sylph's" hard fate.

Did we know the craft? Ay, we knew her well,  
From Montauk Point to Fire-Island Light.  
Many a time from her decks had a shell  
Screamed through the air in the quiet night,  
Waking the silent village street  
With its roar and the tramp of flying feet ;  
Many a night had a ruddy glare  
Lighted the landscape far and near,  
As some old homestead and barns were burned,  
And the labor of years into ashes turned.

And so, when one cold December morn,  
Ere the moon's pale light had faded out,  
A hurrying sound of feet was heard,  
And on the chill night air rang forth the shout,—  
“‘*The Sylph's*’ ashore on Southampton beach !”  
We wasted no time in idle speech ;  
But each man sped to the beach away  
To meet the foe that was now at bay.

This was the sight that met our eyes  
In that cold dawning dim and gray,—  
A white-capped mass of swirling foam,  
Filling the air with its icy spray :  
Out of its midst there rose a mast  
Black with the bodies of men lashed fast ;  
And each wild wave, as it came ashore,  
With its icy fingers some poor wretch tore  
From his frail hold, and with wrathful hand  
Beat out his life on the shallow sand.

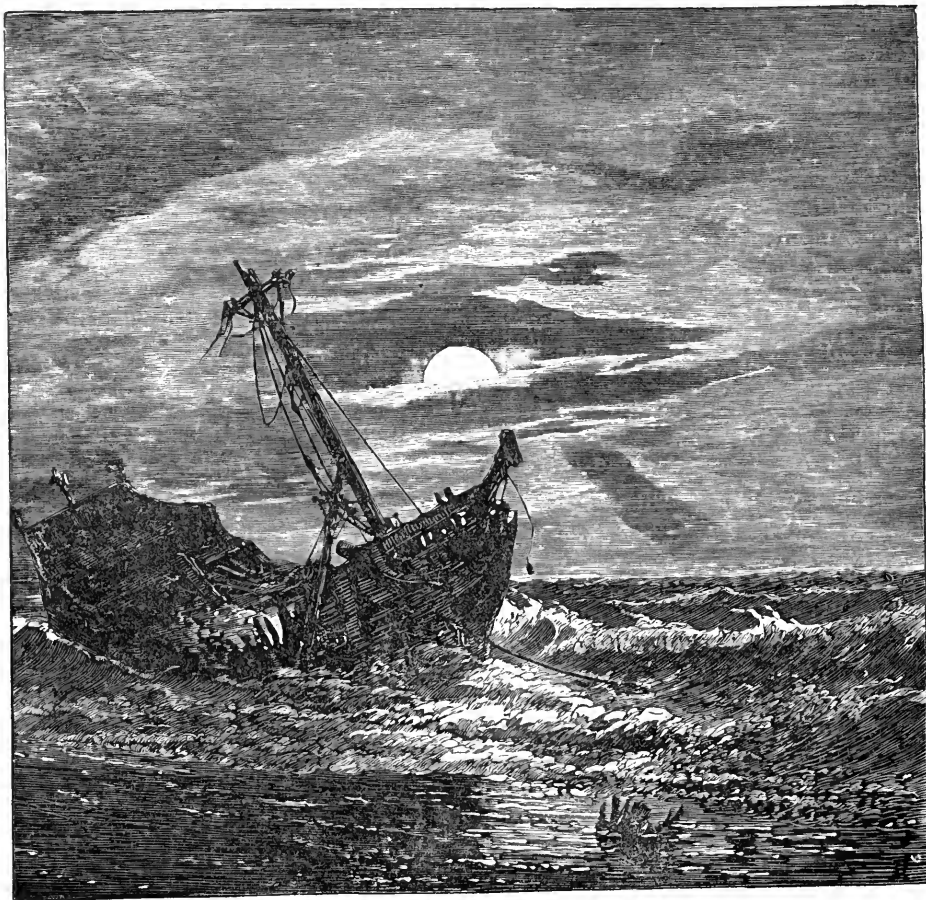
What could we do in a strait like that?  
What ship could live in so mad a sea?

Women wailed as they watched it all ;  
Strong men looked on helplessly.  
Crash ! all at once the mast went down,  
Hurling them sheer in the surf to drown.  
One mad struggle, then all was still ;  
Only the wild wind whistling shrill.  
Out of a hundred and twenty men,  
Only six walked the earth again.



We buried the dead that came ashore :  
You may see their graves at the inlet still.  
But the wreck turned out a prize indeed,  
And we picked her bones with a right good will.

From her guns and timbers of cedar-wood  
We built us a meeting-house strong and good.



THE WRECK.

And I've often heard the parson tell  
That he heard these words in her swinging bell,—  
“To the pruning-hook ye shall beat the sword;  
For the wrath of men shall praise the Lord.”



“Very good, very good,” said Jack when he had finished; “as a whole, very good. May I trouble you to read the first part again?”

Will read it.

“It’s a little remarkable, isn’t it,” said Jack, looking around, “that there should have been such a difference in the weather on the two sides of the pond yesterday? Here it was snowing and blowing, and over there the old sea-captain’s silver hair was tossing in the summer air.”

“That’s poetical license,” said Will.

“If you had consulted me,” said Jack, “I should have recommended a change. You might have put it this way:—

And the old sea-captain shivered with cold,  
And told me the tale which I have just told.”

“But,” said Will, “the lines that you object to come in the very beginning, before he has told the story.”

“Oh! well,” said Jack, “then you might have said,—

And the old sea-captain’s silver hair  
Stood up on end in the frosty air.”

“It is hereby requested,” said Will, laughing, “that Jack tell us the story about his great-grandmother in rhyme.”

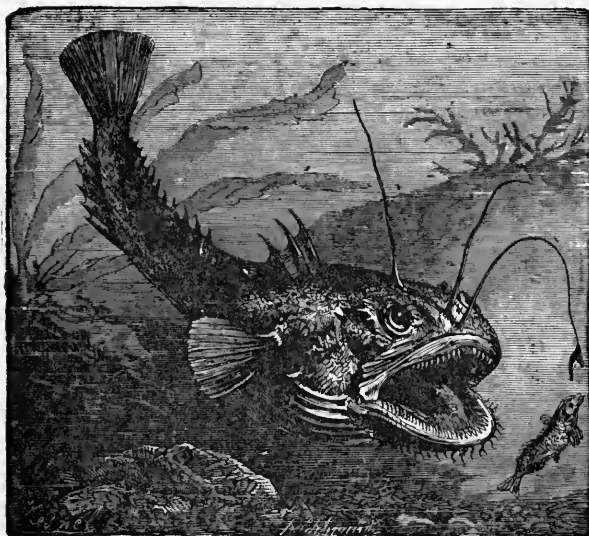
“Let’s go and skate, fellows,” said Jack all at once: “the ice looks beautifully.”

“Do you happen to know that the thermometer stands at zero, or lower?” said Carrie.

“We are going to have a talk from Mr. Longwood about fishes, after breakfast is over,” said Gertrude. “There are some

beautiful pictures of them in a book in the library, and he is going to tell us something as to their habits. If you boys will promise to be very quiet, you may come too."

"Thank you," said Jack. "It would be very pleasant. Perhaps we will come in a little later. Fishes seem somehow to belong more to summer than to winter. But we'll try to come in, after skating a while." And the young scapegrace rushed out of the door. The other boys followed, as they said, to see where



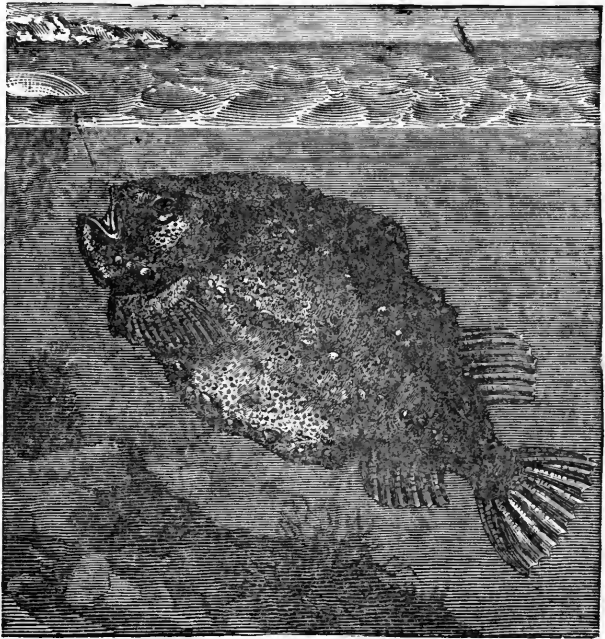
FROG-ANGLER.

"Oh!" cried out Carrie as a leaf was turned, "what is that strange fellow with a line and bait?"

"That," said Mr. Longwood, "is a frog-angler. He has a small body, and an enormously big head; and, from the shape of the mouth, you will see that he has a very open countenance when he smiles. Owing to his shape, he cannot swim very fast;

Jack had gone; but as the girls saw them all, a little later, putting on their skates at the pond's edge, they made up their minds that waiting for them would be but a loss of time. The book of plates was lying on the table in the library, and the girls were all bending over it when Mr. Longwood came into the room.

so that, had he to depend on speed for his breakfast, he would often go hungry. Nature has therefore provided another way for him to get his meals. Do you see the rod and line that stand out of his head? That is tipped at the end, where it grows larger, with a bright-colored piece of membrane that answers for a bait. The rod, too, has a joint in it, so that it can be moved about in every direction. Our fisherman, when he gets hungry, stirs up the mud so as to hide himself from sight in the dirty water, and then sets his line. Before long, some foolish little fish espies the tempting bait, and goes up to smell of it. Snap go the great jaws, and little fish is gone. It is said that the frog-angler sometimes grows to be ten feet long.



LUMP-SUCKER.

“This fellow,” he went on as Gertrude turned over a page, “is a lump-sucker. From his appearance he might be called ‘Old Barnacles;’ for he is as rough as a ship’s bottom. On the lower part of his body there is an arrangement called a sucker, by which he can make himself fast to any object.

In this way he can protect himself against the violence of the waves, which would otherwise beat his clumsy person about without mercy. So tightly can he hold with his sucker, that if you put one in a tub of water, and he attaches himself to the bottom, you may use his tail as a handle, and with this lift tub, water and all, into the air. The eggs of this fish are deposited in shallows. When they hatch, the little suckers all make fast to their papa, and he swims off with them into deep water."

"Are they good to eat?" asked Rose.

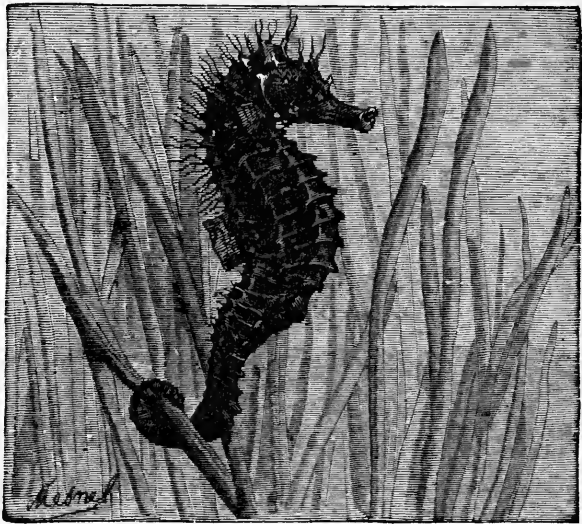
"Seals are very fond of them," said Mr. Longwood; "but they are rather too oily to please human beings. People who live in cold countries, and see only the gray and silver fish that are common with us, have no idea of the beautiful colors that they wear in tropic seas. In the West Indies, for instance, I have seen fish of three colors, striped around like a zebra; and each color was as brilliant as can well be imagined, — yellow, red, and blue. Tropical waters are often so clear, that one can lean over the boat's side, and make out the whole sea-bottom, with its moving panorama of marine life, far below. You don't have to wait till the fish pulls the line to know whether you have a bite or not; for you can look down, and watch his every action.

"One morning I got up very early to pay a visit to the fish-market. The islands swarm with negroes: and their jabber is something astonishing; for they all talk at once, and never stop. I pushed my way through the market-place, filled with women sitting on the ground, with little piles of lemons or oranges for sale about them, and presently came to the spot for which I had set out. Fish cannot be killed, as with us; for, owing to

the heat of the climate, they keep but a few hours: so they are put in tubs as soon as they are caught. I found myself surrounded by these large tubs of water, in all of which were fish darting about as briskly as if they had never known any other home.

“I stood on one side a little while to see how business was done. Presently down came a negro-woman. She looked into the various tubs, and at last selected two victims. A lively hag-

gle as to price now began. This being over, she said, ‘Keel dose.’ The man slipped a net under the two poor wretches, and, whisking them out of the water, put them on a little tray which she had. She stuck the tray on her head, — negroes carry every thing on their heads, from a banana to a barrel of flour,—and walked off; the poor fish making their last dying flaps above her unregarded.

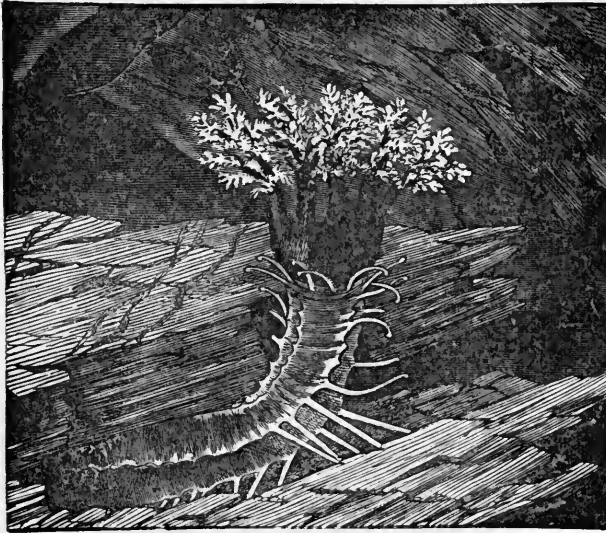


SEA-HORSE.

“This next specimen is a sea-horse. He takes his name from his slight resemblance to that animal. He whips his tail about some plant, and waits quietly. Woe to the heedless little pollywog that wanders near him! That sharp nose is after him in a

moment, and mamma pollywog waits in vain for her beloved truant to come back to her again.

“Here,” said Mr. Longwood, “is an animal that is known as a sea-cucumber. On its head grows, as you notice, a flower-like cluster. The sea-cucumber varies from six inches to two feet in length, and lies with its body under the sand, its head alone projecting. It is a very strange beast. If it is frightened or



SEA-CUCUMBER.

attacked it will throw out all its teeth, its stomach, and the rest of its insides, and become nothing but a thin empty bag. Gradually all these displaced parts begin to grow again; and, after some months, there is the complete sea-cucumber as fresh and lively as ever. In

famine it adopts a peculiar plan. It gradually breaks off parts of its body, and throws them away, until nothing but the head is left. Should food come in time, a new body grows on the old head.”

“Are they good to eat?” asked Kate.

“Oh, yes!” said Mr. Longwood. “The Chinese are very fond of them; and hundreds of tons of trepang, as they call it, are caught every year. The Feejee Islands are a great fishing-

ground for them. The inhabitants of the islands are cannibals, and would prefer to eat the sailors rather than catch trepang for them; so that a sharp watch has to be kept. There are American ships engaged in the business. The first thing to be done on arriving on the ground is to open communication with the islanders; for they are to do the catching. A prominent chief or two are taken on the ship as hostages, and then the work begins.

“The Feejees in great numbers dive by the hour each time through the clear water, picking out their victims, and always coming up with them in their hands. They used to be paid for this work a whale’s tooth for every hogshead they caught; but of late years they prefer hatchets and such things. The crew of the ship, meanwhile, have built great bins on shore; and into these the trepang are thrown. After lying a day they are split open, and dried over slow fires; then packed away for their voyage to China, where they are esteemed a great delicacy, and used for soups.”

“I shouldn’t think that it would be altogether comfortable, working among cannibals,” said Lou.

“No,” said Mr. Longwood: “the sailors have to be on their guard all the time. The wretched islanders sometimes wait till a strong wind is blowing to the shore. Then in the night they swim out, and, diving, manage to break the ship’s cable. Before the sails can be raised, the ship is in the breakers; and the Feejees roast and eat the crews.”

Just at this moment there came a loud shout of laughter from the lake. The girls rushed to their windows to see the

cause. The boys, standing by the pier, were holding on to one another, and shouting with laughter; while an old man on the ice beside them was chuckling, and grinning from ear to ear. Half-way up the lawn came Thistle at full speed, his tail between his legs, and his little gray body making such time, that he looked, indeed, like a puff of thistle-down blown by the wind. Garm stood still on the ice, looking at his flight with astonishment.

“Those horrid boys!” cried Carrie: “they have been teasing my dog.” And she rushed to the door, and stood ready to take up Thistle when he arrived.

But he could not stop for any endearments. He shot by her, and, making for the sofa, darted under it, refusing to come out in spite of all his mistress’s attentions. While Carrie was on her knees, trying to coax him, Will Morgan appeared at the door.

“O Will!” she cried, “what have you been doing to Thistle?”

“Nothing at all,” said Will, laughing. “You see, the dog has been awfully cross all the morning. While we were putting on our skates, an old fellow who has a wooden leg came stumping along, and began to talk with us. Thistle did not like his looks; though the man took a great fancy to him, and tried to make friends. Every time he spoke, Thistle snapped and snarled; and all at once he rushed at him, and seized him by the leg. But he took hold of the wooden leg. As soon as he felt it in his teeth, he stopped short, and, giving one look at the man, put down his tail, and fled.”



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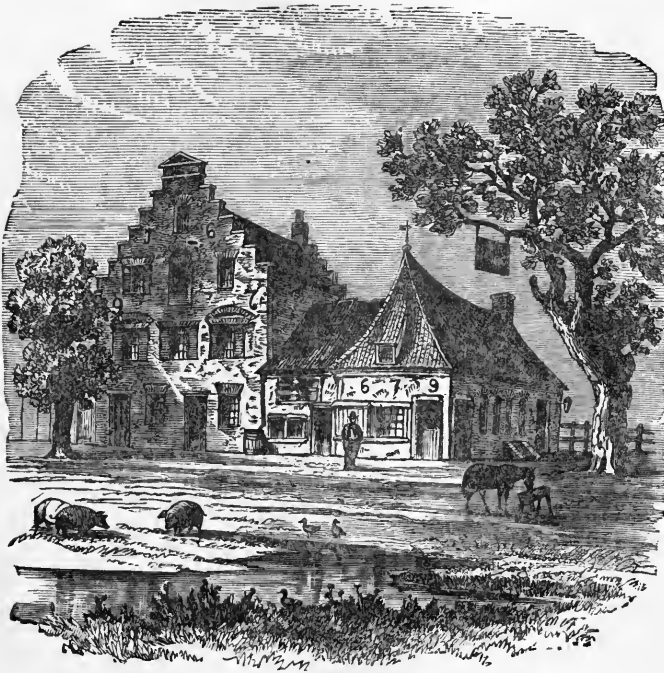
The girls all laughed; and Thistle, who hated being laughed at, gave a growl of rage and mortification from under the sofa.

"What I came up for," said Will, "was to say that it is growing warmer every minute, and does not seem cold at all. The ice is splendid."

At this the atlas of fishes was put away at once, and the girls hurried to get on their wraps. They found such good fun, that, as soon as dinner was over, they were out again. Ned discovered that capital coasting could be had from the top of the sand-hills by the sea, down on to the lake; and they went into this with such vigor, that when evening came they were all tired enough, and glad to sit quietly before the blazing fire and listen to Gertrude and Tom.



## CHAPTER X.



AN EARLY NEW-YORK HOUSE.

“At the beginning of the seventeenth century,” began Gertrude, “England and Holland were doing a brisk trade with India. But the long voyage around the southern extremity of Africa was made at a very great expense, and many were the attempts to find some

shorter route. The world was not then so well known as it is now, and some people thought that there must be a way around the north of either Europe or America. Many expeditions were made to those icy seas to find this unknown passage.

"One of these set out in the year 1609 from Amsterdam. The ship was 'The Half-Moon.' The crew were Dutch; but the commander was an Englishman, Henry Hudson, a bold and intrepid mariner. He was to search for the passage to 'China behind Norway.' But, when he had got far to the north, nothing lay before him but great fields of ice; and he could go no farther. He did not give up his quest, however. Turning about, he sailed to the south-west, and, striking the American coast, sailed along it, looking for some arm of the sea on which he could sail through the continent, and thus reach Asia through America.

"At last he thought he had found what he was looking for. One warm August morning he came to anchor at a spot where the ocean ran in landward, making a great bay. A few days later he pushed on, and found himself in an inner bay. Before him lay a mighty river, its western border lined by rocky palisades; while on its other side, abreast of him, lay a large island. That island was" —

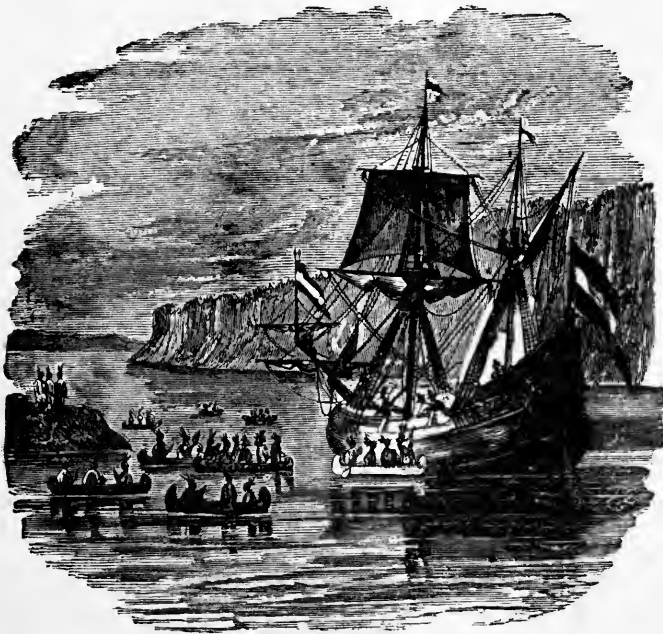
"New York," interrupted Jack Hastings. "I know all about that.

'Flow fair beside the Palisades, — flow, Hudson, fair and free,  
By proud Manhattan's shore of ships and green Hoboken's tree:  
So fair yon haven clasped its isles, in such a sunset's gleam,  
When Hendrik and his sea-worn tars first sounded up the stream,  
And climbed this rocky palisade, and, resting on its brow,  
Passed round the can, and gazed a while on shore and wave below.  
And Hendrik drank with hearty cheer, and loudly then cried he, —  
"Tis a good land to fall in with, men, and a pleasant land to see.'"

"These last are the very words that Hudson used," said

Jack, stopping to take breath; "and there is lots more. I learned it one day last winter when I was at home with a cold."

"Well, Hudson thought," went on Gertrude, "that surely here was the way to the South Sea; for such a vast body of water could not be a river: so he hoisted sail again, and pressed onward. But after a few days' voyage he found that the water



"THE HALF-MOON" IN THE HUDSON.

was getting shallow, and that it was not safe to continue. So he turned about, and sailed back again. The Indians came off in canoes, and were very friendly. He gave them an entertainment which seemed to them so magnificent, that the tradition of it lasted among the tribes nearly two hundred

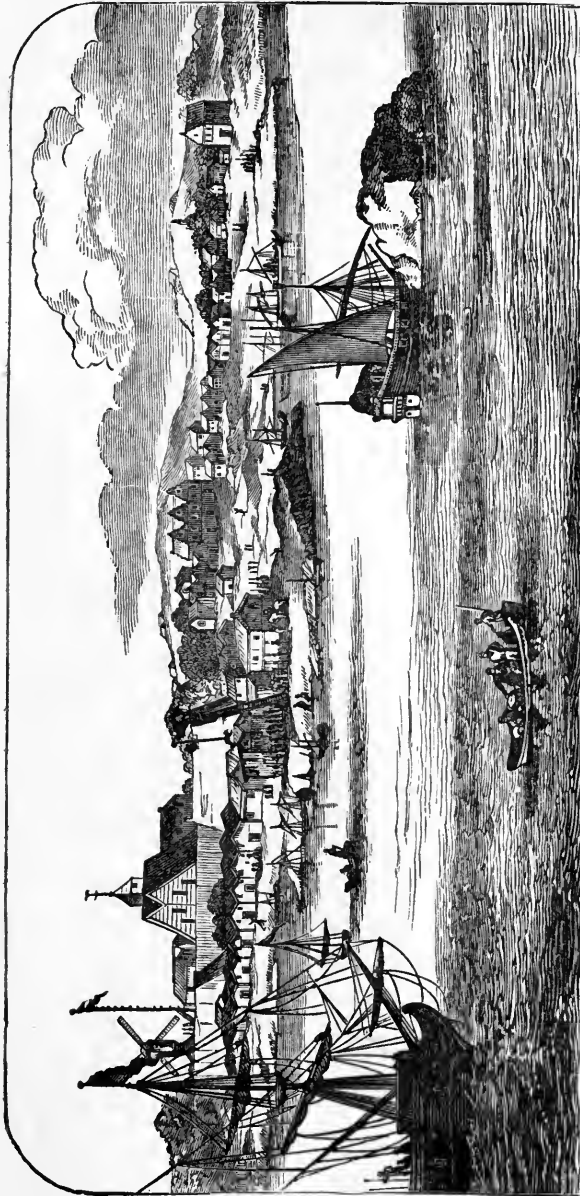
years. One old chief, I am sorry to say, took such a fancy to his strong water, that he got drunk. His fellows had never seen any one in such case, and they were greatly troubled. They brought various magic beads to break the spell which the strangers had cast over him. But when, the next morning, the old reprobate

came to himself, and said that he had had a good time, and would like to try it again, their admiration knew no bounds. They traded their 'pompions' with great joy; and no doubt Hudson and his men had pumpkin-pie to their hearts' content.

"On his return voyage, Hudson put into the English harbor of Dartmouth. Here he and his ship were seized by the authorities. It was not that the English did not wish the Dutch to profit by the discovery he had made,—they thought that a matter of no importance,—but they did not want so bold a mariner as Hudson to be in the Dutch service; for perhaps he might discover the short cut to India, and then their rivals would gain an advantage over them. So, after a little, they let 'The Half-Moon' go on to her port; but Hudson was bidden not to go to Holland. And in this way the Dutch lost his services."

"Did he never go back to New York?"

"No," said Gertrude: "he came to his death two or three years after, and a fearful death it was. He set out on another voyage to discover the way to India through the Arctic Ocean. He found his way into the great bay named after him, Hudson's Bay; and there he passed the winter. The sufferings of all were terrible. Their food gave out, and they kept alive on wild-fowl and moss. When spring came, loosening their icy fetters, they made their way to the open sea. But mutiny broke out. Hudson and his son and seven others were put in an open boat, cast adrift, and left to perish in this icy waste. Death, no doubt, soon came to terminate their sufferings. And so ended the life of a brave man and a hardy mariner. One of the crew, to



NEW AMSTERDAM.

his great honor be it told, — he was the carpenter, Philip Staffe, — of his own accord clambered into the boat beside his commander, preferring to die with him than to live in dishonor.”

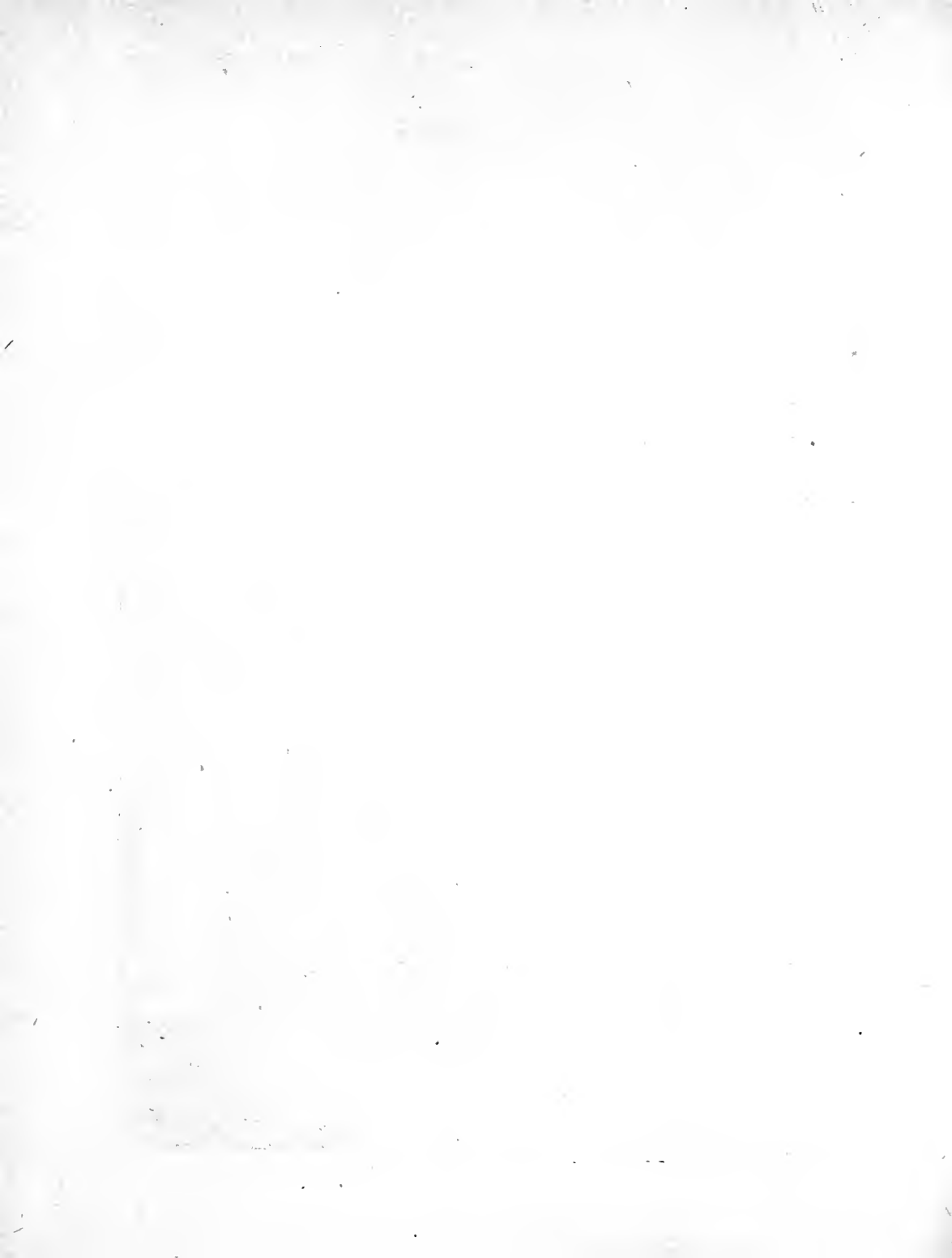
“I hope the mutineers all came to grief,” said Ned.

“They had a pretty hard time of it,” said Gertrude. “Five died: the rest had to live on candle-grease, and were almost dying, when a fishing-smack sighted them, and brought them into port.

“Well, the Dutch did not make any great use of their discovery of the Hudson River. They found the trade with the



HUDSON PUT ADRIFT BY HIS MUTINEERS





Indians in skins very profitable: so they established a trading-fort where New York now stands. They bought the whole island from the Indians for twenty-four dollars' worth of beads and other trinkets.

“ Gradually, though slowly, a little settlement grew up about this trading-fort, and they named it New Amsterdam. Other settlements were made at different places on the river, and in the year 1633 the governor over the colony was Wouter Van Twiller. Gov. Van Twiller was a curious specimen. He was a famous hand at the tankard; but in other qualities he was somewhat deficient.

“ It was the great aim of the Dutch to keep the trade of the river all to themselves, and thus far no one of any other nation had ventured to enter it. What was Van Twiller's dismay, then, one day, to see an English vessel quietly enter the bay, and announce its intention of going up the river to trade with the Indians! The governor was speechless with astonishment and indignation. He ordered the gunner to spread the flag of the Prince of Orange, and to salute it with three pieces of ordnance; but, to his surprise, the English, instead of going away abashed at this, raised the flag of England, saluted it, and set out up the river to trade.

“ The governor saw their sails fade out of sight with incredulous surprise. But only one course suggested itself to him. Ordering out a barrel of wine, he seized his glass, and, filling it, shouted, ‘ All who love the Prince of Orange and me, emulate me in this, and assist me in repelling the violence of this Englishman!’

“De Vries, a sea-captain of great renown, suggested to him, however, another course of action. By his advice, a body of men were sent up the river. The Englishman, who had put up a tent and begun to trade, was driven on to his ship, and brought back to New York, where, after paying sundry fines, he was bidden to leave with all speed, and never return.

“But this great victory so filled the redoubtable Van Twiller’s head with pride at his own greatness, that when De Vries, a little later on, was about to sail in his own vessel, he peremptorily ordered him to stop, and turned the guns of the fort upon the ship. Whereupon, says that veteran, ‘I ran to the point of land where Van Twiller stood with the secretary and one or two of the council, and told them that it seemed to me the country was full of fools. If they must fire at something, they ought to have fired at the Englishman.’ After this plain speaking they made him no further trouble.

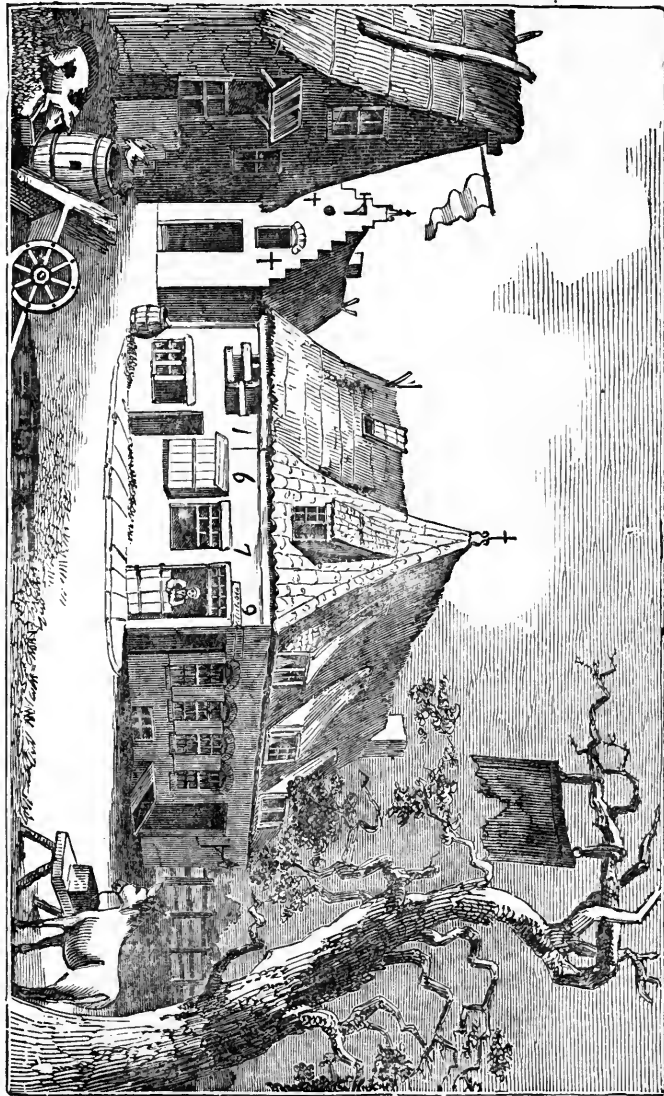
“Van Twiller was not stupid only. Grave suspicions as to his honesty began to arise; and he was presently ignominiously removed, and a new man appointed in his stead.

“New Amsterdam had now begun to grow a little. The quaint houses were built after the fashion of those in Holland, with sharp gables. Many were only one story high, and they were scattered about here and there with paths winding in and out among them. This is the reason that so many of the streets down town are so crooked. They have never been straightened since the Dutch days. There is an old contract still in existence for a house which was to be thirty feet long, eighteen feet wide, and eight feet high. It was to cost one hundred

and forty dollars. It was further stipulated that it was to contain a slaap-banck."

"What in the world is a slaap-banck?" asked Rose.

"A bedstead," said Gertrude. "It was built against the wall, and had doors in front like a cupboard, so that in the daytime it could be shut up out of sight. The sleepy Dutchman, who decided to go to bed, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, opened the doors, and climbed in. Un-



der him was a feather-bed, and over him he spread another ;

and soon he was far away from New Amsterdam, in the land of dreams.

“Well, the town continued to grow. Dutch, English, French, all lived in harmony together. A new governor came, and an old one went, till Peter Stuyvesant was appointed to that office. He planted on his farm, in the Bowery, a pear-tree that stood for more than two hundred years, till the Bouerie farm was covered with blocks of houses.”



PETER STUYVESANT.

“It’s lucky little George Washington didn’t visit New York with his hatchet,” said Jack: “he would have had that pear-tree down in no time.”

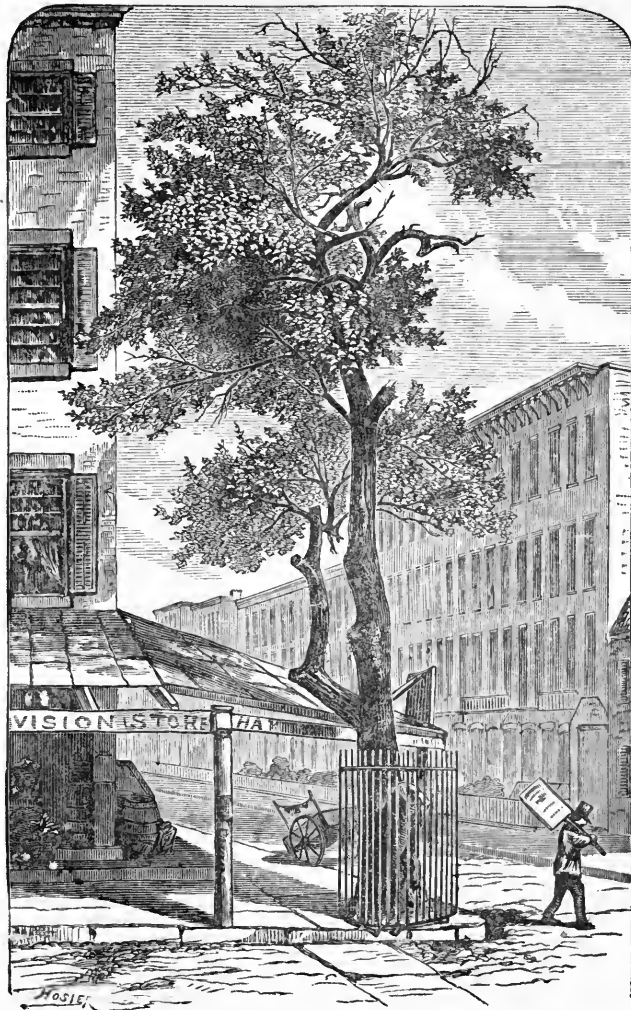
“Don’t interrupt, Jack,” said Gertrude. “Well, one day Stuyvesant was told that some English men-of-war were off the coast, intending to capture the place. Before he could do any thing to strengthen it, the mouths of sixty cannons were pointed at the town. He had but twenty guns; but he made up his

mind to fight till the last. He was at his station in the fort, stumping about on his wooden leg, and the gunners had their matches burning, when a deputation from the town demanded that he surrender. Half of the townfolk were English, and welcomed the invaders. There was not the slightest hope, they said, of holding the town. They had not even powder enough

to fight for more than a few hours. The old man read their demand with a face pale with mortification. 'I had rather be carried to my grave,' he said. The white flag was raised, and New Amsterdam became New York."

"But what right had the English to take it?" asked Ned.

"None at all," answered Gertrude. "They were then at peace with the Dutch States; and the whole thing was managed so that their intention should not be known in time for them to take any measures to prevent it."



PETER STUYVESANT'S PEAR-TREE.

"And did Holland submit quietly?"

"By no means. War was declared against England. The

Dutch fleets were so successful, that they destroyed the English navy; and the people of London trembled to hear their enemy's guns only a few miles away, where, at Chatham, they were burning the English ships and naval stores. When the treaty of peace was signed, England was allowed to keep New York; but yielded, in place of it, three colonies that were considered vastly more important.

"And that is the way," said Gertrude, "that New York became English."

After they had talked over what Gertrude had told them for a little, they all turned to Tom to hear what he had to say.

"When the news of the passage of the Stamp Act reached New York," he began, "a number of patriots met together, formed an association, and called themselves the Sons of Liberty. How they treated the stamped paper, and how they wet down the tea that came over, Ned told us a night or two ago. Not a penny's worth of either ever got into circulation.

"After a time came the news that the Stamp Act was repealed. The Sons of Liberty were overjoyed at finding the king so prompt to listen to their complaints; and, in an excess of patriotism, they cast a statue of him in lead, and set it up in the Bowling Green. It was very fine. The king was on horseback, life-size: on his head was a crown, while one hand held in a prancing steed. But the statue did not stay there many years. What became of it you will learn a little later.

"It was hardly settled on its base when the loyal feelings that raised it received a shock. News came that Parliament, enraged at the disturbances about the stamped paper, had passed

a law called the Mutiny Act, stationing British troops in the principal cities of America; and that a regiment was on the ocean, on its way to them. The Sons of Liberty were aroused and indignant. They declared that the troops should not land; but they could not prevent it. As a relief to their feelings, they erected on the Common a great liberty-pole. The soldiers presently cut it down; but the people set up another: and in this way there began to be bad blood between them.

“About this time Gen. Gage was fortifying Boston Neck. He wanted lumber for his barracks, and men to build them. But the sturdy Bostonians would furnish neither. So he sent to New York for help. The Sons of Liberty heard that a sloop was about to sail well loaded. They declared that it should not leave port. Isaac Sears, who, from the influence that he had, was known as King Sears, urged the people to arm. For this he was arrested for treason.

“The very afternoon of his arrest, a horseman entered New York, breathless with haste, and jaded with hard riding. He bore the news of the battle of Lexington. The people were wild with excitement and anger. Led by Marinus Willett, they rescued Sears from the authorities, and, marching to the arsenal in a body, seized six hundred stands of arms. The next day every ship in the harbor was visited by a committee, who used arguments of such weight, that not a vessel went to the help of Gage.

“The British regiment was at once ordered to Boston. The men left their barracks, and marched to the wharf to embark. Marinus Willett noticed that they were taking with them several

carts loaded with extra arms. Rousing his fellows, he set out in pursuit, and, seizing the bridles of the horses, captured all these loads."

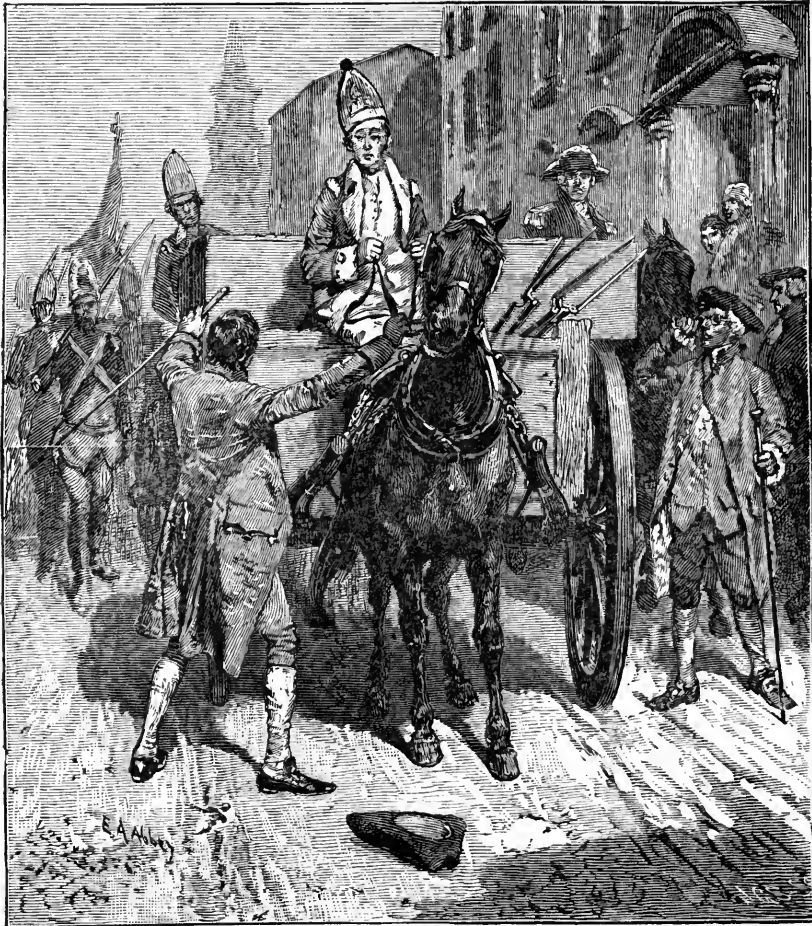
"Why didn't the soldiers interfere?" asked Jack.

"They were just about to leave the city, and probably the officers thought that the arms were not worth the fight that would be sure to follow. You must remember that the Sons of Liberty had captured six hundred muskets a few days before, and so could speedily arm themselves. At all events, the British lost the guns; and a little later they did good service in a regiment in the Continental army, which Willett commanded. Willett won a great reputation as a fighter, particularly from the Indians, whom the British roused to attack the settlers. Among them he went under the name of 'The Devil.'

"During the winter of 1775-6 Washington sent Gen. Lee with a body of men to occupy New York. There were no British troops in the city; but a man-of-war, 'The Asia,' lay in the harbor. The Tories besought Lee not to enter the city, for fear that 'The Asia' would bombard it. But he paid small attention to any such suggestions. 'If the ships of war are quiet,' he said, 'I shall be quiet. If they make my presence a pretext for firing on the town, the first house set in flames by their guns shall be the funeral pile of some of their best friends.'

"The spring following, after the British were driven out of Boston, Washington hurried to New York, and began to fortify the city, and put into shape her straggling army. Lord Howe, the British commander, soon after arrived in the harbor, having under him thirty thousand men. These he landed on Staten





SEIZING BRITISH ARMS.



Island, and both sides took a long breath before the struggle that was before them. In this lull there came from Congress the Declaration of Independence. The troops were drawn up on the Common, where the City Hall now stands, in a hollow square, to hear it.

“Standing in their midst was Washington, and by his side an aide, who read it aloud in a clear voice. The listening Sons of Liberty thronging about heard it with joy. Rushing to the Bowling Green, they tore down the statue of the king, and hacked it in pieces. Lead was scarce, and bullets were needed. Out of it were made cartridges; and these are the names of the brave women who did the work: Mrs. Marvin made 6,058; Laura Marvin, 8,370; Ruth Marvin, 11,592; Mary Marvin, 10,790. The British, as some one at the time said, had melted majesty fired at them.

“Presently the Englishmen crossed to Long Island, and the Americans met them in a bloody battle where Brooklyn now stands. It was a sad day for our fathers, and many a sturdy patriot fell. For years the farmers would plough up skulls still showing the holes that the British bullets had made. The Americans were defeated, and driven back to the river. The English followed, hemming them in, and sure that they could not elude them. But in the night came up a great fog; and, under cover of it, the nine thousand Americans crossed the river in small boats to New York, and escaped. When the fog lifted, the chagrined conquerors saw their foe just across the river, marching up from the ferry in safety.

“It is said that a woman living near sent her slave in the

middle of the night to the British to tell them what the Americans were doing.

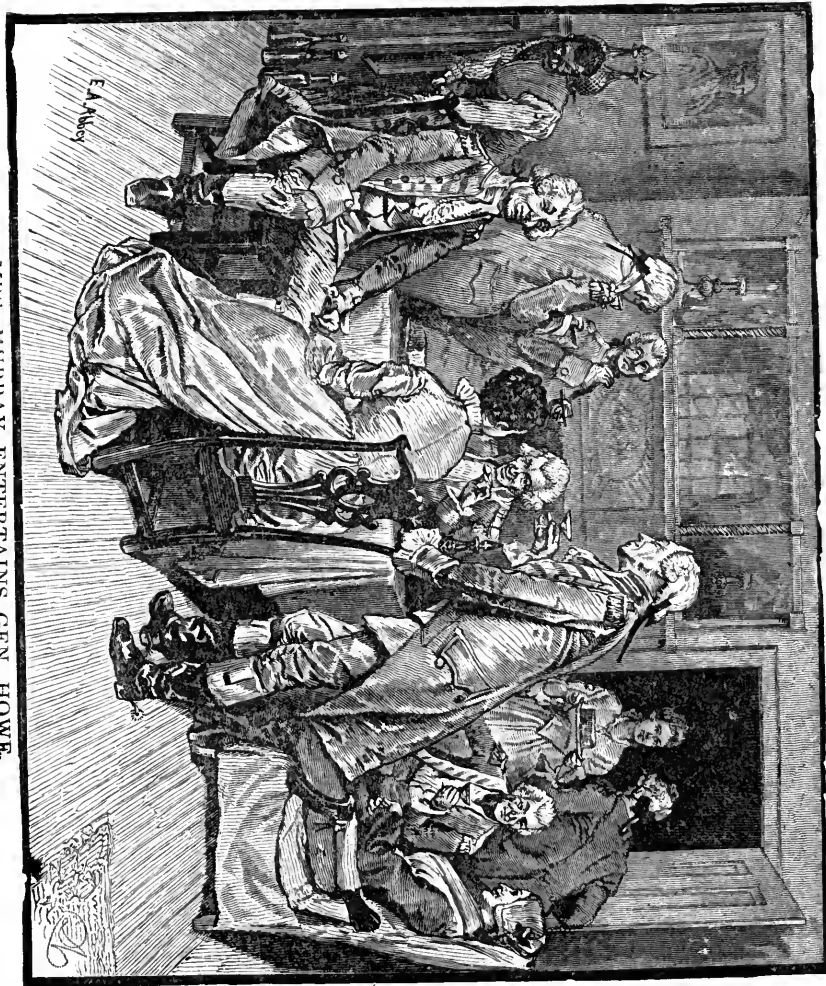


He, however, fell in with a Hessian sentinel who could not understand him; and, when at last the message was known, it was too late.

“It was now seen that New York could not be held; and Washington retreated from the city, leaving only four thousand men under Gen. Putnam. These would have all been captured, but for a woman's cleverness. This was how it happened: Putnam was stationed near the Battery,

when the British suddenly crossed from Brooklyn to where now is the foot of Thirty-fourth Street. They were in great force; and

MRS. MURRAY ENTERTAINS GEN. HOWE.





they marched at once across the fields towards the centre of the island, thus closing the two roads of exit from the city. One of these ran along the East River, and the other along the centre of the island. As Gen. Howe, at the head of his troops, reached the crest of the hill, they came to the fine old mansion of Robert Murray. Murray himself was a Tory; but his wife and daughters were staunch patriots. From the second-story windows of their house they had seen the dust arising from a half-known lane between them and the Hudson, and now and then a flash of bayonets marked where Putnam's troops were hurrying northward to escape. Should the British see them, they were lost.

"Mrs. Murray, with her daughters beside her, stood at her gate as the English drew near.

"'William,' she said to Lord Howe in her quiet Quaker way, 'will thee alight, and refresh thyself at our house?'

"'I thank you, Mrs. Murray,' said the Englishman; 'but I must first catch that rascally Yankee Putnam.'

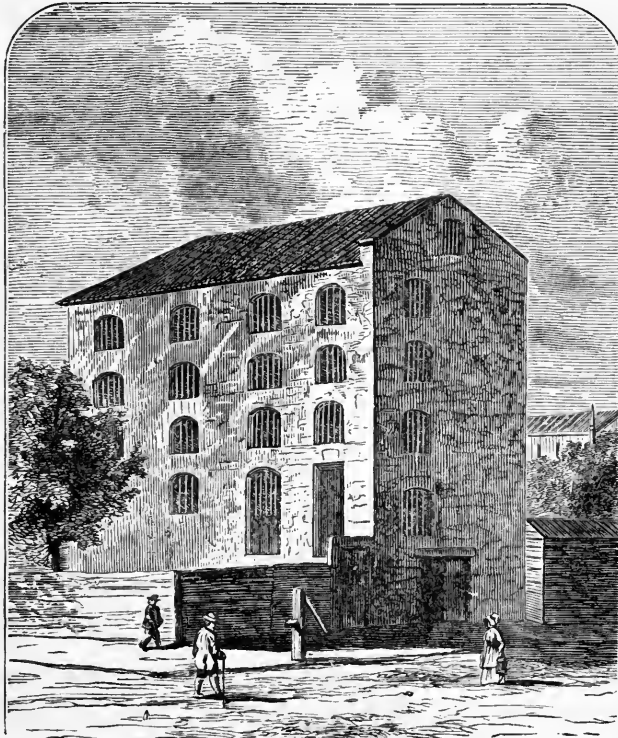
"'Didst thou not hear,' said Mrs. Murray, 'that Putnam had gone? It is late to try to catch him. Thee had better come in and dine.'

"Howe yielded to her entreaties, and, with his chief officers, dismounted. Mrs. Murray and her daughters never so exerted themselves before. It was two hours before the officers left, and by that time Putnam was safe."

"How proud she must have been!" said Rose.

"Her stratagem was known at once among the Americans," said Tom; "and the soldiers all said that Mrs. Murray had saved Putnam's division.

"The British met with continued success after this. They took several thousand prisoners, and these they treated with great brutality. They were crowded into churches and sugar-houses, and old hulks anchored in the bay. It makes one's



A SUGAR-HOUSE USED AS PRISON.

blood boil to think how they were starved and killed just through pure wickedness on the part of their captors. You can fancy the treatment they received, from the fact that in three weeks more than seventeen hundred died."

"Those were indeed dark days for the patriots," said Mr. Longwood. "Defeat came after defeat. The British seized all New-York Island, and overran New Jersey.

Among their troops were many Hessians, German mercenaries who had been hired by the English king. Their foraging parties scoured the country, stealing alike from friend and foe, and making the farmers drag with their teams the food which had been stolen from





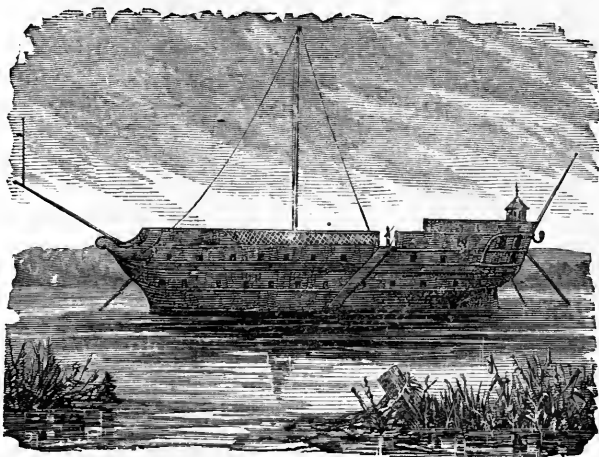
A FORAGING PARTY.



under their very eyes. Happy was the man who got away from camp without having his horses seized. I have heard my great-grandmother say," he went on, "that when her husband, who was an officer in the army, ventured home for a visit, she always put his horse in the house; and many and many was the time when she seized her baby under her arm, and hid in a deep swamp close at hand, while the foragers pillaged the house."

"She must have been almost as brave as my great-grandmother," said Jack admiringly.

"It was not till Christmas Day," Mr. Longwood went on, "that a change came. Did you ever hear this old ballad?" he said, going to the shelves, and taking down a



THE PRISON HULK "JERSEY."

book. It was written at the time, though it is not known by whom, and well describes what took place. The victory of which it tells put great courage into all the patriots, and the cause of liberty grew stronger at once.

"Here it is:—

## 'BATTLE OF TRENTON.

ON Christmas Day in seventy-six,  
Our ragged troops, with bayonets fixed,  
For Trenton marched away.  
The Delaware see, the boats below,  
The light obscured by hail and snow,  
But no signs of dismay.

Our object was the Hessian band,  
That dared invade fair Freedom's land,  
And quarter in that place.  
Great Washington he led us on,  
Whose streaming flag, in storm or sun,  
Had never known disgrace.

In silent march we passed the night,  
Each soldier panting for the fight,  
Though quite benumbed with frost.  
Greene, on the left, at six began :  
The right was led by Sullivan,  
Who ne'er a moment lost.

Their pickets stormed, the alarm was spread,  
That rebels risen from the dead  
Were marching into town.  
Some scampered here, some scampered **there** ;  
And some for action did prepare,  
But soon their arms laid down.

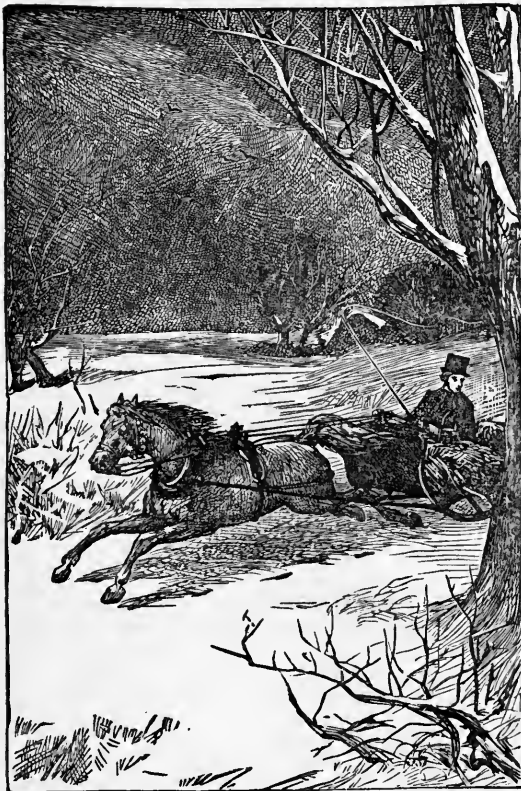
Twelve hundred servile miscreants,  
With all their colors, guns, and tents,  
Were trophies of the day.  
The frolic o'er, the bright canteen  
In centre, front, and rear was seen,  
Driving fatigue away.



Now, brothers of the patriot bands,  
Let's sing deliverance from the hands  
Of arbitrary sway ;  
And, as our life is but a span,  
Let's touch the tankard while we can  
In memory of that day.'''



## CHAPTER XI.



SUNDAY morning dawned bright and fair. Out of doors the sun flashed and blazed on the smooth surface of the lake; and the breath of Tom and Rose, as they stood for a moment on the piazza, went up in little clouds of frozen vapor, that made Jack, who was watching them, say that they were like two steaming tea-kettles.

“What a jolly season winter is!” said Tom. “There is no time of the year like it.”

“Oh! do you think so?” said Rose. “Spring is the

season for me, when the first buds begin to swell, and the dandelions come.” And she broke out singing,—

Through the gray April clouds  
A burst of sunshine came,  
Lighting the shoots of timid grass  
With a sheet of golden flame ;  
And every struggling bud fresh courage took ;  
A softer ripple laughed the little brook.

The clouds have shut again :  
No more the clear blue sky ;  
But, scattered through the tender grass,  
The sunbeams tangled lie.  
No sunbeams these that cease when clouds incline :  
They are — they are the golden dandelion !

Our whole party went to church in the morning in a body. As they were much too numerous to sit together, they divided up into little parties of twos and threes. Jack found his old friend George Washington, who took him into his own pew ; and so much at home did he feel, that, before the minister had fairly got under way with his sermon, he had gone to sleep, with his head on George Washington's arm. All their new acquaintances of the past week were about them, from the man who took them into town on the wood-sled to the driver who had piloted them in their expedition to the Shinnecoeks. This latter man Jack discovered all at once in the choir. He had his mouth wide open, and was rolling out, in a voice that seemed to come from way down in his boots,

“Broad is the road that leads to death ;”

but, at sight of Jack's big eyes looking at him, he broke out into a grin not at all in keeping with the gloomy words he was singing.

After the last hymn had been sung, and the service was over, the boys gathered around George Washington.

"The judge seemed a trifle sleepy this morning," said he, smiling at Jack.

"We have been going so hard all the week," said Will, "that I don't wonder at it. I felt sleepy myself."

"I noticed you were coasting on the sand-hills," said George Washington. "Did you ever see a tobogan?"

"One of those Canada things?" asked Will. "I have seen pictures of them."

"Well," said George Washington, "Thomas John Wilsey, over by North Sea, has made one. He read somewhere about it, and saw a picture, and went to work to copy it. I saw him this morning, and he said he had just finished it."

"I wonder if he'd let us try it," said Tom.

"Oh, yes! I know he would," said George Washington. "And the hills over by his house are high; so that you could have prime fun."

"Oh, jolly!" said all the boys together. "Let's ask Mr. Longwood if we can't have the big sleigh, and go to-morrow afternoon. What larks it would be!"

Mr. Longwood gave assent at once; and Jack, fearful that something might happen to change his mind, ran after the driver, who was walking down the village street with a young woman, to tell him to be sure to have the four horses and the sleigh at the house at two o'clock the next day, without fail.

The rest of Sunday was passed very quietly. In the middle of the afternoon, the boys, with Mr. Longwood, went off for an



hour's walk; while the girls went to the beach, and watched the surf thundering on the sand. Soon after supper, Charlie Morgan announced, with a yawn, that he thought he would go to his "slaap-banck." "To-morrow, you know, is our last day here," he said; "so that we must be all fresh for the morning."

The rest of the young folk seemed to find his example contagious; and, at a much earlier hour than usual, the parlor was left alone, with no one but the sleepily blinking fire to keep it company.

The next day was, in point of weather, all that could be desired. Punctually at two, just as dinner was being finished, the sleigh arrived. Girls, boys, and dogs hurried into it with a rush, and off they went. What a delight it was to sit still, and be whirled along! From breakfast till dinner they had skated almost without stopping, so that sitting still was quite a luxury. The sleighing was perfect, and it appeared as if all the world were out to enjoy it. Every now and then a swift flying cutter met them; and at the village post-office, where they halted for the mail, it seemed, now that the loud jingle of their own bells had stopped, as if the whole air was full of the melody of distant chimes.

As they went on toward North Sea, the face of the country changed. They found themselves among hills, with oak-woods all about them; while every now and then a snug farm-house came into view, and went quickly out of sight behind.

They met fewer people, for it was a rather lonely road; though at one place they had to draw to one side to let pass two stalwart horses with a heavy load of wood. Their driver walked beside

them, and he had a whip that he cracked like a pistol. At last, after an hour or so, their own driver announced to Jack that the house to which they were going was at the foot of a high hill just before them; and a moment later they drove in through an open gate, and reined up just under an overhanging shed.

"I'll just make fast the horses, and blanket them," said he as they scrambled out, "and then I'll hunt up Thomas John and the tobogan." So, the fastening and blanketing being soon accomplished, he advanced to the side-door of the house. A trim-looking woman with gray hair opened it.

"Thomas John at home?" asked the driver.

"No, Thomas John's gone away east," said the woman.

"I brought over a party to see his tobogan," said the driver; "and I thought perhaps he'd let them try it."

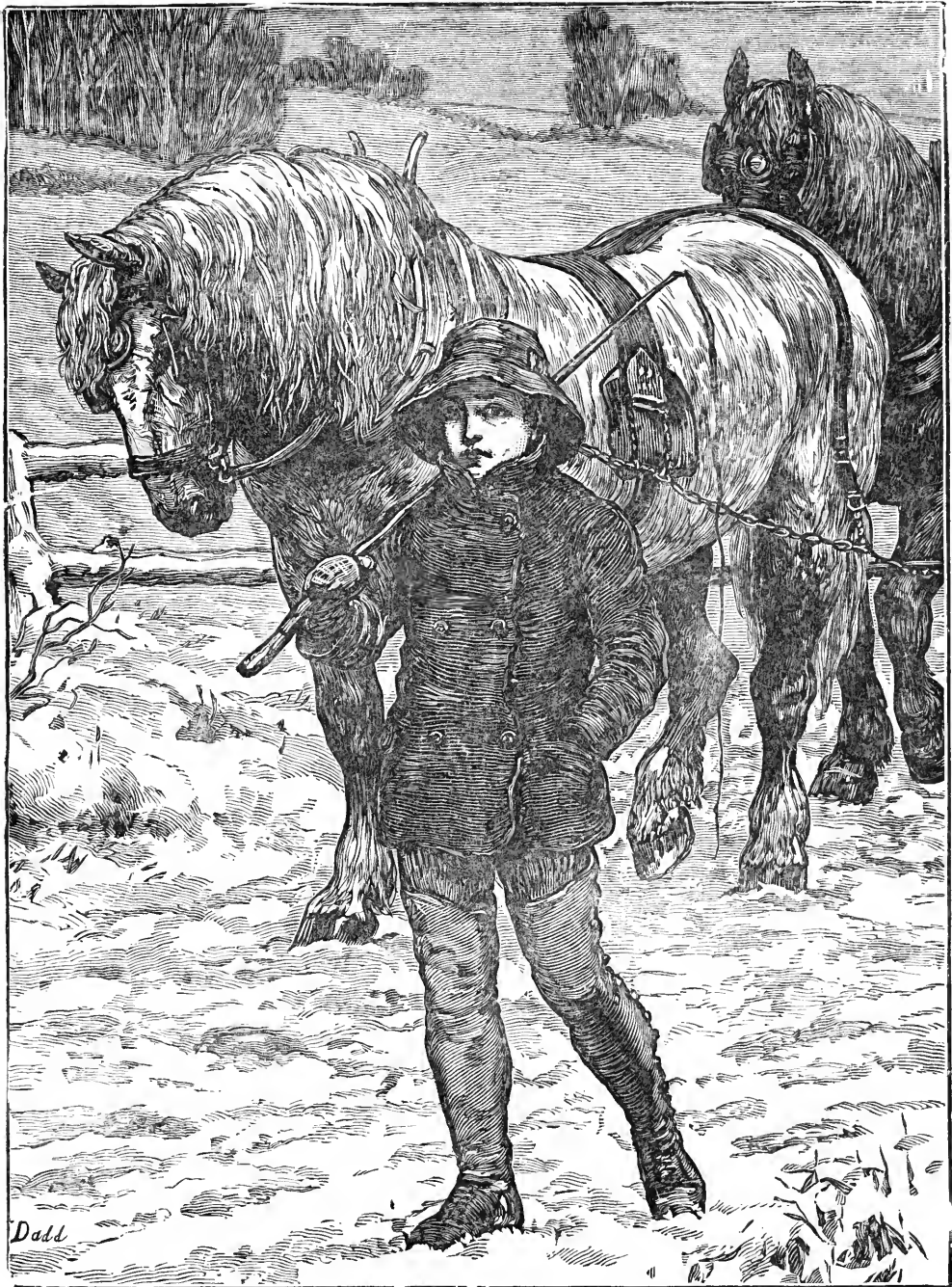
"La sakes!" said the woman, "you're welcome to take the critter: it's out in the barn. I don't take no stock in it myself; and I reckon Thomas John don't so much as he did, sence this morning."

"Why, how's that?" said the driver.

"Well," said the woman, "I see him going off toward the hill with the critter this morning; and I didn't like the looks of it nohow, and I told him so: but young men know much more than their mothers nowadays, and he only laughed. Well, about half an hour later, Thomas John he put his head into the kitchen-door, and says he, 'Mother, I want a piece of raw pork.'

"'La sakes!' says I. 'Thomas John, I can't take my hands out of this batch of bread. What do you want raw pork for?'

"'I kind o' bruised my head,' says he.



Dadd

THE TEAMSTER WITH THE WHIP.



“‘With that I looked up; and, sure enough, there was a big lump over his eye: so I bound it up in pork, and it came down some. But the last thing I says to him when he went off this afternoon, ‘Thomas John,’ says I, ‘be sure you don’t turn the north side of your face to any one you meet, or they’ll think you’ve been drinking.’”

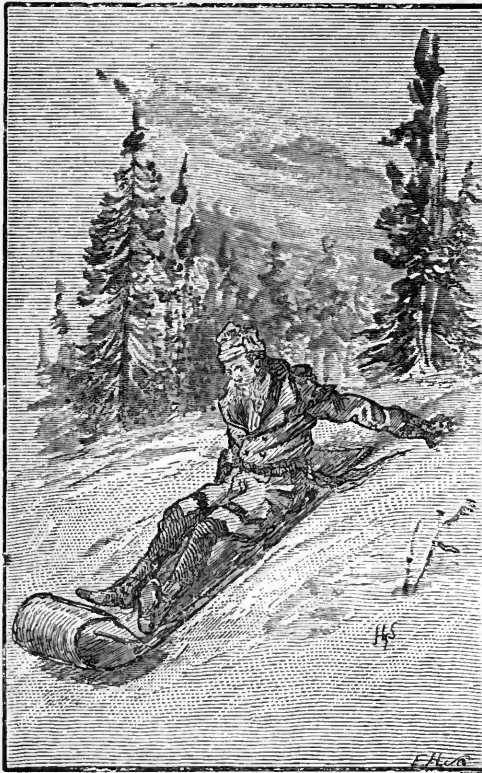
“Well,” said Mr. Longwood, who had drawn near and heard the conversation, “that doesn’t look as if it would be very safe for boys and girls; does it?”

“Oh! I’ll try it first,” said the driver cheerfully, “and then we can see if there is any danger.”

So off they all tramped to the barn, and then, trailing the tobogan after them, to the top of the hill. Two of the girls sat on it, and the boys gallantly offered to drag them all: but it was pretty hard work; and they were not sorry when they changed their minds, and said they would rather walk.

When they had all reached the hill-top, the driver pulled the tobogan around into position, and took his seat. “Pshaw!” he said, “it’s nothing but plain sailing. I never did think Thomas John any great shakes anyway.” And, giving himself a push with his hands, off he went.

Did any of you young people ever see a tobogan? If you have not, you will get a good idea of it from the picture. It is simply a long board turned up at the end, and braced with cross-pieces. The rider sits on it, guiding it by moving his body or by his hands. If you have ever tried one, you will not be at all surprised to learn, that, before the driver had gone two hundred feet, the tobogan, instead of going on straight as when he started,



began to swerve more and more to one side. Its rider's movements grew wilder and wilder as he tried to get its head about again. But it was of no use: the frantic toboggan went more and more sideways. How it would have ended, I cannot say: but all at once the driver threw himself off into the snow; and, the rope catching on his leg, a sudden, effectual stoppage was made.

As for the boys, who were looking on, they were wild with delight. They shouted

and laughed about the man, while he unbuttoned his coat, and tried vainly to get out about a quart of snow which had been forced inside of his collar; and they were in a state of hilarious glee when he announced that it was melting, and trickling down his back.



"Well," he said after a little, during which time he had squirmed about in his clothes as he felt the icy stream down his spine, "here goes for it again. Perhaps Thomas John was not such a fool as I took him for."

This time he set out much more carefully. Away he flew, straight as an arrow. "Hurrah!" shouted Jack: "he's got the hang of it now. Next time I'm going down behind him."



But the words were hardly out of his mouth when they saw a strange sight. Half way down the hill was a slight ridge, or thank-you-ma'am as the country-people call it. Over this the toboggan shot; but, as it did so, its rider flew into the air, the long tail of his cap streaming above him. He came down very quickly, but not soon enough to catch the toboggan, which

leaped onward from under him, leaving him at full length on his back on the snow, while it made the rest of the journey to the foot of the hill alone.

The boys ran after it, and slowly brought it back, while the disappointed toboganist made his way after them.

"I think it's pretty evident, girls," said Carrie, "that we shall not do much coasting on that sled this afternoon. I, for one, have no fancy for having icy waterfalls down my back, nor for shooting into the air like a rocket. Nor do I want to go back to New York with a piece of raw pork on the north side of my face. So I move we go down and pay a visit to Thomas John's mother,—I'm half frozen standing here,—and there we can sit by the fire."

"All right," said the other girls. "Let's have a race."

"She's a powerful hand at making doughnuts, is Thomas John's mother," said the driver. "If you manage right, perhaps she'll give you some."

"We'll try to manage right, then," said Carrie. "When will you all be back?"

"Well," said the driver, "I don't like to give in beat by an old board.—If you are not in a great hurry," turning to Mr. Longwood, "I'd like to have another try at the old thing."

"Oh! by all means," said Mr. Longwood. "We'll be back by and by, girls. We won't go home without you: don't be afraid."

"Please don't start the tobogan till we get down the hill and over the fence; will you?" said Carrie.

"Why, I've not been coasting in the direction you are going at all," said the driver.



"Never mind," said Carrie: "it may turn around the hill, and chase us, for all I know."

"All right," laughed the man: "I'll wait."

So the girls set out. Thomas John's mother seemed delighted to see them. She gave them chairs by the fire, and asked them all sorts of questions about their relations, and what their fathers "followed for a living," and "whether any of them had been summer stoppers;" and told them no end of things about Thomas John, who was evidently perfect in her eyes. And, to crown it all, she brought in a great pitcher of milk and a heaping plate of those doughnuts that they had heard about; and the girls did not care how long the boys stayed away.

Meanwhile, on the hill-top, the tobogan was once more in position, and the driver was about to take his seat.

"Perhaps you'd like to try it yourself, sir," he said to Mr. Longwood.

"No, thank you," said that gentleman. "I'll watch you."

"I think I know what my mistake was," said the driver. "I ought to have held on over that hummock. We'll see how it works that way."

This time he did hold on, and the hummock was passed beautifully. As he went flying on, he loosed one hand for a moment to wave it triumphantly, and then seized tight hold once more. But what happened afterward showed what a mistake it is to be a man of one idea. He was so intent on holding on, that he forgot to steer. On he flew with head down.

Close to the road, at the very foot of the hill, stood the



and pitch headlong into the street!" cried Will. "He'll break his neck! There he goes!"

But just at that minute, when the toboggan had reached the top of the roof, its rider looked up, and saw his danger. With a sudden movement he caught the chimney with both arms, and held it with a grip like iron. It was close work: but the runaway steed came to a halt; and, when he relaxed his hold, it slid slowly back down

schoolhouse. There had been no school for a week or so; and the snows had blown and drifted around the building, so that at the back there was a smooth plain from the fields to the very top of the roof. Toward this the toboggan flew.

"Hollo!" shouted Jack. "Stop!" But at that distance no one could have heard him.

"He'll go over the building,



the roof where it had come up, and stopped. Unfortunately, it did not slide far enough; and, when he stepped off, the driver disappeared into a drift, in which he sank up to his shoulders. A few vigorous plunges, however, brought him out.

"I'll tell you what," he said to the boys, who ran to meet him, "that's prime! I've got the idea of the thing now. Next time I'll try the hill farther to the left. It is much smoother there; and, if all goes right next time, I can take two of you down with me each time."

"Don't let's climb the hill again, fellows," said Tom. "Let's wait here, and see him come down."

So they clambered up on the fence, and waited. Up the hill went the driver with a long stride. He had forgotten about the snow down his back, and the bounce into the air, and was beginning to think Thomas John a fool again. He went some distance from where he had started before, and took his seat.

"Do you think it quite wise to go down there?" said Mr. Longwood. "You may bring up among some of those trees."

"Oh! I know how to manage her now," said the driver. "I'll steer clear of them without any trouble."

Vain words! Down came the tobogan! It acted as if alive and filled with the spirit of wickedness. Straight on it flew toward one particular tree near the foot of the hill, swerving neither to the right nor left. Its rider tried to steer it; but it would not be steered. The boys, who were looking on, saw one minute a swiftly flying tobogan, and the next a man wildly embracing a tree; while the tobogan, split into two long strips, lay close at hand.

They all rushed forward; but, before they reached the spot, the driver had picked himself up, and stood holding his head in his hands, looking ruefully down at the wreck.

"There's an end of that concern anyway," he said at length.

"Why, the side of your face is all bruised," said Mr. Longwood. "And it has begun to swell. You had better hold some snow to it as we go along, and when we get to the house we can tie it up. — Here, boys: bring on the tobogan."

So they made their way, a rather depressed party, back to the house, the remains of Thomas John's experiment trailing behind them. When they had put it in the barn, they went on to join the girls.

"Well, I declare!" said Thomas John's mother, "if there ba'in't another wounded man! That 'ere critter will be the death of Thomas John yet



I expect, he's so presumptuous."

"Not as it is now," said the driver; "for I busted it."

"Well, now, you don't say so!" said Thomas John's mother. "That's a real blessing. It makes me feel wonderful friendly to

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ye. Seems kind of as if you'd resked your life to save Thomas John's, don't it? Come in, come in, and I'll tie your head up for you."

Much as he disliked the operation, there was no help for it; for one eye was fast closing up. With a huge slice of raw pork firmly tied on with a big white cloth, he climbed up after a little on to his seat, and the whole party got in for the homeward ride. Mr. Longwood took the reins in hand; and once more away they went, waving their hats to Thomas John's mother, who stood in the yard to see them off. The sun was just setting as they left; and before long the stars came out, one by one. As they drove up to their own door, the clock was just striking six; and five minutes later they were around the supper-table.



## CHAPTER XII.

“HURRAH!” said Tom as they rose from the table. “Now for Jack’s great-grandmother!”

“Would you mind if I told my story first?” asked Rose. “Then I shall have it off of my mind.”

“No: go on, by all means,” said Jack. “I’ll just lie down on the sofa, and collect my thoughts.”

So Rose began. “The story I am going to tell you,” said she, “is of a boy in the Revolution, who lived in Portsmouth. It is written by himself. At Portsmouth, he says,

“Ships were building, prizes taken from the enemy unloading, privateers fitting out, standards waved on the forts and batteries. The exercising of soldiers, the roar of cannon, the sound of martial music, and the call for volunteers, so infatuated me, that I was filled with anxiety to become an actor in the scenes of war. My eldest brother, Thomas, had recently returned from a cruise on board ‘The General Mifflin,’ of Boston, Capt. McNeal. This ship had captured thirteen prizes; some of which, however, being of little value, were burnt; some were sold in France; others reached Boston, and their cargoes were divided among the crew of that ship. On my brother’s return I became more eager to try my fortune at sea. My father, though a high Whig, dis-

approved the practice of privateering. Merchant-vessels at this period, which ran safe, made great gains: seamen's wages were, consequently, very high. Through my father's influence, Thomas was induced to enter the merchants' service. Though not yet fourteen years of age, like other boys I imagined myself almost a man. I had intimated to my sister, that, if my father would not consent that I should go to sea, I would run away, and go on board a privateer. My mind became so infatuated with the subject, that I talked of it in my sleep, and was overheard by my mother. She communicated what she had heard to my father. My parents were apprehensive that I might wander off, and go on board some vessel without their consent. At this period it was not an uncommon thing for lads to come out of the country, step on board a privateer, make a cruise, and return home, their friends remaining in entire ignorance of their fate until they heard it from themselves. Others would pack up their clothes, take a cheese and a loaf of bread, and steer off for the army. There was a disposition in commanders of privateers and recruiting-officers to encourage this spirit of enterprise in young men and boys. Though these rash young adventurers did not count the cost, or think of looking at the dark side of the picture, yet this spirit, amidst the despondency of many, enabled our country to maintain a successful struggle, and finally achieve her independence.

“The Continental ship of war ‘Ranger,’ of eighteen guns, commanded by Thomas Simpson, Esq., was at this time shipping a crew in Portsmouth. This ship had been ordered to join ‘The Boston’ and ‘Providence’ frigates, and ‘The Queen of France,’

of twenty guns, upon an expedition directed by Congress. My father, having consented that I should go to sea, preferred the service of Congress to privateering. He was acquainted with Capt. Simpson. I visited the rendezvous of 'The Ranger,' and shipped as one of her crew. There were probably thirty boys on board this ship. As most of our principal officers belonged



"THE RANGER."

to the town, parents preferred this ship as a station for their sons who were about to enter the naval service. Hence most of these boys were from Portsmouth. As privateering was the order of the day, vessels of every description were employed in the business. Men were not wanting who would hazard them-

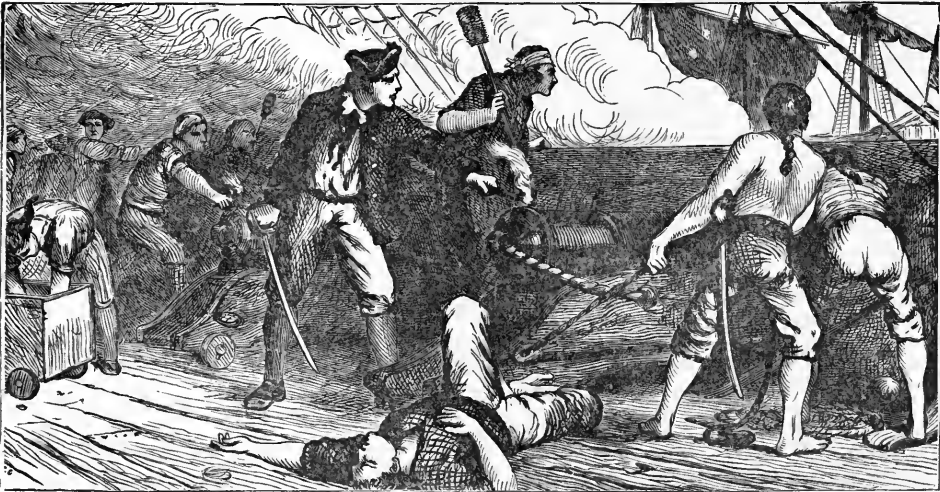


selves in vessels of twenty tons or less, manned by ten or fifteen hands.

“The boys were employed in waiting on the officers; but, in time of action, a boy was quartered to each gun to carry cartridges. I was waiter to Mr. Charles Roberts, the boatswain, and was quartered at the third gun from the bow. Being ready for sea, we sailed to Boston, joined ‘The Providence’ frigate, commanded by Commodore Whipple, ‘The Boston’ frigate, and ‘The Queen of France.’ I believe that this small squadron composed nearly the entire navy of the United States. We proceeded to sea some time in June, 1779. A considerable part of the crew of ‘The Ranger’ being raw hands, and the sea rough, especially in the Gulf Stream, many were exceedingly sick, and myself among the rest. We afforded a subject of constant ridicule to the old sailors. Our officers improved every favorable opportunity for working the ship and exercising the guns. We cruised several weeks, made the Western Islands, and at length fell in with the homeward-bound Jamaica fleet on the Banks of Newfoundland. It was our practice to keep a man at the mast-head constantly by day on the lookout. The moment a sail was discovered, a signal was given to our consorts; and all possible exertion was made to come up with the stranger, or discover what she was. About seven o’clock one morning, the man at the fore-topmast head cried out, ‘A sail! a sail on the lee-bow! another there, and there!’ Our young officers ran up the shrouds, and with their glasses soon ascertained that more than fifty sail could be seen from the mast-head. It should here be observed, that, during the months of summer, it is extremely foggy on the Banks of Newfoundland.

Sometimes a ship cannot be seen at the distance of one hundred yards; and then in a few moments you may have a clear sky and bright sun for half an hour, and you are then enveloped in the fog again. The Jamaica fleet, which consisted of about one hundred and fifty sail, some of which were armed, was convoyed by one or two line-of-battle ships, several frigates, and sloops of war. Our little squadron was in the rear of the fleet, and we had reason to fear that some of the heaviest armed ships were there also. If I am not mistaken, 'The Boston' frigate was not in company with us at this time. My reader may easily imagine that our minds were agitated with alternate hopes and fears. No time was to be lost. Our commodore soon brought to one of our ships, manned, and sent her off. Being to windward, he edged away, and spoke to our captain. We were at this time in pursuit of a large ship. The commodore hauled his wind again; and in the course of an hour we came up with the ship, which proved to be 'The Holderness,' a three-decker, mounting twenty-two guns. She struck after giving her several broadsides. Although she had more guns, and those of heavier mettle, than ourselves, her crew was not sufficiently large to manage her guns, and at the same time work the ship. She was loaded with cotton, coffee, sugar, rum, and allspice. While we were employed in manning her out, our commodore captured another, and gave her up to us to man also. When this was accomplished, it was nearly night: we were, however, unwilling to abandon the opportunity of enriching ourselves; therefore kept along under easy sail. Some time in the night we found ourselves surrounded with ships, and supposed we were discovered.

We could distinctly hear their bells, on which they frequently struck a few strokes, that their ships might not approach too near each other during the night. We were close on board one of their largest armed ships, and, from the multitude of lights which had appeared, supposed that they had called to quarters. It being necessary to avoid their convoy, we fell to leeward, and in an hour lost sight of them all. The next day the sky was overcast, and at times we had a thick fog. In the afternoon the



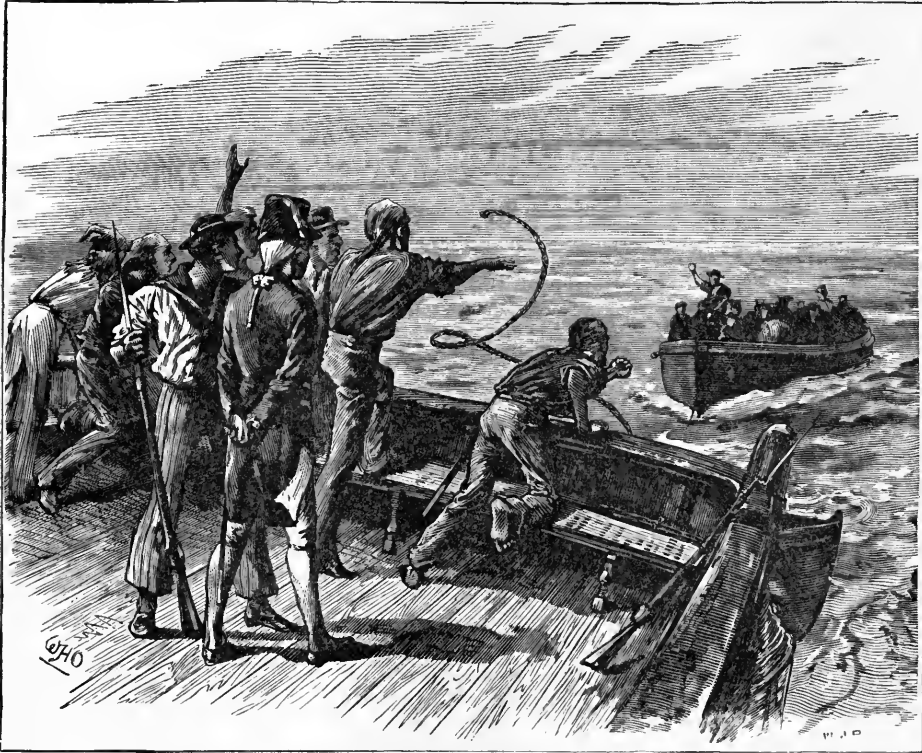
A BROADSIDE OR TWO.

sun shone for a short time, and enabled us to see a numerous fleet a few miles to windward, in such compact order, that we thought it not best to approach them. We were, however, in hopes that we might pick up some single ship. We knew nothing of our consorts, but were entirely alone. Towards night we took and manned out a brig. On the third morning we gained sight of three ships, to which we gave chase, and called all hands to

quarters. When they discovered us in chase, they huddled together, intending, as we supposed, to fight us. They, however, soon made sail, and ran from us. After a short lapse of time we overhauled and took one of them, which we soon found to be a dull sailer. Another, while we were manning our prize, attempted to escape; but we found that we gained upon her. While in chase, a circumstance occurred which excited some alarm. Two large ships hove in sight to windward, running directly for us under a press of sail. One of them shaped her course for the prize we had just manned. We were unwilling to give up our chase, as we had ascertained from our prize that the two other ships were laden with sugar, rum, cotton, &c., and that they were unarmed. We soon came up with the hindmost, brought her to, and ordered her to keep under our stern while we might pursue the other, as our situation was too critical to allow us to heave to and get out our boat.

“The stranger in chase of us was under English colors. We, however, soon ascertained by her signal that she was ‘The Providence’ frigate, on board of which was our commodore. This joyful intelligence relieved us from all fear of the enemy, and we soon came up with our chase. In the mean time the prize which we had taken (but not boarded) sought to get under the protection of ‘The Providence,’ mistaking that frigate for one of the English convoy, as he still kept their colors flying. Our prize, therefore, as she thought, eluded us, and, hailing our commodore, informed him ‘that a Yankee cruiser had taken one of the fleet.’—‘Very well, very well,’ replied the commodore: ‘I’ll be alongside of him directly.’ He then hauled down his English

colors, hoisted the American, and ordered the ship to haul down her flag, and come under his stern. This order was immediately obeyed. We now ascertained that the strange ship which was in chase of our first prize was another of our consorts, 'The



BOARDING THE PRIZE.

Queen of France.' Having manned our prizes, and secured our prisoners, we all shaped our course for Boston, where we arrived some time in the last of July, or beginning of August, 1779.

“In all we had taken ten prizes, two of which were re-taken.

'The Ranger' made but a short stop at Boston; for, as most of our officers and crew belonged to Portsmouth and its vicinity, our vessel could be most conveniently refitted there. On returning home, I had the satisfaction to find the family well. My eldest brother had recently returned from a successful voyage in a merchantman. The cargoes of our prizes being divided among our crews, my share was about one ton of sugar, from thirty to forty gallons of fourth-proof Jamaica rum, about twenty pounds of cotton, and about the same quantity of ginger, logwood, and allspice, about seven hundred dollars in paper money, equal to one hundred dollars in specie. My readers must be left to imagine the feelings of my parents when they could number four sons and seven daughters around their table in health and prosperity. 'In the day of prosperity be joyful; but in the day of adversity consider: God also hath set the one over against the other, to the end that man should find nothing after him' (Eccles. vii. 14)."

"Now, then," cried Ned as soon as Lou had finished, — "now, then, for our great-grandmother! Turn on the lights; ring up the curtain; prepare for something startling.

'For, oh! it is an 'orrible tale:

I'm sure 'twill make your cheeks turn pale.'

"The lecturer will now advance to the rostrum."

All eyes were turned to the dusky corner of the room, where Jack lay stretched upon the sofa; but not a motion did he make.

"I do believe he has gone to sleep," said Ned, going toward him. "Yes, he is fast asleep. — Jack!" he bawled, "wake up!"

Not a movement from Jack.

"Shake him," said Charlie.

Ned seized him by the shoulder, and gave him a good shaking.

"Lemme be," said Jack in a very sleepy tone.

"Oh! poor boy," said Mrs. Longwood. "He is all tired out. Do let him sleep. It is a shame to wake him."

"What!" exclaimed Ned and Charlie at the same time, "and lose that wonderful story! That will never do. He must be waked."

So both boys seized him firmly, and shook and shouted, while all the rest looked on laughing. After several minutes of vigorous pulling and bawling, Jack was so far roused that he sat up, and rubbed his eyes.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Tell us about your great-grandmother," said Carrie.

"I never had a great-grandmother," said Jack in a very thick voice; and he fell back on the sofa, and in a minute was sound asleep again.

"I fear that it is hopeless to try to rouse him," said Mr. Longwood. "Perhaps Gertrude can tell us what her great-grandmother did that has so excited Jack's admiration."

"I haven't the slightest idea," said Gertrude. "I asked him two or three times; but he always said I ought to be ashamed not to know of the glorious deeds of my ancestors. I don't see how it could have had any thing to do with American history, in any case; for one of our grandmothers was French, and the other English."

“Don't you think we might pour some cold water on his head, and wake him that way?” asked Ned.

“For shame, Ned!” said Kate. “You had better carry him away, and put him to bed.”

The boys all seized upon Jack at this suggestion, and bore him unresisting up stairs, where they proceeded to take off his clothes, and make him ready for bed. Not a word did he say, and not a motion did he make. The skating and coasting had tired him out completely, and he was as sound asleep as a boy could be. They put him into bed, and pulled up the sheet and tucked it up, and were just about to put out the light and leave him, when Master Jack began to speak.

“Hush!” said Will: “he's talking in his sleep!”

It was a long sentence which Jack was uttering. But, though the boys listened intently, his voice was so thick, that they could not make out any of it but the last few words; and these were plain enough. They were, “Just wait till you hear about my great-grandmother.”

When they were all down about the fire again, Will said, “It is too bad that we are to lose a story! Mr. Longwood, can you not tell us one?”

All joined in urging; and so Mr. Longwood began:—

“You all know, of course, that at the first discovery of this country, while the English settled along the Atlantic seaboard, the French, entering the St. Lawrence, took possession of Canada. They did not follow the same plan as their neighbors to the southward; for, instead of cultivating the soil, they looked rather to a trade in furs with the Indians. Instead of founding



towns, and clearing away forests, they built forts, in each of which a small garrison lived. Hither came the Indians to trade their furs for blankets, guns, powder, and the bright trifles that took their fancy; and from these posts set out the hardy fur-traders to make long journeys into the primeval forest. In their light canoes they passed up the rivers of the north hundreds of miles, sleeping at night by lonely camp-fires, — strong, sturdy men, despising toil and exposure. The French took much more kindly to the Indians than did the English. Many of these voyageurs took to themselves native wives, and settled down to a life in the forest, surrounded by dusky half-breed children.

“The Indian was never a very noble specimen, and the white man’s whiskey did not raise him any higher. When he loafed day after day about an English village, he was called an idle vagabond, and roughly bidden to be gone. If he purloined some article that took his fancy, he was summarily put in jail. When he went to the French fort, all was different. He might hang about for weeks, and no one found fault. The French commanders in time of war even donned the paint and feathers, and danced the war-dance around the scalping-post with the Indian braves, shouting, shrieking, and brandishing their tomahawks, like the rest.

“Years rolled on. While mile after mile of forest had fallen before the Englishman’s axe, and fresh towns had sprung up here and there amid the wilderness, the French had built almost no towns at all. But they had been busy in other directions. Bold explorers had followed up the St. Lawrence to its source, had crossed the Great Lakes, had discovered the Mississippi, and had sailed down it to the

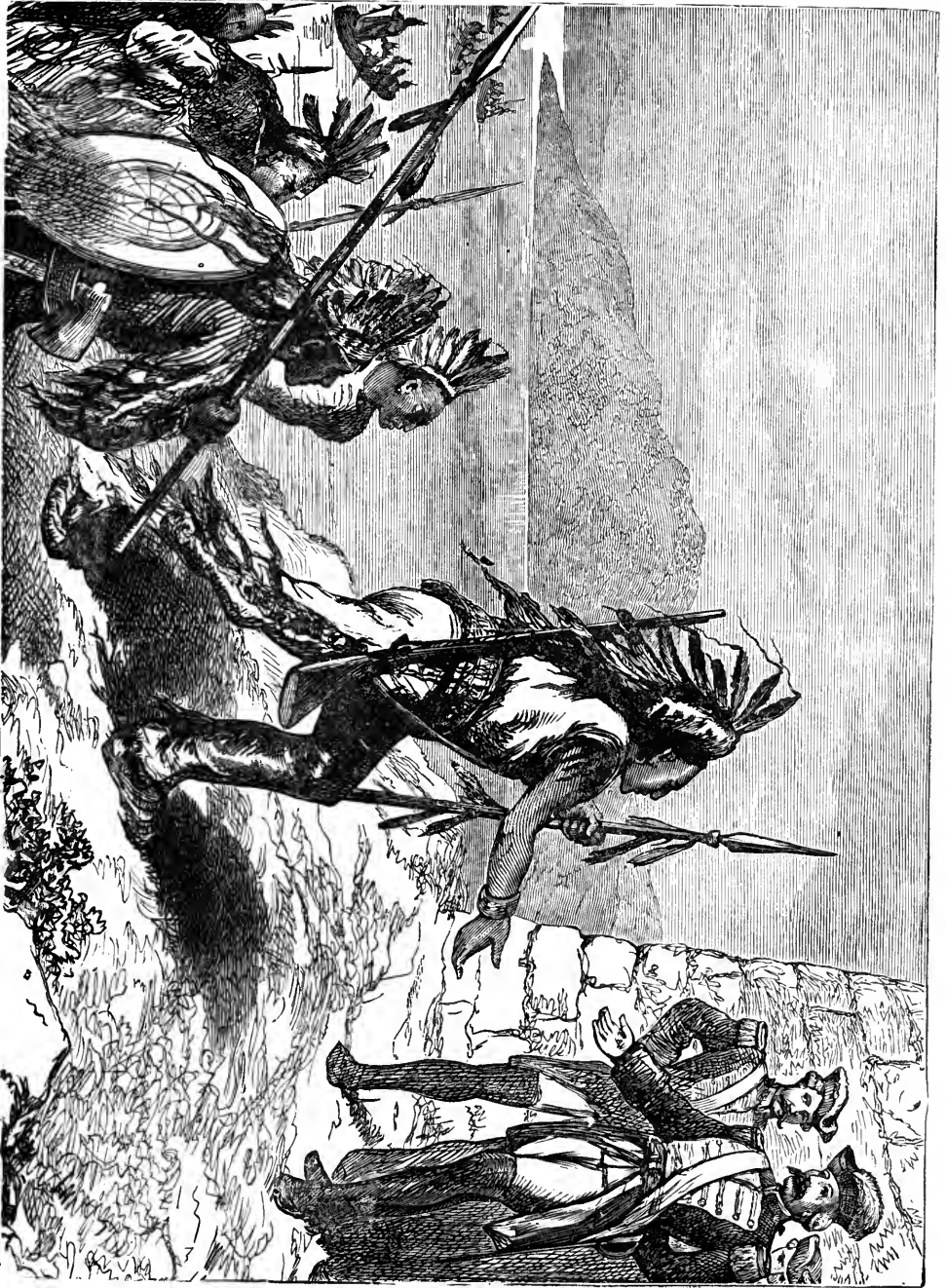
Gulf of Mexico. The Ohio, too, they had navigated. All the lands bordering on these great rivers they claimed for the king of France.

“ If you will look on the map, you will see that these claims to the valleys of the Mississippi and Ohio left to England but a strip of seaboard on the Atlantic. Already the English settlers, westward bound, were on the outskirts of the Ohio. A struggle could not be avoided, and war between England and France was declared. It was long and bloody. Nearly all the Indians took part with the French, and all the terrors of a border war came upon the poor outlying settlers. At first, too, the French had success on their side; but soon the tide of battle turned. Gen. Wolfe was at the head of the English and Colonial forces. One after another the enemy's forts fell before him, — Louisburg, where he leaped into the sea, and led his troops to land through the surf;<sup>1</sup> and at last Quebec, where, on the Plains of Abraham, he found victory and a soldier's end.

“ The capture of Quebec practically put an end to the war. The French possessions in Canada and the West came under English rule, and one after another their outlying forts were surrendered. It is with one of these, Detroit, then far beyond even the outskirts of civilization, that my story has to do.

“ The fort had now been for some little time in English hands. Widespread discontent was felt among all the Indian tribes; and among them went Pontiac, chief of the Ottawas, rousing them by stories of their wrongs, and by working upon their love for blood, to go upon the war-path. His plan was to capture by treachery or a sudden onslaught all the outlying forts, and then to fall upon the lonely, unprotected settlers, who, unsuspecting of their plans, would

<sup>1</sup> See Frontispiece.



ARRIVAL OF INDIANS AT A FRENCH FORT.



become an easy prey. In this way the credulous savages believed the English might be driven out of the land to the last man.

“The fort at Detroit would nowadays be considered a sorry structure. It was a palisade some twenty-five feet high, within which were a hundred small wooden straw-thatched houses. Here and there over the gates of the palisade were block-houses, while a bastion stood at each corner. The garrison consisted of one hundred and twenty soldiers, though there were besides some forty fur-traders. This was the place Pontiac proposed to surprise. His plan was this: He was to demand a council. Sixty of his braves were to attend him, each man muffled in a blanket, beneath which he had ready his gun and scalping-knife. They would easily get access to the fort; for as yet the whites had no idea how widespread was the disaffection among them, and would admit them without hesitation. At the council, Pontiac would deliver his speech. At the appointed sign, when he should hold forth in his hand a peace-belt of wampum in a reversed position, every man would drop his blanket, and, instead of quiet Indians, there would appear a band of braves, knives in hand, shouting their war-whoop. The officers were to be shot down at once; and the garrison, thrown into confusion, would soon be at the mercy of their friends, who, on the watch without, would crowd in through the gates to help them.

“A day or two before this surprise was to take place, a woman from the garrison, going into one of the Indian villages, found several of the men filing off the barrels of their guns, so as to make them, stock and all, not more than three feet in length. It seemed to her a very strange thing to do; and, when she spoke of it, it was found that during the past few days many Indians had tried to bor-

row files and saws of the blacksmith, and that they would not tell what they wanted them for.

“The commander, Major Gladwin, was informed; but he did not think it foreboded any mischief. The next day he received intelligence which showed him that trouble was ahead. It is said that a young Indian girl, who had fallen in love with him, on the day before the treachery was to be consummated revealed to him the whole plot. That night the watchful commander doubled the sentinels at their posts; for from afar through the silent hours came the shouts of warriors as they danced about the scalping-post in preparation for the bloody work before them.

“The next morning dawned bright and fair. About the fort came swarming bands of Indians. They disposed themselves as if to have a game of ball; but it was noticed that they were in great excitement, and kept a constant eye upon the fort. Soon from the forest came Pontiac, at the head of his sixty warriors, each man wrapped in his blanket. Stalking silently on, they halted at the fort, and demanded a council. The gates were thrown open, and they entered. As they did so, they started with surprise; for, instead of the every-day appearance which they were accustomed to see there, they found themselves received between lines of soldiers, while every few paces on stood groups of hardy traders, armed to the teeth. They were thoroughly startled. Could it be that their plan was discovered? It was too late to retreat; for the gates were closed behind them. They moved onward to the council-hall. Here, meeting only Major Gladwin and one or two of his officers, their suspicions were



PONTIAC'S PREACHERY.





lulled. Why was it, Pontiac demanded, that, when they came on a peaceful errand, they found so many armed men about? Gladwin replied that it was because they were practising in the use of their weapons.

"Pontiac then made his speech. The commander never took his eye from him. As the Indian moved his hand to reach out the belt that was the fatal signal, he made a sudden motion. In an instant came the clash of arms from the troops outside, while the long roll of the drums filled the room with their deafening din. There was now no longer any doubt among the Indians that their plans were known. Crestfallen and abashed, they made their way through the ranks of soldiery to the gates, and vanished into the forest. Detroit was saved."

"I should have thought," said Will, "that, when Gladwin had them all there, he would have seized them. He would have found the proofs of their villany on them."

"He did not know how widespread was the determination of the Indians to have war, or he would have done so," said Mr. Longwood. "Perhaps, too, he wanted to show them that he could afford to despise them and their efforts. Had Pontiac been seized then, no doubt a long struggle and many hundred lives might have been saved."

"Tell us some more about him," said Ned.

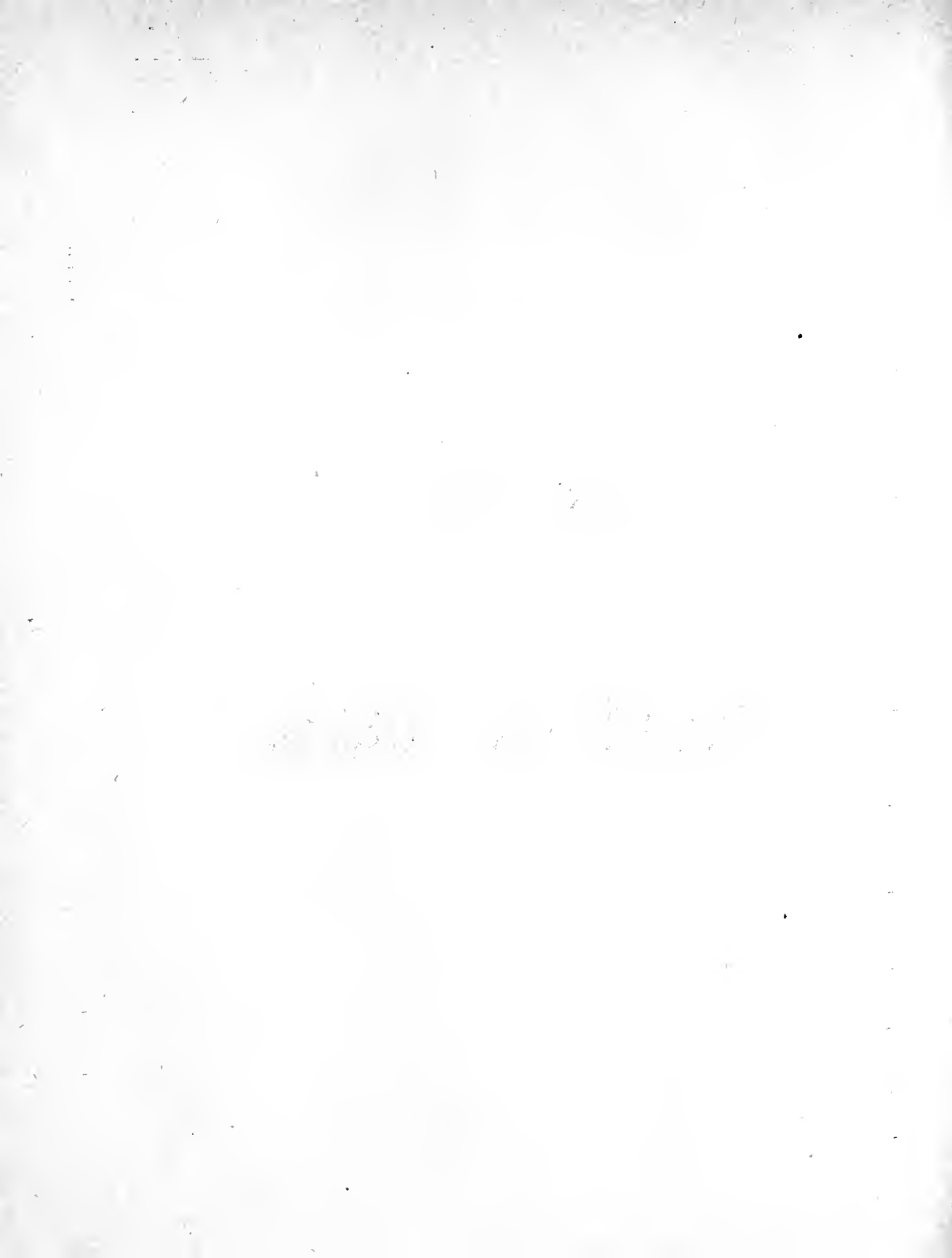
"It is time for our story-telling to come to an end now," said Mrs. Longwood; "for it is growing late, and we must all be in bed early if we are to be up in time to take the morning train for New York. Our week at the sea has been a happy one; but all good things must come to an end."

Just as she spoke, a great log on the fire, that had been blazing and flashing all the evening, crumbled into a mass of glowing embers.

“Yes,” said Will: “let us go. Our Yule Log has burned out.”

PART TWO.

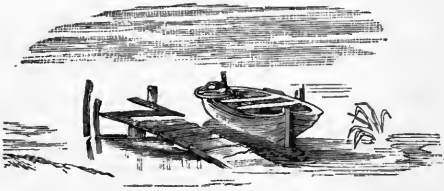
Aboard the Mavis.





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## CHAPTER I.



It was a day in early September. Beyond the fields, yellow with the golden-rod, or white with the tiny autumn daisy, lay the ocean, more blue than the sky above it, while the little Lake Agawam seemed like a sapphire in a golden setting. A fresh, crisp wind was rustling the grass, now turning brown in the falling year; and the never-ceasing thunder of the surf on the long stretch of beach-sands filled the air.

Indoors about the dining-table were seated Mr. and Mrs. Longwood, and Tom and Carrie. Tom had just laid down his fork, and was looking out of the window with an air of forced resignation.

“And to think,” he said, after a moment, “that a fellow must leave all this, day after to-morrow, and go back to school!”

No one answered ; for, indeed, if all Tom's regrets had been sympathized with, some one of the family would have been talking all the time.

The arrival of the pudding seemed to revive his spirits ; and he did not speak again until it had all vanished from his plate, when he said briefly, —

“ Sterscuseme ? ”

To this enigmatical remark his mother gave a pleasant nod, and Master Tom was quickly out of the room. As he reached the piazza, he cried out, “ Hallo ! there's Andrew ! ” and, seizing his cap, he started down the path to the pier, toward which a boat driven by the sturdy arms of a young Irishman was rapidly approaching.

“ Any letters ? ” he asked, as he seized the painter of the boat, and made it fast.

Andrew, who was a man of few words, silently took off his hat, and, producing therefrom two envelopes, handed them over, together with three or four newspapers, which he fished out of a side pocket.

“ All for papa,” said Tom, looking at the superscriptions ; and he set out for the house, and gave them to his father, who was still sitting at the table. Then he was on his way out of doors once more, when a sudden call from his father, who had broken one of the seals, stopped him.

“ Wait a moment, Tom,” he said. “ I think this letter concerns you ; ” and, after reading it carefully through, he tossed it over, and Tom picked it up. This was the letter : —

MR. GRINDER'S SELECT SCHOOL FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN.  
PUPILS FITTED FOR COLLEGE OR BUSINESS. THE MODERN LANGUAGES  
CAREFULLY TAUGHT.

No. 2000 MADISON AVENUE, NEW-YORK CITY, Sept. 8, 1879.

WILLIAM LONGWOOD, ESQ.

*Dear Sir,*—It is with sincere regret that I am compelled to notify you of the postponement of the opening of the autumn term of my school from Sept. 15, to Oct. 1.

A defect in the drainage-pipes of the house having made itself perceived, I have decided that it was due to the health of my scholars to have a thorough revision made of the plumbing of the establishment, in order that any suspicion of trouble might be done away with. This revision is in progress, and is making such headway that by the 1st of October, prox., I hope to meet again all my young friends.

The delay is of course detrimental to their interests; but by home study of three or four hours each day, until school begins, a great portion of the loss may be made up. Your son was about to enter on Algebra, Sallust's Jugurthine Wars, and Latin Prose Composition.

The idea that I have thrown out will, no doubt, commend itself to your judgment, and I shall hope for your hearty co-operation.

Yours with esteem,

THEOPHILUS GRINDER, M.A.

Tom gave a wild shout of delight, and threw his cap into the air, deftly catching it as it came down.

"Carrie! Mamma!" he shouted, rushing into the hall, "no school!

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea:

Grinder's pipes are out of order, his pupils are free!"

"Tom," said Carrie with great severity, "that is a hymn that

you are turning into ribald rhyme, and it is very wrong of you."

"You seem to have forgotten, Master Tom," said his father, with a queer twinkle in his eye, as he came into the hall, "that Mr. Grinder wishes you to study Latin prose and algebra four hours a day, and confidently relies on my co-operation in seeing that you do it. Had you not better get your books at once, and begin?"

Tom's countenance fell. That part of the letter had hardly caught his eye at all.

"O papa!" he said, "that would be dreadful."

His father laughed. "I confess," he said, "that a different plan had occurred to me. How would Carrie and you like to ask down some of your friends, and all go next week on an expedition to Montauk?"

There was such a chorus of delighted shouts at this, that Mrs. Longwood, who had come to the head of the stairs at Tom's first call, deliberately put her hands over her ears, and went back to her room.

When at last quiet was restored, Mr. Longwood said, —

"Well, to-day is Wednesday. You will have two hours in which to write the letters before the mail closes. I am going to the village, and will post them. They ought to reach their destination to-morrow early, and you should have answers by Friday noon. Ask them all to come on Saturday; and Monday, bright and early, we will set off. Whom do you intend to ask?"

"We must have Will and Charlie Morgan," said Tom.

"And Rose and Kate Waring," said Carrie.



“And Ned and Lou Grant, of course,” said Tom.

“And Gertrude and Jack Hastings,” added Carrie.

“That will be the same party that we had when we kept up our Yule-tide festivities,” said Mr. Longwood, “and will do nicely. Now off to your letter-writing; and don’t make any more noise than you can help, for I want to read my paper.”

The letters were duly written and posted, and Tom and Carrie were all impatience for the time to come when the answers should arrive. Friday noon they were both on hand at the office when the mail came in, and watched with eagerness as one letter after another was thrust into their box. And at last, when the little square window was opened for delivery, Tom seized the handful of letters and papers that were passed to him; and both ran out together, where they could examine them free from the curious eyes of the loungers in the store.

“Here are two for you, Carrie, and two for me,” said Tom. “Hallo! where is papa? The dog-cart was here a moment ago.”

“Perhaps the horse was restless, and he has driven down the road. Let us sit down here, and read the letters,” said Carrie, tearing one open.

They proved highly satisfactory. All wrote that they were coming, but Gertrude and Jack, and from them there was no reply. Tom turned over the whole package, and even went back to see if by chance any thing could have been left in the box; but there was no trace of such to be found.

“Perhaps they may have been away from home,” said Carrie: “but, unless they were very far away, I think we shall hear by

to-morrow; for I put 'Haste' in big letters on the envelope, and I fancy Mrs. Hastings would open it. Where can papa be?"

If they had not been so intent on watching for the mail, they would have noticed that Mr. Longwood had driven on slowly down the village street. He had hardly passed the first bend in the road when he noticed coming toward him a short, stout man, with grizzled hair and beard, dressed in a pea-jacket, whose rolling gait at once proclaimed him a sailor. As he came abreast, Mr. Longwood pulled up his horse suddenly, and said:—

"Why, it's Capt. Jackson!"

"Ay, ay, Mr. Longwood, here I am," said the captain.

"And where is the schooner?" asked Mr. Longwood; "and how did you get so far from blue water?"

"'The Mavis' is tied up at the wharf in Sag Harbor. You see, my mate and two of the hands own an interest in her, and they both came from this section, and we've been a-v'yagin' pretty steadily for two years, and they thought they'd come down and see their folks for a couple of weeks; and that's how it is the schooner's tied up idle. What I'm to do for two weeks, I dono; for I have neither chick nor child, and time passes kind o' monotonous ashore."

"Well, I suppose, then," said Mr. Longwood, "that you would consider favorably an offer from me to charter the schooner for a week."

Capt. Jackson at once became all attention, and in ten minutes it was arranged. Mr. Longwood was to furnish a crew of four men, — a thing that he knew could be easily done

in a place where every other man had been to sea; and Capt. Jackson and the Mavis were to be at his service for a week.

“We will arrange the trip in this way,” Mr. Longwood explained to Tom and Carrie that day at dinner: “Your mamma and the girls will drive to Montauk, taking a day and a half to reach the light-house. The rest of us will sail, joining them there. Then we can make any further plans we fancy. Perhaps we might all go on board our craft, and make a trip to New London.

“The first thing to do now, though, is to hunt up the crew that I have agreed to furnish. So, Tom, if you will go with me, we will start on our search in an hour.”

The crew was easily obtained. Thomas John Wilsey from North Sea was engaged as mate; for he had been to sea, and was quite a skilful sailor. The man whom they had met at Shinnecock Bay was to be one of the hands, and two other sturdy fellows were only too glad to go.

The night's mail brought no word from Gertrude; but the next morning, when Carrie was in the attic hunting out from an old trunk something for the trip, she heard some one hurrying up the crooked stairs; and the next minute one of the maids came panting toward her with a yellow envelope in her hand.

“It's a telegram, Miss Carrie. Your papa told me to take it to you as quickly as I could.”

Carrie tore it open, and read:—

“Letter received. Hurrah! We are coming.

JACK.”

The morning train brought Will and Charlie, Rose and Kate, and Lou and Ned; and it was a merry and noisy party that



THE ARRIVAL OF THE TELEGRAM.

gathered about the dining-table. And in the evening came Jack and Gertrude. Jack could not sit still, but jumped out when he

came near, and raced across the fields to the house, beating by several minutes the rumbling old stage that brought them.

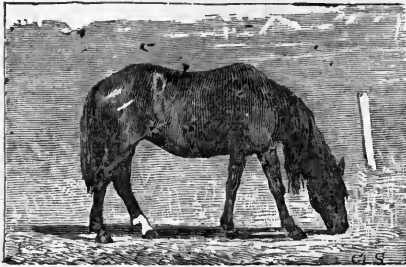
And now our party is all together, and every one is wishing for Monday to come, that they may set out.



GERTRUDE COMES AT LAST.



## CHAPTER II.



MONDAY came at last. At nine o'clock, John, the coachman, brought to the door the great Concord wagon, while Andrew followed with the farm-cart for the two small trunks into which all the baggage of the land party had been compressed. Then Mrs. Longwood and the girls climbed up to their seats, John drew up the reins, and off they went at a spanking pace, the boys giving them a parting cheer as they turned into the road, and disappeared. Then every boy rushed into the house for his own luggage; for the lumbering stage that was to take them to the station was seen slowly approaching, half visible through the cloud of dust by which it was enveloped.

A half-hour's ride on the railway brought them to Sag Harbor, where they found Capt. Jackson waiting, his crew all on board, and every thing in readiness for an immediate start; and, only delaying while Mr. Longwood made some purchases at one of the provision-stores, they hurried aboard, and in ten minutes had cast off, and were afloat.

Long before they had made their way out through the crooked

channel, into the open water of the Sound, Jack had been through every part of "The Mavis." He had surveyed with unspoken admiration the bunks around the little cabin where they were to sleep; he had pulled at every rope, and asked its name; and he had propounded to Capt. Jackson more questions on nautical points than that worthy seaman had ever heard, even from an examining board. The other boys, too, had not been idle; so that when the black head of the cook suddenly appeared, announcing that dinner was ready, they all discovered that they were ravenously hungry, and made a rush for the cabin.

"Come, Captain," said Mr. Longwood.

"No," said Capt. Jackson. "I'll wait till we get out of the channel, into deep water, before I take a bite."

"Well," said Jack, as he paused, after a vigorous attack on a sweet-potato, "this is what I call jolly. Why, we might be a party of bold navigators bound on exploring some unknown sea, — Columbus about to discover America, for instance."

"If you want to represent the discoverer of America," said Mr. Longwood, "you will have to go nearly five hundred years farther back than Columbus."

"Why, the question in my geography," said Jack, "is, 'Who first discovered America?' and the answer is, 'Christopher Columbus, in 1492.'"

"Nevertheless," said Mr. Longwood, "it was discovered about the year 1000, by a Northman."

"What was his name?" asked Tom; "and how did it come about?"

"Well, to make you understand it clearly," said Mr. Long-

wood, "I shall have to go back to the year 850, when there lived in Norway a king, Harold Fairhair. He was a man of great strength of will; and he brought all the independent chiefs, who had before been subject to no one, under his power. But there were many who preferred to leave their country, rather than submit. They flocked to the Orkney, and Shetland, and Faroë Isles, and became Vikings, or sea-rovers. In their long-ships, as the war-vessels were called, to distinguish them from merchantmen, they were the terror of the world.

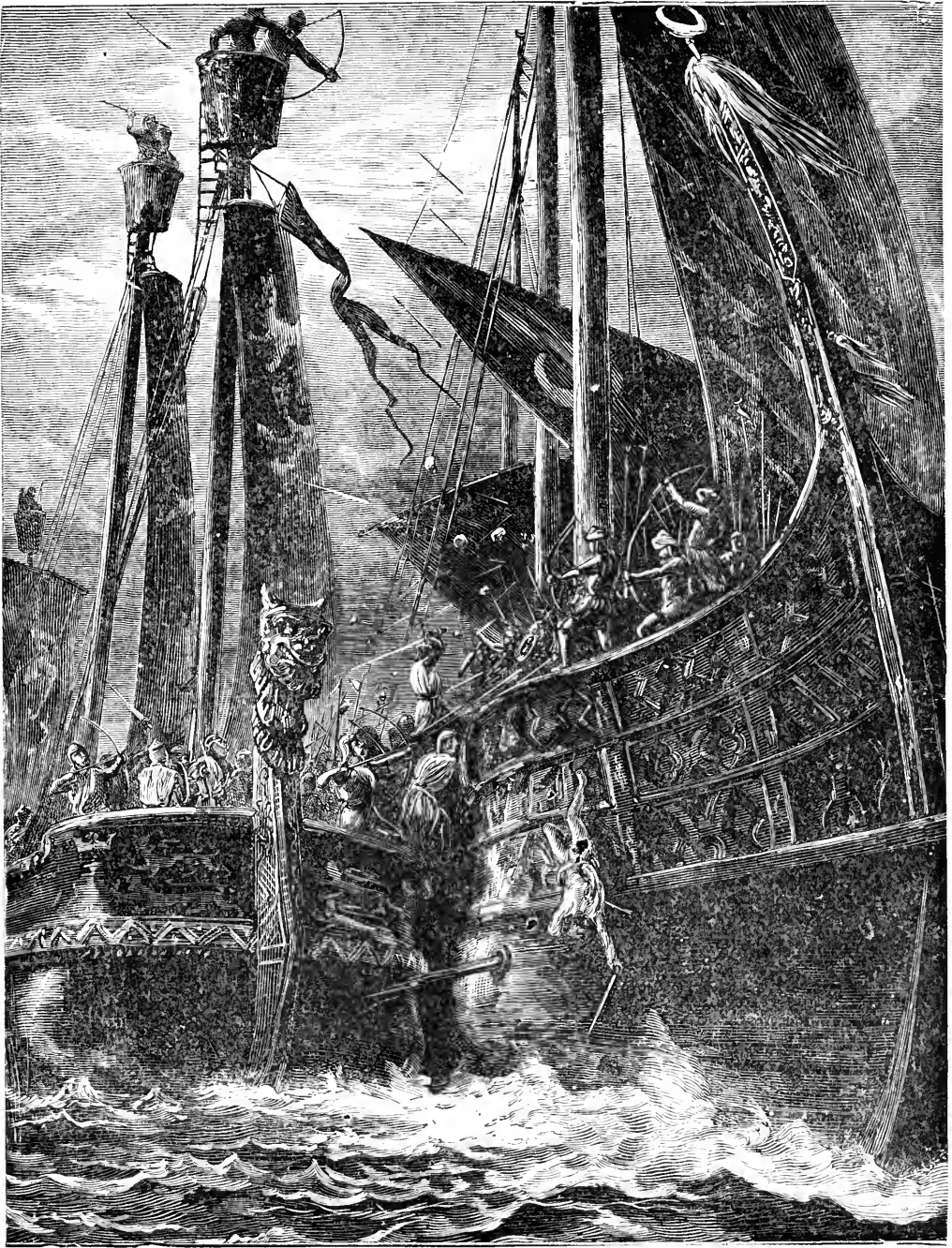
"Did you ever hear how one Hastings took the city of Luna, in Italy?"

#### THE SACK OF LUNA.

The guards on the walls of Luna,  
As they seaward cast the eye,  
See a mighty fleet of Vikings  
Clear-cut against the sky.  
'What, ho! the town is threatened,  
Quick sound the bell's alarm!  
'Tis the sea-king Hastings cometh:  
Bid every freeman arm.'

The dreaded fleet draws nearer,  
Till each ship at anchor rides;  
But no gay-wrought pennons flutter,  
No warriors crowd their sides.  
Instead, a pall of blackness,  
And the death-song chanted slow,  
While two messengers in sable robes  
To the gates of the city go.





A FIGHT BETWEEN VIKINGS



'We come not here in anger,  
Nor the battle-cry to sound;  
But we seek a grave for our leader  
In consecrated ground.  
And if ye, of your courtesie,  
Shall grant this our request,  
Full many a roll of yellow gold  
Will we pay for his spirit's rest.'

Next day the corpse of the sea-king,  
In an oaken coffin lain,  
Is borne on the shoulders of Vikings,  
At the head of a goodly train.  
Full reverently they bear him,  
To music's mournful sound,  
Before the great high altar,  
And in silence stand around.

Why shrink the priests in terror?  
Why blanch their cheeks with fear?  
Can it be their craven hearts stand still,  
At the pale corpse lying here?  
Ha! the coffin bursts asunder,  
And the dead man leapeth out;  
Above his head his good blade shines,  
From his lips there rings the shout, —

'Have at them now, ye sea-dogs!  
Plunder, and burn, and slay!  
Hew down these craven-hearted priests,  
The town is ours this day!

Fear not the odds against us,  
 Glory waits him who falls:  
 For those who live there's treasure;  
 For the dead great Odin's halls.'

Down crash the half-burned rafters,  
 On the dead priests within;  
 Without, the shrieks of women  
 Above the battle's din.

. . . . .  
 So fell the town of Luna,  
 In the days long since gone by:  
 Give God true thanks that we live at peace,  
 Nor dread a battle-cry.

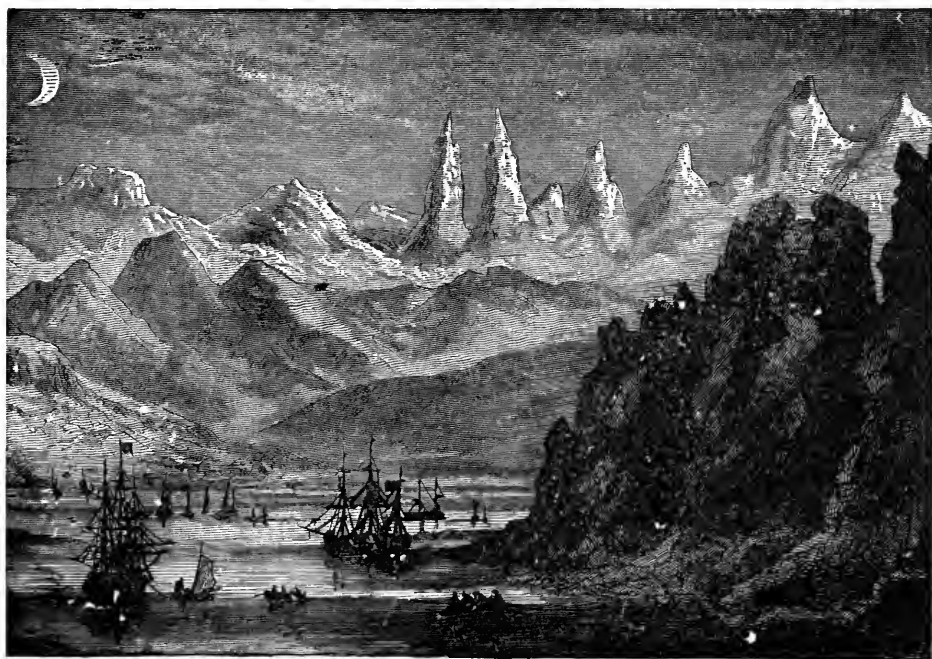
“ Well, the Vikings harried England and all the Atlantic coast, going, as we have seen, into the Mediterranean even; but the land they most loved to fall upon was that from which they had been driven.

“ Harold Fairhair was not a man to submit to such treatment; and no sooner had he established his authority over his own land than he fitted out a great fleet, and fell upon the outlying islands with such violence, that he broke the power of the Vikings forever.

“ Those who were left alive after these bloody battles, having now less than ever a mind to be the subjects of Harold Fairhair, turned their eyes to Iceland; and such numbers went there, that in a few years the habitable parts of the island were thickly peopled.

“ They were, as I have said, a race of warriors. Their reli-

gion made them so. The hero who died in battle went straight to live with Odin, at Valhal. Here the roof was made of the golden shields of heroes; and the time passed in stirring feats of arms, and in drinking great horns of mead. Thor was another god: he it was whose voice made the thunder. Ran was the goddess of the sea; and there were other gods and goddesses without number.



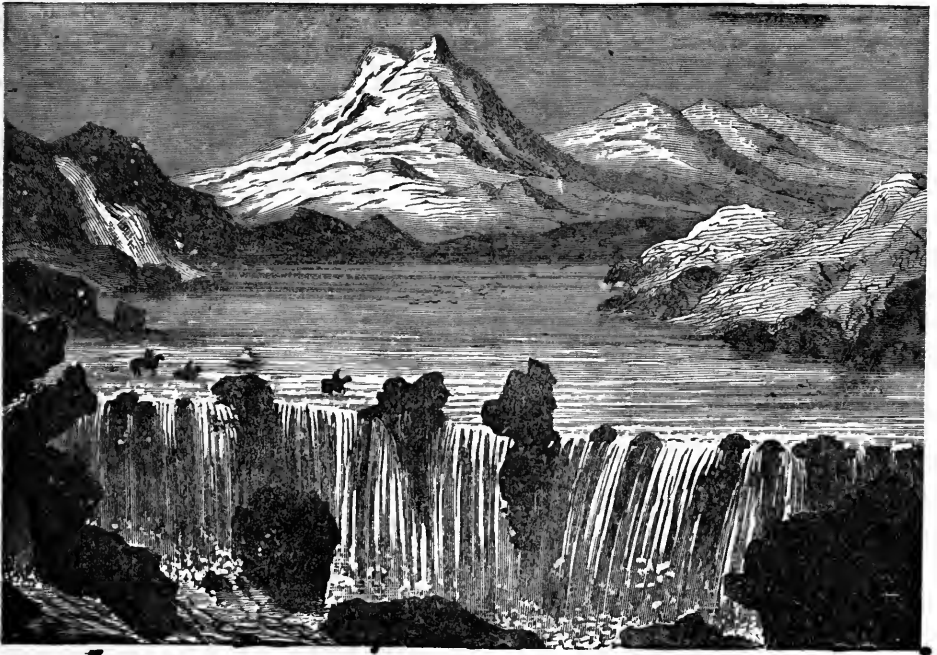
AN ICELANDIC HARBOR.

“The Vikings recounted their valorous deeds in chants after this fashion:—

‘Hewed we with the hanger,  
When I young was;  
East in Eyra’s channel,  
Outpoured we blood for grim wolves.’

“The very names that some of them carried — such, for instance, as ‘Thorfinn the Skullsplitter’ — attested their prowess.

“It was a wild land they chose for their home when they were driven from the Western Islands by Harold. Great volcanoes belch forth in its central portion, so that, for hundreds of miles, there is not a sign of plant-life to be found. At times

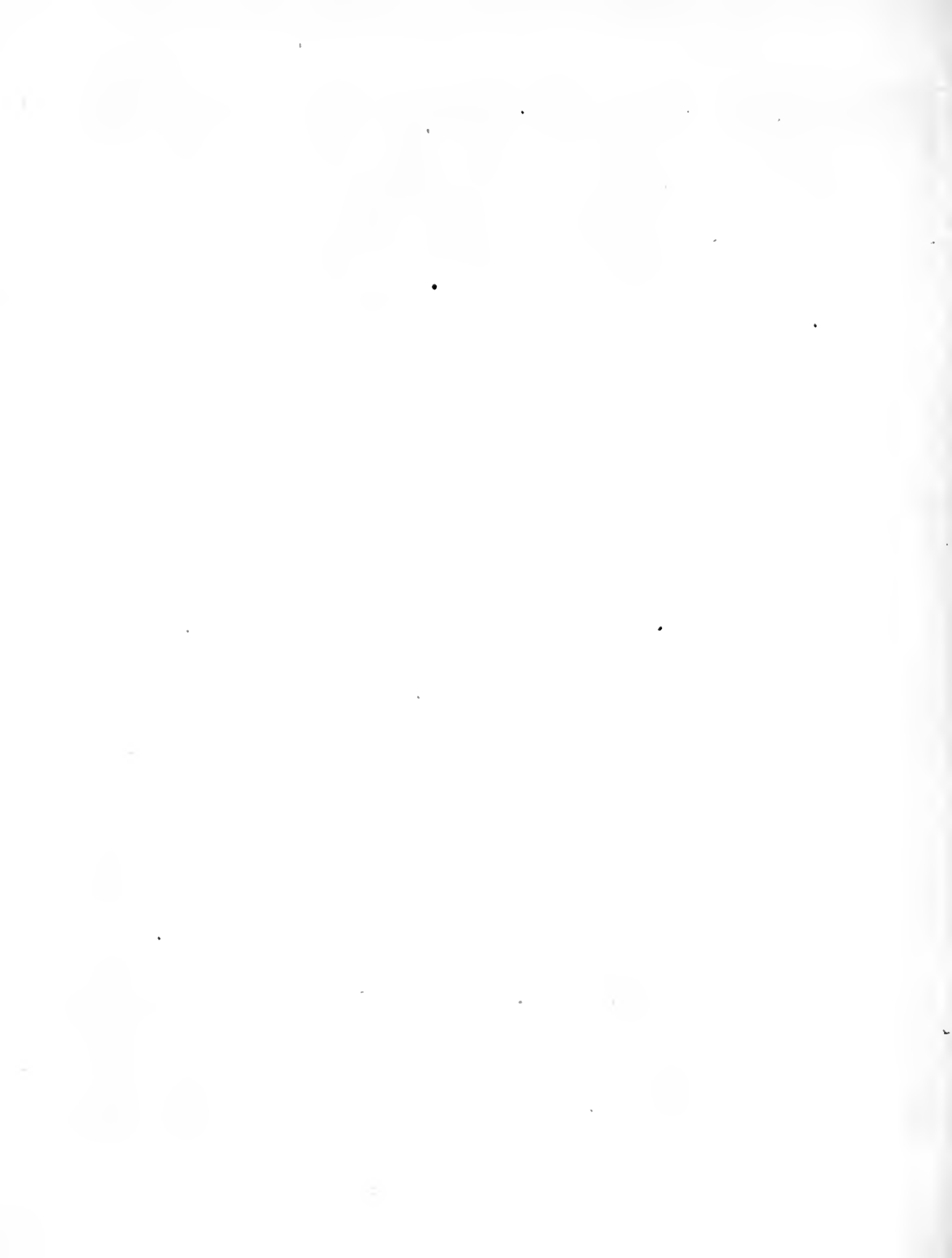


THE RIVER JOKULSA.

the gloomy river Jokulsa comes seaward, its swollen waters covered with ashes, while at night it looks like a river of blood, as it reflects the stream of flame shooting high in air from some crater's mouth. Only near the seaboard is the country habitable.

“But the Northmen cared little for its wildness, or for the







bleakness of its coast, and its frightful storms. Here Harold Fairhair could not reach them; and out of the landlocked fjords, or arms of the sea, their long-ships could sally forth, carrying destruction to the enemy. It was one of these men who discovered America.

“Eirek the Red had tired of Iceland. Learning of a new country called Greenland, he had gone there with his family to settle. In the long winter nights, as they sat about the fires, listening to the wild experiences of any stranger that might have claimed their hospitality, they heard with astonishment the tale of one Bjarni. He declared that once, driven by wild storms, he had discovered land far to the westward. The coast had seemed bleak and unattractive to him; and, the wind hauling, he had left it astern, and sailed back to Greenland.

“Old Eirek and his son Leif were much stirred at this story. They decided that they would buy Bjarni’s ship, and themselves hunt out this strange land. They loaded her with all needed provisions, and with a crew of thirty-five men, were just about to sail, when Eirek, on his way to embark, fell from his horse. Regarding this as an ill omen, he decided to stay at home, and Leif sailed without him.

“He found, after a few days, that Bjarni’s tale was true; for there lay the land before him. It was the south-eastern extremity of Newfoundland, recognizable to this day by their description: ‘a bare, rugged plain, covered with broad flat rocks.’ Two days more they sailed before a north-east wind; then, coasting westward, they came, after a little, to a river. Pleased with the country, they passed up the river, and decided to winter on

its banks. With all speed they built themselves huts: Leifsbúder they called them. The river furnished them the finest salmon; and the country about so abounded in grapes, that they called it Vinland.

“Here,” said Mr. Longwood, taking down a chart from a rack above his head, “this is the spot. It is now called the Taunton River.”

“Why, it is not very far from where we now are,” said Will.

“No,” said Mr. Longwood; “not more than twenty-five miles, as the crow flies.

“The winter passed away quietly; and in the spring Leif loaded his vessel with timber, and his long boat with dried grapes, and so went home again.”

“Was Leif the only Northman who came?” asked Ned.

“No, indeed. Thorvald, his brother, spent two or three years in Vinland. He explored the coast all about this very region where we now are; but his love for adventure caused his death; for, on one of these voyages of investigation, attacked by a band of Skrællings in canoes, he was slain by an arrow.

“Thorstein too, a wealthy and powerful man of distinguished family, made a journey to the new world with three ships. He planned to form a colony. His wife Gudrida went with him; and a son, Snorri, was no doubt the first Christian boy born in America. For Leif and Thorvald and Thorstein had all been converted to Christianity a few years before, and had forsaken the worship of the wild gods of the North.

“But after three winters Thorstein made up his mind that his colony was a failure; and so, back he went to Greenland.



THE LANDING OF LEIF.



He took with him, as cargo, all the wood that he could carry, and sold it in Norway at an enormous price. For a small piece of what was probably bird's-eye maple, he received about eighty dollars.

"So you see, Master Jack," said Mr. Longwood, rising, "that Columbus was not the first man that discovered America, though your geography does say so."

The boys all rose from the table, and crowded around the chart, to make out more plainly the places Mr. Longwood had spoken of. After a little, Jack went up the ladder, to see what had been going on while they were at dinner. A moment after, the others followed him.

When they were in the open air, they stopped an instant to look around. The deck seemed quite deserted. Only Capt. Jackson was to be seen, standing at the wheel, now casting his eyes aloft where the sails were bellied out by the fresh wind, and now ahead, scanning the coast. All the rest of the crew were below, forward, where, in the absence of any cargo, they had hung up hammocks.

"Where is Jack?" the boys said. "Jack! Jack!" but there was no answer.

"Oh! there he is," said Will, looking at the bowsprit, a little way out on which, in a somewhat dangerous position, Jack sat cross-legged. "Why didn't you answer us, you bad boy?"

"I am not Jack," said that youth.

"Thorfinn am I,  
Skullsplitter hight.

Many a hero,  
I, with my downstroke,  
Hurried to Valhal.  
Now, in my long-ship,  
Roam I o'er ocean,  
Ran defying" —

At this, Thorfinn ceased abruptly, and clutched convulsively at some ropes overhead, to recover the balance which he had lost. He failed to reach them, however; and, after some wild struggles, down he went, splash into the water, into the embrace of the goddess he had been defying.

"Man overboard!" shouted Ned, bawling down the hatch to the men below.

Will Morgan's coat and shoes were off in a twinkling, and he was over the schooner's side after Jack; but, quick as he was, he was hardly in the water before Thomas John, who, hearing Ned's shout, had run up from below.

Fortunate it was that Tom Longwood and the Morgans had been brought up by the sea, and knew just what to do. At the first shout, Capt. Jackson had put the helm hard down; but, before the vessel's head had fairly come around into the wind, Tom and Charlie had lowered the boat, cast it off, and were pulling lustily to where Will and Thomas John were holding up Jack.

"And a mighty good thing it is," said Capt. Jackson to himself, "that I had that boat's tackling overhauled. I am afraid it wouldn't have worked so well a week ago."

The boat quickly made its way to the unfortunate Thorfinn,

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and the three dripping figures were soon aboard. Jack and Will hurried to the cabin, to get rid of their wet clothes ; and Will was soon out again ; but Mr. Longwood thought that Jack had better turn into one of the berths for an hour or so, to make sure of not taking cold.

So, after bringing him a glass of hot lemonade, they covered him up with blankets, and left him, bidding him be a good little boy, and get into no more mischief.



### CHAPTER III.



S CARCELY had the sound of the boys' retreating footsteps died away, when Capt. Jackson's burly form appeared. The captain, as we have said before, was a man of few words. He nodded to Jack, and, seating himself at the table, proceeded to do justice to the food before him. Jack watched with silent astonishment the rapidity with which the contents of the dishes disappeared. Silence, however, was not his strong point. So he raised himself upon his elbow, and proceeded to open conversation.

"What is Montauk, anyway, captain?" he asked.

"Montauk," said Capt. Jackson, pausing with his fork half way to his mouth, "Why, Montauk is — Montauk; the east end of Long Island, you know."

"Yes," said Jack; "but what is it?"

"Well," said the captain, "it's a fine rolling country; pastures a sight of stock. There must be a good many thousand cattle and sheep on it. There used to be a tribe of Indians,



but they are about gone. Hardly a dozen are left of them all."

"And do the Indians own it?"

"Oh, no!" said the captain. "It happened this way: Wyandance was the sachem of the Montauks, and all the other tribes on Long Island were subject to him. But at Block Island, and on the main land, there was a tribe, the Narragansetts, that was more powerful still. Ninigret was their sachem's name; and he made things so uncommonly hot for the Montauks, that they hardly slept o' nights. Why, at one time, Wyandance's daughter was gettin' married, when in walked the Narragansetts, without so much as sayin' 'By your leave,' killed the groom and half the company, and carried the bride off to Block Island.

"Well, one of these war-parties of Ninigret's made themselves so very much at home, that the Montauks concluded they would go down to Easthampton, and see if the settlers there would not protect them. So down they went: the white men let them stay, and the Narragansetts dared not attack them there. The result of it all was a big document, wherein, for the love they bore their white brethren, they did grant and convey all Montauk to those white brethren, only reservin' the right to hunt and fish, and live on the land. The document says that it was the Indians' own idee to make over all the property; but I take notice that it wasn't in Indian handwriting that the deed was made."

"I wish I could get up," said Jack, as the captain started to go.

"Let me have a look at you," said that worthy. "I am

somehin' of a doctor. I once performed a surgical operation on one of my men, — took off a crushed finger."

"How did you do it?" asked Jack.

"Hammer and chisel," said the captain concisely. "So," he went on, taking Jack's hand, "pulse steady, skin cool: why, you are all right! I'll speak to Mr. Longwood when I get on deck, and have you up in no time."

The captain was as good as his word; for, in a moment, Ned Grant shouted down to him, "Jack! I say, Jack! get up!"

"Come down, and stay with me while I dress," called Jack.

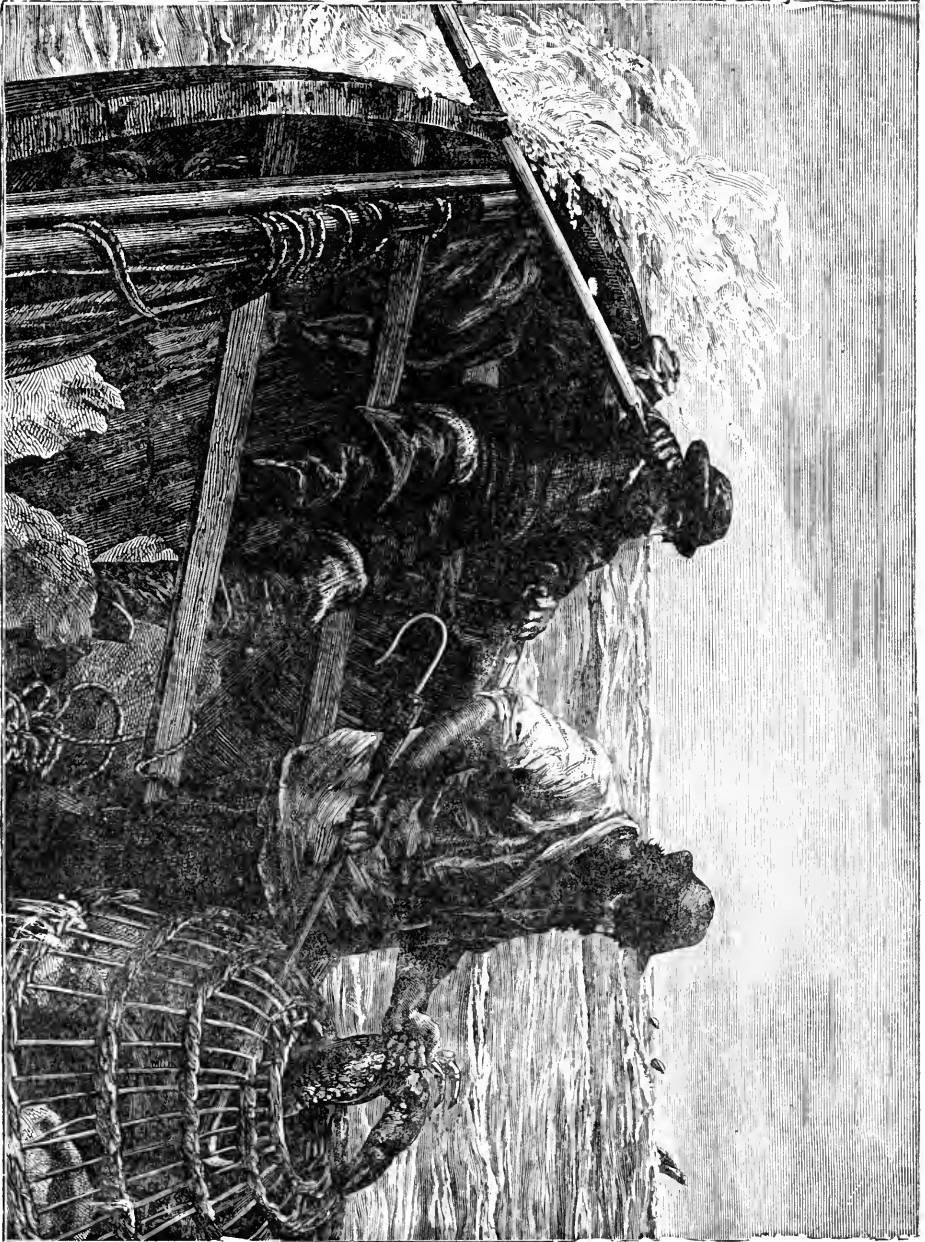
"Can't be done," said Ned: "too much going on up here. Hurry up!"

Spurred by this, Jack hurried as never before; and in five minutes was running across the deck to join the others, buttoning the last button as he came.

He was just in time to see close beside them a boat such as the fishermen on all the Long-Island shore use when they put off through the surf to draw the seine. Two men were in it. One was examining a lobster-pot, which he had just drawn to the surface, and out of which he was pulling a reluctant victim; while the other was keeping the boat's head to the wind, for the sea was rising before a light gale, and the spray every now and then dashed over her bow, sprinkling them both thoroughly.

"It is wonderful how strong those boats are," said Will. "They can live in almost any sea. — Isn't that so?" he asked, turning to one of the sailors who stood close by.

"I know a time when I was mighty glad to get out of one," said the man.



THE FISHERMEN.



“When was it? Tell us about it,” said the boys, scenting a story, and closing up about him.

“Well,” said the man, “it was one May. I was at my house—think I was digging in the garden. Yes,” he said meditatively, stroking his chin; “am sure I was digging in the garden. I remember I was putting in Early-Rose potatoes. Most extraordinary thing, the yield I had with them potatoes. I never yet saw their like.”

“But the boat,” interrupted Charlie.

“Oh, yes!” said the man. “Well, along the road, coming toward me, I saw that boy of Jared Wilsey’s, shouting, ‘*Whale! whale!*’ I never knew a boy like that. His tongue is hung in the middle, and clatters at both ends all day long. They say he even talks in his sleep. And there’s his father and mother, the silentest people in the whole town.”

“And did he see the whale first?” asked Ned.

“Yes: he seen her spouting, close in shore. So; down a lot of us ran; and we manned four boats, and after a short chase we killed her, about three mile out. But no sooner was she dead, than the critter sank. So there was nothing for it but to make her fast to an anchor, and wait for her to rise.

“The man on the lookout, two days after, saw, at sunrise, that she had risen, and was drifting eastward, because the anchor-rope was too short. The others were sure it was long enough; but I knew ’twa’n’t;” and the man shut his jaws with a snap, as if there were no more to be said on the subject, and relapsed into silence.

“Well?” said Will.

“Eh? Oh, yes! Two boats went off, and they saw her fairly anchored this time. Then they started for shore, on a double-quick, for the fog shut in, and the surf got up; and mighty thankful they were when they were safely on land again.

“Next day it was blowing great guns from the sou’west, and no boat could live. The whale dragged anchor, and went off



BRINGING DOWN A BOAT.

before the wind. We heard of her near Easthampton, and how parties there were going to get her as soon as the sea went down. That was more than we could stand. Some one called for volunteers; and a crew was made up. The surf was tremendous, and things looked squally enough. I more'n half expected our boat would be staved before she got afloat. However, at

last we were off, with only a wetting. But outside we found the sea so heavy, that we were afraid the boat would be swamped. We were in a sorry plight, — afraid to go ahead, and afraid to go back. As good luck would have it, we seen, a mile or so ahead, a schooner belonging to the Coast Wrecking Company. We pulled for dear life, and got aboard, and at last worried our boat up on to her deck. A thankful man was I, when I had something thicker than inch plank under me.”

“And what became of the whale?” asked Tom.

“We borrowed the schooner, and went after her,” said the man; “took her in tow, and started back. But the wind all at once hauled to the east, and blew a gale. Snap went the tow-rope, and off went the whale again. By this time we had all the whale we wanted, for things looked ticklish for the schooner. We didn’t dare risk her on the coast any longer, so she scudded before the gale; and next day we turned up in New-York harbor, barefooted, in our shirt-sleeves, ninety miles from home, without a cent in our pockets. By good luck, we had friends there: so we borrowed some money, and came back by railroad.”

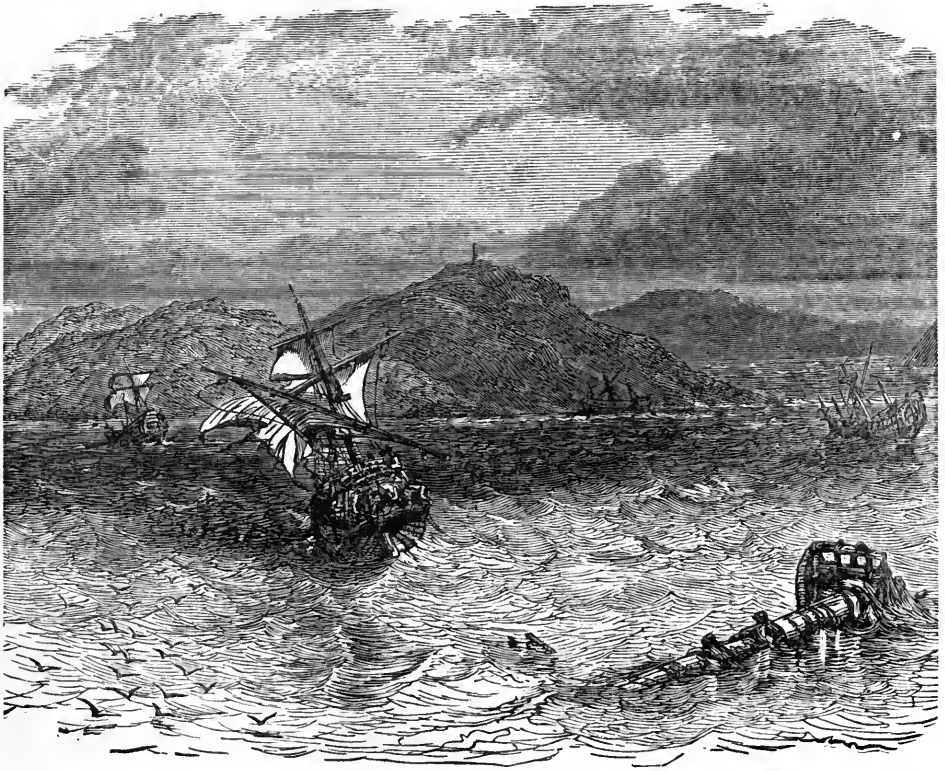
“And did you lose the whale, after all?” asked Charlie.

“No: she went ashore, a ways west. We cut her up, and cleared nine hundred dollars from her.”

“What land is that?” asked Jack, as the man turned away. “Is it an island?”

“That,” said Mr. Longwood, “is Gardiner’s Island. When Capt. Kidd was roving the seas, chasing and burning every ill-fated ship that he met, he stopped at Gardiner’s Island on his way homeward to Boston, after a cruise in the Spanish Main,

where was the scene of his chief exploits. He summoned Gardiner, and in his presence buried a chest of treasure, telling him that he should hold him personally responsible for its safe keeping. Then he ordered Mrs. Gardiner to roast him some sucking-pig for dinner. She must have been an excellent cook ; for he



KIDD AFTER A MERCHANTMAN.

was so pleased with the dish, that he presented her with a quantity of cloth-of-gold, after which he sailed away to Boston. His treasure did him little good though, for hardly had he reached port before he was seized.”



"What became of it?" asked Will.

"Gov. Bellamont heard of his having buried it; so he sent commissioners from Massachusetts to recover the spoil. Gardiner delivered it up, and it was taken away; but I imagine the good man had many a chill at the thought that perhaps the old freebooter might yet escape, and come back to claim his own, and that he was a happy man when he heard, about two years after, that Kidd had been hung in chains at Execution Dock, in London."

"I wonder he did not try to keep it for himself," said Ned. "Was it very great?"

"Yes: there were some thirteen bags," said Mr. Longwood. "They contained gold and silver, coined, in bars, and in dust. There were, beside, precious stones and jewels. It is not pleasant to think of the bloody deeds by which it was got together."

"Why, Jack," said Ned suddenly, looking at him, "how pale you are about the gills! I do believe you are going to be sea-sick."

"I am not," said Jack indignantly.

"There certainly is a great deal more motion than there was an hour or two ago, and the wind is much fresher," said Mr. Longwood.

"The schooner's empty," said Capt. Jackson, who had come up just at that moment. "If she had a cargo aboard, she'd be much steadier. I have an idea," he went on, "that a storm is brewing. The barometer is falling fast, and I don't like the looks of things altogether;" and he cast his eyes in a weather-wise fashion at the sky, and then at the horizon. "I shouldn't wonder if we had a nasty night."

“That’s not a very pleasant prospect,” said Mr. Longwood. “I consider myself a fair sailor; but I must confess that I like to sleep in a bed that is moderately still.”

“Well, there’s nothing easier than to have a quiet night,” said the captain. “We can run into Fort Pond Bay, and anchor. There’s no safer harbor on the coast, when the wind is east.”

“Fort Pond Bay, then, let it be, by all means. Let us look at the chart in the cabin, boys, and see just where it is,” said Mr. Longwood.

Then it was, when all heads were bent over the chart, that a brilliant idea came to Jack. “Why! House No. 2, where Mrs. Longwood and the girls were to spend the night, was at Fort Pond. The island looks very narrow there, on the chart. I don’t believe it can be more than a mile wide. What fun it would be to walk across, and surprise them! I am going to ask Thomas John about it.”

Thomas John pronounced the plan entirely feasible; and so it turned out, that when, in the gathering dusk, “The Mavis” dropped her anchor in the quiet waters of the bay, our party made haste to disembark; and Capt. Jackson and his men, while they were making all snug for the night, saw them disappear across the moors in single file, Thomas John at their head as pilot.

Meantime, at House No. 2, toward which our friends were striding, Mrs. Longwood and the girls had arrived, and had just finished their supper. They were now all standing in the little porch facing the sea. It seemed, in the dim twilight, as if the ocean which was thundering so angrily on the sands, but a few



THOMAS JOHN AT THE HELM.

hundred feet away, might suddenly come rushing forward, and sweep them all to destruction.

As they looked to the east, they could catch the fitful gleam

of the spray that lined the foot of the cliffs where the waves were lashed to fury. Far out at sea glimmered the solitary light of a passing vessel; but over the moorlands all about them, there was nothing but the dull gray of coming night. The nearest house was four miles away.

“What a dreadfully lonely place!” said Gertrude. “I am going into the house. I should soon see ghosts, or Indians, or some more horrible things, if I stayed out.”

“You are as bad as the farmer’s lass,” said Carrie, as they all followed her. “Did you ever hear of her?”

When autumn nights grow sharp and chill,  
 And cold white mists the valleys fill,  
 The farmer’s lass at the window-pane  
 Starts back in fright, yet peers again;  
 For she sees, by the pale light the moon doth yield,  
 Red Indians crouching in the field.  
 ‘Injuns, father!’ she cries, and flees  
 To a refuge safe on her father’s knees.

The farmer’s laugh rings loud and free;  
 ‘Indians they are, in truth,’ says he;  
 ‘But wait till once comes the rising sun,  
 And we’ll take them prisoners, every one;  
 We’ll beat them with clubs, and we’ll grind their bones  
 To the finest flour, through the old millstones;  
 And we’ll eat them smoking hot,’ laughs he;  
 ‘For they’re buckwheat Indians<sup>1</sup> that you see.’”

<sup>1</sup> For the benefit of such of my readers as are not versed in farmers’ ways, I will say that the sheaves of buckwheat left standing in the field are known as “Injuns.”

As Carrie finished the last line, she turned toward the door, and gave a little scream; for there, apparently, stood an Indian. He had about his shoulders an old, worn buffalo-robe loosely thrown. His face was concealed by the robe, but through his dishevelled hair they could see a couple of arrows sticking. From this disreputable figure came a voice that said, —

“You callee, he comee. Plentee hungry, this fellow. Hugh! big Injun!”

As for Gertrude, at these words she disappeared like a flash through the door that led to the dining-room; nor did she pause in her flight till she reached the kitchen. There, finding a man calmly sitting by the fire, smoking his pipe, I will not say that, like the farmer-lass, she found a refuge safe on his knees, but she certainly did seize him by the arm, and hold on very tightly.

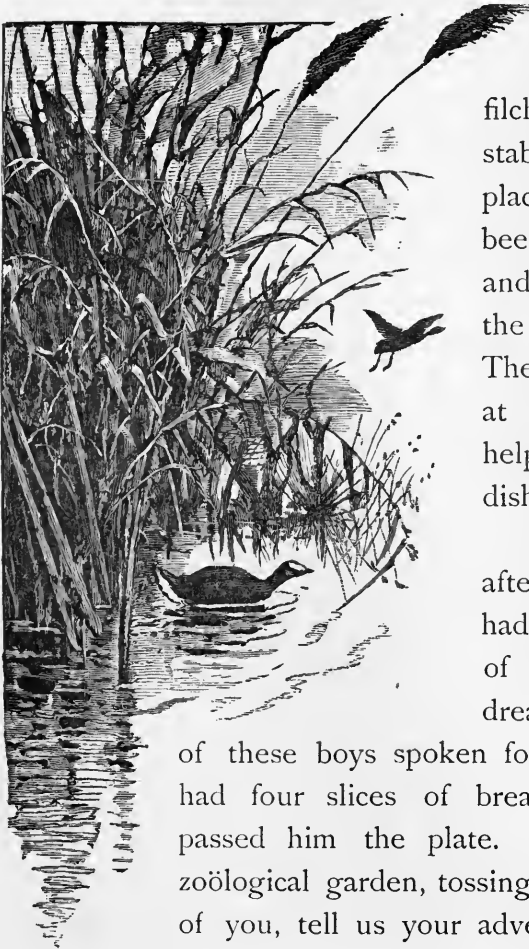
Carrie, on the other hand, looked at the Indian for a moment, and then, rushing forward, seized the buffalo-robe, and, dragging it from his shoulders, exclaimed, —

“Jack! you wicked boy, to frighten your sister! Where in the world did you come from? and where are the rest?”

A shout of laughter from without answered Carrie's question; and the next moment all were shaking hands together in the little sitting-room.



## CHAPTER IV.



AFTER a little, when the buffalo-robe, which Jack had filched from a wagon at the stable, had been returned to its place, and a second supper had been hurriedly prepared, the boys and Mr. Longwood hastened to the dining-room, to fall upon it. The girls all followed, and sat at the long table, by way of helping them to the various dishes.

“Dear me!” said Carrie, after a little, during which there had not been a sound, except of knives and forks: “this is dreadful. Not a word has one of these boys spoken for five minutes, and Ned has had four slices of bread already. I know, for I passed him the plate. I feel as if I were in a zoölogical garden, tossing buns to a bear. Do, some of you, tell us your adventures.”

“Jack fell overboard,” said Ned concisely.

“What a story!” cried each of the girls. “It isn’t true! — Did he fall overboard, Mr. Longwood?”

“He certainly did,” said that gentleman.

“O Jack!” they said: “how frightened you must have been! Wasn’t it dreadful?”

“It was an awful moment,” said that young man, with his mouth full of bread and butter. “But above the gurgling of the waters in my ears, as I sank, I heard the deep voice of Capt. Jackson shouting, ‘Avast! All hands holystone the deck, and haul the keel aboard,’ and then I knew that I was safe.”

“Nevertheless,” said Mr. Longwood, when the laugh had died out, “Master Jack had a very narrow escape; and I fear that, had not Will Morgan and Thomas John come so promptly to his help, Capt. Jackson’s command to haul the keel aboard would hardly have saved him.”

Jack’s eyes glistened as he looked toward Will; and I am quite certain that a very thankful heart beat under his jacket, and that his nonsense was only put on to conceal his real feelings.

“It is hardly fair to make us talk now,” said Charlie. “You should tell us of your exploits. Begin, Rose. What has happened? Did you meet with any dragons, and did a gallant knight deliver you?”

“No,” said Rose: “there were neither dragons nor knights; and we had a much nicer time than if there had been. We had the crisp September air overhead, and the rustling of the early fallen leaves as we passed through the woods, and every little

while we came to a view of the sea that was enough to take one's breath away. And half of the time some of us were out of the wagon, running on ahead, or gathering asters by the roadside."



A WALK BY THE WAY.

"Oh, yes!" broke in Lou; "and we stopped at the prettiest little house; and Carrie went in to get us some water, and, after being gone about ten minutes, came out with a great pitcher of milk. How good it tasted! What in the world kept you so long, Carrie? I meant to ask at the time, but the sight of the milk put it all out of my mind."



“The woman was singing a lullaby to her baby,” said Carrie; “and I persuaded her to sing it again, while I took down the words.

When waves are wild,  
And the winds are out,  
And, 'mid the blinding spray,  
The good ship, staggering, leaps on,  
Where do the sailors stay?

High up aloft  
On the swaying yards,  
Like birds on an elm-tree bough,  
Little they heed the tossing sea  
Breaking about their prow.

When night comes on,  
O'er the darkening sea,  
Like birds in their wind-tossed nest,  
Each in his swinging hammock lies,  
Rocked by the winds to rest.

“The woman said that her husband was a sailor,” went on Carrie; “and that he had been away more than a year on a whaling-ship in the Arctic seas. She did not expect him back for another year. And, oh, papa! she had some old blue-and-white cups and saucers on a little shelf, that you would have liked to have. She said that her father brought them home from China, many and many a year ago. I was so much interested in talking to her, that I almost forgot that the others were waiting for me outside.”

"I must look that place up," said Mr. Longwood, much interested.

"Papa, you must know," said Tom, "is a great collector. If he can only coax his way into the attic of some of these old houses, he is perfectly happy. He is sure to come home with a



WAITING FOR CARRIE.

curious pair of fire-dogs, or perhaps an old Dutch chest-of-drawers, or some old china. The people all about have come to know him; and they think—well, not to put too fine a point on it, they think him a little weak in his mind. And then, some fancy that they have only to show him something

old, for him to buy it. One woman actually tried to sell him an old broken-down iron caster, because it was a hundred years old, and another talked him into buying a corset-board."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Longwood; "but there were a dozen old Nankeen cups and saucers in that house, and I wanted to get into the old lady's good graces; and so I bought the corset-board."

"What is a corset-board, pray?" asked Gertrude.

"In the old days," said Mrs. Longwood, "before steels were used, corsets were laced up behind; and, to keep them in shape, a thin board of proper shape was inserted in front. The one Mr. Longwood has is chased, and is really quite elaborate."

"I suppose you took dinner at Easthampton," said Charlie.

"Yes," answered Kate. "It was just after eleven when we reached there. We found that we had quite two hours before dinner; so, after seeing John and Andrew set out for home, and leaving all our wraps to be put into the stage that was to bring us on, we strolled down to the beach. It was very exciting; for a school of menhaden were close in shore, and the fishermen were bringing down their boat. We watched them go off, cast the seine, and draw it."

"Did they have a good haul?" asked Jack.

"Not very," said Kate; "for the fish mostly escaped through a hole in the net. The men said that a shark had been caught, and had been strong enough to break his way through. They spread the net out on the sand; and the hole was there, sure enough."

"Proceed with your narration," said Ned, as Kate paused.

“Well, after dinner we set out in a stage; and our driver was quite a character. He told us why there are no stones on Long Island.”

“Because it is a sandbank washed up by the ocean,” interrupted Jack. “I knew as much as that.”



OVERHAULING THE NET.

“Not at all,” said Carrie. “He said, that, before the first settlers came, Long Island was full of great bowlders. Connecticut, however, had not a stone in it, and was a lovely country.

But it belonged to the Devil, and was, in fact, his own peculiar garden. One Sunday, Satan thought he would visit his fair domain, which he had not seen for some time. The first thing that his eyes lighted on was a Puritan meeting-house. He drew near, to see what it could be, and heard the loud voice of the dominie praying. Now, prayer is the one thing that Satan cannot stand. It always puts him to flight. So he clapped his hands over his ears, and fled across to Long Island, where he sat him down to think. But, the more he thought, the more angry he grew; and presently he worked himself up to such a pitch, that he seized all the bowlders, and hurled them across the Sound to Connecticut. And, if you don't believe the story," said Carrie, "you can go to Connecticut, and see them."

"It was a long ride over the Napeague meadows," said Kate; "and we tried to get our driver to tell us some other story, to shorten the way. For six miles and more, the sand was so heavy that our horses could go no faster than a walk. I never saw such a picture of desolation. Great wastes of drifting sand were on one side, with here and there a peep at the sea through the dunes, and, on the other, long stretches of marshes, with sea-birds rising from them."

"You forget the mosquitoes," said Rose: "there were millions of them."

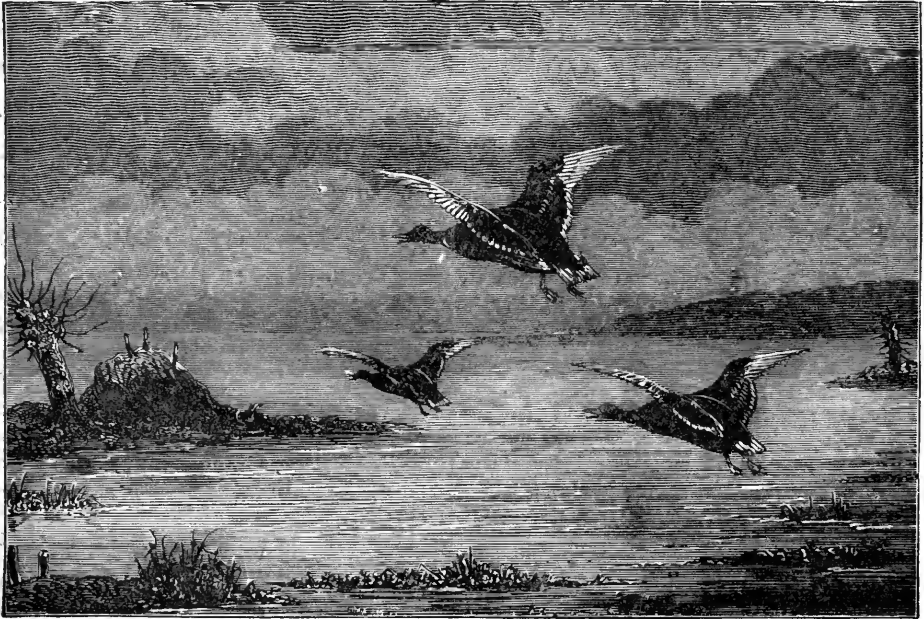
"I am not likely to forget them in a hurry," said Kate ruefully.

"And did not your driver tell you any other story?" asked Mr. Longwood.

"No," said Lou. "The best he could think of was how

Col. Somebody-or-other went shooting on the Montauk moors last autumn, and bagged a hundred plover in a single day."

"That certainly was a sad falling-off, after so brilliant a beginning as the boulder story," said Mr. Longwood. "There were some quite exciting scenes all about here in Revolutionary days.



NAPEAGUE.

After the battle of Long Island, when the defeated patriot troops had made good their escape to the mainland, the whole island fell under the British sway. And a great thing it was for the British, too, that they did get possession of it; for it was the garden whence all the provisions for the army at New York came. The Tories were only too glad to get high prices for their

cattle and produce at the New-York market ; and, if the unwilling patriots did not appear, a summary order from Sir Henry Clinton, enforced by a detachment of soldiers, directing their cattle to be brought in at once for sale, under penalty of immediate seizure, soon brought the helpless men to terms. Great quantities of wood, too, were cut from the Montauk lands, and carried off in sloops to New York, for barracks and for fire-wood.

“ But the British did not have every thing their own way. Of course, all who had been leaders among the Americans knew, after that unfortunate battle, that matters would go hard with them, if Sir Henry Clinton once got them in his clutches. So they lost no time in escaping. They took their wives and their children, and such of their household effects as they could get together, and, hurrying them into whale-boats, crossed the Sound, and found a refuge in Connecticut. And then began a guerilla warfare. The farms of those who fled were often given to some prominent Tory, as a reward. But few dared take possession of them. He who did, presently received a notice to leave if he would save his life. If he paid no heed to the warning, he was visited, some dark and stormy night, by a party of armed men. They had crossed the Sound in whale-boats, under the leadership, perhaps, of the former owner of the lands ; and they made small matter of burning the house over the ill-starred loyalist’s head.

“ Many of those who did not take flight to Connecticut were secretly in sympathy with the patriots. They gave them information as to the proper time for armed parties to make midnight

journeys in whale-boats across the Sound. They even bought goods in the New-York markets, which were sent across to Connecticut by these same whale-boats, thus bringing substantial aid to the patriots.

“On the other hand, there were Tories on the mainland, who much preferred good British gold pieces to the depreciated Continental money, and who smuggled their cattle across to Long Island, where some agent was sure to take them off their hands at once. I remember a story of two men who tried to take a fat steer across in this way. They tied him fast, so that he could not struggle, and laid him in the bottom of a whale-boat, and then, starting out as soon as darkness came, pulled manfully away for Long Island.

“All went well till they got half-way across; and then a rope came unfast, so that the animal’s hind-legs were loosened. The beast struck out so vigorously, that the man in the stern had to jump about with the greatest activity, to prevent his back and legs from being broken. Encouraged by this partial success, the animal made such play with his horns, that the man in the bow lost no time in scrambling from his seat also. In this way they passed the night in the middle of the Sound, one man in the extreme bow, and one in the extreme stern, and between them an active young steer, threatening to stave in the boat, and sink them at any moment.”

“I think I see them now,” said Jack ecstatically. “‘So, bossy! so, bossy!’ says one; and then he steps forward, to catch an end of the rope, when away go the heels, and back he scurries. What larks!”



“What was the end of it all?” asked Will.

“A patriot cruiser was in sight at daylight. The men had no choice but to surrender; and the unruly steer was speedily taken on board, where the sailors highly praised his good taste in refusing to be eaten by the enemies of his country.”

“Those must have been wonderfully exciting times,” said Will. “What a chance for a few brave men, by some daring deed, to gain a name!”

“There was one such man,” said Mr. Longwood, “who must have had quite a reputation at the time, though he has long since been forgotten. I noticed, on a shelf in the other room, while we were waiting for supper, a book which, if it be the one I think it, is made up of extracts from the newspapers at the time of the Revolution. Will you get it for me, Carrie, please? It is called ‘Revolutionary Incidents of Long Island.’ Yes,” said Mr. Longwood, as he took the book; “it is as I thought. I will read you a few extracts which give you, as it were, the skeleton of the man’s story. You can fill out the details from your imagination. Here is the first mention I find of him. It is from a patriot paper:—

“‘E. Dayton, under Capt. John Clark, by order of Putnam, seized, Apl. ’77, a wagon & goods on Long Island, the property of Oba Wright, of Saybrook.’

“The next is from a New-York Tory paper:—

“‘Sunday night, 10th inst. (May, ’78), 2 whale-boats, 7 men in each, came to Blue Point, & took thence 5 boats lying there with oysters. This party was commanded by one Dayton, from Corum, & were all well armed. They brought their boats from the N. side of the Island, and sent their prizes to N. London.

The head of the banditti who captured the five vessels thus loaded with lumber & produce, was Ebenezer Dayton, a noted pedler who lately lived at Corum.'

"The next dates from New London, the port to which nearly all prizes taken by the Americans were sent:—

"'NEW LONDON, *May* 15. — Sunday night last, 2 boats, under the command of Capt. Dayton & Chester, with 14 men in both, went to L. I., and, carrying one of the boats across a narrow part of the island at S. Hampton, they went about sixty miles up the S. side of the island to Fire Island Inlet, & took possession of 5 sail of coasting vessels which lay there, laden with lumber, oysters, household furniture, dry goods, provisions, &c. The prizes are all safe arrived. More might have been brought off, could they have manned them.'

"The records of the Maritime Court have preserved the names of these unfortunate vessels. They were the 'Peggy,' 'Polly,' 'George,' 'Dalancey,' and 'Jacob;' and the proceeds of their sale no doubt helped mightily to fill the empty pockets of Capt. Dayton and his men."

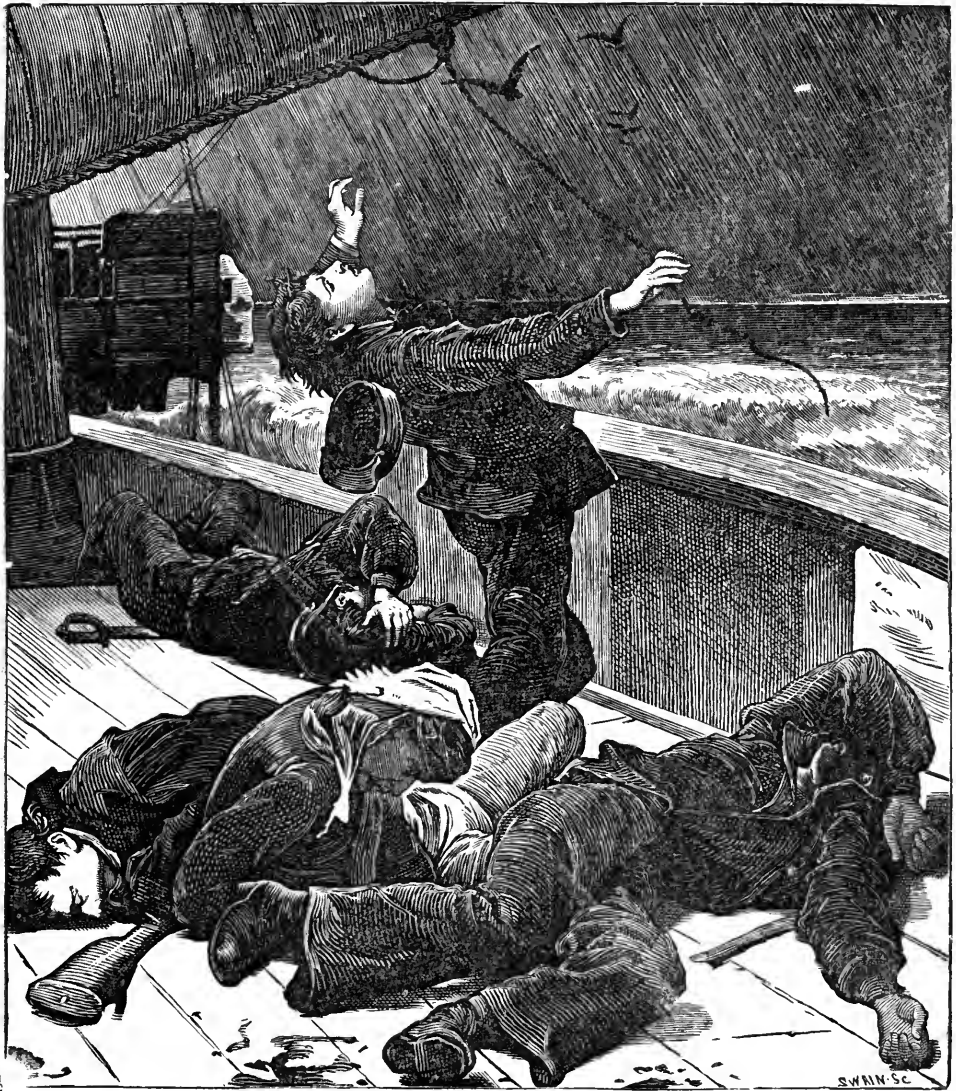
"He would soon be rich, at that rate," said Charlie.

"He did not rest on his oars, at all events," said Mr. Longwood. "Here is a record only a week later:—

"'NEW LONDON, *May* 22, '78. — Tuesday night 8 whale-boats arrived here, taken by Dayton, S. side of L. I.'

"'NEW LONDON, *June* 12, '78. — Capt. E. Dayton, in an armed boat, carried 3 prizes into N. Haven, which he took near Fire Island Inlet.'

"Our privateersman has now got on in the world," said Mr. Longwood. "He commands an armed vessel, and not a mere whale-boat. But he is about to come to grief. Hear this, from a Tory paper in New York:—



THE CAPTURE OF THE RANGER.

“Capt. Eben Dayton, in the sloop *Ranger*, of 45 men, 6 carriage guns, and 12 swivels, blunderbusses, muskets, hand grenadoes (to throw on the deck of

the vessel attacked as they run her aboard with whale-boats), was taken in South Bay (Nov. 20th, '78), by Capt. Stout of a N. Y. Privateer, and brought to N. Y., Wed. last.'"

"What a pity," said Will, "that the records are not more full! One would like so much to know how he was taken whether by surprise, or by overpowering numbers, after a brave fight."

"I am going to imagine," said Jack, "that he stood by his guns till the last, and that he was picked up out of the water after his ship went down. But it is all up with him now. He will be put in one of the sugar-houses that were used as prisons in New York, for captured rebels; and no man can live long there. Why, they had to lie on a bare floor at night, so close together that they were just like sardines in a box. If one ached from his cramped position, he called out, and the whole line had to turn over at the same time. Good-by, Capt. Eben Dayton. That's the last of you."

"Don't dispose of him in quite so summary a manner," said Mr. Longwood. "Here is another newspaper extract:—

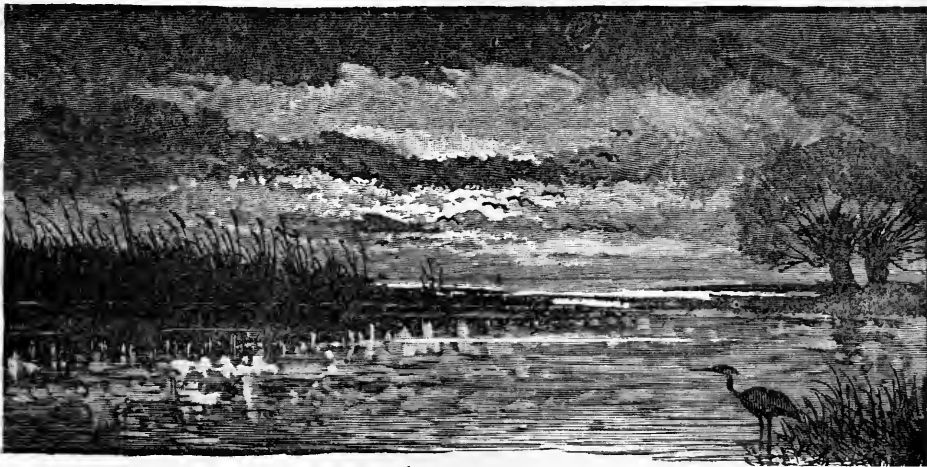
"Aug. 28, '79. — Aug. 14, a party of about 20 rebels made their appearance at Corum. The well-known Eben Dayton was at the head of this party.'

"So you see, Master Jack, that he certainly did not end his days as you proposed, for here he is at liberty again. And that is all I have been able to find about him.

"But, Rose," said Mr. Longwood, "I broke right in, with my Revolutionary reminiscences, on your account of your ride here. It was very thoughtless of me."

“Oh! your story was a thousand times better,” said Rose; “and beside, I had nothing to say. Our driver, you remember, could only tell about bagging plover.”

“There was a lovely view backward,” said Lou, “as we left Napeague, and climbed the highlands. Below us, we saw the salt meadows with the sea-birds flying over them, while on one side lay the ocean, and on the other the Sound. We should have stayed for hours, looking, if our driver had not hurried us, so as to reach here before dark.”



A LOOK BACK.

“And the moors were lovely,” said Carrie. “I wanted to run all the way. There was not a fence nor a stone; only the wild rolling moors, with thousands of cattle on them.”

“And we came on a desolate little graveyard,” said Gertrude, “on a hillside looking down on the ocean. Nearly every grave was marked by a quantity of rough stones piled about it. They

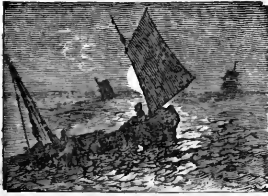
told us that unknown mariners, lost on the coast, were buried there. How sad it seemed for them to be lying in their last long sleep in an unknown grave, apart alike from dead or living friends, in these lonely solitudes !”

“By the way,” said Jack, after a minute, breaking in on the sober silence that had followed Gertrude’s words, “where are all we fellows to sleep to-night? This tiny house can never hold us.”

“That is indeed a serious question,” said Mr. Longwood, as they rose from the table; “and we must give it prompt attention.”



## CHAPTER V.



AN examination into the anatomy of the house showed that Jack's assertion that they could never all find sleeping-quarters in it was true indeed. At first the situation appeared rather depressing, particularly as their landlady could suggest nothing other than that the boys should lie on the sitting-room floor. Matters looked brighter, however, when Tom suggested, —

“Why not try the barn?”

The boys all received this plan with decided approval; and Thomas John gave it as his opinion, that a hay-mow was equal to a spring-mattress any day; and that decided the matter.

So, half an hour later, you might have seen them stumbling along the path through the pitchy blackness, which was only made more black by the fitful glimmer of the lantern that swung from Thomas John's hand. What a wild night it was growing! The clouds had come up in great masses, so that not a star was visible. The wind was blowing furiously, threatening every instant to put out their light; and the whole air was dank with spray from the sea, that was lashing itself to fury on the sands.

“It is a nasty night at sea,” said Will.

“Yes,” said Thomas John; “I am glad” —

The cause of Thomas John’s gladness, the boys could only guess; for at that moment he tripped over an unseen stone, and, striving to recover his balance, pitched wildly forward, and disappeared through the barn-door with lightning-like suddenness,

They followed, laughing, and looked about their new bedroom.

“It is going to pour presently,” said the practical Tom; “and the building is very old. The roof probably leaks. Therefore we shall fare better if we pitch some hay down on the floor; for there is a mow above it which will shield us.”

“I’ll pitch it down,” said Thomas John, “in a minute. “But, if the rain does come, it will drive through the cracks on this side of the barn, toward the storm, and wet us thoroughly. Here are a hammer and some nails. Now, if we can only find some old horse-blankets, you might nail them up while I pitch down the hay.”

The horse-blankets were found, and nailed up; the floor was piled deep with hay; and in a few minutes the boys, thoroughly tired with their long day’s excitement, were so soundly asleep that they never even stirred when the expected rain did come clattering and stamping on the old roof above them, with a tremendous uproar.

It must have been seven o’clock before any one stirred. The horses in their stalls rose from their sleep, and, stretching their heads over their mangers, took stolen mouthfuls from the boys’ beds, which they munched with great satisfaction. At length the



one near Thomas John, growing bolder, decided to find out for himself why a man was lying there so quietly, when, according to all equine experience, he should have been moving about, getting him his breakfast. So he stretched his moist nose as far forward as he could, and smelled all over Thomas John's face, ending up with a snort of astonishment directly in his ear.

It is unnecessary to say that this manoeuvre was perfectly successful, and that Thomas John awoke.

His rising awoke the rest; and together they shook the hay-seeds from their hair, and forced open the great doors on the leeward side of the barn. The prospect was no whit pleasanter than it had been the night before. The wind whistled and shrieked louder than ever, and the rain came in such blinding torrents that one could not see more than a hundred feet away.

"It is a pity that we did not bring our towels with us," said Ned. "We could have a shower-bath by simply putting our heads out of doors."

"There is a great tub standing under the spout from the roof," said Will. "No one can see us here; and I, for one, vote for a bath. We can get our towels from the house; and we'll feel better for it all day."

Thomas John, who had been rummaging about the dark corners of the barn, hereupon appeared, attired in a yellow tarpaulin suit which he had found hanging on a peg, and volunteered to bring from the house any toilet-articles they wished.

"Find out when breakfast will be ready," called the boys after him, "and how all our party are."

Thomas John speedily re-appeared, and the ablutions in the

big tub under the sheltered side of the barn began. The storm, he told them, as they rubbed themselves down and dressed about him, was tremendous. The wind was terrific. It had seized him in an unguarded moment, and flattened him out so vigorously against the side of the house, that, if a lull had not come, he thought he should have been spread, like butter on bread, all over the side of the building. "Like that sheepskin there," he added, pointing to one nailed on the barn-door.

After breakfast, their situation came up for discussion.

"I think we had much better sit at the table all day," said Jack disconsolately. "There are so many of us, that, if we get up, the room will not hold us."

"Why not all go out to the barn again?" said Mr. Longwood. "The great floor is dry, you say, and we can find room there."

So, wrapped in all manner of strange waterproof garments, Mrs. Longwood and the girls were safely escorted out. They found Thomas John and the cattle-keeper sitting on a box, both whittling away for dear life. Jack, as usual, began the conversation; and, as usual, his question to the cattle-keeper was a startling one.

"Do any corpses ever come ashore here?" he asked.

"What a question, Jack!" said Carrie. "Of course not! Where could they come from?"

"Shipwrecks at sea," said Jack. "Do they, Mr. Cattle-keeper?"

"Fourteen came ashore right in front of the house, in a single morning," said the man. "It was after the wreck of

'The Circassian.' That was a dreadful time. Twenty-eight lives were lost. The ship was wrecked at Bridgehampton, more than twenty miles west, and the bodies were brought here by the current."

"Tell us about it," said the boys, while the girls drew into the circle, though with rather disquieted faces.

"Oh! I am no story-teller," said the cattle-keeper. "And, beside, I know of it only by hearsay. Mr. Longwood knows far more than I do, no doubt."

So Mr. Longwood was urged to tell the story, and began, —

"'The Circassian' went ashore on the bar close to the life-saving station at Bridgehampton."

"Was she a steamer?" asked Ned.

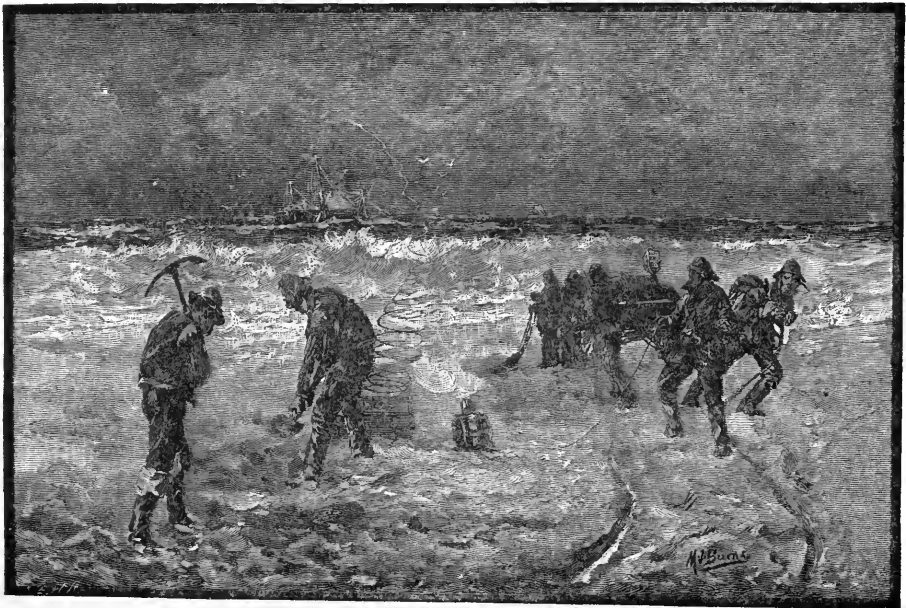
"No; though she had been originally. During the Rebellion she was a blockade-runner. She was an unlucky ship, from the first. She was captured by a man-of-war, at the outset of her unlawful career. After being sold as a prize, she went ashore twice; but each time the wrecking companies brought her off. At last she was bought by some Englishmen, who changed her to a sailing-ship. It was her first voyage as a sailing-ship, and when on her way to New York, that she went ashore."

"Was she a large ship?" asked Will.

"Yes," said Mr. Longwood. "She was nearly three hundred feet long, if I remember rightly. Her size was against her, in one way; for she drew twenty feet, and grounded four hundred yards from shore, where no ball from a mortar could reach her."

"How do you mean, about a ball from a mortar?" asked Rose.

“Every life-saving station is furnished with a small mortar, or cannon,” said Mr. Longwood. “When a ship goes ashore, and the surf is so heavy that a boat cannot be launched, the mortar, which is packed in a two-wheeled car, is dragged down to the very edge of the surf. Then it is loaded with a conical shot, to which a very light but very strong rope is fastened. It



CARRYING A LINE ABOARD, THE NEW WAY.

is, perhaps, more like a cord than a rope. This cord is coiled by the side of the cannon, and when all is ready the gun is fired. The ball flies through the air over the ship; if all goes well, and the line drops on the deck.”

“But how does having a line to the ship help matters?” asked Kate.

“The men on the vessel haul in the line, to the end of which the life-crew have made fast a much heavier one, so that soon there is quite a strong cable from the wreck to the shore. A board, on which is painted directions in several languages, has been tied to the rope, and hauled in with it; and from this the crew learn that they are to carry their end of the cable high up the mast, and make it fast there. On the cable thus stretched, runs, on a pulley, a sort of seat, called the breeches buoy, which is dragged back and forth between ship and shore, by guide-ropes; and in this the wrecked crew are brought safely to land.”

“They must get a precious ducking, if the rope sags,” said Jack.

“I dare say they often do,” said Mr. Longwood; “but coming ashore wet is better than drowning on the bar.”



THE BREECHES BUOY.

“What a vast advance the use of the mortar is,” said Mrs.

Longwood, "over the times when the only way to get a line to a ship was by means of some brave fellow, who tied the rope about him, and swam out to the vessel in distress, in most cases at the risk, if not loss, of his life!"

"No man living could get through the Long-Island surf in the gales that I have seen," said Thomas John. "He would be beaten to death by the waves, in no time. It was so the night 'The Circassian' struck."

"Were you there?" they all cried.

"I was on the next station," said Thomas John; "but we were sent for, to help."

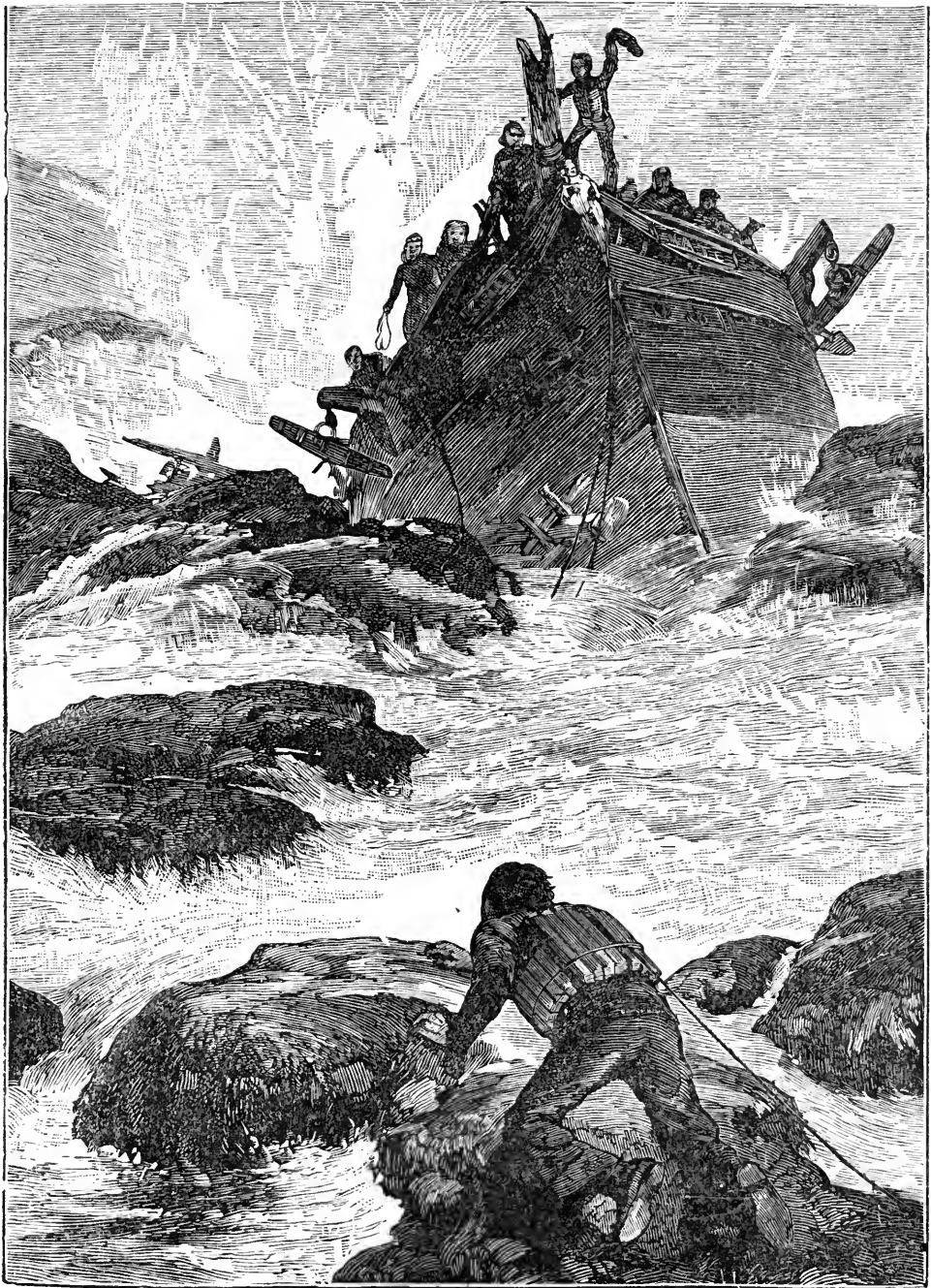
Mr. Longwood found, all at once, that he was deserted, and that Thomas John was the centre of attraction.

"Tell us all about it," said Jack. "What kind of weather was it?"

"Bad as could be. Wind north-east, blowing a gale, and the air so full of snow that we could not make her out well enough to use the mortar, even if she had been within range. And no boat made could have lived in the surf that was running. There was nothing to be done but wait for daylight.

"When that came, the snow held up a little, and matters looked better. The sea had been pounding her on the bar, and had driven her shoreward quite a ways; and the tide had gone out, so that the beach was not under water, and we could bring the mortar forward. We had good luck, for the third shot fell plump on her deck; and in a little while we had the buoy all rigged, ready to run them ashore.

"But, when that was done, we found that the surf had gone



CARRIVING A LINE ABOARD, THE OLD WAY.

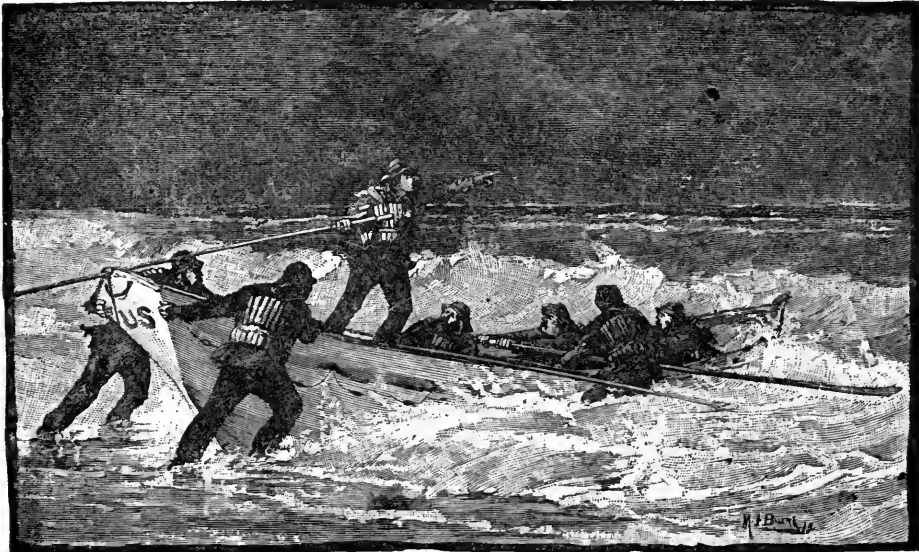




down enough to launch a boat; and so, in six or seven trips, we brought the whole forty men safely ashore."

"But I thought they were all drowned," said Gertrude, in astonishment.

"That was later," said Thomas John; "when the Coast Wrecking Company were trying to get the ship off. It was



LAUNCHING THE SURF-BOAT.

nearly three weeks after she went ashore, before she broke up. All this time, the Wrecking Company were hard at work. A gang of men were landing cargo, to lighten her. Then, they had anchors sunk out to sea, and carried hawsers from them aboard. By keeping a strain on these hawsers, they dragged her out a few feet, every high tide. But what they wanted was a

regular gale. Then the seas would come in high enough to lift her clear off the bar, and they could drag her out, and get away under sail. So they worked for dear life, and hoped for a storm. As she lay, every day made her chances worse; for the sand banked up about her, and she was in danger of breaking in two. Being aground in the middle, with both ends in deep water, the strain was tremendous; and, being an iron ship, of course she would break much quicker than a wooden one.

“The storm came; but it was more than they bargained for. It was just at the end of December. Before noon, on that day, the gang of men who had been shifting cargo came ashore, and the line to the beach was cast off.”

“That would seem to have been a strange thing to do,” said Mr. Longwood.

“It cost them their lives,” said Thomas John. “It was this way: The Wrecking Company were determined to get the ship off. They believed that she was strong enough to stand any surf; and they had an idea, that, if the line were there, some of the crew might get frightened, and make for shore, just at a time when their leaving would block the whole thing. So they cast off the line. But it was not a storm that came: it was a tornado.”

The girls and boys all drew a little nearer.

“Late that day, the life-saving crew at Bridgehampton made out that all was not right aboard. They could see her, half buried in foam and spray, and she was rolling and pounding; but her hawsers had been slacked, and that meant that they had given up trying to get her off. Something had gone wrong,



HALF BURIED IN FOAM AND SPRAY.

that was certain. We found out afterwards that she had broken

her back. Still no one ashore felt uneasy (for they knew how strong she was) until about eight o'clock, when they made out that one of her masts was gone. That showed that she was breaking up; and then the life-crew at Bridgehampton sent for help to the other stations.

"I remember that I had just come off my beat, and was turning in, thankful enough that my work for the night was over, when we heard a horseman coming at full gallop, to call us.

"As soon as the mast went, the life-saving crew tried to get a line aboard. But it was no use. You know how the Long-Island beach looks, — back of the sea a broad stretch of sand, two or three hundred feet wide, and back of that the sand-hills. Well, that night all the sand was covered, and the waves came lashing up the sand-hills, — sweeping over them, and cutting sluiceways clean through them. It was fearful to see. The mortar had to be fired from the top of the sand-hills; and, in the teeth of such a wind as was blowing, the ball did not begin to reach the ship. Besides, the wet sand blew so that it would bury the line before it could be coiled, and it was so cold, that at times it froze stiff.

"The crew had long since taken to the rigging; for every sea made a clean breach over her.

"And then a most uncommon thing happened. The wind had been blowing from the sou'-east, and all at once it chopped around into the sou'-west, and blew a perfect whirlwind. It made a sea, the like of which I never saw before, or after. Overhead, the clouds were torn apart by the gale, and went sweeping

across the sky like mad; and now and then the moon shone between their ragged edges, so that we could see better. We kept the mortar going all the time; but, from the start, it was no use.

“Close on to midnight the tide was low, so that the ship’s deck was no longer under water. We saw a light on it, and made out that the men were changing to the mast nearest shore. By three o’clock, the mast they had left was gone, — the vessel had broke clean in two, and the for’ard part had sunk in the deep water outside the bar. A little after that, the one they were on began to careen. We could hear them shout for help, above the wind and surf. Slowly it settled, lower and lower, till it went under, and the cries ceased.”

The girls all drew a long breath of horror.

“But did none of them escape?” asked Rose.

“Four men got ashore,” said Thomas John; “and that was the strangest part of the whole business. It was all owing to the pluck of one of them. When the mast went down, we scattered along the beach to the eastward, on the bare chance; but not a soul ever dreamed that any one could live in such a sea. However, the ship’s first mate had forecasted what he would do if the ship broke up. He was as strong as a giant, — the finest-built man I ever met. While the others were running around, kind o’ terror-stricken, he and the second mate cut out from under the seats of one of the ship’s boats a piece of cork buoy. It was cigar-shaped, and about five feet long. They rigged it with ropes, through which an arm could be thrust, and lugged it up into the rigging with them.

“When the mast went under, they grabbed it, and jumped as far towards shore as they could. A sailor, struggling in the water, got hold with them; and one of the Wrecking Company’s men, who came up alongside, also managed to reach it. Then the first mate ordered them to lock legs underneath. This held them together, and turned them into a kind of craft, that he took command of. When a big wave was coming, he’d give the order, ‘Hold hard!’ and, when it had gone by, ‘Ease up, and breathe!’ When they got in towards shore, he loosened his legs, and sounded, telling them, ‘After next wave, run!’ A big sea pitched them well up the beach, and they tried to run, as it swept back; but they were too far gone, and would have been dragged out in the undertow, and killed, if the life-saving men had not rushed in, and dragged them back.”

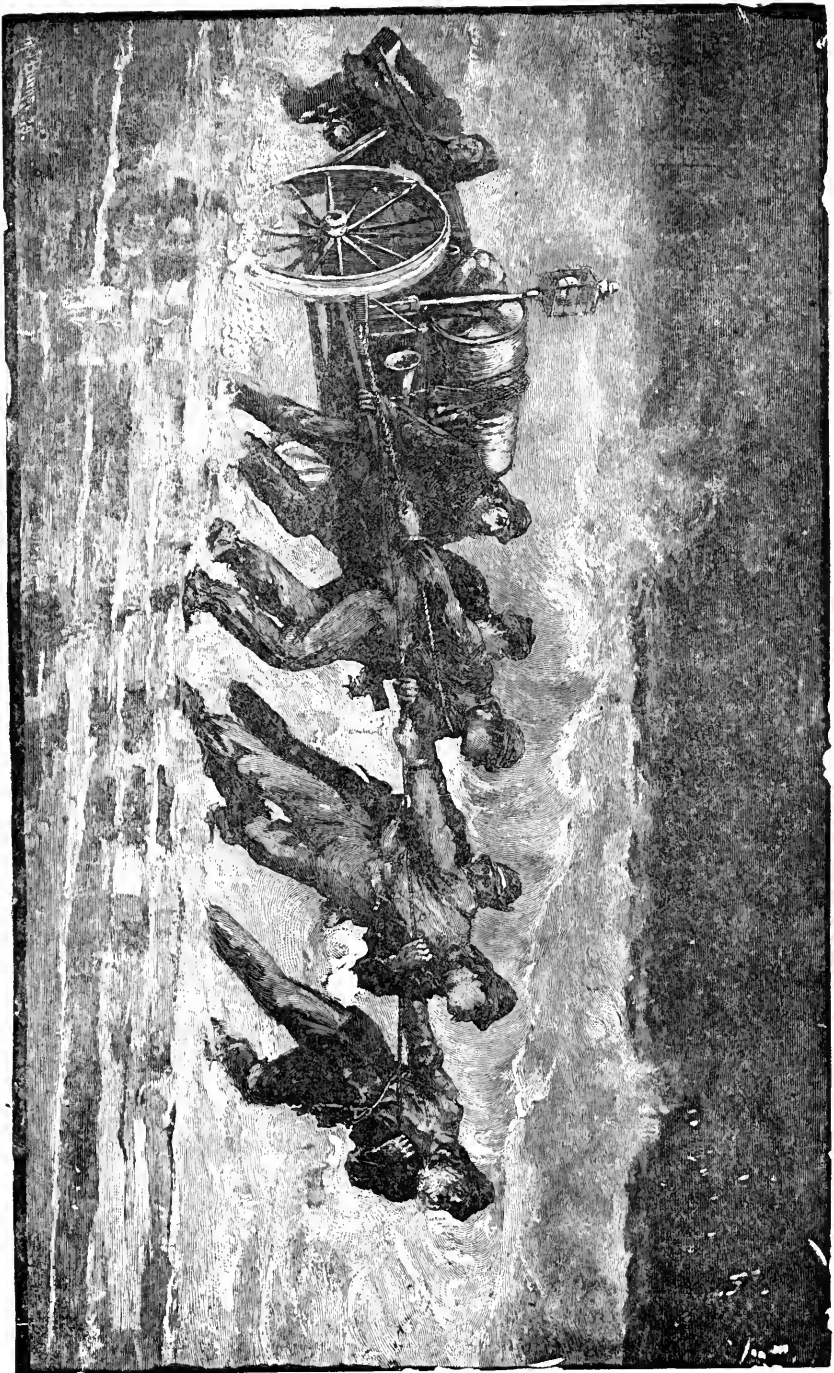
“What a hero that man must have been!” said two or three; and Mrs. Longwood asked, “Did they all live?”

“Yes,” said Thomas John. “They came ashore nearly a mile to eastward of the wreck, though they thought they had not been in the water more than three minutes. It was so cold, that, before we could carry them to the station, they were cased in ice. One man was very low, and for a day or so we did not think he could live; but the first mate was smoking his pipe by the fire, a half-hour afterward.”

“And they were all that were saved,” said Mrs. Longwood; “and twenty-eight lost.”

“Ten of the men were Indians, who were working for the Wrecking Company. They were the pick of the Shinnecoeks, and their death was a great blow to the tribe. Some of the

HAULING THE MORTAR-CAR.







lost, too, were hardly more than boys. They were a sort of apprentices, in the same position in the merchant-service that midshipmen are in the navy, I fancy. The captain was urged to leave them ashore ; but he said their place was aboard."

"Poor boys!" said Mrs. Longwood sadly. "I am thinking of their mothers."

"There was a very strange shipwreck on the Jersey coast, a few months after the loss of 'The Circassian,'" said Mr. Longwood. "It was a schooner, if I remember rightly, 'The Margaret and Lucy.' The patrolman on the beach, about eight o'clock in the evening, saw, down the coast before him, a bright light like a torch. While he was looking, it went out. He hurried on as fast as possible, through the driving rain, and saw, about three hundred yards out from the shore, a red and a green light, one only a few feet above the other. He at once burned the red light with which each patrol is furnished, to give notice to those on board that they had been seen ; but not a sound was heard, nor was there any signal in response. So he made all speed back to his station, to report. A man was sent at once to the spot, to watch, while the rest of the crew dragged the mortar-car slowly through the sand.

"All at once the man on guard saw the lights disappear ; the next moment came the sound of a crash from the sea ; and that was all that was ever seen of 'The Margaret and Lucy,' except the pieces of wreckage that lined the beach for miles, the next morning."

"Why, what an extraordinary thing!" said Will.

"The pieces that came ashore," said Mr. Longwood, "were

broken into bits, and thoroughly decayed. It was believed that the ship was so rotten, that, when she struck the bar, her bottom rubbed off, and that she sank before the crew had a chance to save themselves. The torch was thought to have been lighted by them when she first struck, and its almost instant disappearance showed how quickly she sank. The red and green lights were those in the rigging. Seven lives were lost in this catastrophe."

"Dear me!" said Gertrude: "we have had enough of horrors. Do let us have something cheerful."

"I think so too," said Carrie. "What say you to a game?"

A game was decided on; and girls and boys were soon scaling ladders, and hiding in mows. And such good fun did they find it, that, before they realized it, the morning had gone, and they were called to dinner.

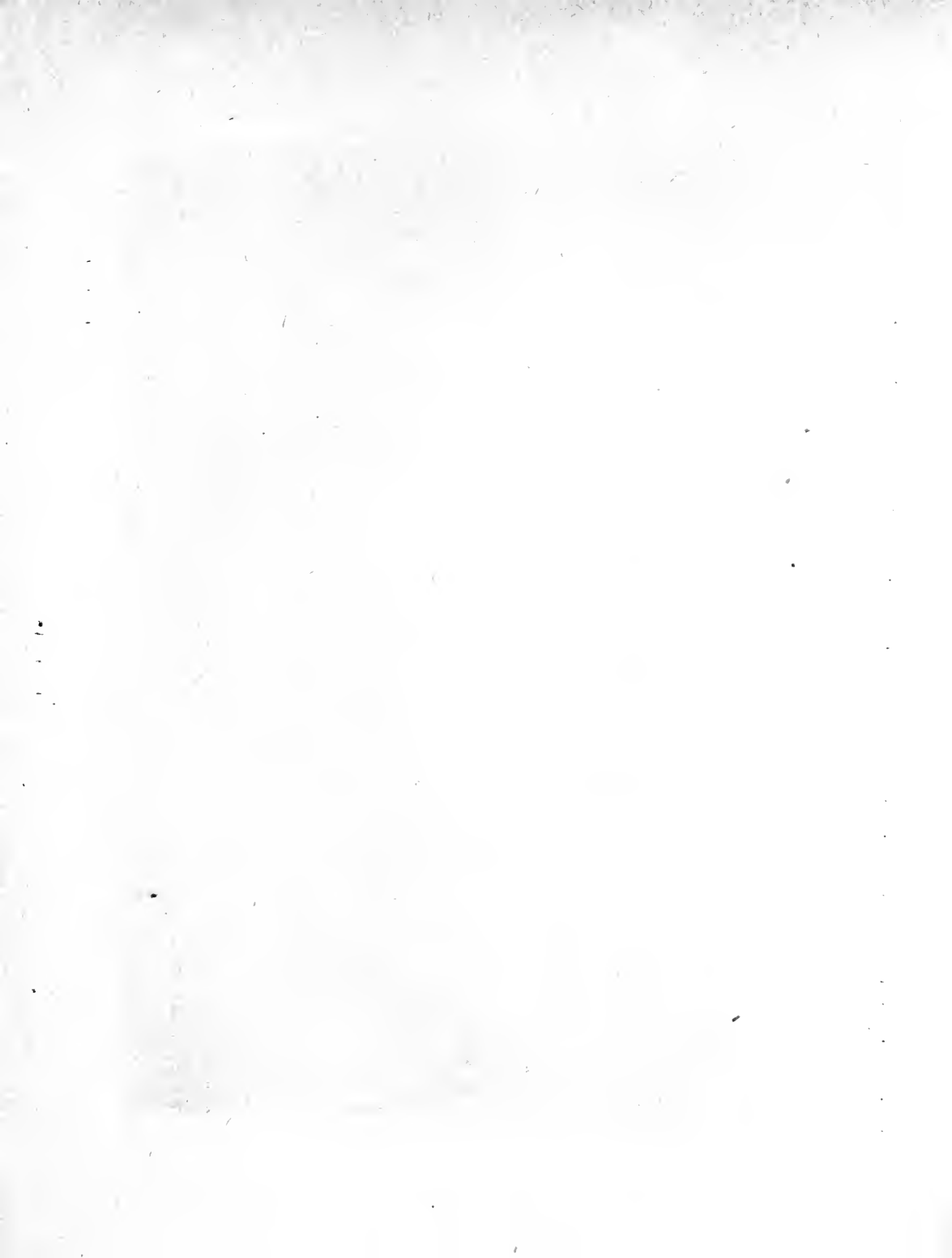
"There is one thing that always provokes me," said Carrie, as they sat about the table; "and that is, that, in these stories that one hears of deeds of bravery, a man is always the hero. Just as if women never did brave things! Women do just as many, I believe, only they don't talk of them. But, for a change, I would like to hear one in which a woman was the heroine."

"My great-grandmother" — began Jack.

But he got no farther than the word "great-grandmother;" for, at that, every one broke out laughing. Jack had often boasted of a great-grandmother of his, and of some bold deed which she had once done. But, though many a time urged to tell the tale, something had always happened to prevent, and the



NIGHT PATROL BURNING THE RED LIGHT.



subject had come to be regarded as a great joke. Carrie had even suggested that her name was Harris, and had openly stated that she didn't "believe there was no sich a person."

Jack flushed at the laughter, and looked very indignant.

"What was it you were going to say, Jack?" asked Mr. Longwood kindly.

"I was only going to say, sir," he replied, with considerable dignity, "that my great-grandmother was a woman."

At this, there was such another peal of merriment that Jack's wrath was kindled afresh, and he declared that he would never tell the story anyway. But, seeing that his feelings were really hurt, they all set to work to appease him, with such good results that presently he began.

"Some fellow has worked it into poetry," he said; "so here goes:—

SIXTY YEARS AFTER.

'Hark, hark! I hear the sound of hoofs:

'Tis the British horse. Hide! flee!'

'Nay, Grand-dame, lay aside your fears:

The British horse, these sixty years,

Have been across the sea.

'Tis but some traveller of a night:

You're by your fireside warm and bright.'

'Ay, so I am. My thoughts were back

In those days of war and flight.

Once more my blood seemed chill with fear,

At those loud hoof-beats drawing near,

As on that dreadful night,

When, roused from sleep, I heard the shout,  
"Come forth, you rebel, or be burned out!"

'Who was the rebel? Your grandsire, child;  
A major of rebels, he.  
To see his wife, he'd stolen home,  
Near British posts. They learned he'd come,  
Through Tory treachery.  
They stayed to see the burned house fall;  
But woman's wit outmatched them all.

'Down to the door, half choked with smoke,  
Where their captain stood, I went;  
"You fight not women, sir," I said:  
"To move my mother, ill in bed,  
Give us, at least, consent."  
On her feather-bed we bore her out,  
Half dead with fright at that wild rout.

'Not a man there would lend a hand:  
So the bed dragged on the ground.  
Your grandsire, crouching, crept along,  
Safe underneath, through the wild throng  
That jeering stood around.  
As the roof fell, they laughed, and said,  
"One rebel more has joined the dead."

'Then, mounting steeds, they rode away,  
And I laughed aloud in glee;  
For what cared I for roof-tree burned,  
And household goods to ashes turned?  
My rebel was safe for me.  
But still the tramp of horses' feet  
At night makes my heart cease to beat.'"

They lingered about the table for a long time, discussing Jack's story, and talking of one thing and another. At length Will, looking out of the window, exclaimed, —

“Why, it's stopped raining! and I think the wind has hauled. I shouldn't wonder if it cleared.”

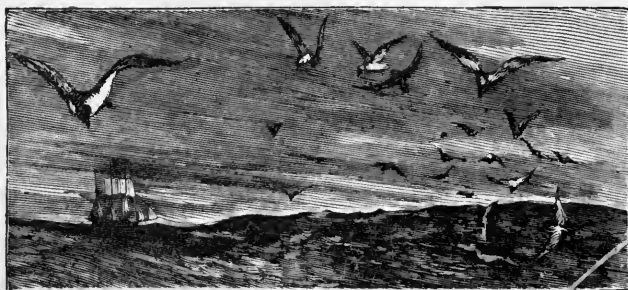
A rush to the door followed; and there they found that his surmise was true; for away in the west, on the horizon's edge, was a streak of pale-blue sky, while the heavy clouds overhead were beginning to break away and to hurry seaward.

With exclamations of satisfaction, the boys seized their hats, and rushed out. Every thing was dripping wet; but the girls donned their wraps, and joined them, and all went together toward the beach, where the sea was rolling in with fearful fury. There was a strange fascination in watching the waves, as, one after another, they drew nearer, and finally snapped themselves out, with a report like a cannon, and disappeared in a shower of spray.

Toward evening they took a stroll across the moors, which brought them home to supper with wet feet and rousing appetites. And, by the time the clock struck nine that night, every boy and girl was fast asleep, and another day was over.



## CHAPTER VI.



THE sun was well out of his watery bed before the boys awoke the next morning. In the crisp September air, blowing in fresh gusts down from the New-England hills, every object stood out clear and distinct. Jack, as he put his head out of the barn-door, even insisted that he could see the Connecticut shore; but, as there was quite a hill between him and that somewhat distant land, I am inclined to think that he must have been mistaken.

There was no great shower-bath pouring from the roof on this morning; but the large tub was full, and, by the aid of a pail, a fair substitute for yesterday's plunge was had. Then, finding that it was still a good hour until breakfast, and that no one of their party at the house was stirring, the boys decided to work off their superfluous energy by a long walk down the beach.

"Perhaps we may find a corpse or two," said Jack, skipping



for lightness of heart, "and around its waist a money-bag stuffed with gold and jewels."

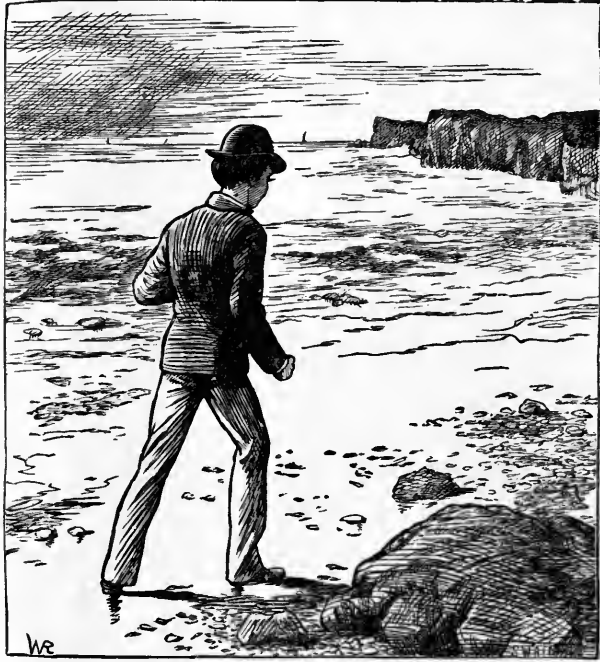
So, now walking, now running, and now stopping short, they soon were out of sight.

Presently, as they were looking seaward, where a full-rigged ship was flying along with all canvas spread, one of them chanced to glance over his shoulder. On the road across the moors, some distance away, he saw a man on horse-back, moving along at good speed. They all watched him for a moment, when Tom said, —

"I'll wager any thing that he has come to bring a message to papa. I feel it in my bones. Let's go back."

Off they all started; but Tom was so much impressed by his fancy, that he strode on at a pace that left the others out of sight, and brought him to the house breathless.

Sure enough, he found the man sitting on his horse, talking



TOM HURRIES BACK.

to his father. Mr. Longwood had apparently been called down from his room unexpectedly, for his coat was loosely thrown on, and his hair dishevelled.



THE MAN FROM EASTHAMPTON.

“O Tom!” he said, “I am glad to see you. Perhaps you can suggest some way out of the difficulty. This man brings me a telegram from my clerk in New York, saying that there

are some papers there requiring my immediate attention. I am afraid that I must go back, and leave you."

"That would be awful," said Tom, "and spoil all our fun. Let me see. I have it! Telegraph him to meet you at New London to-morrow. It would be a jolly sail across; and we could get back that same evening."

"I believe you've hit the very thing," said Mr. Longwood. "I'll go in, and write the despatch."

While he was gone, Tom climbed the fence, and opened conversation with the messenger.

"Where did you get the telegram?" asked he.

"Your man fetched it to Easthampton yesterday. He laid out to hire a horse there to bring him on. I thought I'd kind o' interrogate him 'bout the road; and found he'd never been over it. So I told him, that, if the thing must go, I'd take it myself; but I didn't propose to have one of my horses bogged in the Napeague marshes. And 'twas lucky I did; for no green hand 'ud ever got through. Half the road was washed clean away. I got to House No. 1 at dark, and come on first thing this morning."

At this point the other boys hurried up, and Mr. Longwood came out with the despatch.

"Now, then," he said, as the man rode away, after buttoning it up in his coat, "I must make haste, and get ready for breakfast. Our landlady told me that she was just putting it on the table. Kate and Carrie are down by the beach. Will one of you call them?"

"I will," said Jack; and he set off on a run toward where

the two could be seen standing on a little bluff overlooking the sea. As he came close to them he stopped, and a look of mischief came over his face.

"Girls," he said, in a steady voice, "be calm! Don't be frightened. But get away from that bluff as quickly and quietly as you can. This whole shore is washing away at a fearful rate."



CARRIE AND KATE.

Involuntarily Kate dropped her arms from Carrie, and both hurried backward. But they had not gone a dozen feet, before they stopped with somewhat sheepish faces. Then Carrie turned upon Jack, who had thrown himself down on the grass, and was rolling over and over in an ecstasy of delight.

"You wicked boy!" she said. "You told a story!"

"I did not," said Jack. "I read a book on Long Island, the morning before I left New York; and it said that it was estimated that two thousand tons of soil were washed away from Montauk every day."

The sound of a bell from the house put a speedy end to Carrie's indignation, and together they all hurried thither.

Breakfast and prayers over, there ensued a scene of bustle

It had been decided that all were to go aboard "The Mavis," and sail to the point. Should the sea be smooth, they might perhaps go a little way out. They could, in any case, easily make a landing at the light-house, and take dinner there.

Mr. Cattle-keeper, as Jack called him, had been interviewed on the subject that morning, and had promised to take them all down Fort Pond in his sail-boat, so that there would be only a few hundred feet to walk to "The Mavis." And so, when they reached the northern end of the pond, they found Capt. Jackson standing on the shore to welcome them, while one of the sailors was in the schooner's boat, waiting to put them aboard.

"Well," said the captain, as he shook hands all around, "you don't seem to have been damaged by the storm. No top-masts gone, no sails split; every thing taut and ship-shape. That's hearty. You did well to get ashore, boys," he went on. "The cabin of 'The Mavis' wasn't big enough for me yesterday; and what we should have all done, shut up in her, I don't know. Who goes aboard first? Ladies, of course."

So saying, the captain helped Mrs. Longwood and two or three of the girls into the small boat, and, taking his place in the stern, was pulled out to "The Mavis," where they all got on board, while the boat went back for the others. Then he brought up an armful of rugs from some unseen locker, and spread them on the deck, where Mrs. Longwood would be sheltered from the wind.

Meanwhile the rest were come, the boat was hauled up, the sails were raised, and "The Mavis" was once more under way. How lightly she flew along, lying well over, and throwing back

in spray the waves that came rolling up under her bow! There was life and vigor in her every motion. "I feel as if I could fly," said Gertrude. "I know now just how clouds feel;" and she broke out singing,—

THE SONG OF A CLOUD.

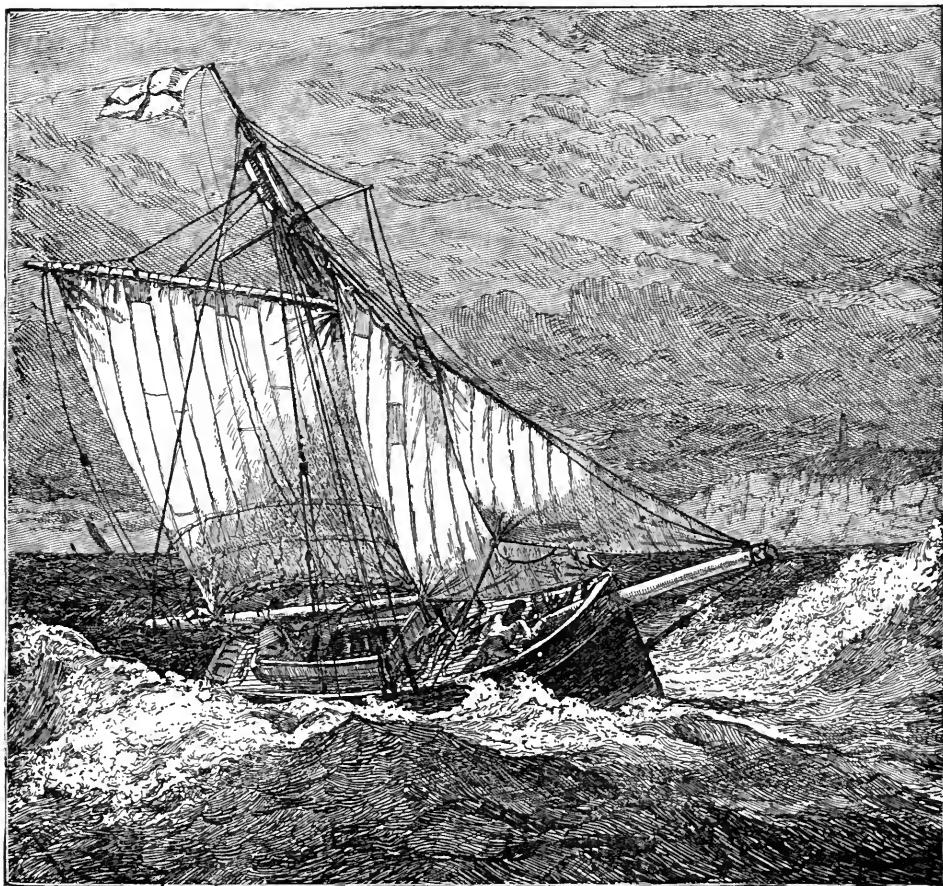
From afar, by wild, hot, west winds driven,  
Have I come with flying feet;  
O'er mountain, forest, and broad farm-fields,  
Scorched in the summer heat.  
But now I see the breakers gleam,  
And the white surf dashing free,  
And I catch the sound of a sea-bird's scream:  
Yo, ho! for the open sea!

Once more I breathe the strong salt air,  
While around the sea-gulls fly;  
And the stormy petrel rocks below,  
Where the tossing waves dash high.  
And the great white ships, with all sails spread,  
Leave the land upon the lea;  
And the wild winds, rollicking, cry aloud:  
Yo, ho! for the open sea!

By and by they began to see before them the end of the island. The great white light-house towering high above the cliffs had long been in sight, but now they could look out into the ocean. A fleet of small craft lay there, pitching up and down in the heavy swell that came in from the sea.

"What are all those boats doing?" asked Rose.

“Fishing,” said Capt. Jackson. “There is no place in the world like this for fish. You have only to put in a line, and



A FISHING-BOAT OFF MONTAUK POINT.

pull up a fish. These boats, many of them, come from New London, and stay out here for days.”

“Do the fish bite here now on Sundays?” asked Mr. Longwood.

“Didn’t they always?” asked the captain.

“I have a book at home,” said Mr. Longwood, “called ‘Magnalia Christi.’ It was written by a very eminent, if not the most eminent, minister of New England, in the old colonial days. In it you will find a passage something like this:—

<sup>1</sup> “‘On the 16th of October, in this present year 1697, there arrived at New Haven a sloop of about fifty tuns, whereof Mr. William Trowbridge was master: the vessel belonged unto New Haven, the persons on board were seven; and seventeen long weeks had they now spent since they came from their port, which was Fayal. By so unusually tedious a passage, a terrible famine unavoidably came upon them; & for the five last weeks of their voyage they were so destitute of all food, that thro’ faintness they would have chosen death rather than life. But they were a praying & a pious company; and when “these poor men cried unto the Lord, he heard & saved them.” God sent his dolphins to attend ’em; and of these they caught still one every day, which was enough to serve ’em: only on Saturdays they still catched a couple: and on the Lord’s Days they could catch none at all. With all possible skill & care they could not supply themselves with the fish in any other number or order; and indeed with an holy *blush* at last they left off trying to do any thing on the *Lord’s Days*, when they were so well supply’d on the *Saturdays*.

“‘Thus the Lord kept feeding a company that put their trust in him, as he did his Israel with his manna: and thus they continu’d until the dolphins came to that change of water, where they us’d to leave the vessels. Then they so strangely surrendered themselves, that the company took twenty-seven of ’em; which not only suffic’d them until they came ashore, but also some of ’em were brought ashore dry’d, as a monument of the divine benignity.’”

The effect of this story on Capt. Jackson was peculiar. He

<sup>1</sup> As Mr. Longwood was not quite exact in the wording of this passage, we have asked Tom Longwood to copy it out of the book, and give it here just as it was written.



turned toward the boys, put his tongue in his cheek, and winked three distinct winks.

Mr. Longwood looked up, and saw him.

"Then you don't believe it?" he asked.

"I didn't say that," said the captain; "but it sounds to me a good deal like a fish-story."

Just then a voice was heard shouting, "Skipper, ahoy!"

Close to their stern was passing a small fishing-craft; and standing up in it, one hand grasping the tiller, was a weather-beaten fellow, with a hearty, open face.

"Ye seem to have your family aboard, skipper," he bawled, with a grin, as Capt. Jackson answered his hail. "Their keep must be a big drain on ye. Now, if ye've a nice spry lad that ye'd like to 'prentice out, chuck him over, and I'll pick him up. Must be spry and handy, though, and know how to clean fish."



THE JOVIAL FISHERMAN.

The girls and boys all laughed, and the old man seemed highly delighted at the way his little joke had been taken.

"A pleasant v'yage to ye all," he said, and he took off his hat to them.

By this time the heavy swell from the sea was beginning to reach them, and "The Mavis" rose and fell on it in a way that made Mrs. Longwood decide that they would land at once. "It will be quite dinner-time when we are landed, and have climbed the hill to the light-house," she said. "You boys can all go to sea this afternoon, if you wish; and the rest of us will drive back over the moors. I took the precaution to order the stage to meet us here."

So "The Mavis" was headed into the quieter waters, under shelter of the point, and they made a landing by the aid of her boat. In half an hour they had climbed the hill, and were at the light-house.

Instinctively they all ran out to the edge of the point. A hundred feet or more sheer below them, lay the sea. Great swells, the remnants of yesterday's storm, came rolling in from the ocean, pitching up and down the fleet of fishing-craft like so many toy boats. Ten miles away, Block Island rose out of the sea. On one side of them was the boundless ocean, and, on the other, Long Island Sound. Overhead swept the sea-gulls, with long, steady beat of wings, uttering hoarse cries.

They all stood fascinated for a few moments. Jack was the first to break the spell.

"I fancy I detect the odor of broiled bluefish," he said, sniffing the air. "Dinner must be ready. Let's go in."

They made their way to the little parlor, and seated themselves. The odor of broiled bluefish was much stronger. It was evident to the least tutored nose that dinner could not be far off.

Nevertheless it seemed to the hungry young folk to be a long while in coming. Jack wandered restlessly about ; but Tom, taking down a book from the chimney-shelf, began to read.

“Why, this is a jolly book !” he said after a little, looking up. “It is written by a man who was in the quartermaster’s department during the Revolution.”

“‘My feyther fit into the Revolution,’” remarked Jack ; “‘that is, he druv a baggage-wagon. He was wounded ; that is, he was kicked by a mule.’”

“This man drove a baggage-wagon too,” laughed Tom. “It’s quite jolly. The part I have been reading tells how he went up Lakes George and Champlain, on the ice, to Canada. Coming back, he passed great numbers of sleighs carrying troops northward. On Lake George, he says the men stood up on the seats, with arms locked. The wind was fresh from behind, and carried them on at such a pace, that the horses had to go at a full gallop, to keep the sleigh from running on their heels.”

“Read us a little,” asked Kate.

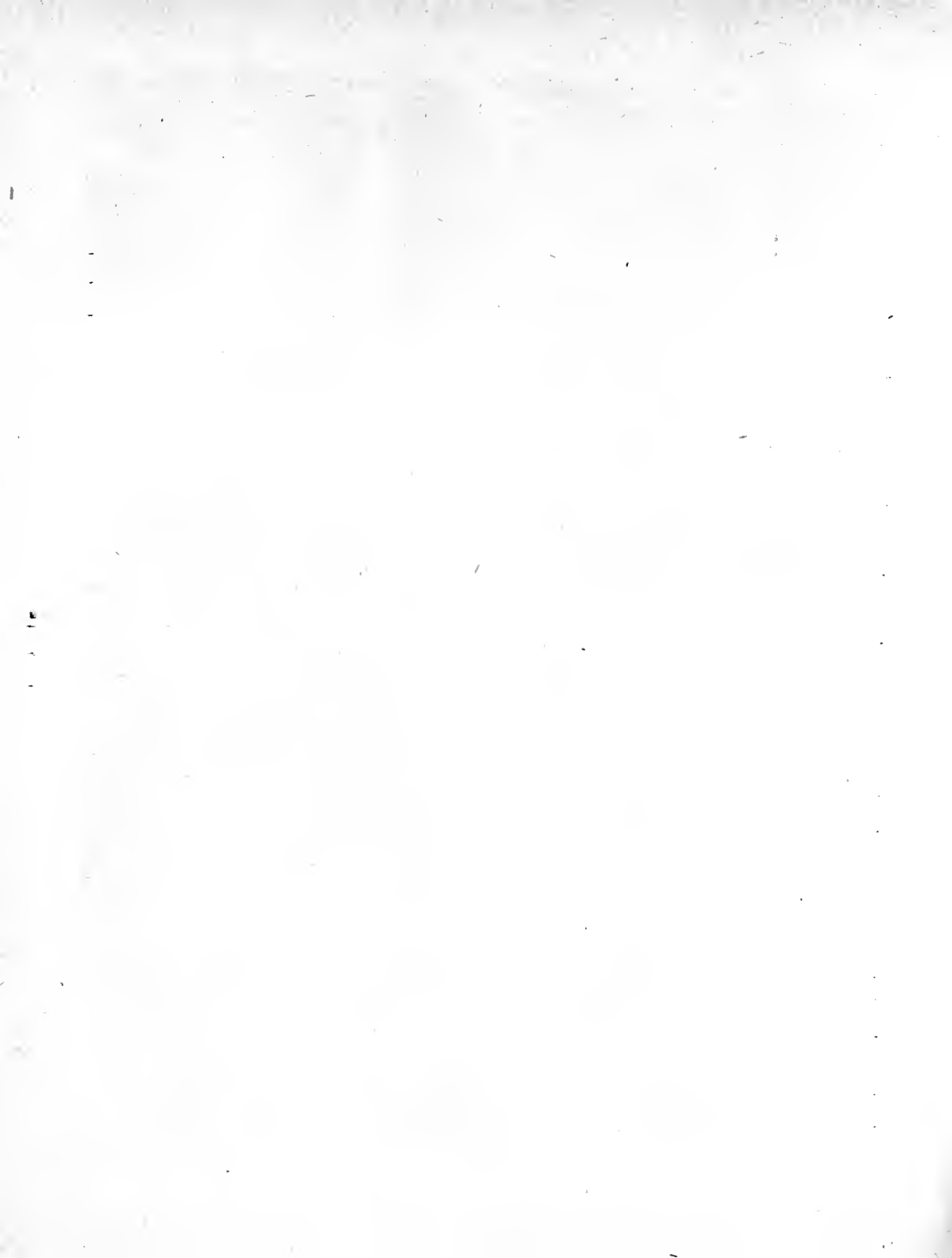
So Tom began :—

“‘Early in the year 1777, my father and I were again in active employment. Large quantities of provisions had been accumulating at Bennington for the use of our northern armies, and the New-England people had been quite industrious in furnishing their quota of supplies. As there was always some con-

tention about getting a job, as it was called, my father took the precaution to bring the loads contracted for, down to his own farm, and then he carried them to the north afterwards, as he had leisure. We went with them to Whitehall, then known as Skenesborough. Thence we travelled down Lake George to Ti, and there delivered our loads. On our second trip, we had scarcely unloaded our sleighs, when Col. Hay, well known as an active and efficient quartermaster-general, informed us that we must stay, and commence dragging timber for the bridge which was about to be constructed, by order of Congress, between Ti and Mount Independence. As we had not yet fulfilled our contract in regard to forwarding the supplies, my father remonstrated, and mentioned that, if he was not allowed to bring on the remainder, as he had contracted, before the lake opened, it would after that become impracticable. Col. Hay, however, said that it was far more important for him to assist in the construction of the works, than to transport the supplies. My father, on this occasion, gave a specimen of his boldness and ingenuity, and it illustrated the manner in which every thing was managed in those days. An officer was despatched to take charge of our party; and my father then requested permission to cross over to Mount Independence, to deposit his load. He gave me private instructions to follow him, at all hazards. The officer jumped into my sleigh, and stood up in it. My father led the way, and drove down hill at full speed in another direction than the one intended. I followed him as fast as possible, when the officer cried out, "Where are you going to?" I replied, "After my father;" and a fresh application of the whip made the horses



CARRYING TROOPS INTO CANADA



dash on in the most furious manner. The officer, in full dress, and not relishing the strange manœuvre, nor even understanding it, thought proper to jump out of the sleigh, and, in doing so, described a parabolic curve, or rather a long ellipse, which gave him time to turn heels upward, and descended with velocity, head foremost in the snow. I gave him one look over my shoulder, as he was flying through the air, and then another, when I perceived him stuck upright in the snow, like a guide-board, one foot pointing to Mount Independence, and the other to Ti. But I was too happy at the thought of again rejoining my father, to indulge in any other sentiments than those of exceeding joy.

“ “ We very soon got under the brow of the hill, and on the lake shore, where, to our surprise, we found many others of our companions before us, parleying with a sentry, who guarded the roads to the lake, and who required them to show a permit before he could allow them to pass. It was a critical moment for us, as we expected an alarm and pursuit. One John Mahony, a neighbor of ours, had previously drawn out of his pocket an old certificate, and, though unable to read himself, endeavored, from memory, to mutter out the words of a permit. Nor was the sentry any wiser, for he could not read; and Mahony had declared that it was a pass for nine sleighs, the exact number that was already there, before we arrived. My father, with great presence of mind, corrected him, and read the paper so it appeared a permit for eleven sleighs. The sentry took all for granted, as he saw the paper before his eyes; and we came off together in high glee. We were then safe; for, however within the line of sentinels we were liable to detention, beyond them

we knew we were not to be overtaken, either by their fire, or by pursuit on any of the worn-out horses of the garrison.

“Some others of our companions were not so fortunate. Coming down the wrong road, with similar intentions of escaping from impressment like that which my father had determined not to submit to, they crossed the very same sentinel, though under circumstances which showed confusion at seeing him; still they determined to force their way past him. He hailed them. They pretended not to hear him. He hailed again. They were deaf. He hailed again. They kept their horses at full speed. The sentinel fired; and, as they were exactly in the range of his fire, the ball struck the nearest sleigh, passed between the legs of the driver, between the horses in front, and struck the next sleigh, where it lodged. They were out of reach before he could fire again. When we arrived at Fort Anne, we had another similar attempt at coercion to resist. A sentinel there also stopped us; and we were ordered to remain, and to load with hides, to be carried down to Albany, for the purpose of being manufactured into shoes for the army. As it was getting late in the season, and we were anxious to finish our contract before it was impracticable, objections were made to going on to Albany at that time. Mahony endeavored to force the guard; but a scuffle took place, and he was overpowered. An officer came up; and, as he was inclined to use compulsion, we hit upon the expedient of giving one of our companions, an honest, good-natured militia officer, the title of colonel, and, in a measure, placed ourselves under his protection. The mention of his title had considerable effect upon the press-gang. By mutual agreement, a further arrange-



ment was to be made in relation to the business, at the fort, which was on a piece of rising ground. The sentinel himself, far from being boisterous, civilly pointed out the road, which went across the creek and around a point of land, while he took a short cut across the point, to be there as soon as we. The colonel forgot his rank and his promise, and so did we. The moment we were out of view, under the rise of ground, we left the officer to imagine what he pleased. We drove off at full speed, and were soon out of his reach. This post of Fort Anne was, in fact, a mere block-house surrounded by palisades. It was near the creek, which poured down the rocks into the basin below, and in its passage turned the wheel of a saw-mill. We escaped from the block-house and its occupants, and reached our home without further molestation. We took up our last load, and again set out for Ticonderoga, which we reached without incident. But, when we arrived there, some apology was indispensable for our previous conduct. My father, albeit unused to play the orator, acted as spokesman for the delinquents. As I have a full recollection of the interview with Col. Hay, I will give the particulars. Wiping his forehead with the back of his hand, handkerchiefs being rather scarce in those days, and then straightening his locks over his forehead, he gave a hem, and a nod, and then observed briefly, and to the point, "Well, here we are again, Col. Hay." — "Yes, so I perceive," said the colonel; "and the public interests have suffered severely by your late conduct. I must hold you responsible for the consequences." My father instantly replied, "I have no objections to be held responsible: my urgent business is now finished. My word is

kept, my contract is finished. You can take any course the *law* will *warrant*." Col. Hay knew his man. He immediately observed, "Give me your word that the sleighs in your company shall remain to assist us for a few days, and I am satisfied." My father did not hesitate to give the required promise, as he was always willing to aid the service, and he well knew the necessity of completing the works of defence, then in a state of preparation, to resist the approaching enemy.

"The rapid change of the weather soon rendered our sleighs a while useless, and our return home necessary. My father was again the organ of communication; and Col. Hay agreed to discharge the whole party, if three pairs of horses could be purchased at fair prices for the service. My father readily undertook to obtain them, and a general muster of all our cattle immediately took place. The object was then explained; and, as he had from the first anticipated, *all were willing to sell*. The three pairs were selected, with sleighs and harness. The highest price paid was two hundred and seventy dollars. The money was counted out to them from a store of Continental currency. The purchase being thus effected, we came away, right glad to be released from the laborious operation of dragging over hill and dale the immense pieces of timber which were to become integral parts of the defence of Ticonderoga.

"At length we set out for Skenesborough; and there fresh trouble awaited us. The commanding officer remembered the trick we played him, but had not ventured to interrupt us on our way north, loaded as we were with important supplies for Ticonderoga. Now, however, a sergeant and file of men took



AN OUTPOST.



possession of our "pale caravan." We were compelled by the law of the strongest to go to work drawing saw-logs for the confounded little saw-mill I have before mentioned. Here we tugged away, in no good humor, for several days, when my father's generalship again brought us off with *flying* colors. The escape from our new tormentors was brought about in the following manner: A day was fixed on which to make the attempt. On that day I was told by my father to take charge of the pair of horses I had usually under my care, and lead them into the woods, where, in a certain place, covered up with branches of wood, I would find my sleigh; and, that done, to follow, by a given route, the party who were to take an early start. I did so; leading one horse, and riding the other. When I reached the forest, I could not at first discover the place where our sleigh was concealed. I looked, and looked in vain. Every moment I feared the long absence of the company would lead to inquiry and detection. They were all well gone; and I was left alone, to bear, perhaps, the weight of increased resentment. My father gone too! The idea was absolutely frightful. At this moment my eyes caught a glimpse of the place of concealment. I moved off at a brisk pace to the spot, and found the object of my search. It was but a minute's work to adjust the harness. It took but another to get my horses at full speed. I drove them for eight miles as fast as they would go; and a joyful meeting it was when I overtook my friends. They had left me behind for the purpose of making good their retreat, well knowing that, if I had been detected, my youth would have saved me from any difficulties, and have prevented my detention. My escape,

however, was foremost in my own mind, and I considered myself almost a hero, in consequence of the adventure.’”

“Dinner is ready, sir,” said a voice, as Tom read the last word.



## CHAPTER VII.



AFTER dinner was over, Mrs. Longwood proposed that they should all sit quietly for a time, and get thoroughly rested. But this proposition the young people treated with scorn. They had done nothing to tire them, they declared; and they did not want to rest. So, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Longwood

comfortably settled on the sunny porch of the light-keeper's house, they all ran around to the tall white tower, and began the ascent of the dark, spiral stairs. Presently they came trooping down again, as restless as ever.

"It must be getting quite late," said Tom, after a little; "and the eight miles over the moors, back to House No. 2, is over a rough road. The twilight, too, falls early at this time of the year. I think, mamma, I should feel easier if you set out on your homeward drive quite soon."

“Thanks for your consideration, Tom,” said Mrs. Longwood, laughing. “I fancy, however, that I detect one thought for me, and two for yourself. You would fain be back on your schooner, I fear.”

“I think, though, after all,” said Lou, “that Tom’s idea is a good one. We could walk along the edge of the cliff, and the stage could pick us up whenever we felt tired.”

The girls all approved of this, and scampered down the hill to the stable, to deposit their wraps in the stage. Then, waving their handkerchiefs as a good-by to the boys, they chased one another across the moors, stopping at last, breathless, on the crest of one of the highest swells, to look back.

“Dear me!” said Carrie, “I forgot all about mamma. We ought to have waited for her.”

“Let us go back,” said Rose.

“There she comes out of the house now!” said Gertrude, panting for breath; “and she is walking to the stables. Now she is getting into the stage, and the man is bringing out the horses. We’d better wait here.”

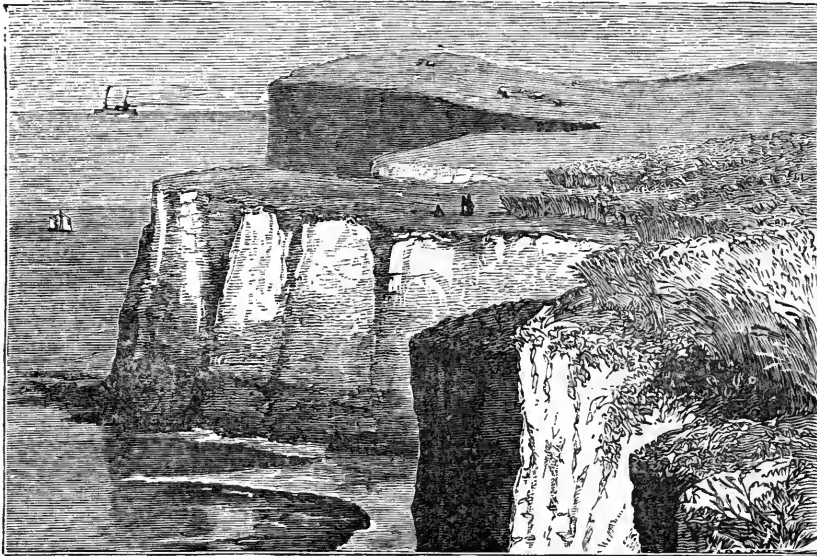
Presently the stage came up to them, and Mrs. Longwood got out. Then they strolled on together, while the lumbering vehicle followed, with much creaking of harness and rattling of joints, as it jolted over the rough way.

Their run had put them all out of breath, so that, for some little time, they walked along sedately enough. But of a sudden they came to a break in the cliffs, where an easy descent might be made to the water’s edge.

“Let’s go down,” said they all. “May we, Mrs. Longwood?”



“It looks perfectly safe,” said that lady. “I will have our driver take one of those buffalo-ropes off the seat of the wagon, and spread it out for me in this hollow, where I shall be sheltered from the wind. You may be gone as long as you please, provided you call to me from time to time, to let me know that all is going well.”



ALONG THE CLIFFS.

So, down they went; and it was more than a half-hour before they re-appeared, clambering up the cliff's side, hot and breathless.

“What a heat you are all in!” said Mrs. Longwood. “Sit down here in this warm nook, and cool off gradually, and I will read to you of the further adventures of the wagoner of whom we heard at noon.”

“Why, you have brought the book away with you!” exclaimed Carrie, in astonishment.

“Yes,” said Mrs. Longwood: “I persuaded the light-keeper to sell it to me.

“To make you understand clearly what I am going to read, I will give you a little bit of history. During the Revolution, when the English held New-York City, it was planned that a British army should march from Canada down Lake Champlain, and force its way through to Albany, where the New-York army would effect a junction with it.”

“I see,” said Lou. “It was to be a sort of Sherman’s march to the sea, and would cut the Americans in two.”

“Exactly,” said Mrs. Longwood. “Well, the army assembled in Canada, under Gen. Burgoyne. A large army it was, too, for those days; and the British, beside, had a great following of Indian allies. Many was the council-fire that had been burned the preceding winter; and the savages, led by their great chief Brant, were wild for the march to begin.

“So, in the spring, they advanced. The Americans fell back from Ticonderoga, which they had fortified, and the British came on toward Saratoga, where our wagoner lived. And now I will let him speak for himself.

“It was in August, and we had just risen from dinner. My father had remained in the neighborhood of the invaders’ army much longer than most of his friends; and, relying upon the advantages of early advice from our army, pursued his agricultural avocations with his usual diligence. It was then, when, as I have before mentioned, we were just risen from the dinner-

*A FRIGHTENED NEGRO.*

table, when one of my uncle's negroes came running to the house, with eyes dilated. We learned from him that an Indian



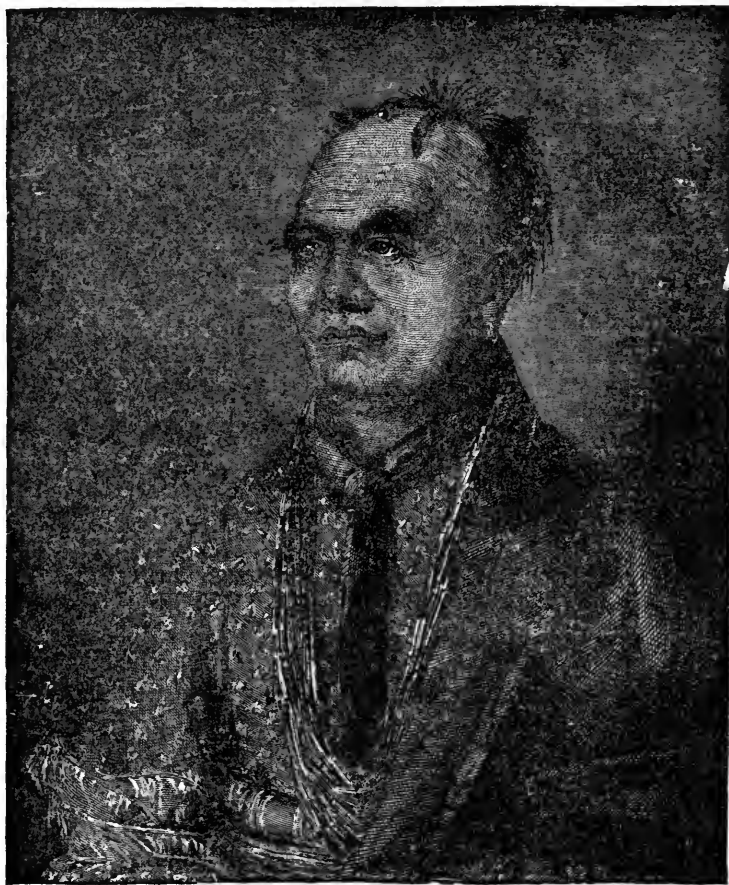
INDIANS COMING TO A COUNCIL.

had been discovered in the orchard near the house, evidently intending to shoot a person belonging to the family, who was.

at work in the garden: the blacks, however, had given the alarm, and the man escaped into the house, while, at the same moment, six other savages rose from their place of concealment, and ran into the woods. This was on our side of the river. The savages that remained with Burgoyne were continually for miles in advance of him, on his flanks, reconnoitring our movements, and beating up the settlements. Their cruelty was not to be restrained. My father, on learning the fact of their approach, went immediately over to his brother's house, which was about one-fourth of a mile off, to ascertain what was to be done for the safety of the families. He found him making every exertion to move away, and the domestics busily engaged in getting every thing ready. During my father's absence, my mother, who was a resolute woman, was industriously placing the most valuable of her clothing in a cask; and at her instance I went out with some of our servants to catch a pair of fleet horses, and harness them as fast as possible to the wagon. To those who now sit quietly by their own firesides, I leave it to be imagined with what feelings we hastened to abandon our home, and fly for safety, we knew not whither.

“I can never forget the distress of our family at this moment of peril and alarm. The wagon was soon at the door; and, as my father came up, he directed us to carry a few loads down to the river, and place them in a light bateau which belonged to us, and was fastened to the shore, at the meadow's bank, near the ferry. The first time I went down alone, and soon unloaded the contents of the wagon. The distance I had to go was about a quarter of a mile. The road ran down the meadow, and was

cut through the bank on the river-side, in order to make it easy of ascent. Between the upland and lowland of our farm, there



BRANT.

was a board fence, and a few bars were usually placed across the road. The second time, having some heavier articles to carry, I was accompanied by my father. As we approached the

fence, which he had left down, we saw the third bar across the road, so as effectually to prevent our passing through. "What does this mean?" exclaimed he. I was breathless with agitation, and stopped the horses. My father sprang out, making an expressive motion with his hand, to keep back for a few moments. Warily and carefully turning his eye in every direction, he approached the bar, and let it down. I drove on, he jumped in, and we lost no time in hastening home. The circumstance gave us great uneasiness. When we reached home he made minute inquiries among his laborers and blacks, if any of them had been down to the meadow. He found that none of them had been away from the house. He then formed the conclusion that some Indians had passed along that way, and supposing we had crossed the river, and got beyond their reach (for we were hid from their observation by being under the bank at the riverside), had gone away. The danger was so near as to induce him to make more speed, and use greater precaution. A gun was loaded, and placed in my hands; and I patrolled about the house with a feeling of some responsibility. I strained my eye to detect the least appearance of motion, presented my piece at every waving bush, but was not under the necessity of discharging it. A friendly neighbor, who was also anxious to ascertain the state of things, came up at this time, and assisted me in keeping guard. My father, in the interim, placed the family in the wagon. He also buried in the road some valuable domestic utensils, which we recovered some years afterwards, in perfect preservation. At last we bade adieu to our homestead, and arrived safely at the river. At about five o'clock P.M., my father

crossed over with the family at the ferry, while I and one of the blacks were put into a small canoe, and we proceeded down the stream as fast as we could ply our paddles. We joined the family at Vandenberg's, eight miles down the river, where we obtained further information. We learned that a party of Indians had been going from our neighborhood to the south-east, after surprising a farmer by the name of Lake. While working at his trade as a carpenter, in an out-house near his dwelling, he was surprised by the salutation from the savages, of "*Sago.*" With great presence of mind, he said "*Sago,*" in reply to them. He saw that resistance would be vain, and therefore continued quietly at work. They looked at him a few moments, and then went towards his house, but took nothing from it. On coming out, they discovered an oven which gave signs of having just been heated. They opened it, and, finding it full of bread, took each of them a loaf. In a field adjacent, a sheep came straying near them; one of them instantly shot it, and in a few moments it was cut into quarters, and carried off. Lake was a resolute man, and observed, if he could only have had any chance with them, he never would have suffered them all to escape alive. At Vandenberg's we found my father, who had arrived there first, and was keeping an anxious lookout for us on the shore.

" ' We found, on landing, a number of people, who, like ourselves, had been driven from their homes. We passed the night amongst them. Some obtained accommodations within doors; some were happy to be under the cover of the cattle-sheds; while others stretched themselves in their wagons, and endeavored

to snatch a few moments of repose. Early in the morning the sleepers were awakened, and no fresh rumors alarmed them to any very hasty movements. Indeed, my father rather rashly resolved to return home, accompanied by a few congenial spirits, to get further information of the enemy, and, if possible, to save some of his cattle and farming-stock. I say rashly, as Burgoyne was expected down with his army every hour. Soon after he was gone, the whole body of the people moved off towards Stillwater, a general panic now prevailing among them, which seemed every hour to increase. My father, however, safely reached his house, and succeeded in getting off part of his stock. He immediately pushed for the Hoosick River, which he intended to cross, and then pass over into New England. Corresponding arrangements had been made on our part, when he left us, to rejoin him there. Our procession of flying inhabitants wore a strange and melancholy appearance. A long cavalcade of wagons, filled with all kinds of furniture, not often selected by the owners with reference to their use or value on occasions of alarm, stretched along the road; while others on horseback, and here and there two mounted at once upon a steed panting under the double load, were followed by a crowd of pedestrians. These found great difficulty in keeping up with the rapid flight of their mounted friends. Here and there would be seen some humane person assisting the more unfortunate, by relieving them of the packs and bundles with which they were encumbered; but generally a principle of selfishness prevented much interchange of friendly offices. Every one for himself, was the constant cry. After my father's departure, he committed to me the care of his



QUICK! THE INDIANS ARE COMING!





wagon and horses, and the safe-conduct of my mother and the family. Unfortunately for me, when we left home I had selected the most valuable and spirited horses; and so restive did I now find them, that they completely overcame my strength, and wearied my patience. They were continually attempting to run past the wagons ahead of me, and were every instant making an effort to get off the road. My chafed and blistered hands could no longer restrain them. I saw that, in a few moments more, I should be unable to prevent the lamentable consequences. My mother was then nursing a young infant, which she now held in her arms, and felt an indescribable anxiety on that account. She succeeded in making a person who came alongside of us sensible of our distress, and hired him to drive the horses at the then dear rate of a shilling a mile; but he soon gave up, from inability to control them, having far less skill than myself. In this dilemma, with tears in her eyes, and despair in her looks, she got out of the wagon, and, picking up a stout club in the road, walked on for many miles at the head of the unruly animals, and, with her infant on one arm, actually kept them back, and restrained them from breaking the line, by striking them over the heads with the stick she held in the other. And so great was each individual's anxiety for himself, that not a person in the throng offered to assist her. When we reached Stillwater, it was evident that our retreat was well-timed, for the advance-guard of Gen. Schuyler's army arrived almost as soon as we did. They encamped there; and the increasing confusion and noise every moment added new difficulties to those we already were doomed to encounter. We remained here all night, as it

was our intention next day to cross the river, and overtake my father, who, by this time, we supposed several miles on his way to Massachusetts. Some of his brothers also agreed to take the same direction ; and early in the morning we crossed the river, and travelled a whole day through a penetrating rain, and over the worst of roads. — We had gone about fifteen miles when darkness overtook us, and we were far from any place of shelter. We had no alternative but to remain there till morning ; and, selecting the driest place in the marsh, where we were fairly stuck fast, some beds were taken out of the wagons, and laid on the ground. On these my mother reposed, if the wakeful and comfortless hours could be said to have been repose. We were afraid to light any fire, for we knew the woods were filled with Tories and Indians. To our hard fate, necessity therefore compelled us to submit. Cold, wet, and dreary was the night : yet it was not without its consolation ; for, before morning broke upon our wretched bivouac, my father arrived, to our great astonishment and pleasure. We started as soon as it was light enough to travel, and that day reached San Coick, in the south part of Cambridge, where we were received by some distant connections with much hospitality.’”

“How glad they must have been to see him !” said Kate. “The wagoner’s mother must have been of the same stuff as Jack’s great-grandmother, I should imagine.”

“Burgoyne did not carry out his great scheme of dividing the Americans,” said Mrs. Longwood. “Attacked on all sides, he was obliged to retreat, and at last surrender. As soon as his retreat began, our wagoner and his father made their way

back to their home. And this is the way he tells of their home-coming : —

“ ‘ I mentioned that my father had arrived with the news of the retreat. The intelligence was joyful to us. He ordered the black to get three horses ready early in the morning, to take us back to Saratoga. Our sleep, though not sound, was filled with pleasant dreams. Early as the day dawned, all were on the move but my mother, who remained behind. We met on the road great numbers of wounded men belonging to both armies. A great many were carried on litters, which were blankets fastened to a frame of four poles. I never saw the effects of war until now. The sight of these wretched people, pale and lifeless, with countenances of an expression peculiar to gunshot-wounds, and the sound of groaning voices as each motion of the litter renewed the anguish of their wounds, filled me with horror, and sickness of heart.

“ ‘ We reached the American camp, and drove through it to the bank of the river opposite my uncle’s farm. We got out, and walked along the bank, to see if there was any thing to aid us in getting across. My father luckily recognized a Capt. Knute of the bateau men, who kindly offered us the use of a scow, and, indeed, saw us safely over the river. We drove that night to our own home. But oh, how much changed ! It looked like a military post, to which use it was actually converted. A thousand Eastern militia were quartered around the premises. We began to think we had not gained much by coming on at this juncture. My father, however, entered the house in the dark, and, being familiar with the passages and rooms, made his

way into the stove-room, which he naturally thought would be most comfortable. Having brought a candle from the wagon with him, he deliberately lighted it at the stove. The moment it glimmered, a person jumped off his bed, and observed to my father with as much twang as was agreeable, "You seem to be considerable acquainted here." My father's reply was, "I used to be." The stranger rejoined, "You are the owner, maybe?" My father answered, "No! I find some here before me."—"Oh, well!" continued the speaker, "you shall be *accommodated*." At this instant the steady blaze of the candle showed the room to be occupied by a number of persons, and there appeared no probability of our receiving the promised accommodation. But he spoke as one having authority, when he exclaimed, "Stir, boys, stir; clear the way: here is the owner come!" They yawned and grunted, and got out of the way with unexpected good-nature. He also placed a guard over our wagon, to protect it from *invasion*. My father, in order to return his civilities, brought in some spirits to the officer, and a social glass was handed round. It was an unexpected happiness to the kind-hearted Yankee. The draught was repeated until sleep came to refresh us after our fatigues. Stretched on pallets of straw, we laid ourselves down; and, after strange vicissitudes of hope and fear, we sunk to rest once more in our own house, every ill and every fatigue forgotten.'

"Well, we had better be on our homeward way," said Mrs. Longwood, as she closed the book, "or Tom's fears for our safety may come true, after all. Shall we walk on a little, or get into the stage?"

“The road leaves the cliffs here for some miles,” said their driver. “I think you would do well to ride.”

So in they all clambered, and the horses set out on a jog-trot. It was such a beautiful day, that, for very lightness of heart, the girls broke out singing. Overhead the clouds in great white masses were flying before the fresh wind. Away on the horizon a full-rigged ship was making its way on, every stitch of canvas spread. The sun made its sails gleam white and sparkling, so that, as Carrie said, it looked like a captive cloud.

“You are not the first that has had that idea,” said Mrs. Longwood. “Did you ever hear this?”

#### A SHIP AT SEA.

Adown the sky the wild cloud-horses run,  
Tossing their glistening manes in wanton play;  
Their unshod feet no hoof-marks leave behind,  
As through the blue sky fields they hold their way.

But, look! down where the ocean meets the sky,  
A captive cloud-horse wears his life away;  
Chained to a huge sea-plough, and, hapless, doomed  
To turn a never-ending furrow night and day.

See how he tugs and strains to burst his bonds,  
And snorts defiance in his misery!  
Poor wretch! his spirit broken by his chains,  
The first brief calm he'll die, and so be free.”

Meanwhile the stage horses had not been idle. Mile after mile of moorland they had left behind them; and now, just as

the sun was sinking, they drew up in front of the little house whence they had set out in the morning.

By this time the boys were well out at sea. They had made haste to board "The Mavis," as soon as Mrs. Longwood and the



MONTAUK FROM THE SEA.

girls had started on their homeward way. They had sailed close by the cliffs, where, the tide now being out, the surf was much less than it had been. Then they had steered out into the open ocean. and the land was now nearly fading from view.



And yet it must be confessed that they were a little disappointed. They had rather expected some adventure, or some strange sensation; and all had been as tame and matter-of-fact as could be. And so they were standing around in a rather discontented state of mind.

"Fish! fish!" cried Jack, who was looking over the side. "See, there are thousands!"

"About a million in that school," said Thomas John, surveying them critically.

And, indeed, when the boys looked carefully, they could see that Thomas John's estimate was a moderate one. Several acres of water were in a boiling state from the quick swish of the fishes' tails. They lay as closely together, Ned said, as sardines in a box.

"What are they?" asked Jack.

"Mossbunkers," said Thomas John, "pogies, white-fish, menhaden, bony-fish, fat-backs, alewives, old-wife chebogs, hardheads, greentails. There, you can take your choice of names. The same fish is called all those different ways on different parts of the coast."

"Are they good for any thing?" asked Ned.

"Some folks say," answered Thomas John, "that they are brought into the world to be eaten. They have no means of defence, and so can't help themselves. When we make a haul from shore, we often bring in several shark with them, and these have each half a bushel of bunkers in their stomachs. Then these bony whales that you see hereabouts often,—I am told that they can take down as many as would fill a hoghead, at a

gulp. Porpoises go for them too, and dog-fish. But the worst enemy they have are blue-fish. Blue-fish are regular pirates, sea-rovers, who kill for the fun of it. Why, they will go through a school of menhaden, and leave a streak of blood behind them. For every one they eat, they kill a hundred."

"When you haul from shore, what do you do with them?" asked Jack.

"Sell them for manure," said Thomas John. "We can't catch enough to make it pay to make oil. There are no end of steamers, though, in the fishing business, who carry all they catch to the oil-factories."

"Have you any idea how many are taken in this way?" asked Mr. Longwood.

"I have heard that it was calculated somewhere about seven hundred millions a year," said Thomas John.

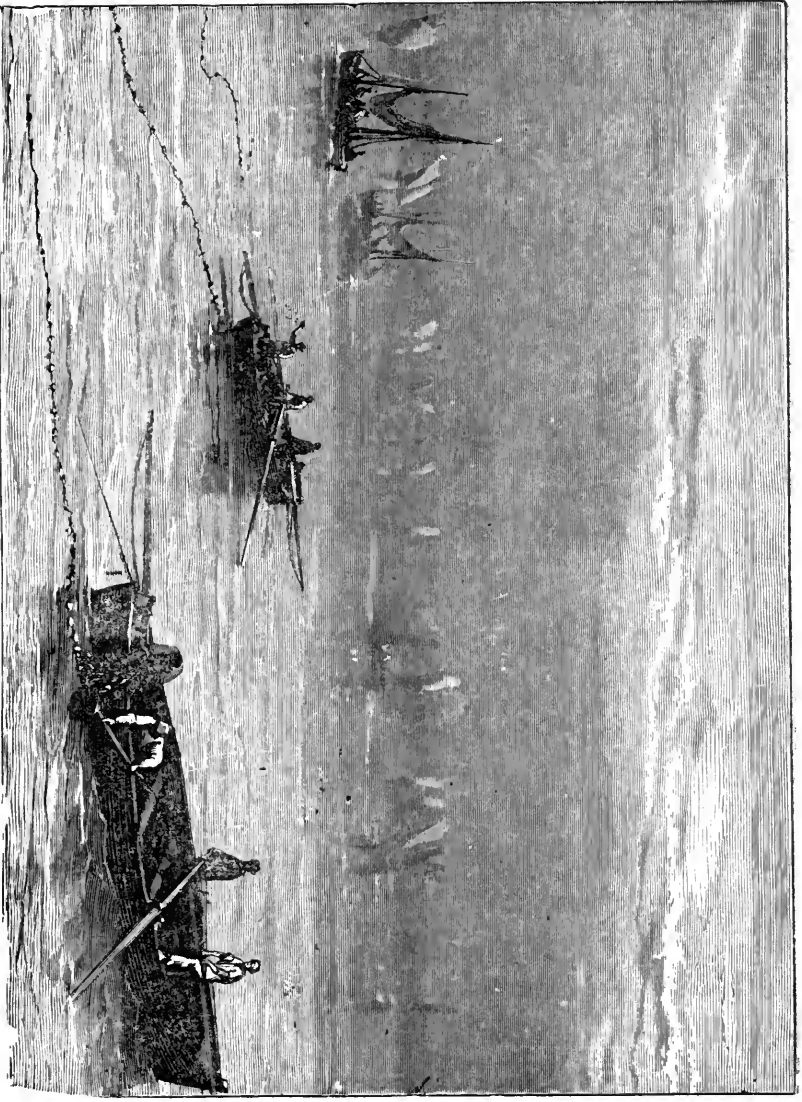
"Why, I should think they would begin to grow scarce," said Charlie.

"It seems a good many," said Thomas John; "but the fish-commissioner at Washington has made an estimate of how many are eaten by other fishes. I s'pose it's guess-work, mainly; but still they get a good many statistics in Washington to go on. It's three thousand millions of millions."

"If the fish can hold their own against such destruction as that," said Mr. Longwood, "they are not likely to be lessened much by the number taken by man."

"I suppose the steamers take them with seines," said Ned.

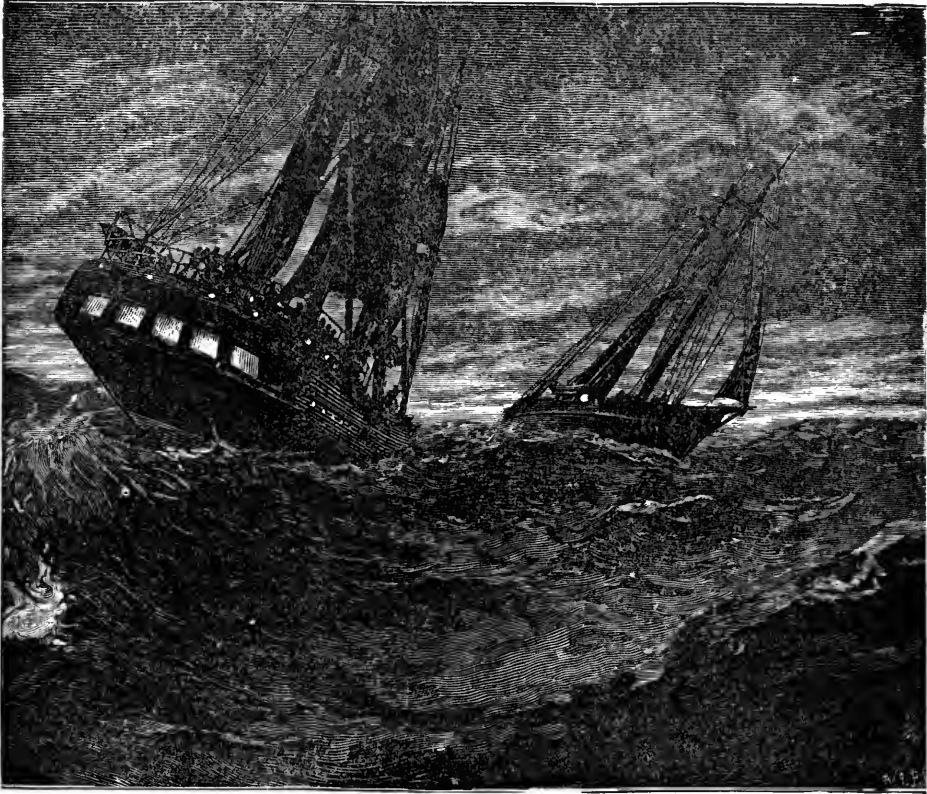
"Oh, yes!" said Tom. "Haven't you ever seen them? They lie off the beach at home, sometimes, by dozens. I have often



DRAWING THE SEINE.



made out all their operations with a glass. They have a great seine, which is kept half in one boat, and half in another. These boats row away from one another, around the fish in a circle, throwing out the net as they go, until they meet. Then



**A MEETING BY NIGHT.**

the ends are fastened together. The fish now cannot escape except at the bottom, and they have a way of stopping that. All along the bottom of the net are sewed rings, and through

these a rope runs. The men haul for dear life on this rope until the bottom is drawn tight together, and the fish are in a bag. Then the steamer comes alongside, and they let down a big iron caldron into the flopping mass; and aboard they go, a thousand at a time."

"Aren't they good to eat at all?" asked Charlie.

"Well," said Thomas John, "I understand that they are put up like sardines, and that there is quite a little business in shipping them salted to the West Indies; but, after all, it doesn't amount to much. A good many, too, are sold as bait to the fishing-fleet on the banks."

The school was soon passed, and forgotten in the excitement of supper, which was served in "The Mavis's" little cabin. Nothing of especial interest happened during the evening, except that a large ship passed them, within easy hail. Her stern, as she went by, showed five bright cabin-lights, and made their own tiny quarters look even smaller than ever. Small as they were, though, five tired and sleepy boys found them very comfortable, as each stretched himself out in his bunk, and pulled his blanket up over him. They were still out of sight of land, but now were headed homeward; and Capt. Jackson assured them, that, when they awoke the next morning, they should find themselves off Fort Pond Bay.



## CHAPTER VIII.



THE sun was only a short distance above the horizon the next morning, when from the cabin might have been seen emerging two scantily-robed figures. True to his promise, Capt. Jackson had brought "The Mavis" around to her former anchorage. She now lay idly, like a deserted ship, save for the one man, who, huddled

up on the leeward side of the hatch, was seeking solace in a short black pipe. Her boat lay alongside, bumping against her, as the little waves lifted it up and down.

"I say," said Will, drawing about him a rug, and thereby disclosing a bare and shivering leg, "this begins to look less amusing than it did down below. The water must be awfully cold. What do you say to giving it up?"

“Nonsense!” said the other scantily-clad figure, which was Tom’s, “it’s always warmer than the air. Come on!”

The man who was on duty, hearing their voices, came forward.

“Don’t you think the water is warm?” asked Tom.

“Well, I expect it’s some tepid,” said the man.

“There,” said Tom, “I told you so! Come on: I’ll give you a lead;” and, dropping his rug, he leaned forward, and took a header. In a moment more he was scrambling up into the small boat.

“Don’t miss it on any account,” he called to Will. “It’s wonderful!” But the moment that Will, too, took a header, and disappeared, he scrambled up on to the deck with the greatest speed. And it was well that he did so, for the next instant a clinched fist came up from the waves, and was shaken vigorously at him, while its owner lost no time in scrambling on deck.

“You wretch!” cried Will, as he wildly rushed toward the cabin, near which Tom was standing, grin on face, and towel in hand. “Why didn’t you tell me that it was like ice?”

“I didn’t want to spoil your fun,” said Tom; and he attempted to elude Will’s grasp. He succeeded; but his feet slipped out from beneath him, and he disappeared down the companion-way, and arrived in the cabin in a sitting position, with a loud crash.

His noisy entrance awoke the boys and Mr. Longwood.

“I remember,” said that gentleman, after he had heard of Tom and Will’s performance, “that once, when I was crossing the ocean, I went to take my morning bath. The steward had



it all drawn for me; and, expecting my usual delightful experience, I plunged in. But it seemed as if ten thousand needles were sticking into me, and I sprang out like a flash. As I raised my eyes to the porthole, I saw, hardly a quarter of a mile away, a gigantic iceberg. I used, after that, to look out of the porthole first."

Breakfast seemed particularly good that morning. Possibly it may have been that the cook was an adept in his art; possibly it may have been that the sea-air had given them great appetites. However that may be, they lingered so long over it, that, before they had left the table, Thomas John announced that the cattle-keeper's boat, with the ladies on board, was in sight, coming up the pond.

And before long the whole party were together again, and "The Mavis," with all sails set, was flying along toward New London.

"Come, Jack," said Rose, after a time, when they had all settled comfortably down on a mass of rugs that had been spread on the deck, "you are a scholar; tell us something of the country to which we are going."

"The climate is temperate," said Jack, quoting glibly from an imaginary geography; "the products are hay, straw, oats, and wooden nutmegs. The government is vested in a governor, lieutenant-governor, senate, and house of representatives."

"You seem to be very well up in your facts, Master Jack," said Mr. Longwood: "tell us if there were ever two persons governors of Connecticut at the same time."

"Let me think," said Jack meditatively, assuming a grave air.

“I don't recall the circumstance, nor can I recall having met with the subject in my large and varied course of reading.”

“Well,” laughed Mr. Longwood, “I fear that your reading must have been misdirected. In the good old times, as some people call them, before the Revolution, when Connecticut was a slave-holding State, it was the custom for the negroes to elect their governor, as well as their masters; and, though he did not have all the perquisites of the white governor, he was treated with the greatest respect by all his colored brethren. The proclamation that one of these negro governors put forth created quite an excitement on one occasion. It was this:—

HARTFORD, 11th May, 1776.

I Governor Cuff of the Niegro's in the province of Connecticut, do Resign my Governmentshipe, to John Anderson Niegor Man to Governor Skene.

And I hope that you will obeye him as you have Done me for this ten year's past, when Colonel Willis' Niegor Dayed I was the next. But being weak and unfit for that office do Resine the said Governmentshipe to John Anderson.

I: John Anderson having the Honour to be appointed Governor over you I will do my utmost endevere to serve you in Every Respect, and I hope you will obey me accordingly.

JOHN ANDERSON *Governor*

*over the Niegors in Connecticut.*

Witnesses present,

THE LATE GOVERNOR CUFF, Hartford,

QUACKOW,

PETTER WADSWORTH,

TITOWS,

POMP WILLIS,

JOHN JONES,

FRADAY.

“Now, Gov. Skene, to whom John Anderson was ‘Niegor

Man,' was a great Tory. He was in Hartford on his parole, for it was in the early days of the Revolution; and it was at once suspected that he had concocted a plot by which all the slaves should kill their masters. So he was summoned before the officials, and great examinations were held."

"And did they find out any thing?" asked Rose.

"If I remember rightly," said Mr. Longwood, "it was discovered that Gov. Cuff abdicated on Gov. Anderson's offering to treat to the amount of twenty dollars. Gov. Anderson lamented loudly that the treating had cost him twenty-five dollars, and considered himself an injured man."

"Connecticut," said Jack, "was where Gen. Putnam came from. He was a fine fellow. When he was a young man, there was a wolf" —

At this point, however, our young friend stopped short, for a smile was on every countenance.

"We think we have all heard that story," said Charlie apologetically, and Jack subsided.

"There is another story about Putnam, though," said Tom, "that I don't believe you have heard. He was marching, at one time, under Gen. Amherst, to attack the French in Canada. The troops, late on an afternoon, reached a lake, which it was necessary they should cross. But there, sailing up and down, was an armed French vessel, ready to attack them the moment they attempted it.

"Putnam went to Gen. Amherst. 'We must capture that vessel,' said he.

"Gen. Amherst was of the same mind; but how to do it was the question.

“ ‘Give me,’ said Putnam, ‘half a dozen picked men, a mallet, and some wedges, and I’ll take her.’

“Amherst didn’t quite see how he was to capture a ship with a mallet and wedges; but he told him that he should have them. In the middle of the night Putnam and his men stole softly out in a small boat, and, under cover of the darkness, drove the wedges in back of the vessel’s rudder, so that it could not move. As soon as daylight came, the troops began to get on the rafts and bateau that were to take them across, and the Frenchman hoisted his sail to attack them. But, somehow, his craft wouldn’t behave. She just blew along over the water; and, before he knew it, he was ashore, and a party of the enemy were aboard and in possession.”

“I say,” called out Jack presently, returning from a tour into the bows, “I can see the light-house off New London harbor.”

“New London was a stirring town during the Revolution,” said Mr. Longwood. “Before the war broke out she had a large shipping-trade with the West Indies and Mediterranean ports. But the British cruisers soon put an end to that. And so she became the headquarters of privateersmen. You remember how Capt. Dayton brought his prizes there. Well, he was only one of hundreds. Woe to the English transport or merchant-vessel that fell behind her convoy as she entered the Sound! A low, swift-sailing craft suddenly crept out from shore, and, before her escort could help, compelled her, by the logic of cold lead, to haul down her flag, and surrender. At times the warehouses of New London were crammed with English goods, taken in this way.

“ But the New-London people did not have it all their own way. Half of the time they lived with their hearts in their mouths ; for the harbor defences were practically worthless, and there was nothing to have prevented a British fleet anchoring before the town, and blowing it to pieces. And many a time the good citizens thought the hour had come, when they saw frigate after frigate coming to anchor, and furling their sails off the harbor mouth. Many a time the alarm-guns to rouse the country about sounded, but the enemy sheered off, and went elsewhere. But at last, when they had grown bold, and least expected it, the blow fell. The British came, and burned the town.”



FURLING THEIR SAILS.

“ I remember reading about it, not long ago,” said Will. “ It was Arnold the traitor who led the British, was it not ? ”

“ Yes,” said Mr. Longwood. “ Go on, and tell the story.”

“Well,” said Will, “if I remember rightly, Arnold made the point of assemblage for his vessels somewhere on the Long-Island shore, perhaps near where we started from in the morning.

“As soon as it was dusk they set sail, intending to reach New London, and make the attack in the night, before the militia could be summoned to the aid of the town. But just as they reached the harbor mouth, a little after midnight, the wind hauled, and they could not enter, but had to beat off and on, waiting for daylight.

“With the first dawn they were seen; and the alarm-guns from the forts began to echo over the country-side, rousing the militia to their aid.”

“The signal for danger,” interrupted Mr. Longwood, “was two guns. Three meant the arrival of a prize, or good news. The enemy had learned this; and, whenever the forts fired two guns, one of their ships added a third, so as to confound the signals.”

“It was ten o’clock before the British made a landing,” went on Will; “and by that time the militia had begun to come in. But a parcel of half-disciplined farmers could do nothing against well-drilled regulars. They fired from behind fences, and every now and then a rebel bullet reached its mark, and brought down a man; but the militia were practically helpless, and the English, with the traitor at their head, marched forward, and took the town.”

“Arnold was doubly a traitor on this expedition,” said Mrs. Longwood; “for he was born only a few miles from New Lon-

don, and no doubt had known the town for years, so that it was his own native place he was destroying."

"You can imagine the excitement," Will continued, "when it was known that the British were really at hand. Wagons were hastily loading; women and children half wild with terror rushed here and there, and then made their way to the open country, whence they watched the flames that made them homeless.

"The people had hoped that the town might escape; but this was not Arnold's intention. The warehouses, shops, dwellings, were soon in a blaze, while he watched it all from the steeple of the meeting-house. Among the townspeople were many old acquaintances. He even took



A REBEL BULLET.

dinner with one of them ; but before he rose from the table the house had been fired, and he left it wrapped in flames."

"What an old scamp he must have been!" said two or three ; and Ned added, "After all, the British must have lost more men than the patriots, for they had the advantage of firing only from cover, and did not once meet them in the open."

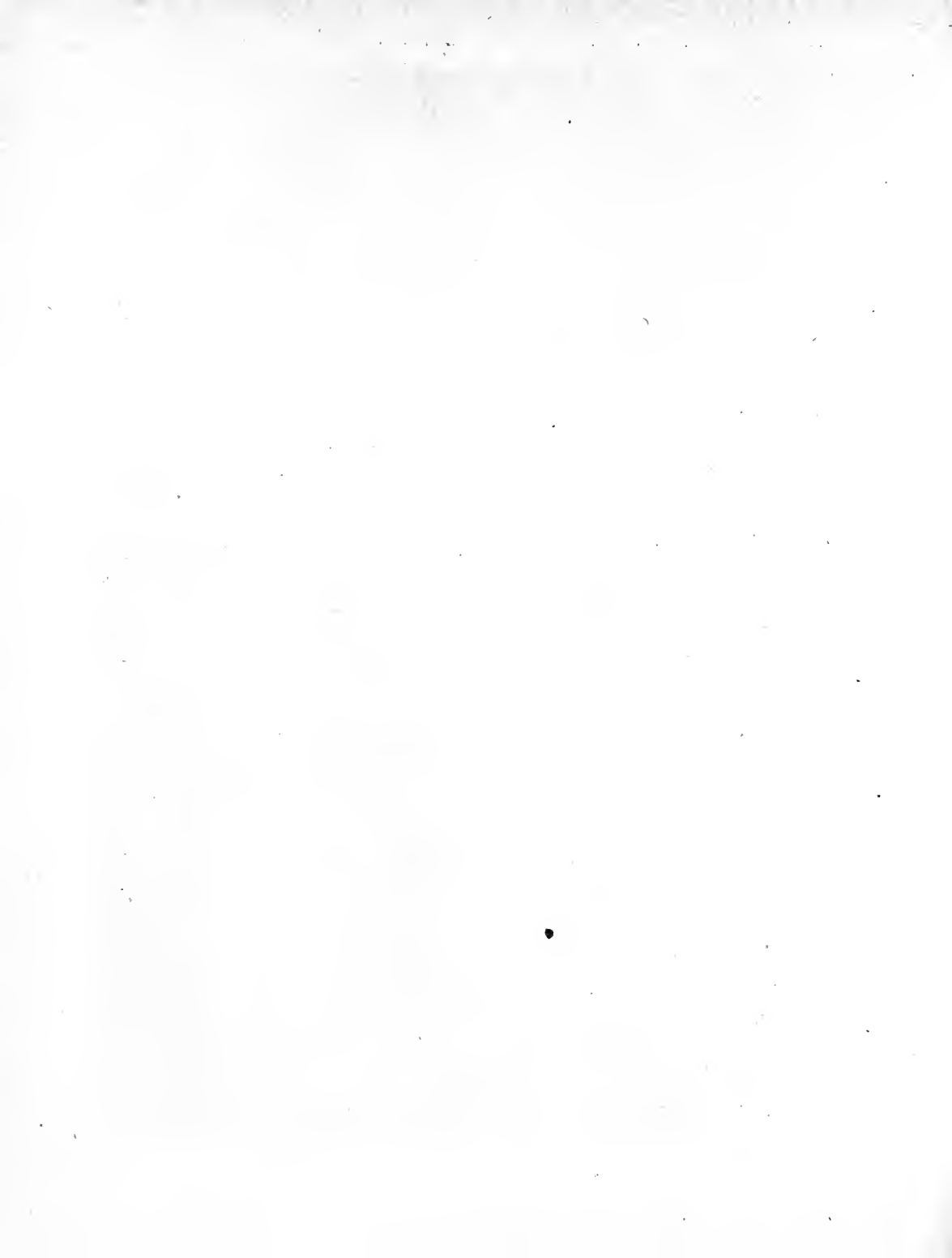
"Ay, but," said Will, "there was some of the bloodiest fighting in the whole war on the other side of the harbor. You see, there were a lot of sail, great and small, in port, and Arnold meant to make a clean sweep of them all. There was, among others, a large ship, 'The Hannah,' which had been brought in as a prize, and was unloading. These vessels would naturally all go up the river, where the British could not follow, and escape. But the wind was dead against them, so that they could not. Arnold had foreseen all this, and so he had landed men on each side of the harbor mouth, and, while one party was burning the town, the other was marching to get above the shipping. They almost made it out ; but, just at the right moment, with the change of the tide, the wind changed, and all that lay in the stream hoisted sail, and fled in safety.

"Now, as this detachment of the British marched along, they came to Fort Griswold. In it were only a hundred and fifty militia ; but they refused to surrender when challenged, though the enemy outnumbered them ten to one. Then began a fight that was a fight in earnest. The militia, with grape-shot, swept down whole ranks of the enemy, killing their two commanding officers at the first fire. But the odds were too unequal. The British poured over the works, and the fort was theirs. They





ARNOLD VIEWING THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TOWN.



must have been fiends, and they were led by a fiend; for, when the American colonel surrendered his sword, the wretch seized it, and plunged it into his heart. The soldiers, angered at the unexpected resistance they had met, acted like so many wild beasts, and, falling upon the Americans who had laid down their arms, cut them down in cold blood, firing upon them in platoons, and despatching the wounded with their bayonets. It could never be found out who was the officer who allowed it all."

"The whole conflict at Fort Griswold was totally unnecessary," said Mr. Longwood. "The British did not intend to hold New London; and the fort, after they had possession of the town, was of no earthly use. Two or three hundred men were killed and wounded through sheer stupidity. They had hardly gained possession of the fort, too, before they began to see that, if they wished to get away in safety, they must make all speed. For the news of their landing had spread, and all over the country the militia were coming in by the hundreds. Bullets from unseen rifles began to fly among the red-coats, and make them long to be back on their ships. So they made haste to gather about the shore.

"Before they left, though, they determined to blow up what was left of the fort. They had recovered from their madness by this time, and prepared to remove the wounded first, though after a barbarous fashion. Getting an ammunition-wagon, they piled them in on top of one another, regardless of their groans. Then some twenty soldiers dragged the wagon along toward the crest of the hill, at the foot of which was a house in which they could be left. But the hill was steep, and the

wagon heavy; the men could not hold it back. Leaping aside, they let it go. Down it went, faster and faster, bumping over rocks and stones, until at the foot, when, under full headway, it crashed against an apple-tree, and came to a sudden halt. The screams and cries of the wounded men were heard across the harbor, and several died outright from the shock.

“By this time it was sunset, and the British embarked, and dropped down the harbor, watching to see the fort fly into the air; for they had laid a train to the magazine, and had fired it. But, though they looked and looked, the fort never moved, much to their disgust and astonishment. Arnold, in his report, was very severe on the artillery-officer whose work failed; but it was not the officer’s fault. The train was burning fast, when a hardy militiaman made his way in, and, seeing the danger, rushed to the pump, and, filling an old cartridge-box with water, put out the fire, and saved the fort.”

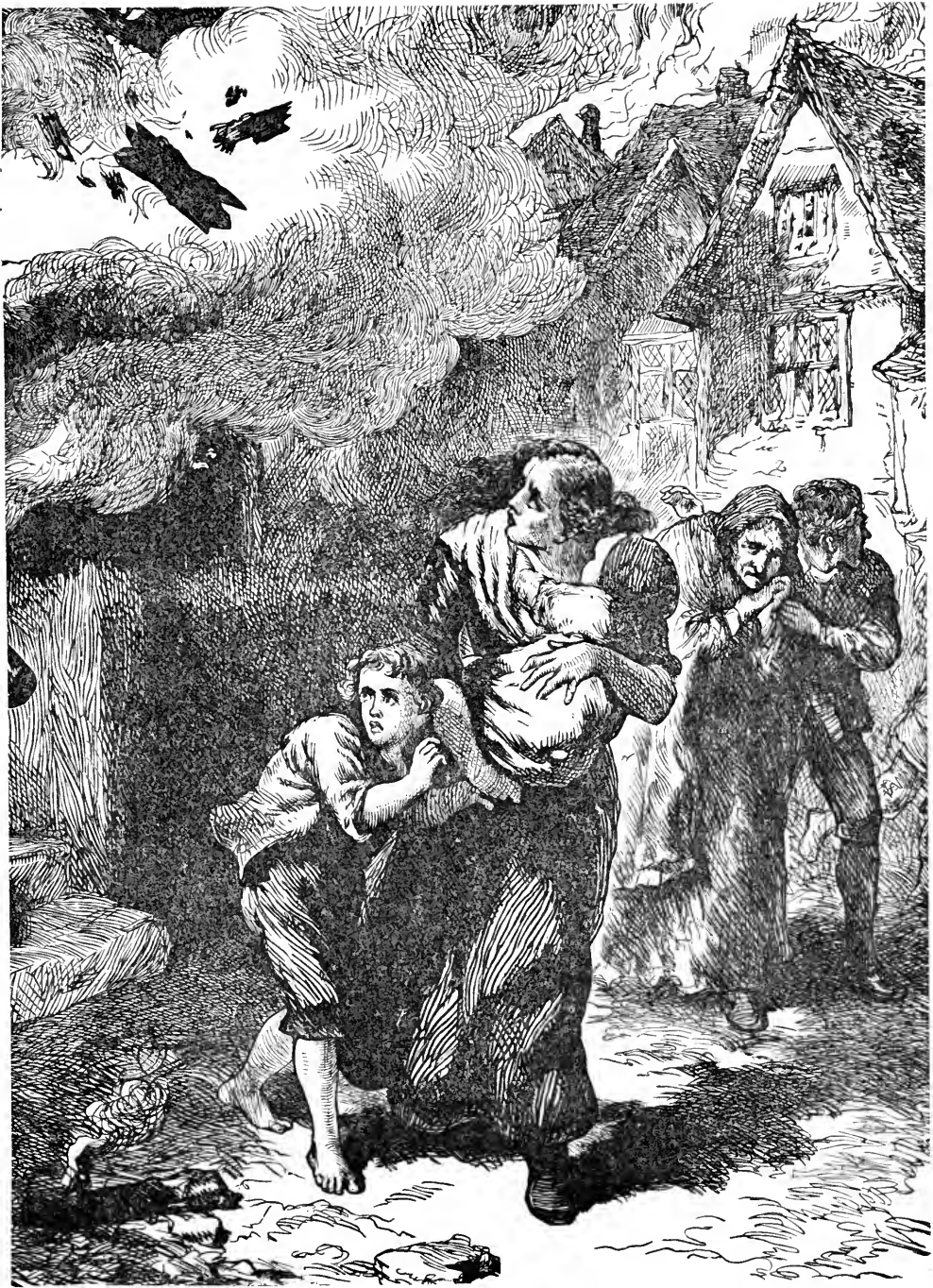
Just at this time Jack, who had not been paying much attention to Mr. Longwood’s and Will’s story, came aft, and, seating himself, remarked abruptly, “I say, here’s larks! Dinner’s been ready for ten minutes, and cookie’s in a stew!”

“What’s the matter?” asked they all.

“The cabin won’t begin to hold us; and he hasn’t plates and things enough to go around in such a crowd.”

“Why should we go into the cabin?” said the girls. “Let’s call it a picnic, and have dinner on deck; and then it will be a good joke, not having dishes enough.”

So they all went forward, much to the cook’s embarrassment. His black face was screwed up into a comical knot in his per-





plexity. "Pears like I don't see how ye're to eat dis yer soup, nohow," he said.

The soup smelled very nicely, and boys and girls were very hungry. "How many soup-plates have you?" asked Rose.

Jack hastened to explain that there were no soup-plates at all, but that there were six bowls.

"Tumblers for the rest of us," cried Ned, seized by a sudden inspiration.

So, this difficulty being over, the soup was soon disposed of. After that the other courses were more easily managed; for "The Mavis's" stock of plates and other articles, though small, was yet enough to go around, with a little ingenious assistance. The cook had evidently a pretty thorough idea of what hungry boys and girls could do; for one good thing appeared after another, until, at last, peaches and raisins ended the meal.



## CHAPTER IX.



EANTIME "The Mavis" had been making good progress. She had passed the light-house and the great hotel buildings, and had glided up the harbor; and, just as Jack was surreptitiously sweeping the last of the raisins into his pocket, she rounded the point on which Fort Trumbull stands, and dropped her anchor before the town.

A small boat shot out at once from one of the piers, and came alongside; and a young man in it touched his hat to Mr. Longwood, and scrambled up the schooner's side.

"You are very prompt, sir," he said. "I have only just arrived."

Mr. Longwood led the way to the cabin, and the young man followed. Presently he came out again, and said, "I thought that only my signature was wanted; but I find that there is work here that will take me two or three hours. You had all better go ashore, and enjoy yourselves."

So, after a brief consultation, it was decided that they should



land at the foot of the hill where the fight that we have just heard of took place, and visit the remains of the old fort. It was necessary that the boat should make two trips to take them all: so Ned, Tom, and Will, with three of the girls, went first. While the boat went back for the rest, they began to climb, and



LOADING AND UNLOADING.

presently reached the top of the hill. Somewhat out of breath, they waited for the others to come, before they should begin their explorations. They had with them a glass, and through it they could see the piers of the town plainly, with schooners lying alongside, taking in and discharging cargo. Presently they cast their restless eyes about them. Not far away, on an old stone, was

seated a man with his back toward them, smoking a pipe. His shabby coat showed that his circumstances were not of the best.

“Let’s go and talk to him,” said Tom.

So he and Will strolled over. As they came near, the man removed his pipe, not noticing their approach, and began to sing a song in a low tone. The boys stopped to listen.

Whin Pharaoh’s daughter wint down to the wather,  
 Sure there was young Moses a-shwimmin’ around  
 In his arruk all so handy, wid a shtick of swate candy,  
 To kape him from cryin’ ontill he was found.

Says she to a maithen, says she, “Bring yon haythen,  
 Your trotters be shakin’, ye lazy spalpeen;  
 If the wathers wance wet him, or the crockodiles get him,  
 It’s no crockodile tears ye’ll be sheddin’, I ween.”

So, whin from his shwimmin’ he was brought to the wimmin,  
 Faith, it shows how the blarney’s a famale’s chafe joy,  
 A nate bow he was makin’, as sure as I’m spakin’;  
 “Begorra!” says she, “he’s the broth of a boy.”

“He seems to have attended Sunday school in his youth,” said Will, as the singer broke off abruptly, to put his pipe back into his mouth.

The man heard his voice, and turned around. “Long life to your honors,” he said, rising.

“That’s quite a nice song you were singing,” said Will. “Where did you learn it?”

“It was injuced by me own circumsthances,” said the man.

“I was lookin’ at that bit of wather just fornint yez, and wishin’ Moses had left his boat whin he got through wid it; for how I am to get across, I doan know, be raison that I have niver so much as a pinny, and the fare is five cints on the boat. On-less,” he added, with a grin, “ye may be a brother of Pharaoh’s daughther, and inclined to hilp a poor man a bit, like your sister did wid Moses.”

Will laughed, and gave him a small coin; and, with another “Long life to your honors!” he set out briskly for the ferry.

By this time, Mrs. Longwood and the rest of the party had arrived, and together they strolled about the hill-top. There was not much to see, though, beside the view: so, after a little, they sat themselves down on a grassy knoll, and two or three began to urge Mrs. Longwood to tell them more about Arnold and his crime.

“It is not a pleasant subject,” said that lady; “but it is a good thing for every boy and girl to know the story of that traitor, and how his acts recoiled on his own head, and left him despised alike by friends and foes.

“Arnold was born some ten or a dozen miles from where we now are, on the very river Thames that we see winding beneath us. He grew up to be a man among the stirring scenes that preceded the Revolution, in the days of the Stamp Act, and other attempts at oppression by the mother country. He was a thorough patriot. When the news of the battle of Lexington came, he was in business in New Haven. He summoned the guards of which he was captain, and called for volunteers to march with him to Cambridge. Sixty men stepped forward. He

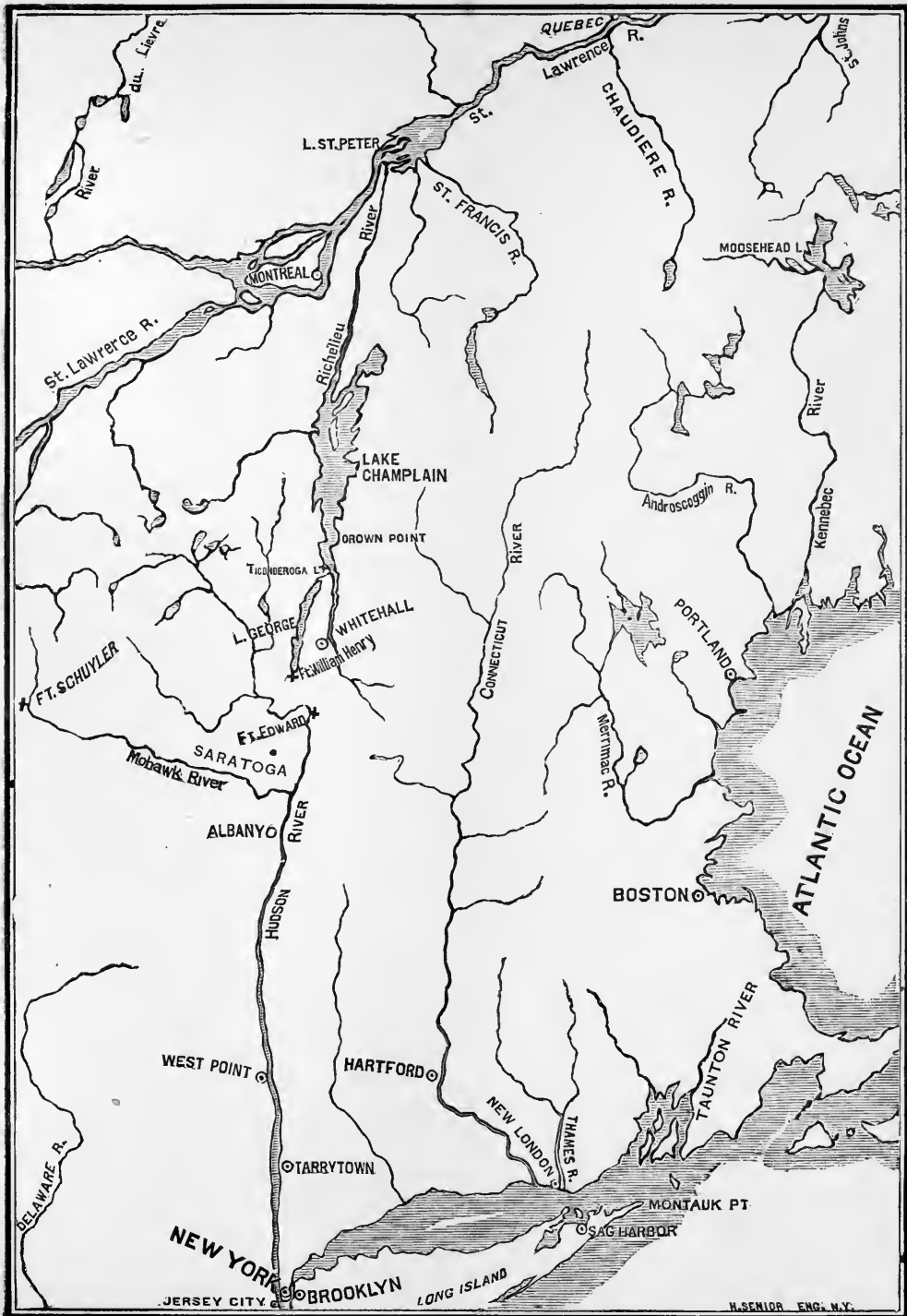
demanded arms and ammunition of the selectmen. But these worthies were not accustomed to such rapidity of action: they said that he would do better to wait a little, for regular orders. Arnold marched his men to the house where they were assembled, and sent in word, that, if the keys of the magazine were not produced in five minutes, his men should break in the doors. The keys were produced; and the company, well armed and equipped, set out at once."

"What an energetic fellow he must have been!" said Charlie.

"He was, indeed," said Mrs. Longwood. "No sooner had he and his men arrived in camp than he proposed to the authorities a plan for seizing Fort Ticonderoga."

"Why, that is where the wagoner went," said Carrie.

"Yes," said Mrs. Longwood; "but the wagoner was two or three years later. Well, the authorities fancied Arnold's plan; and they made him a colonel, with power to recruit four hundred men. So he set out to the western part of Massachusetts to raise his men; but, when he reached there, he found that a party of Green-Mountain Boys under Ethan Allen had already started for the same purpose. He went after them, and, showing his commission, claimed the command. But the Vermonters did not know him, and would not obey him. They would fight under their own leader, or go home. Arnold, however, went on with them; and he and Ethan Allen were side by side at the head of the men, when, in the gray morning, the troops seized the fort, and, waking up the commander from his sleep, demanded his surrender in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress.





“Arnold’s reputation was now established as a bold and daring man, and one who could rouse his followers to enthusiasm. And so he was chosen to lead one of the most dangerous expeditions of the whole war. Its plan was this. Here,” said Mrs. Longwood, drawing with her parasol an imaginary map on the grass, “is Montreal, and here Quebec, which were occupied by the British. Now, an American army was on its way to Canada, to attack these cities. It was marching northward by way of the lakes,” and she pointed out their course. “It was proposed that Arnold should lead a force to join them. His route was to be through Maine. No one but Indians had ever passed through these northern wilds; but it was thought that his army might ascend the Kennebec River in scows, as far as possible, then strike across country to the head waters of the Chaudière, down which they could float to the St. Lawrence.

“Arnold’s men were bold and hardy. Three companies were from Western Virginia,—men who had seen rough service on the Indian frontier,—the rest were rugged farmers used to all manner of toil and exposure. Full of determination they set out, and were soon lost to sight in the forest.”

“It must have been glorious fun, though, making their way up the rivers, and camping in the Maine woods!” said Tom. “Just think of it, fellows: salmon, and trout, and deer, and all that sort of thing.”

“These men did not go for a lark, as you would call it,” said Mrs. Longwood. “They had to pole great heavy bateaux against the current all day, sometimes stopping to carry the baggage on their backs around rapids. When night came, they

were glad enough to broil their salt pork over the camp-fire, and drop off to sleep, without thinking of trout and venison. A band of pioneers went before, to explore the way, and many was the rough experience they had.



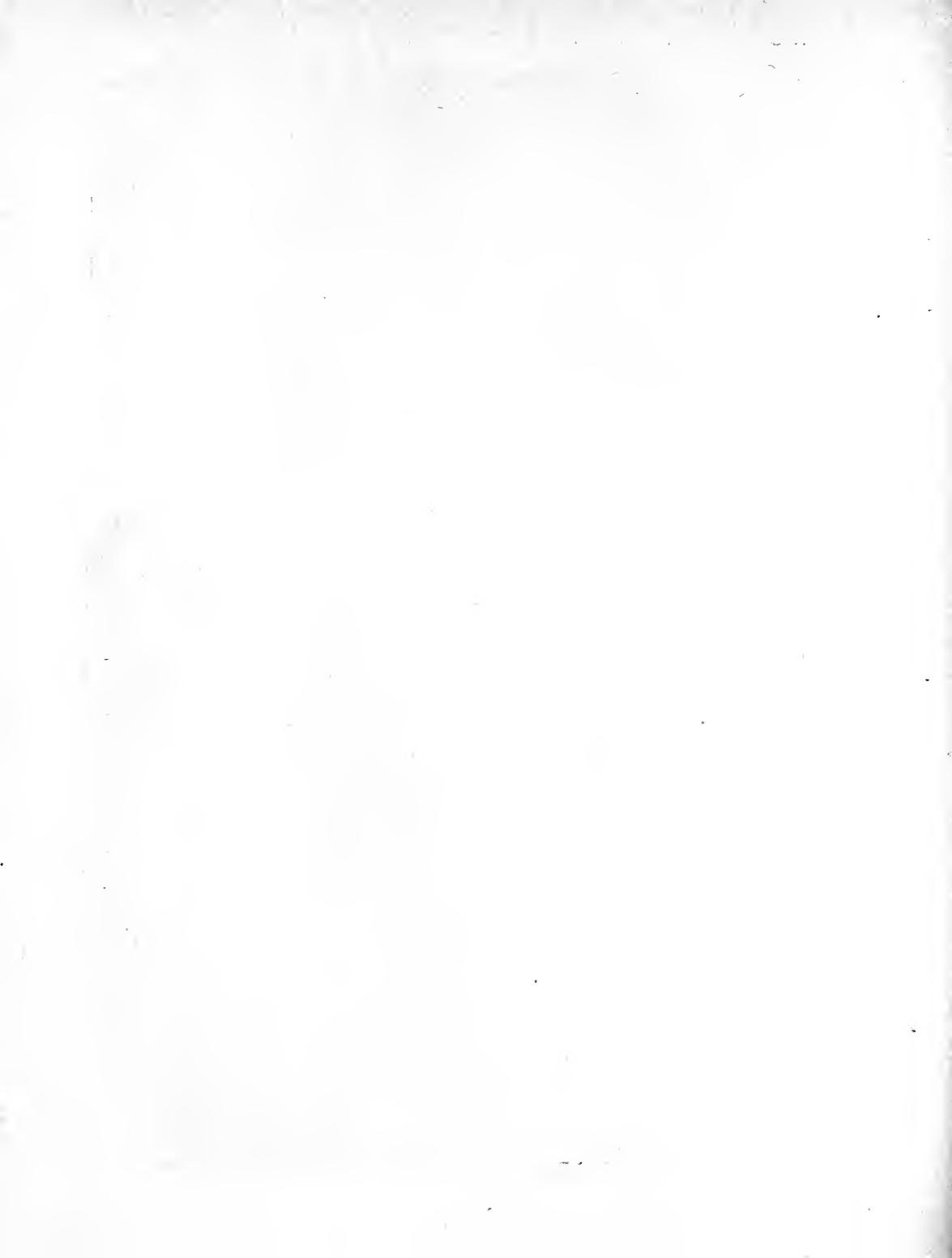
A ROUGH EXPERIENCE.

“At length, after days and days of toil, the little army reached the head-waters of the Kennebec, where the stream was to be left, and the forest crossed that lay between them and the head-waters of the Chaudière. And now they were in peril indeed. They were too far along to go back, and to go forward



THROUGH THE MAINE WOODS.





seemed almost certain death. Storm after storm came upon them. In a single night the streams rose ten feet, so that they were often up to their waists in the icy water. And, worst of all, their provisions gave out. Many lay down and died in their misery. To push on, and reach some of the friendly French villages, was their only hope. They were reduced to such straits, that they killed the two dogs that were with them, and made them into soup; they boiled their buckskin breeches, and ate them; and they gnawed the roots of trees and shrubs that they dug out of the ground. In all these trials Arnold shared as a common soldier, and was everywhere present, encouraging and sympathizing with the men.

“And at last a remnant, ragged and famishing, found themselves within reach of help from the friendly French settlers.”

“Poor fellows!” said Lou, “they certainly deserved success: they worked hard enough for it.”

“They did not achieve it, however,” said Mrs. Longwood. “It was early in September when Arnold's little army left Boston. Now it was the 10th of November; and his force, after all stragglers had come in, was only six hundred men, — half-clothed. They had not lost their determination, though, but pressed forward with all speed toward Quebec. But the British had learned of their coming, and recruits poured into the city from all about. They burned every boat on the St. Lawrence, for twenty miles, to prevent their crossing. And when, one dark night, Arnold, eluding a man-of-war, landed his little army in Wolfe's Cove, and scaled the plains on which the city stood, there were three men inside her walls, to his one without.”

"It looks to me," said Jack, "as if he were in rather a tight place."

"Of course he could not attack the city with such a force," said Mrs. Longwood: "so he intrenched himself, and waited for



CARLETON'S ESCAPE.

the other American army to join him. That army, led by Gen. Montgomery, had had brilliant success. It had taken Montreal, and would have taken the English commander, Gen. Carleton,

had he not made his escape in disguise, in a small boat. But by reason of the garrisons it had had to leave behind it, and the expiration of the time for which the men had enlisted, it had so dwindled that it numbered only three hundred men."

"And so Arnold was not much better for their coming," said Kate.

"No; he was not, indeed," said Mrs. Longwood. "The two commanders held a conference. To attack the city seemed madness, but they were determined to attempt it. They planned a night assault. The snow was coming down thick and fast when the attack was made. A hundred yards before his men ran Arnold, while all the bells of the city were clanging forth a wild alarm. On a run after him came his men, holding their muskets under their coat-flaps, to keep the locks dry. At the very first onset Montgomery was killed, and Arnold was struck by a musket-ball that broke his leg. Rising on his other leg, he tried to press forward, and cheered the men as they passed him. They made a gallant fight, but it was in vain: Quebec was not to fall."

"What a shame it was," exclaimed the boys, "that he should fail! but it was a desperate venture at the best. The fight must have given him a great reputation."

"Yes," said Mrs. Longwood. "Congress at once promoted him to be a brigadier. The Americans were forced to retire slowly from Canada, and the British followed them up as they went. Gen. Carleton was determined to get full possession of Lake Champlain, because of its nearness to Ticonderoga. The British always had their eyes on Ticonderoga, longing to gain it,

because, with it once in their hands, they thought they could easily force their way to Albany, and effect a junction with the forces in New York. So Carleton began to build vessels with all speed, and Arnold, too, began to build vessels to fight him. Of course Carleton had great advantages. He was not far from Montreal, his base of supplies, whence he could get men and material, and he had the whole purse of England to draw from, while Arnold had only the backwoods about him. And so it came about, that, when the two fleets met in fight, the British had more than twice the weight of guns, and twice as many ships, as he, and had skilled seamen to navigate them, while he had but land-lubbers."

"I suspect this will be as vigorous a scrimmage as the other," said Ned.

"You shall see," said Mrs. Longwood. "When the British ships, with all their flags proudly flying, came sailing down to attack the American, the English captain, seeing the smallness of the American fleet, said that he thought they should have little trouble; but Gen. Carleton, who was aboard, remembered the march through the Maine woods, and thought differently. And he was right. It was half-past twelve when the two fleets were within musket-shot and hard at work. Arnold had that morning lost the ship on which he was, 'The Royal Savage,' and now had taken his station on 'The Congress' galley. He anchored her in the hottest part of the fire, and there she stayed until, at five o'clock, the British retired.

"Not only were he and his men exposed to the fire of the enemy's ships, but the whole shore close at hand blazed with

the rifles of the Indians. Fortunately, though, he had foreseen this, and had protected his sides so that the bullets did little harm. He was omnipresent on his ship. His men were inexperienced, and he himself pointed and discharged most of the guns. He knew no such word as submission. His vessel was hulled eleven times. Seven shots had passed through her, above the water-line, her mast and rigging were cut to pieces, while around him lay the dead and wounded; and yet he fought as madly as at first.

“That night the British fleet, confident that another day would see the Americans in their power, stationed themselves in the channel through which they must pass to escape. Arnold called a council. His fleet was in a dreadful way: three-fourths of their ammunition was spent. They must escape if possible. The night was a hazy one. Each ship put out all lights save one at the stern, to guide the vessel that followed her, and, raising their sail, they stole noiselessly away. And when morning awoke the British commander, to go on with the struggle of the day before, his enemy had escaped him.”

“How provoked he must have been!” said they all.

“He was indeed,” said Mrs. Longwood. “He hoisted all sail, and set out in pursuit; and after a little he came up with the hinder vessels of the flying fleet. Two had sunk from their injuries; and the others, crippled and struggling, were making the best of their way to Crown Point and safety. Arnold, in his ‘Congress’ galley, with one or two gondolas, determined to fight the whole fleet, and so detain them till the others had time to escape. His poor old craft was in a terrible way from the en-

counter she had just had ; but for four hours she fought desperately. Seven Englishmen surrounded her, and poured into her one steady round of shot and ball, and still Arnold's cry was, No surrender ! At last, when he saw that the rest of his fleet had made good their escape, he ran her ashore, and commanded his men to leap overboard, and wade to land. With his own hand he set her on fire, and, keeping off the enemy's small boats till the flames had such headway that they could not be extinguished, he left his flag still flying, and escaped to land.

“ I am going to tell you only one story more of Arnold's daring,” said Mrs. Longwood. “ It was at the battle of Saratoga. You remember about that in the wagoner's story. It was the battle which caused the surrender of Burgoyne, and allowed our worthy wagoner to return to his home.

“ Gates, who had command of the American forces, had thrown up earthworks at a place called Bemis Heights, and here the battle took place. The two armies were within earshot of one another. Early in the morning the British troops were seen to be moving. Arnold was wild with impatience. He was not now in command, and so had to await orders. At last they came. All day long the battle raged, until night put an end to the strife. Like a madman he rushed into the wildest danger, leading the troops in person to the charge. He was so well known that his presence alone seemed to bring success.

“ The battle was a drawn one. Both armies rested on the field. But Burgoyne's advance was checked. He no longer thought of marching to Albany, but of how to escape. It was too late. His camp was surrounded, his provisions were growing





THE EARTHWORKS AT BEMIS HEIGHTS.



shorter. Not a mouthful could he gain by foraging, so closely was he watched. His only chance was in another battle; and, a little more than a fortnight after the first conflict, came the second and decisive one.

“Arnold had in this interval quarrelled with his commanding officer, and had been relieved of his command. When the sound of the guns came to his ears, telling that the battle had begun, he paced up and down his tent in a fever of impatience. ‘I can stand it no longer!’ he exclaimed. ‘If I cannot command, I can at least serve as a volunteer;’ and, leaping on his great brown horse, he tore madly to the fight. Above the noise of the guns could be heard the yells of the men, as they welcomed their old leader back. Placing himself once more at their front, he led them on, waving his broadsword above his head, and utterly disregarding the leaden missiles of death that filled the air.

“And he led them to victory; for at the end of that day, when he fell, wounded in the same leg that received the ball at Quebec, the British were routed.”

“What a hero he must have been!” exclaimed they all.

“Yes,” said Mrs. Longwood. . “An historian has well said, that, if that bullet had ended his life, no one would have stood higher on the roll of patriot heroes than Arnold.

“Among the British officers who were killed in this battle was Gen. Frazer. He begged that he might be buried at six o’clock in the evening, on the top of a neighboring mountain, in a redoubt that had been built there.

“Slowly the mournful procession moved up the hillside in

the sight of both armies, just as the sun was setting. It was so far distant that the Americans mistook it for a body of troops, and opened fire upon them. As the chaplain read the burial-service the shot were whistling over his head, and at times he was covered with loose earth as one struck near him; but his voice never faltered.

“Then, all at once, as the Americans discovered the nature of the work they were intent upon, the cannonading ceased, and, in its place, the solemn minute-guns echoed through the hills, bearing token of their sympathy and admiration of him who was gone.”

“How thankful I am,” said Rose, “that there is no war now! Think of going through such dreadful scenes!”

“How could such a man as Arnold turn traitor?” said Ned. “He had reached such a height in the affections of his countrymen, and had fought so bravely for his native land!”

“The height he had reached only made his fall the greater, and the lustre of his name only made his treason blacker,” said Mrs. Longwood. “I have shown you only one side of his character, and the brightest side. Unfortunately he was arrogant and overbearing, — he made enemies by the score, — and it was openly said that he was not honest. In his Canada campaign, as well as at other times, he was accused of taking property and using it for his own advantage. His enemies, and they were many, worked busily. When Congress raised five brigadiers to higher rank they were all his juniors, and men who had done nothing, while his great services were ignored. There is no doubt that this slight was most unjust. His wrongs grew in his mind, bearing bitter fruit.

“Then the British emissaries began their work. They praised, and they flattered, and they promised. It was in vain, they told him, for the colonies to succeed in their struggle against such a mighty country as England. If he would go over to the British, and yield up possession of some important post, the war would be ended all the sooner, and great credit would be his. And, besides, it should be to his pecuniary advantage. He should be a major-general in the British army, and should receive a certain sum in cash. And so he listened, and he fell.”

“How he must have wept tears of rage and mortification in after-life,” said Tom, “when he saw what he had thrown away! How did he turn traitor?”

“He obtained the command of West Point, a post of such importance, that, had he succeeded in delivering it up to the enemy, as he intended, it would have, no doubt, put an end to the war.

“The plan was this: Arnold was to weaken the garrison as much as possible, by sending men away on one pretext and another. Then the British, who were to be embarked in readiness, were suddenly to appear before the fort, and he was to surrender it. All these plans had been fully discussed and arranged with Major André, and, had it not been for the fortunate capture of that officer, would have succeeded.

“His capture came about in this way: André had come up the river in the British man-of-war ‘Vulture.’ Arnold had sent a boat for him, and had a conference, lasting until daylight, by the river-side. Then, as all the arrangements had not been fully made, André accompanied the traitor to a house near at hand.

While he was there, a patriot battery opened fire on 'The Vulture,' with such effect that she was driven to hoist her anchors, and fall down with the current. Consequently André could not return to her. Arnold furnished him with maps and plans of West Point, which he put inside his stockings; and then, with a pass in his pocket, André set out to make the journey to New York on horseback.

"All went well for a time; but when he reached Tarrytown, and thought himself in comparative safety, he was stopped by three men, who seized and searched him. As soon as they saw the plans in his stockings, they knew that he was no common man, and they carried him to the nearest American post. Here he managed to get a letter sent Arnold, telling of his capture. It came to the traitor just as he, with his aides, was at breakfast. Without a moment's delay, he went to his wife's room, and broke to her the intelligence that he must fly for his life. Then, springing on a horse that stood at the door, he tore madly down the hill to the river, and, entering a barge, bade the men row him to 'The Vulture,' which still lay in the stream. His treason had failed, but he himself was safe."

"And what became of André?" asked Lou.

"He was tried as a spy, and was hanged," said Mrs. Longwood.

"It seems hard that Arnold should escape, and he suffer," said Carrie.

"I think it served him right," said Will. "It was not a very creditable piece of business for an officer to be engaged in. Trying to bribe a man to be a traitor is not generally considered



ARNOLD'S ESCAPE.





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to be work for a gentleman, in the army or out. But it is an awful pity that Arnold could not have been hung too."

"His treason benefited him little," said Mrs. Longwood; "for he was distrusted, and held in secret if not open contempt, by the English, and despised by his countrymen.

"Once, anxious to know how he was regarded, he asked a patriot captain who had been taken prisoner, what would be his fate, should he be taken by the Americans.

" 'They will cut off,' said the captain, 'that shortened leg of yours, wounded at Quebec and Saratoga, and bury it with all the honors of war, and then hang the rest of you on a gibbet.'

"When the Revolution came to an end, Arnold saw that America could never more be a home for him. With his family he removed to England, and there passed the rest of his days in obscurity. Business reverses came upon him; and, when he lay dying, he knew that, except the pensions which his treason had bought, his family had almost nothing wherewith to buy their daily bread.

"So much for treason."



## CHAPTER X.



Just as Mrs. Longwood finished, the head and shoulders of Mr. Longwood appeared, coming up the hill. Tom and Carrie ran to meet him, and soon he was sitting on the grass beside them.

“That tiresome business is through with, at last,” he said; “and now what shall we do? Do you propose to stay at a hotel in New London

all night? or what are your plans, young people?”

“Shall we not get back to House No. 2 in time to sleep?” asked the girls.

“Hardly,” said Tom. “Why, it is now half-past four; and, if we set out at once, with the light wind there is blowing, we should hardly get back to Fort Pond before twelve o’clock.

And I presume you would not enjoy the walk across the moors to the house, in the pitchy blackness of midnight."

"No, indeed," said Gertrude.

"A hotel is so stupid!" said Carrie; "but I suppose there is nothing else for it."

"I have an idea," said Jack. "Why not all spend the night on the schooner? The cabin will take Mrs. Longwood and you girls very snugly, and Mr. Longwood can have a hammock, — I am sure there must be an extra one. We fellows could roll ourselves up, each in a rug, and camp down anywhere. It will be delicious sailing to-night. There is a moon; and it is so warm that we can be on deck late, without feeling the slightest chill."

The girls all seemed to fancy Jack's idea; and so it was decided to adopt it.

"Well, then," said Mr. Longwood, "unless you wish to sit longer on this hill, suppose we go over to the town, and see what is to be seen. I should like to get a newspaper, and learn what has been going on in the world while we have been away from it. Possibly, too, we may find something to supplement 'The Mavis's' larder."

So they started off for the town. Apparently they did find something there to add to their table; for when, an hour later, they came straggling down to the waterside, to once more get aboard their schooner, every boy and girl was carrying a package of some kind, while Jack led the way with two huge melons under his arms.

"There," he said, with a sigh of relief, as he handed them

to Thomas John, who laid them carefully in the bottom of the boat, "I've earned my supper, anyway!"

The sun was low down in the west as "The Mavis" glided slowly out of the harbor. The air was full of sea-gulls, and here and there, as they moved onward, they passed an incoming craft. One of these attracted their especial attention, for the skipper was no other than a young girl. The sun was shining brightly on her slender figure, as she grasped the tiller firmly; and, just as they passed, they heard her father's gruff call, "Luff a little, lassie!" and her clear answer, "Luff it is, sir!"

The girls all waved their handkerchiefs, as they passed close by. What effect the sight of her had on the boys, I can only judge from its effect on one. Jack disappeared: at least, they saw nothing of him for ten minutes. At the end of that time he came back, with a piece of paper and a stump of a pencil in his hand, and inquired softly of Will, "I say, what rhymes with skipper?"

"Hallo!" said Charlie, who overheard. "Jack wishes to write a poem about the pretty skipper, but is balked by the lack of a rhyme. Let's see, Jack: what rhymes with skipper? Why" —

"I'd rather know what rhymes with supper," said Rose. "Do, boys, see when we are to have it."

So two or three of them went forward at once, and, returning after a little, announced that it was almost ready.

"You sat a long time on the hill-top this afternoon," said Mr. Longwood, as they lingered about the remains of their meal. "I suppose you learned all about New London in the olden times."



THE PRETTY SEPTER



“No, indeed,” said Ned. “We learned a great deal about Arnold; but we heard nothing of New London. Do tell us something.”

“Didn’t Mrs. Longwood tell you about the Rev. Mather Byles and his troubles?”

“No,” said Jack. “What were his troubles? Colds in the head? His name sounds like that.”

“I do not know that he was troubled in that way,” said Mr. Longwood, smiling. “He was a minister.”

“Do let us hear about him,” said they all, drawing nearer.

“You know,” said Mr. Longwood, “that our excellent ancestors of many generations ago came to this country for religious toleration. By religious toleration they understood that any person should be free to believe as they did. If he did not so believe, they made short work of him. Roger Williams, for instance, was driven out of the Massachusetts Colony in winter, and travelled through the woods alone and unprotected to Providence, where he could found a new settlement, and hold his opinions undisturbed.

“But everywhere, whatever difference on doctrines there might be, they agreed on one thing, and that was, that Sunday was to be kept in the strictest way possible. The Pilgrims who came in ‘The Mayflower’ fined any one of their number who might be seen walking in the fields on Sunday; and, if you look over the old court records of New London, you will find, in the year 1670, an entry like this:—

“John Lewis and Sarah Chapman are presented for sitting together on the Lord’s day, under an apple-tree in Goodman Chapman’s orchard.”



A FAIR PURITAN.

“He must have been an awfully mean fellow who told of them,” said Jack.

“They ought to have been reading their Bibles,” said Carrie, with great severity.

“I imagine that sometimes the young people were hard to manage, even when they did come to church,” said Mr. Longwood. “A year or two before John Lewis and Sarah Chapman came to such signal grief for defying public opinion, a town in Massachusetts held a meeting, and —

“‘The town ordered that no woman, maid, nor boy, nor gall, shall sit in the South Alley & East Alley of the M. House, upon penalty of tweldepence for every day they sit in the alley after the present day. It was further ordered that every dog that comes to the meeting after the present day, either of Lord’s days or lecture days, except it be

their dogs that pays for a dog whipper, the owner of these dogs shall pay sixpence for every time they come to the meeting, that doth not pay the dog whipper.’”





ROGER WILLIAMS IN THE FOREST.



“I say,” said Jack, “it must have been fun to go to church in those days!”

“Especially for the dog-whipper,” said Ned.

“Well,” continued Mr. Longwood, “the Rev. Mather Byles lived about a hundred years after John Lewis and Sarah Chapman; but the people in his day did much worse things to trouble him than sitting together under apple-trees on Sunday. A sect sprang up, called Rogerines, who considered it their duty to bear testimony against the ministers of the day, because, among other things, they preached for hire, and because they made long prayers, which are forbidden in the New Testament, and because they observed the first day of the week, which they said was no sabbath by God’s appointment. Their way of bearing testimony was peculiar. One of them has written a book on the subject, and this is what he says:—

“*June 10, 1764.*—We went to the meeting house and some of our people went in and sat down; others tarried without & sat upon the ground. And when Mather Byles their priest began to say over his formal synagogue prayer, some of our women began to knit, others to sew, that it might be made manifest they had no fellowship with such unfruitful works of darkness. But Justice Coit and the congregation were much offended at this testimony and fell upon them in the very time of their prayer and drove us all out of the house in a most furious manner.’

“These testimony-bearing Quakers were brought before the justices the next day, and sent to prison for a short time for disturbing the peace. But this only egged them on. The women brought their spinning-wheels; and every Sunday they bore their testimony in the same disagreeable way, and were ejected. They

visited every church in the neighborhood; but were especially fond of Mather Byles, because of his choleric temper. If all were quiet in the church, and he were proceeding with his sermon, a Quaker had but to put on his hat, to bring on a tempest.



THE WAY JOHN LEWIS OUGHT TO HAVE SPENT THE SABBATH.

The minister would stop short; nor could he be persuaded to go on, until the obnoxious covering was removed. He was so touchy on this subject, that he would not leave his house to go

to church, if one were in the path. The wily Quakers knew this; and on Sunday morning a couple might, perhaps, sit on his doorstep, and one or two more loiter by the path that led to church. Then the congregation would assemble, and take their seats. The hour would pass; but no minister would come. There would the people sit, and the bell would keep on tolling, perhaps fifty or sixty minutes; but Mr. Byles would not budge from his house until a constable arrived, to drive the obnoxious Quakers from his path."

"Why wasn't I born in those days?" said Jack earnestly.

"I fear, you young rogue, that you would have been a Quaker," said Mr. Longwood.

"Well, at each new outbreak the testimony-bearers were brought up for trial. For each fresh offence the time of imprisonment was doubled; so that presently the jail was crowded. At length, one Sunday, the imprisoned Quakers saw a fresh party approaching, under the care of the constables. They decided that they had already as many in the jail as could be comfortable. So they barred the door. Their historian says:—

"'We blew a shell in the prison in defiance of their idol Sabbath, and to mock their false worship, as Elijah mocked the worshippers of Baal. The authority gave orders to break open the prison door, so they went to work and labored exceeding hard on their Sabbath, cutting with axes and heaving at the door with iron bars for a considerable time till they were wearied, but could not break open the door.'

"The constables were not to be balked, however: finding the door so stout, they cut a hole in the roof, and dropped the fresh arrivals on the heads of their friends below."

“And how did all these troubles end?” asked Lou.

“I am sorry to say that the authorities proceeded presently to very brutal measures, for they began to whip men and women; but this produced a re-action, and gradually the whole thing died out.”



## CHAPTER XI.



I HAVE forgotten to mention, that, among the purchases at New London, was one by Jack, of a very shrill whistle. It had lain forgotten in his trousers pocket, until now ; but, of a sudden remembering it, he drew it forth, and gave a blast upon it that caused them all to put their hands to their ears.

“ I have noticed, with great pain,” said he, attempting to hold the whistle between his lips, and talk at the same time ; and, in consequence, uttering some unintelligible sounds, — “ I have noticed, with great pain, that this vessel was so insufficiently manned and provided, that it had not a boatswain, or even a boatswain’s whistle. At great trouble, and out of my limited resources, I have procured a whistle, which, while lacking in proper force, is yet a fair substitute for that in ordinary use.”

And he gave another blast upon it, by way of illustration, grinning with mischief, as the girls again covered their ears with

their hands, to deaden the shrill sounds. "By a little practice, I think I can make myself heard quite a distance," he added. "Henceforth you will please address me as Hastings the bo'sun. I say, Carrie, toss me over a peach, will you?"

"It is not customary for the bo'sun to mess with the passengers," said Carrie with great dignity. "I do not know whether Capt. Jackson has provided peaches for the crew, or not. If he has, you will probably find them forward;" and she took up one, and commenced to munch it with great satisfaction.

The laugh was decidedly against Jack; but that young man was equal to the emergency. He came close behind Carrie, and said: "If the passengers revolt, and disobey the officers, they are put under arrest. Will you hand me a peach; or shall I pipe all hands, to put you in irons?" and he bent forward, so that his mouth was close to her, and put the whistle to his lips.

"Goodness, Jack!" she cried. "Don't blow that fearful thing in my ears, and you shall have all the peaches you want. Here, take them!" and she handed him the dish.

The victor selected the best one, and, magnanimously saying nothing about his triumph, strolled away, eating it.

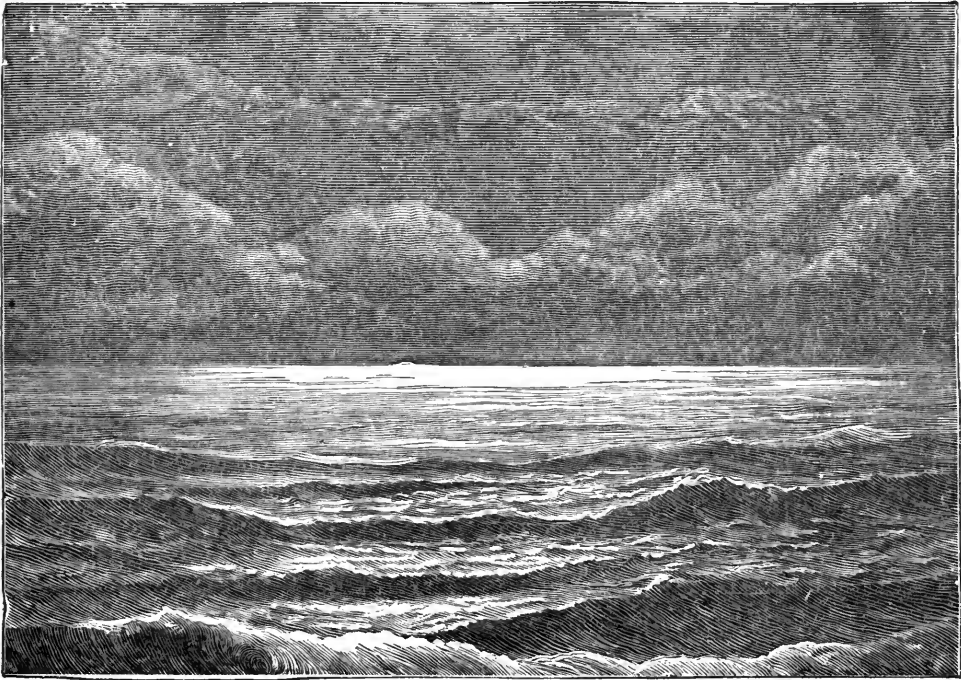
The others sat about, chatting idly. Presently the sun went down, and twilight began to come over the waters. The moon, however, did her best to enliven the scene, so that the little groups scattered about "The Mavis's" deck were plainly visible to one another. By and by Capt. Jackson made his appearance from somewhere below, and began to talk with Mr. and Mrs. Longwood.

Carrie soon joined them. "Capt. Jackson," she exclaimed,



“you haven’t told us a story; and you must know ever so many. Tell us one; won’t you?”

Capt. Jackson looked like a man upon whom a long-expected blow had fallen.



THE MOON ENLIVENS THE SCENE.

“I never in all my life saw a passel of boys and girls so sharp-set after stories as you all,” he exclaimed. “Why, you’re worse than blue-fish after menhaden. I knew it was comin’, though,” he went on. “I knew you’d be after me for a story; and it seemed like as if all the little wits I had went clean out of me at the idee. I kep’ away from you the whole way over this mornin’, a-purpose. There was a story I remembered havin’

heard my mother tell, which was considerable amusin', — how my aunt Jerusha's baby cut her first teeth. I put a powerful amount of strain on myself to overhaul that yarn, but somehow I couldn't get the points to lie rightly in my mind; and what to do I couldn't tell, no ways. I didn't know but I should have to fall back on the Flying Dutchman.

“And so, while you were all on the top of the hill at New London, — yarnin', I'll be bound, — I went ashore in the town, to walk about a bit, and give my mind a rest. I strolled on, for a time, till I kind o' lost my bearin's; so I stopped in a grocer's shop, to get the reckonin'. The young man behind the counter was waitin' on a young woman; so I cast my eyes about a bit, and there, lyin' on a barr'l, was an old newspaper. The fust thing I see, in the corner of it, was a bit of poetry. I read down a ways, and then I knew that my goin' into that store was providential; for there was the story I was after, all blocked out in print.”

“About aunt Jerusha's baby?” asked Jack, who had joined the group.

“No,” said the captain; “a much better story than that. Just wait a bit.

“Well, when the young man had done up the young woman's package, which took some time, he turned to me kind o' sharp, and says he, —

“‘What will you have, sir?

“I rather calcalate that they two was a-conversin',” said the captain with a chuckle, “and didn't think my comin' in was so providential as I did. I was kind o' took aback by his question, for I was readin' away for dear life; but I looks up at once.

“ ‘I’ll have a pound of gunpowder,’ says I.

“ ‘We don’t keep it,’ says he, short like, and snappish.

“ ‘Well, then,’ says I, ‘give me a pound of saleratus. That will answer the same purpose.’

“ He looked at me as if he thought I was an ijot ; but he went away back, and began to dig it out of a drawer, and I just folded that paper up small, and put it in my pocket. When he brought the saleratus, I paid for it, and come away, without even so much as asking the question I went in for. When I got to the next corner, I looked around, and there was that young man standing in the doorway watchin’ me.

“ ‘Twas the fust time that I ever stole, — that I recollect,” — added the captain ; “ and, till I got safe aboard again, I was afraid to look over my shoulder, for fear of seein’ a policeman after me. But they haven’t caught me yet ; and I calcalate that, by this time, we’re out of the jurisdiction of Connecticut, and I’m tolerable safe.”

“ Pipe all hands to hear Capt. Jackson’s story,” said Hastings the bo’sun, blowing vigorously on his whistle.

The girls and boys all gathered around.

“ I must have a lantern,” said the captain, taking the newspaper out of his pocket, and unfolding it.

So Jack brought one.

“ It’s poetry,” said he, looking around on their attentive faces. “ The paper says it’s written by a gifted fellow-townsmen. The name of the piece is ‘ Scituate, 1812.’ Scituate is the name of a place ; 1812 is a date.” And without further preamble, he began to read : —

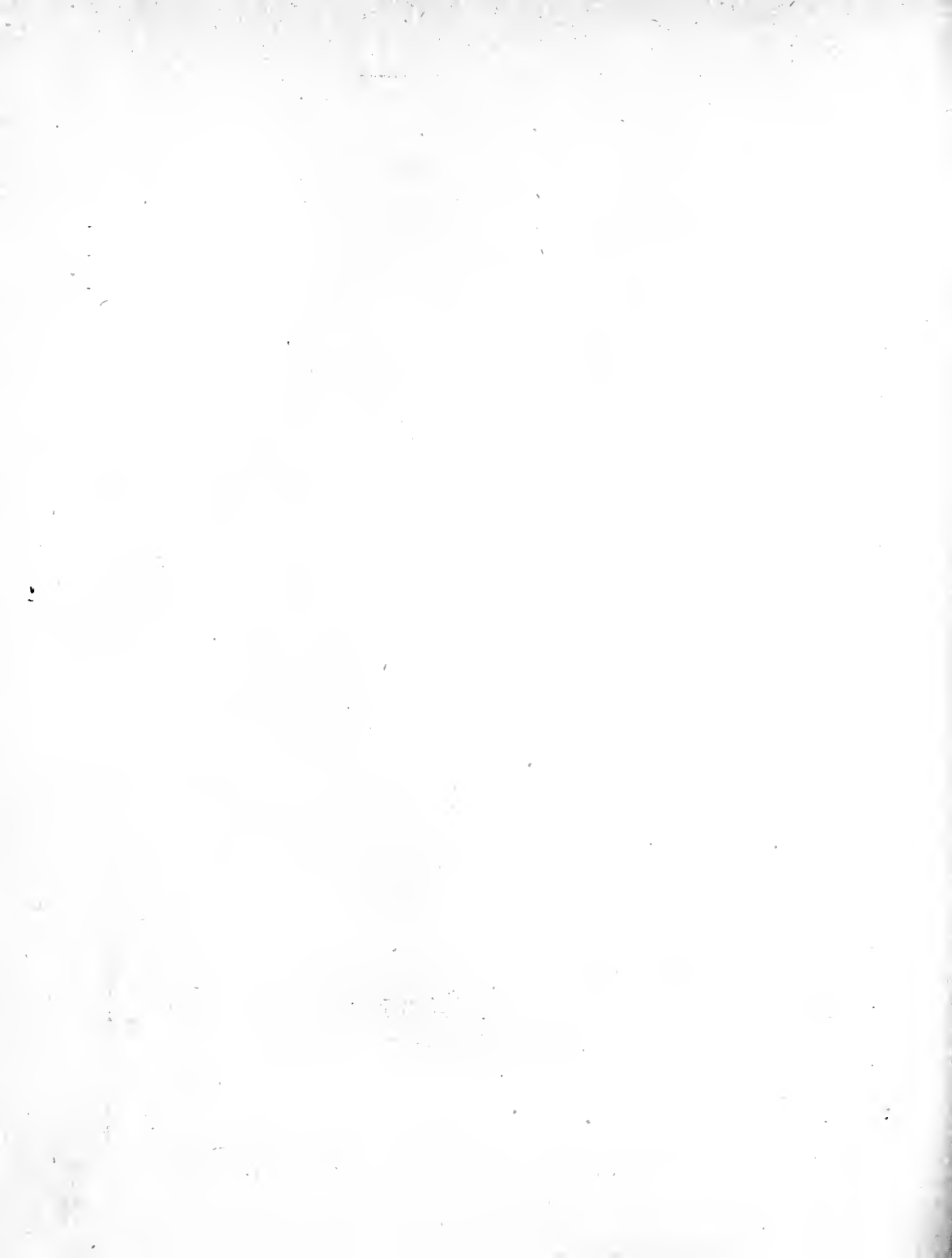
Away in the top of the tall white tower,  
The light-keeper's daughter breathless stands ;  
Forgotten the lamps with their half-trimmed wicks,  
Forgotten the scissors that fall from her hands.  
The fishing-boats below sail free,  
But her gaze is fixed far out at sea,  
As she shields her eyes from the sun's strong glare.  
Then her voice rings shrilly down the stair :  
'Run, boys, run ! and rouse the town !  
'Tis a British cruiser coming down !'

Up on the cliffs that o'erhang the bay,  
The fisher-folk run at the first alarm.  
War is abroad ! To these peaceful folk  
A British cruiser is rife with harm.  
Nets and boats are their worldly good ;  
For they wring from the sea a livelihood,  
And gaunt hunger follows when these are gone.  
Helpless they watch the ship bear down ;  
Not a dozen muskets in the bay,  
And Boston a score of miles away.

Steadily on with the rising tide,  
The incoming ship draws near the land.  
They can hear the splash as her anchor drops,  
They can hear from her decks the gruff word of command :  
'Man the boats, and lower away.  
Burn out these rats that infest the bay !'  
Their red coats gleam as the boats draw near,  
But a redder gleam there shall soon appear,  
As the cruel flames seize boats and town,  
While the men above look helpless down.



UNDER THE SAND-HILLS WE'LL BEAT AND PLAY.



Away on the point, from the light-house tower,  
The light-keeper's daughter sees it all.  
An angry flush on each red cheek burns,  
And she springs to her feet with a sudden call:  
'Sal! take the drum. I'll take the fife.  
We'll bear a hand in the coming strife.  
Under the sand-hills we'll beat and play,  
As we stride out of sight by the side of the bay.  
They'll think us the troops from Boston down.  
'Tis the only chance to save the town.'

Forward, march! And out pealed the fife,  
And steadily rolled the throbbing drum.  
The red-coats across the bay stop short.  
As the warlike notes o'er the waters come.  
'Recruits are marching down the bay,  
To cut us off! To the boats! Away!  
In, men, and pull for your lives!' they cry.  
'We are caught in a trap, and we must fly.  
Pull for the ship. Make no delay.  
Let us get out of this cursed bay!'

Then from the cliffs those old muskets blazed,  
And on many a red coat a redder spot burned;  
But they never slacked oars in their headlong flight,  
Or a single glance over their shoulder turned;  
For on the wind came sharp and clear  
The sounds that told of the foemen near.  
Shrill and more shrilly the fifer blew,  
And louder and louder the deep drum-beats grew;  
So they fled in haste down the quiet bay,  
Hoisted their anchor, and sailed away."

The reading of this ballad took some time ; for Capt. Jackson had not given that attention to his early studies that he ought to have done. Besides, as he read on, he became more and more impressed with the idea that this poetry was very fine ; and, whenever a line occurred that struck him as particularly good, he stopped, and read it over again. At last, however, it was finished.

“What became of the saleratus?” asked Jack the irrelevant.

Capt. Jackson looked dazed. “I don’t recall no mention of saleratus in the poem,” he said with dignity.

“I mean the saleratus you bought,” said Jack.

“Oh!” said the captain, relaxing. “I gave it to a poor woman on the pier. She thanked me kindly, and said that her husband was very fond of it in his bread.”

“Don’t you think you could remember about aunt Jerusha’s baby?” asked Carrie. “Try again.”

Capt. Jackson was very much elated by the success of his ballad. He felt very much like talking on indefinitely. He scratched his head with his hand, and meditated for a moment.

“The story, as my mother used to tell it,” said he, “was a full-rigged ship, with all sails set, and streamers flyin’. As I remember it, it is nothin’ but an old hull, with not a spar aloft. Howsomendever : —

“My aunt Jerusha was a spinster lady who married late in life. Her husband was the squire of the place, — a big, burly fellow, who seemed to like a sight better to be out with his cows and horses, with a dozen dogs around, than in the house with his wife. And, to tell the truth, I don’t much blame him ;



for she was as neat as Sunday mornin'. She'd a-liked to had him take off his boots on the porch, every time he come into the house, only he was a man of sperrit, and would have his own way.

"Well, by and by, aunt Jerusha she had a girl-baby. She and the squire was sot up, no end. The squire, fust time he see the child, was considerable took aback. She was smaller than he expected. He looked her over pretty careful, and said her p'int was good, though he'd liked it better if the roof of her mouth had been black; and that he thought, as far as he could judge of so young a filly, she had good stayin' powers.

"Well, that couple was considerable foolish over that baby. It was really amusin'. And so things went on for a spell, when the squire had to go to Boston on one of his cattle-trades. He always put up at Adams's Hotel, and Miss Jerusha she knew it. The baby had been considerable fretful for quite a spell; and, the day after he went, she found that two teeth had come through. And she alone was foolisher about those teeth than they both had ever been at any time since that baby was born, and that's sayin' a good deal too.

"Now, the telegraph had just been put into the town. The squire he thought highly of it; but Miss Jerusha she said it was flyin' in the face of Providence, and never, no, never, would she use such a sinful thing. But when those 'little toothins' come, she was wild to have the squire know. And, the more she thought, the less the telegraph seemed like flyin' in the face of Providence. So she up with an old memorandum-book that lay on the table, and tore a page out, and on it she wrote: —

“‘The baby has cut two teeth. Bring it a present.’

“Then she called Jake the hired man, and gave it to him, and told him to go to the office, and ask the operator to get that there piece of paper to the squire’s hands at Adams’s Hotel in Boston, just as quick as he could. It was an old diary of the squire’s grandfather that she took the page out of to write on; but she said the squire’d know her writin’, so it didn’t make no difference what was wrote on the other side. But it did made a difference; for the operator sent the wrong side of the paper, and this was the message the squire got:—

“‘This day the brindle and the red cow got fast in the bog. We did our best, but could not extricate them.’

“Miss Jerusha she felt very chipper after her despatch went off. To be sure, she was some took aback by what it cost,— the worth of six whole dozen eggs; but, after all, that was of no account. So there she sot, thinking what the squire would bring,— a silver rattle, no doubt,— and kind o’ huggin’ her own smartness, when up come a message from the squire:—

“‘Get Jerry the blacksmith, and his gang and tackle, and yank them out before they get in any faster. I’ll be down in afternoon train.’

“Miss Jerusha she was a woman who had considerable temper, and they do say she sputtered considerable when she read this. This was the squire’s idee of a good joke, was it? She always knew his family were inferior to her’n in breedin’, but she did think he had better manners ’n that. And she was so riled up that she just locked the door of her room when the time

come for the squire, and there she sot. The squire he come on time; and, as he walked up to his house, he passed by the blacksmith-shop.

“ ‘Well, Jerry,’ he says to the smith, who stood in the door; ‘did you get ’em out?’ ”

“ But Jerry didn’t know what the squire was talkin’ about, and told him so.

“ When the squire found that Jerry had had no message from aunt Jerusha, he was quite excited, for he sot great store by his cattle; and he thought it was the fault of the telegraph, who hadn’t delivered his message. So he stirred about; and, pretty soon, Jerry and the two men had the tackle on their shoulders, and were marchin’ down the street as fast as they could go, — the squire, red-faced and puffin’, at their head.

“ Miss Jerusha she saw ’em comin’; but she only gave a sniff, and tossed her head, and sot still, contemptuous like.

“ Pretty soon she saw Jerry and his men go back down the road; for the squire had met Jake the hired man, and found that the cattle had not been in the bog.

“ Then she heard him come up the stairs and try the door; but she sot still.

“ ‘Jerusha!’ says he.

“ Not a word says she.

“ Then he tried to bend down, to look through the keyhole; but he was so stout that he couldn’t.

“ ‘Jerusha!’ says he again; but not a word says she.

“ ‘I vum!’ says he, scared like; and aloud, ‘She’s off her mind; and that accounts for the telegram. Bill Jones told me,

before I married, that there was a streak of craze in her family, and that I'd better keep my eye open.'

" 'This was mor'n Jerusha could stand. 'I ain't off my mind!' she says; 'and there ain't no such thing in my family.'

" Well, by and by the whole facts come out; and the squire he sot down on the stairs, and laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks, and you could have heard him a mile off. But Miss Jerusha she was powerful mad at the telegraph man, and they do say she didn't ever speak to him again."

Capt. Jackson was a wise man. He felt that he had reached a point where he might retire from the *rôle* of story-teller, and leave behind him quite a glowing reputation. So he rose up from the deck where he had been sitting, and, in the midst of the laugh that his story had raised, strode away. We should have said, walked away, except that his gait, like that of all true sailors, was a compound of roll and jerk, and indescribable by any one word. The boys and girls all called to him to come back; but he paid no attention, and disappeared down the steps that led to the cabin. Jack followed presently, and found him standing in the midst of the room, looking helplessly around at the berths that lined it.

" I ain't much used to women-folks' ways, myself," said the captain slowly and solemnly. " Do you reckon they'll expect pillers, all on 'em?"

" I think not," said Jack promptly. " I understand that on land it is the custom for ladies to sleep with their heads hanging down over the side of the bed; and I presume that at sea they would follow the same habit." And the young rascal looked the

captain as steadily and calmly in the face, as if he had been only saying that it was a quarter past nine o'clock.

Capt. Jackson was more dazed than ever. "Tell you what," he said, after a moment's meditation, "you're bo'sun, eh?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" said Jack.

'Then on deck with you, and ask Mr. Longwood to step here a moment.'

Jack disappeared at once. "The Admiral of the Squadron," said he, saluting Mr. Longwood as he approached, "presents his compliments to the Commander of the Land-forces, and would like to see him in his cabin."

The Commander of the Land-forces evidently was more versed in "women-folks' ways" than the Admiral of the Squadron. He pulled about blankets and rugs vigorously for a few moments, and then announced that all was in readiness for the ladies. Capt. Jackson, notwithstanding Jack's assurance as to the sleeping habits of the fair sex, was still uneasy on the point of pillows; but as Mr. Longwood did not seem to consider them necessary, and as it would have been impossible to have obtained them in any case, he finally dismissed the subject from his mind.

"Well, then," he said, "I calculate the best thing we can do is to get them stowed below, with the hatches battened down; and then we sha'n't have no uneasiness about them until mornin'."

It having been intimated to the ladies that the captain thought it about time for them to retire, they shortly afterward gathered themselves together, and made their way below, where sleep soon closed their tired eyes, and quieted their busy tongues.

The boys, being thus left to themselves, hung about for a time; but it was very dull, and the fresh wind had made them drowsy, so they shortly voted that they, too, would turn in.

“I tell you what, men!” said Jack, who, in virtue of his self-assumed office, considered himself entitled to take a lofty position; “this going to bed must be done in ship-shape style. No slinking out of your clothes like landlubbers. Pay attention now to your bo’sun.”

The place they were in was the waist of the schooner. In ordinary times it would have been full of cargo. Now, as “The Mavis” was on a pleasure-trip, and was empty, Thomas John and the crew had hung up their hammocks here, in place of the forecastle. In these hammocks the boys were to sleep. The place was dimly lighted by one swaying lamp, that made the darkness seem only more dark, and brought out the shadows cast by the swinging hammocks as they moved back and forth in answer to the vessel’s motion. “The Mavis’s” last voyage had been from the West Indies, and there was a strong smell of molasses and sugar; but the boys did not seem to mind.

Each hammock had in it a thick rug; and the boys were about to select their resting-places for the night, when Jack thus summarily called them to order:—

“Now, then,” he said, “look sharp. Fall into line there, and mind your eye; or I’ll have your grog stopped!”

This threat was so dreadful, that the four at once fell in, and meekly awaited orders.

“Now,” said the bo’sun, “one blast on the whistle means unbutton; two blasts close together, off with coats and vests; three, off with shoes.”

"Please, mister bo'sun," said Ned, "what are we to do with them?"

"Roll 'em up, and use them for pillows," said the bo'sun. "Now, then" —

The blasts from the whistle came sharp and fast; and, in the twinkling of an eye, all stood unrobed.

"Now," said the bo'sun, "take your stand by your hammocks. One blast of whistle means, Haul down the main-sheet" —

"The main-sheet is up on deck," said Charlie.

"The main-sheet here is the rug you are to sleep under," said the bo'sun, with decision. "Two blasts mean, in with you. Now, then!"

One blast came, and each rug was hauled down; two, and each boy leaped into his hammock. There was a moment's silence, and then a crash. The bo'sun had leaped too far, overshot his mark, and come headlong to the floor. The others, as they turned cautiously, to prevent following his example, saw their bo'sun, lately so full of dignity, dancing around on one foot, with his thumb in his mouth, while he gave utterance to these unofficer-like words: —

"Oh, Jiminy, doesn't it hurt! and I've lost my whistle."



## CHAPTER XII.



THE untiring sun, when again it looked down on Fort Pond Bay, saw "The Mavis" lying there as idly as if it had not stirred from the position in which it was twenty-four hours before. And there were as few signs of life about it now as then. But presently the five boys emerged together from their quarters.

"Well, I must say," said one, "that sleeping in a vessel that has carried a cargo of sugar is not my idea of a good time. I feel as if I had been dipped head first into a cask of molasses. Let me draw a few breaths of clear air."

"I say, bo'sun," said Ned, "how was it that, after putting us to bed in so ship-shape a fashion, you let us get up and dress like land-lubbers? Where is the whistle?"



“It rolled off somewhere when I fell,” said Jack; “and my thumb hurt me so much that I didn’t care, then, whether I found it or not.”

“Let’s see your thumb,” said Will. “Why!” he went on, as Jack, unrolling his handkerchief, showed a swollen and discolored hand; “you never said you’d hurt yourself like that. You should have told us. I thought it was only a thump on the floor that was the trouble. This must have given a good deal of pain. Why didn’t you speak?”

“It did keep me awake a good deal,” said Jack; “but I didn’t see how making a fuss would help matters.”

“Well, you’re a plucky little beggar, any way,” said Tom; “but I think that hand ought to have some Pond’s Extract on at once. There’s a bottle in my satchel. I’ll get it.”

So presently Jack’s hand was bound up in a wet handkerchief, while another handkerchief was tied neatly over all; and, just as it was finished, the cook announced that he had some coffee ready on his stove.

It had been decided the day before that the boys should get up early, and walk across to House No. 2. Here they should give notice that the rest of the party would arrive to a late breakfast, and should despatch the sail-boat to bring them down. Accordingly, when each had fortified himself with a cup of coffee and a piece of hard-tack, Thomas John put them ashore, and they set out.

First, however, they all climbed the little slope or bluff, and looked about them. “If one had only the magic power of some of the old wizards,” said Thomas John, “what a wonderful place

this would be to exhibit it! One moment there would be these great desolate moors, with only the sea-birds flying over them. A stamp of the wizard's foot, and the hundred thousand warriors buried here would spring to life, each with bow and tomahawk in hand. That would be a sight worth seeing."

"Are there so many buried here as that?" asked the boys.

"Yes," said Thomas John. "Some say, many more than a hundred thousand. This was the chosen ground for all the Indian tribes of the east end of Long Island. The dead were brought here from a distance, some in great state. One chief was carried on the shoulders of his principal men, while the whole tribe followed as mourners. That was Pogattacutt, sachem of Manhansackahaqushuwamock."

"Say it again," said Jack.

"It is too much work," said Thomas John, laughing. "I would rather give it its English name of Shelter Island."

It was a very languid party that sat about the table after breakfast was over, and the dishes removed. "What shall we do to-day?" asked Ned.

"Do!" echoed the girls. "Let's do nothing. We have hardly had a quiet moment for four days. Our bones fairly ache. Let's sit around, and take naps."

The boys laughed, and affected to think the girls very weak, and easily tired out; but, in point of fact, I fancy that they themselves were not sorry to be idle. For, when the cattle-keeper went into the barn at noon to give his horses a bite, he found three of them stretched out on the floor, with their heads on their arms, fast asleep.

By dinner-time, however, they had all pulled themselves together; and a suggestion from Mr. Longwood, that they should get into the big wagon, and drive over the moors, was received with decided interest. Will and Carrie, however, did not join in the expressions of satisfaction at the plan.

"The fact is," said Will, "that Carrie and I had formed a scheme for a little ride on our own account; so that we shall not be able to join you."

"Upon my word!" said Jack; "that's cool. What in the world are you two up to, anyway? It's some fun, I know. What a shame, not to let us all in! Tell us about it."

The others joined in demanding to know what their plan was; but Will and Carrie were silent. Not a bit of information was to be had from them.

"Well, then," said Tom, "since nothing can prevent these two young madcaps from going off by themselves, what time shall the rest of us start?"

"I would go pretty early, if I were you," said Carrie. "It grows quite cold toward evening now."

"Oho!" exclaimed they all. "One thought for us, and two for yourself. We'll wait until quite late, and have you set out first; and then we'll follow you, and find out your little game."

But, in spite of this malevolent determination, the big wagon drove away that afternoon, leaving Will and Carrie alone on the doorstep.

"Hurrah!" cried Will, as the horses started. "Come along: I thought they would never go. We must be off."

And now I will explain to you their plan. It was this:

Carrie had noticed flying over the moors some birds with beautiful wings; and she had cried out to Will, who was with her at the time, "What lovely wings! Wouldn't they be perfectly beautiful on a hat?" Will had thereupon assured her that she should have one; and this afternoon they were to secure it. They had borrowed of the cattle-keeper his double-barrelled gun, and they had hired his horse and old box-wagon; and this turnout was now harnessed, and waiting for them at the barn.

They hurried out, and scrambled in. Will set the loaded gun carefully between his knees, and, drawing up the reins, said, "Get up!"

"Had you not better let me drive," said Carrie, "and you manage the gun?"

"Oh! I don't think I shall have any trouble," said Will. "The horse seems very gentle. Which way shall we go?"

"Anywhere," said Carrie; "only, don't let's follow the road, but drive right across the downs."

So, off they set. The cattle-keeper's dog, at sight of the gun, seemed to consider himself invited, and ran along by their side, plunging into the reedy ponds, and startling the wild fowl that were idling away the sunny hours, and wondering much, in his own canine fashion, that none of the many birds that he started up were considered worth shooting. Such a sportsman he had never known before. But these young people had one kind of game in their minds, and were not to be diverted from their intention by any other.

They jogged on for perhaps an hour. They were having a very good time, but not a sign of the wished-for bird had been seen.



THE CATTLE-KEEPER'S DOG.



“What a regular old worn-out beast this is!” said Will. “I haven’t been able to get him off a jog-trot once. I don’t believe he could hurry, to save his life. Hallo! there’s a bird! Whoa!”

The horse stopped short. Will dropped the reins, raised the gun, and pulled the trigger. Bang! went the gun. The next minute he and Carrie thought that there must have been a convulsion of nature. They felt themselves flying backward through space, and in their flight were conscious of another bang, as the other barrel of the gun went off wildly in the air. Then they came down at full length on the soft turf, and, picking themselves up in a dazed way, found presently that they were sound of wind and limb.

But across the moors, a full quarter of a mile away, they saw the old worn-out horse, whom nothing could persuade to go off a slow trot, tearing madly toward home, the old wagon rattling along at his heels in the wildest fashion.

“What has happened?” asked Carrie.

“Well,” said Will, “as nearly as I can judge, I should say that the horse sprang at the report of the gun, and that the seat, being only set in, instead of fastened in, tipped backward, and it and we both went out the back of the wagon. At all events, we seem to be here; and the wagon, I should judge, must be nearly home by this time.”

“How fortunate that the other barrel did not hit us!” said Carrie. “I wonder if you killed the bird.”

“Yes,” said Will, after looking about a little. “Here he is.”

“Oh! what a beauty!” exclaimed Carrie. “But here come all the rest of our party. What shall we say to them?”

“Don’t tell them how it happened, for any thing,” said Will. “Leave it to me.”

Just at that moment, the big wagon, which had suddenly come in sight over a ridge, drew up beside them.

“Your coming is very fortunate,” said Will, speaking at once, to forestall the host of inquiries that he saw were ready to be rained down upon them. “We got out of our wagon, and the horse took that occasion to go off home, without waiting for us.”

“I see,” said Mr. Longwood ironically. “You must have devised a new way of getting out; for I notice that you took the seat with you. And Carrie has a long green grass-stain on her shoulder. However, as you seem sound in body, both of you, we won’t ask any embarrassing questions. Stow away that seat behind, and hop on. What a beautiful bird you have, Carrie!”

“I can tell you how it happened,” said their driver confidentially and in a low tone, to Jack, who sat behind them. “That hoss they had always jumps at a gun. They was spilled out.”

“Oh, ho!” said Jack. “They needn’t think they’re going to get off so easily. Hear Will talking about the color of the ocean, to turn the conversation!—Wait a bit, my lad. You’ll get it presently.—But I should think,” he said to the driver, “that a horse down here would get used to the sound of a gun.”

“Some hosses never do,” said the man. “My father had an old mare that used to get frightened out of her wits at the sound. Men were around the field where she was, off and on, half the time, shootin’ game. By and by, she seemed to kind



of put two and two together; and, if a plover came down in the field where she was, she'd take to her heels in no time, just the same as if 'twas a gun."

Jack, as soon as they reached home, made haste to communicate to Ned what the driver had told him as to the probable cause of Will and Carrie's being found on the open heath alone. These two young scapegraces proposed a series of such apt questions during supper, to the two discomfited bird-hunters, that they fully believed that their whole performance had been seen. And it was a happy release for them when the pushing-back of chairs announced that the meal was over, and that they could escape from their tormentors.

"This is the last night of our trip when we shall be all together," said Jack; "and we must have one more story. And it must be a regular jolly one; an Indian story, I think."

"O Jack!" said Gertrude. "Let's have a nice quiet one, that a body can sleep after."

"Gertrude," said Jack briefly and authoritatively, "I am ashamed of you. It is very rude, when Mr. Longwood offers to tell us an Indian story, for you to object."

So Gertrude, finding that no one would take her part, meekly subsided, and Mr. Longwood began:—

"If you want an Indian story," he said, "I can tell you a little bit of history, the scene of which was around about New London, where we were yesterday. In the early days of the country a savage tribe, the Pequots, lived there, and the harbor was known as Pequot Harbor. At the time I am about to tell you of, this tribe had become most troublesome. They had fallen

upon two captains, who had ventured up the Connecticut to trade, and, taking them unexpectedly, had killed them and their entire crews. Off Block Island, too, they had murdered Capt. Oldham. The colonists were alarmed. Something must be done, or they would be all slaughtered. No man's life would be safe

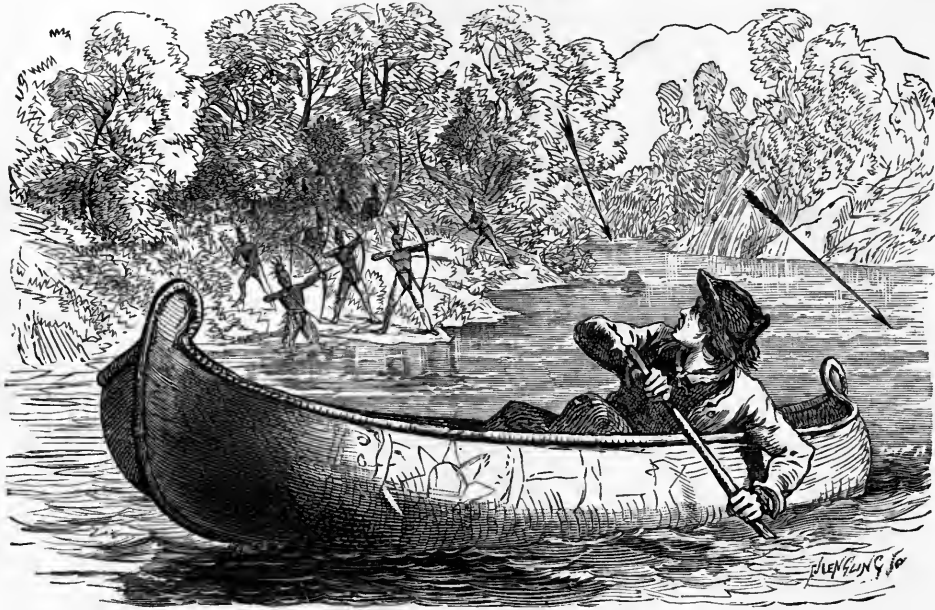


INDIAN POW-WOWS.

for a minute, unless the Indians were taught some severe lesson. So an expedition was sent out from Massachusetts, which sailed along the coast, and burned a few wigwams, and destroyed a little corn, but succeeded in doing nothing more than arousing the savages to a pitch of fury.

“As soon as the backs of their invaders were turned, they fell upon all the settlers on the Connecticut. Their pow-wows, or medicine-men, assured them that they should soon drive out every Englishman from the land.

A sorry time the poor wretches had of it. They had prayed for a force that should teach the red men a lesson of the white man's strength. Instead, their troubles had been only increased. 'You,' said one of these settlers derisively to the commander of this fiasco, 'will keep yourselves safe in the bay, but myself you will leave at the stake to be roasted.'



TILLY SURPRISED BY THE INDIANS.

“Sorry times followed. Not a day passed without some one falling a victim. Many were the hairbreadth escapes. No man went to the field without having his rifle within reach. The settlers fought desperately; for it was better to be killed outright than made prisoner, for the captives were tortured frightfully. One Tilly, for instance, was taken when he was out in a canoe,

hunting. He made a hard fight for liberty, but was unsuccessful. Determined that they should not make him wince at any pain they might inflict, he sat grimly, without moving a muscle, while they cut off his hands, and then his feet, and so killed him by inches.

“Of course this state of things could not continue. Those who were not killed outright would soon have to fight ‘Capt. Hunger;’ for no fields could be tilled, and the cattle were slain by the hundred. So an expedition set out from Connecticut, an army of ninety men, under the command of Capt. John Mason. Their orders were to sail along the coast until they came to Pequot Harbor. There they were to make a landing, and attack the foe. Capt. Mason did not like this plan at all. The Pequots would know of their coming, and could watch every movement they made. He proposed that they should sail by the harbor, on to Narragansett Bay, and by forced marches reach their forts, and attack them, as it were, in the rear.

“The other officers of the fleet disagreed with their captain. They thought they had much better follow their instructions. In this juncture the chaplain of the fleet was summoned, and bade to spend the night in prayer, that they might decide wisely. He did so, and in the morning reported in favor of Capt. Mason’s plan.

“So the fleet sailed past Pequot Harbor, and the watching savages saw it depart with joy. Once again their prowess had frightened away their foe, and they returned to carouse and dance in triumph in their villages.

“Meantime Mason was sailing onward. Uncas, chief of the:



A RACE FOR LIFE.

Mohegans, had joined him with a band of warriors eager to fight

against their old enemies. They landed in the country of the Narragansetts, and marched at once to their chief fort, where they stated the business on which they had come. The Narragansetts, while they highly approved of the plan of the whites, doubted much if so small a party could stand for a moment against such terrible fighters as the Pequots. However, they said they would go along, and take a hand in the fray.

“The next day the little army, with its following of Mohegans and Narragansetts, marched twenty miles to a place called Nyan-tick, where lived Ninigret, another Narragansett sachem.”

“Why, that is the name of the man who made things so hot for the Montauks, as Capt. Jackson said,” exclaimed Jack.

“It is the same fellow,” said Mr. Longwood. “He was a great nuisance to the English for many years. Capt. Mason found him so surly, that he distrusted him at once, and suspected that he intended sending word to the enemy of his approach. That night he stationed guards about his fort, and gave him notice that any of his men who left it, did it at the peril of their lives.”

“That was a high-handed proceeding, at all events,” said Will.

“Yes,” said Mr. Longwood, “it seems to us, under the circumstances, the height of effrontery; but Capt. Mason was not one to stop at any obstacle, after he had gone through so much. And the morning showed that he did wisely; for many of the warriors then announced their intention of joining him, and they danced a war-dance before starting, with great vigor and zest

“At last the Pequot country was reached. Their great tort

was close at hand. It was strongly stockaded, and in it were some seven hundred warriors, with their wives and children. The invaders as, close at hand, they nearly held their breaths for fear of discovery, could hear them chanting of their prowess, and of the English scalps they had taken.

“All night long they waited, till the gray dawn came. The noisy Pequots were now deep in sleep. Mason summoned his Indian allies, but they were not to be found. The nearness of the dreaded Pequots had filled them with terror. He sent them word to look on, and see how Englishmen could fight.

“The fort had an entrance at either end. The invaders divided their force, and made their way in. The enclosure was full of wigwams, behind which the suddenly-roused warriors took refuge, pouring in a shower of arrows on their foe. Seeing that this would soon prove a losing game, Mason caught up a firebrand, and, thrusting it into the mats and straw which lay about, cried out to burn them out. The light wind fanned the flames, and in a few moments the whole fort was in a blaze. The English made their way out, and, forming a circle about it, cut down every soul that attempted to escape. If, perchance, one more fortunate than the rest passed them, he fell before the tomahawks of the Mohegans and Narragansetts, whose courage had somewhat returned, and who hung on the outskirts, cutting down every flying survivor.

“The Indians had at last received a lesson. Ninety men had put to the sword nearly seven hundred of their greatest warriors. The power of the Pequots was broken forever.

“The position of the victors, though, was by no means pleas-

ant. They were miles inland; many were wounded. They had almost no provisions; and another body of Pequot warriors, some three hundred in number, who had been at another fort, learning the fate of their brethren, followed them, mad with rage. Victors though they were, it was a joyful moment when from a hilltop they saw New London Harbor in the distance, with their ships, that they had ordered to meet them there, awaiting them."

"It's a pity they didn't go back, and wipe out those other three hundred Pequots, when they had their hand in," said Jack bloodthirstily.

"These poor wretches met their end soon enough," said Mr. Longwood. "Another expedition destroyed many; and the Mohegans and Narragansetts, now grown bold, hunted them up and down the country, till the miserable remnant came to the English, and besought protection. Make them but secure of their lives, and they asked no more. To such desperation had they come."

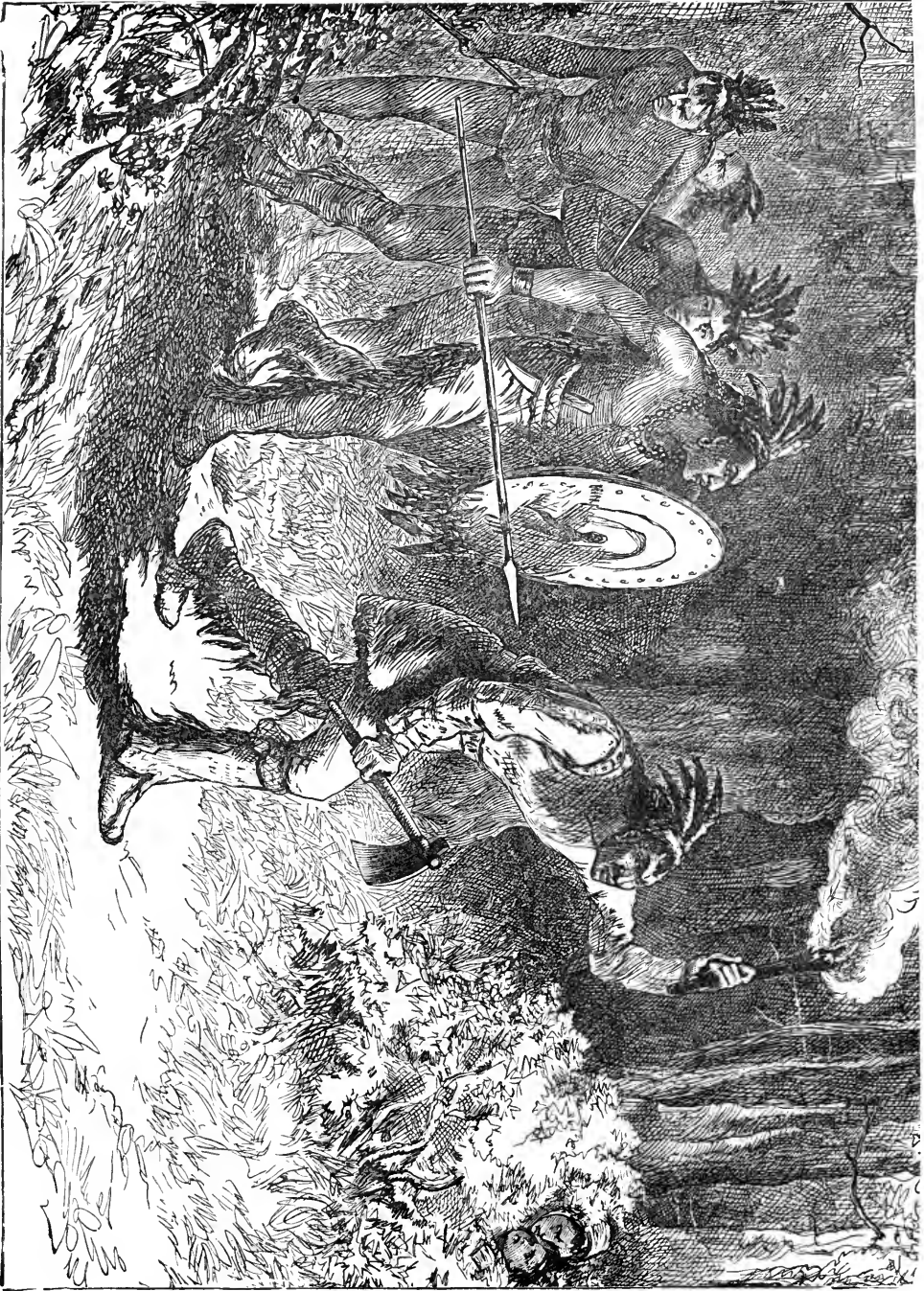
"And what became of them?" asked Jack.

"They were divided up. Uncas, the sachem of the Mohegans, took a hundred; Miantonimoh, sachem of the Narragansetts, took eighty; and your old friend Ninigret was given twenty. He had, however, as usual, been making trouble; and he was not allowed to have his men until he had made satisfaction for the mare of one Pomeroye, which he or his men had killed."

"What did they do with them?" asked Ned. "Put them to death?"

"Oh, no! they adopted them into their tribe. They ceased to be Pequots, and became Mohegans and Narragansetts, — though I do not imagine that they had the foremost seats in the council, nor, indeed, that life was made very sweet to them."







“Go on,” said Jack, as Mr. Longwood paused.

“Why, I think I have made a pretty thorough ending of the Pequots,” said that gentleman.

“Yes,” said Jack; “but of course the Mohegans and Narragansetts fought.”

“They did, indeed,” said Mr. Longwood. “When the Pequots were out of the way, Miantonimoh aspired to be the sachem of all the tribes about. There was but one obstacle to his plans, and that was Uncas. He had made a formal treaty of friendship with him, after the fall of their common enemy. But this he treacherously ignored. He hired one of Uncas’s captive Pequots to shoot him. The man, watching his chance, fired, and shot him through the arm. Then, making his way to the Narragansetts, he boasted that he had killed his chief.

“Presently, however, Uncas turned up as well as ever. This was unexpected. Miantonimoh, finding that his doings were somewhat known, quietly knocked the Pequot on the head, on the principle that dead men tell no tales. It was too late, however: his treachery was evident.

“Presently he made another attempt. As Uncas was going down the Connecticut, Miantonimoh tried to shoot him. This attempt, too, failed, as the first had done.

“Then he raised an army of a thousand warriors, and made all his plans to fall upon his enemy when he did not expect him. Uncas had warning from his scouts, not a moment too soon. He summoned half a thousand of his bravest men, all that he could gather in that short time, and marched forward to meet his foe. There is a good account of this battle by an old historian, which is something like this:—

<sup>1</sup> “When they had advanced within fair bow-shot of each other, Uncas had recourse to a stratagem with which he had previously acquainted his warriors. He desired a parley; and both armies halted in the face of each other. Uncas, gallantly advancing in front of his men, addressed Miantonimoh to this effect: “You have a number of stout men with you, and so have I with me. It is a great pity that such brave warriors should be killed in a private quarrel between us only. Come, like a man as you profess to be, and let us fight it out. If you kill me, my men shall be yours; but if I kill you, your men shall be mine.”

“Miantonimoh replied: “My men came to fight: and they shall fight.” Uncas falling instantly upon the ground, his men discharged a shower of arrows upon the Narragansetts, and, without a moment’s interval, rushing upon them in a furious manner, with their hideous Indian yell, put them immediately to flight. The Mohegans pursued the enemy with the same fury and eagerness with which they commenced the action. The Narragansetts were driven down rocks and precipices, and chased like a doe by the huntsman. Among others, Miantonimoh was exceedingly pressed. Some of Uncas’s bravest men, who were most light of foot, coming up with him, twitched him back, impeding his flight, and passed him, that Uncas might take him.

“Uncas was a stout man, and, reaching forward like a lion greedy of his prey, seized him by his shoulder. He knew Uncas, and saw that he was now in the power of the man whom he had hated and by all means attempted to destroy; but he sat down sullen, and spoke not a word. Uncas gave the Indian whoop, and called up his men who were behind, to his assistance. The victory was complete. About thirty of the Narragansetts were slain, and many more wounded.

“Miantonimoh made no request, either for himself or his men, but continued in the same sullen, speechless mood. Uncas therefore demanded of him why he would not speak. Said he, “Had you taken me, I should have besought you for my life.””

“And now I suppose,” said Jack, “that he lopped off his head.”

<sup>1</sup> We are again indebted to Tom Longwood, who has copied the extract for us from the book in his father’s library, so that we can give it as it was written.



DEATH OF MIANTONIMOH.



“You are in rather too much of a hurry,” said Mr. Longwood. “He did not quite dare to do it off-hand, for fear that the English might not approve; though he longed, in his savage way, for his death. So he carried the speechless sachem to Hartford, where his case was laid before the authorities. They decided, in their solemn way, that Miantonimoh should be delivered over to him, because he had repeatedly tried to kill him, and because Uncas could never be safe as long as his enemy was alive.

“So Uncas, with some of his trustiest braves, was summoned to Hartford, where they took their prisoner, and departed. The authorities knew, of course, that the Narragansett would be killed; and so they sent two white men along, to see that no tortures were inflicted. In single file they strode away. Suddenly, at a sign from his leader, the man who was directly behind Miantonimoh, raised his hatchet, and, at a single blow, split his skull. Without a groan, he fell prostrate; and his savage captor, cutting a large piece from his shoulder, ate it, exclaiming that ‘it was the sweetest meat he ever ate: it made his heart strong.’”

“What an old villain!” exclaimed Gertrude. “Jack, how can you want to hear such awful stories?”

“I think they are splendid,” said Jack. “Go on, please, Mr. Longwood. I am sure there is something to tell about Ninigret.”

“Nothing in especial, that I know of,” said that gentleman, “except that he was a dreadful nuisance all his days. For two seasons the Connecticut Colony had to keep an armed vessel cruising between Montauk and Block Island, to prevent his making incursions on the Long-Island Indians.”



## CHAPTER XIII.



"WELL," said Tom, after a little, as they sat about, chatting idly, "tomorrow we start for home. Our jig is nearly danced out."

"That's a capital idea," said Ned, starting up.

"What?" said Tom.

"A jig," answered Ned. "Why shouldn't we all go out to the barn, and have a Virginia reel? We can hang up some

lanterns to light it. We will just sit here stupidly, if we don't, for an hour; and then you girls will politely try to stifle your yawns, and go off to bed."

"But what shall we do for music?" asked the girls.

"Listen," said Ned, holding up his hand.

They all stopped talking, and at once the sound of an old fiddle in the kitchen became audible. It was squeaking out with



great vigor, "Gabril, come blow de horn," and involuntarily the boys' and girls' feet all began to beat time to the music.

Ned made haste to secure the services of the fiddler, who was nothing loath to give his services to secure a little jollification. The cattle-keeper produced three lanterns, and went himself to hang them up, so as to see that his barn was not set on fire by inexperienced hands. For an hour or two the old building resounded with peals of merriment, and the fiddle squeaked almost without cessation. Then, at the same moment, Mr. Longwood announced that they must turn in for the night, and the fiddler announced that his arm had given out.

"What a shame it is that our good time is over!" said Tom.

"Let us hope that it will rain pitchforks to-morrow," said Jack; "and then we can't get away."

"No hope of that, I reckon," said the cattle-keeper morosely, — he would have liked to have had them stay on indefinitely, — "the wind is sou'-west. We'll have a fine day, 'thout a doubt."

And so it turned out; for the next morning, when, after a hearty breakfast, the big wagon was loaded with the girls, and the boys made ready to tramp across to "The Mavis," the moors were everywhere glistening with dew, which the rising sun turned into drops of gold and fire. The sea was bluer than the sky above it. The fresh wind came softly, laden with odors from the moorlands, — odors which it would carry many a mile out to sea, to gladden the incoming mariner, — Nature's cry of "Land ho!"

. . . . .  
The 1st of October had arrived. The hands of the clock in

the steeple of the church close by pointed to five minutes of nine. Around the door of Mr. Grinder's select school, at No. 2,000 Madison Avenue, stood a large group of boys, busily talking. Nearly all of them were tanned from the sun, though here and there a white face told of a summer in the hot city. But five were especially brown. They looked almost copper-colored. They were the centre of an admiring group, who were plying them with questions, and regarding them with envious eyes.

"Well, fellows," said Will, "the clock has almost reached the hour. We had better go up and say 'How do you do?' to our revered instructor. Come on."

So the whole group broke up, and tramped noisily up the winding stairs.

The room was a large one. In the centre, against the wall, was Mr. Grinder's desk, and beside it, on either hand, were two long benches on which the classes sat to recite. All the rest of the room was filled with rows of desks.

The boys walked toward Mr. Grinder. He was at that moment listening to a pale-faced, lantern-jawed young man, whom they heard say, "Yes, sir: I have translated twenty pages of Sallust, and I have made corresponding progress in my other studies."

"It gives me great pleasure, Master Jones," Mr. Grinder replied, "to hear of such commendable assiduity in study. A like energy shown in the affairs of after-life will be sure to secure you a position of mark. Here are some of your classmates. I hope we may hear an equally good report from them.

Ah! Morgan primus, and secundus, and Longwood, how do you do? Your classmate, Timothy Jones, here, tells me"—

But at this moment the clock struck nine, and Mr. Grinder broke off abruptly, to call the school to order, and the boys made haste to gain their desks before any awkward questions should be asked.

As soon as the roll had been called, Mr. Grinder opened the school, as usual, with prayer. All listened reverently; though I must confess that there was a little smile on more than one face, when he returned thanks that this separation, alike painful to instructor and scholar, was over.

Then he called, "The first Latin."

This was the name of a class. Timothy Jones, the lantern-jawed boy, came forward at once. Tom, the two Morgans, Ned Grant, and one or two other boys, followed more slowly.

"I presume," said Mr. Grinder, "that your parents all received the circular which I sent, informing them of the cause of the untoward postponement of the opening of the school, and suggesting that you should make up the loss by home study. I am glad to know that at least one of you, and, I have no doubt, all, have followed my suggestion."

But somehow, as his glance rested on the sunburned countenances of our four friends, his voice seemed to lose a little of the confident tone that it had when he began.

"Jones, here," he went on, "tells me that he has read twenty pages. Perhaps he has gone farther than others of you. Morgan primus, you may begin at the first paragraph on page 8. We will consider this first recitation somewhat in the nature of a review of your home study."

Will opened the book, and looked at it hopelessly.

"I have not been able to do any thing at my studies at all, sir," he said.

Mr. Grinder looked sober.

"Longwood, you may try it."

Tom made haste to avow his innocence of any home study.

Mr. Grinder looked solemn.

At this moment a half-suppressed chuckle was distinctly audible. It came from a distant corner of the room, where Jack was watching with glee the discomfiture of his cronies.

Mr. Grinder looked up, and caught him.

"Hastings," he said severely, "I am truly sorry that you should begin, thus early in the session, to merit reproof. I give you one mark for misconduct."

Jack subsided.

"How many of this class," said Mr. Grinder, returning to the subject in hand, "have done any study whatever, on their Latin? Let them raise their hands."

Timothy Jones's hand went up. No other kept it company.

"It is as I feared," said Mr. Grinder with great severity. "When you get to be men, young gentlemen, you will look back, and regret in sackcloth and ashes these wasted opportunities. To your desks! It will take persistent application to make up for these two weeks of idleness."

PART THREE.

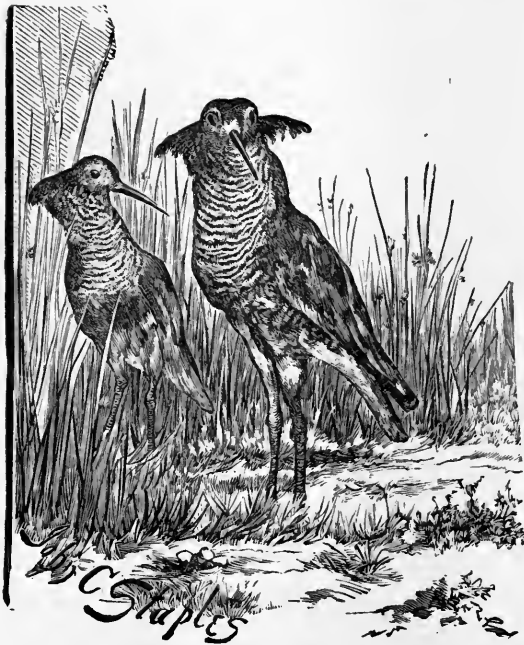
On the Edge of Winter.





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## CHAPTER I.



NOVEMBER had come. Out in the woodlands the wild fowl were ruffling their feathers, and looking for the red berries of the black-alder, if perchance their hungry fellows had not already stripped the branches bare. The sharp west wind went rushing through the naked forests, followed by a train of reluctant leaves.

But these are sights of which the city lad sees little; for November is the month when he is expected to be hard at work at his books. And so, on this particular morning, in the main room of Mr. Grinder's school, there was a

busy hum from the fifty boys who were bending over their desks intent upon their studies.

In the farther corner, however, there was one boy whose thoughts were not upon his lessons. He was scribbling away upon a piece of paper, which he presently folded up, and, with a dexterous flip of his thumb, sent flying skilfully through the air to the desk of a lad some distance away. But, alas! just as it alighted safely, the eye of the master was raised, and a severe voice said, —

“Hastings, bring that note to me.”

The detected culprit took the note, which his comrade handed him with a half suppressed grin, and, slowly making his way to the master’s desk, presented it.

“You may take your stand upon the platform, and read it aloud to the school,” said that gentleman grimly.

Hastings was heard to make some objections to this in a low tone; but the master was peremptory.

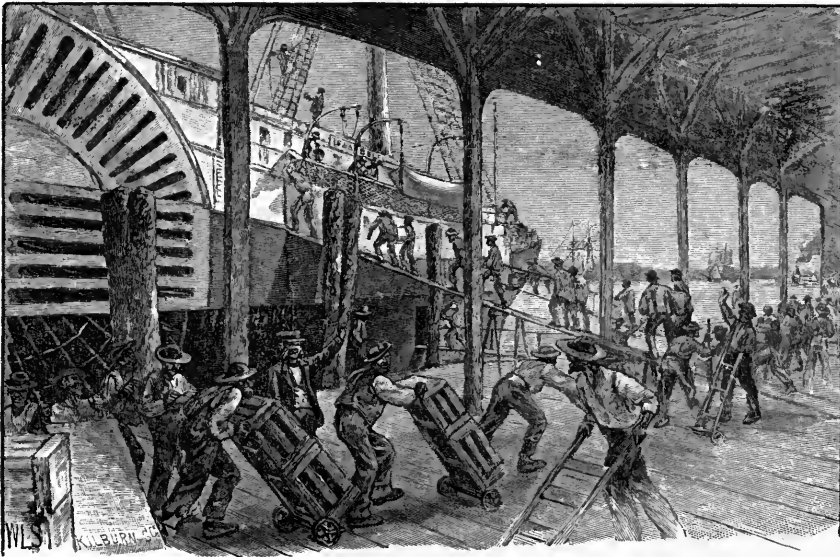
Accordingly the young man proceeded to the platform, opened the note, and began to read. He was blushing furiously; and, in his haste to get through, he paid little attention to his stops, so that his reading was somewhat unintelligible. But the boys who were near heard something like this: —

“I say Will have you heard we five are to cut school the day after Thanksgiving and Monday won’t old Grinder be mad just and with the girls are going up to Tom’s uncle’s on the Hudson we are to go on the boat Wednesday and come back Monday afternoon five days what larks and no old Grinder with his everlasting improve your opportunities young gentlemen hip te doodle do!”



As Jack Hastings finished, he looked up sheepishly. To his astonishment there was a twinkle in the master's eye. "You may take your seat," he said. "'Old Grinder' congratulates you on the pleasure you have in prospect."

The trip which Jack had thus publicly announced as in prospect, in due season grew to be a reality. It was Monday when he stood upon the platform, and read what the boys called his "open letter." That day and Tuesday passed as slowly as the last



LOADING THE BOAT.

two or three days before a vacation always do pass. Wednesday came at last; and at three o'clock a merry and noisy party stood on the deck of the boat, watching the hurrying laborers as they trotted with loaded trucks up the rattling, shaking gang-plank, and deposited their burdens between-decks, and then clattered back again.

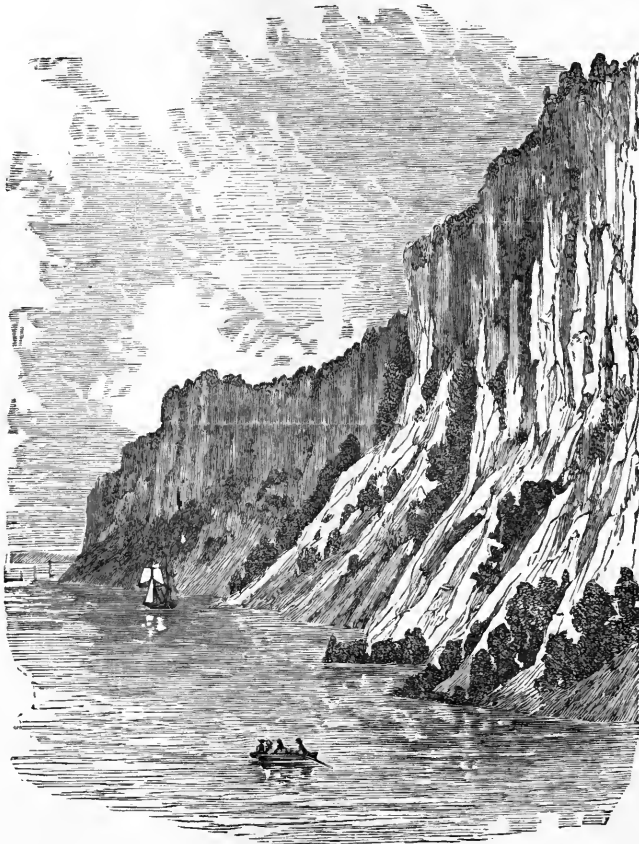
But after a time the freight was all aboard, the whistle blew, the ropes were cast off, the wheels began to revolve with a tremendous splashing, and the boat slowly left the pier. And now, while she is fairly getting out into the stream, I must give you some more definite information as to the plans of our party.

Mr. Longwood, then, you must know, had a brother, whose home was on the farther slopes of the Hudson Highlands. He had never been strong; and so he had bought himself a farm, on which he lived, sheltered by the hills about him from the strong sea-winds. He was not much of a farmer, if the truth be told, but much more of a student. And so the management of the farm fell to the lot of his *factotum*, Daniel Daniels, who, with his wife and children, lived in one wing of the old house, and gave due attention to all the wants of the land, the cattle, and his employer. At the time when the events we are chronicling took place, this Mr. Longwood was abroad; and, in his absence, our Mr. Longwood, Tom's father, had supervision of his farm. And it chanced that the idea had occurred to him that Tom and Carrie should make up a party with their friends, and eat their Thanksgiving dinner in the old farmhouse.

The party had been made up without a moment's hesitation, — Will and Charlie Morgan, Kate and Rose Waring, Ned and Lou Grant, and Gertrude and Jack Hastings, — the same ten who had been together at Christmas, and had cruised together in "The Mavis" in August. They were now all together in the bows, watching with great interest the shipping about them. Close at hand a great ocean-steamer lay in the stream, just in port after the long voyage. As they swept by, they could see

her passengers crowding down the gangway to the tug that lay alongside.

Before them, up the long course of the shining river, the Palisades stood out distinctly against the clear band of autumn



THE PALISADES.

sky along the horizon. The wind that came strong and fresh out of the cold north-west drove before it sullen masses of cloud ;

while here and there a little flurry of snowflakes came fluttering down from their dark edges. "It is just like a little piece of poetry that I once learned," said Gertrude.

Across the autumn sky  
The flocks of cloudland hie,  
**Hurrying** in reckless flight their course along;  
While with loud voice and hoarse,  
Urging them on their course,  
**Behind**, their shepherd comes, — the west wind strong.

Over the meadows bare,  
Through the chill autumn air,  
**Over** the woodlands turning russet brown,  
They pass, in broken bands,  
To the far Southern lands;  
**Their** lusty shepherd following with scoff and frown.

A leader not less fleet,  
With gentle voice and sweet,  
**Brought** them to wander o'er our Northern hills,  
When spring's first blossoms broke,  
And the south wind awoke,  
**And** led them forth, heedless of autumn's ills.

Beneath their passing feet  
Bent down the daisies sweet,  
**The** violet and frail anemone;  
While in a single night,  
Donning her robes of white,  
**In** many an orchard bloomed the apple-tree.

But now the roughening blast,  
Seizing upon the last,  
Scatters their fleece with icy fingers cold.  
See through the darkening air  
The snowflakes everywhere.  
Alas! poor sheep, haste to your Southern fold.

“Don’t you think it is rather cold out here?” asked Kate. “If we were to go into the forward-cabin, we should be sheltered from the wind, and we could see every thing through the windows almost as plainly as if we were actually on the deck.”

“That’s a good suggestion,” said Carrie. “Mamma is in there too. — Come, boys, will you go with us?”

“We’ll come in a few minutes,” said Tom, “just as soon as we have got the bearings of things.”

So the girls went in, and settled themselves in the comfortable chairs, drawing them up about Mrs. Longwood, while the boys proceeded to get the “bearings of things.” This process consisted in inspecting the boat from stem to stern. They looked into the engine-room; they glanced over the scanty supply of literature that was offered, with apples, oranges, peanuts, and papers of tobacco, at the news-stand; in short, they could, before they finished, have passed a very creditable examination on the boat and its entire contents down to the very freight.

“‘O running stream of sparkling joy  
To be a soaring human boy!’”

“What a comfort it is to be no longer one!” said Mr. Longwood, in the upper cabin, to the girls, as he drew a book from

his pocket. "I can sit here comfortably, without the slightest curiosity as to what is going on in the boat. I can even in the city see a cat in the street, without wanting to throw a stone at it." So saying, with a sigh of content, he turned the leaves, and was soon absorbed.

The girls and Mrs. Longwood sat looking at the shores for a little. Away behind them, just coming out of the city, they could see a train hurrying along the river's edge. Nearer and nearer it drew, until, with a rush and a roar, it shot by, and disappeared around some curve. Then they passed close to a number of oyster-boats. They were anchored fast; and the men in them were busy with their long rakes in dragging the unwilling oyster from his comfortable bed. But presently all these sights palled upon them; and they pulled their chairs together, and began to play "my minister's cat." That much abused domestic animal ran the whole gamut of praise and blame, amid many peals of laughter, until Mr. Longwood at last laid down his book.

"We are just entering the Tappan Zee," he said, looking about. "This is that famous sheet of water considered so dangerous by the old Dutch sailors, that each one always put up a prayer to St. Nicholas before he ventured upon it."

"What a different thing travelling must have been in those days!" said Kate. "People then, I fancy, hardly crossed the seas for pleasure."

"The book I have been looking over was the journal of a traveller to the New World," said Mr. Longwood. "He crossed in 1638, nearly two hundred and fifty years ago."

"Do tell us a little about it," urged the girls. So Mr. Longwood opened his book again, and read them extracts.

“ ‘ ANNO DOM. 1638. — April the 26th being Thursday, I came to Gravesend and went aboard the New Supply, alias, the Nicholas of London, a Ship of good force, of 300 Tuns burden, carrying 20 Sacre & Minion, manned with 48 Sailers, the Master Robert Taylor, with 164 Passengers, men, women, and children.’ ”

“ What are Sacre and Minion ? ” asked Grace.

“ Small cannon used in old times, but out of date long since,” said Mr. Longwood.

“ ‘ The 28. we turned into the Downs, where Captain Clark one of His Majesties Captains in the Navy, came aboard of us in the afternoon, & prest two of our Trumpeters. Here we had good store of Flounders from the Fishermen, new taken out of the Sea and living, which were fry'd while they were warm; methought I never tasted of a delicater Fish in all my life before.’ ”

“ It took our voyager's ship five days to get clear of the English Channel, and fairly out to sea,” went on Mr. Longwood: “ and his journal for those five days has little of interest: so I will skip it.

“ ‘ The Eighth day, one Boreman's man a passenger was duck'd at the main yards arm (for being drunk with his Masters strong waters which he stole) thrice, & fire given to two whole Sacre, at that instant. Two mighty whales we now saw, the one spouted water through two great holes in her head into the Air a great height, and making a great noise with puffing & blowing, the Seamen called her a Soufler; the other was further off, about a league from the Ship, fighting with the Sword-fish, and the Flail-fish, whose stroakes with a fin that grows upon her

back like a flail, upon the back of the whale, we heard with amazement; when presently some more than half as far again we spied a spout from above, it came pouring down like a River of water; So that if they should light in any Ship, she were in danger to presently sunk down into the Sea, and falleth with such an extream violence all whole together as one drop, or as water out of a Vessel, and dured a quarter of an hour, making the Sea to boyle like a pot, and if any Vessel be near, it sucks it in. In the afternoon the Mariners struck a Porpisce, or Sea-hogg, with an harping Iron, and hoisted her aboard, they cut some of it into thin pieces, & fryed, it tastes like rusty Bacon, if not worse; but the Liver boiled & soused sometime in Vinegar is more grateful to the pallat.

“‘About 8 of the clock at night, a flame settled upon the main mast, it was about the bigness of a great Candle, & is called by our Seamen St. Elmes fire, it comes before a storm, and is commonly thought to be a Spirit; if two appear they prognosticate safety.’”

“Oh! I say,” interrupted Jack, who had come into the saloon, and had heard the latter part of what Mr. Longwood was reading, “this begins to be interesting. It was no doubt the Banshee, or a corpse-candle.”

“I am sorry to check your imagination, Jack,” said Mr. Longwood; “but the cause of St. Elmo’s Fire is too well known to be attributed to evil spirits. It is supposed to be electricity.”

“But to go back to our voyager. ‘The Twelfth day being Whitsunday, the partie that was sick of the small pox now dyed, whom we buried in the Sea, tying a bullet (as the manner is)



to his neck, and another to his leggs, turned him out of a Port-hole, giving fire to a great Gun. In the afternoon one Martin Joy a stripling, servant to Captain Thomas Cummock was whipt naked at the Cap-stern, with a Cat with Nine tails, for filching 9 great Lemmons out of the Chirurgeon's Cabbin, which he eat rinds and all in less than an hours time.' ”

“ I suppose the whipping acted as an antidote to the lemons,” said Carrie.

“ The next two weeks in our voyager's diary are very barren,” continued Mr. Longwood. “ Now and then he speaks briefly of meeting a ‘ tall ship ;’ but he has nothing more to say about food that is ‘ grateful to the pallat.’ Possibly the cause of it may be found in one sentence : ‘ All this while a very great grown Sea & mighty winds.’ ”

“ ‘ June the first day in the afternoon, very thick foggie weather, we sailed by an enchanted Island, but could see nothing by reason of the mist.’ ”

“ Oh, come ! ” said Jack : “ that's too thin, you know.”

“ ‘ The Fourteenth day of June, very foggie weather, we sailed by an Island of Ice three leagues in length mountain high, in form of land, with Bayes & Capes like high clift land, and a River pouring off it into the Sea. We saw likewise two or three Foxes, or Devils skipping upon it. Here it was as cold as in the middle of January, & so continued till we were some leagues beyond it. These Islands of Ice are congealed in the North, and brought down in the spring-time with the Current to the banks on this side Newfoundland & there stopt where they dissolve at last to water.

“ ‘The Sixteenth day we sounded & found 35 fathom water we cast out our hooks for Cod-fish, thick foggie weather, the Codd being taken on a Sunday morning the Sectaries aboard threw those their servants took into the Sea again, although they wanted fresh victuals.

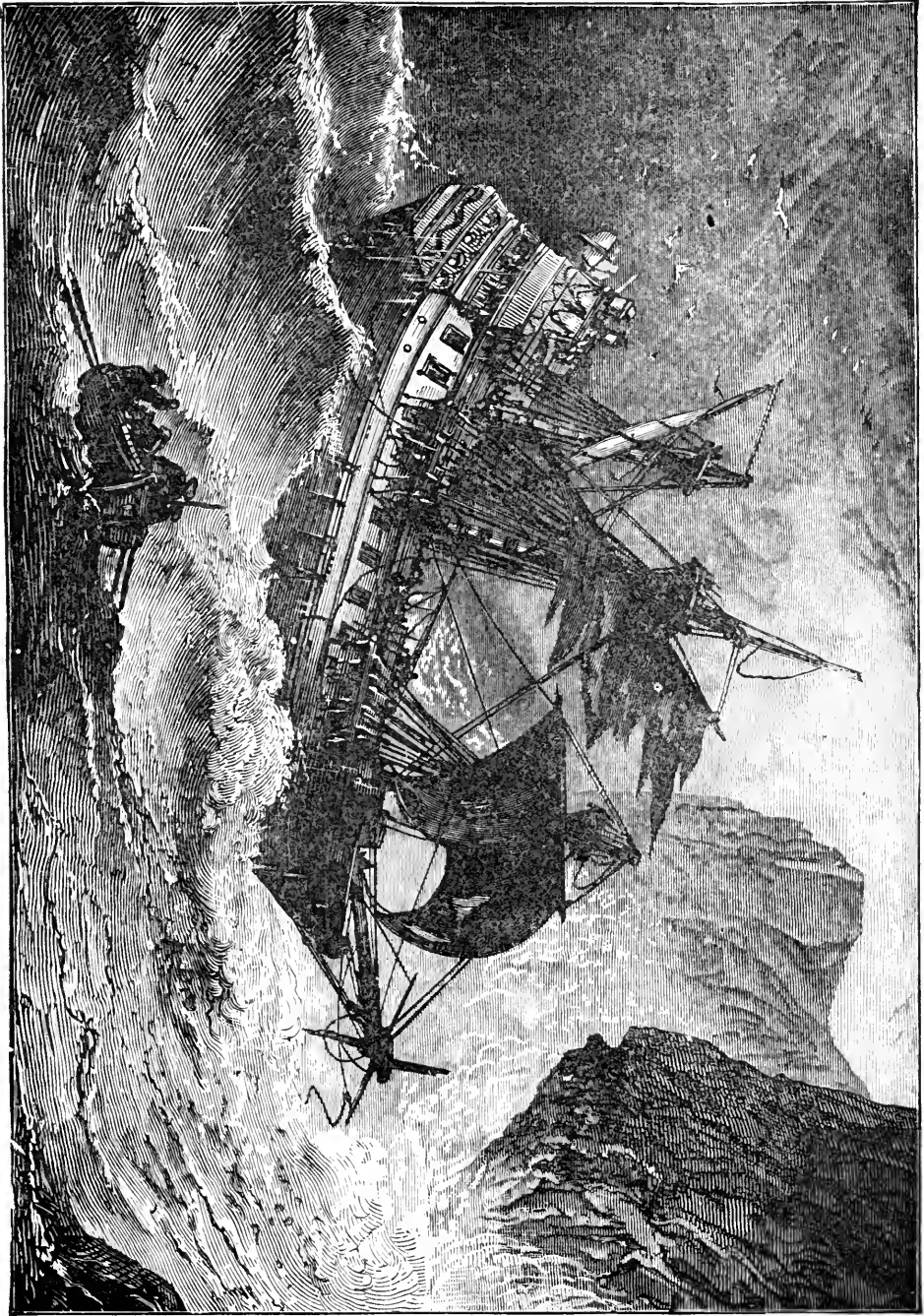
“ ‘The twentieth day we saw a great number of Sea-bats or Owles called also flying fish, they are about the bigness of a Whiting with four tinsel wings with which they fly as long as they are wet when pursued by other fishes. Here likewise we saw a great fish called the Sword fish, having a long, strong, and sharp fin like a Sword blade on the top of his head, with which he pierced our Ship & broke it off with striving to get loose one of our Sailers dived & brought it aboard.’

“ From this time on the voyage was very commonplace. Sixty-eight days after leaving England, they anchored in Boston Harbor. What a contrast, in point of time, to that of the great steamer we just saw, which has made the same distance in less than ten days!”

“ Well,” said Jack meditatively, “ after all, it couldn’t have been such bad fun in the old times. Think of seeing a man ducked at the yard-arm! That must have been prime. But I say,” he went on, “ this fellow must have drawn a very long bow with his enchanted islands, and so forth. I wonder if people believed him!”

“ He published an account of a second voyage to America,” said Mr. Longwood; “ and in the preface to it he says snappishly, that there are ‘ certain spirits who have never travelled so much sea as is between Heth ferry & Lyon Key yet notwith-

SOMERS LOSES HIS SHIP.





standing sitting in the chair of the scornful will desperately censure the relations of the greatest Travellers.' So that I imagine that his stories were not all implicitly believed.

"He went into the Province of Maine, too, after he had landed, and records one or two pretty stiff stories of wonders there,—one of a sea-serpent that 'lay quailed up like a Cable upon a rock at Cape Ann.' Another was of one Mr. Mitten, who had an encounter with a triton in Casco Bay. 'The Gentleman was a great Foulter, and used to goe out with a small Boat or Canow, and fetching a compass about a small Island for the advantage of a shot was encountered with a Triton who laying his hands upon the side of the Canow had one of them chopt off with a Hatchett by Mr. Mitten which was in all respects like the hand of a man, the Triton presently sunk, dying the water with his purple blood & was no more seen.'"

"I should fancy that the ships of those days would have had hard times in the great storms," said Will.

"They often did succumb," said Mr. Longwood. "Some found themselves suddenly on an unknown coast, like Somers and his men, who lost their ship on the Bermudas, though they escaped with their lives: others, less fortunate, went down in the swirling fury of an angry sea, leaving never a trace behind to tell how their fate had come upon them."

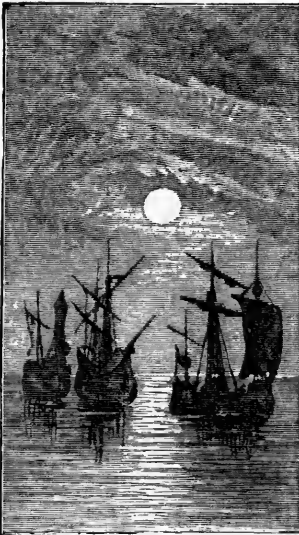
"Why, yes!" said Carrie, "there was that expedition of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's, don't you know?"

"We don't know," said Rose and Lou. "Tell us about it."

"I think I will ask papa to tell," said Carrie; "for I am not very sure that I know myself."



## CHAPTER II.



“SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT sailed from England with a little fleet of five ships,— ‘The Delight,’ ‘Raleigh,’ ‘Golden Hind,’ ‘Swallow,’ and ‘Squirrel.’ ‘The Delight’ carried the admiral’s flag. Two days after, when they hailed one another in the evening, they learned that the captain and many of the men of ‘The Raleigh’ were down with a strange fever; and that night the ship left them, and made her way back to England.

“The other four kept on their westward course, though much disheartened at the loss of their most puissant ship. Storms and fog assailed them, and drove them asunder; but they met on the Newfoundland coast. And here the men of the other ships were much astonished to see how greatly the attire of the men of ‘The Swallow’ had improved since they parted company. Then they were sadly straitened. Presently the cause of the improvement leaked out. ‘The Swallow’ had been originally a

SHIPS OF THE TIME OF SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.







pirate, and had been captured in the narrow seas, as the English and Irish Channels were called, just as she had overhauled a Frenchman. Probably to escape hard usage for piracy, her crew had consented to go on this expedition. So a new captain was set over them. In mid ocean they met a fisherman, homeward bound from the Banks; and, being very short of clothes, they persuaded the captain to let them go off in the small boat, to buy such things as they stood most in need of. They had no sooner boarded her than they made good use of their past experience. The unfortunate fishermen were triced up, and tortured with cords, which were wound about their heads, and then tightened. In this way they were made to give up all that they had, even the clothes off their backs. So terrified were the poor wretches, that when their tormentors left them, and their boat in getting away was swamped, instead of sailing away, and leaving them to drown, they fished up all they could, and, with their own boat, put them back on 'The Swallow.'

"After more stormy weather, the little fleet met in the harbor of St. John's. Here they recruited their empty larders from the fishing-fleet that was always to be found in these waters. The turbulent spirits of the crews broke out afresh. They plotted to run away with the ships while the officers were ashore, and were only prevented by great vigilance. A party of them actually did seize a fishing-craft, putting her men on land, to shift as best they might. Numbers deserted, and hid themselves ashore: others were taken ill in such quantities, that it was decided that 'The Swallow' should be sent back to England with the sick. Her captain and piratical crew were transferred

to 'The Delight;' and the fleet, now reduced to three sail, set out southward to explore the coast. Sir Humphrey Gilbert himself went in 'The Squirrel,' a tiny craft of only ten tons. Her decks were fitted with the guns from 'The Swallow,'—far too heavy a weight for the little ship, as was most disastrously proved later on.

“They sailed away, as we have said, rounding the headlands, and exploring the bays, and in constant danger from sudden shoals. At the end of a week a great calamity befell them. 'The Delight,' their largest ship, and the one which bore their store of provisions, was lost. The evening before, as she led the fleet, she laid her course north-west, following the trend of some cape. The other captains remonstrated; but she held her way, and they had nothing to do but follow. The weather was fair, and, says the old chronicler, 'like the swan that singeth before death, they in "The Delight" made merry all that evening with trumpet and drum and fife, also winding the cornet and hautboys.' In the morning they found themselves suddenly among shoals and breakers; and before they could get about, they were aground, and the ship fast breaking up under the fury of the seas. 'The Golden Hind' and 'The Squirrel,' warned in time, barely managed to wear off until they were safe in deep water. There they watched their unfortunate comrades, utterly unable to help them as the breakers dashed their good ship to pieces, and drowned them one after another.

“This was a staggering blow to the expedition. Their largest ship, a hundred men, provisions, all gone at a blow. The men in the two vessels that were left became discouraged, and refused



"THE SQUIRREL" IN DANGER.



to proceed; and so their prows were turned eastward, and, with the wind 'large for England,' they set out for home. Sir Humphrey went in the little 'Squirrel.' Loaded down with guns, the tiny craft was in no ways suited for an ocean-passage. He was urged to change to 'The Golden Hind,' but replied, 'I will not forsake my little company with whom I have passed so many storms and perils.'

"The two vessels were ordered to keep together, and each was to hang out lights at night; and so they kept their course until about a third of the homeward passage was made, and then they came upon very foul weather and terrible seas. The little 'Squirrel' went out of sight between the great waves, and at one time they in 'The Golden Hind' thought that she had foundered; but she recovered wonderfully, and Sir Humphrey, who was sitting book in hand upon the deck, cried out to them, as they came within hail, to be of good courage. 'We are as near to heaven by sea as by land.' That night, about midnight, the watch of 'The Golden Hind' cried out suddenly that the 'Squirrel' was cast away. In a single instant her lights disappeared: the waves had swallowed her. And so died a resolute Christian gentleman."

All this talking and story-telling had not taken the short time that it has for you to read it here. Darkness had fallen long before. In the dim moonlight the giant hills of the highlands, through which the boat was making her way, stood out, the shadows lying dark and deep in the hollows, while the winding river flowed on at their feet in inky blackness.

One after another the landings had been made; and now,

when the young people began to get their wraps together, ready for their own disembarking, it was suddenly discovered that Jack was missing. When notes were compared, it was found that no one had seen him for at least an hour. Carrie at once started the idea that he had fallen overboard. "You know he fell over from 'The Mavis' last summer," she said; "and he is such a harum-scarum boy!" She was so convinced of the truth of her theory, that, if it had rested with her to decide, she would have had the river dragged for his body without loss of time. It was, I think, quite a disappointment to her when the missing young man turned up in the midst of her eloquence, hands in pocket, and whistling.

"Where have you been?" they all cried.

"Up in the pilot-house," replied Jack loftily. "And I say, the pilot told me a lot of stories about the hills and things, as we passed them. There was one he called the Dunderberg. He said it was a regular old storm-breeder, and the reason was that it was the home of a goblin who ruled the weather. In old times the navigators used to see him. He was of Dutch build, and wore a sugar-loaf hat and knickerbockers, and, with his trumpet to his mouth, would order another blast of wind to pipe up, or another peal of thunder to crash away. And then, when the storm was at its height, they would see him tumbling head over heels, surrounded by little imps, in the thick of the rack.

"One time a sloop was passing, and all at once a thunder-gust burst right over the craft. The vessel pitched and strained fearfully, as if she were going to the bottom. Up on the top of the mast the men saw a white sugar-loaf hat, and they knew that

it belonged to the goblin of the Dunderberg ; but none of them dared to climb the mast. And so the sloop went driving on in a terrible way, the men expecting to see her sink every minute (and so she would have, had they not fortunately a horse-shoe nailed to the mast), until they reached the upper end of the highlands, where the goblin's dominion ended. There the hat suddenly whirled up in the air, and, followed by all the clouds and storm, started back in mad flight, and never rested until it reached the Dunderberg."

"Did your pilot ever see him?" asked Ned somewhat sarcastically.

"No; but Skipper Ouselsticker of Fishkill did. His craft was off the point in a tremendous squall; and he saw the goblin, seated astride of his bowsprit, running them ashore."

"What did he do?" asked Lou.

"He had Dominie van Giesen, or some other such name, on board: and he mustered up courage to repeat the hymn of St. Nicholas; and the goblin couldn't stand that, so he turned a somerset off the bowsprit, and disappeared. He went off like a flash, and carried the dominie's wife's nightcap with him; and the next Sunday they found it hanging on the weathercock of the steeple of his church, more than forty miles away. After that, the navigators always lowered their peaks in passing the mountain, and he let them alone; but, if any one didn't, he had 'Hail Columbia' to pay for it."

"Your pilot seems to have been a diligent reader of Washington Irving, at all events," said Mr. Longwood. "Did he point out Antony's Nose, and tell you how it came by its name?"

“Yes,” said Jack. “When Peter Stuyvesant, the old Dutch governor of New York, was once sailing up the river, it chanced that his trumpeter, Antony van Corlear, happened to be looking over the vessel’s side, contemplating his countenance in the water beneath him. Antony had a nose mighty in size, and fiery from



APPROACHING THE DOCK.

many a long pull at the flagon. Just at that instant the sun rose; and one of its beams, darting over the top of a hill, fell full upon Antony’s nose, whence it glanced off, hissing hot, into the water, killing a sturgeon that was swimming near the surface. And ever since the hill has been known as ‘Antony’s Nose.’”



“Well,” interrupted Tom, “here we are close to our landing. We had better go below, and get ready to go ashore.”

So gathering up their wraps, they made their way down, and shortly found themselves standing on the dock. Two large wagons were waiting for them. Mr. and Mrs. Longwood, with the girls and Jack, much to his disgust, got into one, which set out briskly at once up the long hills; while the four boys waited to pick out the luggage, and follow in the other.



### CHAPTER III.



SLOWLY the wagons crept up the hills, passing first through the village streets, where the light from the windows of the houses gleamed through the darkness; then on up the long way, where only now and then a house broke the pale moonlit monotony of fence and field and wood. The air was sharp and chill; and the girls drew their wraps closer around them, while impatient Jack, heedless of the steep incline, endeavored by surreptitious chirps to make the horses go faster.

“But it is a long road that has no turning,” is the old saying; and so at last they all at once left the highway, and turning through a gate into the fields, after a moment more drew up at the farmhouse door.

“Whoa!” called the driver; and at the word the door opened, and a trim woman appeared in it. Her whole figure stood out in bold relief against the warm glow of light behind her; for

the place was ablaze with a great open wood-fire that filled the huge old fireplace with bellying flags of flame, and sent troops of sparks up the big chimney, while the smell of the burning hickory-logs filled the room with fragrance.

The young people lost no time in hurrying in, and, gathering about the hearth, looked with interest around. It was a huge room. Overhead one could almost touch the heavy oak beams, blackened by time, that had never been hidden away under plaster. The whole brick chimney-breast was covered with shelves, on which stood many ponderous books, so large, that Gertrude found herself wondering how they were ever gotten up there. Around nearly the whole room, against the walls, ran book-shelves, breast-high, filled with books. It was evident that Mr. Longwood's brother was more of a scholar than a farmer.

But the object to which the eyes of our friends were directed with the greatest satisfaction was at one side of the room,—a table set with twelve plates, which shone out conspicuous under the light of a great candelabra in the centre. Their eyes returned to it constantly; and at times they found themselves all silent, and listening, each with a pleasant expression of face, to a hissing and spluttering sound that came through the half-open kitchen-door. "A voice within me cries 'Cupboard!'" said Tom. "We feel with you," said they all sympathetically.

Presently the hissing and spluttering ceased, and the trim woman began to hurry in and out with one smoking dish after another in her hands. An odor of broiled chicken began to struggle for the mastery with that of burning hickory, and in a few minutes they were seated around the table.

They had all been helped, and there was that blissful conversational silence that comes with a roaring appetite, and the trim woman was bustling about, passing the viands, when suddenly these words rang out in a shrill, quavering voice, —

“Who be you?”

Involuntarily they all turned in the direction from which the sound came. There in the kitchen doorway stood a strange figure, — a woman very old, spare and tall. On her head a nightcap was tied tightly: around her shoulder was drawn a blanket, which trailed behind her on the floor, exposing the bottom of a nightdress and a pair of bare feet below it.

Gertrude gave a little scream, and clutched Tom, who was sitting next to her, firmly by the arm; and the trim woman set down a plate of bread which she was passing him, so hurriedly, that it all upset into his lap, and exclaiming, “Sakes alive! it’s mother waked up,” hurried toward her.

“Who be you,” demanded the quavering voice again, “a-eatin’ and carousin’ when honest folk should be abed? ‘Woe unto them that are mighty to drink’” —

But the further denunciations of this new Jeremiah were cut short by the trim woman, who unceremoniously hustled her into the kitchen, and closed the door behind her.

“Gertrude,” said Tom politely, “I think the worst of the danger is now over. If you will release my arm from your grasp, I will endeavor to relieve myself from this bread, which, as the politician said of office, came to me entirely unexpectedly, and through no effort of my own. — Who is our strange visitor anyway, papa?”

“I suspect she is Mrs. Daniels’s mother,” said Mr. Longwood. “Daniels told me that his wife’s mother had come to live with them, and that she was so old that she was getting childish, but that she had ‘a powerful grip on the Scripters yet.’ I think the old lady answers to his description.”

The rest of the meal went on without further interruption. The trim woman re-appeared shortly, looking a little flustered, but said nothing; and after a time they all drew up in a circle about the blaze. Conversation flagged. Presently Tom began to nod, then looking up, suddenly exclaimed, “Four of you are half asleep, and I can hardly keep my eyes open. Jack has been oblivious for ten minutes. It must be the wind.”

“Well,” said Mr. Longwood, looking at the tall clock that stood in the corner, “it is half-past nine.”

“I vote we all turn in,” said Ned.

So there was a lighting of candles, and a stumbling up the wooden stairs; and when the great backlog broke up, a half-hour later, into a mass of glowing coals that came flying out on to the broad hearth, there was no one to sweep them back, until the trim woman came bustling in with the first light the next morning.

Jack, as usual, was the first to be down stairs. His was an investigating mind. With hands in pocket, and whistle in mouth, he strolled about the room. Presently, not being at all bashful, he made his way into the kitchen. The old grandmother was rocking a boy of two or three years in a cradle. The youngster was struggling to get out, and kicking lustily; but the old woman was strong, and held him firmly. “Lie still,” she cried at inter-

vals, "or Clawjesmith will get you." But the youngster would not lie still: he struggled and fought as hard as ever. "Land o' Goshen!" exclaimed the old woman, panting for breath, "that's the powerfulest three-months-old child I ever heard on. I'm nigh beat out. I wonder if it's the cramp. — Cynthy!" she called to her daughter, who had been busy in the other room all this while, "I calcalate the baby's got the cramp. Where's the anise-seed?"

At this the trim woman appeared in the doorway, and, taking in the situation, rushed forward, and released the boy, who straightway stood upon his feet, and proceeded to use his mouth to suck his thumb with, instead of to shout with.

"Land o' Goshen!" said the old woman, as she made out the size of the youngster, after a prolonged and earnest gaze through her spectacles, "I reckoned 'twas the baby all the while. Where is the baby?"

Now, the youngster just mentioned was the trim woman's only child: in short, there was no baby, except in the old woman's imagination. But in that there was a baby, and a very positive one. It even had a name. Little Cynthy she called it, and half her time was spent in attendance on that imaginary child. This freak of her fancy had been a source of considerable annoyance to her worthy son-in-law, until one day he hit upon the idea of having a gigantic rag-baby made, with which she was perfectly satisfied, and would be quiet for hours in tending it.

"Mr. Longwood," said Jack at the breakfast-table, "who or what is Clawjesmith?"

"Clawjesmith!" said that gentleman, repeating the word after him. "I have not the slightest idea. Where did you hear it?"

“The old grandmother in the kitchen told the boy to lie still, or Clawjesmith would get him.”

“Why didn’t you ask her who he was?” said Carrie.

“I did,” said Jack.

“What did she say?” asked Rose.

“Nothing to the point,” said Jack, flushing a little.

“Give us her exact words,” said Carrie firmly, taking note of the blush.

“Well,” said Jack, “if you must have them, she said, ‘Never you mind, you sassy little boy: only look out he don’t get you.’”

There was a general laugh at this, when suddenly Mr. Longwood exclaimed, “Why, of course! I have it. She must mean Claudius Smith.”

“Who was he?”

“A desperate wretch, the terror of all this neighborhood in Revolutionary times. He was the leader of a gang who hid away in the mountains. By night they would sally forth, and commit all sorts of cruelties. Hanging men up until they were nearly dead, to make them tell where they kept their money, and sometimes quite forgetting to let them down at all, was one of their favorite practices. Our aged friend has doubtless heard many wild stories about the villain from her parents.”

“What became of him?” asked Charlie.

“He murdered one of the principal men of the place in cold blood, and then a large reward was offered for him. Fearing that its size might tempt his own men to give him up, he fled to New York, and then to Smittown on Long Island, where he

hoped to be hidden. But his whereabouts became known to one or two patriots. A party crossed the Sound in whale-boats, and seized him; and the worthy settlers whom he had tormented had the satisfaction of seeing him hung. He was a precious rascal. His mother had once told him that he would die, like a trooper's horse, with his shoes on; and to prevent her prophecy coming true, while he was standing in the cart, with the noose about his neck, he kicked off his shoes, and died in his stockings."

"Dear me!" said Carrie, "I suppose it's the old story again. We shall hear, as we have done in all our expeditions, about men's doings, good or bad, but never a word about women's doings."

"Caroline," said Will, "dismiss your gloomy anticipations. You shall hear of a woman's deed this moment."

## I.

'Twas in days of the Revolution, —  
 Dark days were they and drear, —  
 And by Carolina firesides  
 The women sat in fear;  
 For the men were away at the fighting,  
 And sad was the news that came,  
 That the battle was lost; and the death-list  
 Held many a loved one's name.

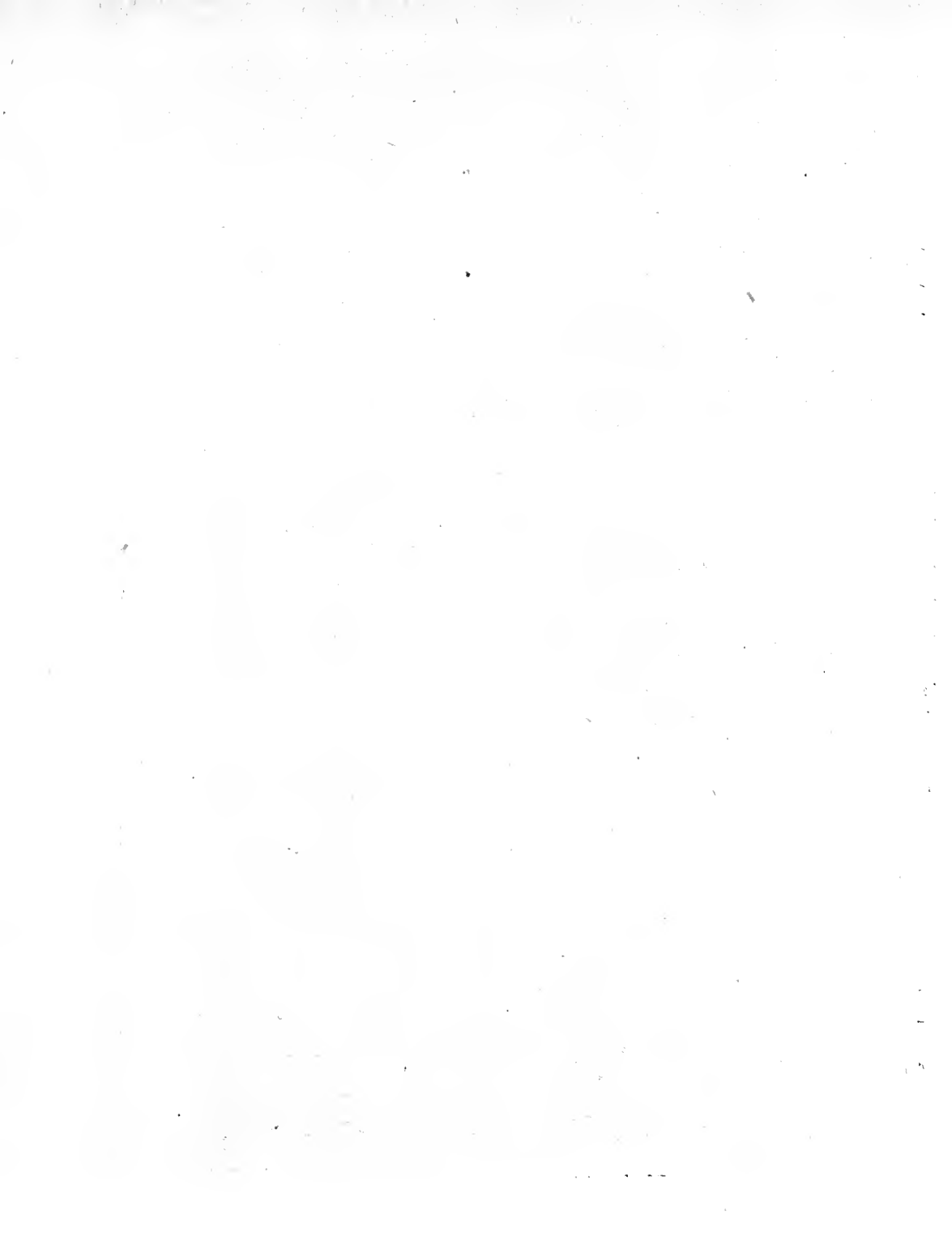
## II.

And the men of the routed army,  
 Their hearts within as stone,  
 Half believed that the Lord had forsook **them**,  
 And they must fight alone.





SAID WAS THE NEWS THAT CAME.



When as heart-sore they sat round the camp-fires,  
    " What ho ! Who'll volunteer  
To carry a message to Sumter ?"  
    A voice rang loud and clear.



BY CAROLINA FIRESIDES.

III.

There was a sudden silence,  
    But not a man replied :  
They knew too well of the peril  
    Of him who dared that ride.

For the country was filled with wild troopers,  
With Cunningham's bloody pack,  
And Tory wretches at every turn :  
What wonder the men hung back !

## IV.

Outspoke then Emily Geiger,  
With a rich flush on her cheek, —  
“ Give me the message to be sent :  
I am the one you seek.  
For I am a Southern woman ;  
And I'd rather do and dare  
Than sit by a lonely fireside,  
My heart gnawed through with care.”

## V.

They gave her the precious missive ;  
And on her own good steed  
She rode away, 'mid the cheers of the men,  
Upon her daring deed.  
And away through the lonely forests,  
Steadily galloping on,  
She saw the sun sink low in the sky,  
And in the west go down.

## VI.

“ Halt ! — or I fire ! ” On a sudden  
A rifle clicked close by.  
“ Let you pass ? Not we, till we know you are  
No messenger nor spy.”  
“ She's a Whig, — from her face, — I will wager,”  
Swore the officer of the day.



THE NIGHT MARCH



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“To the guard-house, and send for a woman  
To search her without delay.”

VII.

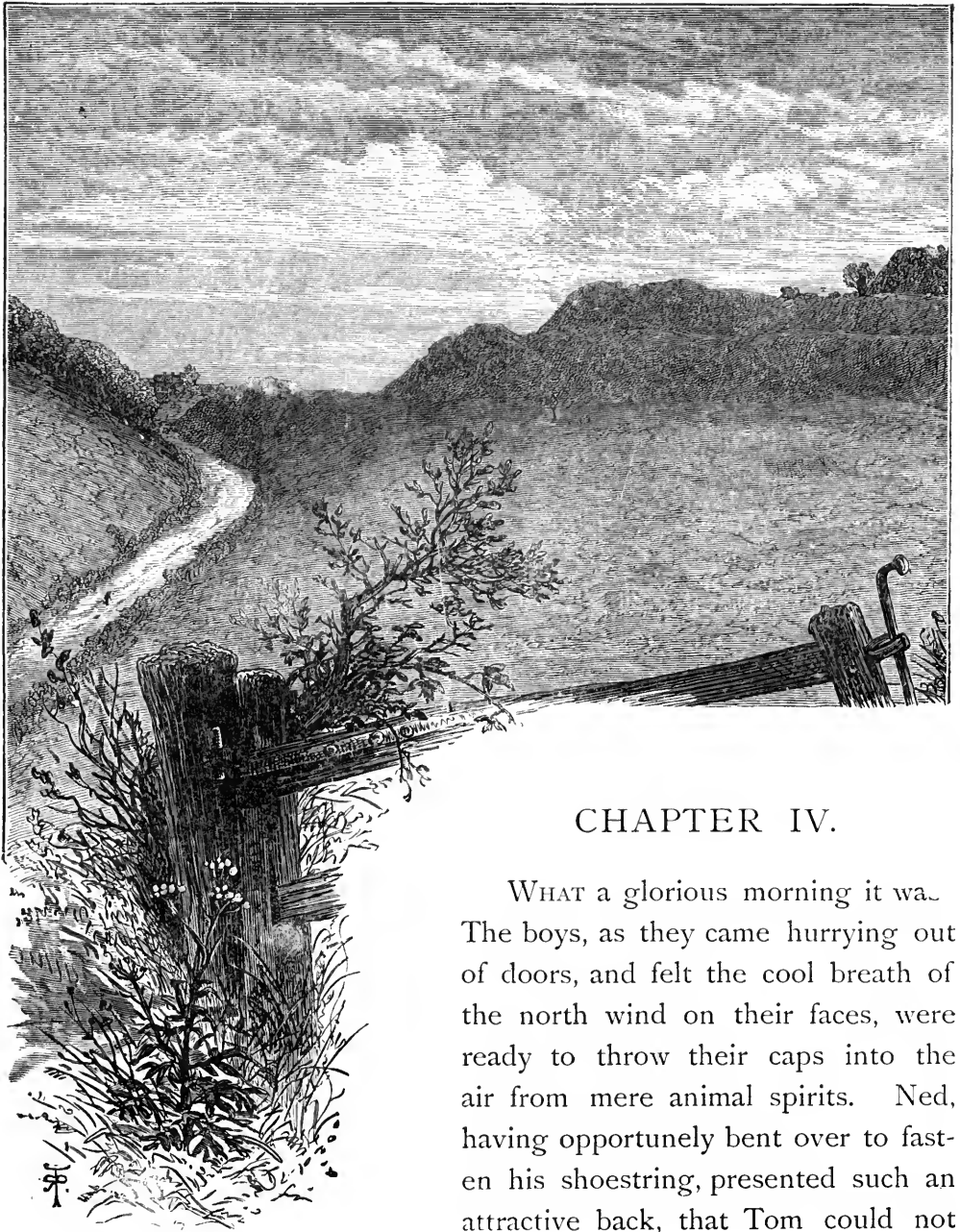
No time did she lose in bewailing :  
As the bolt creaked in the lock,  
She quickly drew the precious note  
That was hidden in her frock,  
And she read it through with hurried care,  
Then ate it, piece by piece,  
And calmly sat her down to wait  
Till time should bring release.

VIII.

They brought her out in a little,  
And set her on her steed,  
With many a rude apology,  
For their discourteous deed.  
On, on, once more through the forest black,  
The good horse panting strains,  
Till the sentry's challenge, “Who comes there?”  
Tells that the end he gains.

IX.

Ere an hour, in the camp of Sumter  
There was hurrying to and fro.  
“Saddle and mount, saddle and mount!”  
The bugles shrilly blow.  
“Forward trot!” and the long ranks wheel,  
And into the darkness glide :  
Long shall the British rue that march,  
And Emily Geiger's ride.



## CHAPTER IV.

WHAT a glorious morning it was. The boys, as they came hurrying out of doors, and felt the cool breath of the north wind on their faces, were ready to throw their caps into the air from mere animal spirits. Ned, having opportunely bent over to fasten his shoestring, presented such an attractive back, that Tom could not



forbear a leap; and before the girls, who followed more decorously, had arrived on the ground, the boys were half way down the road to the gate, in a wild game of leap-frog.

“I suppose, anyway, that the boys will be no fun until they get the ‘bearings of things,’” said Carrie, watching their flight. “Come, girls, let us see what is to be seen. Suppose we go out to the barn.”

They set out at once, but got no farther than the barnyard gate; for there facing them, placidly chewing her cud, and gazing with mild wonder in her eyes, stood a cow. They came to a halt instantly.

“She is certainly dangerous,” said Lou. “See how she looks at us, and how viciously she switches her tail!”

The cow, at this moment scenting the apples which they were eating, and hoping for a morsel, moved a step forward with outstretched nose. The girls precipitately fled.

“Well,” said Carrie, “we can get into the barn through the other yard: there are only sheep there. They cannot harm us.”

So they opened the gate into the sheep-yard, and passed in.



THE DANGEROUS COW.

The boys joined them. Jack, who had witnessed their ignoble retreat, was expressing his views on girls' weaknesses. They were about half way across the yard.

"It was very foolish," he said. "The cow was perfectly gentle. Nine hundred and ninety-nine cows out of a thousand are. You might just as well expect to be attacked by a sheep."

Rash words! An old buck, unnoticed by them, had viewed their entrance with marked disapproval. At first he was satisfied to express this by tosses of the head, and energetic stamps of his foot: but his feelings had rapidly grown beyond his control; and, just as Jack pronounced the last words, he advanced upon him, swiftly and unseen, from behind, and with one dexterous blow of his head sent him sprawling to the ground.

The girls fled at this unexpected attack; while the boys were laughing too hard to help Jack, who scrambled half way up just in time to be sent down by another blow. He was quicker a second time, and, gaining his feet and a stick at the same time, soon put his enemy to flight.

"It is evident that we are not to reach the barn this morning," said Rose. "Let's go back to the house: it must be almost time to get ready for church."

"Church!" ejaculated Jack with astonishment strongly mixed with disapprobation.

"Of course, you young reprobate!" said Will. "Who ever heard of not going to church on Thanksgiving? I hope we shall walk. It's just the morning for a good tramp."

At the prospect of a walk Jack's spirits rose; and they all went together toward the house, where they saw Mr. Longwood.

He was at the back of it, talking to Daniels; and close at hand was a kennel, where a most villanous-looking bull-dog was growling viciously, as he moved about the short space his chain allowed.

"Yes, sir," they heard Daniels say: "he is ugly. You see, I am away in the fields a good part of the time; and now and then a tramp comes along, and my wife she feels more easy with the dog at hand."

"So I should imagine," said Mr. Longwood. "If I were a tramp, I should feel like moving on. Don't let him loose while we are here."

"Never fear," said the man. "He shall be kept close."

The girls, by this time, had made their appearance, ready for church; and they all set out. If it had been Sunday, I suspect they would have gone on decorously; but, as it was, the fresh air from the hills around them was too stimulating for a sober walk. The boys vaulted over every pair of bars they came to; and Carrie and Rose, made reckless by the taunts of Ned and Jack, ran along the tops of the stone fences with many a squeal of terror and delight.

"That field over there," said Carrie, pointing to the one in question, "is full of wild strawberries in their season. I was up here last June, and stained every dress I had."

"Not to mention your face and hands," said Mrs. Longwood.

"And mamma sat on the fence," went on Carrie, "and ate the berries I brought her, out of a cup made of walnut-leaves, and between times wrote a little piece of poetry."

Down in the midst of the meadow-grass  
 Red-ripe strawberry hides away,  
 Fearful of hungry birds that pass,  
 Swift in flight all the summer day.

But, though these robbers have seen him not,  
 There is a foe with sharper eyes:  
 Little brown feet push the leaves aside;  
 Little brown hands seize the trembling prize.



THE STRAWBERRY FIELD.

Little red lips for a moment ope,  
 Strawberry's gone ere his prayers be said:  
 Vain was the nook 'neath the plaintain-leaf;  
 Empty is now his grassy bed.

“What a magnificent country this must have been for Indian fighting!” said Charlie. “These wild ravines and rugged hills no doubt saw many a hard tussle.”

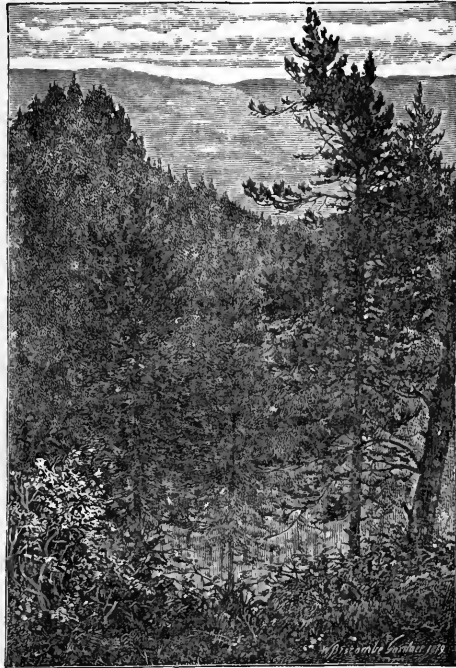
“Yes,” said Mr. Longwood: “we are on the territory of what was the most powerful confederation of Indians ever known on this continent.”

“Do you mean the Five Nations?” asked Ned.

“Yes,” said Mr. Longwood. “They were called Iroquois by the French. Their own name for themselves was Hodenosaunee; or, the ‘People of the Long House.’”

“What a strange name!” exclaimed Rose.

“You will understand the meaning of it better, if you know how these people built their houses. They were not rude wigwams, such as the inferior natives of New England lived in, but large houses, which several families often occupied. They were long and narrow, built with rafters, with an opening at the peak the whole length, for the smoke to escape. Each



family built its fire, and lived around it. The five tribes who made up the confederacy were stretched westward, one after the other, in nearly a straight line, — Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Senecas, — like so many families around the fires in one of their houses: hence the name.”

"Were they great fighters?" asked Jack.

"They were the terror of every tribe, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and from Canada to the Carolinas. When they lost a warrior, they adopted a prisoner in his place, and in this way kept their strength up."

"I should have thought that the prisoners might object," said Kate.

"If they did," said Charlie, "they had only to say so, and they could be burned at the stake instead."

"They most certainly would have been," said Mr. Longwood. "Besides, it was a great honor to belong to so great a confederacy. When the Dutch settled New York, they foolishly traded guns and ammunition with them for beaver-skins, and they became far more than ever the terror of their enemies.

"Lying, as they did, between the French in Canada and the English in New York, their friendship was courted by both. But they were too wily to commit themselves definitely to either, though they finally became much more the friends of the English than of their northern rivals.

"One of the most wonderful things in the whole history of this country is the attempt of the Jesuits to convert these savages. Leaving their homes in France, where many of them held high rank, they threw aside forever the world in which they had lived, with all its luxuries and comforts, penetrated the forests to the Indian villages, and spent their lives amid their filth and squalor, in the hope of winning souls to heaven. Some of them were tortured; more than one died at the stake; but none of these things daunted their courage."







“But they did not succeed, did they?” asked Tom.

“No,” said his father. “The Five Nations declared for the English, and marched against the French in Canada. The Hurons, enemies of the confederacy, among whom the Jesuits had met with the greatest success, were exterminated. Those of the missionaries who had labored among the Iroquois were forced to depart, and so the Jesuit mission came to an end.”

“I should imagine,” said Will, “that our friends of New England, who thought that Popery was born of the Evil One, would have looked with most unfriendly eyes on these efforts of the Jesuits.”

“They did, indeed,” said Mr. Longwood. “And what intensified their views was the dread lest these Jesuits, being French, should bring over the Indians to be the allies of France; in which case they would not only lose a profitable trade, but have an active enemy at their very doors.

“In the valley of the Kennebec dwelt a Romish priest, Sebastian Rasles. For nearly forty years he had dwelt among the savages, hewing his wood, and drawing his water, and living on the same scanty fare as they. A man of wonderful ability, he gained great influence over them, and taught them many of the arts of civilization, while he converted them to his form of belief. He appealed to their love for color by painting the walls of his chapel in glowing hues. His life was pure and blameless. Besides all this, he was strong and expert with the snow-shoes, and in other feats that gained the Indians’ respect.

“The sober-minded colonists of New England viewed with great disfavor the success that attended his efforts. And when

they found that he was striving to make the tribes about him declare for the French, and renounce their old alliance, their rage knew no bounds. They sent one expedition after another against the Indians who had attacked the border-towns, and at last surprised his town at a time when nearly all the warriors were away. Rasles was slain by a soldier, although orders had been given that he should be taken prisoner, and not injured; and his town was burned. And, when his absent warriors returned, they found his dead body, and with many lamentations buried it at what had been the altar of his ruined church, vowing dire vengeance on his murderers.

“But here we are at our church,” said Mr. Longwood, breaking off abruptly. “And the bell has stopped ringing.”

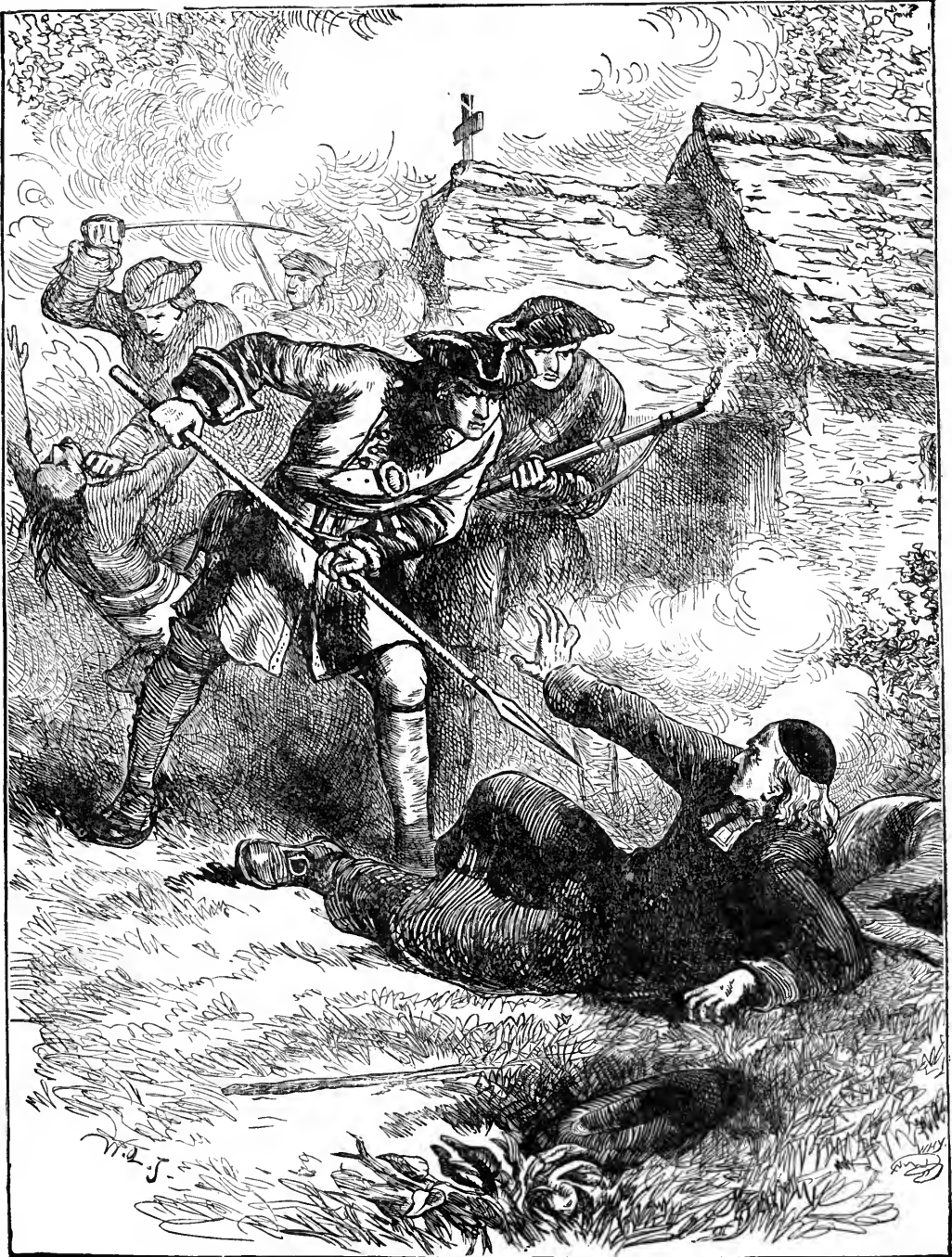
They all trooped in, their cheeks red and glowing from the exercise in the cool air. Half of the congregation twisted their heads around to see who all these strangers were; and the clergyman, who had just begun to read the hymn, stopped short in surprise for an instant, at the end of the first line:—

“Lord of the seasons, oh! how fair”

Tom and Will wickedly whispered that he was so astonished at the good looks of the party, that this was an involuntary compliment; but, as he shortly recovered and went on, the next line completely refuted their suggestion:—

“Thy works: how vile thy creatures are!”

And so, smiling broadly at the sudden reversal of the compliment, they took the seats which were hospitably offered them on all sides.





The sermon was long, and somewhat tedious. Jack, I suspect, would have ventured on a surreptitious bite out of a big apple which he had in his pocket; but whenever he managed to screw his courage up to the sticking-point, and put his hand to the forbidden fruit to bring it out, an old lady of severe countenance, who sat at the end of his pew, looked at him fixedly through her glasses, and he reluctantly gave up his little scheme.

They lost no time in getting out after the Doxology had been sung. Daniel was at the door with the large wagon. Mrs. Longwood, Lou, and Gertrude climbed into it, preferring to ride, rather than walk, up the long hills. Mr. Longwood, too, decided that he was rather too lazy for the walk; but the rest of the party scouted the idea of riding, and set out briskly.

“O Tom!” called out his father just as they were starting, “my old friend Dr. Stone was not at church, and I hear that he is ill. Take my card, and leave it at his house. Ask how he is, and say that I will come to see him in the morning.”

“All right, sir,” said Tom, taking the card, and putting it in his pocket. “Fellows, walk slowly, and I will overtake you. It’s only a step;” and he set off on a run for the doctor’s house.

A couple of minutes brought him to it, and a vigorous ring at the bell brought a red-faced Irish girl to the door.

“How is the doctor?” asked Tom.

“Faith, he’s bether the day, sorr,” said she.

“Well, give him this card, and tell him he’ll call in the morning,” and thrusting it into her hand, and turning around, he ran on to overtake his party.

“And it’s in a fine hurry ye are, troth and sure,” said the girl, as she closed the door, and carried the card to her master.

Now, Tom was like every other boy: his pockets had in them nearly every thing that can be thought of, — knife, string, cards that had been handed him by advertising men in the streets. Of these latter he had a half-dozen that he had tucked away without ever looking at them: so it was not strange, if, in his hurry, he left another card than the one his father gave him.

This was what the astonished doctor read on the pasteboard that his servant handed him:—

ABRAHAM ISAACS,  
100 BOWERY.  
HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR GENTLEMEN AND  
LADIES' CAST-OFF CLOTHING.  
—•••—  
P. S.— LADIES ATTENDED BY MRS. ISAACS.

“Where is the fellow?” demanded the wrathful doctor, as he read it. He was evidently convalescing. Being cross is a sign of returning health.

“Says he’ll be aafter callin’ in the mornin’, sorr,” said the girl.

“Impudent rascal!” exclaimed the angry man. “If he does, I’ll lay my stick over his shoulders!”

Meantime, Tom, ignorant of his blunder, was well up the hill; and, as the wagon stopped at the door of their house, the walking-party were close behind it.

“I wonder at what time we are to have dinner,” said Will.

“I will go and see,” said Carrie with alacrity.

She came back presently. "Four o'clock," she said. "It's now just half-past one. There is a luncheon, though, of sandwiches and milk all ready."

After the edge of hunger had been taken off, the girls decided that they would stay indoors for a time: so they settled themselves comfortably,—one to write, others to read, while the boys strolled out to the barn, where they found Daniels putting away the horses.

"Powerful sermon," said Daniels, by way of opening conversation.

"Did you hear it?" asked the boys.

"No. But the dominie generally comes out strong on sech occasions. He's a prime hand at managing a boat, is the dominie. Nary man on the river can beat him. Last winter he thought he'd try an ice-boat. Never had tried one; but one of his deacons had a boat, and he'd often told him to take her. 'Manage her jist as ye do your sail-boat, dominie,' he said. 'Tain't no trouble 'tall.'

"So the dominie one afternoon tried the boat. Weather had been mighty cold, river smooth as glass, and that afternoon 'twas kind o' warm and sunshiny, though a stiff wind was blowing; and



WAITING FOR DINNER.

nigh half the town was on the ice. So he hysted up the sail and, whist! away she went, seventy miles an hour. Pretty soon he thought he'd turn around: so he fetched her about, and away she went back on the same track she'd come, seventy miles an hour again, right toward the people skatin.' They see the danger, and put for the shore like mad; and sech a scrambling up the banks was never seen.

"The dominie he tried to change the boat's course, but nothing he could do would make her change. She was like a runaway hoss. Another minit, and he'd been in the thick of 'em; and he did say he calcalated he'd have furnished material for three funerals a day for a fortnit, if he hadn't jammed the helm hard down. That fetched her; but then she began to go round in a circle, so fast that he expected 'twould twist his head off. And then, all of a sudden, over she went. He don't go ice-boatin' any more."

The boys laughed at Daniel's story, and then began to amuse themselves in various ways, until, before they realized it, a couple of hours had gone, and Carrie came running bareheaded from the house to bid them come to dinner.

The trim woman seemed to have outdone herself, for the table fairly groaned beneath the good things upon it. In the centre was a great heap of red and yellow apples, and upon them three golden ears of corn, with the husks drawn back.

"The corn is my idea," said Carrie, with satisfaction in her tone.

"It is very pretty," said Ned. "Are we to eat it with pepper and salt? or to gnaw it undressed from its native cob?"



“You are not to eat it at all, you foolish boy!” said Carrie severely. “It is symbolical of the first Thanksgiving Day ever appointed.”

“Pray lighten our darkness,” said Charlie. “I know nothing about it.”

“Well,” said Carrie, “you must learn, that, when the Pilgrim Fathers came to Plymouth, they had a very hard time. Their provisions gave out so nearly, that one day they had only three ears of corn, or some such small number, left. And just at this time a ship came from England with provisions; and they appointed a day of thanksgiving, which is the origin of the day we are now keeping.” And Carrie took up the knife and fork, which she had laid down in order to give greater effect to her little speech, and hastened to make up for lost time.

The trim woman hurried to and fro between the kitchen and the table, bringing fresh dishes, while the chatter of many tongues made a merry noise. But all at once, as sometimes happens, there was a sudden lull; and in that moment's silence the shrill voice of the old grandmother was heard distinctly to say, —

“That little freckled gal has trimmin' of real silk on her frock three inches wide, — a sinful waste and a shame. ‘Tremble, ye women that are at ease: strip you, gird sackcloth upon’” —

At this a heavy step suddenly strode to the door, which closed with a bang, and they heard no more.

“The question now is,” said Jack mischievously, “which of you young ladies answers to the description of the ‘little freckled gal.’”

“I have made a hurried examination of the dresses,” said Ned, “and fear that it is my own dear sister Lou who has aroused the old lady’s indignation.”

Lou blushed very much at finding herself the object of such sudden attention; and Carrie came to her aid by saying, “I think her dress is perfectly sweet. People seem to forget that there is such a thing as an apostolic injunction to dress well.”

“Will you kindly let us know which of the apostles gave this injunction?” said Mr. Longwood. “It has escaped my recollection.”

“Why, St. Paul,” answered Carrie, “when he said, ‘Forsake not the adornment of the person, as the manner of some is’”—

At this there was a shout of laughter; and Mr. Longwood ventured the assertion that he hardly thought St. Paul would be willing to be responsible for such a command. “As I remember it,” said he, “it reads, ‘Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together.’”

By and by, as they sat about the table, the twilight began to thicken; and, before they had reached the nuts and raisins, it was quite dark. Then some one suggested that Mr. Longwood should give them another of his stories.



## CHAPTER V.



“TELL us of some old sea-dog,” said Jack indistinctly, his teeth fast in a great red apple.

“There was a boy,” began Mr. Longwood, “whom his parents intended should be a great scholar, but whose mind was set on going to sea.”

“Ah!” interrupted Jack. “Runs away — clothes in handkerchief — nearest sea-port — ships before the mast — mutiny — kills offi-

cers — takes command — turns pirate many years — hands red with blood — great grizzled beard — lots of money — comes home — no one knows him — nabob from the East — marries beautiful young girl — maltreats her — neighbors hear shrieks at night —

break in, find papers showing his past history — hang him — strong moral — curtain falls.”

“Upon my word, Jack,” said Will, “you are not very polite to interrupt Mr. Longwood in that way.”

“I beg pardon, sir,” said Jack very much abashed. “I did not mean to be rude. Please go on.”

“This boy, then,” said Mr. Longwood, “did not run away, but like a sensible fellow told his parents of his wishes, and with their aid found a good ship, and a good captain, and at fifteen went to sea. And he soon showed that he was made of good stuff; for in three years, and when he was only eighteen, he won the position of first mate.

“On his very first voyage as mate a mutiny broke out. The men seized the captain, and were just throwing him overboard, when our hero, hearing the scuffling on deck, rushed from below, and attacking the mutineers, backed only by the second-mate and one old sailor, after a hard fight, drove them into the bows, and secured the ringleaders in irons.

“And the owners of the vessel, seeing that here was a man who could not only sail a ship, but command one, lost no time in making him captain.”

“You have not told us his name,” said Gertrude.

“His name was William Bainbridge,” said Mr. Longwood. “He is more generally known in history as Commodore Bainbridge of the United States navy. The year in which, at the age of nineteen, he was made captain, was 1793. These were the days when the country was recovering from the Revolutionary war, when we had no navy, when the seas swarmed with pirates

and privateers, and every merchant-ship left port well armed, and ready to fight or fly, according to the size of the enemy.

“And so, as you may imagine, it was not very long before Capt. Bainbridge had a chance to smell burnt powder. He was commanding the good ship ‘Hope,’ and was on his way from Bordeaux to St. Thomas, when he was attacked by a schooner carrying eight heavy guns. ‘The Hope’ had but four nine-pounders and a crew of eleven, against the other’s thirty. But the eleven managed their small weapons with such skill, that they cut the schooner’s rigging to pieces, tore away her spars, and riddled her hull, till she hauled down her flag, and struck.

“His men were wild to board her, and carry her as a prize into port; but Capt. Bainbridge reflected that his first duty was to the owners of his vessel, and that he must get the valuable cargo he had aboard safe into harbor without loss of time. So putting up his helm, he sailed close by the conquered craft, and, hailing her, ordered her captain, in his most contemptuous tones, to go about his business, and to tell his masters, that, when they wanted his ship, they must send a greater force, or a more skilful commander; and so sailed away.”

“How enraged the schooner’s captain must have been!” said Will.

“Yes,” said Mr. Longwood. “No doubt he had calculated on making a rich haul, and he came to signal grief. But we must leave him to repair damages, and go on with Capt. Bainbridge and his fortunes.

“A few voyages after this he was stopped by a British man-of-war, whose lieutenant boarded him, and ordered his crew to be

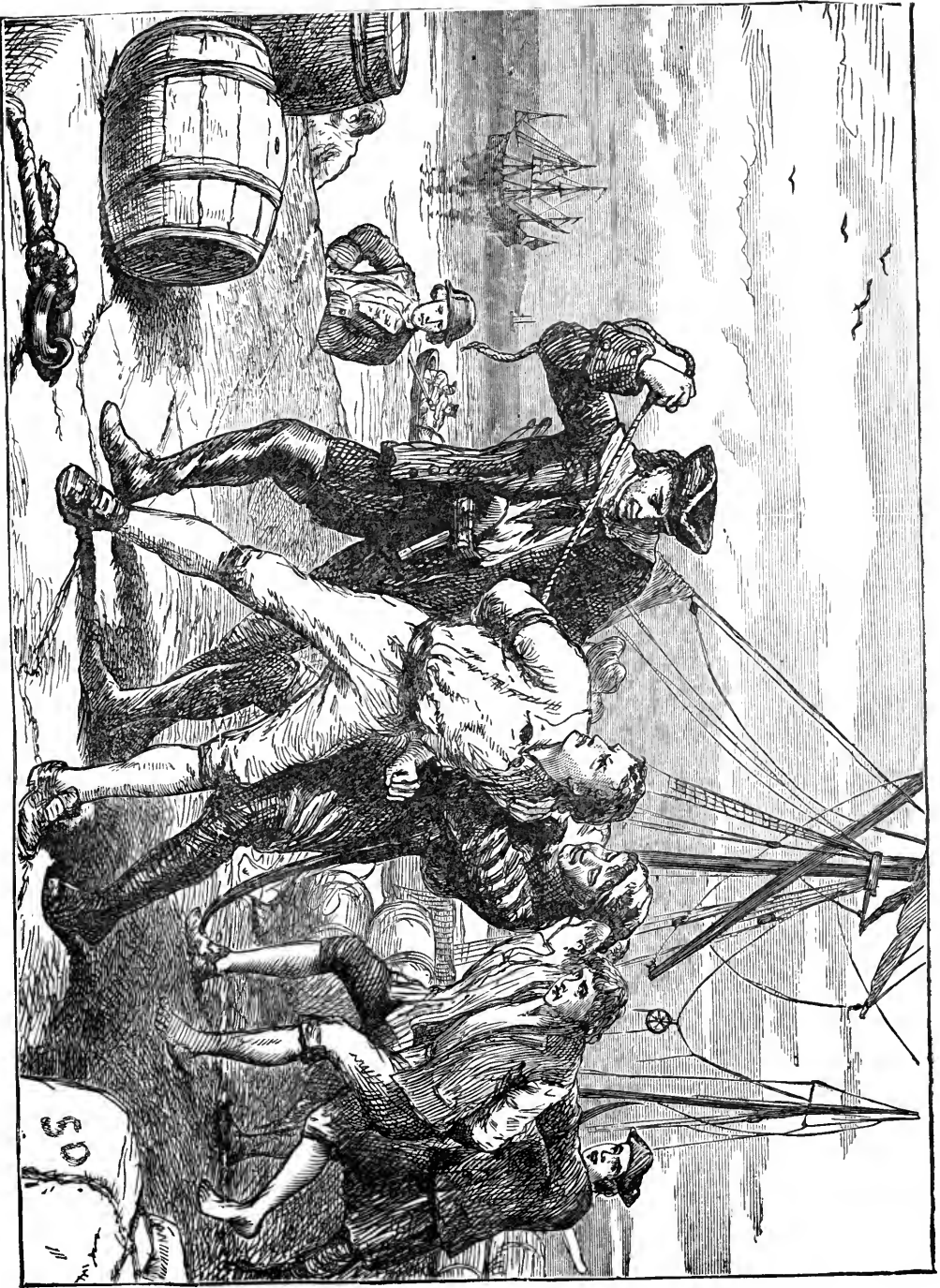
mustered, that they might press any British seamen whom he might chance to have."

"Had they any right to do this?" asked Tom.

"It was the old case of the strong and the weak," said Mr. Longwood. "The British claimed the right to seize their seamen wherever they could be found, and the Americans were then too weak to resist. They have long ago been forced to abandon the claim. Impressment of seaman has from time immemorial enraged Americans. In 1748, when we were colonies of Great Britain, Commodore Knowles, who was in command of some British war-ships in New England, sent his boats to Boston Harbor, and seized all the seamen on the ships and wharves. The whole town rose in anger. The governor called out the militia to restore order; but they refused to act, and the governor, in terror, fled to the castle for protection; while all the officers of the ships on shore were seized, and held as hostages for the return of the pressed men."

"And how was it all settled?" asked Carrie.

"The pressed men were returned, and the affair blew over after a time," said Mr. Longwood. "But to get back to our story. You may imagine the wrath with which Capt. Bainbridge found himself obliged to summon his men. The first one called was Allen McKinsey, the first mate. The British officer declared that the man was Scotch. Bainbridge denied it, and said that he was born in Philadelphia. On the British lieutenant announcing that he should carry him off, Bainbridge turned to McKinsey, and told him to find pistols and a sabre in his cabin to defend himself. The mate lost no time in getting the



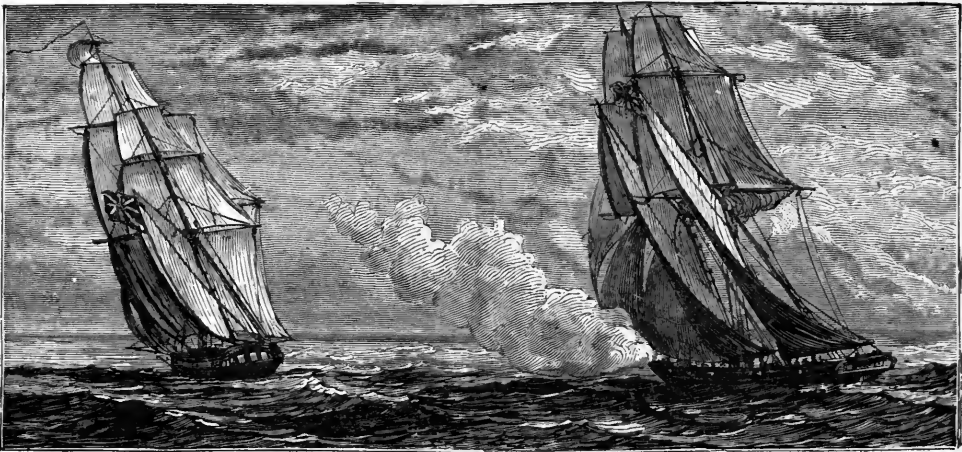
THE PRESS-GANG AT BOSTON.





weapons, and announced that he would shoot the first man who touched him. Seeing that he had a tough subject to handle, the lieutenant discreetly abandoned his designs on the mate, and took, instead, a common seaman.

“Bainbridge remonstrated; stated that his vessel was insufficiently manned, and that its safety was in danger if his force were lessened. Finding that he could not save his man, he boldly declared to the British officer that he would stop the first English merchant-vessel he met, and take off a man to supply his place. The lieutenant remarked, with a sneer, that he would never dare to do such an illegal thing, and went over the side into his boat, and left with his victim.



FIRED A SHOT ACROSS HER BOWS.

“Five days after, Bainbridge fell in with an armed English brig. He mustered his crew, cleared his decks for action, and made her lie to by firing a shot across her bow. He then trained

his guns upon her, while his first mate, McKinsey, went aboard in a small boat, seized an able-bodied sailor, and brought him off. Then, hailing the captain of the English vessel, he directed him to report that Capt. William Bainbridge had seized one of his Majesty's subjects in retaliation for a seaman taken from the American ship 'Hope' by Lieut. Norton of 'The Indefatigable Razez,' commanded by Sir Edward Pellew."

"What a plucky fellow he was!" said Charlie.

"Such acts as these, of course, soon caused him to be known as a brave man, and one fitted for an emergency; and so, as the government was just fitting out ships as the beginning of a navy, he was chosen to command one.

"We have no time now to tell of all his doings,—of how at first he was unfortunate, and was captured,—but will hurry on to the year 1800, when he was appointed to the frigate 'George Washington,' for the purpose of carrying to the Dey of Algiers the tribute paid every year by the United States."

"What!" exclaimed the boys, "did the United States pay tribute, and to the Dey of Algiers? It's impossible."

"Nevertheless, it is so," said Mr. Longwood. "It was to protect American merchant-vessels from the Barbary pirates. You must remember that those were the early days of the Republic, before she had waxed strong, and shown her teeth. And she was not alone in paying tribute: England and France endured the same humiliation.

"Capt. Bainbridge reached Algiers, and handed over the money to the American consul. The Dey was at this time in great trouble. His sovereign lord and master, the Sultan of



BAINBRIDGE AND THE DEY.

Turkey, was in a rage with him because he had concluded a

peace with France at the time that the Sultan was fighting Napoleon in Egypt; and the Dey was in fear that he should lose not only his office, but his head. He demanded that Capt. Bainbridge should carry for him to Constantinople a present to the Sultan, which he hoped would appease his rage. Capt. Bainbridge politely regretted that his orders would not allow him to do this. The Dey fell into a fury. 'You pay me tribute,' he shouted, 'and by this you become my slaves. I will order you where I think proper.'

"Besides, he gave Bainbridge distinctly to understand that his ship was in the harbor under the fire of all the guns of his forts, and that, if he attempted to sail, she should be blown in pieces, and that he and his crew should be cast into prison. Every American merchant-ship, too, in the Mediterranean, would at once fall before the swarms of Barbary pirates. There was no help for it. 'The George Washington' had to go to Constantinople. Bainbridge, in his report, said, 'I hope I may never again be sent to Algiers with tribute, unless I am authorized to deliver it from the mouth of our cannon.'"

"If I had been he," said Jack, who had been slowly recovering his spirits, "I would have taken the presents for the Sultan on board, and as soon as I got out of the harbor I would have cut stick, and let the Sultan whistle."

"Your language is highly enigmatical," said Tom. "Do I gather that you would have run away with the presents?"

"That's about the size of it," responded Jack the incorrigible.

"That would have been a very clever thing to do," said Carrie sarcastically. "It would have taken the Ace about a

month to find out what he had done; and then the American merchant-ships would all have had a sweet time."

"May I inquire whom you mean by the Ace?" asked Jack.

"You know perfectly well, you foolish boy," said Carrie with great dignity. "The man, whatever his name was, would of course have retaliated on every American ship that fell in his way.

Jack being sufficiently subdued by this vigorous attack, Mr. Longwood took up the thread of his story again.

"So The George Washington' sailed for Constantinople with five or six hundred thousand dollars in money, and some two hundred Moslem passengers. You can well imagine that the sailors were not in the best humor at the work they were doing, and the poor pas-



MOSLEMS AT PRAYER.

sengers had a rather hard time of it. The Moslems, as you know, are very rigid in their prayers, and pray always with their faces toward Mecca. Five times a day they swarmed the decks, with their faces turned eastward. Hardly would they have begun, before Jack Tar would find it necessary to tack the ship, when an entire re-arrangement on the part of the praying band would become imperative. At last the ship at these times described such an erratic course, and it grew so difficult to tell which was east, that they found it necessary to station one of the faithful at the binnacle, who, with one eye on the compass, pointed with outstretched arm in the desired direction.

“Imagine the joy of those wicked sailors,” said Kate.

“‘The George Washington’ was fifty-nine days in making the passage to Constantinople,—a passage alike tedious to passengers and crew, who must all have rejoiced when the anchor dropped in the lower part of the harbor. An official at once came alongside, and requested to know from what country the vessel came. He was answered, ‘From the United States.’ After a short absence he returned, and said that no such country was known to them, and asked for fuller information. Bainbridge answered that he came from the New World discovered by Columbus. Upon this information, the captain of the *Porte* was ordered to conduct the frigate into the inner harbor. As it passed the Sultan’s palace, Bainbridge saluted it with twenty-one guns, at which his Sultanic Majesty was highly pleased. He also observed the American flag with great satisfaction, and said that the two nations must have somewhat in common, as each had a part of the heavenly bodies in their flag.

“Throughout his whole stay Bainbridge was treated with the utmost consideration. He was the guest of the Capudan Pacha, or Turkish Admiral; and when his ship left port, on its return, it received a salute from a fortress which had never fired one, except to the admiral himself; and by this high official he was presented with a *firmin*.”

“What is that?” asked Gertrude.

“A kind of passport,” said Mr. Longwood, “which, being granted only by the Sultan, would protect him in any part of his dominions.

“The treatment of the ambassador of the Dey was very different from that received by Capt. Bainbridge. He was ordered to the admiral’s ship, and, having made due tender of the lions and tigers and money he had brought, presented his master’s letter. The admiral seized it in a fury, first spat upon it, and then stamped on it, and bade him go back and tell his master, that unless he declared war with France instantly, and sent to the Sultan at Constantinople, within sixty days, a million piastres for his impudence, matters would go hardly with him. Naturally the ambassador was in haste to be gone.

“‘The George Washington,’ as if wishing to be through with the disagreeable business on which she was engaged, made quick time on her return-voyage, and in twenty-one days was anchored in the Bay of Algiers, — this time, out of range of the batteries on shore. This position did not suit the Dey at all. He had forgotten the solemn oath he swore, not to ask Bainbridge to do any further service for him, and would fain have made him carry back the million piastres.”

“I hope he didn’t do it,” exclaimed Carrie.



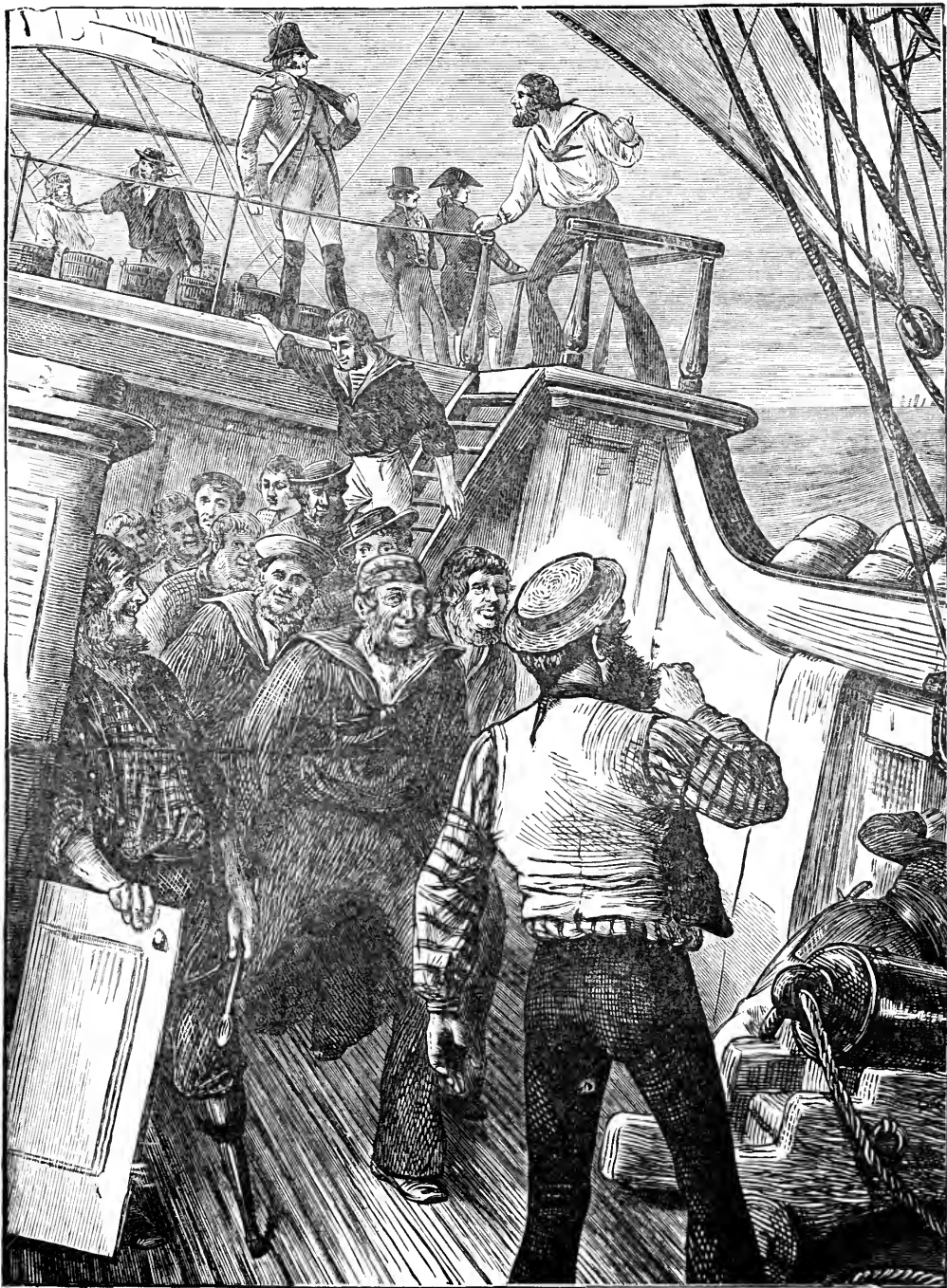
SCENE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

“You shall hear,” said Mr. Longwood. “Capt. Bainbridge refused, and presently waited upon the Dey. He was in a state of fury at being thwarted in his plans, and broke forth in the wildest way. About him stood his fifty janizaries ready to do his bidding at a nod. Bainbridge, knowing that his life was hardly worth a moment’s purchase, pulled out the *firmin* which had been given him at Constantinople. The effect on the Dey was magical. His rage ceased instantly, and he became even crouching in his manner.”

“That *firmin* did the business nicely,” said Tom. “I suppose Bainbridge was not sorry to see the last of the old scoundrel.”

“He was free from this man,” said Mr. Longwood; “but he







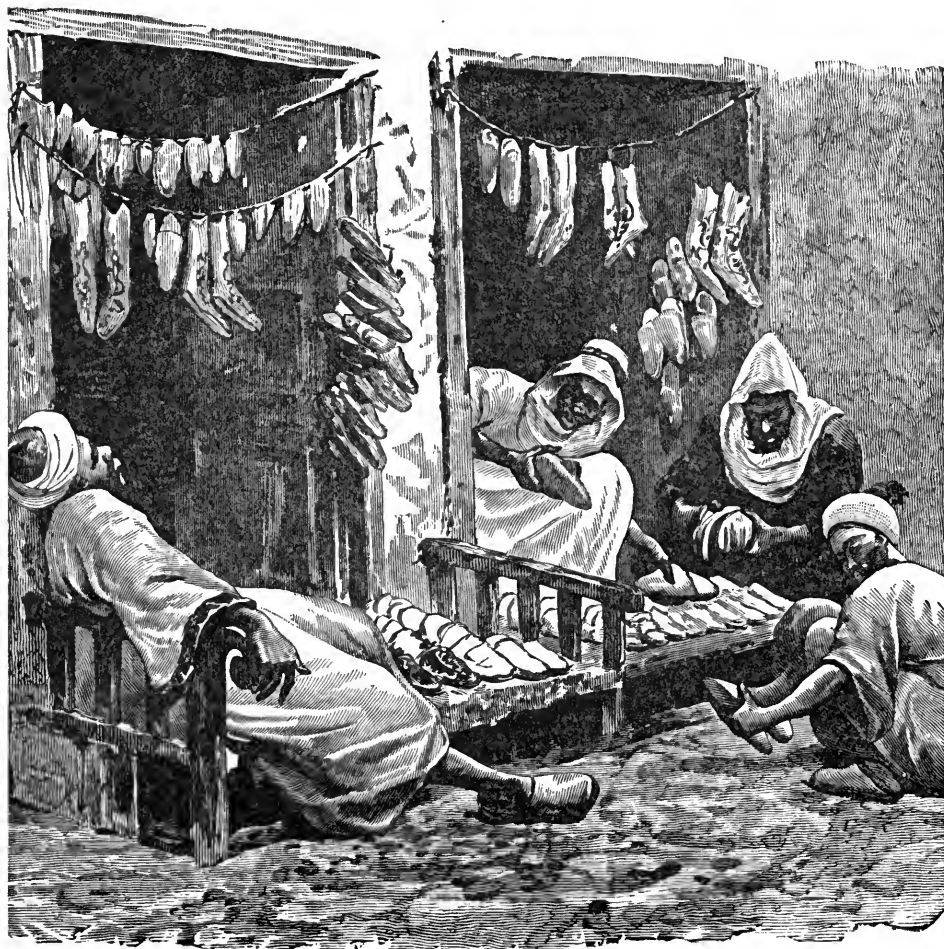
was to see much more of another as bad, and he, too, in a most disagreeable fashion. It was several years later. There was then a fleet of American men-of-war in the Mediterranean, who were making things very hot for the Barbary pirates. 'The Philadelphia,' which Bainbridge commanded, had sighted a suspicious sail on the horizon, had come within range, and was blazing away at her with great vigor, when suddenly she ran aground on a sunken ledge. The men did their best to get her off; but her speed had driven her high up, and, though they threw overboard guns and every thing else they could to lighten her, she was immovable, and finally careened, and lay broadside on the ledge.

"Such guns as they now had left, pointed toward the sky; and a whole fleet of pirates was about them, peppering away with all their might. They stood it for five hours, during which time they threw overboard all the small arms, and floated the magazine, and then they hauled down their flag, and surrendered. A wild rabble boarded them at once, stealing even their clothing off their backs. Ignominiously enough they were carried into Tripoli, and led before the Bashaw, who ordered them all into confinement. Nineteen long months passed before they were set at liberty.

"Dreary times were these for them all. By day the men were forced to work on the fortifications: at night they were all carefully locked up.

"The Bashaw was most anxious to have the earthworks hurried forward; for he feared lest the remaining vessels of the American fleet should knock his town about his ears before he could get into a position to defend it. So he offered money for what they did, to the men who would work when the day's labor

was ended. Poor Jack was only too glad to have a little cash, which soon found its way into the hands of the sellers of



AN EASTERN BAZAAR.

brandy; while Jack himself, uproariously drunk, reeled through the streets of Tripoli. The drinking of spirituous liquors is for-

bidden all true Moslems; and these sailor habits excited great contempt in the minds of the Tripolitans, which they showed in their usual way of expressing contempt, — spitting in the faces. Jack was not the man to stand this; and a bruised and damaged follower of the prophet generally made prompt complaint at the



THE BASTINADO.

guard, and the bastinado was as promptly ordered for the offender."

"I have heard of that punishment," said Will. "Is not that the one where knees and ankles are tied fast, and the victim is held while the bare soles of his feet are beaten with a flat board or paddle?"

“Yes,” said Mr. Longwood. “At times the blows are so heavy, that the blood is driven through the top of the foot.”

“I should think the men would soon have been disabled by such treatment.”

“They made friends of the under slave-driver who administered the punishment. The chief slave-driver was much too dignified to be present while this was going on. He stood outside, and told by the sound, and by the cries of the victims, that the blows were well laid on. The manner in which it was actually done was for the executioner to call in harsh tones for two of the sailors to hold the one to be bastinadoed. A third held five or six straw mats over the soles of his feet, which were then beaten furiously, while Jack himself shouted as if undergoing tortures.”

“What a jolly idea!” said all the boys. “The under slave-driver must have been a very decent fellow.”

“Possibly his feelings may have been softened by a little money from the sailors,” said Carrie.

“It may have been so,” said Mr. Longwood. “But we will give him the benefit of the doubt.”

“Were the officers treated in the same way as the men?” asked Jack.

“Oh, no!” said Mr. Longwood. “They had quarters by themselves, and at times had chances to see somewhat of the city and surrounding country. Their treatment varied according to the temper of the Bashaw. The months were long and dreary enough to them.

“They made plan after plan to escape; but each fell through.



AN EASTERN STREET.

To add to their chagrin, the Tripolitans succeeded in dragging 'The Philadelphia' off the rocks, bringing her into the harbor, and repairing her. There she lay in plain sight, a beautiful new frigate, in the hands of the enemy. It was more than they could stand. By the aid of invisible ink, Bainbridge communicated with Commodore Preble, and sketched out a plan for her destruction. Preble approved, and intrusted the execution to Lieut. Decatur.

"About midnight one dark night, the Tripolitan watch on 'The Philadelphia' observed a small ketch bungling into the harbor, and so carelessly managed, that they feared that she would foul with them. They called out to her to anchor, or they would fire into her; but a Malay pilot called back that she had lost her anchors. The wind dying away, she lay becalmed some fifty feet

distant ; and the guard, seeing a boat lowered, apparently to tow her off, gave her no further thought. The boat, however, quietly



A TRIPOLITAN SOLDIER.

made fast the end of the rope it carried, to the anchor-chains of the frigate. Stalwart arms pulled lustily on it from the ketch ; and, before the sentries realized what was being done, she was alongside, and seventy men, sword in hand, had leaped from her deck.



“The startled crew of ‘The Philadelphia,’ roused from sleep, retreated fighting to the fore-castle. The struggle was bitter, but short. Those who were not sabred leaped into the sea. Then began the work of destruction. Every man had been assigned his task before setting out, and almost in an instant the ship was in a blaze in a hundred places. The batteries on shore, roused by the firing and the flames, awoke, and began to pour shot and shell into the ketch, which was now a beautiful target for their aim. Fortunately the wind sprung up, and she made good her escape without the loss of a single man, and with but four wounded.”

“What a daring deed it was!” said Will. “It would be great fun to meet the men who figured in such acts as these, and get them talking. They would have any quantity of stories of their experiences.”

“There is one anecdote about this very enterprise that I have heard,” said Mrs. Longwood, who had sat silent all the evening. “Mr. Longwood seems to have forgotten it.”

“What was it?” they asked.

“When Decatur called for volunteers to go on his expedition, of course twice the number stepped forward that were needed. So he selected such as he thought most suited for the work in hand. Among those passed by was a slender young fellow of nineteen, a Quaker.”

“It seems to me that aboard a man-of-war is a strange place to find a Quaker,” said Carrie. “I thought they did not believe in fighting.”

“Nor do they,” said Mrs. Longwood. “This fellow had, I

believe, committed some slight fault, and, rather than meet reproof at the hands of his elders, had gone to sea."

"Perhaps he spoke in meeting," suggested Jack.

"I cannot say," said Mrs. Longwood, smiling. "At all events, he was so much disappointed at being left behind, that he impertuned the lieutenant, as he was going over the side, to take him.

"'Why do you wish to go?' asked Decatur sternly.

"His early training was too much for the young Quaker. He could not say that he wanted to fight: so he stammered out that he would 'like to see the parts.'"

"Did they take him?" asked Ned.

"Yes; and he led the boarders, and was always afterward a prime favorite with the men."

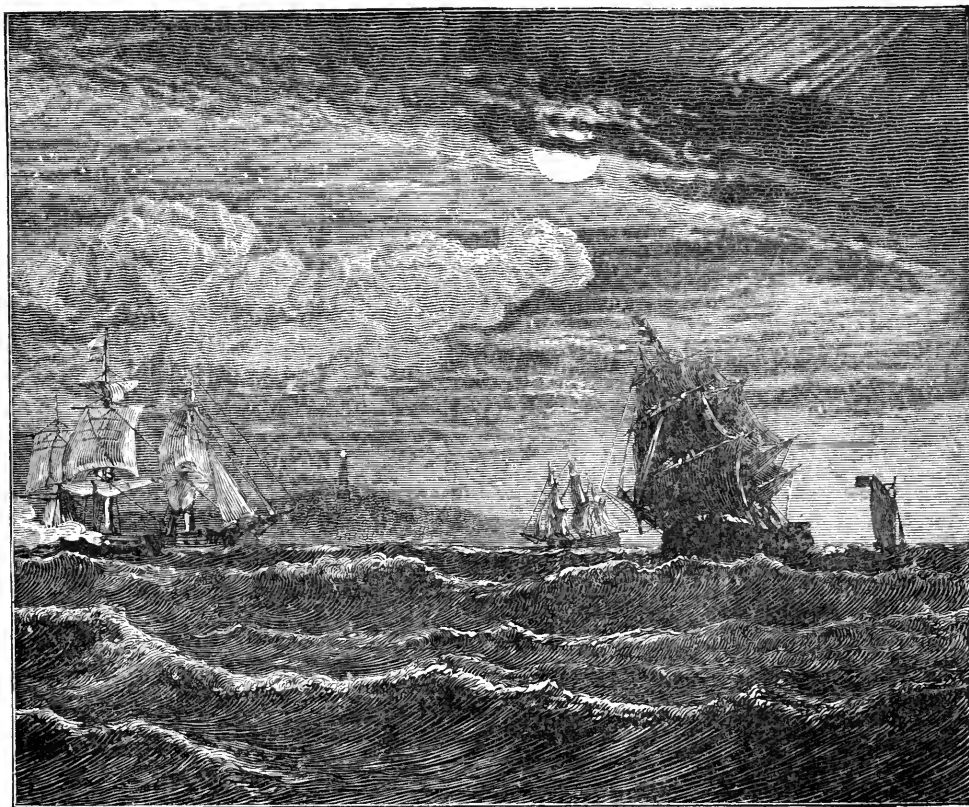
"At last the nineteen long months came to a close," said Mr. Longwood, taking up the story, "and Bainbridge was again a free man. The American squadron had bombarded the city two or three times, and brought the Bashaw to beg for peace. Though the bombardment was most efficacious toward our hero's liberation, it nearly caused his death; for a round shot from one of the American guns fell in the prison within a foot of him, throwing him down, and burying him beneath nearly a ton of stone and mortar which it tore from the walls in its passage."

"It is to be hoped that Bainbridge had better luck after he at last bade good-by to Africa," said Tom.

"He had a very quiet time, at all events," said Mr. Longwood; "for the country was at peace. He superintended one or two navy-yards, and even, to patch his torn fortunes, obtained leave of absence, and made one or two voyages in the merchant-

service. Presently all this peaceful work was broken up. The war of 1812 began.

“Bainbridge was once more in command of a frigate. And now came the most brilliant action of his whole life.”



ONCE MORE AT SEA.

The boys all stirred in their chairs expectantly; and Gertrude, holding up her crewel-work to examine it critically by the light of the lamp, exclaimed, —

“I never saw such things as boys! You know that some thing bloodthirsty is coming, and yet you are as pleased as can be at the idea of hearing it.”

“You are much worse than boys, or than sailors and soldiers even,” said Jack, glancing at her work. “They do cruel things for their country’s good only. You do them for your personal pleasure.”

“That is very poor, Jack,” said Charlie: “not even worth smiling at. — Please go on, Mr. Longwood.”

“It was in the month of December that ‘The Constitution,’ which he commanded, was cruising off the Brazilian coast, when she fell in with the British frigate ‘Java.’ Bainbridge’s report of the action that followed is a model description. — Tom, you will find a copy of his life somewhere about. I think it is lying on the table. I was looking it over only an hour or two ago.

“Here is the place,” he went on, turning over the leaves as Tom handed him the book. “He tells at first of sighting her; then says, —

“‘At twenty-six minutes past one P.M., being sufficiently from the land, and finding the ship to be an English frigate, took in the mainsail and royals, tacked ship, and stood for the enemy.

“‘At fifty minutes past one, the enemy bore down with an intention of raking us, which we avoided by wearing. A general action with round and grape then commenced, the enemy keeping at a much greater distance than I wished; but could not bring him to a closer action.

“‘At ten minutes past two, commenced the action within good grape or canister distance, the enemy to windward, but much

farther than I wished. At thirty minutes past two, our wheel was shot entirely away. At forty minutes past two, determined to close with the enemy, notwithstanding his raking. Set the



THE OFFICERS OF THE "JAVA" SURRENDER THEIR SWORDS.

fore and main sail, and luffed up close to him. At fifty minutes past two, the enemy's jib-boom got foul of our mizzen rigging. At three, the head of the enemy's jib-boom, and bowsprit, were

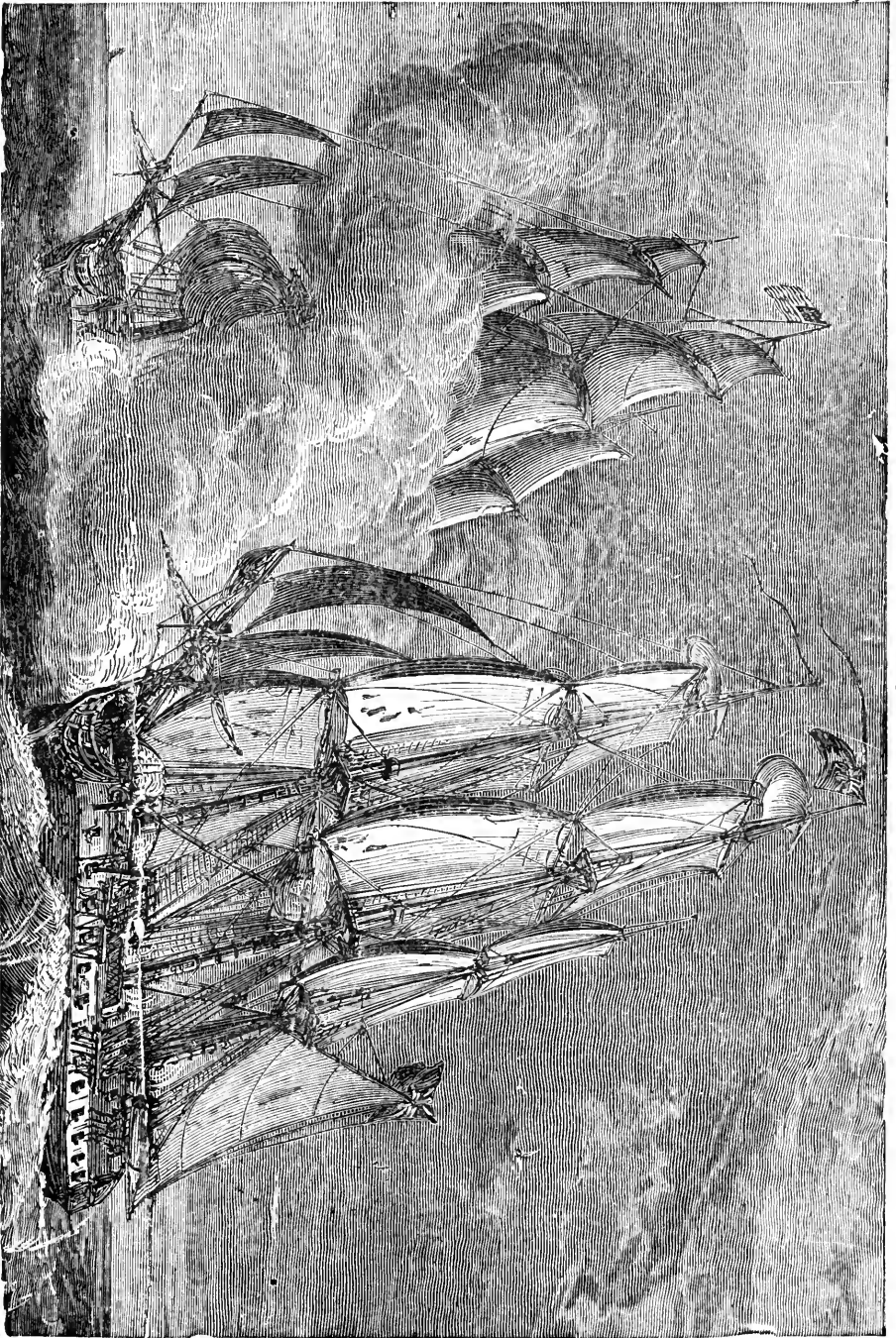
shot away by us. At five minutes past three, shot away the enemy's foremast by the board. At fifteen minutes past three, shot away his main topmast just above the cap. At forty minutes past three, shot away the gaff and spancker-boom. At fifty-five minutes past three, shot away his mizzen-mast nearly by the board. At five minutes past four, having silenced the fire of the enemy completely, and his colors in the main rigging being down, we supposed he had struck; we then hauled down courses, and shot ahead to repair our rigging, which was extremely cut, leaving the enemy a complete wreck; soon afterward discovered the enemy's flag was still flying. Hove to, to repair some of our damage. At twenty minutes past four, wore ship, and stood for the enemy. At twenty-five minutes past five, got very close to the enemy in a very effectual raking position, athwart his bows, and when about to fire, he most prudently struck his flag.'"

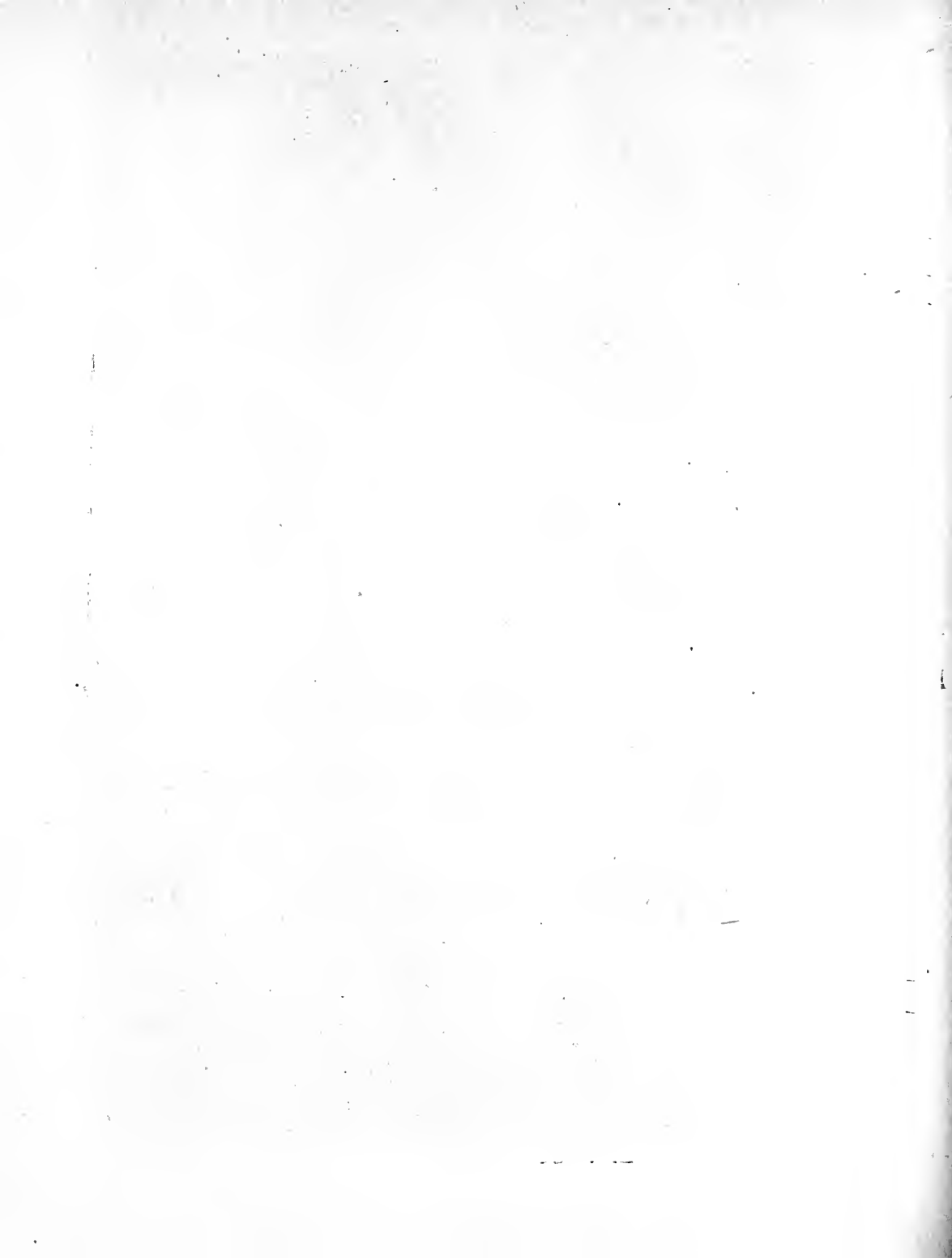
"Hurrah!" shouted Jack enthusiastically, waving his hand above his head. "I knew we'd win. What a fine old cock Bainbridge must have been! —

'Simon was old but his heart itt was bold  
His ordinance he laid right lowe  
He put in chaine full nine yardes long  
With other great shott less and moe  
And he lette goe his great gunnes shott  
So well he settled itt with his ee  
The first sight that Sir Andrew sawe  
He see his pinnace sunke in the sea.'

"Jack," said Tom, "evidently imagines that he is back in

"THE CONSTITUTION" AND "THE JAVA."







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school. — Hastings, I mark you ten for declamation. You have done creditably."

"The commander of the English frigate had as hard a lot as old Sir Andrew Barton of whom Jack tells us," said Mr. Longwood. "He saw his ship blown up by his enemy, and he himself died of wounds received in the fight."

"Well, let us leave the table," said Mrs. Longwood. "For I imagine that Mrs. Daniels would like to clear away the remains of our dinner."



## CHAPTER VI.



“FOR my part,” said Charlie, an hour or two later, “I feel as if I should have the nightmare unless I have some exercise before I sleep. What do you say to some sort of a game?”

“I know a splendid one,” said Ned. “A candle-race.”

“What in the world is that?” they asked.

“You run three times around the house, and the one who gets through first wins. Each person carries two lighted candles. The minute one goes out, he has to stop short until he has relighted it. It’s no end of fun.”

“Let’s try it!” they all exclaimed. And Carrie hurried into the kitchen, and presently returned with a heap of candles, which they all seized upon, and hastened to light. Mr.

Longwood put on his coat and hat, and stood at the front-door to see fair play ; while Daniels and the trim woman stood at the back-door to see this new sport, which, as she observed to her husband, "took a many candles." The cross dog, roused by the noise and light, tugged and strained at his chain, and snapped and snarled most wickedly.

"One, two, three, and away," said Mr. Longwood, as they stood in line ; and off they went. Now, to such of you as have never tried it, a candle-race may seem a very simple thing ; but it is nothing of the sort. In the first place, the candles go out most unexpectedly, and will not relight, except by great coaxing. And then, when you hold the candles before you, you cannot see at all where you are going. Jack brought up violently against an old apple-tree ; Kate found herself held fast by the briars of a large rose-bush ; and Tom was flat on his face before they had made half of the first circuit of the house. It was fully ten minutes before Will struggled in, a winner, at the starting-post. Once more they tried the contest ; but this time Ned, by a little ingenuity, easily won. He held his candles upside down.

But, when they came laughing and panting back into the house, there was a sudden exclamation from them all, as they looked at him ; for his clothes were white with the wax from the candles. It took an hour of blotting-paper and hot flat-irons to make him look presentable. After that they all went to bed.

When the boys opened their eyes the next morning, and looked out of the window, they were filled with astonishment. Could they have mistaken Christmas for Thanksgiving ! There

were two inches of snow on the ground, a lowering sky overhead, and a wintry wind whistling about the house. Down far below them in the distance, the broad river was cold and lead-



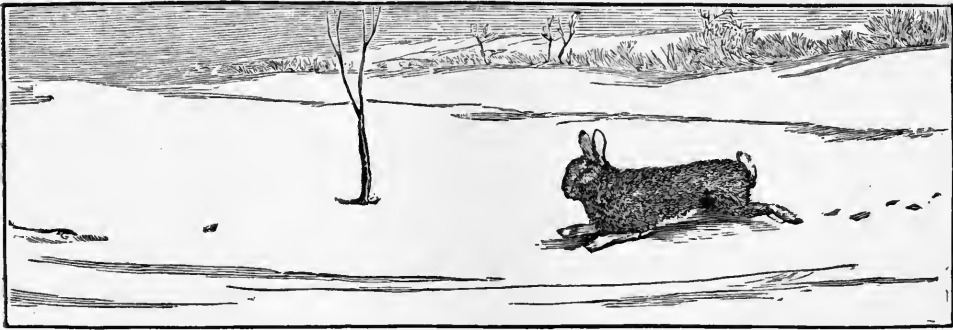
AN UNSEASONABLE PROSPECT.

colored. As they looked, a wild rabbit, surprised, no doubt, at this strange weather, darted across the field beneath their window. They shivered as they watched him, and then all clambered back into bed again to take counsel as to this unexpected state of affairs. After a little, though, a rattling of plates showed that

the trim woman was setting the table for breakfast: so they jumped up, and made haste to dress.

"Well, young people," said Mr. Longwood at breakfast, "how do you propose to spend the day? I am going to see my old friend Dr. Stone this morning, and may not be back until dinner, at four. — You left my card there yesterday, did you not, Tom?"

"Yes, papa," answered Tom. But, as he said the words, he put his hand into his pocket, and produced the identical card



A HUNGRY RABBIT.

"I am sure I left something," he said, holding it up, and looking at it blankly; "but what, I have no idea; for here is certainly the card you gave me."

"It would be well to be more careful next time," said his father. "However, I do not imagine that any very great harm is done. But you have none of you answered my question as to what you propose doing."

"I think we girls shall stay in doors," said Carrie and Rose.

“It looks very wet. I imagine that these winds, which are whistling so vigorously around the house, will soon melt and carry off the snow. How like a March day it seems! Just as if—

The wild March winds have mustered;  
Their stormy bugles blow;  
Aroused from sleep, in squadrons deep  
They rush upon the foe.  
The piled-up snows of winter  
Cower and melt and flee;  
In sheltered nooks the little brooks  
Once more splash merrily.

In all the sunny valleys  
Is heard a stirring sound;  
Little green heads from wintry beds  
Come peeping through the ground.  
The pale wind-flower is swaying  
Upon its slender stalk;  
And violets blue, a merry crew,  
Ripple and laugh and talk.”

“I shall not object to keeping quiet, for my part,” said Kate. “I feel somewhat used up by our activity yesterday.”

“We boys will be close at hand,” said Tom and Will, “in case we can help to pass the time. Jack and Ned and Charlie have challenged us to a great snow-ball fight. I believe that is to come first in order after breakfast.”

“Well,” said Mr. Longwood, as they rose from the table, “I will leave you to your own devices. I must be off. I am going

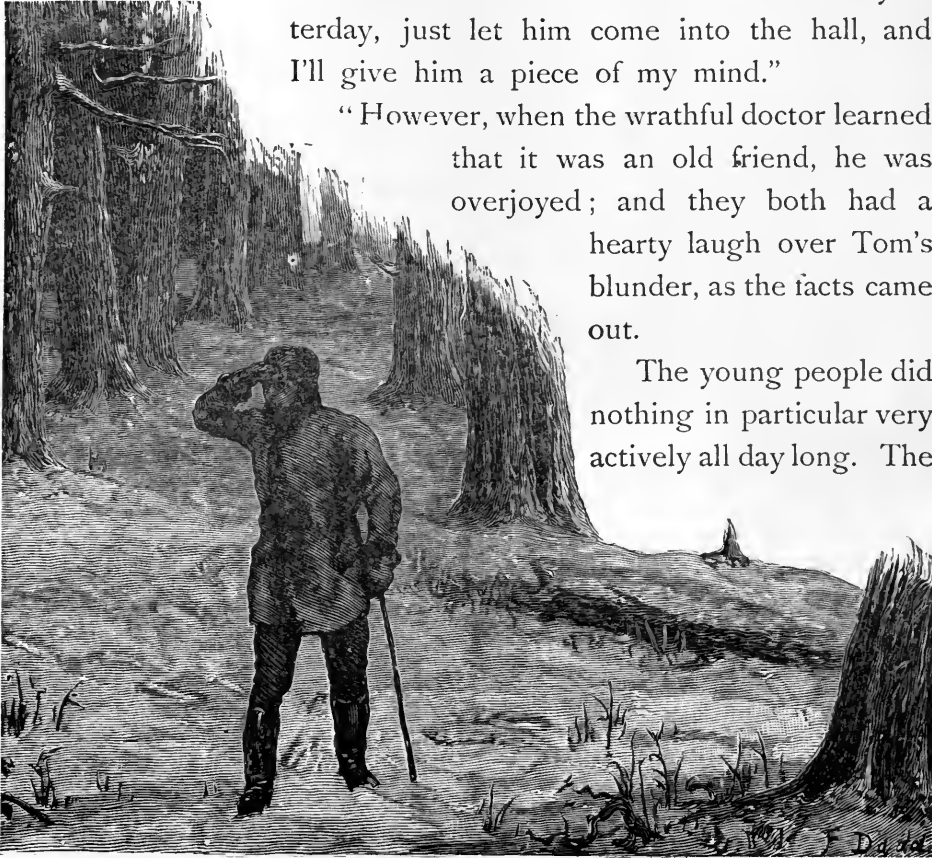
to walk across the fields, and through the woods. There will be no mud there if the snow melts." And, taking his stick, he set out briskly, and was soon lost to view in the forest.

Before the boys had fairly got into the thick of their snow-ball fight, he had reached the doctor's house, and rang the bell. As he stood waiting for the door to be opened, he heard a voice from up stairs call out, —

"If that's the rascal who was here yesterday, just let him come into the hall, and I'll give him a piece of my mind."

"However, when the wrathful doctor learned that it was an old friend, he was overjoyed; and they both had a hearty laugh over Tom's blunder, as the facts came out.

The young people did nothing in particular very actively all day long. The



snow-ball fight came off, and lasted more than an hour, with very evenly matched results. The girls strolled into the kitchen, in the hope of having an interview with the old lady; but the trim woman



was alone. Her mother, she said, had taken a cold, and she had persuaded her to stay in bed. Lou found a dish of bread-crusts, and scattered crumbs to a few hungry birds that gathered about her at the back-door.

Finally they drew their chairs about the fire, each with her



work, and talked and chatted. Rose, after a little, found on the shelves a scrap-book filled with newspaper clippings. They had been cut out at different times by Mr. Longwood's brother, as the fancy seized him. Poetry and prose were mixed in great confusion. Rose read to them, now and then, an extract. Here is one :—

#### THE RETURN OF THE HESSIANS.

“How shall I tell them?” the sergeant said,  
And he shook his old and grizzled head,  
And a tear rolled down his dust-grimed face.  
(They were marching home, and they marched apace)  
From over the ocean, a war-worn band,  
To their homes in the German fatherland.

“The good God's mercies have gone astray :  
Why were they slain on the self-same day ?  
Why came I alive from the cruel strife,  
Useless and old, with no child nor wife ?  
How tell a mother of two sons dead,  
A wife, and a sweetheart?” the sergeant said.

“How can I tell how we found one slain  
Shot through the head, on the lonely plain ;  
How 'neath the colors one dropped and lay  
Dead ere his red lips a word could say ?”  
And the sergeant marched with head bent down,  
Nor heard the cheers as they reached the town ;

Raised not his eyes as they marched along,  
Saw not around him the gathering throng,

Till three pale women clutched hard his arm,  
Their wild eyes haggard with strange alarm.  
"The good God help you — they are dead!  
'Twas for king and country," the sergeant said.

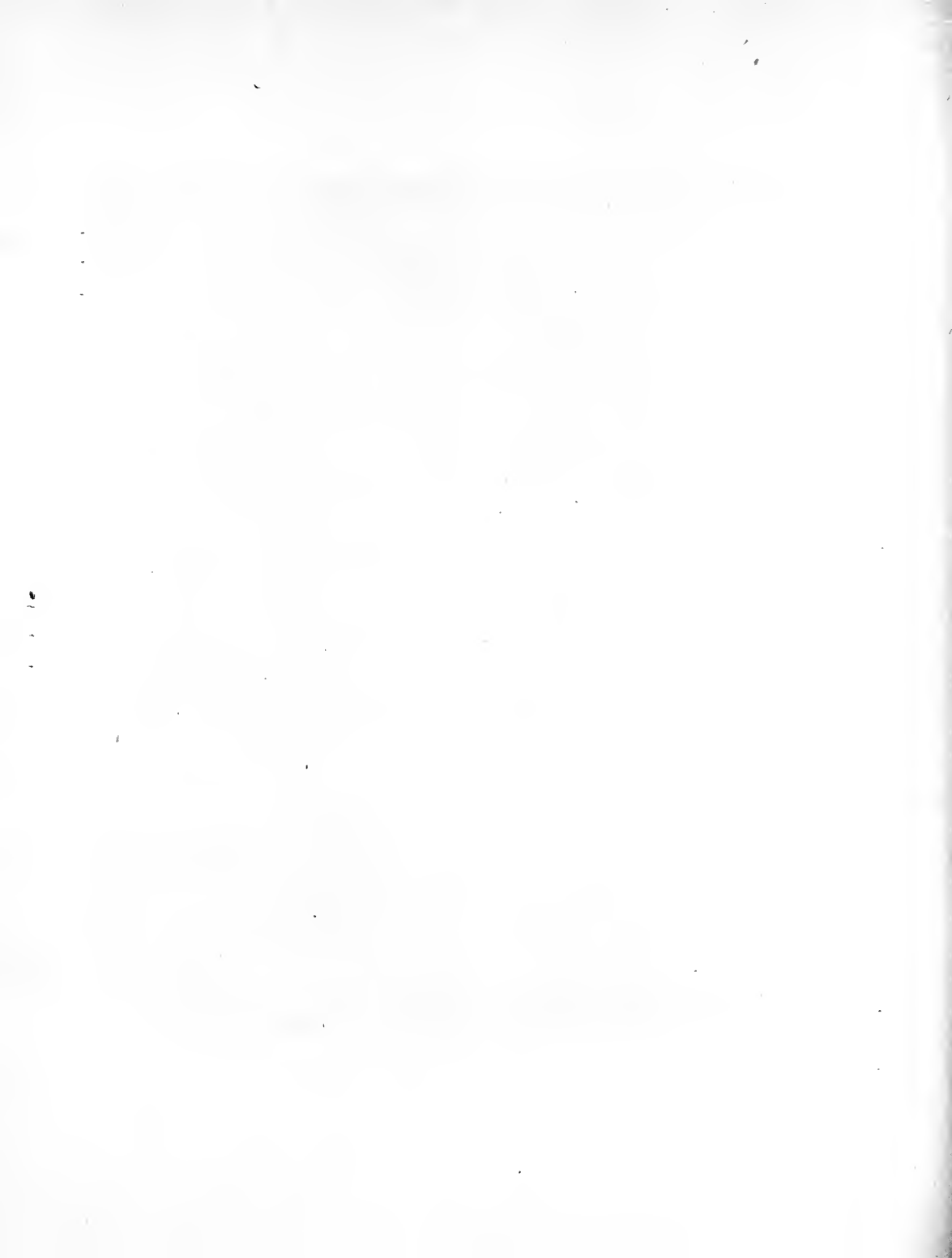


THE FALL OF THE COLORS.

"For king and country!" their mother cried.  
"Not for their country have my sons died.  
One tyrant sold them, poor helpless slaves,  
To another tyrant beyond the waves.



SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD ON THE LONELY PLAIN.



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God judge between us. — Daughters, come home,  
By our vacant hearth we will make our moan."

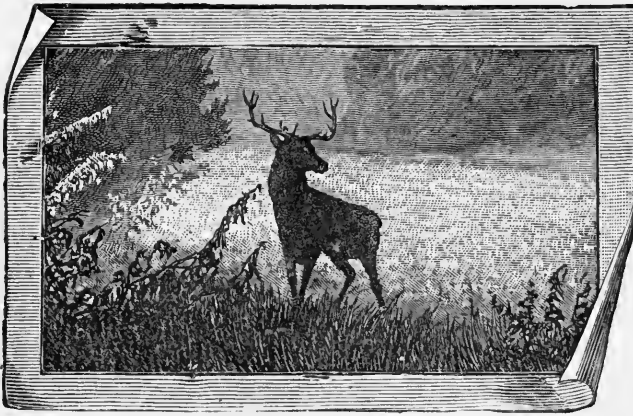
"Is it true, as the poem says, that they were sold?" asked Carrie.

"George the Third obtained the Hessian regiments from Frederick II. of Hesse-Cassel. For the twenty-two thousand men which were furnished he paid about three million pounds sterling. It was said and believed that many of the men were kidnapped, and that their families never knew what had become of them. Many of them had no mind to return to Germany after the war, but deserted, and settled among the people whom they came to fight.

"Here comes papa," said Carrie. "And, would you believe it! it is half-past three. How the day has gone! We had better go up stairs, and get ready for dinner, girls."



## CHAPTER VII.



“In the year 1747,” said Mr. Longwood, as they drew about the fire again, after dinner was over, “among the many new settlements in New Hampshire was one at Epsom ; and

among the settlers was a man named McCoy. He was a rough specimen, but withal a daring man. Having heard rumors that hostile Indians were committing depredations on some of the other settlers round about, he took his gun, and set out through the forest to find for himself whether any were in his own neighborhood. Presently he saw signs that showed only too well that there were, and he made haste to retrace his steps.

“But unknown to him, the Indians had seen him, and noiselessly followed him home. They told his wife, when they were hurrying her away a prisoner, that they looked through the

cracks of their log-house that night, and saw what they ate for supper."

At this point Jack wickedly gave his chair a sudden scrape, and Gertrude jumped.

"The time for them to strike, however, was not yet come. They wanted to find out the strength of the new settlement first. For two days there was no sign of trouble. But, on the afternoon of the second day, Mrs. McCoy went to see if a neighbor, who had fled at the first report of trouble, had returned. As she was coming homeward, her dogs, who had gone around to the back of the block-house as she passed it, came running to her, with their hair standing up along their backs, and growling savagely.

"When McCoy heard this, he made up his mind that the Indians were already in the town, and that it was time to fly.

"So he watched that night; and the next morning he and his wife and his son set out for a garrison at Nottingham. The two men had muskets; but they had used up all their powder and ball in hunting, so that they were of no use to them. They strode along a narrow path through the woods, until they began to climb a hill. They were some distance up the hill; and Mrs. McCoy, who for some unknown reason had straggled behind, was just at its foot, when two Indians reached out suddenly from the bushes, and seized her. At the same time they clapped their hands over her mouth, so that her husband and son might not hear her screams for help. They heard, however, and, putting their pieces to their shoulder, advanced hastily to the rescue. The Indians, of course, at once levelled their

guns, when Mrs. McCoy struck them down, and called to her son and husband to run. They hesitated for an instant, then remembering that their weapons were useless, and that they had no chance of success, leaped into the woods, and fled.



CAPTIVE.

“Mrs. McCoy now naturally expected that she should be tomahawked; but her conduct had probably pleased the Indians, and they treated her with great consideration. They took her to the banks of a little stream not far away, and left her in charge of a boy, while they went back, and burned her house. During this interval she debated whether she would not do well to kill the boy, and make her escape. A heavy piece of iron was there, with which she could easily have done the deed. But, in case they should retake her, she

knew too well that she would probably be burned alive, and so decided to take her chances, and stay quietly where she was.

“Before long her captors returned, grimed with smoke; and, pleasantly informing her in broken English of their having successfully burnt up all her possessions, they set out on the long



march for Canada. The names of these three worthies were Plausawa, Sabatis, and Christi: the boy's name is not given.

"Mrs. McCoy was a sturdy woman, and marched along stanchly. Probably, had she been feeble, and unable to keep up, they would have lost patience, and tomahawked her. As it was, she did not suffer. They had carried off with their other plunder a dozen ripe apples from the solitary tree that bore in the new settlement; and they gave her one of these a day as long as they lasted. They carried her on their backs over the streams, and at night covered her with one of their blankets; and, as this all took place in the summer, she experienced hardly any hardship."

"It must have been jolly," said Ned. "A sort of perpetual picnic."

"I fear Mrs. McCoy did not look at it in that way," said Rose.

"Well," went on Mr. Longwood, "at last they reached Canada, and here the captive was sold by her captors to a French family, as servant. After a time she was ransomed, and returned to her home."

"How glad she must have been to see her husband again!" said Carrie.

"In point of fact," said Mr. Longwood, smiling, "she ought to have been glad. But McCoy was a man of violent temper, from which she had suffered somewhat. And she was indiscreet enough to say, that, if it had not been for her children, she would have preferred to stay in Canada, where she was very comfortable."

“She must have seen her captors quite frequently after her return; for, when the war was over, they built their wigwams, and lived quite close to her. Plausawa and Sabatis both were killed in a drunken bout, and buried near at hand.”

“How frightful those times must have been to live in!” said Gertrude. “The men must have been ready to run at the word ‘Indian.’”

“Not a bit of it,” said Will. “I was looking over that stanch old warrior, ‘Gardener’s History of Pequot Warres,’ a short time ago. Let me just get the book from the shelves, and read you a little:—

“‘In the 22d of February I went out, with ten men and three dogs, half a mile from the house, to burn the weeds, leaves, and reeds upon the neck of land, because we had felled twenty timber trees, which we were to roll to the water-side to bring home, every man carrying a length of match with brimstone matches with him to kindle the fire withal. But when we came to the small of the Neck, the weeds burning, I having before this set two sentinels on the small of the Neck, I called to the men who were burning the reeds to come away; but they would not until they had burnt up the rest of their matches. Presently there starts up four Indians out of the fiery reeds, but ran away. I calling to the rest of our men to come away out of the marsh. Then Robert Chapman and Thomas Hurlbut, being sentinels, called to me, saying there came a number of Indians out of the other side of the marsh. Then I went to stop them, that they should not get to the woodland; but Thomas Hurlbut cried out to me that some of the men did not

follow me ; for Thomas Rumble and Arthur Branch threw down their two guns, and ran away ; then the Indians shot two of them that were in the reeds, and sought to get between us and home, but durst not come before us, but kept us in a half-moon, we retreating, and exchanging many a shot, so that Thomas Hurlbut was shot almost through the thigh, John Spencer in the back, myself in the thigh : two more were shot dead.

“ ‘ But on our retreat, I kept Hurlbut and Spencer still before us, we defending ourselves with our naked swords, or else they had taken us all alive : so the two sore wounded men, by our slow retreat, got home with their guns, when our two sound men ran away, and left their guns behind them.



THE TWO COWARDS.

“ ‘ But, when I saw the cowards that left us, I resolved to let them draw lots which of them should be hanged, for the articles did hang up in the hall for them to read. But at the intercession of old Mr. Michell, Mr. Higgison, and Mr. Pell, I did forbear.

“ ‘Within a few days after, when I had cured myself of the wound, I went out with eight men to get some fowl for our relief, and found the guns that were thrown away, and the body of one man shot through, the arrow going in at the right side,



“ONE MAN SHOT THROUGH.”

the head sticking fast half through a rib at the left side; which I took out, and cleansed it, and presumed to send to the Bay, because they had said that the arrows of the Indians were of no force.’ ”

“That doesn’t sound as if Gardener, at least, were much afraid,” said Charlie.

“Wait a little,” said Will. “I’ll read you some more of it.”

“ ‘You, Robert Chapman, you know that when you and John Bagley were beating samp at the Garden Pales, the sentinels called you to

run in; for there was a number of Pequits creeping to you to catch you. I, hearing it, went up to the Redoubt, and put two cross-bar shot into the two guns that lay above, and levelled them at the trees in the middle of the limbs and boughs, and gave order to John Frend and his man to stand with handspikes,

to turn them this way or that as they should hear the Indians shout ; for they should know my shout from theirs, for it should be very short.

“ ‘ Then I called six men and the dogs, and went out running to the place, and keeping all abreast in sight, close together. And when I saw my time, I said “ Stand ! ” and called all to me, saying, “ Look on me ; and, when I hold up my hand, then shout as loud as you can ; and, when I hold down my hand, then leave : ” and so they did. Then the Indians began a long shout, and then went off the two great guns, and tore the limbs of the trees about their ears, so that divers of them were hurt ; for there is one of them in this present year, ’60, that lieth above Harford, that is fain to creep on all four. And we shouted once or twice more, but they would not answer us again : so we returned home, laughing.

“ ‘ Another pretty prank we had with three great doors of ten feet long and four feet broad, being bored full of holes, and driven full of long nails as sharp as awl-blades, — sharpened by Thomas Hurlbut. These we placed in certain places where they should come, fearing lest they should come in the night, and fire our redoubt or battery. And in a dry time, and a dark night, they came as before, and found the way a little too sharp for them ; and as they skipped from one they trod upon another, and left the nails and doors dyed with their blood, which you know we saw the next morning, laughing at it. And this I write that young men may learn, if they should meet with such trials as we met with there, and have not opportunity to cut off their enemies, yet they may, with such pretty pranks, preserve them-

selves from danger; for policy is needful in wars, as well as strength.’”

“His idea of a pretty prank is unique, at all events,” said Charlie. “He must have been a tough customer to meet. Did he keep his scalp on his head?”

“Oh, yes!” said Mr. Longwood. “He died in his bed at a good old age.”

“How did they scalp people?” asked Rose.

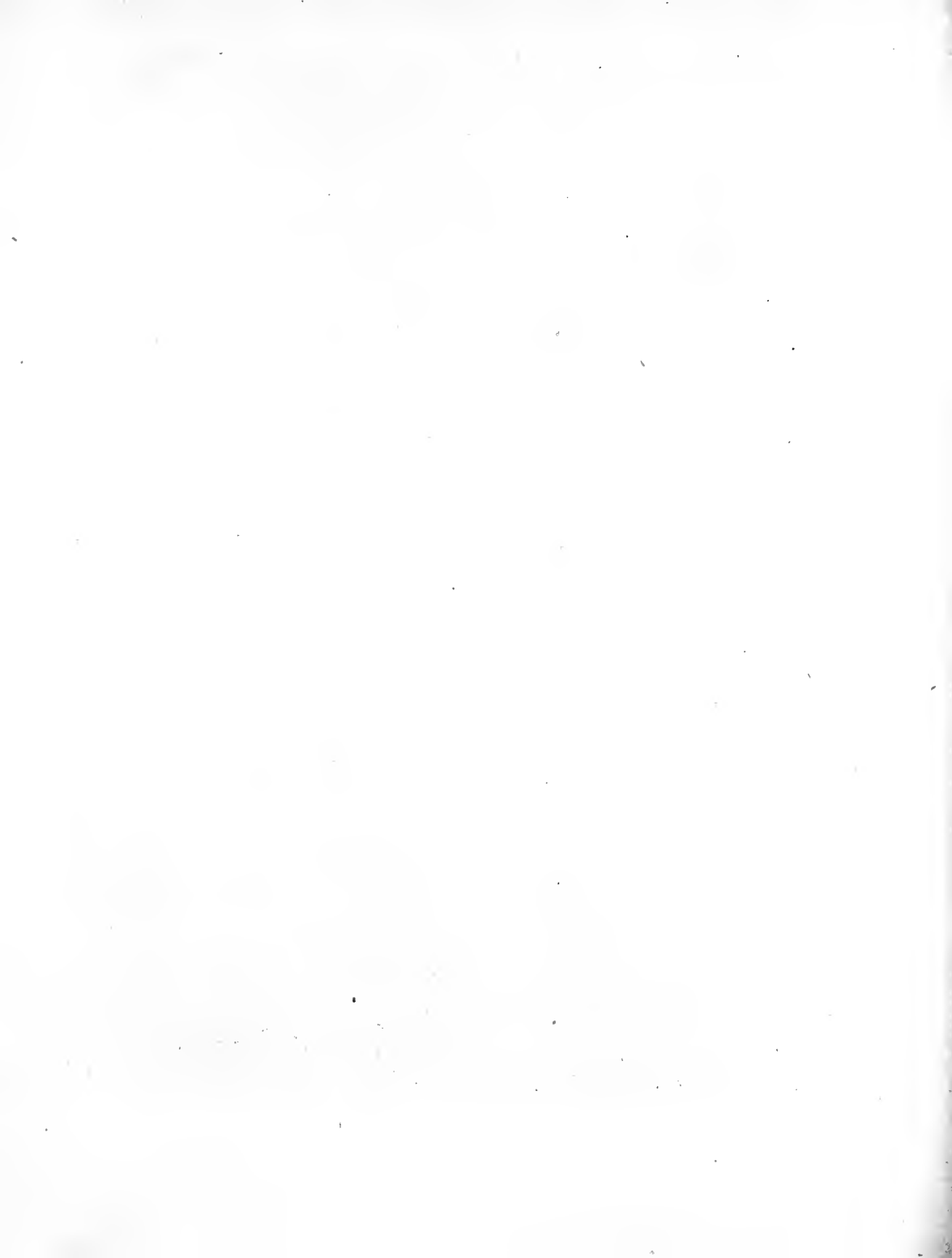
“I shall be happy to show any of you young ladies,” said Jack, bloodthirstily drawing from his pocket and opening a knife with a most formidable blade, — a new one bought especially for this expedition to the country.

“Jack,” said Gertrude, “do put up that dreadful knife!”

“My sister,” said Jack, looking around with a wicked glance, “has in her character a vein of what we will, for lack of a better term, call timidity. Possibly some of you may have noticed it. She is especially timid on the subject of Indians. I propose to cure her of this. This is to be my method of treatment. I will now scalp her. When she has acquired that thorough familiarity with this process that breeds contempt, I advance to the next step. Just before she goes up to the room where she is to sleep alone, I shall tell her the story of an Indian massacre, and the tortures that followed, that will cause each hair of her luxuriant tresses to stand on end. Then, when she has just put out the light, and before she fairly has her head under the blanket, I shall madly hurl a tomahawk into the door, and give the war-whoop. Gentle measures in the training of the young, — these are always successful.”



INDIAN SCALPING AN ENEMY.





“Will you please tell us how you are to make her locks stand on end after she has been scalped?” asked Carrie.

“Your theory apparently needs a little more elaboration,” said Will. “Perhaps, therefore, you had better postpone carrying it out until you have given it further thought. In the mean time we can go on with our talk.”

“There are several good stories about these Indian wars,” said Mr. Longwood. “Thomas Toogood had a rather curious experience. He was seen by three Indians, and took to his heels, they following at the top of their speed in pursuit. Presently one overtook and seized him, whereat the other two turned back. But, while his captor was hunting about him for some string to tie his arms, Toogood suddenly wrested his gun from him, and, presenting it at his head, threatened to shoot if he made a sound. Then he quietly retreated with the musket to the nearest garrison, while the chagrined savage made the best of his way back to his comrades, there, no doubt, to be the subject of ridicule for many a long day.”

“I remember to have heard of one great Indian fighter,” said Ned, “whom the savages called the man with two heads. He wore a wig, and always, when he got warmed up in a fight, used to take it off, and hang it on a bush. They had never seen a wig, and their amazement was without bounds.”

“By the by,” said Charlie, “do you fellows remember how suddenly Mr. Grinder’s hair turned gray at the last Christmas holidays? It was a dark brown the day before Christmas; and the day after New Year’s, when school opened, it was positively gray.”

“Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,” said Kate. “It was probably grief at the conduct of you boys.”

“Well,” said Will, “to leave Mr. Grinder’s scalp, and get back to those of the early settlers, I suppose all this bloody work did not increase a Christian spirit in the whites.”

“No, indeed!” said Mr. Longwood. “They often became rivals of the Indians in brutality. One ought not to expect much at the hands of men whose wives and children have been killed, and perhaps tortured. The Province of Massachusetts at one time offered a reward of forty pounds for every Indian scalp; and the historian grimly states, that one Capt. Tyng at once set out, and soon returned with five, for which he received two hundred pounds.

“Out of deference to Gertrude’s feelings, and in view of the lesson that Jack is preparing for her,” said Mr. Longwood, smiling, “we will avoid the subject of massacres, and the torture of captives. It happened, however, not unfrequently, that a white man was adopted into a tribe to take the place of some warrior who had fallen. It was sometimes years before such a one could manage to make his escape. There are quite a number of narratives in existence, written by these captives. Here and there, in them, one comes on quite interesting accounts of hunting, and wild life experience. Listen to this. The writer was carried off from Pennsylvania by the Delawares, and was with them five years. He says, —

“‘I went out with Tecaughretanego and some others, a beaver-hunting, but we did not succeed; and on our return we saw where several raccoons had passed while the snow was soft,

though there was now a crust upon it. We all made a halt, looking at the raccoon-tracks. As they saw a tree with a hole in it, they told me to go and see if they had gone in thereat; and, if they had, to halloo, and they would come and take them out. When I went to that tree, I found they had gone past; but I saw another, the way they had gone, and proceeded to examine that, and found they had gone up it. I then began to halloo, but could have no answer.

“As it began to snow and blow most violently, I returned, and proceeded after my company, and for some time could see their tracks; but the old snow being only about three inches deep, and a crust upon it, the present driving snow soon filled up the tracks. As I had only a bow, arrows, and tomahawk with me, and no way to strike fire, I appeared to be in a dismal situation; and, as the air was dark with snow, I had little more prospect of steering my way than I would in the night. At length I came to a hollow tree, with a hole at one side that I could go in at. I went in, and found that it was a dry place, and the hollow about three feet diameter, and high enough for me to stand in. I found that there was also a considerable quantity of soft, dry rotten wood about this hollow. I therefore concluded that I would lodge here, and that I would go to work and stop up the door of my house. I stripped off my blanket, which was all the clothes that I had, except a breech-clout, leggings, and moccasins, and with my tomahawk fell to chopping at the top of a fallen tree that lay near, and carried wood, and set it up on end against the door, until I had it three or four feet thick all around, excepting a hole I had left to creep in at. I had a

block prepared that I could haul after me to stop the hole; and, before I went in, I put in a number of small sticks, that I might more effectually stop it on the inside. When I went in, I took my tomahawk, and cut down all the dry rotten wood I could get, and beat it small. With it I made a bed like a goose-nest, and with the small sticks stopped every hole, until my house was almost dark. I stripped off my moccasins, and danced in the centre of my bed for about half an hour in order to warm myself. In this time my feet and whole body were agreeably warmed. The snow, in the mean time, had stopped all the holes; so that my house was dark as a dungeon, though I knew that it could not yet be dark out of doors. I then coiled myself up in my blanket, lay down in my little round bed, and had a tolerable night's lodging. When I awoke, all was dark: not the least glimmering of light was to be seen. Immediately I recollected that I was not to expect light in this new habitation, as there was neither door nor window in it. As I could hear the storm raging, and did not suffer much cold, as I then was situated, I concluded I would stay in my nest until I was certain it was day.

“ ‘When I had reason to conclude that it was surely day, I arose, and put on my moccasins, which I had laid under my head to keep from freezing. I then endeavored to find the door, and had to do all by the sense of feeling, which took me some time. At length I found the block; but it being heavy, and a large quantity of snow having fallen on it, at the first attempt I did not move it. I then felt terrified. Among all the hardships I had sustained, I never knew before what it was thus to

be deprived of light. I once again attempted to move away the block, which proved successful: it moved about nine inches.



A FIGHT IN THE FOREST.

With this a considerable quantity of snow fell in from above, and I immediately received light; so that I found a very great

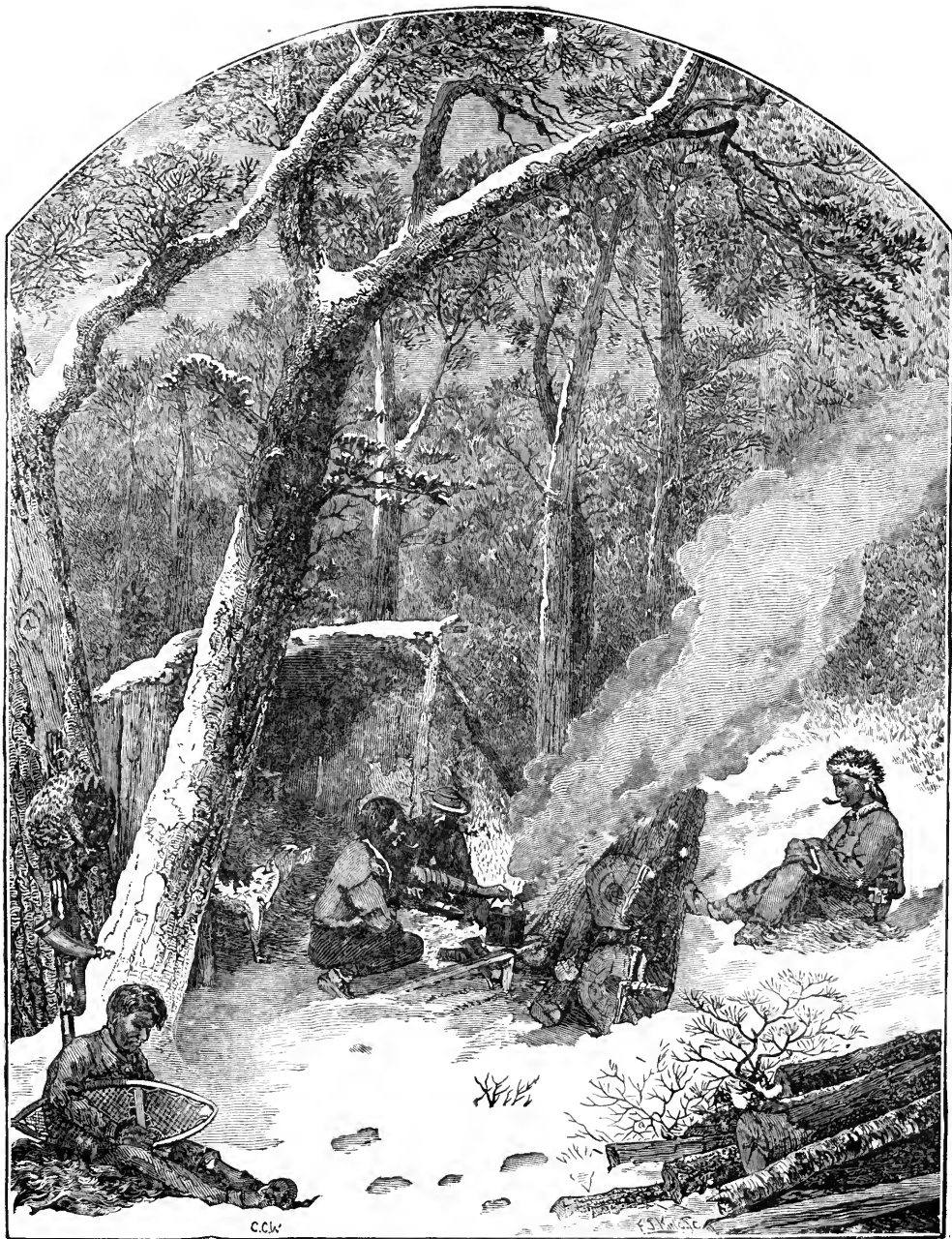
snow had fallen, above what I had ever seen in one night. I then knew why I could not easily move the block; and I was so rejoiced at obtaining the light, that all my other difficulties seemed to vanish. I belted my blanket about me, got my tomahawk, bow and arrows, and went out of my den.

“‘I was now in tolerably high spirits, though the snow had fallen above three feet deep in addition to what was on the ground before; and the only imperfect guide I had in order to steer my course to camp was the trees, as the moss generally grows on the north-west side of them if they are straight.’ I proceeded on, wading through the snow; and about twelve o’clock I came upon the creek our camp was on, about half a mile below the camp; and, when I came in sight of the camp, I found there was great joy, by the shouts and yellings of the boys.

“‘When I arrived, they all came around me, and received me gladly; but at this time no questions were asked, and I was taken into a tent, where they gave me plenty of fat beaver-meat, and then asked me to smoke. When I had done, Tecaughretanego desired me to walk out to a fire they had made. I went out; and they all collected around me, both men, women, and boys. Tecaughretanego asked me to give them a particular account of what had happened from the time they left me yesterday until now. I told them the whole of the story, and they never interrupted me; but, when I made a stop, the intervals were filled with loud acclamations of joy.’”

“‘It was a lucky thing for him that he found that hollow tree,” said Ned. “But go on, please, Mr. Longwood.”

“‘Shortly after,’ went on that gentleman, after turning over



A HUNTER'S CAMP.





two or three pages of the book, 'the squaws began to make sugar. They made the frost, in some measure, supply the place of fire. Their large bark vessels for holding the stock water they made broad and shallow; and, as the weather is very cold here, it frequently freezes at night in sugar time, and the ice they break, and cast out of the vessels. I asked them if they were not throwing away the sugar. They said No: it was water they were casting away: sugar did not freeze, and there was scarcely any in that ice. They said I might try the experiment, and boil some of it, and see what I would get. I never did try; but I observed, that, after several times freezing, the water that remained in the vessel changed its color, and became very brown and sweet.

“ ‘About the time we were done making sugar, one night a squaw raised an alarm. She said she saw two men, with guns in their hands, upon the bank on the other side of the creek, spying our tents: they were supposed to be Johnston's Mohawks. On this, the squaws were ordered to slip quietly out some distance into the bushes, and all who had either guns or bows were to squat in the bushes near the tents; and, if the enemy rushed up, we were to give them the first fire, and let the squaws have an opportunity of escaping.

“ ‘Before we withdrew from the tents, they had carried Manetohcoa to the fire, and gave him his conjuring tools, which were dyed feathers, the bone of the shoulder-blade of a wild cat, tobacco, etc. And, while we were in the bushes, Manetohcoa was in a tent at the fire, conjuring away to the utmost of his ability. At length he called aloud for us all to come in, which

was quickly obeyed. When we came in, he told us, that after he had gone through the whole of his ceremony, and expected to see a number of Mohawks on the flat bone when it was warmed at the fire, the pictures of two wolves only appeared. So he said we might all go to sleep, for there was no danger. And accordingly we did.

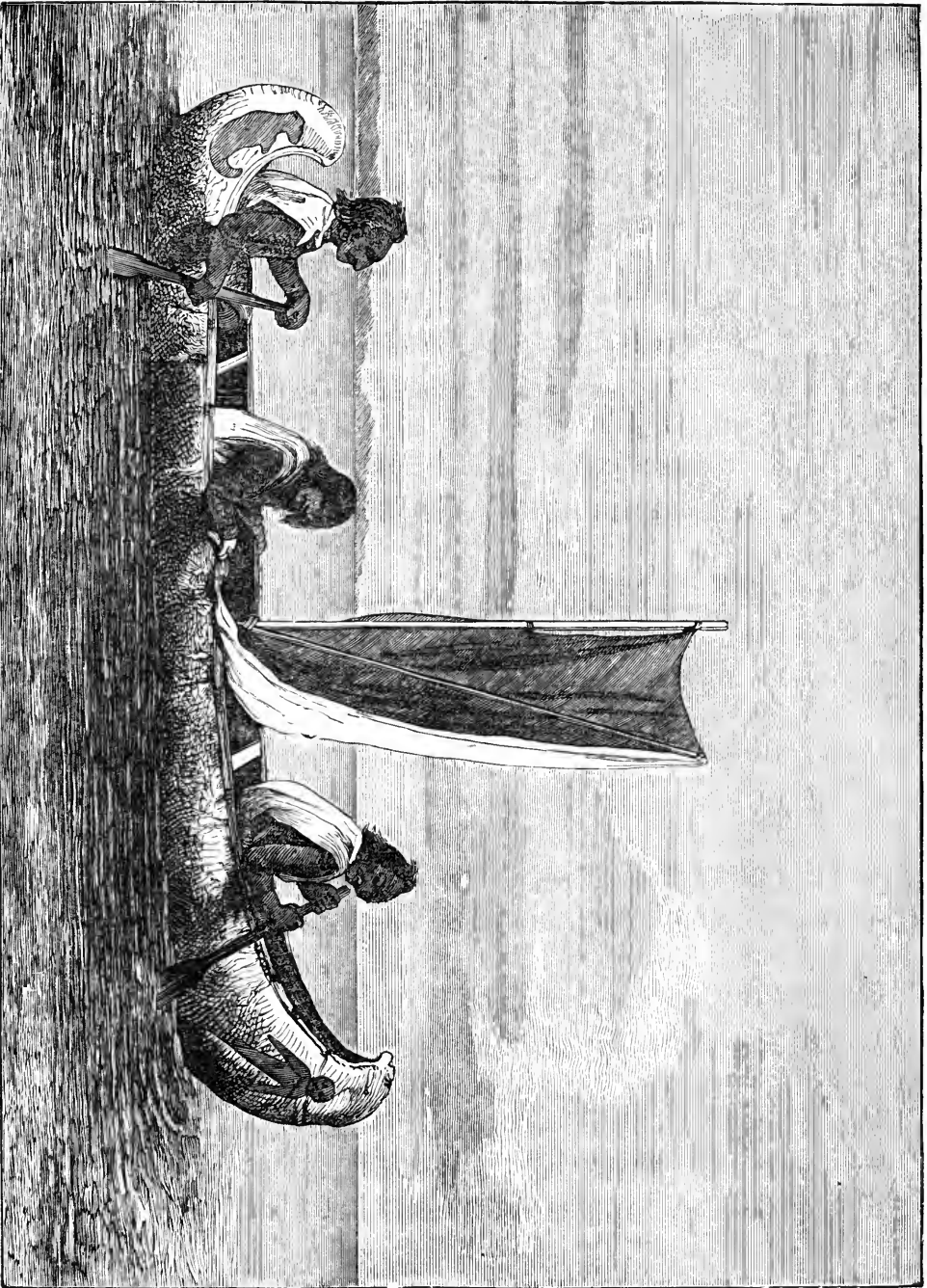
“‘The next morning we went to the place, and found wolf-tracks, and where they had scratched with their feet, like dogs; but there was no sign of moccasin-tracks. If there is any such thing as a wizard, I think Manetohcoa was as likely to be one as any man, as he was a professed worshipper of the Devil. But, let him be a conjurer or not, I am persuaded that the Indians believed what he told them on this occasion as well as if it had come from an infallible oracle, or they would not, after such an alarm as this, all go to sleep in an unconcerned manner.’”

“It certainly was very strange,” said Carrie. “How in the world do you suppose the medicine-man found out that they were wolves?”

“There used to be witches in the time of Saul,” said Lou. “Perhaps he was a real witch: it might have been so, you know.”

“Pshaw!” said Jack. “The thing is simple enough. Give me some dyed feathers, the bones of the shoulder-blade of a wildcat, and some tobacco, and an intelligent squaw who will rush in and tell the company what I have told her beforehand to say, and I will perform no end of wonders.”

The girls looked at Jack with admiration. “I never should have thought of that,” said Carrie.



INDIAN CANOE UNDER SAIL.



“When the warm weather came,” said Mr. Longwood, “the tribe to which our hero belonged moved off to Detroit to trade the skins and furs that they had gained in their winter’s hunting. He says, —

“We took up our birch-bark canoes which we had buried, and found that they were not damaged by the winter. All embarked; and the wind being fair, and the lake not extremely rough, we hoisted up sails, and arrived safe at the Wyandot town, nearly opposite to fort Detroit. Here we found a number of French traders, every one very willing to deal with us.

“We bought ourselves fine clothes, ammunition, paint, tobacco, etc., and, according to promise, a new gun for me; yet we had parted with only about one-third of our beaver. At length a trader came to town with French brandy: we purchased a keg of it, and held a council about who was to get drunk, and who was to keep sober. I was invited to get drunk, but I refused the proposal. Then they told me that I must be one of those who were to take care of the drunken people. I did not like this; but of two evils I chose that which I thought the lesser, and fell in with those who were to conceal the arms, and keep every dangerous weapon we could out of their way, and endeavor, if possible, to keep the drinking-club from killing each other, which was a very hard task. Several times we hazarded our own lives, and got ourselves hurt, in preventing them from slaying each other. Before they had finished this keg, near one-third of the town was introduced to this drinking-club. They could not pay their part, as they had already disposed of all their skins; but that made no odds: all were welcome to drink.

“ ‘When they were done with this keg, they applied to the traders, and procured a kettleful of brandy at a time, which they divided out with a large wooden spoon; and so they went on, and never quit while they had a single beaver-skin.

“ ‘When the trader had got all our beaver, he moved off.

“ ‘When the brandy was gone, and the drinking-club sober, they appeared much dejected. Some of them were crippled, others badly wounded, a number of their fine new shirts torn, and several blankets were burned. A number of squaws were also in this club, and neglected their corn-planting.’ ”

“That is just like Indians,” said Will. “They work at hunting and trapping all winter, and then spend all the result of their labors in a drunken debauch.”

“Doesn’t the fellow tell how they caught the wild beasts?” asked Charlie.

“There are accounts of how they chased deer on snow-shoes,” said Mr. Longwood, “and, somewhere in the book, one of killing a bear. Perhaps I can find it. Yes: here we have it.

“ ‘In the course of the month of January I happened to observe that the trunk of a very large pine-tree was much torn by the claws of a bear, made both in going up and down. On further examination I saw that there was a large opening in the upper part, near which the smaller branches were broken. From these marks, and from the additional circumstance that there were no tracks on the snow, there was reason to believe that a bear lay concealed in the tree.

“ ‘On returning to the lodge, I communicated my discovery; and it was agreed that all should go together in the morning

to assist in cutting down the tree, the girth of which was not less than three fathom. The women at first opposed, because our axes, being only of a pound and a half weight, were not well adapted to so heavy a labor; but the hope of finding a large bear, and obtaining from its fat a great quantity of oil, -- an article at the time much wanted, -- at length prevailed.



HUNTING ON SNOW-SHOES.

“Accordingly, in the morning we surrounded the tree, both men and women, as many at a time as could conveniently work at it; and here we toiled like beavers till the sun went down. This day’s work carried us about half-way through the trunk; and the next morning we renewed the attack, continuing it till about two o’clock in the afternoon, when the tree fell to the ground. For a few minutes every thing remained quiet, and I feared that all our expectations were disappointed; but, as I

advanced to the opening, there came out, to the great satisfaction of all our party, a bear of extraordinary size, which, before she had proceeded many yards, I shot.

“ ‘The bear being dead, all my assistants approached, and all took her head in their hands, stroking and kissing it several times, begging a thousand pardons for taking away her life; calling her their relation and grandmother, and requesting her not to lay the fault upon them, since it was truly an Englishman that had put her to death.

“ ‘This ceremony was not of long duration; and, if it were I that killed their grandmother, they were not themselves behindhand in what remained to be performed. The skin being taken off, we found the fat in several places six inches deep. This, being divided into two parts, loaded two persons; and the flesh parts were as much as four persons could carry.

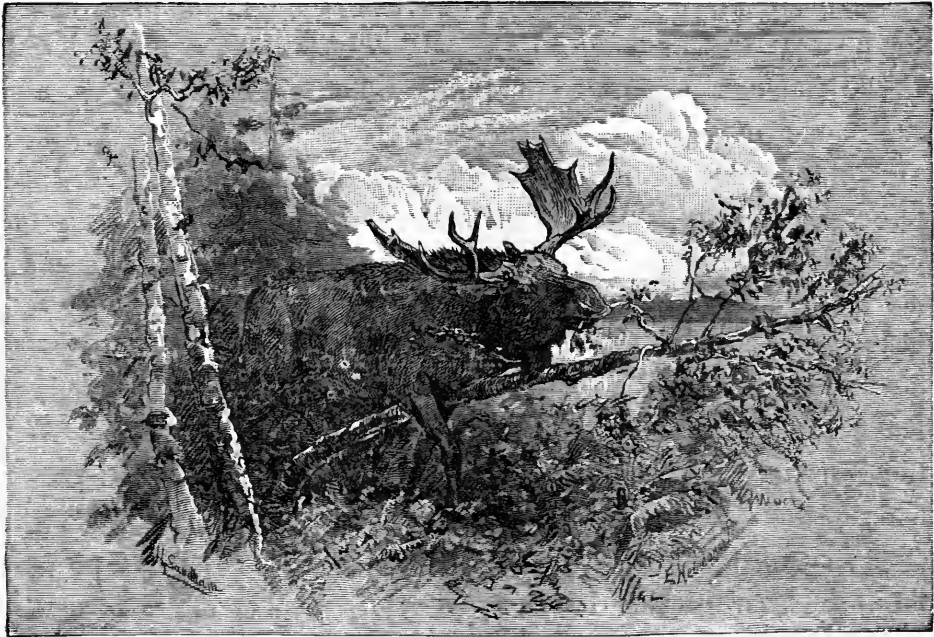
“ ‘As soon as we reached the lodge, the bear’s head was adorned with all the trinkets in the possession of the family, such as silver arm-bands and wrist-bands, and belts of wampum, and then laid upon a scaffold set up for its reception within the lodge. Near the nose was placed a large quantity of tobacco.

“ ‘The next morning no sooner appeared than preparations were made for a feast to the manes. The lodge was cleaned and swept, and the head of the bear lifted up, and a new blanket, which had never been used before, placed under it. The pipes were now lit; and Wawatam blew smoke into the nostrils of the bear, telling me to do the same, and thus appease the anger of the bear on account of my having killed her. I endeavored to persuade him that she no longer had any life,



and assured him that I was under no apprehension from her displeasure ; but the proposition obtained no credit.

““ At length, the feast being ready, Wawatam commenced a speech resembling in many things his address to the manes of his departed companions. The speech ended, we all ate heartily



IN PURSUIT OF BREAKFAST.

of the bear's flesh ; and even the head itself, after remaining three days on the scaffold, was put into the kettle.'”

“ For my part,” said Will, as Mr. Longwood laid down the book, “ I believe that the popular idea that the Indians were wonderfully skilful as hunters is a mistake. I have in my book

here an account of how a white man taught them how to catch fish. It will only take a moment to read it.

“We diverted ourselves several days by catching rock-fish in a small creek. The Indians fished in the night with lights, and struck the fish with spears. The rock-fish here, when they begin first to run up the creek to spawn, are exceedingly fat. The first night we scarcely caught fish enough for present use for all that was in the town.

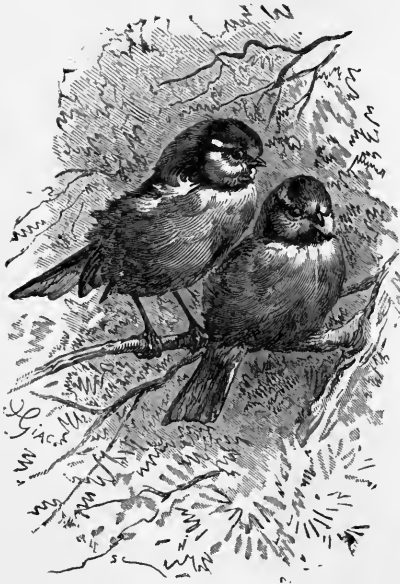
“The next morning I met with a prisoner at this place by the name of Thompson, who had been taken from Virginia. He told me, if the Indians would only omit disturbing the fish for one night, he could catch more than the whole town could make use of. I told Thompson, that, if he were certain he could do this, I would use my influence with the Indians to let the fish alone for one night. I applied to the chiefs, who agreed to my proposal, and said they were anxious to see what the Great Knife (as they called the Virginian) could do. Thompson, with the assistance of some other prisoners, set to work, and made a hoop-net of elm-bark. They then cut down a tree across the creek, and stuck in stakes at the lower side of it, to prevent the fish from passing up, leaving only a gap at one side of the creek. Here he sat with his net, and, when he felt the fish touch the net, he drew it up, and frequently would haul out two or three rock-fish that would weigh about five or six pounds each. He continued at this until he had hauled out about a wagon-load, and then left the gap open in order to let them pass up, for they could not go far on account of the shallow water. Before day he shut it up to prevent them from passing down, in order

to let the Indians have some diversion in killing them in daylight.

“When the news of the fish came to town, the Indians all collected, and with surprise beheld the large pile of fish, and applauded the ingenuity of the Virginian. When they saw the number of them that were confined in the water above the tree, the young Indians ran back to the town, and in a short time returned with their spears, etc., and were the chief part of that day engaged in killing rock-fish, insomuch that we had more than we could use or preserve.”



## CHAPTER VIII.



SATURDAY morning dawned bright and clear. The sunlight fell in long bars across the floor of the rooms where the girls slept; and finally one ray, growing bolder than its fellows, fell full upon Carrie's closed eyelids, forcing them open. She sat up sleepily, half inclined to lie down again; but at that moment the clock began solemnly to strike: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. There was nothing to be done but to get up.

Lou and Gertrude were soon roused by Carrie's movements. Rose and Kate in the next room were apparently already up; for through the closed door they could be heard singing softly. Carrie threw the door open, and they were all soon chatting away as fast as ever before. Rose presently, for mere lightness of heart, broke out singing again; and one after another they

all joined in, making the room ring with their sweet voices.  
It was a Christmas carol.

'Tis said,— at that blessed season  
    (Kept alike in heaven and earth),  
When the winter wild winds usher in  
    The time of the Saviour's birth,—  
That above, in great high heaven,  
    The dear Lord Christ again  
Becomes once more a little child  
    As when he came to men.  
And with all the baby-angels  
    He plays in childish play  
Through the winding courts of heaven  
    For one long heavenly day.

The holy saints and martyrs,  
    Who through toil have entered in,  
Look on with the blessed penitents  
    Now shrived from every sin ;  
And anon they break into chaunting,  
    Led by the seraphim.

Lord Christ, in this joyous pleasaunce  
    Grant unto us to share ;  
Make us as little children,  
    That we may enter there.

“ We are very much obliged to you,” said Mr. Longwood, as they came trooping down stairs in a body, and found all waiting for them, “ for a very pleasant little concert. Have you looked out of the window, and seen what a glorious day it is? The

snow is all gone, and the weather is warm and mild. It is like Indian summer."

"What are we to do this morning?" asked Carrie.

"The big wagon is to be at the door at ten, and I am going to take you all to drive," said Tom.

"It will have to be a pretty big wagon to hold us all," said Rose.

"Just wait until you see it," said Tom.

And surely enough, when ten o'clock came, and with it the big wagon, it was found to be a huge affair. There were four seats, and each seat held three people comfortably. Two big strong horses were before it; and with much laughter they all climbed in, — Tom, Rose, and Will in front, and the rest in the other seats behind.

It was just the morning for a drive. The big horses plodded steadily on; the boys jumping out to lighten their load when the way led up some hill, and then scrambling back, or running races alongside. In one sunny hollow they came on a great cluster of wild asters which the snow had not blighted, and they picked handfuls for the girls. They found the red bitter-sweet, too, running on the fences; and in one place the scarlet berry of the black-alder flamed out against a background of gray woods. After a little, their wagon looked like a great moving mass of red and purple, from the quantity that the girls' arms held. The sun grew warmer, so that they loosened their wraps; and presently, when they passed a tiny house close by the roadside, in whose window was a sign, "Sarsaparilla and root-beer," there broke simultaneously from every one of the party the cry, "Whoa!"

“What is the matter?” asked Tom, drawing in the horses.

“We are so thirsty!” they said. “Don’t you see the sign?”

A little man bent nearly double came out of the door.

“Yes, sir,” he said to Mr. Longwood. “Sarsaparilla, yes, sir; root-beer, yes, sir; nice and cool, hanging in the well, sir;” and he toddled around the house, Jack and Charlie at his heels, and commenced turning an old windlass. They both took a hand; and in a moment up came a big basket full of bottles, each as cold as ice. How good it tasted! The old man chinked the money in his hand that Mr. Longwood gave him, and looked at them with great satisfaction as they emptied bottle after bottle. This was a party just after his own heart.

They drove on, feeling much refreshed, and presently found themselves back in the little village near their home. To their astonishment, the bell of the school was ringing, and the scholars hurrying in the door.

“It must be one o’clock,” said Mr. Longwood. “We have been driving three hours.”

“It seems not half that time,” said the boys.

“Stop at the post-office, Tom,” said Mr. Longwood.

So they drew up there. Presently Mr. Longwood came out with his hands full of letters, which he handed to the young people. “I find one among my own,” he said, “which needs an immediate answer. I will write it here, and then walk home. Don’t wait for me.”

Three or four of the party at once said that they would walk too; and their example proved so contagious, that Mrs. Longwood, Tom, and Will found themselves left alone.

"Well, it will be just so much easier for the horses," said Tom, and drove on.

As they came to their door, they were met by the old grandmother, wringing her hands.

"Help, help!" she cried. "Little Cynthy's in the well!"

Now, it happened that Mrs. Longwood, too, had got out a little way back, saying that she would sit down by the roadside, and wait for the others. Had she been with them, she could have told them that there was no such person in the world; but, knowing nothing of the old lady's fancy, the boys were struck with alarm.

"Tie the horses, Will," cried Tom. "I'll run to the barn for Daniels and a rope;" and, springing out, he made off at the top of his speed.

Daniels was thrashing. Tom burst in on him breathless. "Little Cynthy's in the well!" he exclaimed.

Daniels slowly dropped his flail, and wiped his brow with his sleeve. Tom looked at him in astonishment. What kind of a father was this, who did not care whether or no his child was drowned? Perhaps he had not heard aright.

"In the well!" he exclaimed. "Cynthy's in the well!"

"And 'tain't the first time, neither," said Daniels stolidly. Then, going to a corner of the barn, he took a long pole that stood there. In one end was a sharp iron something like a harpoon. He threw the pole over his shoulder, and walked slowly toward the well.

They found Will bending over, and looking in.

"She's on top of the water," he exclaimed, "but face downward."



The old grandmother ran back and forth, wringing her hands, and feebly crying for help.

“You run in and get blankets ready,” said Daniels kindly. “I’ll get her out all right.”

So the old lady toddled in to get blankets; and Daniels, turning the pole so that the sharp end was down, lowered it into the well, and stabbed it into the back of little Cynthia. Then he commenced drawing it up; and, before the boys could express their horror of this fiendish treatment, little Cynthia lay, a wet and drabbled spectacle, on the grass beside them. It was, as you all know, no real baby at all, but a big stuffed doll.

“Why — why!” they stammered in astonishment. “We thought it was little Cynthia.”

“So ’tis,” said Daniels, “little Cynthia, my youngest; that is, ’cording to mother-in-law. She’s a little cracked, you know. Says it takes after me in looks, more than its mother,” he went on, gazing with amusement at its flabby features.

“Well,” he continued, when the boys had had their laugh out, taking it up by one leg to shake the water off, “I don’t know but it’s better’n if ’twas a real child. Gives its grandmother just as much pleasure, and I don’t have to walk the floor o’ nights as I did with the real one;” and, so saying, he walked to the back-door, and handed it over to the old lady, who stood waiting with a blanket in hand. Then he unfastened the horses, and led them off to the barn, while Tom and Will set off to meet the rest of their party, and tell them the story of little Cynthia.

They all had a hearty laugh; but this was not the last that

they were to hear of the old grandmother on that day, as you shall presently know.

It was about half-past three o'clock. Mrs. Longwood and the girls had gone up stairs for a nap; the boys were out in the barn, listening to some wonderful story that Daniels was telling them; and Mr. Longwood had taken a book out on the sunny porch. The book was a little dull, the sun was warm, and he was tired. Presently he began to nod; then he stretched himself at full-length, and, with his hands under his head, dropped off asleep. He was roused presently by some one kicking him. He looked up drowsily. It was the grandmother. Her old eyes had probably mistaken him for her grandson. She pushed him vigorously with her foot.

"Git up!" she cried, "you dirty child, a-lyin' there, and silin' of your clothes. Git up, or I'll tell your mammy, and she'll give you a whippin'. Git up, I say!"

Thus adjured, Mr. Longwood slowly rose. He was a tall man; and, as he came to an upright position, she gazed at him at first with blank astonishment, and then with alarm.

"Land o' Goshen!" she exclaimed, "a tramp! Where's the dog?" and she toddled off the porch, and hurried around the house.

Mr. Longwood looked after her for fully a minute with an amused smile; then suddenly the meaning of her words flashed upon him. She had gone to let that savage brute loose.

He had no time to lose. He heard the chain clank. The door was on the other side of the house from the porch. The windows were all shut. He dropped his book, and ran with all

his might. When he was about ten feet from safety, he looked over his shoulder. The dog was after him, about forty feet away, and the dog had four legs to his two. Never before did Mr. Longwood move so actively; and it was well he did, for hardly had he clapped to the door behind him, when the brute dashed against it with a savage snarl, and then began scratching at it, and barking furiously.

Daniels in the barn heard him; and, breaking off in the most thrilling part of the story he was telling the boys, seized a stick, and set out on a run for the house.

“It was not my first experience with a bull-dog,” said Mr. Longwood, as they sat at dinner, and he gave them a description of his late adventure. “When I was in college, I and one of my friends took a long walk one Saturday afternoon in spring. We made quite a circuit in the country lanes, and came back to town by another road, on which was a toll-bridge. It was not until we put foot on this bridge that we remembered that neither of us had a penny in our pockets. However, college-boys do not stop at trifles, and we made our way on. The toll-house was on the farther side of the bridge; and when we had crossed, and had come to it, out came the keeper. ‘A cent apiece,’ he said. We told him politely that we could not muster two cents between us.

“‘Then you had better go back,’ he said.

“My companion explained to him that it was three miles around by the other bridge. ‘Besides,’ said he, ‘we have now crossed the bridge, and owe you two cents; if we go back, we shall have to recross it, that will make four cents: you will therefore lose twice as much as if you let us go on.’

“The old man became very angry at this. He evidently thought that we had money, but were trying to chaff him. He whistled, and out of his house came a most villanous bull-dog. I think it must have been the father of the one Daniels has. ‘Watch ‘em,’ said the old man to the dog; and into his house he went.”

“What did you do?” asked the girls.

“We felt somewhat foolish, I must confess,” said Mr. Longwood. “But there was nothing to do. We sat upon the rail of the bridge, and looked at the view. It was very fine. Every time we moved, the dog would show his teeth, and growl. Now and then the old man would come out, and say, —

“‘Got them two cents?’

“And, when we answered that we had not two cents, he would swear very badly, and go back into the house again. At last he seemed to believe our story, and said, ‘Do you really mean that you haven’t two cents?’ We told him that we had already said so a dozen times. Then ‘go along,’ said he. He called his dog off, and we went along.

“The next day we walked down, and each presented him with a cent. Instead of pleasing him, it made him more angry even than he was the day before.”

“He must have been a very bad man,” said Carrie indignantly.

The drive of the morning had given them all good appetites, and their dinner tasted uncommonly good. At last, however, it was over, darkness had fallen again, and, when they drew around the fire, they settled themselves comfortably to hear another of Mr. Longwood’s stories.



## CHAPTER IX.

“THE Spanish, as of course you know,” he began, “had gained enormous wealth in the West Indies. Their cities there were most prosperous. Every year ships loaded with cargoes of great value sailed for Spain. To waylay and capture one of these was to secure a fortune for all concerned; and many was the proud Don who had to haul down the flag of Spain at the bidding of a band of wild sea-rovers. Desperate men, they stopped at no odds. I remember one case where a small craft, manned only by twenty-eight men, took the ship of the vice-admiral of the Spanish fleet. Her commander had been warned during the day that that small sail in sight was a pirate, but replied contemptuously, ‘What then! am I to be afraid of such a pitiful craft?’

“That night, when all was dark, the pirate crept alongside. Her men had bored her full of holes to sink her in order that every man might fight like mad, knowing that he had no means of escape in case of defeat. Sword in hand, they clambered up the Spaniard’s side. Before her captain fairly knew that they were aboard, he had a pistol clapped to his head, and had lost his ship.”

“I should have thought,” said Will, “that the great European powers would have sent their men-of-war, and cleared the seas of these rascals.”

“The pirates were very largely English,” said Mr. Longwood. “Among them it was almost a matter of religion to attack a

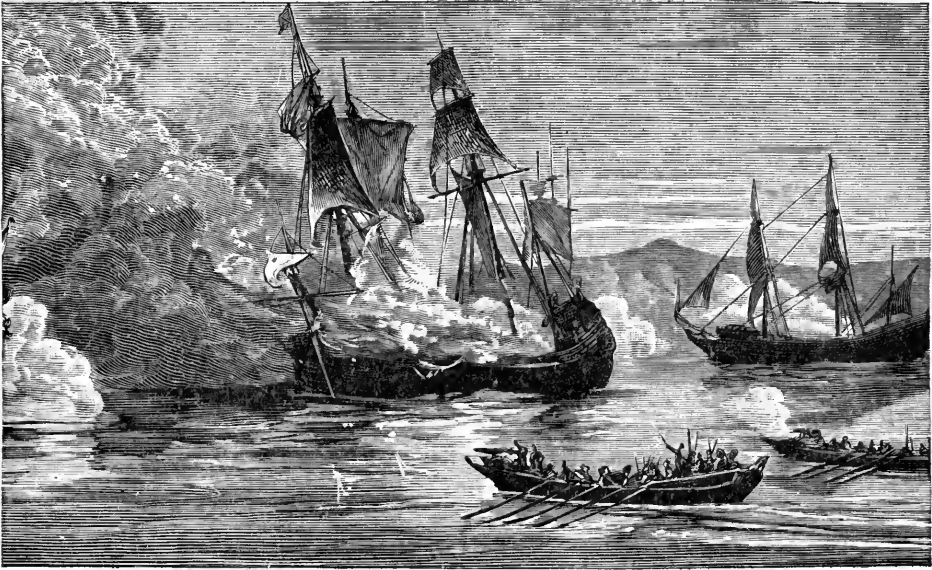


THE PIRATE BOARDS THE VICE-ADMIRAL.

Spaniard. Besides, even had the powers felt disposed to do as you suggest, they might not have been able. The pirates, after a little, had great strength. Capt. Henry Morgan, one of the most noted of these villains, had at times a fleet of fifteen sail and a thousand men. He took cities by storm, and sacked them, killing, burning, and torturing, until one's blood boils at

the recital. No deed of wickedness was too bad for these wretches.

“Withal their bravery was astounding. One cannot help being stirred as he reads accounts of their bold deeds. With but four hundred men, Morgan attacked the city of Puerto Bello. It was a fortified town, with a garrison of three hundred



MORGAN'S ATTACK.

soldiers, besides the regular inhabitants. Landing his men at midnight, they surprised the sentinel before he could give the alarm. They took the castle near the town, having first threatened the garrison with death in case they refused to surrender, and blew it and them into the air by firing the magazine. Then they fell upon the city, which resisted stubbornly. Mor-

gan's first act was to seize all the monks and nuns he could find in the convents. He made these march before him, and raise scaling-ladders against such other castles as were not taken, thinking that the governor would not fire upon them. But that worthy was not to be stopped by any feeling of sympathy. He ordered the soldiers to shoot, regardless of their cries. It was not till afternoon that they finally conquered him, after the most obstinate struggle; and then they were obliged to kill him, for he would not surrender, and fought so madly, that they could not make him a prisoner.

“As a result of the capture of the city, they carried away a quarter of a million Spanish dollars, besides all the merchandise with which they loaded their ships.

“Morgan was as crafty as he was fearless. One of his expeditions was against Maracaibo. The fort that protected the harbor gave them a warm reception; but they finally silenced its guns, and sailed on to the town. The inhabitants had fled. Their city had been visited before by buccaneers, and they remembered too well what they had then suffered. Morgan sent out into the country about, and seized many who were in hiding; and these he tortured fearfully.

“At last, when he had gotten all the booty he could, he made ready to leave. The unpleasant news greeted him that the fort had been re-garrisoned, and that three Spanish men-of-war lay off the bar awaiting his appearance. He sent down a boat to see if the news were true, and found that it was: the ships mounted forty, thirty, and twenty-four guns. The outlook was bad indeed, but Morgan was equal to the emergency. He pre-





MORGAN'S ESCAPE



pared a fire-ship filled with pitch and powder, and stationed on its deck logs dressed in clothes to represent men. It was steered against the largest of the men-of-war, and speedily set her in a blaze. A panic seized one other of the enemy. Her crew ran her ashore and sunk her; and the pirates attacked and captured the third.

“The coast was now clear, as far as the men-of-war were concerned; but the fort was to be passed. Morgan managed this by stratagem. All day long his boats were busy landing men, as if his plan were to assault the works at night. The garrison, thinking this, moved their heavy guns to the land-side of the fortifications. At dusk he raised his canvas; and, before they had time to bring back the guns into position, he had re-embarked his men, and his fleet was at sea, he firing a salute in mockery as his ship passed the chagrined garrison.”

“What became of all the plunder?” asked Charlie. “I suppose, after one such raid as this, the men made enough to support them for life.”

“It hardly lasted a week after they reached Jamaica, which was their headquarters,” answered Mr. Longwood. “It all came into the hands of the tavern-keepers by that time, and then the men were ready and anxious to go off on another cruise. It is satisfactory to find that these wicked men received in this world, in many cases, the punishment they so richly deserved for all their fearful cruelties. Nearly every one of the leaders came to violent deaths. One was tortured at the stake by savages; another came to his end in a dungeon; and so on.”

“Sacking cities is hardly one’s idea of piracy,” said Tom.

“No,” said Mr. Longwood. “We should, perhaps, more properly call these men buccaneers, or free-booters, reserving the title of ‘pirates’ for those who robbed ships at sea.

“There was a man who appeared at Boston in the early part of the eighteenth century. His name was Avery, and he had a great quantity of diamonds and jewels which he wished to sell. He was afraid to offer them, though, for fear of detection. His story is a striking one. He was mate of an English vessel lying at Bristol. His captain was a man fond of his cups, and almost always more or less the worse for liquor after dinner. Avery laid his plans accordingly. While the captain lay in his cabin in a drunken sleep, sixteen confederates from shore came aboard, fastened down the hatches, thus taking the crew prisoners; and Avery took command, and took the ship to sea.

“Presently the captain, roused by the motion of a vessel which he supposed to be quietly at anchor in the harbor, waked, and rang his bell. Avery and one of his men at once answered it.

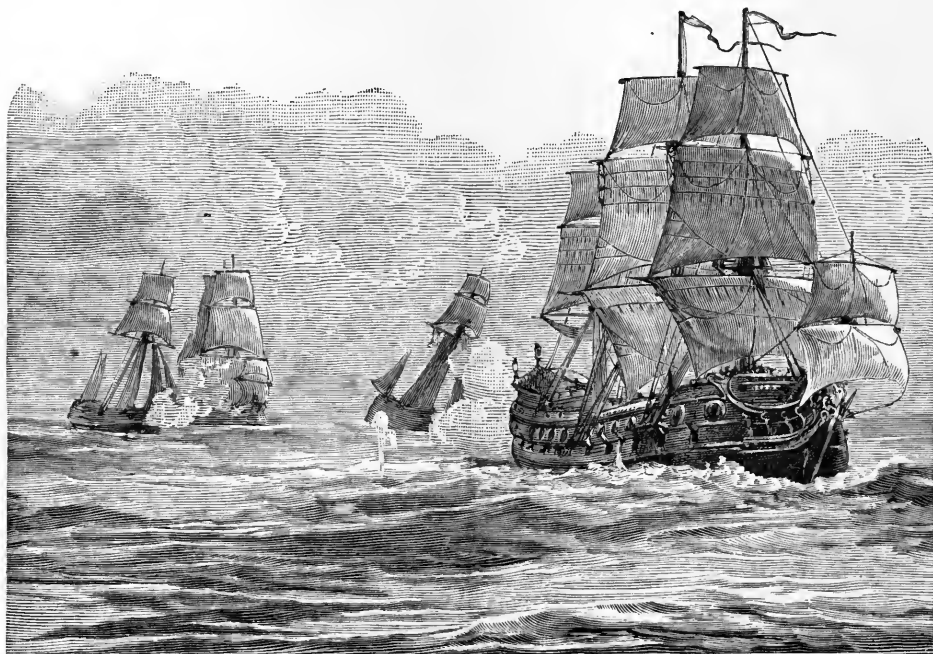
“‘What is the matter?’ demanded the captain. ‘Does the ship drive? What weather is it?’

“‘No, no,’ said Avery, with impudent coolness, ‘we are at sea. Put on your clothes, and I’ll let you into a secret. I am captain now, and this is my cabin. Therefore you must walk out.’

“The deposed commander was then informed that the vessel was on a piratical cruise, and was asked to go along, being promised a lieutenantcy if he behaved well. But he would none of it: so he and five or six of his men who thought as he did were put ashore.

“Avery then sailed for Madagascar. As he neared it, he fell in with two sloops whose crews had stolen them. He proposed a partnership to these scamps, and they agreed at once.

“By and by the lookout espied a huge ship in the distance. They crowded on all sail, and soon overtook her. She carried



AVERY TAKES THE GREAT MOGUL'S SHIP.

the flag of the Great Mogul, and showed fight; but the three pirates attacked her lustily, and she soon surrendered.”

“Who was the Great Mogul, any way?” asked Ned.

“He was the Emperor of Delhi, and a mighty man in those days, when England's hold on India was very different from what

it now is. He was so enraged when he heard that his ship had been attacked, that he threatened to exterminate all the English in the East, and was only appeased with great difficulty. This particular ship had on board many of the chief men of his court, and one of his daughters, who were making a pilgrimage, like devout Moslems, to the holy shrine at Mecca. All these dignitaries travelled in Oriental magnificence, with troops of slaves; and they bore with them great treasures, which were to have been offerings at the shrine."

"I suspect they were put to far other uses," said Tom.

"They were, indeed; for, before the ship was freed, she was ransacked from stem to stern. Avery then proposed to the men of the sloops, that all the treasure should be put on his ship, as the safest place. No sooner had he it all safely aboard, than he cracked on all sail, and made off with it, leaving his late confederates to digest their loss as best they were able.

"When he came to the division with his own men, he succeeded in outwitting them too; so that his wealth, when he was in Boston, must have been enormous. But it was almost useless to him, for he dared not turn it into money. He went over to England, and lived under an assumed name. Sharpers succeeded in getting his jewels away without giving him any thing for them, and he was soon in absolute beggary; and when he died he had not enough to buy himself a coffin. His story does not need a moral to point out its lessons."

"How fortunate the people who lived hereabout in those days must have thought themselves, that the pirates did not roam these seas, and attack their towns!" said Will.

“They, of course, did not suffer as the Central-Americans did,” said Mr. Longwood; “but, on the other hand, they did not get off scot free. Block Island was visited four or five times by them. I think I can find a book on the shelves in which an account of their coming is given. Yes, here it is. Let me see if I can find the place,” he went on, turning over the leaves. “Ah! here I have it.

“Some time in July, 1689, three French privateer-vessels came to Block Island. They had an Englishman with them, one William Trimming, who was wont treacherously to decoy and betray those whom they met at sea, pretending they were Englishmen. Him they sent on shore with some of the men, in a periauger which lay off at a small distance, whilst he took the advantage of stepping from one rock to another, and came alone to the islanders, who were standing on the shore in arms, who inquired of him who they were.

“To which he answered that they were Englishmen, and that they had done great exploits among the Spaniards in the West Indies; that they were bound for Newport (which was so far true); that their design was to take and rifle that town; and that they wanted a pilot, and to be supplied with fresh provisions for their money. This was a plausible and very pleasing account to the inhabitants; and the islanders were very well satisfied, and fearless of danger.

“Trimming then went off to the periauger; and several that had sailed to and fro Newport in hope of some great reward went on board. They no sooner were got there, but they were immediately clapped under hatches, and examined on the strength

of Newport and Block Island ; and, finding this last not able to resist them, they resolved to play their game in plundering the people.

“ ‘ Accordingly, manning their three periaugers, with about fifty men in each of them, they made for the harbor (having their guns all lying in the bottom of their boats, out of sight), where the people met them, and were somewhat amused at their great number. But, being well satisfied that there was no monkery in the case, they, in a very friendly manner, directed them to shun some sunken rocks that lay at the entrance into the harbor ; and, to requite their kindness, every one of them, as they laid to the wharf, started up with his gun presented, and told the people, if they stirred from the place, or made resistance, they were dead men. Thus tamely and unexpectedly they were all taken, and made prisoners-of-war.

“ ‘ As they were thus become masters of the island, they disarmed the men, and stove their guns to pieces on the rocks, and confined the people in the house of Capt. Sands. This they made their prison and rendezvous, and soon set upon plundering houses, and killing cattle, sheep, and hogs, — some to feed on, others for waste and spoil.

“ ‘ However, news quickly reached the main that Block Island was taken by the French, upon which the country was alarmed, and bonfires made from Connecticut to Massachusetts. Perceiving by the bonfires that the country was alarmed, they were discouraged from making an attack on Newport, and therefore determined to attack New London. Accordingly they sailed thither, and up into the harbor. The country being alarmed,



the men in the border-towns came down in great numbers ; and, the fort with their great guns firing on them, they found the place to hot for them, and drew off.

“ ‘ Meantime the people of Newport fitted out two vessels with volunteers to engage them. These vessels were sloops, under the command of Commodore Paine, who had some years before followed the privateering design, and Capt. Godfrey his second. They stretched off to the southward ; and the French discovered them, and made all sail, expecting to make prizes of them. Accordingly they sent a periauger full of men, with design to pour in their small-arms on them, and take them, as their manner was, supposing they were unarmed vessels, and only bound on trade. Capt. Paine’s gunner urged to fire on them. The captain denied, alleging it more advisable to let the enemy come nearer. But the gunner still urging it, being certain he should rake them fore and aft, thus with much importunity the captain gave him leave. He fired ; but the bullet went wide of them, and finally lodged in a bank, as they were not far from the shore. This brought them to row off as fast as they could, and wait until their vessels came up.

“ ‘ When they came, they bore down on the English ; and a very hot sea-fight for several hours followed, the great barque foremost pouring in a broadside with small-arms. Ours bravely answered them. Then followed the larger sloop, the captain whereof was a very violent, resolute fellow. He took a glass of wine to drink, and wished it might be his destruction if he did not board them immediately. But, as he was drinking, a bullet struck him in the neck, with which he instantly fell down dead.



BUSY WITH THE HARVEST.

However, they continued the fight until the night came on, and prevented their further conflict. Our men as valiantly paid them back in their own coin.

“Our men expected a second encounter in the morning; but, having found the engagement too hot for them, they hoisted their sails, and stood off to sea. The English pursued them; but the privateers, being choice sailors, were too fleet of foot for them.”

“I should hardly have thought that it would have paid them to take such a place as Block Island,” said Charlie.

“They could have found little booty to carry away. What they wanted was money, not crops.”

“One would think so, certainly,” said Mr. Longwood. “But they came back again within a year, when the men were in the fields busy with the harvest, and again at two other times later on. Perhaps it was the want of fresh meat that brought them. The third time they came to grief.

“They landed on a Sunday morning, and marched up from the harbor, with colors flying, and were speedily at their old work of robbing and burning houses, and wantonly killing stock. There was no one to oppose them. Probably all, like our narrator, had taken to hiding at their approach, considering discretion the better part of valor. From a safe retreat he was watching their doings, when suddenly, as the heavy fog lifted, he saw an English man-of-war riding at anchor close at hand. The pirates saw her too, and made all haste to get back to their vessels, and put to sea. The man-of-war made all sail, and pursued them. The fog settled down again; and the French ran into a bay, thinking their pursuer would sail by. But she, ‘as if she followed the print of their heels in the ocean,’ came in upon them, and took them. Some forty of the men, when she suddenly loomed up out of the fog right upon them, took to the small boats, and got ashore; but the people there seized and sent them off prisoners to Boston, and the pirate craft was condemned at Newport.”

“I remember to have heard of a ship that was commanded by a Quaker,” said Ned. “He was fired into by a privateer schooner; and, as his religious principles did not allow him to

make resistance, he was about to surrender his ship. His first officer, however, did not propose to yield up a fine vessel tamely : and he urged his views so strongly, that the captain finally agreed to go to his cabin, and let him take command of the ship for a little while ; and so he disappeared down the companion-way.

“ Presently his interest or curiosity grew so strong, that he could not stay below ; and he came up the ladder, and watched what was going on. ‘ Charles,’ he said quietly, after a moment, to the first officer, ‘ if thee intends to run down that schooner, thee had better put thy helm a leetle more to starboard.’ The helm was put to starboard ; and the great ship went over the privateer, sinking her instantly, and drowning every man aboard.”

“ I remember to have heard that story,” said Mr. Longwood. “ The ship, I think, hailed from Newport. Privateering on all the Connecticut and Rhode Island shore came to be an every-day occurrence during the Revolution. Dozens of privateers made their headquarters at Newport. Of course sailing up to a merchant-vessel with your guns trained on her, and making her haul down her flag, is not an action requiring any very great bravery or heroism ; but privateering grew to be a much more serious business when the British, too, put out their privateers. There was some very hard fighting between the rival crafts. A certain Capt. Read from Newport had quite an active experience of this sort. He commanded a privateer with varying success, now taking a prize, and then being made a prisoner, until, in the course of events, he found himself in the command of a new and trim brig. He sailed out of port, and at first was very successful, taking several prizes.

“Among his crew, however, was a Tory in disguise, named Crandall. This man, in some way which I have never understood, got control of the brig, delivered up Read to the Jersey prison-ship in New-York Harbor, and, hoisting the British flag, speedily carried the brig over to the enemy's side.

“Read, however, had no mind to sit down tamely and submit. He bent all his thoughts on a means of getting away. Three or four others agreed with him to escape, or die in the attempt. For some time no chance offered. At length, one night the prison-boat returned from shore with provisions. Waiting until its load was discharged, the conspirators, at a given signal, leaped over the side into it, cut the painter, and pulled madly for shore. The guard fired; but they fortunately escaped the bullets that came flying around them, and a snow-storm fortunately began which hid them entirely. That night they succeeded in landing on Long Island; and Read was soon back in Newport.

“He at once secured a fresh vessel well armed, and set sail to find his treacherous friend. He was not long in coming upon him, and, letting fly a broadside, showed himself to the astonished man, who thought him fast bound on the prison-ship. A cannon-ball took off the Tory's head; and presently Read re-appeared in Newport Harbor with his old brig following him as a prize.”

“A man in those days must have needed a clear head, and a cool one too,” said Charlie.

“Yes,” said Mr. Longwood. “This very man Read did one act that required just such qualities. He heard off Sandy Hook

that a vessel from Providence had been captured, and was on her way to New York under the charge of a prize-crew. He made haste to moor his own vessel out of sight; and presently the captured craft came in sight, and anchored outside to wait for a pilot. Read appeared alongside with a few men to man his boat, and offered his services, which were accepted. The wind favoring, he at once put her head eastward for Newport. The prize-master suspected nothing until they had nearly reached there. Then he began to suspect this pilot and his stalwart companions.

“‘Are we going to New York?’ he demanded.

“‘No, sir, no!’ said the pilot. ‘We are going to Newport.’ And to Newport he went.”



## CHAPTER X.



SUNDAY evening, as they sat about the fire after dinner was over, Jack heaved a sigh so long that it seemed to come from his very boots.

“Why, Jack!” they exclaimed. “What a depth of woe that sigh betokens! What is the matter?”

“I was thinking,” said Jack mournfully, “that tomorrow is Monday, and that old Grinder is lying in wait for us.”

“It is a bad lookout, isn’t it?” said Tom. “I suppose, that, if we take the early train, we could be at school by half-past ten.”

“And, with no lessons learned, of course we should be kept in,” said Charlie. “I have an idea. What fun it would be if we could get aboard one of those great tows of canal-boats that

run down the river all the time, and go home that way! We could learn ever so much of the history of the Highlands as we passed through them, and it would be such a lark!"

"So it would," said all the boys. "Just as soon as Mr. Longwood comes home, let's suggest it to him, and see what he says."

Mr. Longwood was spending the evening with his friend Dr. Stone, who had sent up for him a little before.

"I suppose it would hardly do for us girls; would it, mamma?" asked Carrie.

"Hardly," said Mrs. Longwood. "But if your father takes up with Charlie's plan, as I think he may, we will not go until the afternoon train, and so have another morning."

There was such an outburst of joy at this, that the trim woman opened the door from the kitchen, and asked, —

"Did you call, ma'am?"

"Of course," said Jack, "the thing is settled, because Mr. Longwood will be sure to agree if Mrs. Longwood asks him. What larks!"

"Come, young people," said that lady after a little: "we are in danger of forgetting that it is Sunday. Sit down quietly, and I will say to you a piece of poetry that I learned not long since."

So they all drew up in a circle, and endeavored to dismiss the thoughts of to-morrow's expedition from their minds, though, I must confess, with only partial success. And Mrs. Longwood began.

"It is called," she said, —



## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

The mighty sentinel angels  
That keep heaven's court of guard,  
Pacing her high-hung battlements  
In zealous watch and ward,  
Descry, o'er distant leagues of space,  
Cohorts of angels flying  
Heavenward, from where adown the gulf  
Earth is in darkness lying.

And they wave on high their flaming swords,  
As they hold their onward course,  
And clash afresh their golden shields,  
And break into chorus hoarse, —  
“Another chain is forged around  
The great dragon underground :”  
The flash of their shields is the lightning,  
Their voice the thunder sound.

They crowd the wide-flung gates of heaven,  
And now the golden street  
Re-echoes to their clanging mail  
And the tread of marching feet.  
And the great archangel Michael  
Leads through the heavenly town,  
Till before the awful throne of God  
They fall in silence down.

“The babe is born in Bethlehem ;  
We have seen the God made man ;  
And the old arch-dragon pale with fright  
At the wave of an infant's hand.

And above the noise of the burning pit,  
Clear coming to the ear,  
We heard the shouts of the souls in prison,  
That knew deliverance near."

"Glory to God!" — the heavenly choir  
Break into rapturous song,  
Ten thousand times ten thousand throats  
The silver notes prolong.  
"Glory to God on high, on earth  
Be peace, good-will to men!"  
The mailed host with thunderous noise  
Take up the loud refrain;  
The very walls of heaven shake  
At the sound of the grand Amen.

"It is perfectly splendid," said Jack, when she finished. "I wonder how many canal-boats there are in one of these big tows."

Mrs. Longwood laughed. "I am afraid that my poetry failed to change the current of Jack's thoughts, at least. Let us sing a hymn or two."

Carrie began "Abide with me," and soon their clear fresh voices joined in the harmony. They were all fond of singing, and one after the other started some favorite air. Presently, looking up, they discovered that the kitchen-door was half-way open, and that the old grandmother was standing by it listening. She was nodding and mumbling softly to herself; and when, after a time, they stopped, she moved away.

"Didn't she look just like a witch?" asked Lou. "One could fancy that she was muttering evil spells as she stood there."

“Her looks might have brought her to the gallows, a couple of hundred years ago, in New England,” said Will.

“Did any one ever suffer death in this country for being a witch?” asked Rose.

“Yes, indeed,” said Mrs. Longwood. “It is a very dark blot on our country’s history.”

“Do tell us about it,” said they all, drawing their chairs closer. Even Jack, at the mention of the word “witch,” forgot about the number of boats in a tow, and leaned forward much interested.

“In the town of Salem, near Boston, in the year 1692,” began Mrs. Longwood, “in the family of Mr. Parris, one of the ministers of the place, there were two young girls, — his daughter, about nine years old, and his niece Abigail Williams, about eleven. These two girls had several friends somewhat older than themselves; and they were in the habit of having meetings to practise palmistry, and such foolish amusements. Presently the minister’s daughter and niece began to have strange attacks, somewhat like fits. It was probably, in the outset, nothing more than what is now called hysteria, which all young girls who are not very strong are liable to have. Instead of treating it as such, Mr. Parris called in several of his brother clergymen, who looked at the children in their fits, and prayed over them, but had no more common-sense in the matter than he.

“The children in the mean while, finding themselves the objects of so much public attention, began to have fits harder than ever; and their young companions, too, broke out with them. People in those days believed in a very active, ever-present,

bodily Devil. They believed that there could be witches as truly as in the days of Saul. And they thought that Satan could only practise his evil arts on a human being through another human being. So they set themselves to find out who these persons were that Satan was thus using to torment the children. They exhorted them to tell who it was that persecuted them. And the children called out the names of three women who they said did it. One of these was Tituba, the slave of Mr. Parris. He tied her neck and heels, and beat her until she confessed every thing he suggested to her. On her examination by the court, she avowed that she had made a compact with Satan, and signed his book, and that she rode to his meetings on a pole through the air.

“It is a sickening story. The ‘afflicted children,’ as they were called, denounced person after person. On their assertion alone, the accused were arrested. When brought into court for examination, the children would fall down in their fits, declaring that the prisoners were pinching them, and sticking pins into them, by their apparitions. The people were wild with excitement, believing it all. The magistrates were bigoted. Nineteen innocent people were hung as witches.”

“Were they poor people? I mean, people without friends,” asked Charlie.

“A few were,” said Mrs. Longwood. “But many were of the highest social position. One was a clergyman. Though a very small man, he was enormously strong; and this was thought to be a proof of his being a witch, as no one unless helped from an evil source could have done such deeds. One of his accusers

testified, beside, that he had a trumpet, the sound of which could be heard through all the townships about. When he blew it, all the witches mounted their brooms, and came flying through the air to the meeting."



ON THEIR WAY TO THE MEETING.

"What perfect nonsense!" said Tom. "Did people actually believe such stuff?"

"They did, indeed; and it cost the minister his life. The case of Giles and Martha Corey was a very hard one. Giles Corey was a man of violent temper, who was always coming into conflict with his neighbors, and was most unpopular. Late in life he had repented of his ways; but the habits of a life-time are not easily laid aside. When the question of witchcraft first came

up, he was a firm believer in it. His wife, however, who was a thoroughly good woman, was not. He was so provoked at her differing from him, that he used very strong language about her



MARTHA COREY IN PRISON.

in public. It was soon known to the afflicted children that Martha Corey thought them deluded, and they immediately cried out upon her as a witch. Her past blameless life could not save

her: she was hung. Parris and two of his deacons visited her in prison, and excommunicated her.

“Giles Corey’s eyes were opened by the attack upon his wife; and soon he, too, was cried out on. He was a man of iron nerve, though eighty-one years old. He formed his plans, and held to them. He would not be tried as a witch; and no relative of his, who had been unfriendly to his wife, should ever have a particle of his property. Two of his sons-in-law had been. He executed a deed after he was arrested, giving absolutely all he possessed to his other two sons-in-law. This deed, however, should he be tried for witchcraft, might be held to be invalid. He resolved that he would not be tried. When he was brought before the court, and asked whether he were guilty or not guilty, he did not open his mouth. They could not try a man who would not plead.”

“And did he escape?” interrupted Tom.

“No,” said Mrs. Longwood. “An old English law was trumped up, in which the man who refused to plead was to suffer a certain punishment until he did. Corey was taken to prison, and laid on his back: a weight of iron was placed on him, and he was almost without food or drink. The weights were steadily increased, but the old man would not speak. He was crushed to death.”

“How perfectly awful!” said the girls.

“It was a strange part of this business, that those who confessed being witches escaped death. It was those who persisted in denying their connection with Satan who were hanged,” said Mrs. Longwood.

“And how did it all end?” asked Ned.

“People began to come to their senses. There were already a hundred and fifty in jail; and the afflicted children seemed to be as much afflicted as ever, and to be quite as ready to cry out upon others who were as yet unsuspected. The court was adjourned; and in two or three months, when time had brought clearer views, all were set at liberty.”

“What became of the afflicted children?” asked Rose.

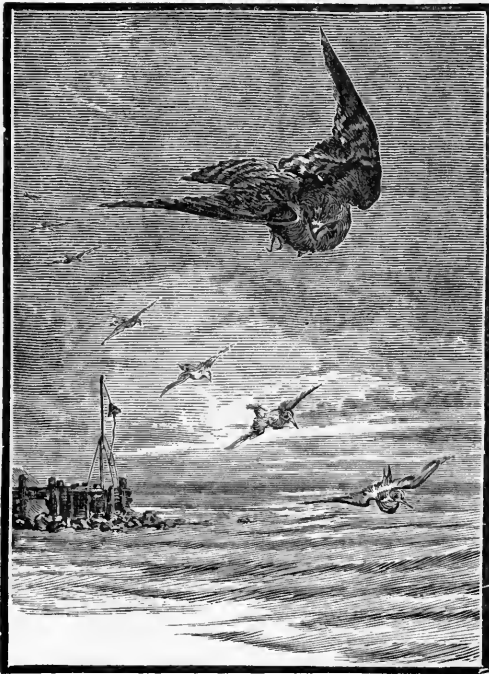
“I do not know,” said Mrs. Longwood. “But public indignation was very sharp against those who had taken a leading part in the prosecutions. Mr. Parris, whom it was openly said had used the children to denounce some of his enemies, was driven from his church and town, and lived ever after in obscurity and poverty. Others made public and humble confession that they had fallen into error. It was long before the wounds the trouble made were healed.

“But here comes Mr. Longwood, and you can find out what he thinks of your plan for going home.”





## CHAPTER XI.



MR. LONGWOOD'S entrance was greeted by such a sudden chorus of exclamations, that he looked completely astounded. "What in the world is it?" he said. "Has old Mrs. Daniels done any thing? or the bulldog?"

"Let's leave it to Mrs. Longwood to explain to him," said Jack, with a sudden accession of wisdom.

So there was a complete silence until the plan was unfolded, when Mr. Longwood promptly agreed to it. "If it should rain, though,

of course we should have to give it up," he added.

"We might wait until the next fair day," suggested Ned.

The next morning bright and early the boys were crowding,

half-dressed, about the window of their room that looked up toward Newburgh Bay. They saw three tows southward bound. From the height and distance at which they were, the tows



PREPARING FOR BREAKFAST.

looked almost like huge rafts. But a moment's glance showed the straining tug in advance, and, close upon its heels, the clumsy rabble of canal-boats wabbling along, lashed four or five abreast, and five or six rows deep.

“We must hurry up,” said Jack, as, after scrambling into his clothes, he rushed down stairs, and into the kitchen, to see if breakfast were not ready. “We must hurry up, or they will all have gone by.”

The trim woman had her hands in a bowl of dough. Evidently they were to have hot corn-bread for breakfast, for the old grandmother was bringing a pan in which to bake it.

“Never fear,” said Daniels, in answer to Jack’s outburst. “At this season of the year they come down close upon one another’s heels. You see, they hurry through the canals now that it’s just on the edge of winter, for fear that a sudden cold snap may come, and freeze them in.”

Notwithstanding this assurance, Jack was very uneasy in his mind for some time. It was not until Tom, looking at the clock, said, “Well, we couldn’t catch the early train now if we tried: so, no matter how we go to town, we cannot get to school to-day,” that he seemed to enjoy his breakfast. Then he stretched forth his plate to be helped again, and attacked the good things in earnest.

By half-past eight, breakfast was over; their trunks were packed, ready to go on the same train with the girls in the afternoon; and the boys themselves, with Mr. Longwood, well wrapped up, were climbing into the big wagon.

“If we should upset,” said Ned, “I should be perfectly helpless; for I am so swathed in my winter coat, with this rug over my knees, that I could not move.”

“You will be glad of all your wraps, never fear,” said Mr. Longwood. “It will be cold enough on the water, and there

will be no comfortable cabin where one can sit and look out through the window. It is to be a deck-passage."

"I hope we brought provisions enough," said Tom. "I think that by dinner-time I shall be able to do my share at the trencher."

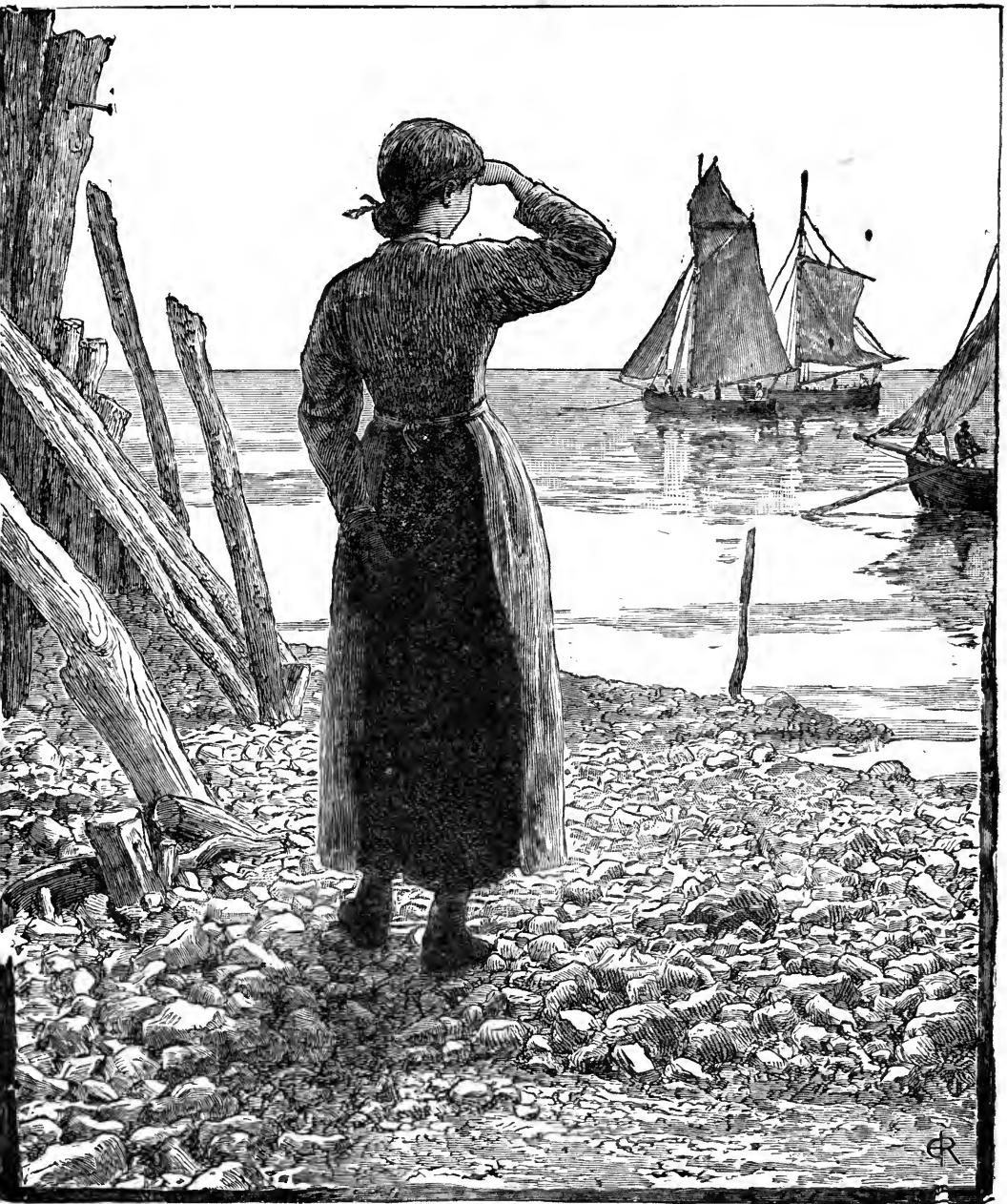
Before long they found themselves at the pier, where they had disembarked from the boat on the night of their coming. There was a grayish hue spreading over the sky, and the wind as it came down the river was cold enough. It felt, as Daniels had said, as if they were on the edge of winter. There seemed to be very little going on about the dock. One or two people came to their doors to see our party leave the wagon; but the morning boat had gone some time before, and the place had settled down to wait until its return in the evening should bring again a ripple of excitement.

Directed by Daniels, they hurried along the shore to a house a little way distant, whose owner kept boats to let. A fine tow was only a short distance away, and no time was to be lost.

"Father is out in one of the sailboats there," said a tidy girl who answered their knock. "He is going to bring her in, and haul her out for the winter. I'll call him," and she ran down to the water's edge, and quickly brought him ashore.

Mr. Longwood stated their wishes. Could he put them aboard the little fleet of canal-boats close at hand there?

He regarded them apparently as out of their heads. Of course he could put them aboard; but, massy sakes! they wouldn't get to York, he didn't know when. He had much better take them across the river to the railway: there was "some



THE BOATMAN'S DAUGHTER.



chance then of seein' their folks to home before they'd all grown old and died."

But, as Mr. Longwood persisted, he hauled a big rowboat up to his landing; and, all being stowed away in her, he took his oars, and pulled vigorously out into the current, casting a glance now and then over his shoulder, to see that he was laying his course rightly.

Presently the great lumbering tubs of boats were alongside. On one of them stood a man all hair and beard. The boatman, with a few strokes, brought their craft near and, throwing his painter toward him, said briefly, —

"Catch hold there."

The hairy man seized it, and made his end fast; and then, looking down upon them, said, with equal brevity, —

"What's up?"

"This here party wants to take passage with ye to York," said the boatman.

"Nary lunatic-asylum about here broke loose, is there?" asked the hairy man.

Mr. Longwood made haste to say that they had not gone mad, and that they were quite ready to pay for their passage; and so they speedily came to terms, the hairy man agreeing to put them ashore 'at any town they wished, in a small boat, which he said could be borrowed from the tug that was hauling them. So their boatman helped them to scramble up on the deck of their new craft, and, having handed up the basket of provisions after them, was cast off, and soon well on his homeward way.

Those of the readers of this story who have been on canal-

boats, and know all about them, may skip a page or two: the rest may stay with the boys, as they cast their eyes, big with curiosity, about them. Curiosity seemed to be the order of the day. On nearly every boat in the fleet they saw a man sitting on his cabin-roof, staring with open eyes at them. From every cabin-stairs emerged a more or less dishevelled woman's head, to join the general looking-on.

But the boys were not to be daunted by any such observation. "I say," said Jack in a friendly tone to the hairy man, by way of opening conversation, "I say, what's forward there where it looks like the roof of a cabin?"

"Mules," said the man.

"Really?" asked Jack. "No joking?"

It was not necessary for the man to make any reply. One of the mules took it upon himself to do that. Out of the top of his small stable came a tremendous bray, that died away in echo after echo against the side of Storm-King Mountain. The boys put their hands over their ears until there was silence.

"He must be of no end of use in a fog," said Ned. "He'd take the place of the steam-whistle. Just give his tail a twist to open the valve, and out would come the noise."

"Nobody don't twist that mule's tail, not with impunity," said the hairy man gloomily. "One man tried it."

"What happened to him?" asked the boys.

"It was near the place where he was raised," said the man; "and we buried him in the family lot."

"How in the world do you get them in there?" asked Charlie, as they all walked forward.



"This strip of the roof comes off," said the man, lifting one end up as he spoke, so that they could look down on the mules in their stalls below. "They scramble in and out just like dogs. Those two berths back there, just behind them, are where the men sleep."

"It must be lively work for them to get to bed when your mule who kicks feels like a little exercise," said Tom. "They must have to dodge the kicks."

"How long do you work the mules at a time?" asked Charlie.

"Six hours," said the man. "You see, we have four men and four mules beside the captain." (Jack gave Will a nudge at this slight slip.) "They work six hours at a time, relieving one another. When we come down to Troy, we leave two of the mules in the stables there." The hairy man stopped short, and looked a little ashamed at having been so talkative. Then he strolled slowly toward the stern of the boat, and disappeared down the stairs into his cabin.

The boys watched his disappearance with considerable surprise. "Could we have said any thing to offend him?" said Tom.

"No: I fancy it is only his way," said Mr. Longwood. "He'll be back presently, no doubt. Meantime I think I will spread out a rug, and establish myself here with a book. The stable-roof will make an excellent protection from the wind. The weather is rather cold."

So, suiting his action to his words, Mr. Longwood sat down on the deck; and, except that every moment or two he raised

his eyes to see that none of his boys had fallen over, or otherwise come to grief, he took no part in any of their doings for the next hour or two.

They, however, were not idle. The hairy man had re-appeared, and they plied him vigorously with questions.

What had he aboard? they demanded.

“Wheat.”

Where did he get it?

“Buffalo.”

How long did it take to come from Buffalo?

“Ten days.”

But he was not to be tempted into conversation; and the boys' hope of getting a story out of him was soon seen to be without foundation. After a little they managed to get aboard the boat alongside. The captain of this was much more communicative; and, though he was not to be coaxed into telling a story, he told them how he had been a canal-man for twenty years. He took them, too, down into his tiny cabin where his wife and two children were, and showed them the kitchen just big enough to take in a stove, and how it could be shut up tight by means of sliding-doors. The cabin was tiny enough, but every thing was as clean and neat as could be.

All the hour or two that the boys spent in idly running about and talking, had not been spent in idleness by the tug that was dragging them. One after another the hills of the Highlands had been slowly passed. West Point, with the gray buildings of its military academy, was far behind. And now a sudden hunger seized every one. They hurried back pell-mell to where

Mr. Longwood was still sitting deep in his book, and surrounded him as a band of starving wolves do a defenceless sheep whom they have come upon in some unprotected place.

He understood from their faces what they would have suggested, without their speaking a word.

“Bring the basket, Tom,” he said.

Tom made haste to bring it, and spread the contents on some napkins which he laid upon the deck.

“Jiminy!” said Jack, as the last article came out, “they haven’t put in a thing to drink. What shall we do?”

“Possibly our captain’s wife could make us some coffee,” said Mr. Longwood. “Go and see, Tom. At all events, she can no doubt give us some water.”

Tom came back shortly, and announced that the coffee was under way; and before long the hairy man brought it in a big pitcher with three cups, all that he could muster.

The coffee smelled deliciously, and the lunch looked excellently. In half an hour there was not so much as a drop or a crumb left. Then the boys stretched themselves out on the rugs, and begged Mr. Longwood to tell them a story.

“It so happens,” said that gentleman, “that we are passing historic scenes at this moment. Here on the west side of the river were the old Forts Clinton and Montgomery, where there was fighting during the Revolution.”

“Do tell us about it,” they all exclaimed.

“You have all heard of how, during the Revolution, Burgoyne tried to march down from Canada, by way of the lakes, to Albany, while Sir Henry Clinton was to move up the Hudson, and meet

him there. It was a well-conceived plan ; and it lacked only one thing, and that was success. Burgoyne was captured at Saratoga. Sir Henry Clinton never reached Albany. He made the attempt, however ; and, if he had made it sooner, possibly the whole face of matters might have been changed.

“ He waited for some Hessian re-enforcements which were on their way to him from over sea. They, however, had sailed in Dutch vessels, which were not much better sailers than the noble craft on which we now are, and so did not arrive until October, a good month or more later than they were expected.

“ As soon as they did come, he set out up the river with some five thousand men.

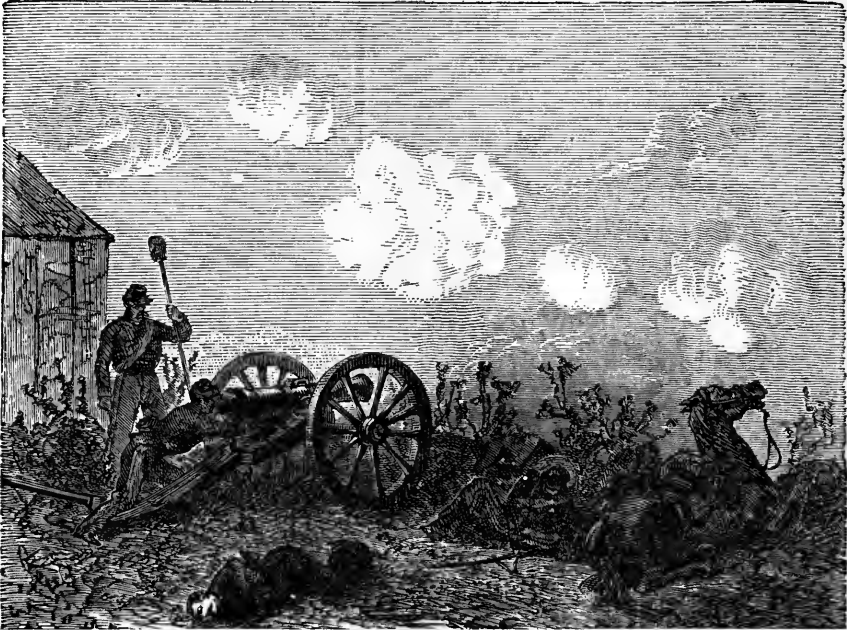
“ The Americans had stretched an enormous iron chain from the tip of Anthony’s Nose across to the opposite shore, and there had built two forts, Montgomery and Clinton, to dispute the passage of the river with the British ships. These obstacles had to be overcome, of course, before the English could make their little visit to Albany. It is a curious fact, that each of the American forts was commanded by a Clinton, and that the commander of the British was also a Clinton.”

“ Were they any relation ? ” asked one of the boys.

“ Not that I ever heard of,” said Mr. Longwood.

“ Well, the British, as I said, set out from New York, and proceeded up the river. In the two forts together there were but six hundred men ; and it was important to conceal his intention of attacking them, lest they should be thoroughly garrisoned. So Sir Henry landed a couple of thousand men at Tarrytown, and then marched them northward toward Peekskill. By this

means he deceived Gen. Putnam, who was in command, and who thought his intention was to destroy the supplies that were stored there. So that all the militia of the districts about hastened to Peekskill, and the forts were not strengthened.



THE FIGHT WITH THE FIELD-PIECE.

“Then, taking advantage of a fog, Sir Henry Clinton passed two thousand men across the river, and landed them on the west shore, with instructions to make their way north and attack the forts.”

“It must have been tough work forcing their way over those hills, and through the forests,” said Will. “How far was it?”

“About twelve miles, I should fancy,” said Mr. Longwood.

“And there was no road at all. A Tory piloted them by a path he knew over the Dunderberg, but they had to go in single file. When they had passed it, they divided into two parties, and each attacked a fort.

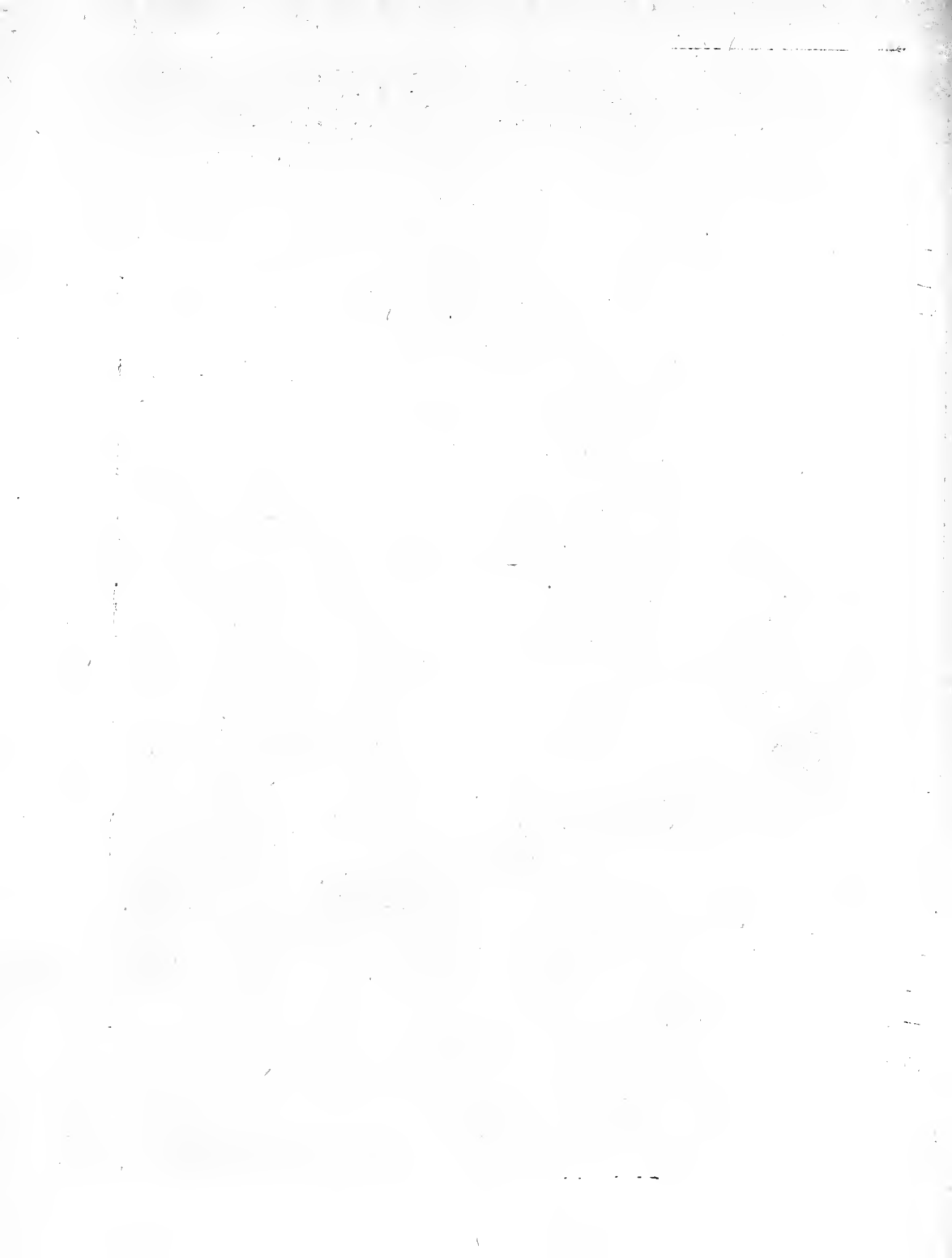
“Gov. Clinton, the American in command, had suspected all along that the enemy were intending to attack the forts, and had his scouts posted on the Dunderberg. A little after noon they descried the advancing force, fired upon them, and retreated. A field-piece was at once sent out, but the enemy came on so fast that the gun had to be spiked and left. Then the Americans fell back on another gun, with which they did good work on the advancing Hessians; but unfortunately it burst. By four o'clock the enemy had reached both forts, and an assault was made without loss of time.”

“Of course they won,” said Jack. “They were three to our one, and regulars against militia. It was not a fair show at all.”

“Nevertheless,” said Mr. Longwood, “they had to fight hard for it. But, as you say, the Americans were at a great disadvantage. To add to it, a British frigate or two had come up the river, and opened fire upon them from the water-side.

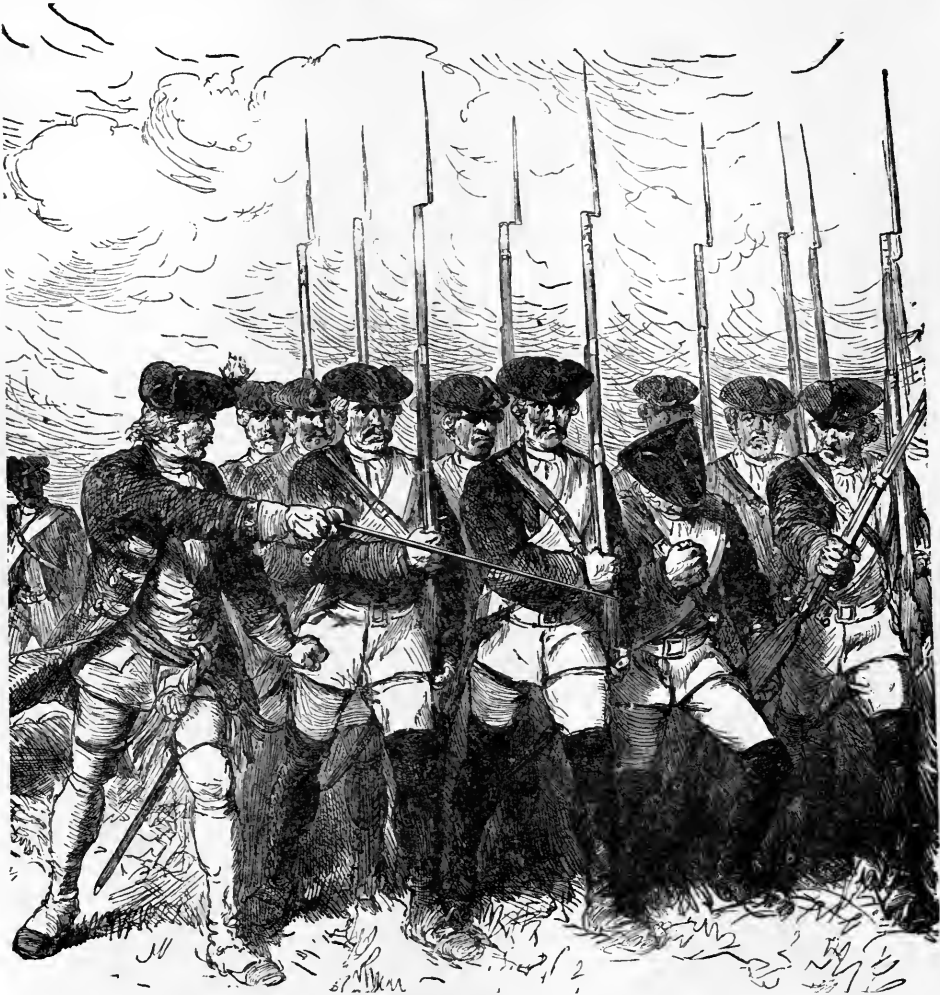
“They continued to resist obstinately until dusk, when the British conquered. The clouds had come up thickly, and darkness came on apace; and the Americans, having no mind to see the inside of a British prison in New York, lost no time in escaping to the forests that surrounded them on every side. There was some desultory fighting, but it soon ceased; and the hardy militia found no difficulty in making their way to safety. Both American generals escaped, one badly wounded; and over







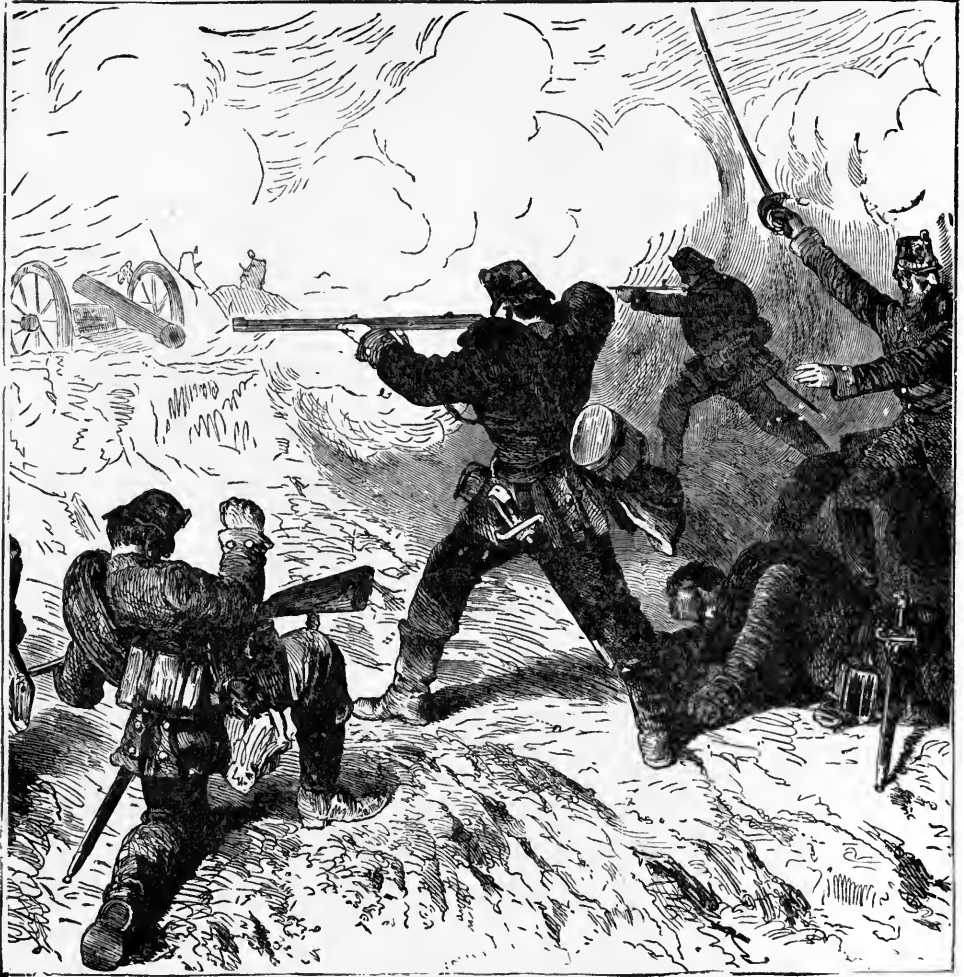
two hundred of their men reported for duty at their headquarters, some twelve miles or more distant, the next day. There



THE ADVANCE OF THE HESSIANS.

were but six hundred, you must remember, in the two forts together at the beginning of the fight.”

“And what became of the boom from Anthony’s Nose?” asked Ned.



THE ASSAULT ON THE FORT.

“The British destroyed it as soon as they secured the forts,”

said Mr. Longwood. "There were one or two American armed vessels above the boom; and these, when they saw how the battle had gone, raised their sails, and tried to escape up the river. The wind was against them though, and they could make no headway: so their crews set them afire, and abandoned them."

"What a magnificent sight it must have been!" said Charlie.

"Yes," said Will. "It was at night, you know, and of course the guns would go off one after another as the fire reached them; and at last when it reached the magazine there would be one grand crash, and then silence."

"There was a spy captured at the American general's headquarters, a day or two after the battle, under very curious circumstances," said Mr. Longwood. "He was discovered by the pickets, and, having asked what general was stationed near, was told, Clinton. Thereon he asked to see him at once. He was led into his presence. He was noticed to change color, and heard to exclaim, in a low tone, 'I am lost!' At the same moment he put something into his mouth, and swallowed it. They gave him an emetic, and soon brought to light a silver bullet. He managed to secure it, and again swallowed it. They gave him an emetic a second time. He refused to take it at first; but, on being told that he should be hanged and cut open if he did not, he yielded, and the bullet was once more produced. It was found to unscrew, and to contain a note from Sir Henry Clinton to Burgoyne, telling of his success."

"But why in the world did the man act so like a fool?" said Tom. "He must have been crazy."

“No,” said Mr. Longwood. “In the first place, he thought the Americans totally cut up by the late battle, and he had no idea that they could have re-organized in even the smallest way. And he had never heard of an American Gen. Clinton. However, in spite of all this, he hardly seems to have been the man to make his way across a hundred miles or two of an enemy’s country.”

“I suppose the discovery of the note was his death-warrant,” said Will.

“Yes: he was tried as a spy, and hanged to an apple-tree,” said Mr. Longwood.

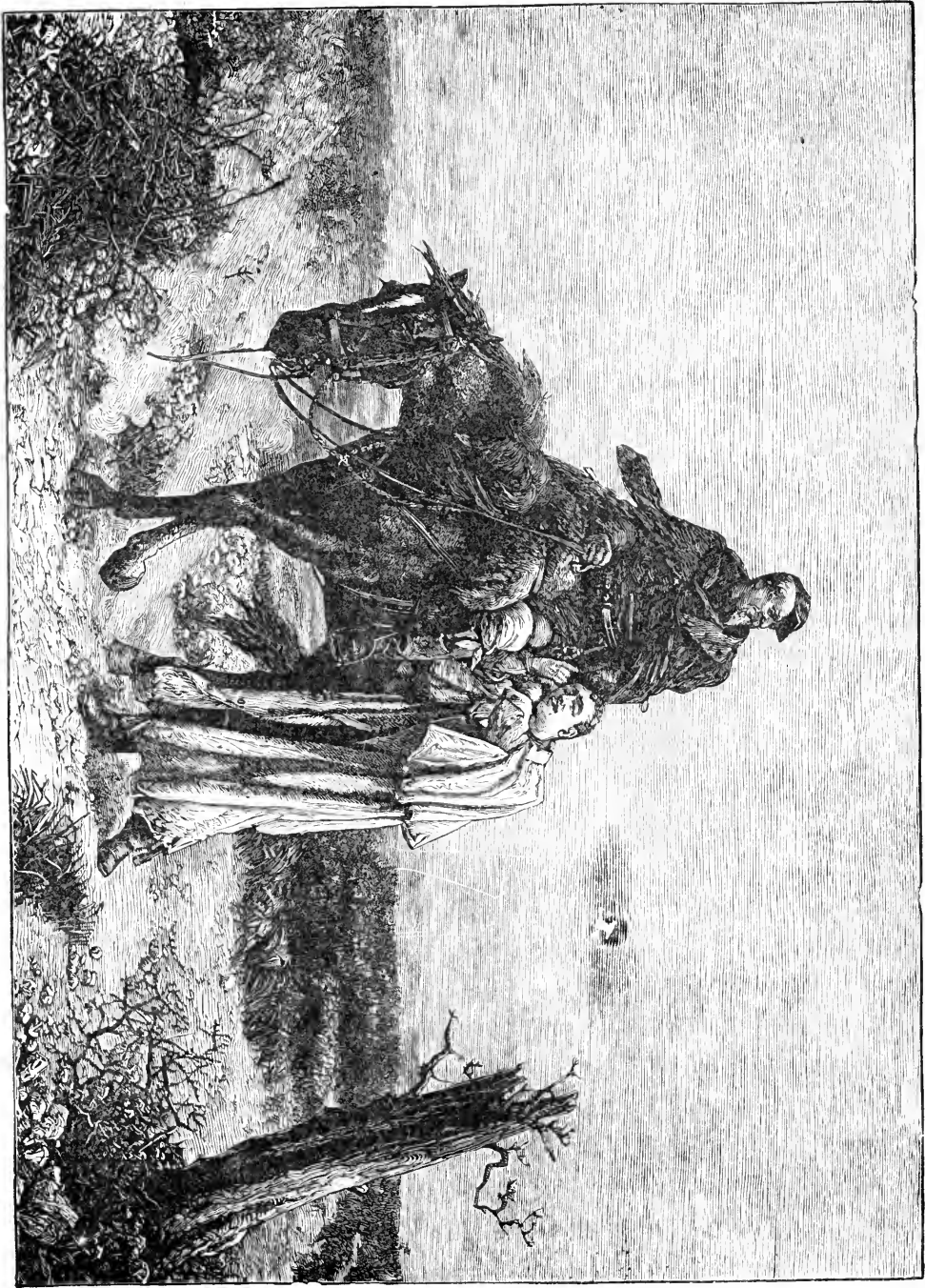
“The fighting at these two forts about which you have told us was not all that came off in the Highlands, was it?” asked Will.

“No,” said Mr. Longwood. “There was the storming of Stony Point by Wayne,—Mad Anthony Wayne as he was called on account of his reckless courage. That took place a couple of years later. We shall be passing the point presently.”

“That was a night assault, wasn’t it?” asked Will.

“Yes. The way was this. The British had captured the works which the Americans had begun at Stony Point, and had greatly enlarged and strengthened them. There were only forty men in the fort at the time, so that its capture was an easy affair. Then, on the other side of the river there was another fort, which the British secured also. These two commanded the river pretty effectually.

“When we pass the point, you can notice what a strong position it is by nature. Three sides are surrounded by water;



MISSING.



and, in old times, the fourth was a morass, where the tide came in to a depth of two or three feet. Of course, the occupation of these positions menaced the American posts at West Point, and made it necessary to keep there a large force at all times.

“So it was resolved that Stony Point should be assaulted, and Anthony Wayne was chosen to do the work. On a hot July afternoon the Americans made their way in single file through the wild defiles of the hills, and at sunset rendezvoused a mile and a half from the fort. Meantime the darkness came on, and the garrison within the walls betook themselves to slumber, little dreaming of the foe that lay so quietly and so close at hand.

“The patriot force did not move until near midnight, and then not a sound betokened their forward march. Every dog in the neighborhood had been killed the day before, lest some watchful bark might give the alarm. At their head marched Pompey, an old negro, their guide; and by his side two stalwart men, disguised as farmers. Their business was to seize the sentinel, when Pompey engaged his attention in talk.”

“Did they expect that the sentinels would let him walk up to them?” asked Tom. “They surely would not do any thing so foolish!”

“Pompey was a privileged character,” said Mr. Longwood. “He had brought berries to the fort to sell all through the spring, and the officers were only too glad to buy them. He belonged to a strong patriot, who, by this means, knew about every thing that went on within the walls, for the negro kept his eyes well open while selling berries. Presently Pompey announced to

the officers that he could not come any more. He had to hoe corn in the day-time, he said. They were in no mind to lose their fresh berries, and so gave him the countersign, that he



IN THE FORT.

might pass the guards at night. He had been in and out often now, so that the sentry would not suspect him.



“There was a sentinel stationed on the high ground before



THE PICKET GUARD.

they came to the morass which they had to pass, and another

at the head of a narrow causeway, or road, that crossed it. Both these men were made prisoners without an alarm being given. Then the Americans divided into two bodies, so as to make their attack at two different points. One followed the causeway; the others plunged into the morass, and waded on through water two feet deep. Every man had in his hat a piece of white paper, to distinguish him from the enemy in the darkness; and they had taken as their watchword the British countersign for the night, 'The fort's our own.'

"Silently and steadily they marched. The pickets did not discover them in the darkness, until they were within pistol-shot; but then the drum beat to arms, and the cannon opened upon them. They fired not a shot in return, but pressed forward at the point of the bayonet. Wayne led one column. As he was almost entering the fort, a bullet struck him on the head, and felled him. Stunned, and believing for the moment that he was mortally wounded, he cried to his aides, 'March on! Carry me in, for I will die at the head of the column.' He did not die, however, but lived to receive the laurels that his gallant action brought him. The whole country rang with his praises.

"The capture of the fort was important in two ways. It enabled the Americans to destroy the works which the British had so carefully built, and it had a great and stimulating effect on the rest of the army. Congress struck off medals which were presented to the leaders."

"You say," said Charlie, "that the Americans destroyed the fort. They didn't hold it, then?"

"No," said Mr. Longwood. "They would not have been



THE ASSAULT.



able, in all probability, against the force the British would bring against them. They were, you must remember, at some distance from the main force, and in a wild country. They therefore destroyed all the works and the supplies. They attempted to move the heavy artillery, which they put upon a hulk. But, the moment she set out for West Point, the fort on the opposite shore opened fire on her, and one or two of the British men-of-war joined in; and, after a little, a shot struck her below water-mark, and she filled, and went down."

"Well, I for one am glad," said Charlie, "that I live in the piping times of peace."

"You may well be thankful that, at all events, you did not live in the valley of the Hudson and its tributaries," said Mr. Longwood. "Between the inroads of the Indians, led by their great chief Brant, and the strong Tory element that existed, the patriot settler, on his half-cleared farm, lived always with rifle in reach of his hand.

"I put a little book in my pocket before starting, thinking that this subject might come up," he went on. "Let me read you a settler's reminiscences. Possibly your satisfaction, at living at the time you do, may increase. The writer says,—

"We were constantly exposed to the harassing incursions of the Tories and Indians. Almost the whole country was alarmed by them; and, with the subtlety peculiar to the savage intellect, they seemed to escape every attempt at capture. Often we have seen them running across the fields upon the opposite side of the river, now stooping behind fences which afforded them a partial cover, and now boldly running across the open

ground, where the fences were down, to some other enclosed field, along which they skulked as before. During these alarms, our neighbors used to come and live with us for weeks together until the danger was over, and then they would return home. The principal men of the country had guards stationed at their dwellings. Some of the militia colonels who had become obnoxious to the enemy were protected by guards of five and six men about each house. Minor precautions were also taken, and the relation of some of them will show my readers how wearisome was the life we led. My father was in the habit of stacking his corn in the field, and indeed all his grain, placing it as far as possible from the fences; for in case of surprise, and if his dwelling should be burned, he knew what was scattered through the fields would in a measure be safe. It was a common thing in those days for the farmers with us to transport their grain to Albany during the winter, and keep it stored there for protection. In the summer it was carried back load by load, as it was wanted for use.

“ In the fall, alarms still continued; and every precaution, as was usual, was taken by us. We used to stack our straw in the field near the house, and so erect the pile as to leave at the top a conical hole, in which two persons kept watch during the alarms, this way, every night. A ladder was placed for us to mount with our guns; and, when we were ensconced, it was withdrawn. One slept while the other watched; and, though our elevation was not more than ten feet, it gave us a great advantage in detecting the approach of the enemy. Perched in these eyries, we passed night after night, while our sleepless

eyes strained their vision to catch the least appearance of the foe. Indeed, we commanded a full view of the river, and to the north and west for a great distance. Nor was this the only method which caution induced us to take. The horses were frequently harnessed to our sleds at night, which made, of course, less noise than the wagons, to transport our baggage down to a ravine, for the sake of preserving it from an expected incursion.

“ ‘On one such occasion, when our neighbors were living with us, as I have said, we had thirteen guns loaded and in order; and, being divided into watches, we stood as sentries round the house. It soon came my turn to go out with one of the blacks by the name of Ned, whom, on most occasions, a pair of fleet heels served a friendly part.

“ ‘Ned, however, talked largely; and I felt no backwardness in stating what havoc we would make among the Tories with our thirteen guns. While every one was fast asleep, about midnight, during one of our walks towards a fence which ran down to the river, as the moon was just rising behind us, and throwing a faint light on the scene beyond, I perceived with horror the approach of objects whose movements appeared to be governed by the most perfect military rules. Every now and then they would halt, and, after a short rest, would move on with the same precision. They were crossing a wheat-field which lay to the south of the fence I have mentioned, anxious to get under its cover for the purpose of concealing their approach to the house. The rustling of the stubble seemed to be as carefully avoided as possible. I watched them with the deepest interest

until they made a deliberate and regular halt when they came to the fence. I was then convinced we were in imminent danger, and, turning round to give some order to my companion, found he was gone. I hesitated not a moment to follow his example, and, hastening to the house, arrived there about the same time with Ned. We woke up the sleepers with the startling information that a large number of disciplined men were within a quarter of a mile of the house, and approaching it with caution and perfect regularity.

“ ‘In an instant all the men were armed and ready. My father volunteered to run down a few rods, and reconnoitre. He did so, and came back with the news that they were coming. A brief consultation was held as to the best manner of receiving them; as flight was impracticable under the circumstances, without abandoning both wives and children. One was for firing as they mounted a fence that went across at right angles to the house, parallel to the river. Another was for opening upon them as they ascended the rising ground that intervened between the house and bank of the river. The last project was approved, and we were cautioned to fire low, and to make every shot tell. The party stationed themselves accordingly, and I then volunteered to go down and take another look. They still appeared in motion, but, apparently without caution, approached the bank and fence running parallel to it. There they halted for some time, and I hastened back with the intelligence. Their apparent irresolution inspired us with fresh vigor, and we began to grow more resolute as our enemy seemed to hesitate. A half hour passed away, when they again moved forward briskly to the north;



and this change of plan seemed to be the result of consultation, and led us to expect their attack through the hollow, which it seemed their object to gain, and by which the house was more easily assailable. We now felt confident that some of the party must be familiar with the ground, for no stranger would have thought of approaching through the ravine. We shifted our ground a little upon seeing this, and threw ourselves farther to the right, where we still maintained the advantage of our elevated position. Learning all this manœuvring, the wives of our friends, and my mother, came out, almost crazy with alarm, yet not daring to make any noise for fear of the consequences. My father peremptorily ordered them back without explanation. Our eyes were still intent on our foes, when they suddenly stopped near a spring which gushed out of the hill below us, and there remained, until the moon, rising higher and higher, threw its clear detecting light over the scene, and discovered to us that our enemies were six of our horses that had broken loose from their pasture. What a change from the sublime to the ridiculous! In an instant we discovered the curious causes which led to our mistake. Six horses belonging to us and our neighbors had been tied together abreast, and hopped, to prevent their straying. It turned out that they had been without water for two days previously, and, incited by thirst, had broken into the wheat-field, and followed the fence until they came to the spring of water.’”

“Of course it was awfully hard for the men of those days,” interrupted Will. “It could have been no fun to fight on, half-fed and half-clothed, for year after year, in the camp, and away

from home. But just think what the women must have suffered! They could not relieve their feelings by taking a musket, and



UNWELCOME VISITORS.

marching against the foe; but must stay at home, and live in terror of visits from the dreaded Hessians, or some prowling band of rascally Tories, who in a single morning would eat and

drink up every thing that was to have kept them through the winter. It is a pity Carrie is not here to stand up for them. But go on, please, Mr. Longwood."

"One Sunday night, after all the family had retired to their bed, it being a still, clear night in the fall of the year, we heard our dogs barking violently in the front of the house, while a confused sound of voices accompanied the deep-mouthed bay-ing. In an instant my father was out of bed, and ready for action, when my prudent mother checked his impetuosity by saying he was not a match for the persons without; that, if he went out, he would be taken; and that perhaps, if all was kept still within the house, the enemy would not think it necessary to commit any violence for the sake of securing their own safety, and go off. Gradually the noise of the dogs became fainter and more distant; and, before many minutes passed away, it was as still and tranquil as ever. When all was quiet, my father, with his gun in his hand, stole cautiously out of the house, and followed in the direction of the noise when last heard. It led him to the river; and he had scarce reached the bank, when he distinctly heard the noise of a canoe-paddle as it touched the sides of the sonorous machine. Every one who has noticed the sound of the oars of a boat, or the paddles of a canoe, will readily recollect the hollow tone which they make, and which, on some occasions, has an unnatural effect upon the ear. My father, by long use, had become accustomed not only to distinguish these peculiar sounds, but knew his own canoe by the tones its hollow trough gave out at the touch of the rower. On this occasion, his acute ear told him that his canoe was

nearly across the river. For a moment he hesitated whether he should not fire in the direction of the noise; but, on reflection, he thought the risk too great, and the advantage too remote, to be hazarded by the discharge of his rifle. Slowly he turned his back homewards, while his faithful curs, at his first approach, having discovered their master, followed at his heels with a whine which almost spoke their uneasiness and alarm. In the morning the canoe was discovered on the other side of the river, and the circumstances led to suspicion that all was not right. My father, as the sequel will show, had been in great danger; and his neighbors felt very unpleasantly about it, and were constantly on the alert to discover who those persons could have been, and whether they were in the vicinity. There was a Capt. Dunham, who commanded a militia company in the neighborhood, a great Whig, and a firm friend of ours, who also exerted himself to trace the marauder, and was in frequent consultation with Col. Van Vechten on the subject. One evening, as they were together at a place of public entertainment, if such a thing could be in those times, a boy was seen emerging from the woods in the neighborhood on horseback, and, presently approaching the place where they were, asked if he could purchase a little rum. When he was answered, "No," he immediately mounted, returned a considerable distance, and then was seen galloping down the main road by the river-side. On seeing this, Dunham exclaimed, "This means something, I am sure of it!" They then watched for the boy's return, and in a few minutes he repassed at full speed. He then re-entered the wood, and was gone from their sight in an instant.



AROUND THE CAMP FIRE.



“ ‘Dunham, when he reached home, immediately went to a person by the name of Green, an able-bodied, bold, and persevering fellow. He was the safeguard of the people around him, — always ready for action, never desponding, and fearless to an extent that was remarkable. He was always relied upon in trying emergencies by the leading men in the vicinity; and what completed his merit was, he was never dilatory. Dunham related the circumstance to him, and declared his belief that there was a party of Tories in the neighborhood. Three other persons were called upon the same night for their assistance; and, when the rest of their neighbors were asleep, these hardy men commenced their reconnoissance. Every suspected spot was carefully approached in hopes to observe the objects of their search. Every hollow that could contain a hiding-place was looked into; but in a more particular manner the out-houses and barns of those persons who were suspected for their attachment to the enemy were examined by them. It seemed all in vain. No traces of a concealed foe were discovered, when towards day-break it was proposed to separate, and make one final search for that time. Dunham took two men with him, and Green but one. The former, as a last effort, returned to the house of one Odeurman, who, it was probable, would be in communication with an enemy, if near him. As he approached the house, he had to pass a meadow adjoining, and observed a path leading from the house to a small thicket of about three acres extent. Dunham immediately suspected it led to his enemy. He pursued it, and found it passed round the thicket; and, when it almost met the place where it turned off, the path entered the wood. Dun-

ham paused, and, turning to his companions, said, "Here they are: will you follow me?" They instantly agreed to accompany him; and the party moved on in single file, with light and cautious steps. As they got nearly to the centre, Dunham in advance, a log stopped up the path, and seemed to prevent any further approach. With a motion that indicated the necessity of their remaining still, he mounted the log, and, looking over, discovered, sure enough, at once a desired and yet imposing sight. Round the remains of a watch-fire, which daybreak rendered less necessary, sat a group of five fierce-looking men, with countenances relaxed from their usual fixedness, but yet betokening boldness, if not savageness of purpose. They were dressing themselves, and putting on their shoes and stockings, which stood by the side of their rude couches. Their clothes were much worn, but had a military cut, and a peculiar snug fit, which made their stout and muscular forms more apparent, and distinguished them from the loose, slovenly, scarecrow figures which the homely character of our country seamstresses imposed upon every thing rural or rusticated among our people. Their hats or caps were set carelessly on their heads, with the air of regulars; and what made them still more observable was, that every man of them had his musket at his side on the ground, ready to be used at an instant's notice. Dunham surveyed this scene a few moments, and then drew back cautiously to his companions. In a tone not above a whisper, he said, "*Shall we take 'em?*" A nod from his companions decided him. Each now examined his musket, and re-primed it. The captain took the right of his little band, and they moved forward to the log.



They mounted it at the same instant ; and, as they did so, Dunham cried out, "Surrender, or you are all dead men!" The group that thus found themselves almost under the muzzles of their enemies' guns were indeed astonished. All but their leader, Lovelass, seemed petrified and motionless. This resolute man seemed disposed to make an effort for their lives. Twice, amid the silence and stillness of the perilous moment, he stretched out his hand to seize his gun. Each time he was prevented by the nearer approach of the muzzle that pointed at his head, and beyond which he saw an unflinching eye steadfastly fixed upon him : at the same instant he was told that if he touched it he was dead.

"At this critical period of the *rencontre*, Dunham peremptorily ordered the party to come out, one by one, which they reluctantly did ; fearing, perhaps, that they were surrounded by, and in contact with, a superior force. As fast as one came over the log, he was secured by the most powerful man of the three, while the other two kept their pieces steadily pointed at the other prisoners. In this way they were secured, and were marched out of the thicket to the adjacent house. The inmates of the dwelling were thunderstruck at perceiving the prisoners. Some young women, who proved to be sisters of some of the party, gave way to the most violent grief. Well aware of the danger they were in, and of the speedy vengeance inflicted upon Tories and spies, they anticipated the most dreadful consequences to their unhappy brothers ; and no words can express the frantic sorrow to which they abandoned themselves. The young men themselves assumed an air of firmness, but it was

easily penetrated. They were marched off to Saratoga barracks ; and, as they came up the main road opposite to our house, we saw them approach, and my father and myself spoke to them. They confessed that they were the persons who had alarmed us on the night to which I have already alluded.

“ ‘ After crossing in the canoe, they had lain two days and nights in the bush, a quarter of a mile from the river, looking out for persons alone, and intending to capture the principal and most active of the neighboring Whigs. They did not deny that they had deliberated some time as to the propriety of taking my father off with them.

“ ‘ The poor wretches were tried and condemned at a court-martial. Lovell alone suffered death. He was considered too dangerous a man to be permitted to escape. He complained, that, being found with arms in his hands, he was only a prisoner ; and many thought, that, such being the fact, he was scarcely punishable as a spy. Indeed, he even bewailed his hard fate, and the injustice done him, but found he had nothing to expect from the judges. In two or three days he was brought out upon the hill, and suffered death upon the gallows. Nothing could have been more quiet and unaffected than his manner ; the spectators themselves were touched with compassion : but public policy seemed to require an unbending sternness on the part of the court, and his punishment certainly put an end for that time to all marauding expeditions by the Tories. Lovell's companions were sent down the river, the same day, to a depot for prisoners.’ ”

“ That is a tiptop story,” said Jack, as Mr. Longwood

stopped. "Hasn't the book a good Indian one?—just a regular first-class fellow."

Mr. Longwood laughed. "Yes: I think I could find one that would please you," he said. "But it will have to be short; for I begin to make out the houses of Sing Sing in the distance, and I think we will get our worthy captain to put us ashore there."

"Well, let's make sure of the story, anyway," said Jack, seating himself in Turkish fashion, while the other boys grouped themselves comfortably around.

"It is of one of the exploits of our old acquaintance Brant," said Mr. Longwood, turning the leaves.

"On the morning of the day which Schoharie will long remember, John Vrooman, well known as *old rifle*, and two others, were out upon duty as scouts. They were in the woods, about eight miles distant from the settlement, anxiously reconnoitring every suspicious object, and ready to fight or fly, as was more necessary, when Vrooman caught a glance of an Indian, who appeared engaged in a business similar to their own. The next instant he raised his rifle to his face, and the savage fell. Another Indian discovered himself, and Vrooman's companion fired at him. This one also fell, apparently dead. A third rose, as if to give them each a chance of firing; but the third scout became alarmed at this third vision, and refused to fire. Vrooman snatched the rifle from his hand, and shot this one also. Instantly a group of Indians and Tories rose from the ground near them with a yell, and in a manner that clearly indicated that they were disturbed in finishing their breakfast. 'Did you

see that flock of crows?' said Vrooman. 'We shall have a warm day of it: let every one take care of himself.'

“ ‘He was an old woodsman; and, as the three scouts separated, he immediately made a tack, and dashed into the thickest of the forest. The enemy pursued him; and it was only by a series of zigzag flights that he reached the fort at Vrooman's Flats at noon, breathless, exhausted, and completely worn out by fatigue. He was scarcely there before the flames of the dwellings at the settlement were visible. Brant, at the first alarm, pushed for the settlement by an old road, and was already doing his work of devastation.

“ ‘I had an aunt living at the place, whose husband, at the moment of Brant's arrival, was engaged in loading his barn with hay, and was himself on the load with the pitchfork in his hand, while his sons were in the barn stowing it away. As he accidentally looked around, he discovered the Indians between him and the house. At the same instant he heard his wife scream. He had presence of mind to cry out, 'My boys, the enemy!' He jumped from the load, with the apparent intention of making for the cornfield. As he struck the fence, a ball went through him, and he fell dead on the spot. His wife was coming out of the garden, where she had just parted with a neighbor, when she saw the savages, and gave the shriek which had alarmed her husband. She was instantly tomahawked. The three oldest of the sons were made prisoners; while the youngest brother, of about five years of age, who had been playing about the wagon in the field, they knocked on the head. Thus, in a few moments, was a family put to a cruel and savage death. The three cap-

tives were carried away to Canada. They did not obtain their liberty until nearly two years afterwards. I well remember their return. My father obtained information of it, and went to the North to meet them. He brought them home to his own house, and there learned the story of their sufferings and exile. From their long captivity, and their continued labors in the field without hats, both in the service of the savages and the Canadians, they were burned very black, and presented a woful appearance.

“ ‘ Some of the inhabitants, however, escaped under circumstances very extraordinary, and worthy of reminiscence. The road which led from the upper to the middle fort ran across the hill. At the time of the enemy’s approach, two men were in the field with a wagon and horses, busily engaged in work. They were at least two miles and a half from the fort. They heard the noise of the engagement, and instantly attempted to escape. One of them stood up and drove, while the other, with his pitchfork, goaded the horses to their topmost speed. No less than seven swing-gates interposed themselves as barriers on the road ; but, as most miraculously they were made to swing either way, they were forced open by the horses running against them. During this terrible race against time, several persons succeeded in getting into the wagon from behind ; and these laid hold of every person who came near enough to attempt the same exploit. As they passed a point where an old person by the name of Swarts resided, who was unloading some corn from a wagon, they gave him the alarm, and, being near the goal they wished to arrive at, slackened their pace. He told them not to wait for him. He sent one of his men to his house to

call his wife, while he reharnessed his horses to the wagon. His poor wife came running out, the picture of distraction, and, in her fright, forgot her child, that was sleeping in a cradle. She was surprised at her forgetfulness, and ran back for it. The three were then hauled into the wagon as quick as possible. The horses were forced into a gallop down the hill, and through the creek. Notwithstanding they were pursued by the savages the whole of the distance, they escaped, reaching the fort in safety, with eleven persons in the wagon, picked up in this singular manner. The harness was covered with clotted blood, and the poor animals were completely exhausted. Another person escaped across the flats in this way. Whenever he found his pursuer gaining on him, he would turn round, and point something which he carried towards the savage, as if he was about to fire. This occasioned a halt; and, with a fresh breath drawn at those intervals, he completely succeeded in getting safely into the fort.

“ ‘ This celebrated excursion, as I before mentioned, was conducted by Sir John Johnson and Brant. The force which they had with them has always been said to have been 1,150, counting red and white. The enemy, while on their march, were discovered by the lookouts at the upper fort; and immediately three guns were discharged as a signal to the neighborhood. As I have before mentioned, the inhabitants were engaged in their usual business, for they always hoped to be able to retire to the fort before the danger became imminent. When the alarm was given, my grandfather was in the fort, and his son was in a mill which belonged to the family, about one mile from the place. The former imme-

diately went down to the mill, and the two shut it up, and stopped its motion. This was considered very venturesome in the old man, but he was not immediately exposed through his rashness. Besides, the life of a favorite son was not the least incentive on the occasion. He and his son mounted two horses that were there, while the miller trusted to his legs for security. As the fugitives approached the fort on their return, they discovered the enemy within a hundred yards of them. They immediately changed their course, and got in at the rear of the fort without further risk. This was early in the morning. After sunrise, Sir John Johnson surrounded the middle fort, and sent a flag demanding its surrender. Exasperated by the sufferings they had already undergone, and perhaps by a knowledge of the mischief already done at the flats, and incited to hostility by the remarks of some old people, that they wanted no red-coats in the fort, they told the sentry to fire at the flag, and drive it off. A Major W., a Continental officer, who was stationed there, endeavored to prevent this outrage of military etiquette, and commanded the sentry not to fire. The militia officer overruled him, and gave peremptory orders to the man to fire. I can imagine the moment when the willing sentry, looking beyond the rude palisade which skirted the fort, saw the white flag drawing nearer with that uncertainty of manner which indicates the doubt of a favorable reception. Raising his musket to his shoulder, he looked around for some approving look from his comrades-in-arms. The distant smoke, which he well knew was from the torch of the incendiary, and the glitter of the red-coats just within sight of him, gave a sort of tremor to his hand, and

he thought of the fate which perhaps awaited them all. Just behind him stood the extremes of Continental etiquette and militia subordination, personified in the one instance by a sharp and huge cocked hat, trimmed profusely with gold lace, surmounting a well-powdered head; the lips of the officer firmly set, and his right hand resting on a cane, with which he now and then laid down his argument, and somewhat roundly too, on the toes of his unlucky listeners around him. A long-waisted blue coat turned up with buff, that met and parted at the same time on his breast, and a black-silk kerchief drawn tightly round his throat, completed the upper part of our major. A pair of small-clothes drawn tightly over a muscular thigh were met at the knee by a pair of straight-sided boots, that doubtless, by their stiffness and want of pliability, prevented any thing like an attack upon the limb inside. A white belt thrown over the whole man, and a heavy sabre with a leathern scabbard, completed the Ajax of the council, the son of chivalry, and the regularly fed friend of the Continental Congress. But the nicely drawn arguments taken from the rules of war were lost upon the rude minds of his unlettered but exasperated companions. Their embrowned visages, but illy protected by their ancient hats, which had served at least during the war, declared that revenge and an obstinate defence were all they wished, and that the means which were to lead to these were not to be invaded by rules to which they, at least, had never subscribed.

““ Brown shirts were the panoply of the farmer soldiers; over them hung powder-horns and shot-bags, manufactured during the winter nights, and now and then stopped up with a



corn-cob. Muskets were rather uncommon. Long fowling-pieces were more in fashion in Schoharie. Sometimes the rank of the individual led him to greater expense in equipment. A sparse sprinkling of gold lace in places best calculated for display, a long feather, and a thin epaulette, were indicative of the superior pretensions of the man who wore them.

“ ‘Occasionally, in the interstices of the disputants, an old man or two would be listening with that peculiar expression of countenance which argues the possession of hard hearing. These, who had generally known something of service in the French war, would occasionally chime in with Yes or No, as the controversy came within the range of their memories. There was another argument used, which, after all, was perhaps the most powerful of any; and this was the fact, that, however etiquette might be regarded by the besieged, it certainly was not likely to produce a correspondent feeling on the part of the enemy. On the whole, the friends of etiquette were overpowered. The order to fire was repeated, and the close shot of the sentinel drove away at full speed the bearer of the flag of truce. The major, however, unwilling to be responsible for the consequences, retired to his pallet, and excused himself from any further command at present, alleging his indisposition. A Capt. Vrooman was invested with the honors of the command, and, at the head of three hundred and fifty men, besides women and children, resolved to fight while there was a combatant of either sex left alive. After the violation of the flag, Sir John brought up his artillery, and fired upon the fort. The fire was promptly returned. Having a few light howitzers with him, he threw a few shells,

of which only two struck the building. One of them entered the roof of a small building in the pickets, and fell through the roof into a room where two sick women were lying. It was arrested in its fall by a feather-bed, where it exploded, and scattered a gale of feathers about the apartment. No serious injury, however, occurred. An effort was made to set fire to the pickets and out-houses, by loading a wagon with dry wheat, and, after firing it, to shove it as close to the place as possible. This attempt also failed. Either the sharp shooting of the riflemen, or the short-lived flames of the material which was used, prevented any injury. The principal part of the day was occupied in operations of this kind, when the sentry again discovered the approach of a white flag. In an instant the news was about, and a crowd again assembled to watch its coming. Major W. with the rest, determined to make his last stand against the invasion of military law. A Capt. Reghtmeyer, however, was on the platform where the soldier stood, and he gave him the order to fire. The major, exasperated at this, drew his sword, and seemed about to run the delinquent through. The little captain, who carried a fusee in his hand, instantly clubbed it, and made an impressive motion with its breech, which again drove the major back to his retreat.

“ ‘During this petty siege, the enemy would draw off their forces, and burn and destroy dwellings in the neighborhood. At these intervals, our men would succeed in killing numbers of them; but, the moment any thing like a show of force took place, the latter would run back, repass the gate under the protection of a heavy fire from their comrades, and the small

artillery, within the walls. During this desultory warfare, which lasted from morning to night, the females within our fort displayed a heroism worthy of commemoration. They were well provided with arms, which they intended to use if the English attempted to take the place by storm. Their services were not required by such an extremity. One of these, then an interesting and handsome young female, whose name is still mentioned with respect by the people of Schoharie, displayed a good deal of courage on this occasion. Perceiving that one of our men, who went to draw water from a well within reach of the enemy's fire, scudded into the fort as fast as he could to escape it, she gallantly went out herself, and drew water for the men in the fort, as long as any was required. Without changing color, she carried bucket after bucket to the thirsty combatants, and, providentially, she escaped without the slightest injury.

“‘ Finding the fort too strong for them, the enemy drew down to the lower fort, and, after skirmishing until sundown without much effect, drew off towards the Mohawk River. By this time, however, the alarm had spread through the neighboring settlements; and a body of militia of sufficient force to become the assailants arrived, it is said, within a short distance of the enemy near the river, and Sir John Johnson, in consequence, had actually made arrangements to surrender. The Americans, however, at this moment, fell back a short distance, for the sake of occupying a better position during the night. The interval was improved by the enemy; and, by great exertions on their part, floats and rafts were constructed, upon which they passed over before the Americans came up in the morning.

There is a tradition among the Schoharie people, however, that, as the last float was going over, a British officer who was on it offered a fair mark for the rifle, in consequence of the glitter of his dress in the light of the morning sun. A friendly Oneida asked permission to fire at him; and, on its being given, he took a rest for his rifle in order to take a good aim, fired, and shot the officer instantly.’”

As Mr. Longwood finished reading, and closed the book, Jack jumped up promptly.

“Shall I go and tell the hairy man to get his boat,” he asked, “to put us ashore?”

“I suppose he may as well have it ready,” said Mr. Longwood; “for we shall be off Sing Sing presently, and that will be a good place to land. All or nearly all the express-trains stop there, so that we can be sure of getting home promptly.”

The hairy man was sitting forward on the roof of the stable. He had been sitting there for an hour, doing nothing but gaze morosely at the water. The mules every now and then lifted up their united voices in a tenor and bass duet, with a volume of sound that seemed as if it must lift the roof of their stable, hairy man and all, clear off, and send them floating down the river. But their sweet notes did not seem to rouse him. He sat as stolidly as ever.

Jack approached, and made known their wishes.

He rose without a word, and jumping on to the boat next alongside, and from that to another, made his way forward until he came to the bow of the one nearest the tug that was drawing them. Between him and the tug lay a broad stretch of

boiling water lashed into foam by the paddle-wheels. Putting his hands to his mouth, he gave a loud halloo.

A man standing idly on the deck answered; and a conversation in shouts ensued, of which the boys could hear nothing. Apparently, however, it terminated successfully; for they saw a boat tipped off the stern of the tug. Then the paddle-wheels stopped for a moment; and the man, taking advantage of the temporary lull, jumped into his boat, and, with a few vigorous strokes, sent it out of the whirling eddies into the quieter water on the farther side of the tow. The hairy man met him there, got into the boat while the new-comer got out, and sat down to talk with an acquaintance he had found.

Presently their man brought the boat around to the side of his own craft where they were waiting, and threw aboard the painter, which Tom made fast. Then Jack and Ned and Charlie made their way over the side, and the three others were about to follow, when suddenly there appeared up the cabin-steps a woman. She was not a handsome woman. Over her head was tied a handkerchief which, folded two or three times, completely covered one eye. She appeared to have been engaged in sweeping: at all events, she had a broom in her hands. She advanced to where they were embarking, and, addressing her husband, said firmly, —

“John Quincy Adams Jones, you get out of that boat.”

“I’m goin’ to put them ashore,” said the man.

“Not much you ain’t,” she said. “You’re comin’ right out of that boat quicker.”

“But, my good woman,” said Mr. Longwood, “he has promised to land us at Sing Sing.”

"Don't good woman me," said she fiercely, turning upon that gentleman, who involuntarily retreated a step. "When you've only one eye left, you'll know better'n let your husband go off where he can get liquor, when you see the fit comin' on him. Goin' ashore! Not if I knows it. Here, you, John Quincy Adams Jones, you get out of that boat."

Thus adjured, John Quincy Adams Jones got out.

"Who's to take 'em, then?" he said sulkily.

"Never you mind: you ain't. — Here, Sam," she called to one of the mule-drivers, who had been asleep in his bunk until roused by the commotion, "you get in here, and take these folks ashore."

"Do'no zi know how to row much," said the man, taken aback at the suddenness of this order, and scratching his head stupidly.

"Then'ts time you learned. Get in, I say, the whole passel of you;" and she clutched her broom, and looked so threateningly, that no one dared to object; but pell-mell, Tom, Will, Mr. Longwood, and Sam all tumbled in. The next moment the end of their painter was unloosed and thrown after them, and they were adrift.

Tom seized one oar, and Will another; and, as they were both broad-shouldered lads, the boat was soon moving at a good pace. It was well loaded down, though, with our party, so that pulling at the oars was no light task.

After a little, the pier at Sing Sing began to be close at hand. Just then a faint shout was heard behind them. They stopped, and all looked back. On the deck of one of the boats

of the flotilla they had left, they could see a man who was shouting wildly, and gesticulating.

“He acts as if he wanted us to come back,” said Mr. Longwood. “Can we have left any thing behind us?”

The boys counted their packages. No; nothing was missing.

“He must be shouting at some one else,” said Mr. Longwood. “Go on, boys.”

So the oars were dipped once more, and soon they were all scrambling up the pier.

“The boat will row more easily going back,” said Tom pleasantly to the man. “You’ll be glad to get rid of us.”

The man made no reply. He got up from the stern where he had been sitting, and plunged unsteadily forward, nearly upsetting the craft, and sat down on the seat nearest the bow, with his face toward it. The natural result of this arrangement was, that the bow went down almost to the water’s edge, while the stern stood well up out of it. Then he pulled out his oars, and stretched them out across the gunwales. Finding no rowlocks to put them in, he rose up again, and backed to the next seat, upon which he sat down suddenly and most unexpectedly with a crash. In executing this movement, he let go one of his oars, which immediately slipped off into the water. He recovered it with a sudden lunge over the side, which wet his arm up to the elbow; and tipped the boat so that she shipped at least a pail of water.

About this time, his movements began to excite great interest among a crowd of boys who suddenly appeared from nowhere, and began to give him most disinterested advice.

“Put your oar in deep, and bring it out with a jerk,” said one.

“You ought to sit straddle of the seat,” said another.

There was no end to the advice that was thus generously thrust upon him. Tom, however, made his way through the crowd of urchins to the edge of the pier, and said quietly, —

“Turn around, with your face to the other end of the boat.”

The man recognized his voice, and, lifting up his feet, spun around on the seat as on a pivot.

“Put your oars out through the rowlocks.” The man did so.

“Now, then, you’re all right,” said Tom encouragingly. “Go ahead.”

The man drew his knees up nearly to his chin. Of course, as soon as he pulled, the oars struck his knees, and jumped from the rowlocks.

The crowd of urchins shouted with glee.

“Hang your legs over your shoulders,” said one.

Tom came once more to the rescue. “Stretch your legs out straight before you,” he called.

The man did so, and pulled three or four strokes beautifully. “I’ve got the hang of the old thing this time,” they heard him say to himself. The next minute he caught a crab, and went over backward, all that was left to tell his whereabouts being a pair of thick raw-hide shoes which stuck up in the air. One of the oars took advantage of the occasion to leap overboard again. By the time he had regained his seat, it was beyond his grasp; but, by reaching after it with the other, he at last managed to regain it.

All this time they could hear a perfect volley of shouts from



the tow, which was steadily moving on, each moment taking it further and further away. The figure of the man gesticulating wildly could still be seen, though distance was beginning to soften down the edges of his wrath.

The toiling oarsman gave no heed to his shouts: he had conceived a new plan. Wedging one oar firmly so that it could not elude him, he seized the other, and pulled with all his might. The boat spun around vigorously. Then, laying down that oar, he seized the other. The boat spun around as actively the other way. The current in the mean while had carried him some twenty feet on during this operation, so that when he stopped to take breath, and saw that the distance between him and the pier had widened, he made up his mind that this was the proper line of action for him; so, seizing again his single oar, he made the boat spin around as actively as before.

Just at this moment Mr. Longwood, who had hurried to the station as soon as they landed, and had witnessed none of these feats of the oar, came hurrying down.

"Come, boys," he called, "lose no time. An express-train is due in just three minutes. There is the whistle now."

They hurried after him, and reached the station platform just as the long train came to a halt.

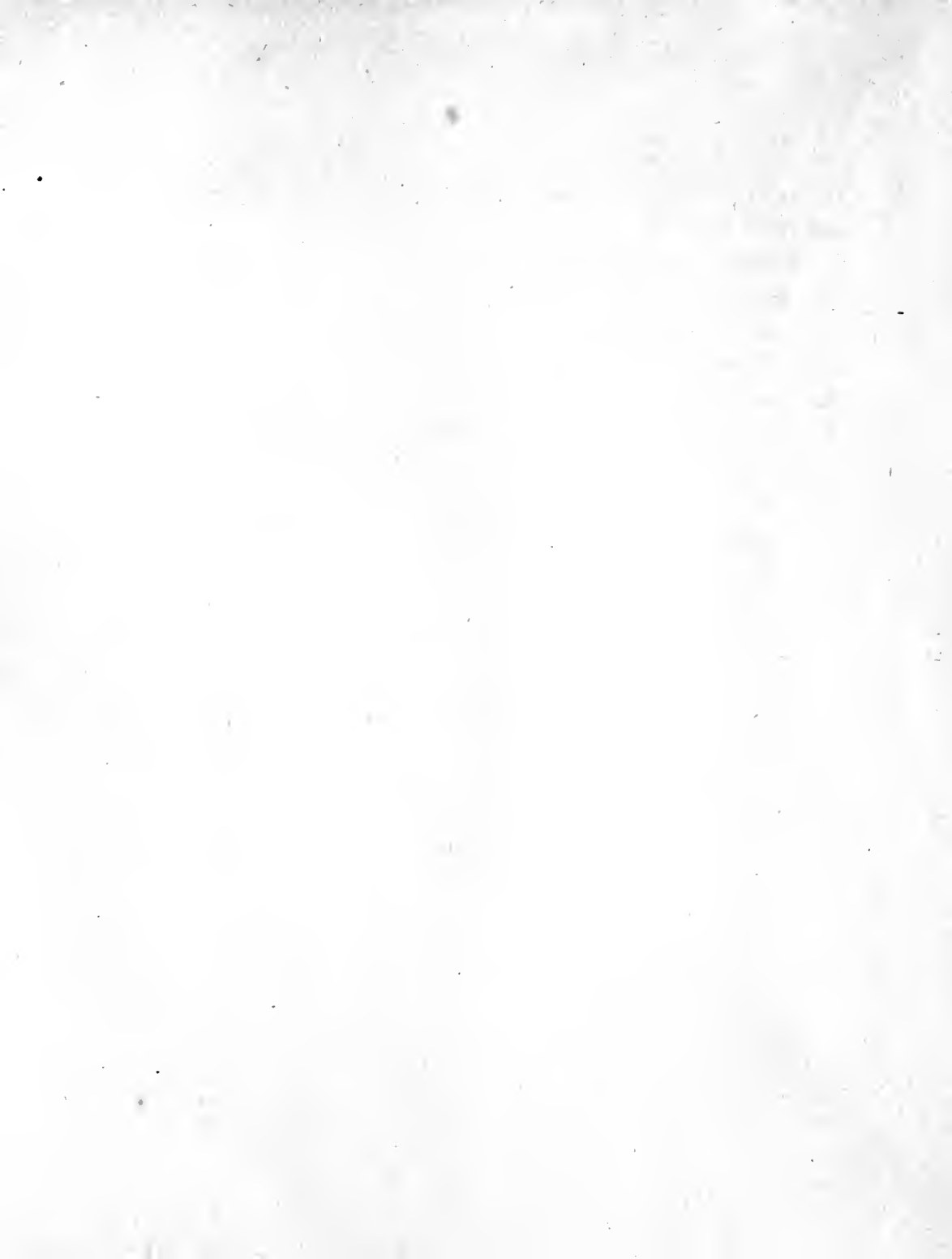
"I am sure I saw Carrie's face in the window of that second drawing-room car, as it passed," said Tom. "Let's get in that car, and see."

Sure enough: they found Mrs. Longwood and the girls, and plenty of unoccupied seats; and soon they were all chatting together as busily as if they had never been parted. "We

drove to Newburgh," said Carrie, "and crossed the river, taking the train there."

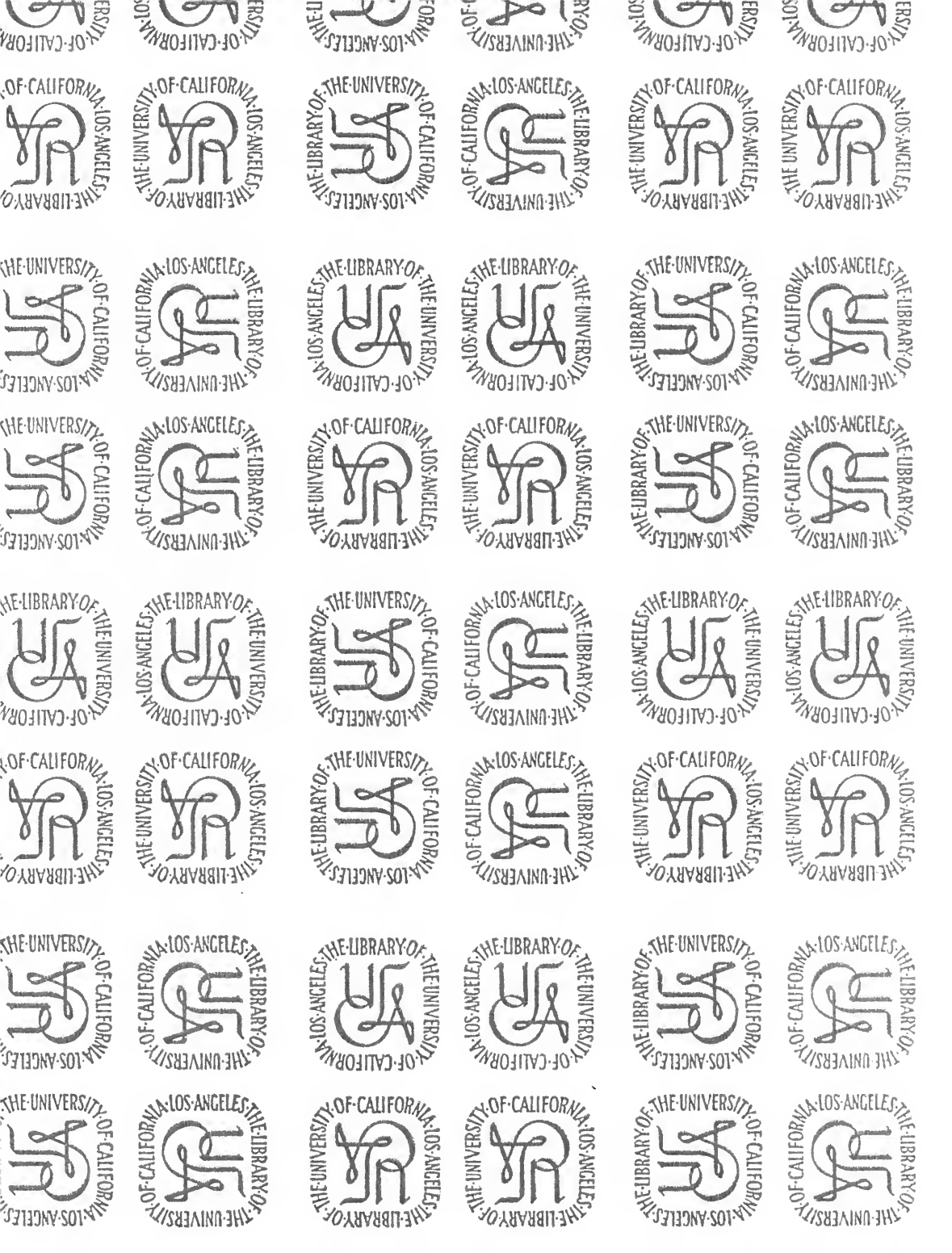
A short hour brought our party to the city; and, with many regrets, they parted. What became of the man in the boat, however, I cannot tell you. The last they saw of him, as they looked back, he was still pulling at a single oar. They passed the tow a mile or so farther on. The man was still standing on the deck. His rage had apparently changed to the apathy of despair. He was not shouting or gesticulating now, but looking back with a stony gaze to his boat, which was still spinning around like a tee-to-tum in the widening distance.

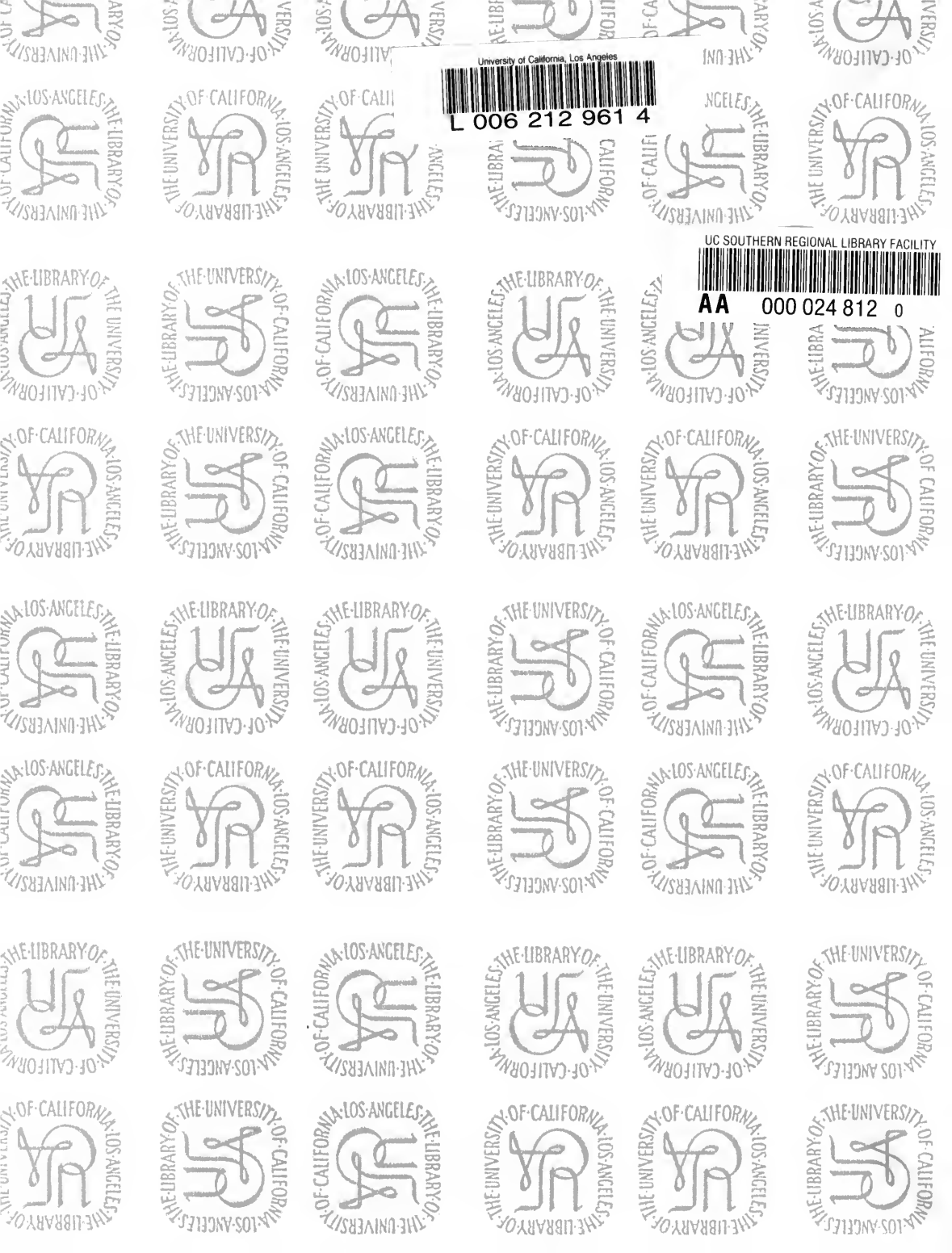
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