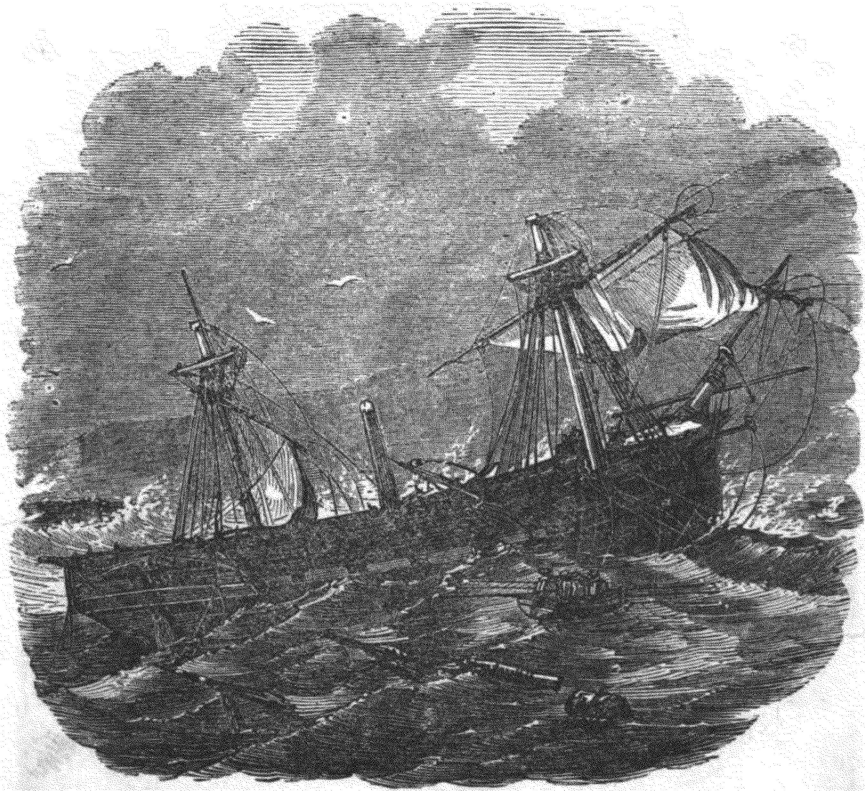


NEW PRIZE SEA NOVEL, BY "NED BUNTLINE."

COMPLETE.]

[PRICE 25 CENTS

THE
WHITE CRUISER;
OR,
THE FATE OF THE UNHEARD OF.



BY "NED BUNTLINE,"

Author of "Mysteries and Miseries of New-York," "The B'hoys of New-York," "Life-Yarn," "The Wheel of Misfortune," &c.

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THE WHITE CRUISER.

CHAPTER I.

It was night, a stormy, cold, bitter night. The tide on its ebb rushed whirling, hissing and foaming through Hurl Gate. The whole Sound was white with foam. On either shore and along the rock-bound sides of Blackwell's Island, the mad surges lifted their heads and uttered their sullen roar.—It was a night that made even the felon feel as he heard the turmoil without, that his cell was comfortable. And at this dark, stormy hour, within one mile of each other, yet all unknowing of each other's vicinity, were three relatives—each linked by blood, yet oh how different in nature. To their description, as they were at that hour, is this chapter devoted.

THE FIRST,

Was a white-headed man—one whose age could not be less than sixty years. His form was bent, yet if he straightened up, his height was full six feet. He was very thin—his features were sharp—his cheeks sunken—all denoting *misery*! He was dressed, not in the garments of a criminal, but in those of a pauper, or "Police Prisoner." The fact that at such an hour, he was free from the prison-cell, denoted that he was not a criminal, and, moreover, that he held some favored berth on the Island,

allowing him unusual liberty. The figure and features of the man, each possessed a certain, indescribable look of faded gentility, which would impress even a common observer with an idea that the old man had seen "better days." While the storm was at its height, this old man was standing on the bank of the Pond, beneath the shadow of the willows. He was gazing moodily down into the water, which ever and anon was lighted up, as the clouds broke away for a moment from beneath the moon, and wild and strange were his mutterings while he gazed. There were his words. "Howl on ye winds—howl on, for hoarse and cold as your tones are, the voices of humanity in the world are more harsh! Three score years have I breathed this tainted, earthly atmosphere—and though I have seen the spring-time of innocence, and the full summer of happiness—yet have I seen a winter so drear, so dark, so terrible, that all memory of joy is frozen from my heart. Is it not better that I die? The loud winds would drown my last moan—the trees wave mournfully down toward the dark waters. Ada, once my pride, is lost to me forever; Annie, she whom I adored, was false and heartless, and my son, a very image of myself, is, by his own con-

fession to me, a pirate on the Main, if he has not yet perished at the hands of violent men like myself. For what should I live? Ah! Is that a sail dashing down the narrow channel? It is! Why in a storm like this, does she thread this passage, dangerous as it is even in the day-time. There's something wrong—there's something wrong!"

The old man shook his head as he said this—left the side of the pond and stepped briskly across the shore nearest to the vessel. But already she had disappeared down the bay, bearing on her quarter deck.

THE SECOND RELATIVE.

The old man peered down the bay after the vessel for a little time, but he saw no more of her. She had seemed peculiar in her build, rig and in the color of her hull, to him. She was in rig, a two-top-sail schooner, with very long lower masts, and only a square top-sail and top-gallant sail above her fore-and-aft sail on each mast. But the small iron wythes at the head of her top-gallant masts, showed that if necessary, "sliding-gunter polls" could be run up, which might bear a royal and even a sky-sail above that. Her main and fore yards were very long, stretching an immense sheet of canvass. Her masts raked so much that if a plumb line had been dropped from her main top gallant mast-head, it would have swung clear of her tail-rail. The hull, which was very long, was low, and painted entirely white. In fact, her rigging, spars and all, seemed to be of the same color, and it was only by the contrast of the dark shore beyond, that the old man had been enabled so distinctly to make out her outlines. But his momentary glimpse and the thoughts which had arisen with it, seemed to have dispelled the darker ideas which had been uppermost in his mind, and singing a quaintish kind of ballad, he walked up along the shore of the Island a few hundred yards, and turning down into the track of an old quarry, soon reached a little hut, which, built close under the side of the hill, looked like one of the Irish "*cabrens*." Never tell us of. There was no lock on

the door, and it was easily pushed in, by the old man.

"Who's there?" asked a voice, tainted with a strong Silgo brogue, as the door was touched.

"'Tis me, Teague, only me!" said the old man, his voice quivering a little as he spoke, for the wind was chilly from the spray which dashed up on the rocks so near him.

"Och, an it's glad I am yer come, Captain," said the first speaker. "Sure an' I've been tormented with a dream!"

"A dream, Teague! What was it?"

"Divil roast me, Captain, if I can remember it at all at all for the fright it gave me—but sure an' I thought ould General Washington was alive agin, and was bating all the honny preastes off o' the counthry, and me wid 'em!"

"Well, it was only a dream, Teague;—but how's the hogs?"

"The bastes must be doin' well, Captain; for divil a squaler have I heard since the blow sat in. Hogs are like human craters, Captain, they love to hear the rain rain, and the wind blow, when they're under the straw! Och, its considerable I've larned, Captain, since I've had the honor to be your first mate in this responsible office. Sure an' its myself that manes to behave myself, so that the boss 'll promote me, arter your time's out. I've three months more'n you, then, och hilloo! fun, an I'm Cap'n o' the Pig-pen, myself!"

"Captain of the Pig-pen!" muttered the old man bitterly. "Yes, to this—I, who once owned thousands, aye, a million of dollars, have descended. First, to be committed as a drunkard to this island, next to consider it a favor to be put in charge of the corporation hogs, because I can avoid the key being turned on me at every sunset. Oh, Annie, you are the cause of this! Ada, where art *thou*? Albert—my God!—deserted, a pauper—and all, *all* this through the inconstancy of woman! I dare not, cannot look back over the past—but till *she* erred, I was all that woman could ask of man!"

"Is it yer prayers yer sayin', Captain,

"matterin' away so low?" asked the Milesian.

The old man did not reply, but turned and glanced across the stormy water from the open door. As he did so, he saw a glimmering light on the farther shore—a light which he had often before noticed, and again he murmured his thoughts.

"That light," said he, "burns in the old cottage which was once Washington's head quarters. How often I see it, even later than this. Honest folks don't set up that way—there must be something wrong—something wrong!" and again he shook his snowy head.

After this he closed the door, and taking a shaving from a pile in one corner of the hut, opened the door of a cracked stove, and lighted a rude tin lamp, thus revealing the inner appearance of the hut. The furniture consisted only of a bench and two bunks, in one of which was ensconced the Irishman, whose red face, and redder hair, stuck out from under a dirty blanket, like a beet peering from a dirt-heap. Two "kids," or small wooden tubs, such as are used to convey food for the prisoners, in, were on one end of the bench, and beside one of them lay an old pipe, which was blackened with the "dust of ages," or something else, and had been spliced in the stem by a scientific wrapping of leather and waxed ends. Taking out a plug of tobacco, the old man cut up a small quantity with an old shoe knife, on the bench, and, filling the pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking. When he commenced, his withered face wore a very sorrowful expression, but as he went on, it lightened up until it looked quite pleasant, wreathed as it was in the light clouds of smoke. The Irishman looked on quietly from his bunk for some minutes, then raising half up, and showing a raw-boned, ungainly frame, he cried:

"Sure an' it's most time I called for my rint, Captain! The pipe's mine, you know, and one half o' the baccy in it is my price for lendin' yon the loan of it!"

The old man took three or four whiffs of it, and then, with a sigh, but without speak-

ing, handed it over to his room-mate, or house-mate, if you like the term better. The latter received it with eagerness, and soon sent forth heavy volumes of smoke, showing that he had a better "draught," (as a steam-boat-man would say,) to his chimney than his aged superior in office.

The old man looked on a moment, then with a sigh deposited himself on the other bunk, without divesting himself of any clothing. And now for a picture of the

THIRD RELATIVE.

I have spoken of the light which the old man saw across the water. At the time when the scenes of this story occurred, a cottage, which is now torn down, stood nearly opposite the lower end of the Island. This cottage was almost entirely embowered beneath the wide-spread, drooping branches of an immense weeping-willow tree, but there were spaces on the water-side of it that did not prevent its old-fashioned casements from being seen, and through one of these gleamed the light alluded to. This house was regarded with a kind of veneration by the grown-up people in the neighborhood, because it once had been the temporary head-quarters of General Washington; but the children around looked at it with fear, for it was currently reported among them and the nurses and old servants of the neighborhood that it was haunted, and that soldiers could be seen stand on guard around it every night, after darkness came on. Not a child around could have been hired to go to that house after "twilight shades" had fallen.

At the midnight hour, when the strange vessel passed—at the same hour when the old man thought dark thoughts beside the pond, on the Island, while the gale bowed the trees down to the face of the water; there were two persons in the most northern of the two rooms, on the ground floor of this building. One was a lady whose silvery hair, neatly laid down on either temple, beneath the ample frill of an old-fashioned cap, as well as a figure bent forward very much, and sunken lips which told that her teeth had left their sockets, denoted an advanced

age. Her eyes seemed mild and kind, for her spectacles were saddled so low upon her nose, that she looked over instead of through them. A kind smile was resting upon her pale, wrinkled countenance, and wherefore should it not rest there, for was she not gazing upon a lovely picture? That picture was a young female of most radiant beauty. Her hair of a light golden hue, curled down on either side from a fair and faultless brow, wreathing a face, the only fault of which was that its features were too regular, too beautifully perfect.—They looked like the work of a sculptor, or like the effect of the artistic skill of some perfect worker of wax models, and had not the warm, rich blood given hue, and the muscular play of the cheeks and cupid-bow lips been seen, you would scarce have deemed her a living, breathing embodiment of beauty. Yet her eyes—large, lustrous orbs of azure, fringed by lashes brown as the hazel, and soft as Italia's finest web—contrasting as they did with her golden hair, told that she not only lived, but was a soulful, passionate, lovely mortal—in short, a very woman, though yet in her youth.

This young girl, whose age might be seventeen or nineteen years, was bending over a garment which she was making. The light, which has been repeatedly spoken of, was placed before her, on the table, close by the window. The furniture of the room was plain and simple. A large high-post, old-fashioned bedstead stood in one corner—but in the room beyond, a neat little couch with dimity curtains and snow-white counterpane could be seen. But to return to the description of the nightly occupant of that pure-looking little bed. Her figure, though full, was lithe and graceful. Her hand which, with its taper fingers guided the bright needle in its stitches through the dark cloth on which she was sewing, was small, and white as the leaf of the lake-washed lily. Her expression was rather sad, but that soft

melancholy seemed to heighten her beauty. Though, I cannot compare her to any of those beautiful creations of immortal minds, which must live forever—though I cannot call her a Helen, or a Haidee, or a Duda, yet I can only say she was originally, perfectly beautiful. In her large eyes, shone an intellect which could not but command respect—her form was almost too statue-like—her red lips, when she smiled, disclosed teeth as white and as regular as pearls strung by a master hand to grace a Queen's coronet.

The old lady was looking with a pleased smile upon the lovely girl, but still a look of weariness had settled on her face.

"Come, give over, sweet child!" said she—"you need not work so late—it is after the mid hour of night!"

"True, dear grand-mother, true," said the fair girl; "but I cannot sleep when it storms so. The walls of the house shake so, I would be terrified, were I in bed, and besides, I am to have my bundle of clothes ready to take down to Mr. Solomon's to-morrow. You know we need the money. I am to get for them!"

"Ah yes, poor child!" sighed the old lady; "Oh, how little did I once expect to see any of my blood forced to labor for their support and mine. Ah me; they say God is good—I suppose he is; but it is hard to be deserted in my old age!"

"Deserted, grand-mother! have I deserted you?"

"No—no; oh, no child, you have not! No, God bless you, my sweet child; God bless you!"

The old lady fondly kissed the fair girl who bent down by her side and pressed her attenuated hands within her own soft, plump palms.

Reader I have painted three pictures for you. There seems to be a mystery connected with them. There is. By and by it shall be unravelled.

CHAPTER II.

THE sun rose bright on the morning after the night of storm; for the clouds had been swept far away toward the west by the impetuous gale. Two men, who by their weather bronzed faces, as well as their garb proclaimed themselves as old sailors, regular "salts," stood on the battery, leaning upon the rude parapet—and gazing upon a vessel at anchor not more than a cable's length from Castle Garden.

"That's a d—d queerious lookin' craft!" said the elder of the two, whose tarpaulin made of regular "sennit," told that he was a man-o'-war's-man. "I'd like to know where she hails from; what do you think of her, Ben?"

His companion, a natty young fellow, of six or eight-and-twenty, turned a large quid of tobacco from the larboard to the starboard cheek, hitched up his trousers six or eight inches and replied.

"She's what they call a yacht, I reckon; looks fast, and if she weren't so white, she'd look devilish?"

"She looks bitish now," said the other.—"But she haint got nothing on deck, not even a gun for a pilot!"

"But maybe she's got sunthin' down below. She lays low in the water for to be only in ballast trim."

"That's a fact, d—n my top-lights, if I'd like to run afoul of her at sea, without I knowed all about her aforehand! Look at her, she carries more'n two dozen men; all young hearties, too. There comes a boat's crew—see, they give out the gig stroke, man-o'-war fashion!"

As the man remarked, a boat was coming shoreward, from the same schooner which,

in the midst of the storm, had on the previous night passed through Hurlgate from the Sound. Only one person was in the stern sheets, and he was a pale, blue-eyed man, with a beardless face, but long brown hair, and a form of a little above the medium height, thick-set, but not corpulent. His features denoted him to be of Anglo-Saxon descent, and were not very marked; though a certain firmness of expression in his lips, and a devil-may-care look from his flashing blue eye, told that he was not a man that could be trifled with. While the two sailors watched the boat, it landed, and he who sat in the stern-sheets, sprang ashore.

"Let nobody go aboard the schooner till I return!" he cried. "Keep a look out for my signal!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" said the coxswain of the boat, and he shoved off to return to the white schooner.

The officer, for such he seemed to be, stood for a moment, and gazed with apparent pleasure on his beautiful vessel. That moment served for the sailors to mark his appearance. His dress was very simple.—A frock coat was buttoned close across a full and manly breast,—a loose collar turned back revealed a white but thick neck and throat, and showed shoulders which were broad, though sloping sufficiently for grace. Upon his head he wore a cap of naval-blue, which rested lightly over his head of glossy brown hair.

The only singular sign or token about him, was that he wore upon the front of his cap, a golden serpent, and on the gilt buttons of his coat and cap, the same symbol was seen. His eyes, after resting a moment

or two upon the vessel, turned and met the glance of the two sailors, which were turned upon him.

"Well, boys," he cried, "what think ye of my craft?"

"She's a beauty, your honor!" said the younger. "May I be so bold as to ask where she's bound?"

"Wherever my fancy and the gale may carry her," said the man, with a smile.— "Don't you want a berth?"

"We're both out o' berths, your honor," said the elder, "but we'd like to know what kind of a craft we're to sail in, and what's her trade?"

"Well answered, my man, and right canstly!" said he with the serpent emblem. "Suppose I am a *perfect* exponent of the system of free trade and sailor's rights?"

"I don't know what your honor means by *exponent*," replied the older sailor, "but I know what a sailor's rights are!"

"Well, my hearty, what are they?"

"Good wages, plenty of grog and tobacco, and liberty once in a while, to spend in twenty-four hours what he's arnt in twenty-four weeks."

"Good! capital!" said the officer, with a laugh. "What's your name, and that of your companion?"

"My name is Jack Parker, all the world over," replied the elder. "but my mate there can give his own name, if he likes. I never meddle with anybody's name but my own."

"My name," said the younger, "is Ben Hendrickson, and I'm up for any honorable berth; and if your craft is a yacht, as she looks to be, why, you can't do better than to ship Jack and me, that is, if you're short o' hands."

"I'm not exactly short of hands," said he of the serpent badge, "but to make it easy for my crew, I'm willing to take in six or eight more *good* men—men who know how to haul out a weather-earring in a gale, and can stamp down the hump of a furling sail, even if it blows great guns!"

"I can get 'em, your honor," said Ben.

"Well, I'll take eight, but bark ye, my

lad, they must be all native-born Americans!"

"Does your honor think that I, an old Lancaster county boy, would choose any other sort?" said Ben, reddening up. "Jack here'll tell you better than that; and if he couldn't, his white-rose-bud, at home in old Virginia could. I'm American, Captain, from truck to keelson, all over."

"Well, I'm pleased with your looks. At one o'clock, I will meet you and the men you say you can ship for me. I will meet you over at yonder tap-room, where the old tree bends like a cripple over the door."

"I'll be there, your honor—but one more word, if you please?"

"What is it?"

"Will your cruise be long?"

"That is uncertain. I may go to Havana, may steer for the far-off Moluccas; I'm fickle and whimsical as a woman."

"I only wanted to know, your honor, about our laying in hull-wrapping enough."

"Never mind that, my hearties. I'll see to your dunage. I always uniform my men myself. Lie on the look-out, my lads, at one."

And, as he said this, the officer passed on.

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Well, Ben, here's a go. What do you think of him? He seems like a goodish sort of a chap!"

"Yes, he's a *sailor*, that you can see; but the devil's in his eye—he looks right through a chap! But I guess he's all right."

"Yes, or he wouldn't dare to come to an anchorage right under the nose of the Custom House."

"That's so! I didn't think o' that afore; but it sets all straight in my mind. I'm off for the rest. Let's see, who shall we take? There's Tatem, he's *one* of 'em; Daniels is good, but a'n't too handsome; Burr will count for one; Dow is a trump; Crane is good, and Gus Trees will make up the mess!"

"Aye, they'll all pass muster—but can you get Tatem away from the widder?"

"Yes, for she's got an eye on a strange

sail, and Tate couldn't keep his anchorage-ground much longer, anyway!"

"Well, that's all settled, as the landlady said, when she hove an egg into the coffee-pot. Now let's get a boat and take a look around the craft, and see what she looks like. There's Nesbitt's little wherry, the 'Austin,' layin' there ready for a fare!"

The two men passed to the Battery-place stairs, and stepping into a small, sharp-built scull-boat, rowed out toward the stranger. With admiring eyes, they gazed upon her taut, raking spars, upon her neatly-fitted rigging, which was white, like her hull, as the driven snow. Her running rigging was of white manilla rope—all of her standing rigging, from the futtock shrouds, down to the dead eyes, was covered with canvass and painted. Her hull was very long, and lay low on the water, and its beam was immense. Forward and aft she was sharp as a wedge, and her flaring bows, spreading out above the water, but narrowing below, gave token that she would ride like a duck in a sea-way. Her deck was flush, fore and aft, all her accommodations being below deck. She had nothing warlike on deck, except some eighteen or twenty muscular-looking young men, all of whom were shaved closely and dressed neatly in a uniform garb, the only peculiarity of which was, that on the right arm of each a serpent was em-

broidered. The cutwater of the vessel was shaped into a similar emblem, the serpent stretching out its head with forked tongue, nearly the whole length of the bowsprit. The stern also bore a curved serpent, in a coil, with its head raised as if about to strike. The vessel bore no name—as she was, so have I described her.

The seamen rowed all around her, and then after they had pulled away a cable's length or so, Jack spoke:

"I wonder what that serpent means?" said he.

"It must mean her name!" said Ben.—These rich covies have strange fancies. I reckon this 'ere one calls the schooner the Sea Serpent."

"Very likely, but there's one thing about her I don't like, and I never can feel right aboard of her, I know. She h'aint got no tar on her rigging, and I h'aint no kind of a man at sea, without I can smell tar, and dip my hand in a bucket once in a while!"

"Tar is nice!" said Ben, and he sighed.

"Aye, and it's so healthy. They say white lead's pison!" added Jack.

"Never mind, we'll try her, and if we don't like her we'll go ashore!" said the other, landing the boat, making her fast, and handing over a silver quarter to a fine, hardy-looking boatman, who stood on the bridge.

CHAPTER III.

It was between eleven and twelve, on the same day. Closely wrapped in a coarse shawl, with a plain straw bonnet on her head, and her face covered with one of those man-tormentors, (a thick green veil,) a female passed up Chatham street. From beneath the back of her bonnet a profusion of rich, golden curls fell in wavy masses, contrasting with the dark, sombre hues of the shawl, as sunlight falling on a barren hill-side. Beneath the skirts of a black bombazine dress, two small feet glanced out as she stepped rapidly along, and as the wind blew back the drapery, exhibited ankles beautifully formed, cased in a snowy stocking. The grace of her movements left the observer to *imagine* that she must be beautiful—for both form and face were shrouded from view in that odious shawl, and that doubly odious veil. Close behind that female, watching every step, followed the officer whom we lately saw landing from the white vessel. Once or twice he passed, and strove to gain a furtive glance at her features; then, failing, he dropped back.

She passed up Chatham, till she reached the well-known clothing store of Solomon & Co., and there entering, deposited a bundle which she carried, upon the counter, threw back her veil, and addressed a thin-faced, hook-nosed man, who came forward.

"Here are the clothes, sir, finished, as I promised."

"Goot! vill you take more to make?" asked the man.

"Yes, sir, if you please, and also the money for these!"

"Ah, de monish! I wonder vat you girls

do with so much moonish as you make; let me see, tree dollar you make this week—here it ish!"

"*Only* three dollars!" said an indignant voice beside the girl, "*only* three dollars for a long week's work!"

The young girl started, turned round, and beheld the mariner who had followed her. He for one instant gazed in a face of surpassing beauty, then that green veil dropped like a curtain over it, and hid it from his gaze.

"You want to buy?" asked the Jew.

"No, damnation, no!" cried the young man; "every thread of the garments you sell is steeped with the tears of misery—three dollars a week for one who toils night and day, knowing no pleasure, no rest!"

The Jew quailed beneath the flashing glance which was fixed upon him—quailed, and turned away toward the door, as if he sought relief from the expected entrance of some new and less scrupulous customer.

The strange mariner turned to where the young girl had stood a moment before, but she had disappeared.

"Where is she gone?" he asked.

"You frightened her, I dink!" said the Jew with a malicious grin.

The sailor made no reply, but hurried to the door, and glancing up the street, walked rapidly away.

After he had gone, the young girl, who had stepped behind a screen, returned to the counter and received a bundle of unmade clothing, which was cut out ready for the needle. The Jew did not give her this very graciously—he had been offended by the remark of the mariner, and now

coward-like, wanted to vent his spleen on the poor girl.

"I tink I shall not gif you us mooch, dis time. If peoples are not dankful for vot dey get, den dey need not get it, dat ish all!"

"Oh, sir, you should not be angry with me. I am very well satisfied. I have never complained!" said the poor girl, trembling lest she should be turned away without work.

"No, dat ish so; but den your sweetheart, he dat—"

"Sir," said the young girl, blushing to the temples, "I never saw that young man before. I have no sweetheart, not a male acquaintance!"

"Ah, den it ish your own fault, my tear! You are *very* pretty!" and the Jew leered lasciviously upon her.

"Good morning, sir!" said the girl, taking up the bundle, and leaving the store.

When the officer, or whatever he who wore the serpent-badge, was, had gone to the door to see where the young girl had gone to, he thought he saw a dress similar to that she wore, some way up the street, and he instantly hurried after her. But the female who wore it seemed also in a hurry, and it was not until she had walked several squares that he overtook her whom he supposed to be the sewing girl. As he reached her side he passed slightly ahead and glanced toward her face; but there it was again, that green veil, hiding the features of the lady. But sailor-like, he was frank and bold enough, to endeavor to make the girl's acquaintance. Therefore, raising his cap, and bowing, he said:—

"One word, if you please, fair lady; I must apologise for frightening you from the store of that Jew!"

The lady stopped, and drew up her figure haughtily, as if offended.

"Pray, do not be angry with me!" continued the officer.

"Sah! Dis impudence is quivocally ungemplary!" said a deep, hoarse voice from beneath the veil, which, being thrown back by the gloved hand of the lady, revealed to

full view the ebony features of a daughter of Africa.

The sailor started back in surprise.

"It is not her, it's only a niggar!" he muttered bitterly.

"A niggah, sah? I let you know I'm not a niggah, but 'spectable colored young lady, and I'm engaged to be married to Censaw Adolphus Reddick, Esquire, and if he only catches you arter this, he'll cane you, sah!"

The mariner lost the last part of the "young colored lady's" reply, for he turned on his heel and retraced his steps. But he had only gone about a square, when he met the real object of his search, who, however, the moment she saw his eyes fixed upon her, dropped the veil over her truly lovely countenance.

The young man saw in this a desire to avoid his advances, and bold though he was, lawless though he might have been, he felt that he dared not address her.

"I will at least see where she goes!" he muttered to himself. "She is an angel! Never, though I've trodden every soil, never have I seen one more beautiful!"

Allowing her to pass, the young man turned afterward, and keeping her in view, followed her. She seemed to be aware that he was tracing her steps, for her pace became more rapid, and two or three times she turned the corners of short streets, and left that which she had started in, although she soon returned to it. The rapid walk soon took them down the boat which passing up the East River to Astoria, makes a landing near the house described in the first chapter, as having once been Washington's Head Quarters, where the aged grandmother sat and gazed upon the lovely face of the *'third relative.'* The lady passed into this boat, and seated herself in the back of the ladies' cabin. The sailor followed, and seated himself at some distance, and in view of her. He could see that she aware of his presence, for she seemed restless and uneasy.

As the boat was on the point of starting, he took his watch from his pocket, glanced at the hour, and as one of the boat-hands

passed, asked him how long it would be before she returned.

"Two hours, sir," said the man respectfully.

"It is now eleven," said the officer impatiently, "and I am to be engaged at twelve and one. Look here, my good fellow, can you do me a service?"

"Maybe I can, and maybe I can't," said the man, with the peculiar and honest bluntness of a New York boatman.

"Well," said the officer, "come forward with me a moment—I wish to speak to you."

The man did so, and they stood forward of the engine-room a moment after.

"Do you see this golden eagle?" asked the officer.

"I don't see anything else!" said the man.

"Do you want to earn it?"

"Yes, if I can honestly."

"You can. There is a girl, now seated in the afterpart of the boat—a green veil over her face—straw bonnet on—coarse woolen shawl—black gaiters on the prettiest feet you ever saw!"

"Well, what o' her? I know the gal you mean, and—"

"Know her?"

"That is, I know her when I see her, for she is handsome; comes down once a week with work for some store or other; but I never spoke to her!"

"Ah, well! then you know where she lives?"

"Yes!"

"Tell me and this eagle shall be yours!"

"What d'ye want to know for?"

"The question is impertinent. I want to know and that is enough!"

"No it isn't though! Look here Mr. Officer, or whoever you are, I'm only a common sort of a man: haint got much education, nor can't afford to wear fine clothes. But d—n me if I haint got as big a heart, and as good a heart, and as strong an arm as any other *he* livin'; and if you mean that eat any harm, blow me to thunder if I don't let you till you're blind!"

"But my dear fellow I—I—"

"Feller be d——d; I'm none o' your *fellers*! I'm a man and an American working man. My heart aint hard, but my hand is, so take warning!"

"Then you'll not tell me where she lives?"

"No; I'll see you hung first!"

"Then I shall stay aboard the boat and follow her home!"

"No you don't!"

"*I will not?* Is not this boat a public conveyance, and cannot a man go where he pleases, you insolent rascal?"

"Look here, mister; I'm a peace man—I never get very mad, and I'm only mate aboard o' this boat, but you've said just enough? You'll go ashore!"

The young man smiled, and put his hand to his breast but before he had passed it within his coat, he found himself raised as if in the arms of a giant, and cast clear of the boat's side, upon the wharf. At the same instant the last bell rung, the boat was started, and the officer livid with rage, stood upon the wharf, without any chance for satisfaction.

"This shall cost you a *life*!" said he bitterly, as he shook his clenched hand at the mate, who stood by the gang way of the steamer, regarding him with a quiet and contented smile.

The mate only returned the threat and gesture, by making a sign familiar to many of the B-boys, as expressing the words—"no you don't!" and made by placing the extremity of the thumb, upon the point of the nasal promontory, and performing girations with the fingers in the air. The officer spoke no more; but with lowering brow and downcast eyes, hurried up the wharf. An instant after, to use a sailor's phrase, he was "bro't up all standing," by finding himself face to face with a man and woman, both of whom he had nearly knocked down by the contact.

"What you mean by dis, sah!" shouted the man—a stout black fellow; "what you mean sah! See, you spile Miss Priscilla's bonnet, wid your impudence!"

"Oh Cesaw Dolphus, it's him!" shrieked the female.

"Who dat—who dat you mean?" asked the Ethiopian.

"De man that presult me little while ago! dat's him!"

"Den I'll have a personal satisfaction; sah—dere is my card sah—I see you again sah, dam!"

The only answer the sailor gave, was a heavy kick upon the darkie's shin bone, which left him limping and yelling with pain while the sailor walked on.

"I must see that girl again!" he muttered as he went on. "I know not why—but I feel as if there was a fate which yet will link her and me. I love her, loved at first sight. She must, aye, and shall be mine! I will go to the Jew; for money *he* will betray her residence, at any rate; and if he does not, all I shall have to do is to watch his store and the boat. Yet, perhaps I may have orders to go to sea. I must see old Whitelead at twelve! But first to the Jew's, to see what I can make out of him.

CHAPTER IV.

"WELL, what do you want? I'm busy; can't you see I am!"

"I want money, Pa, and money I must have!"

The one who asked the question, was a man whose age was probably fifty. His face was pale and as cold looking as marble—his eyes small and grey—his hair thin and scattered—his features coarse and repulsive, yet bearing a cast which showed that he was an educated man, and not unused to good society. His dress was rich but plain. He sat before a table covered with law-books, in a library room or study, which was literally lined with book-shelves.

The person he addressed, was a dark haired girl, or woman, of twenty-five or six years of age. Her figure was tall and graceful—though rather slender. Her features were fine; of a Grecian cast—her eyes a very dark blue; her color high, as if in fact, art had aided nature in its hue. A haughty expression seemed peculiar and natural to her—a look as if heart and soul, and feeling could all be sacrificed when demanded for a selfish motive, or when passion dictated such a sacrifice. A look, which indicated that no love could exist in her heart, which was not either cold and calculating, or raised by a mere animal admiration of a showy figure, or an air *distingue*, which would make the love valuable in a mere worldly view. Her dress was excessively rich, yet not without taste, in both quality and arrangement. Though there was a strong contrast between the two—there was both in feature and bearing sufficient similarity to indicate the relationship

between them. In answer to her, the gentleman said:

"I gave you five hundred dollars yesterday, Mary—you use a great deal of money!"

"Have I not a right to do so?" she asked. "You are rich, I am your only child; you should rejoice to spend your wealth upon me!"

"I do, Mary; I do—but this extravagance—"

"Pshaw, sir, extravagance, when one day's income is over two thousand dollars in your pocket, and that too, over and above certain *speculations*, which to say the least, are not countenanced by any laws—human or divine!"

If it were possible for his palid face to become more white, than did his countenance turn pale as he heard this remark, uttered in a tone of coldness, approaching to a taunt.

"Tut tut, child, don't talk that way; you shall have the money; but what do you want it for?"

Had the lady intended to reply (which she did not) she would have been prevented by the appearance of a servant, who bowing very low as he said:

"Mr. Whitelead—Captain Boldart is coming up, and orders me to announce him?"

"Ah, Boldart; is the Sea Snake in? She must be!" said the old gentleman. "Tell him I wait with impatience to see him!"

"And to know how much blood stained gold he has made on the trip for you!" muttered the daughter bitterly.

A look of mingled anger and fear, and

entreaty passed over the old man's face, but subsided, and changed into a smile, as our hero of the serpent badge entered the room.

He doffed his cap as he came in and bowing to the old man cried :

"Your obedient humble servant, Mr. Whitelead!"

Then observing the lady he bowed still more low, colored slightly, but said nothing.

"So, my fine boy, you're back safe and sound, and the Sea Snake is all right, eh?" said the old man, as he took the hand of the young Captain.

"She is—her cargo small but valuable—ballasted, as usual with only her armament, and silver dollars!"

"Where have you left her—up the Sound, in the creek!"

"No, sir! She's at anchor off the Battery!"

"The old man sprang from his chair as if he had been shot.

"Is the boy mad!" he cried. "Why, do you know the risk you run—the Custom House officers will be abroad, and you'll lose vessel, and life too, if they discover what——"

"They can't find out! They've been aboard already, and have found the wine of the owner of the English yacht, *Cobra di Capello*, to be very fine—the vessel to be a beauty, and her papers to be all right!"

"You speak in riddles, pray explain sir!"

"I will, Mr. Whitelead. There was a fine yacht, bound from Cowes, for Havana, which a certain fine American schooner fell in with, off Bermuda, about four weeks ago. The captain of the American schooner, went aboard of this English yacht, simply on a visit of *courtesy*, you know. He was struck with the name of the English yacht, which was the '*Cobra di Capello*,' which is Italian for a peculiarly dangerous species of serpent—and as his own yacht was named the *Sea Snake*, the coincidence seemed singular.—Was it not?"

"Yes, yes, but go on! What next?"

"Why, you see, both vessels were hove too some forty or fifty miles from land, and the sea was very smooth, and the air calm as your fair daughter's lovely brow—I beg your pardon, lady, for the comparrison, but I always think of the ocean when I look on beauty——"

"Never mind flattering the girl, she is vain enough already—go on with your story!" said the old man impatiently.

"Well, sir, to make the yarn short, I went aboard of the English yacht and had a pleasant spree with Lord Platimere, its owner. After he drank a little wine, he got patriotic, sang a song about Nelson, and swore England was the Queen of the seas. I got ditto, sung that glorious old stave about the Constitution taking the *Guerriere* so neat and handy, oh, and told my Lord, I could whip him and all his crew, one by one, solitary and alone. Then he got *bul-fish*—hit me a tap on the region of the bread room, and I was under the necessity of exhibiting to him a specimen of Yankee ingenuity, in the shape of a revolver. He had only time to examine one barrel, when he rolled over and *went to sleep*. Two, three, four more of his cabin passengers had their curiosity satisfied in a similar manner, and my boat's crew on deck, hearing how I was engaged below, imitated my laudable endeavors on deck, and in less time than I have told it—they were all asleep!"

"Dead—dead you mean! I thought I had particularly requested you to spare life—we have a place to put all of our prisoners, you know, a safe one too!"

"None safer than where I sent those d—d Englishmen—lady, I beg your pardon for the expression, but I love the English as Satan loves holy water!"

"So you killed them all! What did you do with their vessel!"

"After borrowing all the money and plate, and securing everything valuable—especially her papers, I had a gun fired through her bottom. In half an hour she and everything aboard, which I had seen carefully secured had gone down to Davy Jones' locker!"

"So you got money and plate, eh? How much?" and the old man's grey eyes twinkled, as he asked.

"A good haul, twenty or thirty thousand, at any rate. But that's not all—I found letters aboard, which induced me to make her voyage. This young Englishman, it appeared, was on his way to Havana with letters of introduction, and also with a proposition from his father to a certain Conde de Mario, in regard to marrying his daughter, an heiress, and a beauty! So, being myself a judge of beauty (the captain here bowed lower than ever to the daughter of the old man), I thought I would go and deliver the letters and see the lady, which I did!"

"Well—well, go on!" said the old man, eagerly.

"*Please* go on, most heroic Captain Boldard!" said the lady, with a look which might have been enterprised in two ways.

"Well, fair lady, I visited her, and found her all my fancy painted her, as the poet says. I presented my letters, made love to her, and the old Count's coiffers—and here I am!"

"Where is the lady—did you *marry* her?"

"Why, not exactly—that is not according to all the rules of the Holy Mother Church!"

"Then you ran off with her?"

"Not exactly that, either!"

"Be so kind then as to say what you did do!"

"Well, fair lady, since you desire to know, I will tell you. We were engaged and everything was in readiness for the marriage ceremony. The old Don had got out all his show of wealth—had told me how rich he was, and the evening had arrived when I was to have the honor of becoming the lady's lord and master. But singular as it was, some bold rascals, with masks on, rushed into the house, tied and gagged the old Don and all his friends and servants, took everything from his house worth taking, except the Senorita; and having overpowered me, carried me off in sight of the whole party, tied like a pig in a cart. The Senorita fainted; so did I, and didn't recover till I found myself aboard of

my own vessel, bound out thro' the Moro passage. And as my vessel lay down considerably deep in the water, I had to examine to account for it, and, singular as it was, found that the villains who had robbed my intended father-in-law, had actually put all of the property on board of my vessel. Well, I was afraid if I returned it he would, with the world's usual charity, accense me of having stolen it, or else insult my dignity with an offer of a reward for having recovered it; so I thought I'd sail for New York, which I did, and here I am!"

"But will not our vessel be suspected and followed? Your sailing so suddenly would engender suspicion."

"I took care of that. In the first place, the yacht *Sen Snake* went into Havana, rigged like an English cutter—in the next place, the black covers were on the rigging and the black and red coat on her hull. In twenty hours afterwards, she looked as she does now!"

"Well, well, you've done nobly, all but the bloodshed!" said the old man.

"And nobly in that!" said the lady, bitterly. "For my part, I wish the English nation had but one neck, and it lay upon a block, and I had a headsman's axe in my hand, I'd cut it off!"

The young captain looked at the lady as she said this, and could she have interpreted that look, she would have learned that he, lawless as he was, detested the unwomanly, cruel heartlessness she manifested.

"But the money, the money—we must get that ashore!" said the old man.

"That shall be done this evening!" said the Captain.

"And you will sail soon again, eh?"

"Whenever you order, but I am in no hurry—a week or two of rest will not hurt me or my crew. Besides, as I have done so well on this cruise, I'd like to play the gentleman, the man of fortune, here for a week or two. There is a yacht club which will doubtless do me all the honors of the profession. There are the Stefans, the Knedgars, the Flourers, the Birelays, &c.—they'll be sure to call on my lordship, and invite

my lordship to dinner at the Club House, and extend other civilities."

"Good, good! And you'll do that? Oh, how I wish I was a *man*!" said the lady.

"Can't you dress me up as a page, or a waiter, Captain?"

"Mary, Mary! could you forget the modesty or dignity of a woman so!" cried the other, angrily.

"I would dress you always like a queen!" said the Captain, with a gallant bow. "But now, Mr. Whitelead, and you, fair lady, must excuse me. I have an engagement at *one*—it lacks but a few minutes of the hour; I will be here this evening, and with me will come the transfer from the vessel to your strong box."

"You will pass the evening with us, will you not?" said the lady, with a winning smile on her beautiful face. "Do, Captain, I wish to ask you many questions!"

"Your wishes are my commands, lady. For the present, adieu!"

"Now, father," cried the lady, after the sailor had left, "you can afford to give me—not the paltry five hundred I asked for, but a *thousand*!"

"Girl, girl, you drive me mad with your extravagance. I'll give you five hundred. no more!"

"Then, sir, I'll go down to the Battery, get a boat; go on board this vessel and help myself, and let them oppose me if they dare. I'd soon let folks know what was going on."

The old man groaned, but drew his pocket-book from his breast and handed her the money she asked for. She received it, then bending over him, she kissed him tenderly, as if nothing over had ruffled his temper, or she had used one word harsher than those she now spoke.

"Thank you, my dear *good* father!" said the lady.

The old man bent his head down over the table—when he raised it she was gone.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN the steamboat passed on up the East River, the rough mate who had pitched Boldart ashore, stood and gazed at him until he was lost among the people who were passing to and fro about the wharf.

"There's mischief in that 'ere chap!" said he to himself. "He means harm to that poor gal; but, by the oyster that couldn't be swallowed alive, I'll stand betwixt her and him! I've got sisters, I have, and once I had a mother. I'll go and see the gal, and put her on her guard."

"I mean no offence, ma'am, but you know who I am!"

"I have often seen you on the boat, sir, as I have gone to the city and came back."

"Yes'm, I've been on the old boat a long time; but that's neither here nor there.—Did you see a young, officer-looking chap staring at you a bit ago?"

"Yes, sir, he followed me all the way from the store."

"Well, he won't follow you any more, ma'am, this trip, at any rate. I just now hove him ashore, 'cause from what he said I know'd he meant you harm!"

"Meant harm to me who never wronged him, or any one?"

"Yes'm, Lord bless your innocent soul, that's just it; it's such like innocent, pretty girls as you are that them 'ere be serpents always go arter. What d'ye think he wanted me to do?"

"I know not; please tell me, that I may be on my guard!"

"He wanted me to tell where you lived. I asked him what for; he got mad and cursed me, and I pitched him onto the dock—I wish I had broke his neck!"

"And all this you did for me!—you are very kind!"

"No ma'am; it was only my duty, cause you see I've got sisters driftin' about in the world, and if I do my duty, why, when any chap comes foolin' around to do them hurt, God Almighty will pay me for this act, by putting some rough chap like me betwixt them and danger—that's my way of thinkin'. Every act in this world get's its reward, be it good or bad."

"So my dear grandmother often tells me," said the fair creature, who, having thrown back her veil, now turned her innocent and beautiful face toward the warm-hearted mate.

"I've a favor to ask, ma'am," he continued. "I wish you wouldn't go to the city no more alone. You're too handsome to walk in the street, with nobody to take care of you."

"But, sir, that cannot be. I have no friends but my grandmother, and she is too old to walk."

"Haint you got no brother?"

"I had one, once, but it was a long time ago!"

"Is he dead?"

"I fear he is; he never came back from sea."

"He was a sailor, then, God bless him!" said the mate, drawing his sleeve across his eyes. "I say, ma'am, don't think me bold, I mean no offence, but I wish you'd look on me as a brother, when I can do anything for you. I can go to the store for you—I can do anything. I'm poor and work hard for a livin', but by the big oyster, there arn't nary man livin' that can say I cheated

him, nor a gal neither. But don't you go to the city no more, alone, please; that 'ere chap is dangerous; and he's got a bad eye, but I'll spoil it for him the next time he runs afoul of me!—now forgive me, Miss, there's the bell tolling for the landing, I must go for'ard. But please first tell me your name!"

"Ada Morland, sir. And yours?"

"Mine is Dick Isherwood, 1st Sergeant of the Gouverneur Blues, the Independents, and one of the Island boys, at that. Good bye, ma'am, till next time; I must go and make fast; remember, I'm to be a kind o' brother to you when you need help."

The girl's blue eyes were glittering like violets in the dew as he turned away. Two grateful tears, essence of her pure soul, had climbed up into her large eyes, and rested there like diamonds on enamel.

* * * * *

After Mary Whitelead, the daughter of the pale-faced man who, from his conversation with the young Captain, we are left to believe was the owner of the "White Cruiser," had left her father's room, she hurried to her own chamber and soon completed a promenade toilet. This done, and provided also with the everlasting green veil, so convenient for disguise, she passed into the street, and, though a carriage was at her command, hurried away on foot.—Square after square did she hurriedly measure with noiseless and queenly tread, (for her walk was magnificent,) until at last she stood before a small three-story brick building in a cross street not far from the Park. One moment she glanced up and down the street, as if to see if she was watched, then taking a pass-key from her pocket, opened the door and entered. Who inhabited that house, and what her reasons were for entering it, or why she carried a key which at any hour would admit her into a strange building, is more than the reader can learn in this chapter. Yet though this is a tale of Mysteries, each one shall be unfolded, and all be made clear as the light of day, and a moral shall be found which will go cold and sharp as a dagger of ice to the

hearts of the vicious, and cheerfully reach the souls of the suffering.

And to close this chapter, I will tell the reader who Mr. James Whitelead is! He is a New Yorker by birth, but his grandfather was a British Spy and tory, and his father's principles were of the same cast, though he had cunning enough to avoid showing them openly to the public eye. There had never been much wealth in the family, and when James arrived at the age of twenty-one, he found himself prepared for the bar, well educated, but penniless. Any one who knows what New York is, knows that a young and unknown lawyer, has about as much chance of advancement at the New York bar, for his first six, eight or ten years, as a Wall street broker has of getting to Heaven and that is no chance at all. And so it was with young Whitelead. His first year, though not brief, was *briefless* to him! He owed his board, washing, and even his boot-black, and was forced to visit "*uncle*" Simpson's more than once with a law book under his arm, which he did not bring away. About the first week in the second year of his practice, however, he got a case. It wasn't a very important case—merely the defence of a fellow for hog stealing—but the thief had no hopes that he could be saved, or he would have employed a better lawyer. But the keen eye of young Whitelead discovered a flaw in the indictment—quashed the trial—cleared his client. The latter was grateful, but he had no money.

An hour after the trial was over, he was seated with his lawyer in the attic, occupied as a "study" and chamber by the latter.

"I'll tell you wot it is, Mister Whitelead," he said, "I'm sorry I haint got none of the queer to pay you for your trouble, but you shan't be neglected for all that. I'm goin' to make a lift to-night, sure's my name is Doby Snaps! I'll give you half I make out o' the squealers, if you'll help me to to sell 'em."

"Help you to sell them? What do you mean?"

"Why, them 'ere squealers will be up at Bull's Head a little arter sun-rise, and there'll be men as wants to buy 'em, but they'll may-be think I haint got no right to 'em, there's so *many* o' these bloody hog thieves round, they spile the bizness! Well, if I can perduce the country gentleman I layed 'em of, it's all right, isn't it? Yes! Well, you've got to be that country gentleman, and you kin share about fifteen dollars, if I lift a full load!"

"*Fifteen dollars!*" said the young lawyer, with a sigh. It had been some time since his pocket had been responsible for so large a sum. "*Fifteen dollars!*" he repeated; "but then the risk! Hogg stealing, by a member of the New York Bar! Horrible!"

"Poh, that aren't no meaner than stealin' from widders and orphans, and poor devils of *human* creators, the little all they've got!"

"So it isn't!" said Whitelead, "so it isn't—I'll join you, hit or miss, I must starve if I don't!"

And he did!

From that night the tide of fortune turned flood for Mr. Whitelead, and he went on and prospered in all kinds of rascality, until at the date of our story he was up well into the *millions*, though still passing as only a moderately wealthy man. But I must explain no farther at present, or the reader may get too early a hint of our mysteries, which ere we are through, will make more than one guilty heart in this city quake with terror.

We will now return to the daughter.

Miss Whitelead, as I said before, entered the house with a pass-key, exhibiting thus a familiarity with the dwelling, which requires explanation. At the moment when she opened the lower door, there were two persons in the front parlor of the second story. One was a tall man, who requires a full description at our hands, for he is one of a class who exists in New York, and numbers of which can always be met on Broadway when the sun shines—a set who will best be recognized by my lady readers,

when I say that they are addicted to staring into ladies's faces, following handsome ones, who are not protected by a gentleman, and speaking to them in the street—in short, well dressed, well curled and bearded libertines, whose only pursuit is that of pleasure and passion. Some of these are gamblers, others are men of means; others, and by far the larger class, are supported by women of the town, who take a fancy to them, and furnish them with money to clothe themselves and procure their living! No meaner or more contemptible way of living, for a being professing to be a *man*, could be imagined, yet at least one half of the well-dressed fops in Broadway, *do* live by such means! Think of this, women of America, when you meet these moustached apes, and *scorn* them, as they deserve!

The person first alluded to was tall, of good figure, had a jet black eye, a heavy moustache and beard, and being dressed in a *robe de chambre*, or dressing gown, while the other was in a walking dress, was apparently the regular tenant of the room in which they were seated. The other person was younger than the first, probably twenty-five or six years of age. He was dressed in the height of fashion—a standing collar of snowy linen, was supported by a lilac cravat which was stiffened, so that his neck looked uneasy—in fact, as if it were clasped in the stocks, or pressed by the iron collar of the garote. He had an apology for a cane in his hand—a small straw of rose-wood, with an emerald of large size and brilliancy set in the head of it, which he frequently looked at, as if *he* thought it showy, if no one else did. A white vest, faultless boots, white kids on his hands, and a "Jennings" frock coat served to set off his exterior neatly and well. His face wore already the ravaging marks of early dissipation—a moustache was stuck on his upper lip, *or perhaps* it grew there. The first, I will introduce to you as Mr. Charles Jaffrens—the other as Henry Vanderspyken, a descendant of one of our old Kniekerbocker families, who is rapidly breaking up the little remains of a once large property, earned by the industry.

and saved by the thrift of his phlegmatic ancestors. These persons were seated in a parlor which was very handsomely furnished, each with a cigar in his mouth, conversing.

"Harry," said the elder, "I wish you'd lend me your 'turn out' this afternoon—those bays of yours and the light wagon; I want to drive out to Burnham's!"

"You can have them Charley; but why the duce can't I go along?"

"Why, the fact is, my dear fellow, there's a pretty little dress maker that lives under the *saintly* charge of a couple of avericious old maids, who keep a dress-making establishment up-town, and I've promised to meet her a few blocks from their house, and take her up there for an afternoon's ride. I met her at a ball—is my reason good?"

"Yes, capital! You shall have the team. I never stand in the way of sport, you know, but—"

A quick, decided knock at the door, caused both of the gentlemen to start to their feet. The elder did not speak, but quickly pointed to the open door of the bed-room which adjoined the parlor, motioning to the other to enter it, which he quickly did, closing the door.

The next instant, as the first said "come in!" the door opened, and Miss Mary Whitehead entered.

"Ah, my lovely angel!" cried the gentleman, casting away his cigar, "how happy I am to see you! This is an unexpected pleasure, therefore it is doubly sweet!"

"A truce to flattery, Charles!" said the lady. "I received your note, stating that you would need a sum of money to-morrow; I thought I would bring it at once!"

"Angelic Mary, you are indeed kind! It is true that I am pressed for money—expected remittances from my uncle have failed to reach me, and this *loan* will indeed be a favor!"

"Here are the five hundred dollars," continued the lady, "say no more. As you are alone I will sit down. I am glad you wanted a favor—it gives me another op-

portunity to prove my affection for you; yes, to show you that I, who am called heartless by others, and who *hate* the generosity of men, and despise nine-tenths of them, have for you an affection as boundless as thought, and as warm and wildly burning as the lava of quenchless Vesuvius!"

"I am proud and happy, dear Mary, to have won so priceless an affection!" returned the gentleman, "and I am willing and should feel blessed, if you would allow me to bestow my hand where I have given my heart!"

A singular smile passed across the countenance of the lady—a look which expressed more than words could.

"You would like to be my lord and master, eh, Charles?"

"No; your *husband*, dear lady!"

"My husband! The master of my hand and my *legal* owner and superior—the *legal* owner of a woman whose fortune is immense, and—"

"Oh, Mary, you do not think I want your fortune? That insinuation is *cruel*!"

"Charles, we will not argue that point. But in regard to *marriage*, you ought not to wish it if I do not. I met and *loved* you—gave you what the world would call *honor*—became in all forms but the *legal* and man-made ceremony, your wife. And yet, loving you as fondly as ever, I hold my *freedom*. If you grow cold, I can leave you; should my passion cease to exist, I am free to seek another, or to pass on through life alone. Marriage, to a heart so wild and impulsive, so proud and so self-willed as mine, is a mockery! I would not bind myself for life to the best man in the world. Freedom for me—freedom to love whom, when and where I please! Women when married, are but slaves to their husbands—that is, two-thirds of them are!"

"Mary, what a strange woman you are!"

"Maybe I am; yet I'll warrant there is many an one like me, or who *thinks* as I do, even though she dares not express her feelings!"

"What does your father say about your not marrying?"

"He does not wish me to. To have a third sharer in our fortune would kill him. For money, alone, would he have me marry; money is his first, last and constant thought. He has no other passion; never but once had he any other!"

"And that once?"

"Was a wild, mad love for a lady—a love which brought ruin on her and her's, so far as I can learn, though I cannot find out all about it. It was a strange affair; he has a written account of it, which I once by accident got hold of; but he saw me reading it, before I got into the heart of the matter, and took it from me!"

"Where is the lady? Is she living still?"

"Yes; but why do you ask? You seem interested?"

"Oh no, not at all; it was mere curiosity!"

The gentleman stammered and seemed confused as he said this—a fact which argued that more than mere curiosity prompted the question. The lady did not appear to notice this, but with a smile said:

"I regret then that I cannot better satisfy your curiosity. But, Charles, you seem cold and reserved to-day; you have not offered me the simple tribute of a kiss!"

"Forgive me, dear Mary! I am not well," he replied; "but take this kiss, and believe me it comes from lips which can never tire of that duty, or of saying how much I love you!"

She returned the kiss with a passionate fondness which betokened how ardent was her nature when once it was aroused. But the gentleman did not renew his caress, and seemed uneasy—a matter easily accounted for, when we remember the close vicinity of his late companion. The lady noticed this, and again murmured:

"You seem constrained to-day, Charles. I know not when you have treated me so coldly!"

"Dear Mary, I am not cold. But I feel really ill. I have had a head ache all the morning!"

"Perhaps you need rest. Had you not better lay down? I will bathe your head with cologne and watch by your side till you sleep; and then I will go home."

"No, dear Mary, no!" said he, fearing that she would go to the bed-room where his friend was hidden; "no, I think a walk in the fresh air will do me good. I will go out with you!"

"I would rather you would not, dear Charles. I begin to fear to walk in the street with you so much, for fear that our intimacy be suspected. I am in my own soul careless of the opinion of others, yet I have a position to sustain. I will go out now—should you extend your walk so far as Thompson's, you might possibly meet me there and renew this conversation. Those large Broadway saloons are very convenient for us lovers. Many a one meets there!"

"Well love, I will meet you there in twenty minutes!"

"Till then, dear Charles adieu!"

Again lips met lips in loves' sweet communion, and then stately and graceful as a ship under full sail upon the ocean, the lady passed away.

As soon as she was gone, the younger man came out from the bed-room.

"By Jupiter, Charley, you've something queerly on a string. Who is she my dear fellow, who is she?"

"That would be telling, Harry; that would be telling, and one musn't tell tales out of school, as the school-master told the biggest girl in the first class, when he kept her in for 'punishment,' and the punishment consisted of kissing, and a practical lecture upon the art of love!"

"I don't understand this last idea, Charley; you are too much for me!"

"Am I? Then I'll explain! I received the first rudiments of my education in the little village of Danville, Pennsylvania, and went to a school kept by a Mr. Mortimer Case, and a *hard case* he was! I didn't like him over much, because he once intercepted a letter, written by my me to an angel, whom I loved then; my first love; and

one who never yet has been banished from my heart.—But that isn't my story. There was a girl at our school named Cass Smit., Cass was a nick-name for Catherine. Cass was the oldest girl in the school; pretty but stupid; and Mr. Case was very attentive in helping her to learn her lessons. But tho' he was very kind to her, he would frequently punish her for being imperfect; and his punishment always consisted in keeping her in. Well, one day, we boys having suspicions to satisfy, climbed to a window in the rear of the school house, and saw that the punishment of Miss Cass consisted in being kissed by the master. We didn't wonder after that, why Cass didn't learn her lessons. But boy-like we told what we had seen; and the consequence was that a big brother of hers gave the school master a tremendous flogging; and the next week, Cass ran away with the poor fellow and got married to him. But, Harry, excuse me—I must hurry and dress. As you seem to have listened to what my lady-love was saying—you heard me engage to meet her!"

"Yes Charley; but you haven't forgotten the ride you are to take?"

"No, Harry—and I want you to get your turn out and take me up in Broadway. I'll leave you up at the New York Hotel!"

CHAPTER VI.

Opposite the Battery, or rather directly in front of the Battery is a small liquor shop, or groggery, where liquor of various qualities has been retailed since the boyhood of "The oldest inhabitant." Before the door stands a crooked and gnarled tree, which looks as if it has grown up in a bad humor from a very twig. The inner part of the old-fashioned crib is not very enticing—but it is odd—entirely unlike any of our modern bar-rooms. The front part is a bar attached with liquors for all classes—three penny-gin—or six penny brandy—as called for. The back part, is a smoking-room, built up with small tables, at which those who wish to drink leisurely, can seat themselves.

It was one o'clock. In the back part of this establishment, were the two sailors, whom we met in the early part of the story, and who had engaged to meet the captain of the Cruiser—and with them were six others; each of whom, by his dress, showed that he followed the sea for a living. They were young, hardy looking men—whose open, independent looks proclaimed them to be *Americans*! It is a fact, though it may seem *singular*, that wherever you meet a son of Liberty's soil—you can at a glance recognize him to be an American. There is an honest, fearlessness in his face—something of the eagle in his eye—an uprightness of form and carriage, which, at once identifies him as a *free man*.

The men were all standing in a group—evidently waiting for the coming of him who had made the appointment.

"It's most time that 'ere skipper hove in sight, ain't it Ben?" asked one of them.

"I should think it was—it is the hour I

promised boys!" said the person alluded to; who had approached them unobserved.

"It is his honor!" cried Ben. "Well sir, here are the men I spoke about—they are all yankee-born, and I'll stand security for they're knowing their duty. Here isn't a man of 'em that hasn't doubled the Horn, or who don't know every rope from the royal mast down to the deck!"

"Well my lads,—have you seen my craft?"

"Yes your honor—but we have'n't been aboard. If we may be so bold as to axe your honor—what is she called and where does she hail from?"

"Well, as you're going to ship in her for better or worse, you've a right to know. I call her the Cobra-di-Capello; but my lads aboard call her the Sea Snake!"

"There!" said Ben—"that's what I told Jack Parker, her name would be!"

"Where does she hail from, sir?" asked Jack, touching his tarpaulin at the same time.

"Well my lads—I'll tell you that in good time. She's all right—only a little smuggling business she has been in, makes it necessary for me to keep dark about her. At present, remember that I am to be known as Lord Platimere, owner of an English Yacht!"

"Lord Platymere, why your honor is not a *Britisher*? If you are, we'd rather not ship!"

"No, I am *not* one—was born under the stars and stripes; but as I told you before—it is necessary for me to sail under false colors for a while. Besides—I wish to have some fun with the big nob's in the Yacht

Club—and shall pass as an English Lord for a while, till I go to sea!”

“How soon may that be, your honor?”

“A week—maybe a little more—perhaps a little less. But soon the prow of my bonny sea-boat shall kiss blue water. Say, boys, do you go in her?”

“Well, your honor,” replied Ben, who seemed to be the elected spokesman of the party. “I don’t see as we can have any objection, provided the wages is sufficient. If you’re ‘free trade’ in course there’s some risk; for if a cutter overhauls us, we’ll have to fight, for such boys as we, don’t surrender.”

“True, my lads. Your pay shall be \$20 a month, and the usual share in all prize transactions!”

“All right, your honor, we’ll go aboard. Me and Jack will answer for all that comes with us!”

“Well, boys, all’s right. There’s a half eagle, drink it out and come aboard!”

Saying this, Captain Boldart threw down a five dollar gold piece on the table, and left the men to their enjoyment. He passed hurriedly across the Battery and made a signal to his vessel. A boat was immediately sent and he was rowed aboard. Reader, we will follow him and see what is to be seen.

CHAPTER VII.

When the Captain of the White Cruiser stepped on board his vessel, each man of the crew touched his hat, evincing by this act alone that the commander enforced respect, and kept his crew in strict discipline. He returned the salute, and passing aft descended into the cabin.

One who viewed the vessel from the shore, would have scarcely imagined that there would be room below to stow so large a crew as she carried, and their provisions for a month—she lay so low on the water.—But when aboard, her immense beam and depth of hold which many a square-rigged vessel does not possess, betokened her to be far more roomy than she looked.

The cabin into which the captain first entered was a room about fourteen feet wide, by twenty in length; furnished with extreme magnificence: The deck was carpeted with heavy stuff from Damascus looms; a rose-wood sideboard was in the forward part, loaded with plate. Over-head, a fresco painting representing a beautiful southern sky, was seen; a thin ceiling having been placed under the usual deck timbers to conceal them. Around the room gorgeous paintings were pannelled in, and gold and carved work appeared profusely but tastefully arranged between them.

The paintings were of Eastern scenes, and in all on them the faces and forms of beautiful women were prominent features. On either side of the side-board forward, was a door, which led to the forepart of the vessel. In the centre of this cabin was an elegant table of the kind which can be extended or closed up as desired. In the after part of the cabin, a single room opened to an apart-

ment, or apartments still further aft. Over this door, in gilded letters, was placed these words, "Private—Captain's Sanctum."

When the Captain entered the outer cabin, a young man was seated at the table, busily engaged in drawing. He was a slim, pale faced youth, not more than twenty, to judge from his appearance. His dress was very similar to that of the commander. He too wore the badge of the "*Serpent*." He started to his feet when the Captain came in, and with a glad smile cried:

"I'm so happy you're back again, Captain, it's infernally lonesome here! I walked the deck for hours in impatience, and thought you was never going to come!"

"I've been detained, and had quite an adventure, good Rudolph; but what are you drawing here, my boy? As I live—a picture of our Island home; and your Eveline standing before it! Ah, boy—you needn't blush so; you draw well!"

"You spoke of an adventure, Captain, was it anything unpleasant?"

"No—that is, not exactly so, though its result was far from satisfactory!"

"Tell me of it. You know I love to hear of adventures!"

"Aye, boy, and to share in them when there is love or danger connected with them!"

"Well, Captain, it may be so. I love to share in yours, for you are brave, and when you love, you love with taste. No common beauty fires your soul!"

"That is true boy, and yet, to day, in the form and face of a poor sewing girl, I found that which has left my heart raging like Vesuvius during an eruption!"

"What, a common sewing girl, Captain?"

"No—an *uncommon* one, Rudolph; eyes large, gloomy and yet brilliant as great dew drops in the cup of a violet. Hair hanging in golden glossy curls, wavy and bright as sun-light on the ocean, when a gentle breeze rolls up short waves. A form of such grace that even through a coarse shawl its outlines were delineated. A foot, fit for a sculptor's model—a step light as the gazelles, pliant and bounding as a bird upon a quivering bough!"

"And she a sewing girl?"

"Yes—Rudolph, and working for *three dollars* a week!"

"Well, did you tell her you could do better for her?"

"No, I had no chance!"

"And you did not even tell her that you loved her?"

"Only with my eyes, and that seemed to frighten her!"

"You are going to see her again, are you not?"

"Yes, most certainly I am, if I can find out where she lives!"

"What—you do not know that?"

"No—when I was following her I had words with a man on the steamboat which goes from a ferry—and Rudolph, to my shame be it said, the strong wretch cast me ashore as if I were a mere toy in his hands!"

"*And does he yet live?*" cried Rudolph, in surprise.

"He does, and will till I once more meet him, and that shall not be long hence!"

"Where is he, my Captain, tell me and let me go and punish him!"

"No, boy, I can avenge an insult with my own hands—but I may want to use this fellow to find out where she lives, for find her I will, and when next we plough blue water she will be the queen of my sanctum in there. It is some time since I have had company in there! Where is Gerouimo?"

"He is in there, I expect, Captain. The child has been crying half the day—he frets about our Island Home and his mother?"

"Poor little devil, I pity him; but it will not be long before we sail for there. I want

some pest, and Whitelead will be all the easier when he knows I'm off at sea. By the way, you must get his share of the money ashore to-night. Ah, what have we here, letters?"

"Yes, Captain; they were brought aboard awhile ago, by a boat's crew from that beautiful sloop yacht, which lays across the river. I have been looking at her with the glass half the morning. She is a beautiful craft!"

A smile gathered upon the face of the Captain, as he read the first note which he opened. After perusing it, he said:

"Well, Rudolph, here is a pleasant chance for some fun. Mr. Stefans an others, ask to be informed when they can have the honor of calling upon my lordship! How the devil did they find out my lordship?"

"You bade me enter the yacht's name at the Custom House, did you not?"

"Aye, boy."

"I did so, with your lordship's name and rank. Of course the news that an English lord is here, will spread like wildfire in this *republican* city! But that other note, so delicately sealed and perfumed, what does it say, mon Captain!"

Opening it, the Captain read:

"The compliments of Mrs. Fitzjames Klawke, and begs Lord Platimero to let her know when he will be disengaged for an evening, that she may have the distinguished honor and inexpressible felicity of welcoming him to New York, in the company of a few friends, at her residence, No. — Bond Street."

"Ha! ha! Favors begin to shower in now. If this poor sewing girl that I have fallen in love with, was the daughter of an uppertendom snob, I would easily win her as my lord Platimero's! Great republic, this—great city, when its fashion and aristocracy will run mad about foreign apes and fools, and neglect the talented and high-minded sons of their own soil. Well, Rudolph, reply to these notes. Say to the Yacht men they can come aboard in the morning at eleven—say to the lady I will be at her service on the evening after tomorrow."

"I will sir," said the other, drawing writing materials from a locker in the side of the cabin.

The Captain entered the after cabin, and what a beautiful room it was! A faint, mellow light stole in through plates of heavy stained glass set in the stern of the vessel, and in the deck overhead; and, if more light was needed, a golden lamp, with several jewelled lustres, was suspended overhead. This cabin was literally filled with mirrors, on three sides; but in the stern part of the vessel was a large painting representing a group of lovely islets, their trees and flowering shrubbery's, teeming with the luscious beauty of the South. The islands seemed to be inhabited, canoes or boats were painted upon the water. Everything looked beautiful and life-like. On either side of this cabin, which was smaller than the other, a door opened into a stateroom, which was furnished with a voluptuous richness which would have satisfied even a Persian prince in the days of Persia's glory. Overhead the fresco painting was also adopted—but here it was made to represent the ocean in a fearful storm.—Clouds of ebony blackness, except where they were cloven by the red lightning's bolt, were seen, and pitchy, foam-capped waves picturing the ocean in its might of wrath. On a broken spar clung a poor young sailor, his long hair streaming in the gale—no sail in sight, no friend near to cheer or save. A strange, a wild, yet a grandly beautiful picture. Around the room ottomans of crimson velvet, trimmed with gold, were placed. The carpet was of silk, its woven figures representing female forms, draped as were the graces of old.

When the Captain entered the room, which, in all its furniture, was so unique and yet so magnificent, he called the name of "GERONIMO!"

A small boy, dressed in a half-Turkish, half-Italian costume, sprang from an ottoman where he had been laying asleep, and came forward. His large dark eye, brunette

complexion, aquiline features, and thin little form, all denoted his Italian birth.

"Master, I am here!" he said.

"Yes, my young boy, yes; but your eyes are red—have you been weeping?"

"Not much, my kind master; but I was thinking of my mother, who is far away at our happy island home. I know she weeps often for me, for when you are gone, dear master, and I am away, she is lonely!"

"Well, child, we will soon sail—be cheerful. It is ungrateful to me to be unhappy!"

"So it is, my kind master. You saved me and my mother from death. She loves you, and I love you. I will try to be happy."

"Do, child! You are lonely here. Soon I will have a fair lady here for you to attend upon, and—"

"A lady!" said the young page quickly; "a lady—and will you take her home to our beautiful island?"

"Yes."

"It will *kill* my mother!" muttered the boy. "She *loves* you—no one else must!"

"Poh, child; you did not say that when you saw me kneeling at the feet of that lovely Spanish lady in Havana!"

"No, my master, because you did not love or want *her*; you only sought for money there. But now you will take a lady on board to *love*—you will carry her into the presence of my mother, who loves you? Oh do not that my master, my mother is an Italian, and it will *kill* her!"

"Oh, no, child! you know her not. Woman forgets easily. We have been away a long time!"

"Those that have our blood in their veins, never forget!" said the boy, drawing himself up proudly. "Nor love, nor hate, nor kindness, nor wrong, does our race forget!"

The Captain smiled, and returned to the outer cabin, where he heard his name called.

CHAPTER VIII.

In a far off sea, near where the spicy Moluccas raise their green and flowery heads above the coral beds, our next scene is laid. A group of small islands, exist in a part of the Indian ocean out of the track of trading vessels, and so surrounded for many leagues by coral reefs, that no one but an experienced pilot could ever approach them through the sinuous channels that led to a snug harbor inside of the circle which they formed. There were seven of these little islands, six were low and level, covered with a rich growth of wood and shrubbery, and formed a complete circle around the seventh which was a lofty, rocky island, with but little vegetation visible upon it. But the hand of man had turned its barrenness into use for the protection of the others. A fort was built upon its summit, which, with a battery, covered the entire circle of islands, showing dark muzzled cannon bearing upon every channel of approach. A tower steeped high above the centre of this fort, upon which, when needed, a beacon could be lighted, or a flag hoisted. The fort occupied the entire peak of the island. Down near the water where a few scattered shade trees were seen, some large bamboo cottages were standing, and around them people were moving and children were playing. Canoes of light and pretty model were seen to pass to and fro from the other islands, and those who came to the cottages brought fruit and flowers. Strange, though it was, they who thus lived in a far southern clime, where the natives are all of a dusky hue, they who dwelt upon these islands were as fair as our own sons and daughters of the north. In costume they combined the Eu-

ropean with the Asiatic style—that is the grown persons. The little children, which tumbled around among the flowers, or gambolled on the pebbly shore, wore the costume of nature—*no more*.

Into the largest of these bamboo cottages the reader will accompany me. It was furnished in the usual European (or American if you please) manner. Chairs, tables, a sofa, piano, side board &c., were there, and were it not for the yellow jointed bamboo walls you might have fancied yourself in the cottage of some of our retired New York merchants, who sport a suburban cottage as well as an up-town brick and mortar palace.

There were but two rooms in the cottage, the first finished as I have just described, was tenantless when we glanced at it. But stepping through the half closed door of the next room you behold a room still European in its furniture, but as gorgeous as a poet's dream. There you do not see the rough joints of the yellow bamboo, for from the roof down, all the walls are hung with folds of velvet, the colors red, white and blue.

These overhead, are drawn to a centre like the apex of a tent, and an eagle of gold clutches the centre folds. On one side stands a bed; its posts high, like ours in olden times, and at the head and foot on separate frames stand two immense mirrors. The floor is carpeted with a fine carpet of shiny hair cloth, which in so hot a climate feels as deliciously cool to the feet as would a floor of marble. There were no chairs here, but luxurious ottomans and sofas were placed conveniently around. A centre table of mosaic work, was partially

covered with books and on it stood a vase of fresh culled flowers which cast a delightful perfume around the room. This apartment was not tenantless. A female, one whose age *might* be thirty, but who did not look to be over twenty-five, was seated, or rather half reclined on an ottoman near a window which opened a view toward the sea. Her complexion was dark but brilliant as is ever the case with the olive-hued brunette. Her features were as classic, as if some Grecian sculptor had formed each one. Above a clear high brow, a mass of hair dark and glossy as a raven's wing, was arranged like a coronet, while from it fell a waving cluster of jetty ringlets. Her dress was exceedingly simple. It contrasted in color with her hair and complexion, so as to add doubly to her beauty. It was a simple robe of white muslin, so thin that the outline of every limb could be discovered—every limb so perfect, and so full of grace. Her small white feet were slipped into a slender shoe, and no stocking hid the veins of azure and pink which swelled across the beautiful instep. But in her eyes lay the soul of her beauty. Seldom falls it to the lot of the artist to try to paint such eyes, or of the author to describe them.—They were large—very large, and so intensely dark that no pupil could be seen.—They looked like orbs of liquid dew, spread upon, whether it was in love or in anger, she needed not to open her lips to say what she meant. Never were eyes more expressive than hers. Shaded too by long drooping lashes, as they were, when their gaze was over a jewel of jet, and whatever her glance fell cast down no one could tell what was passing within. Her form was rather above the middle height and though not plump was as graceful as man can imagine.

"Who was she, and what was she doing here?" asks the reader. I will tell you what she had been. She had been the daughter of a noble Italian, and the wife of another Italian nobleman, to whom, at a very early age she gave a son, a boy bright and beautiful as herself. This nobleman, in a voy-

age to Brazil, in a vessel of his own, had been captured and killed, as were nearly all of his crew, by a gang of pirates, who soon afterwards attempted the capture of the "White Cruiser," commanded by our hero of the serpent badge; but they sought what they could not get, and got what they didn't expect, a tremendous beating. They hauled down their colors when two-thirds of their crew were slain, and their vessel was sinking. Boldart boarded her, found this lady, her child, and a maid servant—rescued and took them off to his vessel. He left the pirates to sink with their disabled ship.

He had, sometime before, in his distant voyages, found the Island we have described threaded and surveyed the channels to them, and had planted a provision depot there, that it might serve him as a rendezvous. Thither he steered now, and on the long voyage he succeeded by kind acts and gentle courtesies in winning the young widow away from her grief, and in replacing her lost husband in her heart by himself. In a little while she loved him with all that wild, passionate, zealous devotion, which is peculiar to Italian character. He had built this cottage for her, and whenever his vessel came in from a cruise, he was to her, all that her husband had been. As her boy grew older he took the child to sea as a kind of pet page. We have seen him in "Geronimo." His mother's name was "SARA."

When we glanced first at the lady as she reclined upon the ottoman, her manner was quiet and dreamy. Her half closed eyes were turned toward the distant ocean, her voluptuous bosom rose and fell with gentle heavings—limbs she moved not. But new thoughts seemed to come in her mind a moment after. Her bosom's heavings grew quicker, her pinken nostrils distended, the long lashes of her eyes were raised, and while more brilliantly shone the orbs beneath—the color rose in a burning gush of beauty to her cheeks.

Rising to her feet she passed to the window, and as she gazed out upon the beautiful view, she murmured:

"Oh, that *he* would return! I so long to

place my burning kisses on his manly lips, upon his fond bosom!"
and to press my child, my sweet Geronimo, To and fro—to and fro, for many minutes
to my throbbing heart. Would that I had now she paced the room. Little did she
the snowy wings of yonder gull which skins dream, that then, at that very hour, he
the sea so swift and light, I'd fly to find whom she loved was pursuing with unbal-
him and never let my pinions rest until he lowed love, the sunny haired And the poor
was found and I had nestled down to rest sewing girl of New York.

CHAPTER IX.

On the the summer evening that ended day in which all of our city scenes, so far, have occurred, a very old man, dressed in coarse and uncomely garments, went on board of the same ferry boat from which Captain Boldart had been so unceremoniously cast ashore in the morning. His hair was white as the driven snow; a pair of those protecting goggles sometimes used by the blind were over his eyes; and he carried a long staff in his hand, with which he felt the way before him as he walked on. A young boy held him by the hand, leading him on kindly and tenderly. How beautiful it is to see the young thus lending their fresh faculties to the infirm who have lost them. The boy, too, was dressed poorly, but his garments were whole and clean. They looked like grandsire and grandson. They sat down in the cabin on board, and soon after, the boat started. Shortly after she left, the Captain of the boat came around collecting his fare from the passengers. When he went to where the old man and the young boy were seated, he glanced at the latter, and making a motion of his hand toward the old man, said:

"Blind, eh?"

The boy nodded an affirmative.

"And poor?" continued the Captain.

Again the boy nodded.

"No charge!" said the Captain passing on.

"God's blessing on you!" murmured the blind man. The Captain did not appear to hear him, but a self-satisfied smile rested upon his face as he passed on attending to his duties. He had done, as he supposed, a good deed. After he had collected all the

fares, he came back again and stood before the blind man. He drew a quarter from out his handful of change, and handing it to the boy said:

"There lad, is a trifle; but it may help you a little. I'm not rich, or I'd do more!"

"We don't want money, sir—we've not far to go!" said the old man in a tremulous tone.

"Not far, eh! How far?"

"Somewhere near Ravenswood, I believe. I've a dear young grand-daughter, I don't know exactly where she lives. At the store that she sews for, they told me it was near Ravenswood!"

"A sewing girl, eh?" asked the Captain. "A beautiful, golden-haired creature?"

"Yes, she has hair like my daughter had afore she died, poor thing!"

"Oh, I know her then. She lives a'most a mile below where we land—down at the cottage they call Washington's Head Quarters! Everybody can tell where *that* is!"

"Thank you kindly, sir; God bless you; thank you kindly!" said the old man, his voice trembling very much, though a higher color came in his white cheek.

* * * * *

It was an hour later. Ada, our beautiful Ada, was seated beside the sewing-table, in the little front room of the cottage. Her aged grandmother was reading aloud from that wisest, most precious of all books, the holy Bible. Her selection was the 49th psalm, one of the most beautiful of all that collection of sacred poetry—beautiful, because it consoles the poor, and gives them a moral lesson which cannot but make them contented with their lot. With her fair fin-

gers rapidly plying her needle, Ada sat listening to the words of inspiration as they fell from those aged lips, gathering, I ween, pleasure from the thought that in Heaven worldly wealth is unknown, and purity and goodness only is paramount.

The old lady had just read the last verse, laid down the book, and taken off her spectacles, which she wiped with her dark silk handkerchief, when a third rap was heard at the door.

"And ha' mercy on us! Who can come here at this time o' night—its e'enn' most nine o'clock!" said the old lady.

"I'll go and see, grandmother!" said Ada, laying down her work.

"Don't unbolt the door, child, it might be robbers—don't, now!" said the old lady, trembling in every limb.

"Fie—dear grandmother! How often you have told me that God protects the innocent! Besides, nobody would come to rob us, for everybody knows we are poor! Poor folks can sleep in peace, when rich ones dare not!"

While she spoke the brave young girl was drawing back the heavy bolts of the old fashioned door. When she opened it, the same old man and boy whom we have seen on board the steamboat stood before it.

"A crust of bread and a cup of water, for the mercy of Heaven!" said the old man. "We have journeyed far without food, and are almost famished!"

"Oh, grandmother!" cried Ada, with feeling. "see, it is a poor old blind man and a little boy leading him. Come in, sir, come in. They want food, grandmother; the Bible teaches us to feed the hungry!"

"Yes, child; bid them in."

As Ada led that old man to the big arm-chair from which her grandmother had arisen, she felt the hand she held shake and quiver like an aspen leaf when the evening breeze kisses the flowers. She thought that age and weakness caused that tremor. Had she known that it was passion, and that she held then the blood-stained hand of a lawless pirate in hers, how terrible would have been the change in her emotions.

After seating the old man and boy, and while the grandmother talked to and asked questions of both, Ada hurried to set out for them a frugal supper. Little did she think that through those green goggles two flashing eyes, full of passionate fire, were marking her every movements, gazing upon each graceful outline of a form which in the thin dress of the sitting-room was revealed, and not hidden as it had been in the street by the unconcealably coarse woollen shawl. Her dress, which, though neat, was evidently old—for she had out-grown it in height—was so short that it revealed a beautiful foot, cased in a tiny slipper which she had worked with her own hands, an ancle above it which was faultless, and swelling proportions still above it, which would have left a sculptor a study for a model. Her arms, round, white as if carved from alabaster, were bare to the elbow. Her dress was made low in the neck, as if for comfort, for it is hard to sit at work with one's neck choked up and yoked up with a whale-boned stiffened "garotte." This revealed her faultless shoulders—her neck of inimitable grace. Oh! how beautiful, how angelical she looked while performing those gentle duties of kindness and charity! She soon had prepared the table, which she drew up before the old man, and pouring out for him a cup of tea which she had sweetened herself, and laying bread upon his plate upon she had spread butter with her own hands, she bade him and the young boy eat. The old man's hand trembled with apparent avidity as he seized the morsel and ate it.

"Don't you say grace before you eat?" murmured the old lady in holy surprise.

"Don't hurt his feelings, grandmother!" said Ada, in a low tone. "Think how hungry he must have been!"

The old man bowed his head upon his hands. He had never learned that lesson before, and it came upon him with strange force. He kept his head bowed upon his hands for several minutes; they thought he was in silent prayer, but they were mistaken. He was only trying to still a raging volcano in his breast.

"It is always good to thank God for all we get!" murmured the old lady, and then she put her spectacles on again and opened her Bible once more. The old man now ate freely, but the boy, whose eyes seemed to gaze with wonder and sorrowful expression on the face of Ada, ate scarcely a mouthful. When Ada urged him, he only murmured:

"You are so good, lady. But I'm not hungry—I can't eat!"

Whenever those dark green goggles were turned toward the boy, however, a tremor would pass through his frame.

Soon the repast was finished.

"Now let us go, grandfather!" said the boy; we can soon reach Williamsburgh, now you are strengthened—you know our relations live there!"

"God forbid that I should drive the old and blind from under my roof in the dark night!" said the old lady; "you are welcome to abide till morning. I will yield this room to you and your sweet boy, and share my dear Ada's cot in the inner room!"

Again the frame of the old man shook as with an ague. "I dare not stay," he muttered to himself—"the temptation would be too great. I know now the localities—have seen how to effect my entrance—can take her the night I am ready for sea, and no one but myself be the wiser."

"What did he say?" asked the old lady, who could not understand his low murmuring as he communed with his own dark spirit.

"I will go—I am refreshed. God will bless you good folks for your kindness to wanderer!" said the old man.

"Nay, do not go forth—it is dark and cold; stay until the morning, and then you

will be rested. Grandmother will share my little bed!" said Ada.

"I cannot, I dare not!" said the old man with strange, wild energy, catching her to his breast, and imprinting a wild, passionate kiss upon her lips.

Then, before she could think, with bold, hurried stride, unlike the feeble steps with which he entered, he hurried from the house, followed by the boy. For a moment Ada stood like one petrified. Then with a quick bound she sprang to the door which was left open, closed and bolted it. Then, sinking trembling and helpless into a chair, she burst into tears.

"Child, child, what did he mean! How strange!"

"Oh, grandmother," sobbed Ada, "he was not an old man. He had terrible strength. My frame aches with the wild force with which he hugged me to his form. His lips were like burning coals of fire. He was some one in disguise. God protect me! I fear some terrible danger, some terrible danger!"

"Child, let us kneel and pray, then," said the good old lady.

And they knelt, and the tremulous voice of that aged woman rose to Heaven in simple eloquence—rose to Him who guides and rules the universe. Had that bold, bad man gazed in through that little window then, and seen that picture, he must have been a very fiend, if he could still have harbored evil designs against that poor girl. How beautiful is prayer! How beautiful it is to see the powerful of earth kneel beside the feeble and helpless, acknowledging the same accountability to God, the same dependence upon his mercies! *How beautiful is prayer!*

CHAPTER X.

ANOTHER day has dawned upon our history. The hour was ten. The White Cruiser lay at her anchorage off the Battery, more graceful than a swan asleep upon the bosom of a glassy lake. Compared with the clumsy hulls of the sloops and freight schooners, which had dropped anchor in the "bight" to wait a change of tide, she looked like some lovely lady suddenly introduced, in the splendor and dress of fashion, into an Irish ball amongst servant girls. From her fore-truck gaily flaunted the pennon of the Royal Yacht Club; from a small block fastened to her main boom topping lift, over her tail-rail, the gay crosses of St. George and St. Andrews's fluttered. Her crew, all dressed with scrupulous neatness, were lounging around the deck, while the officer whom we already know as *Rudolph*, dressed in a neat and tasty uniform, paced to and fro on the quarter deck.

Down in the after-cabin, the Captain was engaged in dressing himself in a magnificent uniform—plain, but in material of unparalleled fineness—in cut of unexceptionable fit. On a lounge lay a cast-off suit, on which a grey-haired wig and a pair of goggles were cast. That suit had covered the blind man of the night before. The boy Geroumo was there, but his eyes were red, as if he had been weeping, or else tired with late watching. The outer-cabin had been re-arranged, the plate burnished—everything in perfect order. On the side-board, wine of every kind was set out—brandies with olden dates upon the black bottles—choice cordials from the Indies, &c. Two jet black servants, dressed in Turkish cos-

tume, busied themselves in preparing for the expected visitors.

Boldart had just finished his toilet, the after cabin had also been cleared up, when Rudolph appeared below.

"They are coming, mon Capitain!" he said.

"My lord, if you please, Rudolph, while we are in port!" said Boldart, with a smile.

"My lord, your visitors are coming—two boats are crossing from that sloop yacht!" said Rudolph, smiling again.

"Very good, Mr. Masterton—very good sir!" said Boldart, imitating the stiff, haughty bearing of his assumed station, and also altering his American accent. "Receive them on deck, and bring them below!"

"Aye, aye, my lord!"

Ten minutes elapsed. Boldart, or my lord Plati-mere, as he must now be called, had lighted a cheroot, and was seated in his after-cabin, glancing carelessly over a paper. The golden lamp above had been lighted, and cast a clear, brilliant light over the splendid apartment. A pleasant perfume, like that of the magnolia, seemed to pervade the room. Steps were heard in the outer cabin. Rudolph entered, and announced several visitors, whose cards he bore.

"Admit them, Mr. Masterson!" said Plati-mere, rising; "admit them, and order in refreshments in five minutes!"

Six gentlemen came in with Rudolph—the first, a fine, manly, stalwart-looking man, of about fifty years of age, or a little more, introduced himself as Mr. Stefans, and then separately introduced his companions, who

Were all younger than he, respectively as Messrs. Knedgar, Flourer, Birelay, Towns-
point and Portier, the latter being a tall,
elegant-looking man ; who seemed to be
the oracle of the party in sporting matters,
for as soon as the gentlemen were seated,
and conversation commenced on such things
he was listened to by all. In a few moments
wine and fruits were brought in on massive
golden salvers, by the servants.

"Ah, my lord!" said Mr. Stefans, "your
countrymen alone understand carrying
yachting to perfection! Here in America,
we are too commercial, too mechanical,
too full of business to carry out such splen-
did arrangements for pleasure, as you
make!"

"And yet," replied Platimere, "you build
the fastest vessels in the world!"

"It is said we do, yet our yachts have
never been fairly tested with those of your
country!"

"License me for putting in my oar!" cried
Portier, "but, my lord, I made a bet of a
dozen on coming board, that your craft was
American built! Is it not so?"

"You have lost!" replied Platimere; "she
is built from an American model, but her
keel was laid near Sheerness, as you will
see by her register, should you wish to ex-
amine it!"

"No, my lord, your word is quite suf-
ficient. But at a glance I detected her model
as being decidedly American!"

"It is, and I doubt if anything American,
of her length of keel, can beat her speed!"

"Should you like to take a trial trip
down our bay?" said Stefans, his intelligent
eyes gleaming with the anticipation of sport.

"If you would, I will have the 'Mary,' my
sloop, got under-way, and give you a chance
to take away her laurels, for she has never
been beaten!"

"Never been beaten? Then *indeed* I
must try her, for I boast the same thing with
my own pet, here!"

"Hurrah for a sail!" cried Portier.

"Oh, how I wish the Cornucopia was
down the river!" said Knedgar.

"Poh," said Flourer, "I can beat *her* with
the 'Ullertor.'"

"I'll bet a thousand you can't!" cried
Knedgar.

"Done!" said Flourer, "name your day
and distance!"

"Let's settle this first race, before you ar-
range that!" cried Portier. "Do you run
for money?"

"As his lordship pleases!" said Stefans.

"Oh, we'll run for a trifle, say a thousand
pounds, enough to make the race seem in-
teresting!" said his lordship, with well-as-
sumed indifference.

"Agreed!" said Stefans, drawing a check-
book from his pocket—"get me a pen and
ink, my lord, and I'll deposit a check in
whose hands you please!"

"Keep the check, my dear sir, till the
race is over. If I lose I will pay you in sov-
ereigns. I have a few thousand aboard to
pay current expenses!"

"As you please. Now let us understand
the conditions of the race! In the mean-
time friend Knedgar, just do me the favor
to tell my coxswain to go aboard the *Mary*,
and tell the Captain to make sail, slip her
moorings, and come over here. Tell him
to trim up for a race, also!"

CHAPTER XI.

WHILE the parties were arranging the preliminaries for the race, the swift rowing gig of the Yacht Club dashed across the Hudson to a point just below Hoboken, where lay the sloop Yacht we have before alluded to. She was a curious looking, but still a beautiful vessel. Her hull, which was painted black, laid low and long upon the water, was of immense beam, sharp forward and aft, and had no bulwarks to hold the wind and impede her way. Nearly amidship heavy, longitudinal windlasses were placed, purposely to raise and lower his centre board, or extra keel, if such I may call the ponderous sliding keel which is in use among nearly all of our river sloops, and many of our smooth water yachts.

The Yacht's mast, boom and bowsprit, were immensely large—in fact, out of all usual proportion, and calculated to spread an immense volume of canvas.

Immediately after the boat boarded this sloop, a bustle could have been observed on deck, for her crew of twelve or fourteen men, began hurriedly to loose the sails and prepare to get underway. In a short time her immense mainsail was seen to slide slowly up a grooved railway in her mast, and with windlasses it was tautened to its utmost tension. Then, as the head of the jib was hoisted, her moorings were let go, and as her prow gracefully veered toward the city, the immense sail was also hoisted. Then, like some bird long rested, plying its wing with fresh vigor through the air, she moved swiftly across the river, guided by a practised helmsman, to join her antagonist in the coming race.

The wind was fresh from the southward, so fresh that most of the river crafts had taken a reef in, and the Mary with her immense mast buckling and bending under the weight of her canvass, threw the white spray high above her deck as she sped so rapidly through the short curling waves. In almost as little time as it takes me to describe it, she had reached her position and was hove too off the battery, close alongside of "The White Cruiser."

"By Jupiter she is a beauty!" said the Captain of the latter craft, as he gazed in admiration upon her. "I fear, Mr. Stefans, that I shall lose my stake!"

"There may be some danger of it, but let us test it, I am impatient to enjoy this breeze! Portier has drawn up our conditions, I see!"

"Yes!" said the gentleman alluded to—"you will understand them. You will first toss for choice of position at the start!"

"No need of that!" cried Platimere; "I yield it to the sloop!"

"Well, as you choose, sir, but you are very generous. The distance is around the buoy placed on the lower point of the highest bank, back into the East River, around Blackwell's Island, and down to this place of starting. As the route is a difficult one, we will provide you with an experienced pilot!"

"As you please, sir!" said Platimere with assumed indifference, though he knew the route and the harbor fall as well as any man that then stood upon his decks.

"A part of us will remain on board of your craft, but I must sail the Mary myself!"

said Stefans. "Portier, you and our friend Flourer had better remain!"

"They will be welcome!" said Platimere. "But it is time that my bird began to plume her wings. Mr. Masterson, call all hands to loose sail, and stand by to get her under-way!"

"Are you going to sail with yonder clipper sloop, my lord?"

"Aye, boy—dost think our chance a bad one?"

Yes, my lord, with our yards across and the wind fresh ahead; too fresh to carry our topsails on a wind. Hadn't we better send them down?"

"No, I'll show you the use of them bye and bye! In beating down we will point them to the wind, in coming up use them, for as I understand it, in this race gentlemen, we are to carry all we choose!"

"Yes, that's in the conditions!" said Portier.

"Then all is understood, gentlemen. Below with me now for a moment, to drink the health of the winner?"

"Agreed—the health of the winner which ever he may be!" cried every man of the party, and they soon carried out their intention by "wetting" the same in some of the choice wine below.

The boats then transferred Mr. Stefans and those whom he selected to go with him, on board of the Mary.

The fore and main sail were already hoisted on board of the schooner, and her anchor had been home speak. There she lay like a couchant bloodhound held by the leash, ready to be slipped. A moment more—her anchor "broke ground," her jib and flying jib were run up, and she was under headway. The Mary, a hundred fathoms to windward, filled away at the same instant, and off they went on the larboard tack, standing toward the Jersey shore. The difference between the speed of the vessels on the wind, was soon apparent, the Mary laying up closer and still head-reaching on the schooner. In the first tack, the advantage of the sloop became very apparent, for within a few minutes after her helm was

put a-lee, she was off on the other tack with everything drawing. There was a slight tone of exultation in Portier's voice as he said to Platimere:

"You'll scarcely win your bet, at this rate, my lord!"

"The race is only commenced!" replied the latter, with a smile, as he drew a handkerchief from his pocket to wipe away the spray which had just dashed in his face.

The sight was beautiful! Both vessels careered under the force of the freshening gale, until their lee wales were hidden entirely in the foamy water.—In fact the schooner's deck lay three streaks under water—so much did she lay over. The sloop better ballasted, and held too by her immense centre-board, gained steadily on the other, gained tack after tack until when the schooner was abreast of Fort Hamilton, the Mary was nearly down to the turning buoy, at least two miles ahead.

Platimere took it very calmly, and when Portier and Flourer expressed sympathy with him on the anticipated loss of the race, he only smiled and said—"we've not run the distance yet. My craft has'n't got limber yet; wait till she comes down to her work!"

Soon the sloop turned the buoy. As she did it, so far ahead of the other, a gun of triumph was boomed from her bow, and a wild hurra followed the report across the waters, from the throats of the elated crew. Platimere smiled. His old crew marked that smile—they understood it. But the newly shipped men were almost raving, to see their craft so beaten by the sloop. Just after the sloop fired her gun, another gun was heard, and the whirling cloud of smoke which arose told whence this compliment came. A beautiful fore-topsail schooner, clipper built, with very raking masts, was bounding up the harbor under every stitch of canvass which she could show. Her colors betokened her character. She was a Revenue cutter. When the sloop turned the buoy, the cutter was exactly abreast of her, and as the White Cruiser stood down the bay on her last tack, Platimere and his

the shipping on either hand. Platimere seemed to feel easier as soon as the cutter was clear of him, and paid more attention to the sailing of his craft. When she had got up by the "Hook," the pilot was about heading her into the western channel.

"Go through the eastern channel?" said Platimere.

"The tide is in our favor and will hold so half an hour yet, my Lord!" replied the pilot, "and it runs full two knots faster in the western channel!"

"Never mind that, I prefer the other!" said the commander.

"You seem quite well acquainted with our channels, my Lord!" said Portier.

"Yes, for I have been through here several times. I have not mentioned, I believe, that I once held a berth in her Majesty's Navy, and was here in a gun-brig. I have a desire to see a spot that I once visited with a reverent pleasure—you can see it opening to view now!"

"Which do you mean, my lord?"

"Do you see that immense willow which stands on the bank of the river, east of the upper end of the Island?"

"Yes, that is Washington's old Head Quarters!"

"True, and for that I once visited it! In the cottage which is embowered by the drooping branches of that venerable tree—he once found rest from the toils of battle and the wearing cares of station. There he for a few hours found, in the forgetfulness of sleep, a brief repose from the labors and responsibilities of his command!"

"Washington then is a favorite character with you?"

"Most truly, so, even though he humbled the pride of my native land. His name and his glory is the property of all the world. Kings never speak of him without respect—peasants in foreign lands are heard to utter his name with reverence—ah, Mr. Masterton hand me the spy glass if you please!"

This latter exclamation was caused by the appearance of a female form standing

upon the grassy slope in front of the old cottage.

"It is her!" muttered the Captain, "it is her—by heaven's, how beautiful!"

"What do you see—a sail in sight, my lord?" asked Portier, who noticed the direction in which the spy-glass was pointed.

"Aye, and a pretty craft she is; clipper built, with golden streamers waving in the breeze! She is a beauty, is she not?"

"Your lordship has the advantage of us, in being able to judge through your glass. We cannot distinguish a feature, yet there are the outlines of a pretty form, I should judge!"

"Yes, magnificent, magnificent!" muttered the Captain, keeping his gaze still fixed upon her.

Oh how little did she think whose basilisk eye was then revelling in ideal lust upon her fair face and sweet figure. Had she known it, she would have fled within the portals of those sacred walls which he had already desecrated by his profane presence. But no guardian angel warned her of her danger—there she stood gazing in childish admiration upon the beautiful vessel, the wind playing with her uncovered hair, or peeping beneath the skirts of her simple dress at ankles which an Elsie might have envied. There she stood until the vessel was past, and while she stood there, that spy glass was not removed from the eye of him who held it.

"You seem quite smitten, my lord!" said Portier.

"Not exactly smitten, but you girl is a rare beauty!"

"Beauty is not uncommon here, my lord—and singular as it may seem, the most beautiful girls of our land are found among the working classes!"

"That is but natural. They are not reared up in sickening luxury—they are not bound up in whalebone and cords—they are not nursed in the sickly walls of fashionable seminaries and taught that it is *untidylike* to walk out and breathe the fresh air; they take proper exercise; their

food, though plain, is strong and healthy; they apply no cosmetics to their complexion and require none. It is but natural then that they should be the most beautiful!"

"True, my lord, you are right. But see, we are approaching 'the Gate,' a place sadly well known to many a wrecked coaster!"

"Yes, Mr. Masterton, stand by to in with all the square sails, and to bring her on a wind under her fore and aft canvass, as we round the point!"

"Aye, aye, my lord!" replied the officer, stationing his hands at clewlines and down hauls, prepared at the proper moment, to trim the craft for the hardest portion of her race. Soon the grey rocks of Hurl Gate loomed up close before them. Then, in almost a moment's time the quick handed crew of the Cruiser, hauled down, clewed up, and took in the square sail, the sheets of the fore and aft sails were trimmed aft, and the schooner was brought up to the wind. The sloop which had chosen the western channel, and its advantages, was seen about a mile and a half up the channel, coming down 'with a bone in her teeth,' under her immense sails. The tide however began to slack, and the schooner dashed along in her short tacks as swiftly as ever. Soon the sloop passed in hailing distance.

"What do you think of my craft, now?" asked Boldart.

"I'll tell you after the race is over!" said Stefans. "There's many a slip between the cup and the lip!"

The next instant they were both beyond hailing distance. The sloop was now to go down to the point, turn it, and beat up, and as the schooner had so much start, it was evident that the race must be a close one. Tack after tack was made; each one a slow but sure gain, until again both crafts were in the narrows of the river, between Brooklyn and New York.

Long before this the people on the shore had heard of the race which was now being run, and crowds of people were on the wharves and at the Battery to witness its termination. The sloop had gained rapidly on the schooner, but the latter still led the way, and so far too that it seemed impossible that she could be overtaken by the sloop in the short distance yet to be run. Two tacks more, and the vessels almost side by side, headed in for their anchorage. Now, both aboard and ashore, the people kept silent—silent with anxiety and interest. Another minute would decide the matter; the schooner being a little to windward. Now they were side by side, but here the tall sails of the schooner kept the wind from the sloop, the latter again dropped a little, and as the schooner reached the stake boat, she was a winner by only about her own length.

Then arose from the deck and shore, one loud, general cheer in honor of the victor. Stefans came on board soon after, both vessels having come to anchor, the lost wager was paid and the evening was passed in festivity.

CHAPTER XII.

THE rest of the day and a part of the evening was spent hilariously on board of the White Cruiser. Mr. Stefans and his companions proved to be staunch old veterans at the wine bottle; men who could stow away their three bottles and still keep on an even keel. Song and jest, glee and story went around, and all hands seemed in as happy a mood as men well could be in. While things were thus going on below, Mr. Masterton, alias Rudolph, was pacing the deck above. An anchor watch was seated forward on the heel of the bowsprit, and further aft a knot of men were seated by the hatchway spinning yarns in a low quiet tone. Suddenly the measured stroke of oars betokened the approach of one of those heavy, double-banked boats used by our vessels of war. Nearer and nearer it came, until in the gloom, Rudolph could see it was coming aboard. In an instant he whispered an order to one of the men, who conveyed it to the rest, and all went below out of sight, preserving perfect silence. Then he hailed,

"Boat ahoy!"

"Aye, aye!" was the response, by which all nautical readers will understand that a Lieutenant was in the boat.

Before Rudolph could again speak, the boat manned by sixteen men was alongside, and an officer in the uniform of the Revenue service sprang on deck.

"Good evening, sir," he said, politely touching his faced cap to Rudolph. "I am sent by Captain Dartmoor, of the *Nautilus*, to examine your papers, and also to receive the honor of a visit from your commander."

"Our papers, sir," said Rudolph, haughtily, "can be seen; they have been already examined at the Custom House, and we are regularly entered. Lord Platimere is engaged with *friends*, and will not be disturbed; therefore, excuse my inviting you below. I will bring up the papers."

So saying Rudolph left the deck, but in a moment returned, bringing the register of the yacht *Cobra di Capello*, and other papers, which he handed the officer to examine by the binnacle light.

The latter scanned them very closely, and at last said: "These *seem* regular, but they say your yacht is English built."

"They do, sir!"

"And do you pretend to say that this craft was ever built in *England*? This hull—those spars—or even that she was *rigged* there?"

"Pretend to say, sir, officer? *Pretend*? There, sir, are her regular papers. Deny their authority if you dare. You Yankees may perhaps be used to giving or bearing the *lie*; but know, sir, that I will not endure a doubt!"

"If you can help yourself, my little *bantam*!" said the officer coolly. "But there's no use in bandying words. I want to see this Lord Platimere!"

"You cannot, sir; he is engaged with *gentlemen*!" said Rudolph, pointedly.

"I demand, as an officer of the Revenue, to see him, and if you give me much more trouble, I'll search your vessel from truck to keelson; for I don't believe all's right aboard!"

"If you give us any more of your insu-

lence," said Rudolph, angrily, "you'll be *right over-board*!"

"What's the matter here? What is this man doing here, and what does he want?" said Boldart himself, whose quick ear had heard the sound of angry voices on deck.

"Are you the man they call Lord Platimere, the owner of this craft?"

"I am, fellow—what of that?"

"You needn't *fellow* me, sir. I'm as good as you are, if you are a lord! I came aboard on duty—to see your papers, and also to request you to visit Captain Dartmoor aboard of the cutter Nautlius, the cutter you beat to-day with your *English-built* craft!"

"I'm sorry to disappoint your Captain, but I never call on strangers—if he wants to see me, let him come here?"

"Very well, sir, I will report your answer—but you will excuse me if I leave a couple of my men aboard here!"

"No sir; my crew is sufficiently large, already!"

"You don't understand me, sir,—I must be *plain*. There are some discrepancies in your papers—this craft looks like a vessel which we once before had a chase after in the Sound, and out by Montank, for heavy smuggling transactions; and until our suspicions are cleared up, we have a *right* to keep an eye upon your movements!"

"A right which I deny and will resist, sir!" said Boldart, his voice being husky with anger. "You will leave my deck, sir—I will report you to your Port-Collector in the morning!"

"I will not leave your deck," said the officer, firmly, "but will at once take charge of it. Come aboard from the boat, four of you Nautlius men, and the rest take the boat back and tell Captain Dartmoor I want to see him here!"

Four armed men sprang from the boat and stood beside their officer, while the boat was pushed from the side to obey his orders. But Boldart was not a man to be thus surprised, and Rudolph in ordering the men below had also given them directions to be prepared for service. There-

fore, as the boat shoved off, and its oars began to dip in the water, a dozen men stealthily and silently came up from the hatchway, where they had heard all that had passed, and unobserved by the officer and his men, whose faces were turned aft, confronting Boldart and Rudolph, approached close at their backs.

Boldart saw them, and in a quick tone, too low to be heard below, said.

"Seize, gag and bind them!"

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth before the Revenue officer and his men lay helpless on their backs, held in the grasp of strong men, their voices stifled by hands held over them. A moment more and they were gagged and bound.

"Stow them away below!" said Boldart, "and then out with the gig and whale-boat. All depends upon your overtaking their boat before she reaches the cutter—if you succeed and capture them quietly, without causing an alarm, all is safe till morning, if not, we must slip our cable and fight our way out of a bad hobble. Rudolph, go in the gig—I leave all to you!"

"I will have them as safe as you have these dogs, and that inside of ten minutes!" said Rudolph, jumping into one of the boats, which immediately afterwards dashed off, followed by another, in pursuit of the cutter's boat.

"And I'll go below and fix some punch to straighten out my guests, for fear I'll have to send them ashore suddenly!" said Boldart, suiting the action to the word.

Rudolph's boat was soon close in the wake of the cutter's barge—and his oars being leathered with double thicknesses of heavy buckskin, gave it no sound to warn the pursued of the vicinity of the pursuers. The oars were dipped so lightly in the water, and when there, pulled so steadily, that scarce a splash, loud as the dip of an Indians paddle could be heard. But the great lumbering barge made a noise with her heavy oars in their metal row-locks—that could have been heard a full mile across the water. She had reached nearly half her distance to the cutter, when her crew felt a

shock as the bow of the other boat ranged along-side of her quarter, and the next moment a dozen men were grappling with them. Though taken entirely by surprise, and unable in the darkness to know who were their foes, what their number, or how they were armed—the brave fellows were not non-resistant, and the sharp reports of two or three pistols rang in quick succession—while shouts and groans told of the strife which was going on. Rudolph, in vain bade his men be silent—and when in a moment or two more he saw lights moved quickly to and fro about the dark hull of the cutter whose spars loomed up between them and the horizon—he knew that the cover he was back aboard of his craft the better for him. Shouting to his men to back off, he sprang into his own boat again, followed by all but two of his men—who were either killed or disabled—he knew not which—and dashed back.

We will now glance at the Cruiser and her commander. When Rudolph shoved off—Boldart hurried below and began mixing a punch, the potency of which would soon have laid his guests under the table had they partaken of it. But ere he had concocted the beverage, his quick ear caught the sound of the pistols, and hurrying on deck he soon heard enough to satisfy him that there was hot work before him. Ordering the Yacht Club men into their boats, he stepped below, and with a calm politeness which astonished his hearers, said:

"Gentlemen it is with pain that I find our festivities must end at once. The commander of the Revenue cutter which came up the Bay this afternoon has taken it into his head that I am a smuggler, and has sent a boat aboard. I have resisted, and of course I must move my berth, or get into trouble!"

"A smuggler, my lord? We can testify, my lord, that you are not—"

"Anything else?" said Boldart, laughing. "Gentlemen, you need not 'my lord' me any more. I'm as *American* as any of you are, and *more* so, for I'd see any English

lord sunk ten thousand fathoms in the ocean, before I'd feast him at my table. I *am* a smuggler—free-trader, if you like the word better, and as the cutter will very likely try to make me a prize—the sooner you gentlemen are out of my vicinity, the better it will be for you. Lead may be flying, and steel flashing here shortly. Your boat is manned and ready!"

The gentlemen of the Yacht Club were so astonished that they knew not what answer to make. Portier alone spoke.

"You're a bold fellow?" said he. "I'd hate to see you in trouble. We'll be off—you've a fine breeze—you'd better slip and run!"

"I shall; to your boat, gentlemen, to your boat!" said Boldart.

As the boat of the Club shoved off, Rudolph came alongside. The blood streamed from a knife wound in his cheek, giving his usually pale face a ghastly expression. He clutched a cutlass in his hand, the point of which was dripping blood.

"Well, what's up?" asked Boldart as his lieutenant sprang on the deck.

"We have lost two men—they are making sail on the cutter—and *hark*, there are boats coming now! We're in a devil of a scrape, Captain!"

"It isn't the first time!" cried Boldart with a wild laugh. Then raising his voice, he shouted: "Sea Serpents, to your duty. Topmen, aloft and loose every sail—forward there, slip the cable—out sweeps on the starboard bow, and get her head off to port! Loose that jib and run it up quick!"

While the men rapidly obeyed these orders—the sound of oars came louder and louder over the water. The plash of the parted cable was next heard—the heavy tag of the sweeps got the schooner's head around, and then her jib was run up its stay. At the same moment a boat was seen on each quarter, close aboard.

"All hands repel boarders!" shouted Boldart, as at the same instant the topsails fell loose from the gaskets, and filled, though not sheeted home. The fresh wind in these, at once gave the schooner headway, and

the boat-hooks of the Revenue boats, when almost touching the schooner, fell short.

"Heave too, heave too, or we'll fire into you!" shouted the gruff voice of the officer in command.

"Fire and be d—d!" shouted Boldart, cautioning his crew to lay low.

A volley of musket balls whistled harmlessly over his head, and then the schooner, with increased speed, was out of their reach. Her course was laid for the East River, and by the time she was fairly into it, her sails were hoisted and sheeted home.

"Where is the cutter?" asked Boldart, who had been so busy making sail, that he had not looked for her.

An answer came before he expected it, in the shape of a round shot, which made a hole in his mainsail as big as his head. The flash showed the cutter under full sail, close in by the Brooklyn shore, heading out to intercept him.

"Shall I get up our long Tom, sir, and return the compliment?" asked Rudolph.

"Aye and bear a hand about it!" replied the other. "We may need it if she should cripple any of our spars!"

Two very heavy four-fold tackles which led from either mast-head, were instantly joined and lowered down over the main hatch-way. In a moment a heavy, circular railway gun carriage was hoisted on deck—and while some men bolted it with screw-bolts into its place, (for it had often before been fitted,) the tackles were again lowered and a beautiful brass twenty-four pounder was hoisted and placed on the carriage. So rapidly was this done, that the schooner was not higher up than the "Hook," when

the gun was ready for service, and the gunners at their stations.

"Now let them come and look out for as good as the give!" said Boldart with the same wild laugh which we have before noticed.

The cutter had hove too for a moment, to take in her boats; therefore, she had lost considerable ground, and the Cruiser, now under full press of canvas, dashed up the river toward Hurl Gate, like a race horse. Again she was steered for the Eastern channel.

"Get the boat ready—I cannot go to sea without her!" said Boldart to his lieutenant.

"Good Heaven's! Captain, you would not stop with the cutter so close astern—stop merely for a *girl*?"

"Aye, if it so pleased me!" said the other bitterly. Then in a calmer tone he said:—

"I will land with the boat—you need not stop the schooner at all, till you have gained our old hiding place; I will follow with her in the boat. It is too dark for the cutter's men to see me shove off; let the boat be hauled up along side as we go. In three hours I shall be with you, with my fair prize in the boat. Crowd sail—you'll be far enough ahead of the cutter to slide into the creek unobserved."

"Very well, sir, your orders shall be obeyed!"

As the Cruiser drew abreast of the cottage, Boldart, armed, as was also the six men who were with him, shoved off in the boat, and in a moment were lost in the gloom which surrounded them.

CHAPTER XIII.

At the hour when the White Cruiser darted up the river, past the old cottage, followed closely by the cutter in chase, Ada and her grandmother were seated in precisely the same situation as they were seen when first introduced to the reader of this work. The old lady was reading her bible, the young one was stitching away at a garment, plying her little fingers as steadily and rapidly as if they were attached to a machine, instead of a form so graceful.

The fresh breeze howled and whistled through the drooping limbs of the old willow tree ; but the bright fire and the cosy neatness of the room made it seem but more comfortable, to hear the dreary noise of the wind outside, as it does when one is snug in bed and can listen to the pattering of the rain upon the roof.

For a time Ada worked on in silence, but in a little while her grandmother laid down her spectacles and said :

"Ada, dear, there's a deal of comfort to us poor folks in this book. I've been reading here that it is as easy for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, as it is for a rich man to enter Heaven. And every where I read in it, there is something to cheer up the poor and the humble, but nothing to encourage the vain and the haughty. Oh, what a good book is the Bible!—what a good book for poor folks to read !"

"Yes, grandmother ; and were it more read by the rich, and its teachings obeyed, there would be less wrong on earth—less oppression and crime !"

"Aye, sweet child, thou art right ;—but things are different now-a-days from what they were when I was a girl. We had

no grand churches then, but there was more religion in the land. Preachers there were then, who did not *sell* the Word of God, ride in liveried coaches, wear gowns as gaudy as the actor's tinselled dress, and live more for themselves than for God and their brother man—ah me, how changed, how changed !"

The old lady now carefully closed the bible, replaced her spectacles in the case of red leather to which they belonged, and then again spoke.

"Sing me one of your sweet songs, Ada," said she—"it is so cheerful to hear your voice !"

"I feel sad to-night, dear grandmother !" replied the fair girl. "I know not what I can sing that suits my feelings, lest it be the one I learned a few days ago."

"Ah, yes ; well sing it child. The air is mournful, but it is sweet !"

Ada was not so learned in the fashions of the day as to require much pressing, and in her artless way, without laying down her work, she sung these words :

"Ah, cold and bitter is the world,
Its paths are dark and drear ;
To me 'tis like a wilderness,
Whose leaves are in the sere ;
No flowers grow upon the ground,
No blossoms bloom above,
And scarce a cheering ray of light
Is with the shadow wove."

A knock at the door, a low and feeble knock, as if given by the hand of a youth, or of feeble old age, was heard at that instant.

"Who can it be? Don't let 'em in at this time o' night?" said the old lady who had not forgotten the visit of the pretended blind man.

"Who is there?" asked Ada, rising and going to the door, which was bolted inside.

"A poor old man who begs charity—a crust of bread and a cup of water!" said a tremulous voice.

"I've heard that voice before," murmured Ada, turning pale, "it is *he*. I will not let him in. Go away," she added, in a bolder and louder tone, "we too are poor and cannot help you!"

"Let me rest my wearied limbs—I am faint and sick—a poor old man can do ye no harm!"

"Begone, sir, from the door, you are known," said Ada, trying to speak firmly, but she trembled with terror.

"Aye? Is it so then fair beauty?" said a voice, far different from that which she had heard before, "Open the door then and save me the trouble of breaking it open!"

"Heaven's, grandmother, what shall we do?" cried the terrified girl.

"What can we do but pray? The door is strong—they cannot break it down so easy!" said the old lady, kneeling, with her hands laid upon the table.

But Ada seemed to believe in a more active resistance than prayer, for she rushed to the fire-place and seized a large iron poker with which she hurried back to the door.

"Come, come, no trifling—will you open the door!" said the loud clear voice outside.

"Never, villain, never!" said Ada, gaining more nerve.

"Then we'll do it for you! Put your shoulders to the door, men, and in with it!"

Ada could hear each movement but though the door cracked and shook under their strength, still it did not give way—it was of oak, massive, and barred so strongly.

"Heave men, heave your whole power on the cursed door—we have no time to spare!"

They redoubled their efforts, but did not succeed.

"If we had an axe we could hew it

down!" cried the man who had before spoken.

For a few moments now, all was still, and Ada fancied she heard them retiring, but then, a wild shriek from her grandmother, who was kneeling before the window, told of a new danger. The same instant she saw the lattice and frame work of the window driven in by a heavy piece of timber, and while yet the ring of the broken glass was on the ear, three or four men sprang in. She recognised the foremost as the man who had followed her in the city, and to the steamboat, but ere she could utter more than one scream—a shrill cry of mortal terror, she was clasped in his arms and borne toward the door which the others instantly unbarred. The grandmother had fainted, and lay senseless on the floor. But a moment, and poor Ada was past the threshold of the door. Again she cried wildly for help, and at the very instant, as if God had sent him there to her aid, the young mate of the steamboat, who had once before served her, and taught Boldart his strength, stood face to face with him—then struck full in the face by the heavy fist of the stalwart son of Manhattan's Isle, the pirate fell back on the door sill of the cottage, still clinging to his fair and now senseless prize. The mate bent down to snatch her from his polluting grasp, but he was fated to fail in his noble aim, for the contents of a pistol, which had been drawn by Boldart, lodged in his body, and he reeled forward and fell bleeding upon them. The pirate, aided by his men, was up in an instant, and clasping the senseless girl again to his breast, he bore her with rapid strides to his boat. The crew took their seats, and the boat was soon under rapid headway.—She had not pulled more than a dozen lengths, however, when oars were heard out in the channel, and by the sound, they discovered that a boat was making toward the shore. Pulling lightly, with their muffled oars, they were undetected by the other boat, which had just shoved from the cutter, probably on account of the shot which was heard from the shore, or perhaps the pier.

ing shrieks of Ada, or the sounds of strife had reached the quick ears of those on board, who were watching in the gloom for some sign of the Cruiser. A low surdonic laugh burst from the lips of Boldart, as he glanced, first at the fair form which yet lay helpless in his arms, and then at the dark sails of the cutter which was vainly pursuing his own swift and beautiful craft.

"The Sea Serpent has got too much start to be bothered by him now!" he muttered. "She'll be in the creek in an hour or more, and then all will be safe; three hours more, if ye pull strong my hearties, will see us safe aboard, and then by to-morrow night we'll once more seek our fortunes on blue water?"

The crew made no reply, but bent with renewed force to their oars, sending their sharp boat more rapidly than ever through the water.

Poor Ada!—how long she lay senseless in the arms of the villainous abductor she knew not, but when she recovered, the boat was out on the Sound, gloom and darkness all around, and her form was drenched in the spray which was dashed over the boat. She could see no land—but it was close aboard on the left, and though it still was dark as pitch, day was near at hand.

"Oh Heaven, where am I?" she murmured, for in the darkness she could not even see the face of him who yet held her.

"With one who loves thee maiden, and who can appreciate thy rare beauty!" said the pirate imprinting a burning kiss upon her pure lips.

"Nay, do not struggle, 'tis useless, you are forever mine!" he said, as she endeavored to move; "be quiet, we will soon be aboard of our beautiful craft, and there you shall see comforts and luxuries which a princess of royal blood cannot command!"

The poor girl shuddered, but it was not in her power to resist, it seemed as if the God of mercy had deserted her.

"Give way, strong, men!—give way, strong, or we will not reach the creek before daylight," cried the pirate.

It was indeed time that they did, for as

she spoke, the redish tinge in the east began to foretell the coming dawn.

We will now, dear reader, take a retrospective or perspective glance, if you please, at the other parties afloat. First, the Cruiser, under the skillful charge of Rudolph, who was a good sailor and an experienced pilot. She sped on through the Gate and up the sound, far ahead of her pursuers. When she was some-fifteen or eighteen miles up she began to haul in toward the Long Island shore, and Rudolph, standing forward with a night-glass, began to look for his land-mark, while one of the men close by him kept heaving the lead, telling him in a low voice at every cast, the depth of the water, and the nature of the bottom as felt by the lead.

The schooner kept on this way for some time, when Rudolph ordered every sail in, except the mainsail and jib, and as soon as they were furled he hauled directly in for a high hummock of trees nearly east of him. The lead was still kept going—still his eye was at the glass, and from time to time he gave his orders to luff or keep off. Not more than ten minutes elapsed, when, to those who knew not the secret, she seemed to be going right ashore; but instead of that she glided into a narrow creek, the banks of which were high, and so thickly covered with trees, that the moment she was inside of it, the wind was not felt, and her sails were becalmed.

Her headway was sufficient to keep her under steerage way for some time, and she glided on up the narrow creek for several hundred feet, and rounding a sudden turn in the stream entered a small bay or cove, where she was moored to trees on the bank. Her sails were taken in and furled, her watch stationed at the posts and the rest of the crew sent below to rest. Rudolph remained on deck anxiously waiting for his commander. The boy Gerónimo too passed the night on deck, thinking of his master and plotting a way to remove the fair girl whom his master loved, from a chance of rivalry with his mother.

We will now return to the cutter. When

the lieutenant got on board of her and reported the treatment he had received from the White Cruiser and her crew, Captain Dartmoor's rage knew no bounds. He swore by the "big oyster" (a terrible oath with him) that he'd blow the infernal Englishman out of water. He was obliged as we have already seen, to leave too to get his boats hoisted up and to get the dead and wounded men aboard. In doing this he lost time, and when after filling away again, he looked for the White Cruiser, she had disappeared up the Sound. But he knew that she could only escape by the way of Montauk point and that ere she could reach that she would have to run the gauntlet of several cutters which were stationed in the Sound. And fast as she was, he knew that his own craft could keep her close aboard, at any rate near enough to alarm the other cutters, and the forts at New London and Newport with her guns.—Observing the course which the Cruiser was steering when last seen, he had the cutter headed for the eastern channel off Blackwell's Island, and was well ahead in the reach when the pistol shot on shore, and the sound of strife reached his ears. He instantly gave too and sent a boat on shore under command of his lieutenant, hoping he would get some clue to the missing craft. The boat soon returned, bringing the bleeding form of the wounded mate, Dick Isherwood, who though badly injured was still able to give an account of the abduction, and a description of the abductor.

When Dartmoor and his lieutenant heard the description, they both united in expressing their belief that the abductor was none else than the self-styled Lord Platimere, the very man they were in chase of.

"If he landed in a boat and went off in

one, he must be close to us now—have a bright look-out kept, Mr. Swivel!" said Dartmoor.

"Aye, aye, Sir—I wish daylight would open its rosy lips and swallow this infernal darkness, I hate playing at hide and seek in this devilish channel—there are rocks enough in it to pave 'the road to boundless wealth' or build a jug to keep the Devil in!"

"Lord love you, sir," said Jack Brace, who stood at the helm, "I know every rock of them all, as well as a sow knows her own pigs. I'll steer the Nautilus betwixt 'em just as easy as getting married!"

"But if you hit one of 'em, it would be all up with us, as hard as getting unmarried after the knot was tied!"

While this conversation was going on and the schooner was dashing through the whirling eddies of Hurl Gate, Captain Dartmoor was aiding the surgeon in dressing the wounds of Isherwood and the others of the crew, who had been injured in the boat conflict. One of the men from the White Cruiser still lived, the other was dead. The wounded man was, however, near his death. A cutlass thrust through his abdomen had left a gap which tempted life to quit the field and try another pasture.

"That fellow will die, won't he Doctor?" asked Dartmoor.

"It is my decided opinion, based on scientific principles, that he will collapse before the sun attains its meridian height and noon-day glory!" said the sentimental surgeon, who was a volunteer medical student, who came aboard to read Byron, see the ocean and practise physic—three very sublime employments.

"Then I must question him and find out who his master is!"

CHAPTER XIV.

It was dawn. The Captain of the cutter was on deck scanning the reach of his vision with his eye-glass. His lieutenant was on the foretopsail yard, with a glass in his hand. The cutter under a full press of sail was dashing up the Sound swift as a gull scudding before a gale. On the trunk of the cabin, reclining on a mattress, but with his head so raised that he too could look over the water, lay the wounded steamboat mate.

"D'y'e see anything aloft?" asked the captain. "No sign of the schooner, eh, Mr. Swivel?"

"I thought I saw a boat in under the land just now, about a point forward of our beam, but I've lost her again, sir! No—there she is by thunder! Luff'a couple of points, look Sir, she's in under the shore just by that high point!"

"So she is,—I see her, and by the 'big oyster,' there's scalico in her! That's our man, haul her closer to the wind, brace! Come aft men and trim in sheets and braces! Bear a hand!—the craft isn't far away, if the skipper is so near!" cried the Captain.

The schooner was immediately close-hauled on the wind, her yards braced up, tacks hauled down and sheets flattened aft to alter her course for the high headland already mentioned. Of course, even in a cutter, where the discipline is more "slack" than it is aboard of a regular man o' war, the execution of these orders created considerable confusion. And when everything below was right, the captain hailed the lieutenant aloft.

"D'y'e see the boat yet, Mr. Swivel?"

"No sir, she's either sunk or run into

some cranny o' them rocks. I had my eye on her, till you commenced bracing in the foretopsail yard, then I dropped my eye, to hold on, and when I looked again where it was and where she ought to be, she was like the Irishman's flea, I couldn't put a finger on her!"

"She must have gone in there somewhere?"

"Or gone *darn*, Captain! I can't see a hole or a cranny for her to go into, but that she has disappeared is a lemoncholy fact!"

The captain scanned the shore a little while. He saw no sign of a place for an entrance. The coast was bold and rocky. His vessel was now as close in as he dared to take her, for there were pointed rocks and many a hidden shoal, which had not then been laid down in charts. "It can't be given up so!" he muttered. "She is here somewhere!"

"Yes, *she* is there somewhere," said Dick Isherwood, "and I'm bound to get *her* out of the muss! Captain, put your craft through, I'm weak as an old maid's blush, but only let me get my flippers on that bloody pirate once, *only* once and d——n me into a dock-loafer, or a regular Jakey Beedel, and he is one of the God-forsaken, if he ever gets loose of me!"

"She's here somewhere, his boat never sunk, and his craft—ah, I didn't think of the wounded prisoner. Tell the Doctor I want to see him."

The cadaverous student before alluded to appeared on deck at this summons. His uncombed hair, and the garden-spots in the

corner of each eye indicated that he had just turned out.

"Doctor, how's that bloody pirate getting along?" asked the Captain.

"Not having investigated his case, which in my private opinion is a d——d bad one, since last night, I cannot on scientific principles ——"

"Curse your *scientific principles*, is the fellow alive?"

"To the best of my belief, Captain Dartmoor, he is. I heard him grunt as I came up the companion ladder!"

"Had he his senses about him?"

"Not having examined him, I cannot, basing my reply on scientific principles, say!"

"D——n your scientific principles, go and see whether he is fit to answer questions!"

"Aye, aye, Sir—understanding the hernacular, I have but to obey!"

In a few moments the doctor re-appeared on deck.

"Well, how is the fellow?" asked Dartmoor.

"My opinion, based on scientific ——"

"D——n your principles, how is he?"

"Sir! Captain Dartmoor, I didn't come aboard of this craft to have my principles d——d! Damn me as much as you please, but sir, let *science* alone! I'll be d——d if I'll permit you or anybody in the United States Revenue Service to d——n my principles!"

"Well, well, we won't argue that point now, but can the fellow reply to a question or two?"

"Yes, if you ask him before the breath leaves him, and you'll have to hurry!"

"Bring him on deck!"

Three or four of the crew who had been listening to the conversation obeyed, and in a moment the wounded seaman was brought upon deck and seated near Isherwood.—For a moment his eye scanned the horizon—it rested a moment on the high headland, then while his pale lip curled triumphantly he muttered, "*the beauty is safe!*"

"Where is your craft—where is her hiding place? Tell me, for you've but a lit-

tle while to live, your tide is on the ebb!"

"You *think* so?"

"I *know* so, you wretch! The doctor there will tell you so!"

"Well, Captain, I suppose you'd like a *confession* from me—have you the power to grant me absolution for all my sins. I'm *only* a pirate you know!"

"Where is your master, where is his craft—is he a kin to the devil, that he can become invisible?"

"Go into the cove and try him, you bloody fresh-water shark!"

"Into the cove? What does he mean? There must be a cove hereabouts, or he wouldn't speak of it now!"

"He is dying—I base my opinion on scientific principles!" said the doctor.

"The Cruiser is safe—you may all go to thunder!" gasped the man.

"Speak, where is she?" cried Dartmoor, "your minutes are numbered, you are dying, tell me where she is?"

"Go to—to the *cove*!" gasped the man. He fell back—there was a spasmodic motion of his lips, but he never spoke again. He was *dead*!

"The Cove! Two or three times that fellow spoke of the Cove! It must be a hiding place alongshore in there that that schooner is in! She couldn't have reached quite out of sight of us, so soon in the open Sound? She must be in here somewhere. Mr. Swivel, come down from aloft, we'll take in sail and come to an anchor!"

In a short time the square sails were clewed up and furled and the lower sails hauled down.

"Out boats!" cried Captain Dartmoor—"we've got to *feel* along that shore!"

"*All* the boats, sir?" asked the lieutenant.

"Yes, and every man armed to the teeth. Leave only an anchor watch here—we may want all our force if we find the fellow in there, as I expect in some creek or bay where their high trees loom up!"

"There's no creek there or on this shore, marked on our chart, sir. I know the chart a heap better than I know my catechism!"

"Yes, but the chart makers don't see everything as the gal with false hair and porcelain teeth said after she'd roped a feller into the matrimonial yoke! We'll go and have a look for the cove that carcass spoke of before he sucked his last swallow of air. I'll take the gig, you follow in the first cutter, let the boatswain take the other boat; see that all the men are well armed!"

"Shall I take my little brass namesake in my boat, sir?"

"You might as well, Mr. Swivell Bear a hand, we've no time to lose!"

"Aye, aye, sir—I'll be ready in the shake of a sheep's tail!"

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN the grey dawn lightened up the darkness and made the fog-clouds visible, the commander of the White Cruiser, in his frail boat, with his almost senseless victim, was within a half mile of his vessel and of his secret hiding-place. As he was close in shore, he thought he could get in unobserved by the cutter, for he had seen her standing up the Sound long before, even at the first rising of the morning star. But when he saw her haul up suddenly on the wind and head for him, he knew that he was discovered.

"Bend to your oars, my lads?" he cried to his men, "that cursed Custom House shark has spied us!"

The tearful eyes of the young girl brightened as she saw the white sails of the vessel. He noticed the gleam of hope, and a dark smile, such an one as a human fiend can give, passed over his face, while he whispered:

"You need not think my dove, that yonder vulture can snatch you from my fond embrace. You are mine, soul and body forever mine!"

She did not speak—she shuddered and breathed a silent prayer to the orphan's FATHER.

In a few moments the boat was at the mouth of the creek. As she shot in under the shadow of the trees, the pirate bade his men ease their oars, that he might watch the motions of the cutter. When he saw her clog up and take in her sails and come to an anchor, then lower her boats, he muttered, "there is treachery—if either of the cowardly dogs that were left wounded in their boats has lived, he has betrayed me.

Pull men, pull in now—if those boats pull into this creek their crews will be hungry. I must go and get their breakfast ready. They'll never want another meal!"

In a short time he was alongside of his vessel. Rudolph was on deck, ready to welcome him. Geronimo, the Italian boy, was there also, and his black eyes flashed like lightning from a thunder-cloud, as they rested on the form of Ada, she who had as he supposed, supplanted his mother in the heart of his master.

Boldart, (we will drop Lord Platimere now, and use the legitimate name of our *hero*, or *villain* if *you* think he deserves the name, reader,) sprang on deck with Ada in his arms. Her he consigned to the care of Geronimo, bidding him to take her to the luxuriant after cabin which has already been described. Then turning to Rudolph, he said:

"Have all hands on deck, we've work on hand! That cursed cutter has smelt us out—her boats are coming in—we must be ready for them!"

The face of Rudolph flashed rosily with pleasure. Like a gull that screams in its wild joy and dips its wings in the spray when a storm is rising, he rejoiced at the thought of battle.

When Boldart saw his crew on deck, their cutlasses in hand, their loaded pistols in their belts, that same dark smile passed over his face, which we have before noticed and described. Some men when they are in their angriest mood, *smile*. Beware of such, they are *dangerous*! Like the calm bosom of a fathomless sea they conceal dan-

gers which are the more terrible because they are hidden.

"Rudolph, let the schooners bow swing out!" said Boldart, after he had inspected the crew. "Let her bow swing out and bring her whole broadside to bear on the channel. Mount all of our swivel guns on the rail and fill the long gun with musket balls to the very muzzle. Those infernal fools have come for something, and curse me if they shall be disappointed!"

The orders were obeyed, the 'Cruiser' was soon ready for defence. Her commander saw that all was right, then ordered his lightest boat with a picked crew to go to the mouth of the creek to watch the motions of the cutter's boats and announce the approach of danger. He then descended to the cabin to look to the welfare of his fair captive. He found her seated on the sofa near the after window, pale as a lily on the lake, but as calm as that flower when not a breath ruffles the water. Her calmness was that of despair. Poor girl, she only knew that she was powerless—she thought that God had forsaken her!

Boldart motioned to Geronimo and the boy left the cabin. But as he left, he cast one look of bitter hatred on the girl. She saw it, like sharpened steel it entered her very soul, she felt that she had no friends there, that she was indeed alone and desolate in her wretchedness and she wept.

Again the pirate smiled.

"Weep on my fair-haired love!" he said, "It lightens the cloud when the rain falls—weep now, you'll laugh by and by, my child!"

Indignation dried up the maiden's tears in a moment, for the wretch had placed his arm around her slender waist. With her face crimsoned with shame, she strove to release herself from his grasp, but strove in vain. His strong arm entwined her as the anaconda entwines the feeble fawn.—She shrieked—but her shrieks were in vain. That cabin had echoed helpless woman's shrieks before, and they had ever been unheeded. The hot lips of the libertine

pressed kiss after kiss upon her spotless brow and cheeks. He clasped her wildly to his burning breast, wherein raged fires all as fierce, and quenchless too, as those which flame eternally in Vesuvius—a moment more and she had been lost—but a shot was heard, then a volley, and with a shock like an earthquake the discharge of the heavy twenty-four pounder on deck, told the pirate that he had no time for love's dalliance, that his foes were at hand. Dropping the form of the frightened and nearly senseless girl, he rushed on deck. Two of the cutter's boats were in sight, just at the bend of the cove, splintered and shattered all to pieces. The few of their crew which yet survived the fearful discharge, were struggling in the water.

"Shoot them all—not a man must escape to carry news of our whereabouts!" cried the pirate.

"One boat has got off unhurt!" said Rudolph. "She was not fairly around the land when we fired!"

"Curse your carelessness—man my gig, we must capture them before they reach the cutter. I will go myself—you see that tho rascals in the water there are taken care of!"

His boat was manned in a moment and armed to the teeth, as were his crew, the pirate sprang into her and shoved off. He pulled past the shattered boats, and as he passed saw the upturned face of poor Dartmoor. He was dead. His left hand was clutched to the gunwale of the boat, his right still held a cutlass in the convulsive death-grasp, his weather-beaten face wore a look of determination which said as plain as words could say, "*I die doing my duty.*"

Boldart smiled—he passed the drowning wretches, unheeding their piteous cries for aid. In a few minutes he was at the mouth of the creek. The other boat was full a half-mile in advance, pulling directly for the cutter.

"Pull men—pull!" he cried. "A thousand dollars amongst ye if we overhaul that boat before she gets aboard!"

The men strained every nerve—the ash-

on oars quivered and cracked, the foam rolled up in creamy flakes on either side of the sharp bows of the boat.

"She gains at every lick, pull boys, *pull* if you love me—if you value your lives!"

The men did not speak, they had no breath to spare. The sweat rolled in huge drops from their sun-browned faces—they shook their tarpaulin hats from their heads. Every hair was wet with perspiration.

The cutter lay at anchor full a mile and a half from shore, and now more than half the distance was passed. The Cruiser's boat had gained rapidly, but the cutter's men were straining every nerve also. Boldart's aim was to cut off the boat, gain and carry the cutter, for he correctly conjectured that she had but three or four men left on board—all the rest having been detailed for boat duty.

Nearer and nearer the boats closed as they approached the schooner.

"Pull, you devils, pull!" yelled Boldart.

"Pull, sinners, pull, if you want to live to see York again!" cried Swivel, who was in the cutter's boat.

They were now within three or four hundred yards of the vessel. Swivel was not a hundred yards ahead—suddenly a shot from the pursuing boat grazed his side and pierced the after oarsman's heart. The lieutenant looked around and saw Boldart hastily reloading the rifle which he had first discharged with such fatal effect.

"Give and take is all fair!" he cried as he raised a musket from the stern sheets, aimed and fired.

"You've got your dose!" he cried again, as he saw Boldart reel and fall back.

The confusion on board of the pirates' boat caused her to fall back for a moment, but Boldart rose in an instant, and yelled—

"To your oars boys, to your oars, he's only bored a hole in my shoulder, I'm not hurt much!"

But the Cutter's boat had gained the advantage, a minute more and her crew were on board of their vessel.

"Backround—we can't fight against grape

and canister!" said Boldart, as he fairly gnashed his teeth from pain and mortification, when he saw the Cutter's crew hurrying to get their long gun to bear on him. His crew now had indeed to pull for life, for they had but too lately seen the effect of cannonry on the boats of their enemies. But they were safe in shore before the weak-handed crew of the Cutter could get their gun to bear on them.

Swivel, seeing that they had escaped, hurried to get his cutter underway so as to run down to the city for more assistance. Her jib and mainsail were up when Boldart entered the creek.

When he turned the bend, the remnants of the shattered boats met his eye, but not a human form was in sight above the water. Again he *smiled*—and *such* a smile! If a devil in hell never knew how to laugh, he should have seen Boldart then and learned.

"Rudolph—*You've* done well—but *I* have failed! Get ready to make sail—I must leave these quarters, the Cutter is under-way and bound for the city. I must be ahead of her!"

"The wind is freshening and nearly West, hadn't we better to go out through Montauk, Sir?"

"No—I'll heave a shot into that cursed cutter if I have to do it under the very guns of the fort on Governor's Island D—m them I'll show them how to fool with me!"

"As you please Sir, but—"

"None of your buts, *now* Rudolph, I'm not in a good humor. Up boats, set sail, and sweep the Schooner out of this hole at once!"

"Aye, aye, Sir!" In less time than it takes me to write these lines, the schooner was under sail and moving out into the sound. As she drew out from the shore, she felt the strength of the breeze and her wake whitened from the foam that her bows dashed aside. The Cutter, not yet under full sail, for she was too weak-handed to set all her canvas at once, was some seven or eight miles ahead.

Boldart ordered every thread of sail set that his spars would bear for he knew that

his safety depended on his getting past the Navy-yard and forts in New York Bay before the alarm was given and he hoped to overhail the Cutter before she could alarm them. He intended to carry her by boarding, for as he neared the city he knew it would not do to attract observation by firing his cannon.

With a full ten knot breeze, nearly abeam, both vessels rapidly neared Hurl Gate. The Cruiser rapidly closed on the Cutter, and by the time they were at the upper end of Randall's Island she was so near that the voices of her crew could be heard on board.

"You'd better heave too and let me go by, quietly?" cried Boldart.

"I'll let you go to the devil as soon as you come alongside, Mister Platinere!" said Swivel, standing aft with a lighted match in his hand. "Come up you low-lived, thieving, murdering pirate, and exchange shots like a gentleman!"

"I'm coming, keep cool!" said Boldart, and again he *smiled*. His crew noted that smile—they knew that hell was hatching up a storm in his heart when he so smiled.

The vessels were now in the whirling tide of the Gate. The bow of the cruiser was even with the stern of the cutter, another minute when they were both abreast of Pot Rock, they were side by side.

The long gun of the cruiser had been turned athwart-ship, its muzzle depressed—so had Swivel prepared his pivot gun on the cutter. Standing, match in hand, as coolly as if about to fire at a mark, for fun, he watched for the cruiser to come up square, broadside on. She was there.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

As he spoke the arm in which he held the match fell helpless to his side. The report of a pistol told him whence it came. Another shot, and the helmsman fell dead at the wheel. In a moment, missing the strong weather helm with which the man had held her to her course, the cutter rounded to, and dashed bows on to the rocks, staying in her head-timbers and pitching her spars out of her as if they had been weak as pipe-

stems. The crew had no time to fire guns then, their boats alone could save them.

The Cruiser fired no gun, her crew uttered no cheers, but they gazed with admiration not unmingled with fear upon the man who had thus relieved them from peril.

She stood on down the Eastern channel. After she passed the upper end of Blackwell's Island, Boldart descended into the cabin. Ada, in the same attitude of despair, still sat there.

"Look, my love," said the remorseless pirate, "first on these luxuries, and then on that old rotten cottage on shore there, from whence I took you!"

She looked whither he pointed—she saw the old willow tree—she thought of her broken-hearted old grandmother.

"Oh sir, if you are human—if you have a heart, oh if you have a mother, a sister, pity and release me!" she moaned. "Set me on shore—night and morning will I kneel and pray to God to bless you!"

"A mother—a sister!" he said, and a shade of feeling darkened his face. "I've been told I had both, but I never knew them!"

"Oh release me, I'll be a sister to you—oh do, for the love of heaven, do!"

"A sister? Ha! ha! you're nearer than that my love, you're my *betrotthed*, d'ye hear? My betrotthed, and ere this night yields its gloomy sceptre to the burnished hand of to-morrow's dawn, you shall be my bride!"

"Your bride, monster, you do not mean that?"

"Yes, terrified angel, the *monster* means just that! You needn't shudder and tremble, fairer women than you are have sighed in vain to occupy your position. You should be proud of your place—I, an OCEAN KING, am your slave; dear Ada, I love you!"

He kissed her as he spoke. It had been better for him had he not, for with a blow stronger than it would seem possible she could give, she struck him on his bandaged shoulder and sent him reeling across the cabin. But, woman-like, as she saw the

blood gush from the freshly opened wound, she fainted. When she recovered she was alone.

Boldart after his repulse went into the forward cabin and Geronimo dressed his wounds, for the boy, young as he was, was quite skillful in surgery. No wonder—he had been born and reared amid scenes of strife—had seen blood flow like the streams on a hill-side after a rain had fallen. He could see steel flash without blinking, hear groans and think them musical, and gaze on innocence like poor Ada and study how to murder her without his master's knowledge. Yet, withal, the boy had one good trait. He *loved* his mother. For her he was ready to commit any crime. He respected his master only because his mother loved him. And the boy knew that his mother's love was so fervent that she could endure no rival, therefore he studied how it was best to destroy that rival before his mother should see her.

The vessel was now opposite the Wallabout. Many eyes from the Navy Yard, eyes of old experienced seamen, (none of your fresh-water, centre-board crabs,) were cast admiringly upon her, as taunt-rigged, under all her muslin, she swept down the channel. Again she had the English flag flying, but a blind man *hearing* her rush through the water, would have sworn that she was American built.

"Are you going to stop, sir?" asked Rudolph, as he heard Boldart direct the man at the helm to luff her in toward the Battery.

"Yes sir—I'm going ashore—what is it your business?" replied Boldart angrily.

"It is not my business, perhaps, Captain, but answer me one question?"

"Well, what is it?"

"Have I not ever been and *proved* a true, faithful follower of yours? Have you not promoted me as your first officer for my conduct?"

"Yes, Rudolph. I have. I've been wrong—I insulted you, I had no cause—forgive me—I'm full of trouble to-day. I want to get old Whitelead's treasure ashore if I can.

Bear with my anger, *folly* I may call it, Rudolph."

"Captain I'm yours forever—death alone can sever us!"

"Stand by to take in sail, my boy, we'll anchor here!"

"Aye, aye Sir! All hands tend tackles and sheets, man clewlines and buntline's forward—lookout for the starboard anchor there!"

In a few moments the Cruiser lay as quiet at her anchor as a sharp-nosed baby on a cross woman's bosom, that like the bag only needed a "bit of a breeze" to wake it up."

A boat was lowered and Boldart, once more Lord Platimere, pulled ashore and landed at Rabinou's steps. As he was going up the avenue leading toward Broadway, he saw two persons advancing. With *both* he had a slight acquaintance. One was young, fair and smiling. The other was oldish—he looked pale and nervous.—Reader, to save you the trouble of guessing, I'll inform you that they were Mr. Whitelead and his daughter.

"Well—well a pretty muss your yachting and playing the *English Lord*, has got you in! A revenue cutter chased you out of here, didn't she?" said the old *gentleman*.

"She'll never chase me again!" said Boldart, with his peculiar smile.

"You've sunk her, *haven't* you Captain?" asked the lady.

"I *expect* she's under water, lady!" said the Captain, bowing low.

"I told you so, pa. I told you he was never to be taken alive!" she cried. And then she added—"Captain, how delighted I should be to take a cruise with you—wont you take me along?"

"Perhaps at another time—I am not now prepared to extend to you the luxurious comforts that a lady of your taste and position would desire."

"Another time may never come—I want to go *now*!" she said pettishly. "I care not for comforts—I wish I was a man I'd

seem comfort, defy the world and live just as I pleased!"

"You live *now*, pretty much as you please, but that isn't here nor there! Boldart, how will we get the treasure ashore!"

"Land it—my boats can do it in ten minutes."

"But we cannot do that in the light of open day. Your vessel is now suspected!"

"Well, that is true, suppose I run down and go outside as if I was going to sea, come back after dark and run up to the nook just this side of Burnham's. You have a conveyance ready—all will be safe!"

"You are right. That is the best place—I'll be there, get underway as soon as you can, and attract as little notice as possible! Come daughter, let us go home!"

"I'm going to take a sail with Captain Boldart, father!"

"Mary—*Mary* what do you mean?"

"Just what I say father! He is only going outside till evening, I can come back.—I cannot flatter myself with the hope that he'll think me worth running away with!"

"Kind Lady, I acknowledge I am not bold enough to lift my eyes towards so bright a star in the sky of beauty!"

"Not even when it sheds all its light upon *you*, Captain?"

"Lady feeling all too powerful the potency of that light, I dread its strength, I must go!"

"And I go with you, no excuse, no getting out of it, woman will have her own way!"

So saying the lady stepped into Boldart's boat. He, hurried as he was, could do nothing else than to follow her and order his men to row on board.

"The devil is in that girl she'll be the ruin of me yet!" muttered Whitelead as he saw the boat recede from the shore.

He turned away, to prepare for receiving his treasure that night. As he did so he was met face to face by the same whiteheaded man who has been already described as

THE FIRST RELATIVE

in the opening of the first chapter.

"Get out of my way, beggar, I've no money for such as you!" said the millionaire.

"James Whitelead, I don't cross your way for *money*! It is twenty years, or nigh to it, since I laid my eyes on you, but I knew you in a moment. I don't want money—I want to know where my wife and my children are. You seduced her from me—you robbed me—it is *my* wealth you are revelling in—you are welcome to *that*, but tell me for God's sake where my wife and children are!"

"Get out of my way. I don't know you, you shrivelled old idiot!" said Whitelead, spurning him aside.

The old man staggered from the push, but in a moment he recovered himself. "Go on James," he said, "go on, my *limbs* are feeble, but my heart is strong, and I will follow you—go on—go on, I am coming!"

And he followed him.

CHAPTER XVI.

BOLDART had been but a few moments on the vessel's deck before his obedient crew had run up the anchor and stretched every stitch of canvas, that spar or yard could spread. While he gave his rapid orders, Mary Whitelock gazed in pleased astonishment upon their rapid execution. When she saw the vessel rush down through the tide which was on its flood, heard the dash of waves forward, and saw the snowy foam trailing like bridal robes abaft, she was delighted.

"This is beautiful, it is glorious!" she cried. "Captain, I came aboard for a short trip—it will be your *own* fault if it be not a long one! I like you—I *may* love you, if I do, mine will not be a short-lived love. I know I am bold in thus speaking, indelicate, some would say, *unwomanly*, but I assert that I am *all*-womanly. When a *true* woman loves, she knows nothing but her love, sacrifices all, dares all for love!—Such I am, as such receive me!"

"But, lady——"

"What, sir, am I scorned?"

"Oh no, lady, not scorned; you are *ad-
mired*, you are respected——"

"RESPECTED—ADMIRER! What do I care for respect or admiration, fools! tributes are they. I want *love*—LOVE?"

"Lady, I would I could give you love—but there is another female on board of this vessel!"

"Ha! Your wife? Are you married?"

"No, lady, I am not, and she of whom you speak hates and detests me!"

"I'm glad of that. Will you let me see her?"

"Yes, if you will do her no harm and

"I will try to soften her heart!"

"Soften *her* heart? Yes, I'll try to. Lend me to her?"

"I cannot leave the deck just now sweet lady—but my page will serve. Here, Geronimo!"

The boy came.

"Take this lady down and introduce her to Miss Ada."

The Italian boy bowed low in obeisance and descended to the cabin. The lady followed.

An hour elapsed before Mary Whitelead reappeared on deck. Boldart had been busy piloting his vessel down the bay, for he knew every foot of ground, every sand-bank, oyster-bed and rock in it, and now they had cleared the Southwest bank and were heading for Gedney's channel. He was busy looking at the compass and noticing his landmarks, when a light hand was laid on his shoulder. That hand belonged to Miss Mary Whitelead. He turned and her smiling face was before him.

"I've been down to see your sensitive flower, Captain," she said, "I tried to comfort her but I wasted my words. Like David when Absalom was slain, she weeps and will not be comforted!"

"She needs rougher wooing than thine, lady!"

"Perhaps she does, but she is a poor ignorant thing, why not set her on shore? *She does not love you, I do!* Cast her off and accept what I offer, the love not of a girl in her teens, but that of a *woman!* Boldart, I admired you first, I *love* you now. I have wealth, men *say* I am beautiful! My wealth, my heart, is all your own—I

love you, take me now, take me *forever*!"

All unmindful that the gaze of the crew was upon her, the impulsive, passionate woman threw her arms around his neck and placed kiss after kiss upon his lips.

He coldly pushed her back, saying—"It is no use to carry on, Miss Whitelead, I love Ada!"

She did not weep, she uttered no curse—like a statue of ice, snow-white and cold, she turned away. But where her pearly teeth met on her lip a crimson stream arose and flowed down upon her neck.

"Both of you shall perish!" she whispered to herself—

"Better meet a devil born
Than one true woman's scorn."

She sat down on the taffrail and took a roll of paper from her pocket. It was a dingy, ancient looking roll, and the perusal of it seemed to afford her intense satisfaction, for ever and anon as she read it her features would lighten up and she would laugh wildly and strange.

"I have the thread of *his* history," she would mutter, "and with it I will strangle all his hopes of bliss?"

He heard her: "The thread of *my* history," he thought. "Is it contained in those papers?"

All too truly it was. He, though apparently busy in attending to his vessel narrowly watched her, and and repeatedly passing close by her, tried to read the manuscript which she held in her hands. She noticed this.

"You'd like to read this, would you not?" he said with a malicious smile.

"Oh no, lady, it concerns me not!" he replied.

"So far as *you* know, now," she answered. Yet," she continued, "it *might* concern you. It is an old paper that I picked up in one of the old drawers of my father's desk. It is quite amusing to me, for it shows what a cold rascal my *good* father is. It is quite a romance—it is not exactly an auto-biography—nor is it a death-bed confession, yet it relates the particulars of a case where a fair woman was led astray, where her husband

misinformed as to her frailty and its causes, became a drunken sot, a beggar, and at last the inmate of a prison; her son a waif on the world's wide sea, was reared a smuggler and became a pirate, her daughter who was his sister ———"

"Woman, *woman*, what was this man's name? Let me see that paper!" he cried.

"*Never*!" she replied as she dashed the manuscript overboard. "I know the names—they are buried in my bosom, whence *you* cannot read them. You, Albert Quimby, are the boy who was reared a smuggler, who *are* a pirate!"

"My mother and sister, where are they?"

"One is in the grave. Your sister, a fair, lovely girl, as ever the sun shone upon is now helpless and in a villain's power, one who seared in heart and callous to her tears, will soon triumph over all that is left to her worth living for—her yet untarnished innocence!"

"My God, Mary Whitelead, is this true?"

"As true as I live—as true as the gospel of Christ—as true as that I but a short time since forgot all my womanhood and wildly confessed a love which then was as fervent as my hate *now* is for you!"

"Tell me where my sister is—I will go back to see her. All humanity has not vanished from my bosom?"

"You have driven it from mine, Albert!" she said.

"*Albert*!" That is my name. I can faintly remember a gentle being, who used to call me by that name, when I was a boy. And a little sunny-haired, blue-eyed sister,—my God where is she now?" he moaned.

"In the power of a heartless libertine!" said the female fiend, who at last had learned how to torture him.

"Woman, do not drive me mad, or so help me God I'll feed the sharks on your body!"

"If you do I'll not be the first woman that you've murdered, I suppose, and when I die your secret dies with me!"

"No, your cursed old father knows it all,

and I'll wring it from his heart if I have to rend his flesh from his bones by inches!"

"Yes, he knows a part of the secret—I'll tell you all he knows—he seduced your mother by *lies*, not by gold, for her virtue could not be bought; by *lies* he seduced her away from your father. He saw her die and refused to *bury* her. She is buried in the Potter's field amongst the rotting bodies of *other* paupers. He, through agents, drove your father to despair, to drunkenness and misery, at last to a prison. He reared you up in crime; knows who and what you are. But there is one secret he does not know, which I have found out. He does not know where your *sister* is; *I do*."

"For God's sake tell me!"

"I will when I am in the humor and after she has been robbed of her purity. Oh, how beautiful she is—fit to be the bride of a King, pure now as an angel, but soon she will be a thing of shame!"

"Woman—woman, no, *fiend*, that you are, for Heaven's sake stop! Here, Geroni-

mo, bring me some wine to quench the infernal fire that is burning my very heart up!"

The boy brought him a golden goblet filled to the brim with sparkling wine. A draught he drained it.

"More—more!" he cried.

"Go on!" cried the woman—"go on, get up your steam, you fool, then you can explode the easier!"

She laughed wildly as she saw his face flush with the wine.

It was now near night. The vessel had gained an offing, and ordering her to be hoisted too, ready to return to the harbor to land his treasure, Boldart went below. Geronimo was in the forward cabin, calling the boy to him, he ordered him not to permit any one, especially the woman on deck, to enter the after cabin. Then, after drinking another goblet of wine, he entered the saloon wherein his helpless, wretched victim was still seated, almost in a state of torpor, like a statue of despairing innocence.

CHAPTER XVII.

When Whitelead passed up from the Battery, the old man whom we may as well now designate by his name, Abraham Quimby, followed closely on his foot-steps. Though his form was wasted by age, suffering and disease, he stepped vigorously along, for his wrongs and injuries were rankling in his heart and he had determined upon seeking and having satisfaction. People did not notice him, for in Gotham the beggar and the dandy often walk side by side, and *sometimes* the beggar has the most money of the two in his pocket. But had any one noticed the fire which flashed in that old man's eye—seen how his gloomy, wrinkled brow lowered like a cloud over those eyes, he might have judged that a pent-up storm was cloaked within his breast.

Up Broadway they went, the millionaire neither pausing or looking to the right or the left, until he came to Barnum's Museum, where the great *Temperance* reformer keeps his shaving shop, and under which Whitelead stopped to take a little brandy and water to wash the dust out of his throat. The old man, like a sleuth hound on the track, followed and watched his every motion. He did not drink—he had a good reason for not doing so, he hadn't the *tin* to pay for it, nor the *brass* to go on "tick," like some of the penny-a-line authors about Gotham who live on their reputation as "members of the Press."

Whitelead, after relaxing into a *smile spiritual*, again passed up Broadway. He looked several times at the omnibuses, but he couldn't afford to spend *another* sixpence so soon and he walked on. When he got

up by the City Hospital, he was interrupted by a large crowd which surrounded a man, who shattered and bleeding, was being carried into the hospital. "What is the matter?" he asked, "what is the crowd blocking up the street for?"

"A poor man has just fallen from the scaffolding of a house. They say he'll die—that is his wife that is crying there—he has a large family!"

"Pshaw,—what a fuss they make over a poor devil of a *mechanic*!" said the millionaire, as he elbowed his way through the crowd. "If I was to drop down in an apoplectic fit, or die suddenly, they wouldn't do more for me than they're doing for him and I'm a *gentleman*!"

Whitelead forgot just then that he owed his rise in life to his association with a *hog-thief*, (his *partnership* I should say)—that all of his immense wealth had been gained by a steady and systematic course of crime. How many rich, *respectable* thieves live in our city! Sing Sing can't turn out of her granite walls to-day one half as many thieves as I can find in an hour in Wall street, and seize the inmates of every brothel in town, face them in line, and count them all, and I can outnumber them by counting the respectable courtezans, "*ladies*" who, in a single afternoon visit one or two fashionable, Broadway Ice Cream Saloons.

This is *plain* talk, but it is *TRUE*!

Yes, poverty and wretchedness, are it is true, confined to the lower classes in our city in the greatest degree, but gilded crime upheld by ill-gotten wealth revels in our palaces. A starving sewing girl may lose

her virtue, then she is criminal—her path leads only to prison and ends at the Potter's Field—a woman of wealth and station may sin and sin again, and the editor who would dare to say that her's was a crime—that she was more venial than the poor girl, would be likely to be sent to jail for a libel and have to endure the indignation of the respectable, no, the *aristocratic* portion of community.

If an old man shivering in his rags during the pitiless height of a wild wintery storm should snatch a garment from the walls of a Chatham street Judas who lives by cheating poor sewing girls, he would be hurried unheard to the gloomy cell of a prison; but if a clerk of *good family*, steals fifteen or twenty thousand dollars from his employers or a Beach robs by illegal banking ten thousand mechanics and workers, of their little savings, or a Barnum by *false pretences* with a Ferjee mermaid or a woolly horse gulls the people out of their money, or a Hayeman runs off with the deposits of a bank, or a Restell murders babes for a trade, they commit no crime—their gold is an endorsement for their purity, their virtue, their *honor*!

I verily believe that if Christ descended into this city in *his* holy purity, and came as he bade *his* apostles go forth, poor, *christians* would let him starve to death at the porch of Trinity Church.

Think me not irreverent, think not that I despise christianity, I respect it as it is *taught* in the bible, not as it is *practised* in this city where the church spires almost touch the skies and where the followers of the humble Saviour, his pastors ride in blazoned coaches, and kneel down on velvet cushions to utter lip-prayers never born in the heart.

If they but did their duty; if our judges and officers of the law did theirs, if true charity existed here, our papers would not daily be filled with a melancholy record of crimes, of mysterious murders, of unhappy suicides, oh, let the *few* philanthropists in our midst endeavor to alter this state of things.

But I forgot; I am *only* writing a *novel* and it will not do for me to *moralise* or step aside from the thread of my story.

After passing the crowd in front of the city Hospital, Mr. Whitelead passed leisurely along up Broadway, looking often with a licentious leer into the faces of the females whom he met, but never thinking to look back where the old man was steadily following him. On up the street toward the marble walls of Grace Church, passing the magnificent hotels and palaces of our "Merchant princes" he passed and silently his pursuer followed. Arriving at Union Square he turned to the left and soon reached a splendid mansion. Its carved pillars, steps of marble, and costly ornaments bespoke the wealth of its owner. Into this house Whitelead entered. The old man sat down on the steps.

"Whitelead—Whitelead, we must have a reckoning this night he muttered. The author of all my wrongs and wretchedness, my ruiner—he whom God will *not* punish, I *must*."

And night came on. Still the old man sat there. A policeman with the burnished star of office on his breast came up.

"What are ye doin' here ould man in yer rags, on a rich man's door steps!" he asked in Hibernian accents. "Why the devil don't ye go home when ye may be afther catchin a bloody thafe of a ould that 'll stafe the little life that's left in ye?"

"I have no home!" said the old man.

"Then its a vagrant ye are, and to the Island or Asylum ye ought to go!"

"The man that lives in this house robbed me of a fortune!"

"The devil he did. And why didn't ye complain to the police and have him tuk up, thin?"

"Who would arrest a rich man upon the complaint of a poor one in New York?"

"Be jabars, nobody, and if he did he'd be bloody grane. It's meself knows the custom of the place better. But you'd be better be movin' on—if the master within wur to come out he'd be afther kicking up a hullabaloo with me and report me to the Captain for lettin a boggar sit on his door steps.

"I am tired!"

"Sure and I can't help that—its yer own fault, you've no business to thravel till you're tired!"

At this moment the door opened and old Whitelead, enveloped in a cloak, as if prepared for a night-walk appeared.

"Move off o' the steps ye auld thafe of a beggar, didn't I tell ye the master would

come!" cried the policeman angrily, seizing the old man by the shoulder.

"Don't use me roughly, I'm ready to go on now. I'm not tired now!" said the old man.

Whitelead passed by without seeming to notice them. The old man followed him. The policeman turned on his heel and passed down his beat, whistling "Erin go bragh."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN Lieutenant Swivel and his crew arrived in their boats from the wreck of the cutter, and reported the daring outrage of the Smuggler or Pirate, it created a tremendous excitement in the city.

The commandant of the Navy Yard, upon a requisition, or rather a *request*, from the Port Collector, at once issued orders to a surveying schooner and a steamer under his charge, to get under way and pursue the vessel, and also sent a detachment of boats out to look for the villain if his vessel was still in the harbor, manning the boats, in addition to their crews, with a strong party of marines.

Of course, considerable time elapsed before the cutter's crew reached the city, and it was nearly or quite nightfall before the parties were afloat on their perilous duty.

We will now return to the White Cruiser, where we left her in the sixteenth chapter, hove too ready to return to the city. Boldart had entered the cabin where poor Ada sat so helplessly, his brain inflamed with wine, his heart full of lust, his blood rushing madly through its heated veins. But when he saw her sit so pale, so motionless, the little of manhood that there was in his heart returned to him, perhaps *her* better angel whispered to him, for they say that all unseen the spirits of Heaven hover near us—and he muttered—"you can rest in safety till to-morrow, I've work enough for to-night!"

Then he turned away and left her.

With eyes upturned toward heaven, she uttered a prayer of hope and an expression of thankfulness for her momentary relief

from a fate more dreadful to her than death.

When he returned to the deck, he was again met by his incarnate and fiendish tormentor, Mary Whitelead.

"Ho, my brave Captain—so soon returned from your beautiful prize?" she sneeringly cried. "I heard no shriek—no cry of *her* distress, no shout of *your* triumph. Is it possible that the *brave* buccancer has relented, that he has reformed and is now going to be a second *Joseph*?" Boldart passed her without heeding her and approached his Lieutenant.

"Set all sail—we will back to the city, land our treasure and then head for blue water and curse me if I ever return into this infernal hole!"

"You'll never leave it alive if there is rope enough in New York to hang you!" muttered the woman—"you'll wish you had not scorned *me*!"

All sail was crowded on the craft and soon she was heading up the bay again.

"Keep a look out, a bright one too for strange craft, that cutter's crew may have raised the town ere this!" said Boldart. "Aye—aye Sir!" was the ready reply of Rudolph.

The Captain now seated himself on a coil of rope near the mainmast and with his head bound forward, his face covered by his hands seemed lost in gloomy thought.

Mean-time the lady paced to and fro upon deck, the darkness shadowing the expression of passion which distorted her beautiful face. When near the taffrail a light hand was laid upon her rounded arm. She turned haughtily to confront the intruder, but by

the dim light reflected from the binnacle she saw that it was only the boy Geronimo.

Motioning her to follow to a darker side of the vessel, he there paused and in a low voice whispered,

"Lady you hate the girl that the Captain has below in the cabin?"

"Yes! why do ask?"

"Because I *hate* her, too! Hate her as only an Italian can hate her!"

"Why, she never has harmed you!"

"Yes—she has robbed my mother!"

"Robbed your mother? What do you mean? Who is your mother?"

"A woman, like yourself, lady—a proud, beautiful woman, who will brook no rival in my master's love, who would die if she knew that another had usurped her home in his heart!"

"Ah, is it so? Where is your mother, my pretty boy?"

"In our sweet Island home—far, far from here, in a land where the trees are forever green, the flowers ever in blossom; where the myrtle twines with the rose, where the orange glows like gold, the sands are white as snow, where all is beautiful!"

"Why what a poet you are—you will make me love the place—would you like me to go there?"

"Yes, lady!"

"Why, my pretty boy?"

"Because my master *does not* love you!"

"You are observing, for your age, young sir!"

"But there are brave, handsome cavaliers there who will, lady—you are *very* handsome!"

"So young and can flatter?"

"It is not flattery; but I like you, lady, because you hate *her*! Why do you not kill her?"

"Kill her—why you little savage, how cruel you are. Your master will break her heart!"

"No, lady—he will spare her because he *loves* her—he did love my mother and he spared her until she loved him. I watched his motions to-night. I saw that he pitied *her*. She must die!"

"Sail ho!" cried a lookout forward.

The Captain sprang to his feet.

"Geronimo, bring up my night telescope!" he cried.

In a moment it was brought.

"Where is she?" he asked.

"Close aboard, Sir, on the starboard bow!" replied the look-out.

"A man of war schooner, by Jove" he muttered, as he scanned the stranger through his glass.

"There seems to be a steamer away in shore toward the Long-Island side!" said Rudolph.

"Aye! You are right, I see her—douse every light, we must slip by them if we can—if it is as I fear we'll have to fight if we can't pass them unseen!"

"It is too late, Sir, see the schooner is luffing up across our bow!"

"So she is, but I may fool her yet, and I don't care if she does not alarm the steamer and get her after us too. Steam beats canvas in waters as smooth as these!"

"Schooner ahoy! What schooner is that?" cried a clear voice from the United States vessel.

"The Bonita, from Havana, with a load of fruit!" replied Boldart.

"Heave too, I wish to send a boat aboard of you, Sir!"

"What did you say, Sir, I didn't understand you?" cried Boldart, as his vessel swept swiftly past the other.

"Heave too—D——m you, heave too!—This is the United States schooner Boxer!"

The commander of the White Cruiser pretended not to hear the order and kept on. The schooner was immediately hove about, but before she was in the Cruiser's wake, the latter was nearly two miles in her lead.

Boldart watched her with an anxious eye, but when he saw rockets raised from the schooner to signal the steamer, and heard the boom of a heavy gun, fired to attract her attention, he muttered a bitter curse.

"Fate and the devil are both against us!" he cried. "Rudolph—we cannot land," he cried, "we must run our chances through the Sound again!"

"There are boats, full of men, sir, pulling out of the East River towards us!" replied the young officer, who was looking in that direction through his glass.

"So there are—by Jove we are hemmed in but there is no use in giving up while there is a shot in the locker, a spar standing, or a plank between us and the bottom!"

"No sir, but what shall we do—our escape is cut off!"

"Not yet, we can run up the North River as old Kidd did, and if we can't save our treasure we can sink the craft and scatter ourselves safely from pursuit in the country. Perhaps we can fool them in the darkness, for it is going to be a dark as well as a stormy night, and slip out by them!"

"I would hope so, but those Navy boys when once waked up don't keep a lubber-

ly watch—they are keen on the scent and bright on the look-out."

"That is so, but see that every light is out. Keep the schooner well in under the shadow of the land; if possible I'll stop and see old Whitelead—we are full three miles ahead of the schooner now, and will gain every minute. I want to land his fiend of a daughter—where is she? she was here on deck but now!"

"Gone below, I suppose, she's a bitter thing, handsome but devilish!"

"Ycs, altogether too much so for my use. I wish she had never bothered me with her presence or her unasked love!"

Little did Boldart dream that at that very moment she was below holding a light at the window in the after-cabin to guide his foes in the pursuit.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. WHITELEAD after leaving his house proceeded to a stable near, where he asked a man in attendance if Jack Carhuncle was there.

"He's aslape up in the hayloft, sir, I believe Sir. He came in an hour or two ago a little heavy by the head and is slaping it off!"

"Call him—I want him and his carriage immediately!"

"I'll call him Sir, but I'm afraid he's snoring so loud that he'll not hear me!—What'll I do wid the baste thin!"

"Kick him till he wakes—come I'm in a hurry!"

While the man went to arouse the hackman, Whitelead paced nervously to and fro on the pavement in front of the stable. In the shadow of an opposite house stood the old man watching his every motion.

In a short time a fellow whose close cut hair, rummy face and b'boy rig betokened him to be of that class of cursers to the city known as baggage smashers and wharf-hackmen, many of whom are professional thieves and others are only pimps to the most notorious of our brothels, or partners with the thimble riggers and Peter Funks, came out cursing and grumbling at the Irishman who had awakened him.

"Where is the covey that wants, me—sa-ay?" he said.

"Here Jack, hitch up quick, I've work for you to-night!" said Whitelead.

"Oh it's *you*, is it boss—and you want the team? How far are we to go?"

"Only two or three miles, hurry!"

"Well if it's no furdur than that, I'm in, but I'm tired, so's my osses—I've had too

musses to day and I've drove the team hard too!"

In a short time a team full as hard looking as the driver was hitched to a carriage and Whitelead got in. After givying his directions to his driver, the carriage drove off up town. At the same moment the old man emerged from his shaded place of concealment and running across the street leaped nimbly up on the foot board behind the coach and there took his seat, neither the driver or his passenger observed this and the coach was driven rapidly up into the North Western and thinly populated part of the city.

When it was up in the lower part of the Bloomingdale district, it turned off into a narrow lane which led directly down to the shore of the North River. Arriving at the bank at a place where the shore was indented by a little cove or nook, it stopped under the dense shadow of some old trees, and Whitelead got out.

The old man slipped from his seat and hid behind the trunk of one of the trees.

"Will we stay long here, Boss?" asked the driver.

"Till a vessel comes which will land something for me. We must keep a lookout for her and her boats!" replied Whitelead. "Isn't that the creak of cordage I hear?" he added.

"No sir, I guess it's only the cracking and snapping of these old limbs over our heads!"

At that moment a sound like a deep but distant groan was heard.

"What was that?" asked the old man, starting.

"God only knows, sir. I've hearn that this part of the town is haunted. There has been a heap of folks killed in town, and buried somewhere up this way, I've heard. I've helped old Madame Sistill and Cospello to stow away more than one poor gal and her dead baby undergronnd, but not around here. I used to take them over to Jersey, where they had poor Mary Rogers carried after she died in the old witches house in Greenwich street. The papers said some rowdies murdered her, but them editors was green. They didn't know boans. Who'd believe a gal could be murdered or treated worse in open day in a place like Hoboken where thousands of folks travel all the time. That was all *gas*! I helped to carry her over myself—and know all about it and who seduced the poor thing. But that's none o' my business, I got well paid for my work and got paid for keeping mum, too?"

Again that groan was heard.

"Who's there? There, *there must* be some one near us!"

"Nothin' human by gosh! Boss I don't like this, I can't get skeered at nothing that I can see or feel, but by thunder I don't want to fight a ghost!"

"Poh—poh there is no such thing as ghosts!" said Whitelead shivering.

A whisper, like the seething whistle of the icy wind came upon his ear—but three words were spoken—they were "*Remember Annie Quimby*!"

The millionaire trembled from head to foot—"My God, *her* name—can it be *her* spirit!" he muttered. "No—no it cannot be, some one is here," he cried. "Look Jack, under the carriage, look every where, some one has tracked us!"

"Look yourself if you like to, that voice never was *human*!" said the man.

At that instant the rush of water dashed up by the schooner's prow was heard—then the flap of her sails as she rounded too in the cove, backed her foretopsail and hauled her jib sheet to windward, so as to lay too. Then the creaking of her davit-blocks as her boats were lowered was next heard. In a few moments the sound of oars from an

approaching boat fell on their ears, and and an instant later a boat with Rudolph in it from the vessel, reached the strand.

"Ah you are here sir!" said he as he saw Whitelead.

"Yes—where is your master, where the treasure?"

"On board sir, he sent me to see if you were here. We are pursued and must hurry!"

"Yes, that comes of his boldness in paying the English Lord off—but the treasure; and my daughter where is she?"

"Safe aboard, I wish both were on shore—we've no time to lose!"

"True—I'll go off with you in this boat and come back with the treasure!"

"And I'll go too!" muttered the old man who unobserved had approached in the darkness. And as Whitelead stepped aft with Rudolph into the stern sheets of the boat, the old man got into the bows, and unseen by the forward oarsman crouched down under the grating. The boat was swiftly rowed alongside. Just as her bows touched the vessel, a piercing shriek was heard from the cabin, and as Whitelead sprang on deck he saw Boldart dragging his daughter Mary up by the hair of the head, his face flushed with anger. Her face was pale with terror, she held a lantern clutched in her hand and as she saw her father she shrieked:

"Oh father—father, save me—I am not fit to die yet—he will murder me!"

"Villain, unhand my daughter!"

"Villain back again into your teeth! She has ruined us all—she has lighted our foes in their pursuit, they are close aboard now. Rudolph get the boat's crews aboard, let the boats go adrift, fill away the topsail and draw the jib, we've nothing left for it but to run the gauntlet now, and by the Eternal I'll do it if they sink the craft under us all, or if I have to blow her up with all on board!" yelled Boldart, as he loosened his hold upon the terrified girl.

"You'll not take me to sea?" cried Whitelead.

"Yes, or to hell, you old curse!"

"My daughter and my treasure?"

"Yes, I'll tie the whole in one bag and sink you forty thousand fet under water!"

By this time the schooner's head was turned toward the Hoboken shore, for her lights being again hidden, Boldart hoped to elude his pursuers. For a short time it seemed that he would, for he could see the lights on the pursuing vessel, and her bearings, and the way they altered, could see that she did not change her course.

But suddenly that course was changed, for as the Cruiser drew out from the land the gleam of her white sails was visible even in the darkness, and in a few moments the flash of her pivot gun and the whistle of a shot that dropped just astern, showed that she was discovered, that the dreaded war-hounds were once more upon her track.

The schooner fired no more however, for her commander dared not for fear of injuring the inhabitants of Hoboken or Jersey city and both vessel dashed down the Hudson, the Cruiser heading for the Narrows, the U. S. Schooner heading a little more to the Westward to try and cut her off.

From the schooner however rockets were continually sent up as signals to the boats and the steamer, which latter craft having also discovered the Cruiser was gaining on her every moment, but like the schooner could not use her battery in consequence of the towns which lay so near and directly in range.

But her commander knew that as soon as he had passed Governor's Island and had an opening in the bay, he could use his guns, or better still run his adversary down and he kept on under a full head of steam.

Boldart after having given orders to confine Whitelead securely in one part of the vessel and his daughter in another, turned all his attention to his pursuers.

"We must disable that cursed steamer!"

he muttered, "I can beat the Schooner, but the steamer will be alongside in less than ten minutes. Double shot our *long-tom*, Rudolph, I'll try her a lick directly!" The gun was shotted, its circular carriage was turned round and with an eye as cool as if he was about to practise at a target. As the vessel was sheering across to reach his wake, her starboard wheel was a fair mark.

Boldart held the lock-string in his hand, once more he glanced over the long brazen tube of the twenty-four-pounder, then its muzzle flashed fire, and while his vessel trembled with the shock of the recoil, a smile passed over his face, for he saw the splinters fly from the wheel, and as she fell off he knew that her machinery was damaged.

"Quick—another shot, I must try her again before she comes into her course!" he cried.

In less than twenty seconds the gun was reloaded, again he sighted it and fired.—Again his fiendish smile, like lightning from a cloud, flashed over his countenance. His shot had told. The steamer did not come upon her course again—she was evidently disabled.

"This firing will arouse the garrison at Fort Hamilton, Sir," said Rudolph, "if the news of to-days work has reached them they'll sink us from the Diamond Battery, before we can pass it!"

"Yes, but we can avoid that—we'll run down through the Kills, around Staten Island, and so out through the Amboy channel!"

"But, Sir, the channel is intricate and narrow, full of bad bars, and if we ground we are lost!"

"We'll not get aground, I know every foot of the channel, as well as I know the way from here down into the cabin. I shall go through the Kills!"

CHAPTER XX.

WHEN Lieutenant Swivel reported the death of his commander, the battle with the smuggler, and the loss of the Revenue Cutter, he also offered his services with the remnant of the crew to assist in manning the schooner from the Navy Yard. It is needless to say that they were accepted.—And at his urgent request, for he would take no refusal, Dick Isherwood, the wounded mate was also taken on board. With deep interest these worthies entered into the chase of the Cruiser, the one because he wished to rescue poor Ada from the grasp of her vile abductor—the other because his heart was burning to revenge the loss of his commander.

When the vessels were dashing down the Hudson toward the sea, and the steamboat was gaining on the Cruiser, Swivel's face was radiant with enjoyment.

"We'll get the thieving Maroon now," he cried—"and I'll knot the rope that will swing him high as Ifaman!"

But his phiz became elongated, as he saw the effect of the two shots upon the steamer; he had already seen that the Cruiser could out-sail the schooner. But when he saw the vessel head in for the Kills, he smiled again, and went to the commander of the schooner and said:

"We can get her now, Sir! She evidently intends to run around Staten Island and go to sea by the Amboy channel. I know every foot of it, it is a third farther around than it is straight down. We can hail the boats and order them to guard the upper end of the channel, then run down and head her off. We can whip her, I don't think she is so heavy handed as we are, and if she is

we can beat pirates or die a trying. You have more battery than she has. She does not mount more than one big gun, and two or three little swivels!"

"You think it would not be better to follow her in that channel?"

"No, Sir—she has the heels of us by a long odds!"

"I think she has, but this craft is a trimmer in a sea way!"

"She'll never get to sea—if we head her off as we can!"

"What do you think she took that channel for?"

"Perhaps she was afraid of the guns at Fort Hamilton."

"Yes, and by the way, the old fort might pitch some cold iron into us!"

"They'll understand your signals won't they?"

"I don't know. Sogers are stupid blrds!"

Passing within hail of the steamer, and learning that she was too much disabled to continue the chase, the commander of the schooner requested the commander of the steamer to co-operate with the boats in guarding the upper end of the channel and stated his plans for cutting her off. He then continued down the bay, spreading everything that her spars could carry to urge her on. Meantime her crew were preparing for a struggle which they knew would be both fierce and desperate, for all felt sure that they would meet the Cruiser, before she could reach Sandy Hook.

On, on she sped like a gull before the gale—soon the quarantine ground was passed, then in the darkness on the eastern shore the gloomy walls of Fort Hamilton

rose to view. For a short time as the schooner rushed on, no sound was heard on board of her, except the rush of the foaming waves under her bows, for the crew dreaded an unfriendly salute from the Fort.—They would not have shrunk from meeting the fire of their *foes*, but it would have been hard to be slain by *friends*. After rounding the shoal known as the West Bank, the reach to Perth Amboy was open, but the Cruiser was not in sight. It was impossible that she could have passed out, yet as they could see several miles up the bay toward the channel from which they expected her, and she had had time enough to come within sight at least, it seemed strange that she did not appear.

"She can't have gone back and tried to get out through the Sound by Montauk, can she?" asked the naval commander of Swivel.

"No sir, I think not, we would have been apt to have heard the guns from the boats or steamer had she tried that. I think she must have got aground, and if so the crew may all be ashore and safe by this time."

"Can you pilot us up the channel, safely, d'ye think?"

"I don't *think* anything about it sir, I *know* it. I was brought up in these waters, sir; waded for clams and dove for oysters when I wasn't knee-high to a mudturtle?"

"Well sir, take charge of her and try it, but for heaven's sake be careful and do not shove us ashore!"

"No danger, Captain, no danger. Only let a hand keep the lead going, the bearings, from the lights, are as easy as ciphering!"

CHAPTER XXI.

We will now come back to the Cruiser, for it wont do to let any of our parties part company long now, when we are so rapidly drawing our story to a close. Reader, wouldn't you like to know how its going to turn out? *I would!* I assure you, on the honor of a white-man, that you know as much about it as I do.

The "Kills," as the channel to the west of Staten Island is called, is entered at the upper point of the Island. Wide flats extend far out in the bay at its upper end—you have to keep close in to the Island after passing the White Beacon, first above the point. The channel is then very narrow, in some places rocky, and filled with oyster bars. Few but the oyster-men or their little clipper schooners, or the market-men in their sloops, can safely navigate this passage at night, though large steamers and other vessels guided by experienced pilots frequently make it in the day time. The Camden and Amboy Railroad line of boats daily pass through it, and many an one who reads these lines can probably remember having passed over the very ground which we describe.

She schooner entered the "Kills" with the breeze nearly abeam, and it came fresh and strong off the low lands of Jersey. She was soon past Newark. Her skillful master watching her course with a careful eye and often giving directions to the helmsman had thus far conducted her safely through her perilous path. The Highlands of Neversink were almost in sight, or at least the light-house upon them, when the rough grating sound beneath the Cruiser's keel and then a shock that nearly lifted every

spar out of her, told her commander and crew that she was aground.

"Curse the luck—if we're *fast* we'll never get out of the scrape! D—n the infernal port and them that ever got me into it! If we can't get the craft off I'll hang that cursed old thief, Whitelead, to her yard-arm before I leave her!" muttered Boldart bitterly. Then he added:

"Rudolph, get out the long boat and lead out a kedg and hawser at once! Some of you men go aloft and furl the light sails, we might as well get the sails off of her, it only forces her farther on the bar. Take the small hand-lead in the boat and try the soundings on the larboard bow. I must have got a few feet too far to the westward. The channel here isn't a cable's length in width!"

The sails were taken in, the hawser and kedg led out in the channel, a turn taken to the capstan and every effort used to heave her off. It was no use, she wouldn't budge an inch.

By sounding, Boldart found that he had run his vessel on the point of an oyster bar, and as he had correctly judged was but a few feet from deep water in the channel. The only way to get her off was to wait for high tide, the tide when she run on being at the last of ebb, or to lighten her by heaving ballast and stones overboard. The latter alternative was the last to be thought of when a vessel was bound as she was on a long voyage.

"In two hours more I think the tide will float her, especially if we can shift some ballast aft!" said Boldart to Rudolph.

"But sir, if *they* are after us, two hours will bring them up!"

"Then we must beat them off, we have always done it so far and I do not feel as if my star was in the descendant, yet. I have had no presentment that my time was near and I've always had an idea that I'd get a warning before it did come! Hallo, who is that grey-headed old man reading by the binnacle light—how did he come aboard here?"

This last remark of Boldart's was caused by his observing the old man whom we have described, who was engaged in reading a paper by the light of the lamp in the binnacle. That paper he had picked up from the deck where Mary Whitelead had dropped it. The old man seemed interested in it, for tears rolled down his haggard cheeks as he read it.

"Who are you? How came you here?" asked the commander of the Cruiser, approaching him.

"I came on board with James Whitelead, sir!"

"Ah, *his* friend?" asked the pirate, and his brow darkened with a frown.

"No, his bitterest foe. I hate him, curse him—followed him because I hate him. He did not see me when I got into the boat, but I saw *him* and his look of despair when you had him taken below to be confined. I knew that he was safe and I was satisfied for the time."

"You are a strange man, who and what are you?"

"Not what I once was. I am an outcast, friendless—if you want to know more, I'll tell you bye and bye. James Whitelead did it all—curse him, he did it all!"

"Well, old man, I will hear your story after we get out of this cursed hobble. Till we do I shall be too busy to attend to you. But make yourself at home!"

The old man bowed his thanks and went on reading the paper which he had before been perusing.

Meantime Rudolph and Boldart went forward again to use every exertion to get their unlucky craft afloat. A tight strain

was kept upon the hawser and the men set to moving aft every article of weight which could be got at, so as to lighten her bows up as much as possible. The kedge-anchor had been dropped well out in the channel, well abaft the beam so as to back her off. No more could be done except to wait in patience for the tide which had now begun slowly to rise.

With his glass in his hand, and often peering out into the darkness to see whether his pursuers were approaching, Boldart impatiently paced the deck. The crew were kept at their quarters ready to repel any sudden attack.

What the feelings of old Whitelead were, who found himself confined a prisoner on his own vessel, may be better imagined than described.

His daughter, again calm and freed from the momentary terror of death, had again assumed her blithe and haughty mien, and as she paced to and fro in the state-room where Ada had not moved from the position in which we left her. Pale, tearless, still as if she were dead, there she sat, feeling heart-stricken and deserted.

An hour passed on thus, an hour, perhaps more, when Boldart, whose glass had long been pointed down the channel suddenly cried:

"Stand to your arms, my lads, that cursed man o' war schooner has headed us off and is coming up the channel? Lay aloft sail loosers, loose and set sail quick, she musn't think we're aground. If she doesn't she may try to huff up to windward of us and if she does she is gone. She'll be ashore like ourselves!"

In a few moments the obedient crew had their craft again covered with canvas, and then for the first time she was seen by the Naval officer, for her naked spars had not before caught his eye. As Boldart had predicted, he tried at once to get the weather gauge, for he fancied her to be under all sail, and in spite of the repeated warnings of Swivel, he luffed up for the western shore.

Too soon he had occasion to repent his

false judgment, for suddenly his schooner, when within a quarter of a mile of the other vessel, was brought up all standing on an oyster bank.

"There, I told you so, and you wouldn't listen to me? I knew we were too far to windward!" said Swivel.

"We are no more to windward than the schooner!"

"I know that sir, but like her we are aground!"

"*She* aground? Thunder, don't you see she's got all sail set!"

"Yes sir, she has—and it was done either to trap us, or to force her over the bar she has stuck on. That she is aground, you can see in a minute—she doesn't near us an inch and we're stuck as fast as a bishop on a fat salary!"

"You are right, Lieutenant Swivel—you are right. But how are we going to get out of this cursed fix, or capture that d—d pirate?"

"We can't get the craft off in a moment, we'd have to shift ballast or heave it and your guns overboard, sir, but couldn't we board the fellow over the bows and carry him by our boats?"

"We *might*, then again we mightn't! This boarding a vessel that has got a batch of swivels, a long gun and a desperate crew of cut throats aboard of her, is anything but fun, it isn't a sham battle!"

"No, sir, by no manner o' means, but I

* The reader must excuse an occasional d—n for though from the lips of the author of this work you will never hear an oath, when he describes a character he must describe him as he is.

don't see what else we can do. We lay so fair bows on to him, that none of our large guns can be brought to bear on him. If you will conclude to assault him, I will lead the attack with my crew and either die on his decks, or carry them!"

"We would have to take all our force from the vessel!"

"Yes sir, of course, but they are no good here now, and if we carry her we will have the glory and honor and lots of prize money!"

"Yes, I expect he would be a prize. I've a great mind to attack him!"

"I think we can take him sir!"

"Had we not better wait for daylight, that will soon be here?"

"No sir, for I pretty nearly know the number of his crew, he don't know ours. By all means let us pitch into him soon if we do at all!"

"Well, I'll order out the boats. You shall command one division, I the other. We will attack him on both bows at once!"

"Well sir, I am ready?"

The schooner's sails were furled, her boats got out and the crew being mustered aft, were told in a brief speech by their commander what they were expected to do, the perils they were about to encounter and the value of the prize they were expected to conquer or to perish in the attempt to do it.

His address was received with cheers, as American seamen are apt to receive such from officers who are ready to *lead them on*, not to order them to go, and soon all was ready for them to shove off.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE actions on board of the schooner had been closely watched by Boldart. He had smiled in triumph when he saw the schooner ground, he smiled when he saw her sails furled and her boats got out.

"Rudolph," said he—"We are going to have another merry time. The infernal rascals are going to board us, or try to I believe!"

"Had I not better get up the swivels, sir, and mount them forward?"

"Aye, my lad, and see each one crammed to its very muzzle with musket balls. Have a few hand grenades on deck—tell the cook to fill his coppers and have his huckets ready to give them a drink of hot water!"

"Aye, aye sir!"

"And as you pass along, say a word to the boys, we shall be afloat in a few minutes I'm sure. See that a man stands ready with an axe to cut the hawser if she should go off and see that every man is armed properly. Tell them, that if we beat back our foes, we will have a free path to the open sea, and then hurrah for our own Island Home. I'll neither raise tack or sheet, or look into a port, till we get there and then for a jolly time and a good rest, that we may enjoy our spoils!"

A murmur of satisfaction passed along through the crew as the lieutenant communicated the captain's message. No louder noise was heard, for they were quietly awaiting an attack in which they knew many a man would be silenced forever.

It is ever a still moment when deadly foes advance to mingle in terrible strife. Like the calm which precedes the storm it is awful in its dark and sombre quiet.

Slowly and steadily in two lines, the boats approached from the schooner. In the leading boat approaching on the starboard bow,

could be seen the gaunt form of Swivel, standing in the stern sheets with a naked cutlass in his hand. On the seat by his side was Dick Isherwood, who though weak and almost helpless would not be refused a share in the peril.

On came the boats. When they were within a few hundred feet of the Cruiser, Boldart who stood forward, hailed them.

"Boats ahoy—you'd better go back aboard of your craft, we've crew enough here to get us off—we don't need your assistance!"

"But we need *yours*—spring to your oars boys, on like *men* and Americans, and clear that cursed Pirate's deck!"

A wild cheer arose from the boatmen as they bent all their strength to the oars. They were close aboard—a hundred feet and they would touch her sides. As yet no gun had been fired—but suddenly from a dozen swivels, planted on the bow rails and well depressed, belched forth a blaze of fire and a shower—a terrible shower of leaden hail.

The crash of splintered planks and oars—the groans of dying and the shrieks of wounded men, rose awfully on the night air.

No shout of victory from the cruiser, but the quick stern command: "Stand by to repel boarders!" was heard.

As the smoke cleared away, Boldart had a chance to mark the terrible effect of his fire. All the boats of the division destined for his larboard bow had disappeared. A few black objects splashing and spluttering in the water was all that could be seen of their crews. One boat of the other division still floated, and with but three or four oars out was striving to come on.

"Shall I load a swivel and send that fellow to kingdom-come?" asked Rudolph.

"Yes, it's a pity, for they are a brave set, but those who play with fire must expect to get burned!"

"She moves, Sir, our vessel moves, she is going off Sir!" cried the man who had been stationed at the lead to watch the rise of the tide.

"Good, by heaven's good! Just in time!" cried Boldart. "Stand by to cut the hawser as she swings off the bank. Attend sheets and braces, some of you!"

As the vessel moved off, the only remaining boat of the boarding expedition touched her bows. But two of her crew ever got on board, one was Isherwood, who fell and fainted from weakness, as he tumbled over the rail, on the deck—the other was the gallant Swivel, who received a half dozen pike and cutlass thrusts as he gallantly sprang on deck.

"There's a dose for one you!" he cried as he drove his cutlass to the very hilt in the breast of the man whose pike had already pierced his body. Then he fell forward, without a groan. He was *dead*!

Used to such scenes some of the crew pitched his body overboard and were about to do so with that of Isherwood, when Boldart came forward. By the light of a lantern which one of his crew held, he recognised the face of the mate who some days before had pitched him off the Williamsburgh ferry boat.

"Hold on there!" he cried—"that fellow isn't dead yet, and I've a reckoning to settle with him. Take him below, dress his wounds and treat him well!"

The vessel was now fairly off—the hawser was cut and once more, like a wild steed broke loose from its fastenings, she bounded along the channel. With a more careful eye Boldart now conned her, and soon she was sweeping out in the broad reach north of Sandy Hook.

Light after light and all the beacons appeared soon, and ere the grey dawn had made them dim, she had gained an offing.

Once more her crew rejoiced that they were.

"On the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Their souls as boundless, their hearts as free."

And they had cause to rejoice triumphantly. They had run the gauntlet of their foes—they had beat off the boat attack from the cutter, disabled a man of war steamer, that otherwise would have captured them, and now had closed up by the almost entire destruction of the United States Schooner's crew, and disabling her to fire a single shot as she swept by them in triumph. And all this had been done at the cost of only four or five lives on their side.

After his vessel drew out from the land, Boldart gave orders to Rudolph to serve out a double ration of spirits and food for his crew, and to divide the watches so that a portion might get rest which they now indeed needed.

When the sun rose the hazy-blue outlines of the Highlands were but just visible in the western board. Here and there the white sails of in-coming or outward bound crafts could be seen; but the Cruiser bounded on unheeding all. She was on her own element now. Her sharp bows seemed to dally with the waves as they clove them asunder, rearing snow-white fleecy rolls of foam up on either side, flakes of which, like white roses scattered by a fairy hand, would be cast upon her deck. The great blue waves, lifting high, seemed swelling like a proud woman's bosom when it throbs with feeling. And each quivering spar bending under the weight of canvas, which belied to the Nor' West gale, seemed as it creaked to speak its joy, for from the icy climes of the north to the spicy breeze of the south, it helped to bear a joyous crew.

The sea is beautiful! It is the mirror of God—earth is but his foot-stool, in Heaven is his starry throne, but in the ocean we can best see His dread power reflected. Oh how many a happy, *happy* hour have I spent upon the ocean. In its stormiest mood I love it best. Like a mother tossing her loved babe up in her arms and catching it safely again and smiling upon its needless fears, has she seemed to me. But forgive me for my rhapsody—memory will float off with me once in a while and then

"I am an ocean child again!"

The course of the White Cruiser was now white spong, arose the Island home of the shaped for the far off Mollucas, where amid "Unheard of." beds of red and white coral, where purple The gale was fair and fresh, danger had sea-fans reared their tree-like heads, where been overcome, all seemed smiling to those shells, bright-hued and beautiful, pillow who were on deck. How fared it with themselves upon the bosom of the snow- those who were below? Let another chapter tell.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was near noon when Boldart having shaped his course and seen everything, arranged to his desire, descended to his after cabin. Ada, who had not tasted food, was still seated on the sofa where he left her. Her inward excitement was such that she had not felt sea-sick from the motions of the vessel.

But when she felt the touch of his hand as he seated himself by her side, she started, and looked him in the face with her large, dark blue eyes.

His face was not *now* flushed with passion, his eyes did gleam with the fire of un-boly love. He looked quiet and sad. His manner reassured her, somewhat—she did not shudder as she had done before.

"Lady, will you not seek some repose. In yonder state-room is a luxuriant couch, I pledge you all that I have left of honor that you shall *not* be disturbed in your slumbers. You can fasten your door on the inside—no harm shall befall you!"

"Oh, sir, *please* put me on shore where you took me from!"

"I cannot now, even if I wished. We have had to fight our way out of New York harbor, we are far out upon the sea, we cannot return!"

"Where will you bear me too!"

"To a lovely spot in a balmy clime, where you shall be happy!"

"Happy? ah, no sir, never! Though I was poor, worked late and early, still I was happy till you tore me from my home—I shall be happy no more!"

"Fair girl, it is useless for me now to regret—it is too late; but I would lay down my life rather than make you wretched. I

love you—not *now* with the wild passion which lately burned so fiercely in my breast, but with a calm, deep and endless love, so mingled with *respect* that it never again shall offend you. Go sleep in peace, when you wake you will find refreshments ready. You are Queen here—I was the King, but *now* I am your slave!"

He rose and left the saloon. She, worn out with fatigue and excitement, entered the state-room which he had pointed out, and fastening the door cast herself upon the couch.

The next visit which Boldart paid was to old Whitelead. The latter, being unused to the sea and of a bilious temperament, was awfully sea-sick. Ever an anon, as he lay moaning in his berth, he would cast up his reckoning with Neptune and groan out a prayer that he could set his foot once more on shore.

When Boldart entered he cut the thongs with which his crew had bound the lawyer's hands.

It was time this was done, for the ropes had cut deep creases in his wrists and the blood was ready to burst from under his blackened finger nails.

"Where are we, Boldart—where are we—you are not going to carry me off to sea, are you?"

"I am, sir. You are at sea now?"

"But I cannot leave—my property, all my affairs unsettled!"

"You need not trouble yourself about your property or your affairs—you will not need property in another world, whither you are shortly bound!"

"Boldart, what do you mean?"

"Call me by my right name, you old wretch—call me Albert Quimby!"

"It is true—that *is* your real name, but who has told you this?"

"That she devil, your daughter!"

"She did not know it!"

"Yes she did, she found your papers and learned all—told *me* all in her infernal spite!"

"My God, she whom I so loved has ruined me. Well, Albert, what do you intend to do with me?"

"To try you for the seduction of my mother—for her murder, and to hang you for it from the yard-arm of this vessel!"

"Albert, think what I have done for you. This vessel I gave you—I fitted her out, I educated you!"

"Yes, to serve your own infernal purposes—you educated me to crime, to rob to fill your coffers. I am a thief, a pirate, a murderer, and *you* educated me. Thanks to *your* tuition, I shall know now how to deal with *you*. Thank yourself if I am a proficient!"

"Albert, have mercy—I am old, I am wicked, I am not fit to die!"

"You will never be more fit. You ask for mercy, you refused it to my mother. You even refused to bury the body which you had polluted. Wretch, I can hardly keep from strangling you now!"

"Oh, Albert, do not, I am nearly dying now—I am *so* sick!"

"Poh, you'll be sicker yet before I am done with you. But none of your whining now, you've got to answer me some questions, and if you do not answer them *truly* I'll rend you limb from limb—I'll pierce your eyes with red-hot irons, tear your lying tongue out by the roots, and cut your quivering, cowardly, black heart all alive and palpitating from your breast!"

"Oh horrible! Albert, ask what you please. I will not deceive you!"

"Where, then, is my sister?"

"As God is my judge, I do not know!"

"Liar, tell me, or I'll wring the secret from you. I know how to torture—my education is complete!"

"I do not know where she is. When your mother died some one took her away, I have never seen her since!"

"I don't believe you, else why should your daughter know. From you or her that secret shall be torn. Is my father living?"

"Yes, I saw him for the first time in many years!"

"Where?"

"In the city."

"What was he doing?"

"I know not—he spoke to me, followed me, upbraided me with his ruin!"

"Ah—a thought strikes me. Is he very thin and old and haggard—his hair long and white, his frame bent with premature age?"

"Yes I saw him but a moment—but as you have described so he appeared!"

"Well Sir, I will leave *you* for a short time to repent of your sins. Do not attempt to stir from this state-room—a sentinel stands at your door with orders to strike his dagger home to your heart if you offer to move hence. You shall have food and drink!"

"May I not see my daughter?"

"No—not at present I have questions yet to ask her!"

And as these are all important reader, and ladies should ever receive from a true gentleman extra attention, we'll do as some religious sects do, who make the ladies sit on one side of the Church and the men on the other, we will devote the following chapter to the lady.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN Boldart, or Albert Quimby, as we had better call him now entered the state-room in which he had confined Mary Whitelead, he did not find her either in tears, or sea-sick. Proud and haughty as if she were a queen instead of being a prisoner. She stood with folded arms at the farther end of the little room, nor did her eye quail or her countenance change as she met his glance.

She looked wildly beautiful. Not gentle not exactly majestic, but wild. Her long, dark hair streamed down loosely upon her snowy shoulders—her face was flushed with anger, her lips compressed firmly, her arms folded over her magnificent bosom which throbbed like a heaving sea with the angry tumult of passion which raged within, she looked like a Juno trying to slay Jupiter with her frowns.

He spoke first.

"Be seated, Madam," he said—"I have come to have some conversation with you!"

"I presume Sir, it will be as gentle and kind, as chivalrous and noble as was that which you used towards me last night when clutching me, a feeble woman by the throat in your brutal, giant grasp, you forced me on deck to murder me!"

"It was your own fault if I was rude lady, last night, it will be your own fault if I am not gentle to-day!"

"Ah, Sir, perhaps you have come to woo me, to make love to me—perhaps you have tired of your other leman!"

"Woman, woman, speak not of *her*. Compared to you she is as pure as an angel is in the midst of fiends!"

"A happy comparison, Sir—a very happy

comparison, Sir. She *is* in the midst of fiends and you, the chiefest of them all will leave her precious little purity to boast of, I expect, before she parts company with you!"

"A truce to these taunts, I am not in the humor to hear them now. Did you not say last night that you knew where my sister was?"

"I *did*, Sir!"

"Where is she?"

"That is my secret!"

"By high heaven you shall reveal it!"

"Nothing *under* high heaven can make me, Albert-Quimby, once when I gave my heart to you, but a few hours ago, you could have had every secret it contained—all was yours, I was ready to yield soul and body to you, but now I hate you all as fervently as then I loved, and I scorn and defy you!"

"Woman tempt me not too far. Do not trifle with your fate—remember that your life is in my hands!"

"I do, and being so, it is worthless. Kill me, coward, if you dare. In my death I'll triumph over you!"

"Mary Whitelead there is an after-life!"

"Is there? do you *really* think so? Are you going to turn pious and preach me a sermon. You had better go up on your blood-stained deck and call your murderers together and read prayers to them!"

"You infernal fiend? You rare enough to put a saint out of temper!"

"Noble and complimentary Captain, if I disturb the serenity of your gentle and forbearing temper, your saintship can leave my presence. I did not seek this interview I

am sure, as much as I feel *honored* by your visit!"

"I will leave you for a time, Madam, but I only leave you for reflection. You shall have food and proper attendance, my page shall wait upon you. But mark my words. I will give you from now until sunset to reveal that secret and if then you do not inform me where my sister is—I'll wring it from you with torture! Yes, those beautiful limbs of yours shall suffer, I'll send the beauty from your cheeks and dim the lustre of your eyes!"

"Ah, that *would* be noble! And so you think my eyes *lovely*. I've half a mind to tear them out to spite you!"

"Do!"

"Oh, you wish me to do it? Then I *won't*!"

"Farewell till night, Madam, reflect on what I have said and be ready!"

"Farewell, *dear, brave*, good, noble, Albert—patron of chivalry, noble picture of manhood!"

Boldart did not wait to hear the sarcastic woman's bitter taunts to their close. He left the room.

When he was gone how quickly she altered. She had braced herself up to her task, but when the object of her task was gone, again she became a woman. She cast herself upon her couch and burst into an agony of tears. Her frame shook with the sobs from her overcharged heart. No mental reaction is greater than that caused by anger.

"He will torture me!" she moaned, "he whom I could have loved to very idolatry. Torture me a poor, frail woman, but no he *could* not. He is brave, he has proved that. None but a coward would abuse a woman—yet last night, he did abuse me. But it was my own fault. I had taunted him to madness and was then trying to betray him and his crew to death. I cannot blame him, I *will* not—but the secret. He shall not have that without I can win back his love. Oh if he would but love me!"

"Madam!" said a low sweet voice by her side.

She turned her head and saw Geronimo.

"Madam, my master sent me to you, to bring you refreshments—what will you please to have?" he said.

"Geronimo," said the lady, drying her eyes, you told me last night that you loved your mother!"

"I did, lady!"

"And that you hated this fair-haired girl whom your master is madly in love with!"

"Yes lady!"

"Why do you not slay her, then boy?"

"Lady, I am young, my arm is weak and it requires a strong arm to strike a woman!"

"Can you not get poison and give it in her drink?"

"My master has deadly drugs in a casket which I have known *him* to use, but I have feared to do it!"

"Ha! He has poisons—are they quick and deadly?"

"I believe so lady."

"Can you not bring me some of them—some powder or colorless liquid, which can be mixed with her food?"

"But she will not eat lady. Not a morsel of food—only a little water has passed her lips since she has been on board!"

"Water? That will do, and of it she will not be suspicious. She must die, Geronimo, she must die!"

"Is it not terrible to kill a woman, lady?"

"Boy, will not your mother die when she sees that this woman has robbed her of your master's love?"

"Yes, oh yes lady. I will get the poison, the woman *shall* die!"

"Brave, good boy. Get me the poison first, then bring me some wine for myself. By the way, is not that a pretty dagger you wear in your belt—will you lend it me?"

"Yes, lady, willingly." When the boy left her, Mary Whitelead glanced for a moment at the dagger.

"Should the worst, come to the worst, to defend my honor, for that I have lost, I have a *friend* here!" she said as she placed it in her bosom, "but the weapon may serve to fulfil my vengeance." I will use it, not

CHAPTER XXV.

THE first person whom Boldart sought, after leaving the lawyer's daughter, was Dick Isherwood. He had not seen him since he had ordered him to be carried below the night before. He now wended his way to the forward part of the vessel, where a room had been prepared for the sick and wounded. He found Dick laid out at length, very comfortably on a cot, with a glass of something that didn't look like any other kind of medicine than that which is now most popular in Maine, where they say there is a great deal of sickness, and lay the cause not to any regular epidemic, but to a disease called the Legislative fever.

When the commander of the Cruiser approached the cot, Dick raised his eyes and recognized him at once.

"You know me, I suppose, Sir?" said Boldart.

"I think I do! I lifted you once from aboard the ferry boat, when I was mate of her—I tried to lift you again, but you carried too heavy metal for me and I was floored! What of it—a *man* can't die but *once* if a cat does nine times.

"Are you aware that I command this vessel?"

"I supposed so when you kept the crew from heaving me overboard!"

"Are you aware why I spared you then?"

"No, unless you wished to kill me yourself, when you had more time—was that it?"

"No, you are a brave fellow, with good points. If you'll be one of us you can fare well and perhaps rise to promotion!"

"Captain, I've only one objection!"

"And what is that?"

"It can be spoken in a few words. I'll

see you d—d first! I'm an American, a Sergeant in the Governor's Blue's, and I'll never link myself with a gang of bloody pirates! Now will you answer me a couple of questions?"

"Yes, you are so candid, I'll not refuse you!"

"Do you know why I came aboard here?"

"No."

"Then, before I ask the next question, I'll tell you. I came here to try to rescue the poor girl who you tried to follow over the ferry, and who you have abducted!"

"Well, you failed!"

"Yes, and now I'll ask my other question! Is she on board?"

"She is!"

"My God—and ruined—no friend to help her?"

"She is not ruined—she is not friendless!"

"You are not her friend?"

"I am, but you seem very much interested in her. Perhaps you are a relative?"

"No—no—I never spoke to her until that day, but I love her—kill *me*, but do not harm her!"

"Dismiss your fears for her safety—and forget your love for her. She shall not be harmed, nor shall you my brave fellow—but forget her!"

"I cannot! I would not if I could—I would die for her—may I not see her for a moment?"

"Not now—I will see you again,—you shall be well treated!"

The commander of the Cruiser now as-

cended to the deck, and walked aft. The old man was seated near the taffrail, gazing quietly out over the water, seeming to be very well contented. In his bosom was deposited the paper which he had picked up from the deck, the night before. In his heart its secrets were held. But oh, how little did he dream that every person save one, of whom it treated, was then near to him. If he had known all, the blood of youth rushing through his veins would have given him new spirit, yes, would have gladdened the long frozen channels, like new and generous wine.

"Well, my old friend, how have you got along?" said Boldart, in a kind way, as he came up to him.

"Better here than elsewhere, Captain, thank you!" said the old man, rising.

"Well, can you give me that name and history now?"

"Yes Sir, I am ready, but the history is a long one—I want no other ears to hear it but yours, and then I want you to judge between me and James Whitelead, and see if I ought not in my just vengeance to send him howling down to hell. I have in my bosom a document, strangely obtained, for I picked it up from your deck last night, which reveals most of my wrongs, and opens to me that which was dark before. That I will read to you and tell you all the rest!"

"It is well, come below with me to my private cabin, and there, where no one can interrupt us, we can converse!"

The old man followed him as he descended into the cabin. Ere he went down however, as was over his won't—the keen eye of Boldart scanned the horizon in every direction, to detect the appearance of strange sails, and aloft to see that the spars were right, and every sail in its place, drawing so as to give full effect to the breeze.

All was clear around them. The silvery coronet of the horizon bound old ocean's azure brow, and not a spot dimmed its brightness. On—on like a prisoned bird just set free, the Cruiser dashed, her snowy wings often dipping in the spray—her crew, now happy, recounting one to another mar-

vellous tales of hair breadth 'scapes, or quietly enjoying the fumes of the "weed" from pipes that looked "ancient as the hills.

It is singular how "old salts" love to spin fore-castle yarns, and sing old quaint ballads which would make modern dandy authors and poets faint. Many a time, when I was a youngster at sea, I've sat or stood for hours, forward, and listened to them and learned things which I cannot now forget. But few novelists of the present day or even of the past century have done justice to the character of the sailor.

COOPER, our great American Novelist, was but four or five years in the Navy, never crossed the Line or doubled the Horn, and his greatest conception, Natty Bump's, or old Leather Stockings, and other shore-characters, prove that he was more at home on land than on sea.

Ingraham, never in the Service, and never out of sight of land without being sea-sick, was a clever writer on shore, but he didn't know a clew-garnet from a monkey-tail, or the difference between a reef-knot, a granny-knot and a bowline.

Murray, whose effusions published by a Dutch Jew have flooded the land, is too much of a lubber to safely navigate a mud-scow across Boston Harbor.

We have not an American Author now living who can, in a sea Novel, do justice to the subject. A writer to do it must have been for years a follower of the sea, familiar with all climes, with storm and calm, conversant with men and manners before and abaft the mast, a master of the modern languages (for I was never aboard of a man o' war where we had not some men of nearly every nation, French, Spanish, Scotch, Danish, Irish, Dutch, Italians, English and "*Kanak*ers" included,) he must be a navigator, a geographer, know his course and ports and be a *thorough seaman* to be able to describe voyages, disasters, escapes, battles and the incidents of a cruise upon the ocean.

MARYATT was the best delineator of sea-life that I ever read. He was born and bred

CHAPTER XXV.

The first person whom Boldart sought, after leaving the lawyer's daughter, was Dick Isherwood. He had not seen him since he had ordered him to be carried below the night before. He now wended his way to the forward part of the vessel, where a room had been prepared for the sick and wounded. He found Dick laid out at length, very comfortably on a cot, with a glass of something that didn't look like any other kind of medicine than that which is now most popular in Maine, where they say there is a great deal of sickness, and lay the cause not to any regular epidemic, but to a disease called the Legislative fever.

When the commander of the Cruiser approached the cot, Dick raised his eyes and recognized him at once.

"You know me, I suppose, Sir?" said Boldart.

"I think I do! I lifted you once from aboard the ferry boat, when I was mate of her—I tried to lift you again, but you carried too heavy metal for me and I was floored! What of it—a man can't die but *once* if a cat does nine times.

"Are you aware that I command this vessel?"

"I supposed so when you kept the crew from heaving me overboard!"

"Are you aware why I spared you then?"

"No, unless you wished to kill me yourself, when you had more time—was that it?"

"No, you are a brave fellow, with good points. If you'll be one of us you can fare well and perhaps rise to promotion!"

"Captain, I've only one objection!"

"And what is that?"

"It can be spoken in a few words. I'll

see you d——d first! I'm an American, a Sergeant in the Governor's Blue's, and I'll never link myself with a gang of bloody pirates! Now will you answer me a couple of questions?"

"Yes, you are so candid, I'll not refuse you!"

"Do you know why I came aboard here?"

"No."

"Then, before I ask the next question, I'll tell you. I came here to try to rescue the poor girl who you tried to follow over the ferry, and who you have abducted!"

"Well, you failed!"

"Yes, and now I'll ask my other question! Is she on board?"

"She is!"

"My God—and ruined—no friend to help her?"

"She is not ruined—she is not friendless!"

"You are not her friend?"

"I am, but you seem very much interested in her. Perhaps you are a relative!"

"No—no—I never spoke to her until that day, but I love her—kill *me*, but do not harm her!"

"Dismiss your fears for her safety—and forget your love for her. She shall not be harmed, nor shall you my brave fellow—but forget her!"

"I cannot! I would not if I could—I would die for her—may I not see her for a moment?"

"Not now—I will see you again,—you shall be well treated!"

The commander of the Cruiser now as-

cented to the deck, and walked aft. The old man was seated near the taffrail, gazing quietly out over the water, seeming to be very well contented. In his bosom was deposited the paper which he had picked up from the deck, the night before. In his heart its secrets were held. But oh, how little did he dream that every person save one, of whom it treated, was then near to him. If he had known all, the blood of youth rushing through his veins would have given him new spirit, yes, would have gladdened the long frozen channels, like new and generous wine.

"Well, my old friend, how have you got along?" said Boldart, in a kind way, as he came up to him.

"Better here than elsewhere, Captain, thank you!" said the old man, rising.

"Well, can you give me that name and history now?"

"Yes Sir, I am ready, but the history is a long one—I want no other ears to hear it but yours, and then I want you to judge between me and James Whitelead, and see if I ought not in my just vengeance to send him howling down to hell. I have in my bosom a document, strangely obtained, for I picked it up from your deck last night, which reveals most of my wrongs, and opens to me that which was dark before. That I will read to you and tell you all the rest!"

"It is well, come below with me to my private cabin, and there, where no one can interrupt us, we can converse!"

The old man followed him as he descended into the cabin. Ere he went down however, as was ever his wont—the keen eye of Boldart scanned the horizon in every direction, to detect the appearance of strange sails, and aloft to see that the spars were right, and every sail in its place, drawing so as to give full effect to the breeze.

All was clear around them. The silvery coronet of the horizon bound old ocean's azure brow, and not a spot dimmed its brightness. On—on like a prisoned bird just set free, the Cruiser dashed, her snowy wings often dipping in the spray—her crew, now happy, recounting one to another mar-

vellous tales of hair breadth 'scapes, or quietly enjoying the fumes of the "weed" from pipes that looked "ancient as the hills.

It is singular how "old salts" love to spin fore-castle yarns, and sling old quaint ballads which would make modern dandy authors and poets faint. Many a time, when I was a youngster at sea, I've sat or stood for hours, forward, and listened to them and learned things which I cannot now forget. But few novelists of the present day or even of the past century have done justice to the character of the sailor.

COOPER, our great American Novelist, was but four or five years in the Navy, never crossed the Line or doubled the Horn, and his greatest conception, Natty Bump's, or old Leather Stockings, and other shore-characters, prove that he was more at home on land than on sea.

Ingraham, never in the Service, and never out of sight of land without being sea-sick, was a clever writer on shore, but he didn't know a clew-garnet from a monkey-tail, or the difference between a reef-knot, a granny-knot and a bowline.

Murray, whose effusions published by a Dutch Jew have flooded the land, is too much of a lubber to safely navigate a mud-scow across Boston Harbor.

We have not an American Author now living who can, in a sea Novel, do justice to the subject. A writer to do it must have been for years a follower of the sea, familiar with all climes, with storm and calm, conversant with men and manners before and abaft the mast, a master of the modern languages (for I was never aboard of a man o' war where we had not some men of nearly every nation, French, Spanish, Scotch, Danish, Irish, Dutch, Italians, English and "Kanakers" included,) he must be a navigator, a geographer, know his course and ports and be a *thorough seaman* to be able to describe voyages, disasters, escapes, battles and the incidents of a cruise upon the ocean.

MARYATT was the best delineator of sea-life that I ever read. He was born and bred.

not that heaven on earth, of which she was the sole guardian angel have lasted!"

The old man paused, tears rolled down his withered cheeks, though age had come upon him, though like a lightning-shivering tree he was blasted and alone in his desolation, there was still *life* in his heart. He could *remember*!

Boldart offered him more wine. This he refused, and in a few moments resumed his story.

Another year passed on and happiness still shone like the pleasant spring sun-light upon our flowery path. About this time I first met James Whitelead. He was a young man who had just entered upon the practice of law, but he was poor and friendless. He had no books, no influential friends to aid him when aid is most needed, in the first steps of a lawyer's career. I saw that he had talent, I thought him honest and honorable, and I became his friend. I loaned him money to buy him a library, he was an oft invited guest to my table, an ever welcome visitor to my family circle.—My business was such that I had often to employ legal advice. I always employed him, and never gave him the trouble of making out his bill—I fed him liberally and in advance, for I knew that he needed money. I had funds to spare, I got him to loan them out on mortgages, and trusted to him to invest securely.

Two years more passed, and he, from a poor young obscure lawyer, had risen to a respectable position at the bar. He was well-dressed, had as fine a library as any attorney in the city, was looked upon with interest by the leading jurists of the day, had been complimented by Story for his knowledge and sagacity in threading the labyrinthine mazes of the law. As my friend and protégé, I looked upon him with pride. I saw him daily—not a day passed when he was disengaged that he did not visit my house.

He seemed like a brother toward Annie, —he seemed as fond of our child as we were ourselves.

And time rolled on for another year. An-

nie was soon again to be a mother. With increased care I watched over her, and it seemed as if I loved her more, but to love her *more than before was impossible*. My love then was *worship*!

The next angel came into the world. It was a girl, and oh how happy we were that it was so, for we had prayed for a sister for our beautiful boy. And Whitelead seemed to share in our joy. Our first born was delighted with his little doll of a sister. It seemed as if heaven had marked us out as special objects for its choicest blessings.—Prosperous in business, and happy at home, I would not have changed positions with an Emperor—no, not to have been Emperor of a world.

As our last child grew along, its beauty seemed even to exceed that of our boy.—How we watched each bud of beauty as it opened and blossomed into life.

Time rolled on, my business did not seem so prosperous; several vexatious law-suits occurred, and in some of these, even in spite of the talent of my bosom friend, Whitelead, I was the loser.

But for these I cared but little—I was wealthy and able to retire from business at any hour.

But a new trouble now came upon me. I fancied that my wife grew colder in her love, that her caresses were less ardent, her expression less fond, when she welcomed me home as I came from my business. It might have been mere fancy, yet it wore upon me and I became restless and unhappy. My children, though still dearer to me than life, were not so often caressed—I did what I *never* before had done, resorted to wine to raise the unnatural depression of spirits. I did not indulge, it is true, to excess, but I drank.

Noticing from my manner the alteration, Whitelead, whose visits to my house were daily, with an apparent anxiety which seemed based on profound friendship, enquired what was the matter. I candidly told him and he laughed at what he called my folly, said that my fears were groundless, that she

loved me devotedly. I tried to think so, but each day I could see a change.

Oh little did I think that then, each day a plausible villain, one to whom Iago was as a saint in comparison, was through hints and insinuations undermining me in her affection. Affecting to excuse, aggravating the errors which he had caused, pitying her and pretending to feel as a brother.

She was changed. At last I *knew* it. The iron entered my soul. Like an iceberg, it rested on my heart, the heart which she had so blessed. I drank more, became really intemperate, for in wine alone could I drown my wretchedness. And then her coldness increased—our home once a paradise to me was such no longer.

My *only* friend seemed to be Whitelead. He passed half his time at our house. Though he would never drink wine there, when we were out he would drink and urge me too, and often with friendly care he would see me safely to my home, when I was not fit to take care of myself. Then, when hard words passed between me and my wife, he would come like an angel to pour oil on the troubled waters and to heal our differences.

And thus things went on, getting worse and worse. One night I came home, pretty well heated with wine, for I had dined with some friends or rather they had dined with me at a fashionable restaurant. I was therefore in tolerable good humor, and entered the house with the expectation of seeing my wife and children. But I looked for them in vain. I asked the servant where they were.

"Missus has been cryin' pretty nearly all day, Sir!" said the servant, "and about two hours ago when a carriage came she took the two children and went away in it. Before she went, she gave me this letter for you, Sir!"

Trembling in every limb I seized the letter and tore it open. My God! She had left me! I was sobered in an instant. Her letter was short, but oh how much terrible woe was there in it for me. She told me that she had borne with my neglect and bad habits, until she could bear them no more,

that her heart had lost its love for me and that she had been compelled to listen to one who loved her, pitied her, and who would not neglect her as I had done. She told me that it would be useless for me to seek her, ere I had read the note she would be safe from my pursuit. That she would take care of my children, better care than I could, for she loved them. Her letter was written cold and severely, but it had been blotted by her tears.

Oh then I felt how I *had loved her!* Her words of reproach pierced my heart like daggers, I even forgot that her first coldness had driven me to dissipation. I cursed the hour when I was born, I raved in utter madness. I sought for a weapon with which to take my hated life. I would have used it—but at that moment my dear friend Whitelead came in. I put the letter in his hands, sat down and wept, wept like a child! He read it and seemed utterly astounded. For a time he seemed speechless from surprise, and then he strove to comfort me. He pitied me, he reasoned with me, and at last calmed me somewhat. He proposed some wine; I drank, drank deeply, but liquor had no effect upon me then. My mental suffering was too powerful to yield to artificial stimulants, and though bottle after bottle was emptied, I did not become intoxicated. Oh little did I then dream that James Whitelead had caused all my misery, that then she was under the roof of a house owned by him, which he had bought with my money—that his lies had led her off, that he had plotted and succeeded in her ruin and my own. Yes, he was the tempter, the betrayer, the robber. Worse than *Julius* who betrayed Christ with a kiss; worse than Arnold who for gold would have sold his country; worse than the devil incarnate, who bade Eve eat of the forbidden fruit and thereby brought sin and death into the world; he was the fiend, the monster who had done this! But then I knew it not. Aided by him, who seemed doubly officious now, I sought for her everywhere—I neglected my business—hired agents and spies to watch for her, offered rewards, but

I could get no tidings of her or my children.

After this, I madly entered into speculations and all kinds of dissipation. Of course I lost, and soon my business affairs were in a bad state. I had creditors, for I had endorsed for several friends who were introduced to me by Whitelead, but in consequence of failures in realising profits from speculations the responsibility of their unpaid notes fell on me.

To save what I had and to keep them from at once ruining me, I gave all I had, my mortgages and all my estate up to James Whitelead, giving him as he advised me, an acknowledgement of previous indebtedness to make it secure, of course it was only done in trust and as soon as I had passed through the legal course of bankruptcy, was to be returned.

At a meeting of my creditors, soon after, angry words ensued between one of them and me. He called me a liar, cheat and swindler. I retaliated, he struck me, and in the heat of anger returned his blow with a penknife which I had taken from my pocket but a moment before. It was not done, God knows, with malice or forethought. I struck him when I was blinded by anger, but the blow was fatal. The blade entered his abdomen, and though he lingered in agony for more than a week he, **DIED!**

I was seized and borne to prison. I sent for Whitelead to bail me out, but they would not take bail. I told him to defend me, and to employ the best counsel in the city to aid him, not to share my money. He promised to do this. For seven long dreary weeks I lay in prison. But twice in all this time did he come to see me. When I asked him why he neglected me, he pleaded business, and said he was preparing to use every exertion to save me in my coming trial. He felt sure that he could avert a severer penalty than an imprisonment, and said he then could buy a pardon for me, or hire political influence enough to get me one. I believed him still, for I knew not what he was!

The day of trial came—I was taken into court a mark for the blinded and gase of hun-

dreds of heartless men who wanted to see the criminal. There like a beast, caged or chained, I had to sit. The witnesses against me, my indignant creditors were there—I knew they would say all they dared to say on oath to convict me. I had no witness on my side. But my lawyers, my *dear friend* Whitelead, and his associates, where were they? *Not there!*

The Clerk called up the case, the Judge asked who was my counsel.

I named him.

"Why is he absent?"

I could not give the reason. At this moment, a diminutive creature who though on the list of lawyers was never recognised by them, entered the court in breathless haste, and said that he had been deputed by Mr. Whitelead who had been suddenly taken very ill, to attend to the case. A sneer passed over the face of every lawyer present—a look of surprise marked the countenance of the Judge. They knew that *he* was not fit to defend even a petty larceny case, in fact better fitted by practice and education to act as the criminal in such case, and wondered why he should be selected by a lawyer of Whitelead's knowledge, in a case so important. The fellow's name was Naughton.

I at once protested against his acting as counsel, and asked the court to defer my trial until Mr. Whitelead could be present. The court would not do this, but said other eminent counsel were present and disengaged, and if I stated that I was unable to employ counsel he would assign one that would do me justice. I dared not say before those creditors that I was able to employ such talents, for but a few weeks before I had sworn that I was bankrupt, and I had to ask the court to assign me counsel. The Judge did, and called upon one of the smartest members of the New York Bar, who readily consented to undertake the task, although he asked the court for time to prepare for the case, and endeavored to get the trial laid over at least until he could consult Whitelead.

To this the court would not assent, re-

marking that as the case was apparently a very aggravated one, that I had had time to prepare for trial and that it must go on.

The witnesses were examined—of course their evidence was against me. My counsel could not by the strictest cross-examination elicit anything which could tend to my favor. His only ground of defence was that there was no malice that the deed was done in a moment of anger caused by unjust and exciting epithets and by a blow, that the knife was not drawn for the purpose. Ably and eloquently did he contend for me. But his efforts were used in vain. The prosecuting attorney did not say much to the jury, it was unnecessary. The evidence was before them. They never left the box when the case was given to them by the court, they were not two minutes in deciding and their verdict was "guilty." The Judge did not remand me to await my sentence. He at once sentenced me to ten years hard labor in the States' Prison at Sing Sing.

When I heard that terrible sentence, my wrung heart failed me and I wept bitterly. Had the sentence been *death*, I could have borne it better.

I was removed from the courtroom, manacled, to be conveyed to the gloomy walls of the prison. I sent word to Whitelead and sent for money, but received no reply. I was taken to the prison and then commenced the *living death*, the *hell* of a Convict's life. Illy fed, worked almost to death, kicked and cuffed by brutal keepers, I often wished for death to release me from my torments.

Time passed on, no word from Whitelead, no sign of a pardon. I got the prison chaplain, my only friend then, a good, kind man he was, to write to him for me, but no answer came.

At last ten years rolled by, and grey-haired with premature age, worn down by labor and care, I was discharged from prison without a penny in my pocket.—Working my passage on a sloop, I reached New York. On my getting there I enquired for James Whitelead. Everybody knew him, he was rich, the *good, rich* Mr. White-

lead! I found his house easily, it was a palace up town in the most aristocratic portion of the town.

I rung the bell, a liveried Irish servant came to the door. I asked him if Mr. Whitelead was at home.

"Not for the likes o' ye!" the wretch replied. "The masther don't want no beggars hangin' around his door!"

"I'm no beggar!" I cried, tell your master, James Whitelead, I want to see him."

"Be off—to the devil wid ye!" replied the fellow pushing the door in my face.

But I was determined not to be put off in that way. I opened it—the menial struck me. I was weak, but anger gave me strength and I dashed him against the wall and he fell senseless to the floor. A door opened I could see a gay party of gentlemen and ladies seated at a festive board. But I did not look at them, for he who opened the door and cried in a rough voice—"what means this noise"—was *him* whom I sought!

"James Whitelead, do you not know me?" I said.

Altered as I was he *did* know me. For an instant he turned pale, then stepping forward and shutting the door so that his guests could not hear him, in a hoarse whisper, he said:

"Yes, *convict* I know you, leave my house!"

"Your house. Where is my money?" I cried. "Give me back my own, else will I crush you to the earth as I did yonder menial who called me beggar!"

"Leave this house or I will call the police and send you to prison!"

"Do it if you dare," I replied—"so that I can have the pleasure of exposing you to the world in a Police Court!"

"Who would believe you!" he said with a cold sneer. "What can you say to harm a man of my wealth and *respectability*, you a poor beggarly discharged *convict*!"

"Do, James Whitelead I could tell them that you are a thief, have robbed me!"

"You had better add to that, it wouldn't sound strong enough. Tell them that I seduced your pretty wife, that I kept her as

my mistress till I got tired of her and then sent her out to starve or do worse. Tell them *that*; it will be as true as the rest of your story but still they won't believe you and you'll be sent to the Asylum as a mad-man, or to the Island as a vagrant!"

My God, what thoughts flashed over me. I remembered how *brotherly* he had been to her, and like lightning disclosing a dark and horrid gulf, filled with writhering serpents, to midnight traveller, his whole devilish plot flashed upon me. I would have crushed him on the spot, but I wished to learn more. Mastering the passion which like a volcano's hidden fire was raging in my breast, I asked him *where* my wife and children were.

"If you are alive, when they die, I will tell you!" he said sneering again.

I could stand no more, I had no weapon and would have slain him on the spot, I sprang toward him, but ere I could trottle him, he had drawn a pistol from his bosom. But ere he could fire, I was grasped from behind by the Irish servant who had recovered and who tripping me up held me powerless upon the floor. The noise of the scuffle instantly brought all the inmates of the house to the scene, and I was knocked and kicked at most senseless. Policemen were sent for and upon his charge of entering his house with intent to rob it, and assaulting himself and servant, I was borne off to prison. All that I said about him was not listened to, he had said truly that a convict would not be believed when a rich and therefore *respectable* man made a charge against him.

Again I was imprisoned, and the moment

I was discharged from that, again was arrested and always at his instigation. I am now old and worn-out, but if I can be revenged on him I will die happy. Last night from a paper picked up on your deck I learned all of his wickedness—I learned what he had made of my son—read the paper—it is here—read it then give him to my vengeance. Let me torture him to death, let me kill him slowly and then if my presence is troublesome to you I will then cast myself into the sea and close my career without a sigh. Revenge is all that I have *lived* for, let me have that and I am willing to die!"

The old man took the roll of paper from his bosom and handed it to Boldart. Ere the latter opened it, he asked:

"What is your name old man?—your history strangely interests me?"

"Braham Quimby!"

"*Quimby!* my God it cannot be; you spoke of your boy, what was his name?"

"Albert was the name Annie chose for him!"

"My God, I must be that boy! Yes, you are my father. Whitelead reared me up, he told me I was an orphan, when I was but a child he sent me to sea and he, *he* has made me what I am!"

"My boy, my lost Albert? Oh, can it be—yes, you have his features, Albert it must be you! Read that paper, it reveals more yet—your sister yet lives, I am sure!"

"*I know* she does, and I will find out where, soon; and when I do, she too shall know that she has a father and a brother still living!" Thus we have seen two of "THE RELATIVES" united.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was near sunset. Mary Whitelead was sitting in her state-room, and seemed pale, anxious and nervous.

"If the boy fails—if she does not take it—I cannot triumph over him!" she murmured.

A moment or two later the boy Gerouimo came in. He too was pale, his hand trembled, but he raised in it a small glass phial, and it was empty.

"You have done it *boy*, you have done it?" she asked eagerly,

"Yes lady, she asked me for water, I poured the poison in it, she seemed thirsty, drank all of the water!"

"Bless you my little darling—all now is safe, she will not rob your mother of his love, and I shall triumph! Come, kiss me."

The boy did so, but he shuddered. Much as he had seen of strife and crime he wondered that a woman so beautiful could glory in a murder. He had acted under her advice and had administered the portion to Ada, but his motive was so different from hers. He *loved* his mother, he wished Ada to be out of her way. She cruelly contrived the heartless murder of the innocent, helpless girl to spite him, knowing how crushingly the blow would come upon his heart. With a fiendishness like that which made Catharine de Medicis notorious, she gloried in her crime.

The boy left her, but she retained the empty phial. It was a little rose-colored one, and had a label on it marked in some tongue unknown to her.

An half hour later and Albert Quimby entered the room. He was calm, but his pale face, and closed lips, and cold demeanor, told her that he had not come to trifle.

"Well lady, I have come to know your decision. Will you now tell me where my sister is?"

"Yes sir, when I get ready!"

"Are you not ready now?"

"Not quite!"

"Then I will try and assist in hurrying you. Walk out in the cabin with me, if you please!"

"With pleasure sir, this apartment is rather confining for one so fond of freedom as I am!"

"Lady, your sarcasm is lost on me. I have determined to wring your secret from you, and if kindness will not do it, torture shall!"

"Sir, you are *very* polite and obliging! I will follow you?"

When they went out into the larger cabin, Mary Whitelead saw a sight which for a moment unnerved her. Her father, bound hand and foot, was seated in a chair, trembling all over as he gazed upon the old man, who with folded arms and a look of relentless hate stood before him, muttering low and bitter curses and threats in his ear.

Near by him stood a tall, repulsive looking negro who held a scourge (better known as the cat-of-nine-tails) in his hand. Several men, all looking heartless and ferocious, armed with other implements of torture stood around. The boy Gerouimo, pale as a corpse, not understanding the meaning of all this preparation, stood quivering with terror in the group.

"Now, Mary Whitelead, I ask you again to tell me where my sister is?" said Albert.

"What are you going to do with my

father? Why sits he there bound like a slave?"

"To have the pleasure of seeing you scourged till the blood runs from your neck down to your heels, if you refuse to tell me what I ask. You need not expect mercy, nor may he. There stands *my* gray-haired father whom *your* father ruined—who, from your father's efforts has had to spend half of his life in prison. Your father murdered my mother, cruelly murdered her, seduced her from a good husband, and then let her starve and die neglected. He reared me up to be a smuggler and pirate, made me an outlaw and an outcast, that I might serve him and gain wealth for him. His fate will soon be sealed—his doom is at hand. But if you will tell me where she is, how I may find her, I'll land you safely where you can reach New York in a few hours, and where you can enjoy the wealth which his death will leave you heir too!"

"And would you scourge a woman, brave Captain?"

"Yes, murder her by inches, if she would not reveal the place where I can find my sister! Refuse and I will bid that negro to tear your dress from your shoulders—bind you as your father is bound and commence. I warn you again that I am not to be trifled with!"

The haughty woman glanced at the negro and those terrible men who seemed but *too* ready to obey their master's orders, but her look of confidence remained, she did not exhibit fear. With a cold, sarcastic smile, she said:

"Your sister, sir, is in Heaven, or at least her spirit is. Do you see *this*?"

She held up the empty phial and continued:

"I slew her! I gave her the drug, and now thief, libertine, go and look at the corpse of your sister Ada, in the state-room where you placed her, when to satisfy your lust you abducted her from the home which a good woman who found her in the street deserted when a child, had given her. I know her history, yours too, know all. *Note* where is your *triumph*?"

"Ada, my sister, *dead*—dead on board of this vessel!" cried Albert, springing towards the state-room door. It was locked on the inside, but he burst it open. There she lay, *so* fair, *so* beautiful!

The old man too, rushed in—"it is—it must be *my* daughter; the fiend spoke truly, she is dead!"

"No, father, see, she breathes—she yet lives. Let me bear her out!"

"Ha—ha! Does she not make a *pretty* corpse?" cried the woman-fiend, holding up the phial in her hand.

The Captain snatched it from her grasp, then his look of wretchedness vanished as he read the label on it.

"She-devil that you are, you have *not* triumphed!" he shouted. "She lives, that phial did not contain poison, it is only a sleeping potion—she is safe!"

"Then this, *this* shall do the deed!" cried the woman, springing toward the sleeping girl with the bound of a tigress, and drawing the dagger which she had concealed in her bosom. One moment's delay and the keen weapon would have been sheathed in that pure breast, but with a bound like that of a lion that turns upon its hunter, Albert threw himself between her and her intended victim, and struck the arm which held the dagger helpless by her side.

"You have foiled me now, but I will triumph yet, without in your *manhood* you choose to take my life from me!" she muttered, as she fairly gnashed her teeth in her rage.

"Seize and bind her!"—cried Albert.

It was done, and she was placed on a seat near her father. He seemed stupefied with terror.

Albert and his father now endeavored to awake Ada from her unnatural sleep. They bore her to her state room for scenes were about to be enacted which they did not wish her to witness.

Now for the first time in many years, years which had been mantled in woe, the

THREE RELATIVES

spoken of in the first chapter, were alone together.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was an half hour later. The sun had vanished behind the uprising walls of night, but the pale moon looked down from a clear and cloudless sky, silver-plating the waves through which the "Cruiser" clove her trackless way.

And in the forward cabin of the vessel a *trial* was about to commence. Thither had Whitelead and his daughter been borne, still bound as when we last saw them. The same grim attendants were there. But the scourge of the negro had been laid aside and he held on his arm a coil of long, stout rope, in one end of which a noose was made.

Paler than before, if possible, Whitelead sat stupid in his fear, for he who had *lived* so wickedly could not *die* fearlessly, and he knew that death awaited him!

Sternness imprinted on their countenances the father and son sat before him, regarding him in silence. At last that silence was broken by the son.

"James Whitelead," he said, "you sit before your judges, those whom you have cruelly wronged, before a son whom you have made motherless, before those whom you have robbed and ruined. We have full proof of your villainy, what have you to say in your defence?"

"Nothing—nothing, but spare my life!" moaned the man. "I am too bad to die, do not murder me here on the wild sea, take all my wealth but set me and my child on shore once more!"

"Wretch, what mercy had you for my mother? Look back over your past life. Think how like a demon you invaded the home of my father, how by base treachery

and ingratitude you deceived and ruined him and my poor mother, think of the years this grey-haired old man has passed in a prison amongst thieves and felons and blush when you dare to ask for life! I have given your life to my father, to the spirit of my murdered mother! There is no mercy for you! Father pronounce his doom!"

"*Death!*" said the old man, sternly, solemnly.

"Mercy!" moaned the wretch.

"Aye, the mercy you gave to my poor mother. If you dare to pray, pray now to the God before whom you will appear in half an hour. Your moments are numbered.

"Oh Braham Quimby, mercy—mercy! Return, take all my wealth, but give me life—I am not fit to die!"

"Father, you are a *coward*! Why stoop to ask life from pirates and murderers!" cried Mary Whitelead, her proud lip curling in scorn and her eyes flashing defiance. "I am but a *woman* and I fear them not, be a man and hate, defy them as I do. Tell them to kill me first and I'll show you *how* to die!"

Whitelead did not heed her words or even look at her. Selfish always, he only thought of himself then, and father as he was would have sooner sold her life than lost his own. He looked at the father and son—looked for one gleam of mercy, one ray of hope in their countenances, but looked in vain. He knew then that he must die and he wept and howled in his hopeless agony, as devils howl when chained in hell eternal.

He did not pray, he knew not how. While revelling in wealth and powerful to

commit crimes which a thousand prayers could never render less enormous, he had scarcely believed in a God, had mocked at religion as he had defied law. But now when he saw the gaunt form of the hungry King of Terrors before him, when the icy hand of Death was reaching out its freezing fingers to clutch him in its iron grasp, he felt that there was a God; that there was a hell, that from the "Great I AM," he could not expect mercy, that hell was yawning to receive him.

At a sign from Albert, the huge negro, who held the rope in his hand, cast the noose around old Whitehead's neck.

"Cut loose the rope which binds his feet; he must go on deck now!" said the commander.

They did so, but the horrified wretch was unable to walk.

"Carry him up! And carry up his daughter too, she knows his crime and must witness his punishment!"

"Why not let me *share* it, noble and brave pirate, it is as manly to murder a woman as it is to slay a poor old man!"

"Woman, beware, your time will come! Had you murdered my sister, you too should now suffer with him. But you shall live long enough to see her happy, and that will be your worst punishment!"

"Happy! Yes, as happy as you *meant* to make her when you abducted her before you knew who she was. I'll either see her the woman of some of your murderous crew, or perhaps of yourself!"

"Woman—but no; I'll not bandy words with a timid hag like you! Men, bear them on deck, we have judged the criminal now we will punish him."

THE EXECUTION.

The party stood forward upon the vessel's deck. The crew were all there, and as Rudolph had told them the crime of Whitehead, they looked with stern satisfaction upon, and aided in the preparation of his punishment. The end of the rope which was fastened around his neck was run through a

hole on the foreyard-arm, its end passed down and manned by a large portion of the crew, who stood ready to run him up. Two heavy chain shot were fastened to his feet to sink his body beneath the water, after the rope had been cut.

All was now ready. The old villain saw that but a moment intervened between him and death, he tried once more to plead for mercy. It was useless.

"Oh Mary, kneel to him and beg him to spare me only for another day!"

"Never, father, not to save ten thousand lives would I crave a favor from him. You are a coward!"

Albert raised his hand as a signal, a half-choked shriek and a convulsive gasp as he felt the rope tighten, burst from Whitehead's lips, and then in an instant his body was swaying in the air. His convulsions were horrible—he was dying by strangulation. Wary Whitehead looked for a moment on his writhing limbs, on his distorted features, his tongue protruding from his mouth, his eyes seeming about to burst from their sockets, she could bear no more, the devil in her nature yielded, she shrieked and fell senseless to the deck. Albert had her borne below.

At the same time the convulsions of her father ceased—he was dead! He had paid the fearful penalty of crime by a terrible death. At another signal from Albert, the rope was cut, and with a sullen plunge the body sunk beneath the rolling sea, never again to rise until the archangels trump shall call the dead up from their graves on sea and land.

During all this scene the father had sternly stood and silently watched the scene. He had not shuddered at the terrible sight which the dying man presented, nor had he heeded his piteous pleadings for life.

But when he heard the plunge of the body as it entered the yawning gulf—when he could see his foe no more, he turned away and wept. What brought tears to his eyes? It was not for the death of the wronger he wept. No, but it was because he remembered the *wronged*. He thought of her

whose corse lay in a pauper's grave—of | who he had blessed in the very fullness of
her who once had been all in all to him, | joy.

CHAPTER XXX.

AFTER the execution was over, Albert descended to the cabin accompanied by his father. There they met Ada, who now that she knew this relationship trembled no more, but with tearful eyes listened to her father's story.

Oh how different now was the love which lighted his eyes as he gazed upon the beautiful form of his beloved sister, from the passions which had formerly raged in his breast. She who had so lately feared him, did not, could so suddenly love him, but all fear was banished from her heart. She even listened with interest to his description of the Island home, toward which they were speeding so rapidly, and longed to tread upon its flowery carpet. After a short time had passed thus pleasantly, Albert bethought him of the attempt made to poison Ada, by Mary Whitehead, and for the first time the thought came into his head how she could have obtained access to the drugs in his casket. He knew that there must have been some traitor in the matter, for how else could she have learned that he had a casket of drugs there and obtained the one which fortunately she had mistaken for poison. She had been confined to her room—no one but himself and Geronimo had had access to her.

"Ada," he asked, "of what have you partaken since you were on board?"

"Only of water, brother!" she replied.

"And my page brought you that?"

"Yes, brother!"

"Ah, then it was he—and I have ever found him trusty too! Strange for one so young too! I must see to this."

He rung a small silver bell that lay upon

a table near him and the boy appeared to answer the summons. His face was pale, his eyes were red—he had been weeping.

"Geronimo!" said his master sternly, "it was you who conveyed the drug intended to poison my sister!"

"Yes, my master, but I did not know she was your sister, I only knew that you loved her, and knew that if my mother lost your love she would die. The woman urged me to it!"

"What should be your punishment, Geronimo?"

"Death, my master—I expect it, but do not tell my mother *you* had it done—I am all that she has to love but you, my master!"

Oh surely you will not put him to death, my brother, he so young and beautiful. I forgive him, would have forgiven him with my dying breath. Remember we once had a mother to love!" pleaded Ada.

"I shall not harm him, Ada, but Geronimo, never again betray the trust I repose in you! And beware of that wicked woman, hold no further conversation with her. Black Anselmo shall act as her servant, he is as faithful as he is hideous!"

The boy knelt and kissed the hand of the fair girl who forgetful of his intended wrong plead so earnestly for his life. And she wiped the burning tears from his eyes as kindly as his mother would have done. How like an angel she seemed.

"Ada, I have now another pleasure in store for you!" said Albert. "I have an old acquaintance to introduce to you!"

"An acquaintance, my brother!"

"Yes one who thinks all the world of

you, who has rendered you good service, too!"

"Brother, you speak in riddles!"

"Then I will soon unravel the riddle. Geronimo, go and tell Rudolph to assist the wounded stranger into the cabin, this will be his home hereafter—have a state-room prepared for him!"

In a few moments, leaning heavily on the arm of Rudolph, the steam-boat mate entered the cabin.

"You are welcome here Mr. Isherwood. I need scarcely introduce you to my sister Ada, you have seen her before!" said Albert.

The mate looked confounded. His face which was as pale as snow, when he entered flushed up red as carnation.

"*Your Sister, sir?*" he stammered.

"Yes, *my sister*, and there is our father. Sit down, you are weak, bring some wine here. Geronimo. Sit down by her side and she will tell you all. I must go on deck. How does the weather look, Rudolph?"

"There's a storm blowing sir, from appearance!"

"Ah then I must go up and take a glance. Our bonnie craft bears a precious cargo now—bears what is more precious to me than all the gems and gold the sea has ever swallowed!"

Albert and his lieutenant went on deck and blushing even more than she who had recognised her brave defender, Isherwood seated himself by Ada's side. And as theirs might be loving words, we'll not listen to them, but go on deck and listen to the shrill music of the storm.

"Music of the storm? Is there music in the storm?" the timid reader asks.

Aye, to a bold, free heart, music far more sweet than the low-toned breathing of love-laden lips! Our lofty spars bending to the gale, each rope a harp-string, the solemn dash of the mighty waves clashing like cymbals all around. The wild shriek of the glad sea-bird, the cannonry of heaven opening from the clouds—all, all is music to a brave mariner's soul.

Often when tired of the monotony of the cold

dull shore, clogged with the heartless sounds and soulless sights I see, I long like a motherless babe to seek my old resting place upon the breast of the world of waters. When death comes, bury me there, where the earth-worm may not creep, let mermaids twine coral in my hair and lay me in shelly caves to sleep.

When Alfred and Rudolph returned on deck they found indeed that a storm was brewing. The clear, cold sky, so clear now that it seemed almost day-dawn on the sea, the gradual rising of the wind which in fitful gusts began to show its temper, like a spoiled baby getting too big for its long clothes. Though the gale was still fair and enabled them to keep their course, yet as they were in the gulf stream, it blowing against the current rolled up a tremendous sea into which the schooner pitched and tumbled as if she was drunk, threatening to toss the very spars out of her.

Albert therefore found it necessary to take in and shorten sail and to house her lighter upper spars, royal and topgallant masts. This his experienced crew did with cheerful alacrity and when the watch below (one half of the crew) turned into their hammocks for the night, they felt as secure and safe as if they were resting in a monarch's palace on the shore. In fact some of the old salts like my ancient ancestor Tommy Bantline, did I could ever rejoice at the fact that they weren't on shore where houses sometimes blow down, where babies fall out of two-story windows and break people's necks as they pass underneath. Oh it is a happy place, would I were there now."

The night passed on and the gale increased.

Albert remained on deck, for a Nor'west gale in the Gulf is by no means as pleasant as a splay breeze in the southern seas, or as safe as a gale where the trade-wind blows long and steady. As morning came on, and the hour for dawn approached the wind began to die away. To a landsman this would have seemed a good omen, but a heavy bank of clouds rising darkly in the South East, rising slow like the ebony

form of night lifting its gloomy brow up over the grave of day, told the experienced mariners what they might expect.

At last, the wind ceased to break. It was a dead calm. Lazily the sails flapped against the masts, like the wings of a great bird which cannot rise from the earth or sea. The schooner plunged and rolled upon the great dark waves, now high upon their crests, then buried in their shadowy gulfs. Albert was busy in loosing spars and trimming the vessel for a more terrible contest with the king of storms than yet she had seen on that eventful voyage. The crew urged on by their knowledge of the danger, as well as by the orders of their officers, soon had her stripped for fight."

Then, anxiously, but calmly they awaited the coming of the tempest.

Albert descended for a few moments into the cabin to warn and cheer his father and sister, and to prepare them unmoved to meet the coming danger. He found Isherwood and Aia cheerfully conversing, and smiling at his observation.

"I'm not so hard a villain, after all, am I?" said he to Isherwood.

"Not beyond repentance, especially when you have such an angel as this to pray for you!" said the mate casting a look of inexpressible tenderness, as Willis would say.

"Well, you *are* getting along well. Do not think I am angry, I remove my restriction, you need not forget her now. You remembered her in the hour of her worst peril, you need not forget her when she is safe and happiness is about to beam upon her path!"

Albert now visited the room where Mary Whitehead was confined wishing to see how she endured her trials. He found her once more calm, but pale and corpse-like in her very calmness. He spoke to her, spoke kindly, for bad as she was he could not help pitying her. But she made no reply. Her long dark eye-lashes drooping down upon her cheek, concealed the glances of her eyes—her lips, once so rosy, were pale—her small white hands were clasped together. Had it not been for the heaving of her

bosom, he would have thought her dead.

Again he spoke to her. She answered not with her lips, but she raised her dark blue eye to his. There was no tear drop in them, nor did they flash with the light of anger. So dark and mournful, so expressive, so subdued, that even *he*, forgetful of what she was and what she had done, *pitied* her!

Again he spoke and his words were kind. She answered—

"Have you come to lead me to execution, Albert?" she said in tones as low, sad and thrilling as the moan of the dove which has lost its mate.

He *felt* her looks and tone.

"No lady I will not harm you!"

"Why then am I bound like one ready to be led to slaughter?"

"Lady, you shall be unbound—it was done because you offered violence to my sister and would have slain her."

"Albert, I care not for the bonds, I do not ask for life, it is worthless to me now—I am willing to follow my father to a watery grave. Forgive me that I tried to wrong your sister, it was hate caused by your slighting the love of one who would have died for you. Forgive me, all that I ask now is death, death at *your* hands for with my dying lips I'll bless you. Oh you knew not how I *could* love, when you spurned me from you—I would have been your slave, a very menial at your feet, lived upon your smiles, and perished beneath your frowns. Forgive me—only give me death now, I would die quickly, not linger with a broken heart!"

"Lady do not speak of death. I am not so cruel as you think I am. All that I have done stern justice and necessity bade me do? I would not, will not harm you—but a storm is rising, I must go to my post of duty. You shall be unbound and refreshments furnished you, (but until I am assured you do not intend hostility to my sister, I must keep a sentinel at your door. Farewell for the present, as soon as the storm abates, I will see you again and do all that is in my power to make you comfortable until I can set you free!"

She did not reply, but as he went out she cast upon him another sad and tender glance which seemed to look into his very soul.

But the moment he left the room and closed the door, her looks changed quick as the flash of anger from a sleeping tiger when aroused.

"I'll have him yet in my toils!" she muttered. He has a *heart* left within him yet

and I will make it bleed. Never, *never* will I forgive or forget him. No I can deceive, I can wear a mask as well as another! Oh how I long to wreak my vengeance on him and his. I have thus far been foiled, but I have *not* been conquered! If I live I will yet conquer *him* if woman's art can do it!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

When Albert again reached the deck, although the day had dawned it was darker than the night had been. A mass of clouds inky black had nearly mantled all the sky. And still, like silent mourners moving with muffled tread toward the grave, up, up they rose.

And then a moan—a long deep moan as if some monster was in pain, was heard, rolling over the deep.

The crew heard it and old men who'd been reared upon the deep shuddered and holding on by the rigging, looked to the Southeast toward which the vessel then headed, although she was drifting helplessly upon the waters.

Albert ordered every sail taken in, except the fore, storm-stay-sail with which he wished to wear ship at the first breath of the gale so as to get the craft before it.

Again that wild, deep, sweeping earthquake moan louder, nearer came. It was the voice of the Demon of the Storm warning its victims or knelling their doom.—Darker and darker grew the sky. Then, far off, like a great wall of fleecy snow a white range of lofty foam-waves came in sight. A moment more—they were close upon the vessel, then with a hissing roar as if they were ten thousand serpents riding on ten thousand hideous sea-monsters, on they came, fairly wrapping the vessel in their fold. She quivered from stem to stern, from topmast-head to keelson! Her lowermasts buckled like reeds in an autumn gale, she fairly lay buried beneath the weight of water and of wind!

Then as the wild howl of the gale came peething through her rigging, as the black

clouds like devils on the wing just let loose from hell flow fast and wild above her, she rose to the crest of a mountain wave. The staysail filled, her head veered, a moment more and she was broadside on to the rolling seas. A wave lofty as a mountain, looking like a snow-capped mountain rock hurled by a giant hand, struck her. She was deluged—both masts went by the board; more than half her crew were swept from the deck. It seemed as if all was lost. But her head was veering, Rudolph and Albert both were at the wheel, in an instant more she was before the gale.

And then at that dread moment, terrified not only at the turmoil of tempest and of wave, Ada and her father rushed on deck. It was a terrible place for them, one so old and feeble, the other so tender and so frail, but there they were, and both rushed to Albert for protection. Leaving the helm to Rudolph, he was about to try to lash them in some spot secure, so that they could not be washed overboard, when Mary, Whitelead rushed on deck, and with the sentinel, shouting that the vessel was sinking. Fisherwood too, so weak that he could scarcely stand came staggering up.

And, at that same dread moment, a dark mass was seen ahead rising and falling on the waves, a moment more and they could see she was a steamship disabled, for her machinery did not work. An American flag, Union down, was seen, a white barge at her foremast-head was lettered, *U. S. MAIL S. S., PRESIDENT.*

In vain Albert seizing the helm tried to avert a collision; down, down driven like an arrow from the gale the schooner bore upon.

the steamer. Shouts and cries were useless waves or struggling to clutch at broken there, the storm drowned all voices but its planks and spars.

own.

And reader you have learned the fate of the unheard of. If any of them survived crash, a yell of wild despair from either that terrible night, and were picked up and deck, and two sinking wrecks were on the saved, I'll try and find out and let you sea, a mass of dying human beings in the know.

THE END.