

**ФРЕДЕРИК
МАРРИЕТ**

SNARLEY YOW,
OR, THE DOG
FIEND

Фредерик Марриет
Snarleyyow, or, the Dog Fiend

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Snarleyyow, or, the Dog Fiend:

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Frederick Marryat

Snarleyyow, or, the Dog Fiend

Prefatory Note

The dog fiend, or Snarleyyow is the earliest of the three novels, *The Phantom Ship* and *The Privateersman* being the other two, in which Marryat made use of historical events and attempted to project his characters into the past. The research involved is not profound, but the machinations of Jacobite conspirators provide appropriate material for the construction of an adventure plot and for the exhibition of a singularly despicable villain. Mr Vanslyperken and his acquaintances, male and female, at home and abroad, are all—except perhaps his witch-like mother—thoroughly life-like and convincing: their conduct is sufficiently probable to retain the reader's attention for a rapid and exciting narrative.

The numerous escapes of the vile cur, after whom the novel is christened, and of his natural enemy Peter Smallbones are not all equally well contrived, and they become a little wearisome by repetition; but a general atmosphere of *diablerie* is very effectively produced by their means. Some such element of unreality is absolutely demanded to relieve the sordid and brutal details by which the main plot is worked out; and it

must be admitted that in certain passages—the death-struggle between Smallbones and the lieutenant's mother, the discovery of the woman's body, and the descriptions of kisses between Corporal Van Spitter and the Frau Vandersloosh—Marryat's habitual literalness becomes unpleasantly coarse. The offensive touches, however, are incidental, and the execution of the two villains, Vanslyperken and Snarleyyow, with its dash of genuine pathos, is dramatic and impressive:—"They were damnable in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided."

As usual the interest of the novel depends almost entirely upon men, but on the character of Mrs Corbett, *née* Nancy Dawson, Marryat has expended considerable care with satisfactory results. Barring the indecorous habit of regretting her past in public, which is not perhaps untrue to nature, she is made attractive by her wit and sincere repentance, without becoming unnaturally refined. The song in her honour referred to on p. 107 is not suitable for reproduction in this place. She was an historic character in the reign of William III., but must not be confounded with her more celebrated namesake (1730-1767) of Sadler's Wells, Covent Garden, and Drury Lane, who danced a horn-pipe in *The Beggar's Opera* to the air of "Nancy Dawson," which is mentioned in the epilogue of *She Stoops to Conquer*, and survives in our nurseries as "Here we go round the Mulberry Bush."

The greater part of *Snarleyyow* was first printed in *The Metropolitan Magazine*, 1836 and 1837; but on reaching Chapter xl., just as the novel had appeared in book form, the editor—

not then Marryat himself—told his readers that it was not his intention to give an extended review of this work, as they had already "ample means of forming their own opinion of its varied merits:"—"We shall therefore content ourselves with a few remarks, in announcing its publication and giving a brief outline of the termination of the story from our last number." At the close of the said extracts he writes:—

"And so ends Snarleyyow, with as much quaintness, spirit, and character as it commenced."

The book was evidently written in haste, and few of the minor characters retained one Christian name throughout its pages. It is here reprinted, with the corrections of such slips as those just mentioned, from the first edition in three volumes. Henry Colburn, 1837.

R.B.J.

Chapter I

Introduction of divers parties and a red-herring

It was in the month of January, 1699, that a one-masted vessel, with black sides, was running along the coast near Beachy Head, at the rate of about five miles per hour. The wind was from the northward and blew keenly, the vessel was under easy sail, and the water was smooth. It was now broad daylight, and the sun rose clear of clouds and vapour; but he threw out light without heat. The upper parts of the spars, the hammock rails, and the small iron guns which were mounted on the vessel's decks, were covered with a white frost. The man at the helm stood muffled up in a thick pea-jacket and mittens, which made his hands appear as large as his feet. His nose was a pug of an intense bluish red, one tint arising from the present cold, and the other from the preventive checks which he had been so long accustomed to take to drive out such an unpleasant intruder. His grizzled hair waved its locks gently to the wind, and his face was distorted with an immoderate quid of tobacco which protruded his right cheek. This personage was second officer and steersman on board of the vessel, and his name was Obadiah Coble. He had been baptised Obadiah about sixty years before; that is to say if he had been baptised at all. He stood so motionless at the helm, that you might

have imagined him to have been frozen there as he stood, were it not that his eyes occasionally wandered from the compass on the binnacle to the bows of the vessel, and that the breath from his mouth, when it was thrown out into the clear frosty air, formed a smoke like to that from the spout of a half-boiling tea-kettle.

The crew belonging to the cutter, for she was a vessel in the service of his Majesty, King William the Third, at this time employed in protecting his Majesty's revenue against the importation of alamoses and lustrings, were all down below at their breakfasts, with the exception of the steersman and lieutenant-commandant, who now walked the quarter-deck, if so small an extent of plank could be dignified with such a name. He was a Mr Cornelius Vanslyperken, a tall, meagre-looking personage, with very narrow shoulders and very small head. Perfectly straight up and down, protruding in no part, he reminded you of some tall parish pump, with a great knob at its top. His face was gaunt, cheeks hollow, nose and chin showing an affection for each other, and evidently lamenting the gulf between them which prevented their meeting. Both appeared to have fretted themselves to the utmost degree of tenuity from disappointment in love: as for the nose, it had a pearly round tear hanging at its tip, as if it wept. The dress of Mr Vanslyperken was hidden in a great coat, which was very long, and buttoned straight down. This great coat had two pockets on each side, into which its owner's hands were deeply inserted, and so close did his arms lie to his sides, that they appeared nothing more than as

would battens nailed to a topsail yard. The only deviation from the perpendicular was from the insertion of a speaking-trumpet under his left arm, at right angles with his body. It had evidently seen much service, was battered, and the clack Japan worn off in most parts of it. As we said before, Mr Vanslyperken walked his quarter-deck. He was in a brown study, yet looked blue. Six strides brought him to the taffrail of the vessel, six more to the bows, such was the length of his tether—and he turned, and turned again.

But there was another personage on the deck, a personage of no small importance, as he was all in all to Mr Vanslyperken, and Mr Vanslyperken was all in all to him; moreover, we may say, that he is the hero of the TAIL. This was one of the ugliest and most ill-conditioned curs which had ever been produced:—ugly in colour; for he was of a dirty yellow, like the paint served out to decorate our men-of-war by his Majesty's dock-yards:—ugly in face; for he had one wall-eye, and was so far under-jawed as to prove that a bull-dog had had something to do with his creation:—ugly in shape; for although larger than a pointer, and strongly built, he was coarse and shambling in his make, with his forelegs bowed out. His ears and tail had never been docked, which was a pity, as the more you curtailed his proportions, the better looking the cur would have been. But his ears, although not cut, were torn to ribbons by the various encounters with dogs on shore, arising from the acidity of his temper. His tail had lost its hair from an inveterate mange, and reminded you of the same appendage to a

rat. Many parts of his body were bared from the same disease. He carried his head and tail low, and had a villanous sour look. To the eye of a casual observer, there was not one redeeming quality that would warrant his keep; to those who knew him well, there were a thousand reasons why he should be hanged. He followed his master with the greatest precision and exactitude, walking aft as he walked aft, and walking forward with the same regular motion, turning when his master turned, and moreover, turning in the same direction; and, like his master, he appeared to be not a little nipped with the cold, and, as well as he, in a state of profound meditation. The name of this uncouth animal was very appropriate to his appearance, and to his temper. It was Snarleyyow.

At last, Mr Vanslyperken gave vent to his pent-up feelings. "I can't, I won't stand this any longer," muttered the lieutenant, as he took his six strides forward. At this first sound of his master's voice the dog pricked up the remnants of his ears, and they both turned aft. "She has been now fooling me for six years;" and as he concluded this sentence, Mr Vanslyperken and Snarleyyow had reached the taffrail, and the dog raised his tail to the half cock.

They turned, and Mr Vanslyperken paused a moment or two, and compressed his thin lips—the dog did the same. "I will have an answer, by all that's blue!" was the ejaculation of the next six strides. The lieutenant stopped again, and the dog looked up in his master's face; but it appeared as if the current of his master's thoughts was changed, for the current of keen air reminded Mr

Vanslyperken that he had not yet had his breakfast.

The lieutenant leant over the hatchway, took his battered speaking-trumpet from under his arm, and putting it to his mouth, the deck reverberated with, "Pass the word for Smallbones forward." The dog put himself in a baying attitude, with his forefeet on the coamings of the hatchway, and enforced his master's orders with a deep-toned and measured bow, wow, wow.

Smallbones soon made his appearance, rising from the hatchway like a ghost; a thin, shambling personage, apparently about twenty years old—a pale, cadaverous face, high cheek-bones, goggle eyes, with lank hair very thinly sown upon a head, which, like bad soil, would return but a scanty harvest. He looked like Famine's eldest son just arriving to years of discretion. His long lanky legs were pulled so far through his trousers, that his bare feet, and half way up to his knees, were exposed to the chilling blast. The sleeves of his jacket were so short, that four inches of bone above his wrist were bared to view—hat he had none—his ears were very large, and the rims of them red with cold, and his neck was so immeasurably long and thin, that his head appeared to topple for want of support. When he had come on deck, he stood with one hand raised to his forehead, touching his hair instead of his hat, and the other occupied with a half-roasted red-herring. "Yes, sir," said Smallbones, standing before his master.

"Be quick!"—commenced the lieutenant; but here his attention

was directed to the red-herring by Snarleyyow, who raised his head and snuffed at its fumes. Among other disqualifications of the animal, be it observed, that he had no nose except for a red-herring, or a post by the way side. Mr Vanslyperken discontinued his orders, took his hand out of his great coat pocket, wiped the drop from off his nose, and then roared out, "How dare you appear on the quarter-deck of a king's ship, sir, with a red-herring in your fist?"

"If you please, sir," replied Smallbones, "if I were to come for to go to leave it in the galley, I shouldn't find it when I went back."

"What do I care for that, sir? It's contrary to all the rules and regulations of the service. Now, sir, hear me—"

"O Lord, sir! let me off this time, it's only a *soldier*," replied Smallbones, deprecatingly; but Snarleyyow's appetite had been very much sharpened by his morning's walk; it rose with the smell of the herring, so he rose on his hind legs, snapped the herring out of Smallbones' hand, bolted forward by the lee gangway, and would soon have bolted the herring, had not Smallbones bolted after him and overtaken him just as he had laid it down on the deck preparatory to commencing his meal. A fight ensued; Smallbones received a severe bite in the leg, which induced him to seize a handspike, and make a blow with it at the dog's head, which, if it had been well aimed, would have probably put an end to all further pilfering. As it was, the handspike descended upon one of the dog's fore toes, and Snarleyyow retreated, yelling, to the other side of the fore-castle, and as soon as he was out of

reach, like all curs, bayed in defiance.

Smallbones picked up the herring, pulled up his trousers to examine the bite, poured down an anathema upon the dog, which was, "May you be starved, as I am, you beast!" and then turned round to go aft, when he struck against the spare form of Mr Vanslyperken, who, with his hands in his pocket, and his trumpet under his arm, looked unutterably savage.

"How dare you beat *my* dog, you villain?" said the lieutenant at last, choking with passion.

"He's a-bitten my leg through and through, sir," replied Smallbones, with a face of alarm.

"Well, sir, why have you such thin legs, then?"

"'Cause I gets nothing to fill 'em up with."

"Have you not a herring there, you herring-gutted scoundrel? which, in defiance of all the rules of the service, you have brought on his Majesty's quarter-deck, you greedy rascal, and for which I intend—"

"It ar'n't my herring, sir, it be yours—for your breakfast—the only one that is left out of the half-dozen."

This last remark appeared somewhat to pacify Mr Vanslyperken.

"Go down below, sir," said he, after a pause, "and let me know when my breakfast is ready."

Smallbones obeyed immediately, too glad to escape so easily.

"Snarleyyow," said his master, looking at the dog, who remained on the other side of the forecastle; "O Snarleyyow, for

shame! Come here, sir. Come here, sir, directly."

But Snarleyow, who was very sulky at the loss of his anticipated breakfast, was contumacious, and would not come. He stood at the other side of the fore-castle, while his master apostrophised him, looking him in the face. Then, after a pause of indecision, he gave a howling sort of bark, trotted away to the main hatchway, and disappeared below. Mr Vanslyperken returned to the quarter-deck, and turned, and turned as before.

Chapter II

Showing what became of the red-herring

Smallbones soon made his re-appearance, informing Mr Vanslyperken that his breakfast was ready for him, and Mr Vanslyperken, feeling himself quite ready for his breakfast, went down below. A minute after he had disappeared, another man came up to relieve the one at the wheel, who, as soon as he had surrendered up the spokes, commenced warming himself after the most approved method, by flapping his arms round his body.

"The skipper's out o' sorts again this morning," said Obadiah, after a time. "I heard him muttering about the woman at the Lust Haus."

"Then, by Got, we will have de breeze," replied Jansen, who was a Dutch seaman of huge proportions, rendered still more preposterous by the multiplicity of his nether clothing.

"Yes, as sure as Mother Carey's chickens raise the gale, so does the name of the Frau Vandersloosh. I'll be down and get my breakfast, there may be keel-hauling before noon."

"Mein Got—dat is de tyfel."

"Keep her nor-east, Jansen, and keep a sharp look out for the boats."

"Got for dam—how must I steer the chip and look for de boats

at de same time?—not possible."

"That's no consarn o' mine. Those are the orders, and I passes them—you must get over the impossibility how you can." So saying, Obadiah Coble walked below.

We must do the same, and introduce the reader to the cabin of Lieutenant Vanslyperken, which was not very splendid in its furniture. One small table, one chair, a mattress in a standing bed-place, with curtains made of bunting, an open cupboard, containing three plates, one tea-cup and saucer, two drinking glasses, and two knives. More was not required, as Mr Vanslyperken never indulged in company. There was another cupboard, but it was carefully locked. On the table before the lieutenant was a white wash-hand basin, nearly half full of burgoo, a composition of boiled oatmeal and water, very wholesome, and very hot. It was the allowance, from the ship's coppers, of Mr Vanslyperken and his servant Smallbones. Mr Vanslyperken was busy stirring it about to cool it a little, with a leaden spoon. Snarleyow sat close to him, waiting for his share, and Smallbones stood by, waiting for orders.

"Smallbones," said the lieutenant, after trying the hot mess before him, and finding that he was still in danger of burning his mouth, "bring me the red-herring."

"Red-herring, sir?" stammered Smallbones.

"Yes," replied his master, fixing his little grey eye sternly on him, "the red-herring."

"It's gone, sir!" replied Smallbones, with alarm.

"Gone!—gone where?"

"If you please, sir, I didn't a-think that you would have touched it after the dog had had it in his nasty mouth; and so, sir—if you please, sir—"

"And so what?" said Vanslyperken, compressing his thin lips.

"I ate it myself—if you please—O dear—O dear!"

"You did, did you—you gluttonous scarecrow—you did, did you? Are you aware that you have committed a theft—and are you aware of the punishment attending it?"

"O sir—it was a mistake—dear sir," cried Smallbones, whimpering.

"In the first place, I will cut you to ribbons with the cat."

"Mercy, sir—O sir!" cried the lad, the tears streaming from his eyes.

"The thief's cat, with three knots in each tail."

Smallbones raised up his thin arms, and clasped his hands, pleading for mercy.

"And after the flogging—you shall be keel-hauled."

"O God!" screamed Smallbones, falling down on his knees, "mercy—mercy!"

But there was none. Snarleyow, when he saw the lad go down on his knees, flew at him, and threw him on his back, growling over him, and occasionally looking at his master.

"Come here, Snarleyow," said Mr Vanslyperken. "Come here, sir, and lie down." But Snarleyow had not forgotten the red-herring; so in revenge, he first bit Smallbones in the thigh,

and then obeyed his master.

"Get up, sir," cried the lieutenant.

Smallbones rose, but his temper now rose also; he forgot all that he was to suffer, from indignation against the dog: with flashing eyes, and whimpering with rage, he cried out, as the tears fell, and his arms swung round, "I'll not stand this—I'll jump overboard—that I will: fourteen times has that ere dog a-bitten me this week. I'd sooner die at once, than be made dog's-meat of in this here way."

"Silence, you mutinous rascal, or I'll put you in irons."

"I wish you would—irons don't bite, if they hold fast. I'll run away—I don't mind being hung—that I don't—starved to death, bitten to death in this here way—"

"Silence, sir. It's over-feeding that makes you saucy."

"The Lord forgive you!" cried Smallbones, with surprise; "I've not had a full meal"

"A full meal, you rascal! there's no filling a thing like you—hollow from top to bottom, like a bamboo."

"And what I does get," continued Smallbones, with energy, "I pays dear for; that ere dog flies at me, if I takes a bit o' biscuit. I never has a bite without getting a bite, and it's all my own allowance."

"A proof of his fidelity, and an example to you, you wretch," replied the lieutenant, fondly patting the dog on the head.

"Well, I wish you'd discharge me—or hang me, I don't care which. You eats so hearty, and the dog eats so hearty, that I gets

nothing. We are only victualled for two."

"You insolent fellow! recollect the thief's cat."

"It's very hard," continued Smallbones, unmindful of the threat, "that that ere beast is to eat my allowance, and be allowed to half eat me too."

"You forget the keel-hauling, you scarecrow."

"Well, I hope I may never come up again, that's all."

"Leave the cabin, sir."

This order Smallbones obeyed.

"Snarleyyow," said the lieutenant, "you are hungry, my poor beast." Snarleyyow put his forepaw up on his master's knee. "You shall have your breakfast soon," continued his master, eating the burgoo between his addresses to the animal. "Yes, Snarleyyow, you have done wrong this morning—you ought to have no breakfast." Snarleyyow growled. "We are only four years acquainted, and how many scrapes you have got me into, Snarleyyow!" Snarleyyow here put both his paws upon his master's knee. "Well, you are sorry, my poor dog, and you shall have some breakfast;" and Mr Vanslyperken put the basin of burgoo on the floor, which the dog tumbled down his throat most rapidly. "Nay, my dog, not so fast; you must leave some for Smallbones, he will require some breakfast before his punishment. There, that will do;" and Mr Vanslyperken wished to remove the basin with a little of the burgoo remaining in it. Snarleyyow growled, would have snapped at his master, but Mr Vanslyperken shoved him away with the bell mouth of his

speaking-trumpet, and recovering a portion of the mess, put it on the table for the use of poor Smallbones. "Now then, my dog, we will go on deck." Mr Vanslyperken left the cabin, followed by Snarleyyow; but as soon as his master was half way up the ladder, Snarleyyow turned back, leaped on the chair, from the chair to the table, and then finished the whole of the breakfast appropriated for Smallbones. Having effected this, the dog followed his master.

Chapter III

A retrospect, and short description of a new character

But we must leave poor Smallbones to lament his hard fate in the fore peak of the vessel, and Mr Vanslyperken and his dog to walk the quarter-deck, while we make our readers a little better acquainted with the times in which the scenes passed which we are now describing, as well as with the history of Mr Vanslyperken.

The date in our first chapter, that of the year 1699, will, if they refer back to history, show them that William of Nassau had been a few years on the English throne, and that peace had just been concluded between England with its allies and France. The king occasionally passed his time in Holland, among his Dutch countrymen, and the English and Dutch fleets, which but a few years before were engaging with such an obstinacy of courage, had lately sailed together, and turned their guns against the French. William, like all those continental princes who have been called to the English throne, showed much favour to his own countrymen, and England was overrun with Dutch favourites, Dutch courtiers, and peers of Dutch extraction. He would not even part with his Dutch guards, and was at issue with the Commons of England on that very account. But the

war was now over, and most of the English and Dutch navy lay dismantled in port, a few small vessels only being in commission to intercept the smuggling from France that was carrying on, much to the detriment of English manufacture, of certain articles then denominated alamodes and lutestrings. The cutter we have described was on this service, and was named the *Yungfrau*, although built in England, and forming a part of the English naval force.

It may readily be supposed that Dutch interest, during this period, was in the ascendant. Such was the case: and the Dutch officers and seamen who could not be employed in their own marine were appointed in the English vessels, to the prejudice of our own countrymen. Mr Vanslyperken was of Dutch extraction, but born in England long before the Prince of Orange had ever dreamt of being called to the English throne. He was a near relation of King William's own nurse, and even in these days, that would cause powerful interest. Previous to the revolution he had been laid on the shelf for cowardice in one of the engagements between the Dutch and the English, he being then a lieutenant on board of a two-decked ship, and of long standing in the service; but before he had been appointed to this vessel, he had served invariably in small craft, and his want of this necessary qualification had never been discovered. The interest used for him on the accession of the Dutch king was sufficient for his again obtaining the command of a small vessel. In those days, the service was very different from what it is now. The

commanders of vessels were also the pursers, and could save a great deal of money by defrauding the crew; and further, the discipline of the service was such as would astonish the modern philanthropist; there was no appeal for subordinates, and tyranny and oppression, even amounting to the destruction of life, were practised with impunity. Smollett has given his readers some idea of the state of the service a few years after the time of which we are now writing, when it was infinitely worse, for the system of the Dutch, notorious for their cruelty, had been grafted upon that of the English: the consequence was, a combination of all that was revolting to humanity was practised without any notice being taken of it by the superior powers, provided that the commanders of the vessels did their duty when called upon, and showed the necessary talent and courage.

Lieutenant Vanslyperken's character may be summed up in the three vices of avarice, cowardice, and cruelty. A miser in the extreme, he had saved up much money by his having had the command of a vessel for so many years, during which he had defrauded and pilfered both from the men and the government. Friends and connections he had none on this side of the water, and, when on shore, he had lived in a state of abject misery, although he had the means of comfortable support. He was now fifty-five years of age. Since he had been appointed to the *Yungfrau*, he had been employed in carrying despatches to the States-General from King William, and had, during his repeated visits to the Hague, made acquaintance with the widow

Vandersloosh, who kept a Lust Haus¹, a place of resort for sailors, where they drank and danced. Discovering that the comfortably fat landlady was also very comfortably rich, Mr Vanslyperken had made advances, with the hope of obtaining her hand and handling her money. The widow had, however, no idea of accepting the offer, but was too wise to give him a decided refusal, as she knew it would be attended with his preventing the crew of the cutter from frequenting her house, and, thereby, losing much custom. Thus did she, at every return, receive him kindly and give him hopes, but nothing more. Since the peace, as we before observed, the cutter had been ordered for the prevention of smuggling.

When and how Mr Vanslyperken had picked up his favourite Snarleyow cannot be discovered, and must remain a secret. The men said that the dog had appeared on the deck of the cutter in a supernatural way, and most of them looked upon him with as much awe as ill-will.

This is certain, that the cutter had been a little while before in a state of mutiny, and a forcible entry attempted at night into the lieutenant's cabin. It is therefore not unreasonable to suppose that Vanslyperken felt that a good watch-dog might be a very useful appendage to his establishment, and had procured one accordingly. All the affection he ever showed to anything living was certainly concentrated on this one animal, and, next to his money, Snarleyow had possession of his master's heart.

¹ Pleasure House.

Poor Smallbones, cast on the world without father or mother, had become starved before he was on board the cutter, and had been starved ever since. As the reader will perceive, his allowance was mostly eaten up by the dog, and he was left to beg a precarious support from the good-will and charity of his shipmates, all of whom were equally disgusted with the commander's cruelty and the ungainly temper of his brute companion.

Having entered into this retrospect for the benefit of the reader, we will now proceed.

Mr Vanslyperken walked the deck for nearly a quarter of an hour without speaking: the men had finished their breakfasts, and were lounging about the deck, for there was nothing for them to do, except to look out for the return of the two boats which had been sent away the night before. The lieutenant's thoughts were, at one minute, upon Mrs Vandersloosh, thinking how he could persuade her, and, at another, upon Smallbones, thinking how he could render the punishment adequate, in his opinion, to the magnitude of the offence. While discussing these two important matters, one of the men reported the boats ahead, and broke up the commander's reverie.

"How far off?" demanded Mr Vanslyperken.

"About two miles."

"Pulling or sailing?"

"Pulling, sir; we stand right for them."

But Mr Vanslyperken was in no pleasant humour, and ordered

the cutter to hove-to.

"I tink de men have pull enough all night," said Jansen, who had just been relieved at the wheel, to Obadiah Coble, who was standing by him on the forecastle.

"I think so too: but there'll be a breeze, depend upon it—never mind, the devil will have his own all in good time."

"Got for dam," said Jansen, looking at Beachy Head, and shaking his own.

"Why, what's the matter now, old Schnapps?" said Coble.

"Schnapps—yes—the tyfel—Schnapps, I think how the French schnapped us Dutchmen here when you Englishmen wouldn't fight."

"Mind what you say, old twenty breeches—wouldn't fight—when wouldn't we fight?"

"Here, where we were now, by Got, you leave us all in the lurch, and not come down."

"Why, we couldn't come down."

"Bah!" replied Jansen, who referred to the defeat of the combined Dutch and English fleet by the French off Beachy Head in 1690.

"We wouldn't fight, heh?" exclaimed Obadiah in scorn, "what do you say to the Hogue?"

"Yes, den you fought well—dat was good."

"And shall I tell you why we fought well at the Hogue—you Dutch porpoise—just because we had no Dutchmen to help us."

"And shall I tell you why the Dutch were beat off this Head?—

because the English wouldn't come down to help us."

Here Obadiah put his tongue into his right cheek. Jansen in return threw his into his left, and thus the argument was finished. These disputes were constant at the time, but seldom proceeded further than words—certainly not between Coble and Jansen, who were great friends.

The boats were soon on board; from the time that the cutter had been hove-to, every stroke of their oars having been accompanied with a nautical anathema from the crews upon the head of their commander. The steersman and first officer, who had charge of the boats, came over the gangway and went up to Vanslyperken. He was a thickset, stout man, about five feet four inches high, and, wrapped up in Flushing garments, looked very much like a bear in shape as well as in skin. His name was Dick Short, and in every respect he answered to his name, for he was short in stature, short in speech, and short in decision and action.

Now when Short came up to the lieutenant, he did not consider it at all necessary to say as usual, "Come on board, sir," for it was self-evident that he had come on board. He therefore said nothing. So abrupt was he in his speech, that he never even said "Sir," when he spoke to his superior, which it may be imagined was very offensive to Mr Vanslyperken: so it was, but Mr Vanslyperken was afraid of Short, and Short was not the least afraid of Vanslyperken.

"Well, what have you done, Short?"

"Nothing."

"Did you see anything of the boat?"

"No."

"Did you gain any information?"

"No."

"What have you been doing all night?"

"Pulling."

"Did you land to obtain information?"

"Yes."

"And you got none?"

"No."

Here Short hitched up the waistband of his second pair of trousers, turned short round, and was going below, when Snarleyow smelt at his heels. The man gave him a back kick with the heel of his heavy boot, which sent the dog off yelping and barking, and put Mr Vanslyperken in a great rage. Not venturing to resent this affront upon his first officer, he was reminded of Smallbones, and immediately sent for Corporal Van Spitter to appear on deck.

Chapter IV

In which there is a desperate combat

Even at this period of the English history, it was the custom to put a few soldiers on board of the vessels of war, and the *Yungfrau* cutter had been supplied with a corporal and six men, all of whom were belonging to the Dutch marine. To a person who was so unpopular as Mr Vanslyperken, this little force was a great protection, and both Corporal Van Spitter and his corps were well treated by him. The corporal was his purser and purveyor, and had a very good berth of it, for he could cheat as well as his commandant. He was, moreover, his prime minister, and an obedient executor of all his tyranny, for Corporal Van Spitter was without a shadow of feeling—on the contrary, he had pleasure in administering punishment; and if Vanslyperken had told him to blow any man's brains out belonging to the vessel, Van Spitter would have immediately obeyed the order without the change of a muscle in his fat, florid countenance. The corporal was an enormous man, tall, and so corpulent, that he weighed nearly twenty stone. Jansen was the only one who could rival him; he was quite as tall as the corporal, and as powerful, but he had not the extra weight of his carcass.

About five minutes after the summons, the huge form of Corporal Van Spitter was seen to emerge slowly from the

hatchway, which appeared barely wide enough to admit the egress of his broad shoulders. He had a flat foraging cap on his head, which was as large as a buffalo's, and his person was clothed in blue pantaloons, tight at the ankle, rapidly increasing in width as they ascended, until they diverged at the hips to an expanse which was something between the sublime and the ridiculous. The upper part of his body was cased in a blue jacket, with leaden buttons, stamped with the rampant lion, with a little tail behind, which was shoved up in the air by the protuberance of the parts. Having gained the deck, he walked to Vanslyperken, and raised the back of his right hand to his forehead.

"Corporal Van Spitter, get your cats up for punishment, and when you are ready fetch up Smallbones."

Whereupon, without reply, Corporal Van Spitter put his left foot behind the heel of his right, and by this manoeuvre turned his body round like a capstern, so as to bring his face forward, and then walked off in that direction. He soon re-appeared with all the necessary implements of torture, laid them down on one of the lee guns, and again departed to seek out his victim.

After a short time, a scuffle was heard below, but it was soon over, and once more appeared the corporal with the spare, tall body of Smallbones under his arm. He held him, grasped by the middle part, about where Smallbones' stomach ought to have been, and the head and heels of the poor wretch both hung down perpendicularly, and knocked together as the corporal proceeded aft.

As soon as Van Spitter had arrived at the gun he laid down his charge, who neither moved nor spoke. He appeared to have resigned himself to the fate which awaited him, and made no resistance when he was stripped by one of the marines, and stretched over the gun. The men, who were on deck, said nothing; they looked at each other expressively as the preparations were made. Flogging a lad like Smallbones was too usual an occurrence to excite surprise, and to show their disgust would have been dangerous. Smallbones' back was now bared, and miserable was the spectacle; the shoulder-blades protruded, so that you might put your hand sideways under the scapula, and every bone of the vertebræ, and every process was clearly defined through the skin of the poor skeleton. The punishment commenced, and the lad received his three dozen without a murmur, the measured sound of the lash only being broken in upon by the baying of Snarleyow, who occasionally would have flown at the victim, had he not been kept off by one of the marines. During the punishment, Mr Vanslyperken walked the deck, and turned and turned again as before.

Smallbones was then cast loose by the corporal, who was twirling up his cat, when Snarleyow, whom the marine had not watched, ran up to the lad, and inflicted a severe bite. Smallbones, who appeared, at the moment, to be faint and lifeless—not having risen from his knees after the marine had thrown his shirt over him, roused by this new attack, appeared to spring into life and energy; he jumped up, uttered a savage

yell, and to the astonishment of everybody, threw himself upon the dog as he retreated, and holding him fast with his naked arms, met the animal with his own weapons, attacking him with a frenzied resolution with his teeth. Everybody started back at this unusual conflict, and no one interfered.

Long was the struggle, and such was the savage energy of the lad, that he bit and held on with the tenacity of a bull-dog, tearing the lips of the animal, his ears, and burying his face in the dog's throat, as his teeth were firmly fixed on his windpipe. The dog could not escape, for Smallbones held him like a vice. At last, the dog appeared to have the advantage, for as they rolled over and over, he caught the lad by the side of the neck; but Smallbones recovered himself, and getting the foot of Snarleyow between his teeth, the dog threw up his head and howled for succour. Mr Vanslyperken rushed to his assistance, and struck Smallbones a heavy blow on the head with his speaking-trumpet, which stunned him, and he let go his hold.

Short, who had come on deck, perceiving this, and that the dog was about to resume the attack, saluted Snarleyow with a kick on his side, which threw him down the hatchway, which was about three yards off from where the dog was at the time.

"How dare you strike my dog, Mr Short?" cried Vanslyperken.

Short did not condescend to answer, but went to Smallbones and raised his head. The lad revived. He was terribly bitten about the face and neck, and what with the wounds in front, and the lashing from the cat, presented a melancholy spectacle.

Short called some of the men to take Smallbones below, in which act they readily assisted; they washed him all over with salt water, and the smarting from his various wounds brought him to his senses. He was then put in his hammock.

Vanslyperken and the corporal looked at each other during the time that Short was giving his directions—neither interfered. The lieutenant was afraid, and the corporal waited for orders. So soon as the men had carried the lad below, Corporal Van Spitter put his hand up to his foraging cap, and with his cat and seizings under his arm, went down below. As for Vanslyperken, his wrath was even greater than before, and with hands thrust even further down in his pockets than ever, and the speaking-trumpet now battered flat with the blow which he had administered to Smallbones, he walked up and down, muttering every two minutes, "I'll keel-haul the scoundrel, by heavens! I'll teach him to bite my dog."

Snarleyyow did not re-appear on deck; he had received such punishment as he did not expect. He licked the wounds where he could get at them, and then remained in the cabin in a sort of perturbed slumber, growling every minute as if he were fighting the battle over again in his sleep.

Chapter V

A consultat on in which there is much mutiny

This consultation was held upon the forecandle of his Majesty's cutter *Yungfrau*, on the evening after the punishment of Smallbones. The major part of the crew attended; all but the Corporal Van Spitter, who, on these points, was known to split with the crew, and his six marines, who formed the corporal's tail, at which they were always to be found. The principal personage was not the most eloquent speaker, for it was Dick Short, who was supported by Obadiah Coble, Yack Jansen, and another personage, whom we must introduce, the boatswain or boatswain's mate of the cutter; for although he received the title of the former, he only received the pay of the latter. This person's real name was James Salisbury, but for reasons which will be explained he was invariably addressed or spoken of as Jemmy Ducks. He was indeed a very singular variety of human discrepancy as to form: he was handsome in face, with a manly countenance, fierce whiskers and long pigtail, which on him appeared more than unusually long, as it descended to within a foot of the deck. His shoulders were square, chest expanded, and, as far as half-way down, that is, to where the legs are inserted into the human frame, he was a fine, well-made, handsome, well-

proportioned man. But what a falling off was there!—for some reason, some accident, it is supposed, in his infancy, his legs had never grown in length since he was three years old: they were stout as well as his body, but not more than eighteen inches from the hip to the heel; and he consequently waddled about a very ridiculous figure, for he was like a man *razeed* or cut down. Put him on an eminence of a couple of feet, and not see his legs, and you would say at a distance, "What a fine looking sailor!" but let him get down and walk up to you, and you would find that nature had not finished what she had so well begun, and that you are exactly half mistaken. This malconformation below did not, however, affect his strength, it rather added to it; and there were but few men in the ship who would venture a wrestle with the boatswain, who was very appropriately distinguished by the cognomen of Jemmy Ducks. Jemmy was a sensible, merry fellow, and a good seaman: you could not affront him by any jokes on his figure, for he would joke with you. He was indeed the fiddle of the ship's company, and he always played the fiddle to them when they danced, on which instrument he was no mean performer; and, moreover, accompanied his voice with his instrument when he sang to them after they were tired of dancing. We shall only observe that Jemmy was a married man, and he had selected one of the tallest of the other sex: of her beauty the less that is said the better—Jemmy did not look to that, or perhaps, at such a height, her face did not appear so plain to him as it did who were to those more on a level with it.

The effect of perspective is well known, and even children now have as playthings, castles, &c., laid down on card, which, when looked at in a proper direction, appear just as correct as they do preposterous when lying flat before you.

Now it happened that from the level that Jemmy looked up from to his wife's face, her inharmonious features were all in harmony, and thus did she appear—what is very advantageous in the marriage state—perfection to her husband, without sufficient charms in the eyes of others to induce them to seduce her from her liege lord. Moreover, let it be recollected, that what Jemmy *wanted* was *height*, and he had gained what he required in his wife, if not in his own person: his wife was passionately fond of him, and very jealous, which was not to be wondered at, for, as she said, "there never was such a husband before or since."

We must now return to the conference, observing, that all these parties were sitting down on the deck, and that Jemmy Ducks had his fiddle in his hand, holding it with the body downwards like a bass viol, for he always played it in that way, and that he occasionally fingered the strings, pinching them as you do a guitar, so as to send the sound of it aft, that Mr Vanslyperken might suppose that they were all met for mirth. Two or three had their eyes directed aft, that the appearance of Corporal Van Spitter or the marines might be immediately perceived; for, although the corporal was not a figure to slide into a conference unperceived, it was well known that he was an eavesdropper.

"One thing's sartain," observed Coble, "that a dog's not an officer."

"No," replied Dick Short.

"He's not on the ship's books, so I can't see how it can be mutiny."

"No," rejoined Short.

"Mein Got—he is not a tog, he is te tyfel," observed Jansen.

"Who knows how he came into the cutter?"

"There's a queer story about that," said one of the men.

Tum tum, tumty tum—said the fiddle of Jemmy Ducks, as if it took part in the conference.

"That poor boy will be killed if things go on this way: the skipper will never be content till he has driven his soul out of his body—poor creature; only look at him as he lies in his hammock."

"I never seed a Christian such an object," said one of the sailors.

"If the dog ain't killed, Bones will be, that's sartain," observed Coble, "and I don't see why the preference should be given to a human individual, although the dog is the skipper's dog—now then, what d'ye say, my lads?"

Tum tum, tum tum, tumty tumty tum, replied the fiddle.

"Let's hang him at once."

"No," replied Short.

Jansen took out his snickerree, looked at Short, and made a motion with the knife, as if passing it across the dog's throat.

"No," replied Short.

"Let's launch him overboard at night," said one of the men.

"But how is one to get the brute out of the cabin?" said Coble; "if it's done at all it must be done by day."

Short nodded his head.

"I will give him a launch the first opportunity," observed Jemmy Ducks, "only—" (continued he in a measured and lower tone) "I should first like to know whether he really *is* a dog or *not*."

"A tog is a tog," observed Jansen.

"Yes," replied one of the forecabin men, "we all know a dog is a dog, but the question is—is *this* dog a dog?"

Here there was a pause, which Jemmy Ducks filled up by again touching the strings of his fiddle.

The fact was, that, although every one of the sailors wished the dog was overboard, there was not one who wished to commit the deed, not on account of the fear of its being discovered who was the party by Mr Vanslyperken, but because there was a great deal of superstition among them. It was considered unlucky to throw any dog or animal overboard; but the strange stories told about the way in which Snarleyyow first made his appearance in the vessel, added to the peculiarly diabolical temper of the animal, had often been the theme of midnight conversation, and many of them were convinced that it was an imp of Satan lent to Vanslyperken, and that, to injure or to attempt to destroy it would infallibly be followed up with terrible consequences to the party, if not to the vessel and all the crew. Even Short, Coble,

and Jansen, who were the boldest and leading men, although when their sympathies were roused by the sufferings of poor Smallbones they were anxious to revenge him, had their own misgivings, and, on consideration, did not like to have anything to do with the business. But each of them kept their reflections to themselves, for, if they could not combat, they were too proud to acknowledge them.

The reader will observe that all their plans were immediately put an end to until this important question, and not a little difficult one, was decided—Was the dog a dog?

Now, although the story had often been told, yet, as the crew of the cutter had been paid off since the animal had been brought on board, there was no man in the ship who could positively detail, from his own knowledge, the facts connected with his first appearance—there was only tradition, and, to solve this question, to tradition they were obliged to repair.

"Now, Bill Spurey," said Coble, "you know more about this matter than any one, so just spin us the yarn, and then we shall be able to talk the matter over soberly."

"Well," replied Bill Spurey, "you shall have it just as I got it word for word, as near as I can recollect. You know I wasn't in the craft when the thing came on board, but Joe Geary was, and it was one night when we were boozing over a stiff glass at the new shop there, the Orange Boven, as they call it, at the Pint at Portsmouth—and so you see, falling in with him, I wished to learn something about my new skipper, and what sort of a

chap I should have to deal with. When I learnt all about *him*, I'd half-a-dozen minds to shove off again, but then I was adrift, and so I thought better of it. It won't do to be nice in peace times you know, my lads, when all the big ships are rotting in Southampton and Cinque Port muds. Well, then, what he told me I recollect as well—ay, every word of it—as if he had whispered it into my ear but this minute. It was a blustering night, with a dirty southwester, and the chafing of the harbour waves was thrown up in foams, which the winds swept up the street, they chasing one another as if they were boys at play. It was about two bells in the middle watch, and after our fifth glass, that Joe Geary said as this:

"It was one dark winter's night when we were off the Texel, blowing terribly, with the coast under our lee, clawing off under storm canvas, and fighting with the elements for every inch of ground, a hand in the chains, for we had nothing but the lead to trust to, and the vessel so flogged by the waves, that he was lashed to the rigging, that he might not be washed away; all of a sudden the wind came with a blast loud enough for the last trump, and the waves roared till they were hoarser than ever; away went the vessel's mast, although there was no more canvas on it than a jib pocket-handkerchief, and the craft rolled and tossed in the deep troughs for all the world like a wicked man dying in despair; and then she was a wreck, with nothing to help us but God Almighty, fast borne down upon the sands which the waters had disturbed, and were dashing about until they themselves were weary of the

load; and all the seamen cried unto the Lord, as well they might.

"Now, they say, that *he* did not cry as they did, like men and Christians, to Him who made them and the waters which surrounded and threatened them; for Death was then in all his glory, and the foaming crests of the waves were as plumes of feathers to his skeleton head beneath them; but he cried like a child—and swore terribly as well as cried—talking about his money, his dear money, and not caring about his more precious soul.

"And the cutter was borne down, every wave pushing her with giant force nearer and nearer to destruction, when the man at the chains shrieked out—'Mark three, and the Lord have mercy on our souls!' and all the crew, when they heard this, cried out—'Lord, save us, or we perish.' But still they thought that their time was come, for the breaking waves were under their lee, and the yellow waters told them that, in a few minutes, the vessel, and all who were on board, would be shivered in fragments; and some wept and some prayed as they clung to the bulwarks of the unguided vessel, and others in a few minutes thought over their whole life, and waited for death in silence. But *he*, he did all; he cried, and he prayed, and he swore, and he was silent, and at last he became furious and frantic; and when the men said again and again, 'The Lord save us!' he roared out at last, "Will the *devil* help us, for—' In a moment, before these first words were out of his mouth, there was a flash of lightning, that appeared to strike the vessel, but it harmed her not, neither did any thunder follow the flash;

but a ball of blue flame pitched upon the knight heads, and then came bounding and dancing aft to the taffrail, where *he* stood alone, for the men had left him to blaspheme by himself. Some say he was heard to speak, as if in conversation, but no one knows what passed. Be it as it may, on a sudden he walked forward as brave as could be, and was followed by this creature, who carried his head and tail slouching, as he does now.

"And the dog looked up and gave one deep bark, and as soon as he had barked the wind appeared to lull—he barked again twice, and there was a dead calm—he barked again thrice, and the seas went down—and *he* patted the dog on the head, and the animal then bayed loud for a minute or two, and then, to the astonishment and fear of all, instead of the vessel being within a cable's length of the Texel sands in a heavy gale, and without hope, the Foreland lights were but two miles on our beam with a clear sky and smooth water."

The seaman finished his legend, and there was a dead silence for a minute or two, broken first by Jansen, who in a low voice said, "Then te tog is not a tog."

"No," replied Coble, "an imp sent by the devil to his follower in distress."

"Yes," said Short.

"Well, but," said Jemmy Ducks, who for some time had left off touching the strings of his fiddle, "it would be the work of a good Christian to kill the brute."

"It's not a mortal animal, Jemmy."

"True, I forgot that."

"Gifen by de tyfel," observed Jansen.

"Ay, and christened by him too," continued Coble. "Who ever heard any Christian brute with such a damnable name?"

"Well, what's to be done?"

"Why," replied Jemmy Ducks, "at all events, imp o' Satan or not, that ere Smallbones fought him to-day with his own weapons."

"And beat him too," said Coble.

"Yes," said Short.

"Now, it's my opinion, that Smallbones ar'n't afraid of him," continued Jemmy Ducks, "and devil or no devil, he'll kill him if he can."

"He's the proper person to do it," replied Coble; "the more so, as you may say that he's his *natural* enemy."

"Yes, mein Got, de poy is de man," said Jansen.

"We'll put him up to it at all events, as soon as he is out of his hammock," rejoined Jemmy Ducks.

A little more conversation took place, and then it was carried unanimously that Smallbones should destroy the animal, if it was possible to destroy it.

The only party who was not consulted was Smallbones himself, who lay fast asleep in his hammock. The consultation then broke up, and they all went below.

Chapter VI

In which, as often happens at sea when signals are not made out, friends exchange broadsides

Notwithstanding all the precautions of the party on the forecastle, this consultation had been heard by no less a person than the huge Corporal Van Spitter, who had an idea that there was some mystery going on forward, and had contrived to crawl up under the bulwark, and throw himself down on the forestaysail, which lay between two of the guns. Having so done without being perceived, for it was at the very moment that the party were all listening to Bill Spurey's legend of the dog's first appearance on board, he threw a part of the sail over his fat carcass, and thus remained undiscovered during the remainder of the colloquy. He heard them all descending below, and remained still quiet, till he imagined that the forecastle was clear. In the meantime Mr Vanslyperken, who had been walking the deck abaft, unaccompanied by his faithful attendant (for Snarleyow remained coiled up on his master's bed), was meditating deeply how to gratify the two most powerful passions in our nature, love and revenge: at one moment thinking of the fat fair Vandersloosh, and of hauling in her guilders, at

another reverting to the starved Smallbones and the comfort of a keel-hauling. The long conference on the fore-castle had not been unperceived by the hawk's eye of the lieutenant, and as they descended, he walked forward to ascertain if he could not pick up some straggler who, unsupported by his comrades, might be induced by fear to acquaint him with the subject of the discussion. Now, just as Mr Vanslyperken came forward Corporal Van Spitter had removed the canvas from his body, and was about to rise from his bed, when he perceived somebody coming forward. Not making it out to be the lieutenant, he immediately dropped down again and drew the canvas over him. Mr Vanslyperken perceived this manoeuvre, and thought he had now caught one of the conspirators, and, moreover, one who showed such fear as to warrant the supposition that he should be able to extract from him the results of the night's unusually long conference.

Mr Vanslyperken walked up to where the corporal lay as quiet, but not quite so small, as a mouse. It occurred to Mr Vanslyperken that a little taste of punishment *in esse* would very much assist the threats of what might be received *in posse*; so he laid aside his speaking-trumpet, looked round, picked up a handspike, and raising it above his head, down it came, with all the force of the lieutenant's arm, upon Corporal Van Spitter, whose carcass resounded like a huge kettle-drum.

"Tunder and flame," roared the corporal under the canvas, thinking that one of the seamen, having discovered him

eavesdropping, had thus wreaked his revenge, taking advantage of his being covered up, and pretending not to know him. "Tunder and flame!" roared the corporal, muffled up in the canvas, and trying to extricate himself; but his voice was not recognised by the lieutenant, and, before he could get clear of his envelope, the handspike had again descended; when up rose the corporal, like a buffalo out of his muddy lair, half-blinded by the last blow, which had fallen on his head, ran full butt at the lieutenant, and precipitated his senior officer and commander headlong down the fore-hatchway.

Vanslyperken fell with great force, was stunned, and lay without motion at the foot of the ladder, while the corporal, whose wrath was always excessive when his blood was up, but whose phlegmatic blood could not be raised without some such decided stimulus as a handspike, now turned round and round the fore-castle, like a bull looking for his assailants; but the corporal had the fore-castle all to himself, and, as he gradually cooled down, he saw lying close to him the speaking-trumpet of his senior officer.

"Tousand tyfels," murmured Corporal Van Spitter, "but it must have been the skipper. Got for damn, dis is hanging matter!" Corporal Van Spitter was as cool as a cucumber as soon as he observed what a mistake he had made; in fact, he quivered and trembled in his fat. "But then," thought he, "perhaps he did not know me—no, he could not, or he never would have handspiked *me*." So Corporal Van Spitter walked

down the hatchway, where he ascertained that his commandant lay insensible. "Dat is good," thought he, and he went aft, lighted his lanthorn, and, as a *ruse*, knocked at the cabin-door. Receiving no answer but the growl of Snarleyyow, he went in, and then ascended to the quarter-deck, looked round him, and inquired of the man at the wheel where Mr Vanslyperken might be. The man replied that he had gone forward a few minutes before, and thither the corporal proceeded. Of course, not finding him, he returned, telling the man that the skipper was not in the cabin or the forecastle, and wondering where he could be. He then descended to the next officer in command, Dick Short, and called him.

"Well," said Short.

"Can't find Mr Vanslyperken anywhere," said the corporal.

"Look," replied Dick, turning round in his hammock.

"Mein Got, I have looked de forecastle, de quarter-deck, and de cabin,—he not anywhere."

"Overboard," replied Dick.

"I come to you, sir, to make inquiry," said the corporal.

"Turn out," said Dick, suiting the action to the words, and lighting with his feet on the deck in his shirt.

While Short was dressing himself, the corporal summoned up all his marines; and the noise occasioned by this turn out, and the conversation overheard by those who were awake, soon gave the crew of the cutter to understand that some accident had happened to their commander. Even Smallbones had it whispered in his

ear that Mr Vanslyperken had fallen overboard, and he smiled as he lay in the dark, smarting with his wounds, muttering to himself that Snarleyow should soon follow his master. By the time that Short was on the quarter-deck, Corporal Van Spitter, who knew very well where to look for it, had, very much to the disappointment of the crew, found the body of Mr Vanslyperken, and the marines had brought it aft to the cabin, and would have laid it on the bed, had not Snarleyow, who had no feeling in his composition, positively denied its being put there.

Short came down and examined his superior officer.

"Is he dead?" inquired the corporal with alarm.

"No," replied Short.

"Vat can it be then?" said the corporal.

"Stunned," replied Short.

"Mein Got! how could it happen?"

"Tumbled," replied Short.

"What shall we do, sir?" rejoined the corporal.

"Bed," replied Short, turning on his heel, and a minute after turning into his hammock.

"Mein Got, the dog will not let him go to bed," exclaimed the corporal.

"Let's put him in," said one of the marines, "the dog won't bite his master."

So the marines lifted up the still insensible Mr Vanslyperken, and almost tossed him into his standing bed-place, right on the body of the snarling dog, who, as soon as he could disengage

himself from the weight, revenged himself by making his teeth meet more than once through the lanthorn cheek of his master, and then leaping off the bed, retreated growling under the table.

"Well, you *are* a nice dog," exclaimed one of the marines, looking after Snarleyow in his retreat.

Now, there was no medical assistance on board so small a vessel. Mr Vanslyperken, was allowed a small quantity of medicine, unguents, &c., but these he always sold to an apothecary, as soon as he had procured them from the authorities. The teeth of the dog had, however, their effect, and Mr Vanslyperken opened his eyes, and in a faint voice cried "Snarleyow." Oh, if the dog had any spark of feeling, how must he then have been stung with remorse at his ingratitude to so kind a master! But he apparently showed none, at least, report does not say that any symptoms were manifest.

After a little burnt oakum had excoriated his nose, and a certain quantity of the cold salt-water from alongside had wetted through his bedclothes, Mr Vanslyperken was completely recovered, and was able to speak and look about him. Corporal Van Spitter trembled a little as his commandant fixed his eyes upon him, and he redoubled his attention.

"Mein Got, Mynheer Vanslyperken, how was this happen?" exclaimed the corporal in a pathetic tone. Whereupon Mr Vanslyperken ordered every one to leave the cabin but Corporal Van Spitter.

Mr Vanslyperken then communicated to the corporal that he

had been knocked down the hatchway by one of the men when he went forward; that he could not distinguish who it was, but thought that it must have been Jansen from his size. Corporal Van Spitter, delighted to find that his skipper was on a wrong scent, expressed his opinion in corroboration of the lieutenant's: after which a long consultation took place relative to mutiny, disaffection, and the proper measures to be taken. Vanslyperken mentioned the consultation of the men during the first watch, and the corporal, to win his favour, was very glad to be able to communicate the particulars of what he had overheard, stating that he had concealed himself for that purpose.

"And where did you conceal yourself?" said Vanslyperken with a keen inquiring look: for it immediately occurred to him that, unless it was under the sail, there could be no concealment for such a huge body as that of the corporal; and he had his misgivings. But the corporal very adroitly observed, that he stood at the lower step of the fore-ladder, with his head level with the coamings; and had, by this means, overheard the conversation unperceived, and had only walked away when the party broke up. This restored the confidence of Mr Vanslyperken, and a long discussion took place, in which it was agreed between them, that the only way to prevent Snarleyyow from being destroyed, was to try some means to make away quietly with poor Smallbones. But this part of the conversation was not carried to any length: for Mr Vanslyperken, indignant at having received such injury in his face from his ungrateful cur, did not, at that moment, feel the

current of his affection run so strong as usual in that direction. After this, the corporal touched his hat, swung round to the right about in military style, and left the cabin.

Chapter VII

In which Mr Vanslyperken goes on shore to woo the Widow Vandersloosh

Three weeks of comparative calm now passed away, during which Mr Vanslyperken recovered of his wounds and accident, and meditated how he should make away with Smallbones. The latter also recovered of his bites, and meditated how he should make away with Snarleyyow. Smallbones had returned to his avocations, and Vanslyperken, intending mischief, treated him more kindly, as a blind. Snarleyyow also, not forgetting his defeat on the quarter-deck, did not renew his attacks, even when the poor lad helped himself to biscuit.

The *Yungfrau* anchored in the Downs, and Mr Vanslyperken received despatches for the Hague; King William having written some letters to his friends, and sent over to them a little English money, which he knew would be acceptable; for continental kings on the English throne have never appeared to have a clear sense of the honour conferred upon them. England, in their ideas, has always been a *parvenue* kingdom; her nobles not able to trace farther back than the Conquest; while, in their country, the lowest baron will prove his sixteen quarters, and his descent from the darkest ages. But, nevertheless, upon the same principle that the poor aristocracy will condescend to unite

themselves occasionally to city wealth, so have these potentates condescended to reign over us.

Mr Vanslyperken received his despatches, and made the best of his way to Amsterdam, where he anchored, delivered his credentials, and there waited for the letters of thanks from his Majesty's cousins.

But what a hurry and bustle there appears to be on board of the *Yungfrau*--Smallbones here, Smallbones there--Corporal Van Spitter pushing to and fro with the dog-trot of an elephant; and even Snarleyow appears to be unusually often up and down the hatchway. What can it all be about? Oh! Mr Vanslyperken is going on shore to pay his respects, and continue his addresses, to the widow Vandersloosh. His boat is manned alongside, and he now appears on the cutter's quarter-deck.

Is it possible that this can be Mr Vanslyperken? Heavens, how gay! An uniform certainly does wonders with some people: that is to say, those who do not look well in plain clothes are invariably improved by it; while those, who look most like gentlemen in plain clothes, lose in the same proportion. At all events Mr Vanslyperken is wonderfully improved.

He has a loose pair of blue pantaloons, with boots rising above his knees pulled over them: his lower parts remind you of Charles the Twelfth. He has a long scarlet waiscoat, with large gilt buttons and flap pockets, and his uniform coat over all, of blue turned up with red, has a very commanding appearance. To a broad black belt over his shoulder hangs his cutlass, the sheath of which is

mounted with silver, and the hilt of ivory and gold threads; and, above all, his small head is almost dignified by being surmounted with a three-cornered turned-up and gold-banded cocked hat, with one corner of the triangle in front parallel with his sharp nose. Surely the widow must strike her colours to scarlet, and blue, and gold. But although women are said, like mackerel, to take such baits, still widows are not fond of a man who is as thin as a herring: they are too knowing, they prefer stamina, and will not be persuaded to take the shadow for the substance.

Mr Vanslyperken was, nevertheless, very well pleased with himself, which was something, but still not quite enough on the present occasion, and he strutted the deck with great complacency, gave his final orders to Dick Short, who, as usual, gave a short answer; also to Corporal Van Spitter, who, as usual, received them with all military honour; and, lastly, to Smallbones, who received them with all humility. The lieutenant was about to step into the boat, when a doubt arose, and he stopped in his advance, perplexed. It was one of no small importance—was Snarleyow to accompany him or not? That was the knotty question, and it really was a case which required some deliberation. If he left him on board after the conspiracy which had been formed against him, the dog would probably be overboard before he returned; that is, if Smallbones were also left on board; for Mr Vanslyperken knew that it had been decided that Smallbones alone could and should destroy the dog. He could not, therefore, leave the dog on board with safety; and, as for taking

him on shore with him, in that there was much danger, for the widow Vandersloosh had set her face against the dog. No wonder: he had behaved in her parlour as bad as the dog Crab in the Two Gentlemen of Verona; and the Frau was a very clean person, and had no fancy for dogs comparing their legs with those of her polished mahogany chairs and tables. If Mr Vanslyperken's suit was to be decided according to the old adage, "love me, love my dog," he certainly had but a poor chance; for the widow detested the cur, and had insisted that it should never be brought into her house. Take the dog on shore, therefore, he could not; but, thought Mr Vanslyperken, I can take Smallbones on shore, that will do as well. I have some biscuit to dispose of, and he shall go with it and wait till I come off again. Smallbones was, therefore, ordered to put on his hat and step into the boat with two half bags of biscuit to carry up to the widow's house, for she did a little business with Mr Vanslyperken, as well as allowing him to make love to her; and was never so sweet or so gracious, as when closing a bargain. So Mr Vanslyperken waited for Smallbones, who was soon ready, for his best consisted only in a pair of shoes to his usually naked feet, and a hat for his generally uncovered head. And Mr Vanslyperken, and Smallbones, and the biscuit, were in the boat, when Snarleyyow intimated his intention to join the party; but this was refused, and the boat shoved off without him.

As soon as Mr Vanslyperken had shoved off, Dick Short, being in command, thought he might as well give himself leave,

and go on shore also. So he went down, put on his best, and ordered the other boat to be manned, and leaving Obadiah Coble on board as the next officer, he took with him Jansen, Jemmy Ducks, and four or five others, to have a cruise. Now, as Snarleyow had this time made up his mind that he would go on shore, and Short was willing to indulge him, for he knew that Smallbones, if he fell in with him, would do his best to launch him into one of the canals, so convenient in every street, the cur was permitted to get into the boat, and was landed with the rest of the party, who, as usual, repaired to the Lust Haus of the widow Vandersloosh; where we must leave them for the present, and return to our friend, Mr Vanslyperken.

Chapter VIII

In which the Widow lays a trap for Mr Vanslyperken, and Smallbones lays a trap for Snarleyyow, and both bag their game

The widow Vandersloosh, as we have informed the reader, was the owner of a Lust Haus, or pleasure-house for sailors: we will describe that portion of her tenements more particularly by-and-bye: at present, we must advert to her own private house, which stood adjoining, and had a communication with the Lust Haus by a private door through the party wall. This was a very small, snug little habitation, with one window in each front, and two stories high; containing a front parlour and kitchen on the basement, two small rooms on the first, and two on the second floor. Nothing could be better arranged for a widow's residence. Moreover, she had a back-yard running the whole length of the wall of the Lust Haus in the rear, with convenient offices, and a back-door into the street behind.

Mr Vanslyperken had arrived, paid his humble devoirs to the widow, more humble, because he was evidently pleased with his own person, and had been followed by Smallbones, who laid the biscuit by the scraper at the door, watching it as in duty bound.

The lieutenant imagined that he was more graciously received than usual. Perhaps he was, for the widow had not had so much custom lately, and was glad the crew of the cutter were arrived to spend their money. Already had Vanslyperken removed his sword and belt, and laid them with his three-cornered laced hat on the side-table; he was already cosily, as of wont, seated upon the widow's little fubsy sofa, with the lady by his side, and he had just taken her hand and was about to renew his suit, to pour forth the impromptu effusions of his heart, concocted on the quarter-deck of the *Yungfrau*, when who should bolt into the parlour but the unwelcome Snarleyow.

"O that nasty brute! Mynheer Vanslyperken, how dare you bring him into my house?" cried the widow, jumping up from the sofa, with her full-moon-face red with anger.

"Indeed, widow," replied Vanslyperken, "I left him on board, knowing that you were not fond of animals; but some one has brought him on shore. However, I'll find out who it was, and keel-haul him in honour of your charms."

"I am fond of animals, Mr Vanslyperken, but I am not fond of such animals as that—such a filthy, ugly, disagreeable, snarling brute; nor can I think how you can keep him after what I have said about it. It don't prove much regard, Mr Vanslyperken, when such a dog as that is kept on purpose to annoy me."

"I assure you, widow—"

"Don't assure me, Mr Vanslyperken, there's no occasion—your dog is your own—but I'll thank you to take him out of this house;

and, perhaps, as he won't go without you, you had better go with him."

Now the widow had never spoken so indignantly before: if the reader wishes to know why she did so now, we will acquaint him; the widow Vandersloosh had perceived Smallbones, who sat like Patience on a monument, upon the two half bags of biscuit before her porch. It was a query to the widow whether they were to be a present, or an article to be bargained for: it was therefore very advisable to pick a quarrel, that the matter might be cleared up. The widow's ruse met with all the success which it deserved. In the first place, Mr Vanslyperken did what he never would have believed himself capable of, but the wrath of the widow had worked him also up to wrath, and he saluted Snarleyow with such a kick on the side, as to send him howling into the back-yard, followed him out, and, notwithstanding an attempt at defence on the part of the dog, which the lieutenant's high boots rendered harmless, Snarleyow was fairly or unfairly, as you may please to think it, kicked into an outhouse, the door shut, and the key turned upon him. After which Mr Vanslyperken returned to the parlour, where he found the widow, erect, with her back turned to the stove, blowing and bristling, her bosom heaving, reminding you of seas mountains high, as if she were still under the effect of a just resentment for the affront offered to her. There she stood waiting in all dignity for Mr Vanslyperken to repair the injury done, whether unintentional or not. In few words, there she waited, for the *biscuit* to be presented to her.

And it was presented, for Vanslyperken knew no other way of appeasing her wrath. Gradually the storm was allayed—the flush of anger disappeared, the corners of the scornfully-turned-down mouth, were turned up again—Cupid's bow was no longer bent in anger, and the widow's bosom slept as when the ocean sleeps, like "an unweaned child." The biscuit bags were brought in by Smallbones, their contents stored, and harmony restored. Once more was Mr Vanslyperken upon the little sofa by the side of the fat widow, and once more did he take her melting hand. Alas! that her heart was not made of the same soft materials.

But we must not only leave Short and his companions in the Lust Haus, but the widow and the lieutenant in their soft dalliance, and now occupy ourselves with the two principal personages of this our drama, Smallbones and Snarleyyow.

When Smallbones had retired, with the empty bread-bags under his arm, he remained some time reflecting at the porch, and then having apparently made up his mind, he walked to a chandler's shop just over the bridge of the canal opposite, and purchased a needle, some strong twine, and a red-herring. He also procured, "without purchase," as they say in our War Office Gazettes, a few pieces of stick. Having obtained all these, he went round to the door of the yard behind the widow's house, and let himself in. Little did Mr Vanslyperken imagine what mischief was brewing, while he was praising and drinking the beer of the widow's own brewing.

Smallbones had no difficulty in finding out where Snarleyyow

was confined, for the dog was very busy gnawing his way through the door, which, however, was a work of time, and not yet a quarter accomplished. The place had been a fowl-house, and, at the bottom of the door, there was a small hatch for the ingress and egress of these bipeds, the original invention of some thrifty spinster, to prevent the maids from stealing eggs. But this hatch was closed, or Snarleyow would have escaped through it. Smallbones took up his quarters in another outhouse, that he might not be observed, and commenced his operations.

He first took out the bottom of one bread-bag, and then sewed that on the other to make it longer; he then ran a string through the mouth, so as to draw it close when necessary, and cut his sticks so as to support it and keep it open. All this being arranged, he went to where Snarleyow was busy gnawing wood with great pertinacity, and allowed him not only to smell, but to tear off the tail of the red-herring, under the door; and then gradually drew the herring along until he had brought it right under the hatch in the middle, which left it at the precise distance that the dog could snuff it but not reach it, which Snarleyow now did, in preference to gnawing wood. When you lay a trap, much depends upon the bait; Smallbones knew his enemy's partiality for savoury comestibles. He then brought out his bag, set up his supporters, fixed it close to the hatch, and put the red-herring inside of it. With the string in one hand, he lifted up the hatch with the other. Snarleyow rushed out and rushed in, and in a moment the strings were drawn, and as soon as drawn were tied tight

round the mouth of the bag. Snarleyow was caught; he tumbled over and over, rolling now to the right and now to the left, while Smallbones grinned with delight. After amusing himself a short time with the evolutions of his prisoner, he dragged him in his bag into the outhouse where he had made his trap, shut the door, and left him. The next object was to remove any suspicion on the part of Mr Vanslyperken; and to effect this, Smallbones tore off the hatch, and broke it in two or three pieces, bit parts of it with his own teeth, and laid them down before the door, making it appear as if the dog had gnawed his own way out. The reason for allowing the dog still to remain in prison, was that Smallbones dared not attempt anything further until it was dark, and there was yet an hour or more to wait for the close of the day.

Smallbones had but just finished his work in time; for the widow having been summoned to her guests in the Lust Haus, had left Vanslyperken alone, and the lieutenant thought this a good opportunity to look after his four-footed favourite. He came out into the yard, where he found Smallbones, and he had his misgivings.

"What are you doing here, sir?"

"Waiting for you, sir," replied Smallbones, humbly.

"And the dog?" said Vanslyperken, observing the strewed fragments of the door hatch.

"He's a-bitten himself out, sir, I believe."

"And where is he, then?"

"I don't know, sir; I suppose he's gone down to the boat."

Snarleyyow hearing his master's voice, had commenced a whine, and Smallbones trembled: fortunately, at that moment, the widow's ample form appeared at the back-door of the house, and she called to Mr Vanslyperken. The widow's voice drowned the whine of the dog, and his master did not hear it. At the summons, Vanslyperken but half convinced, but not daring to show any interest about the animal in the presence of his mistress, returned to the parlour, and very soon the dog was forgotten.

But as the orgies in the Lust Haus increased, so did it become more necessary for the widow to make frequent visits there; not only to supply her customers, but to restrain them by her presence; and as the evening wore away, so did the absences of the widow become more frequent. This Vanslyperken well knew, and he therefore always pressed his suit in the afternoon, and as soon as it was dark returned on board. Smallbones, who watched at the back-door the movements of his master, perceived that he was refixing his sword-belt over his shoulder, and he knew this to be the signal for departure. It was now quite dark, he therefore hastened to the outhouse, and dragged out Snarleyyow in the bag, swung him over his shoulder, and walked out of the yard-door, proceeded to the canal in front of the widow's house, looked round him, could perceive nobody, and then dragged the bag with its contents into the stagnant water below, just as Mr Vanslyperken, who had bidden adieu to the widow, came out of the house. There was a heavy splash—and silence. Had such been heard on the shores of the Bosphorus on such a night, it would

have told some tale of unhappy love and a husband's vengeance; but, at Amsterdam, it was nothing more than the drowning of a cur.

"Who's there—is it Smallbones?" said Mr Vanslyperken.

"Yes, sir," said Smallbones, with alarm.

"What was that noise I heard?"

"Noise, sir? Oh, I kicked a paving-stone into the canal."

"And don't you know there is heavy fine for that, you scoundrel? And pray where are the bread-bags?"

"The bread-bags, sir? Oh, Mr Short took them to tie up some vegetables in them."

"Mr Short! O, very well. Come along, sir, and no more throwing stones into the canal; why you might have killed somebody—there is a boat down there now, I hear the people talking." And Mr Vanslyperken hastened to his boat, which was waiting for him; anxious to ascertain if Snarleyyow, as he fully expected, was in it. But to his grief and disappointment he was not there, and Mr Vanslyperken sat in the stern sheets, in no pleasant humour, thinking whether it was or was not a paving-stone which Smallbones had thrown into the canal, and resolving that if the dog did not appear, Smallbones should be keel-hauled. There was, however, one more chance, the dog might have been taken on board.

Chapter IX

A long chapter, in which there is lamentation, singing, bibbing, and dancing

It may readily be supposed, that the first question asked by Mr Vanslyperken, on his gaining the quarter-deck, was, if Snarleyow were on board. He was received with the military salute of Corporal Van Spitter, for Obadiah Coble, having been left commanding officer, had given himself leave, and, with a few men, had joined Dick Short and the first party at the Lust Haus, leaving the corporal as the next senior officer in charge. The answer in the negative was a great mortification to Mr Vanslyperken, and he descended to his cabin in no very good humour, and summoned Smallbones. But before Smallbones was summoned, he had time to whisper to one or two of the conspirators—"He's gone." It was enough; in less than a minute the whisper was passed throughout the cutter. "He's gone," was sibilated above and below, until it met the ears of even Corporal Van Spitter, who had it from a marine, who had it from another marine, who had it from a seaman, who—but it was, however, soon traced up to Smallbones by the indefatigable corporal—who considered it his duty to report the report to

Mr Vanslyperken. Accordingly he descended to the cabin and knocked for admission.

In the meantime Vanslyperken had been venting his ill-humour upon Smallbones, having, as he took off from his person, and replaced in his drawers, his unusual finery, administered an unusual quantity of kicks, as well as a severe blow on the head with his sheathed cutlass to the unfortunate lad, who repeated to himself, by way of consolation, the magic words—"He's gone."

"If you please, sir," said Corporal Van Spitter, "I've discovered from the ship's company that the dog *is gone*."

"I know that, corporal," replied Vanslyperken.

"And, sir, the report has been traced to Smallbones."

"Indeed!—then it was you that said that the dog is gone—now, you villain, where is he?"

"If you please, I did say that the dog was gone, and so he is; but I didn't say that I knew where he was—no more I don't. He's runned away, and he'll be back to-morrow—I'm sure he will."

"Corporal Van Spitter, if the dog is not on board again by eight o'clock to-morrow morning, you will get all ready for keel-hauling this scoundrel."

"Yes, mynheer," replied the corporal, delighted at having something to do in the way of punishment.

Smallbones made up a lachrymal face.

"It's very hard," said he; "suppose the dog has fallen into the canal, is that my fault? If he's a-gone to the bottom of the canal, that's no reason why I'm to be dragged under the bottom of the

cutter."

"Yes, yes," replied Vanslyperken, "I'll teach you to throw paving-stones off the wharf. Leave the cabin, sir."

Smallbones, whose guilty conscience flew into his pallid face at the mention of the paving-stones, immediately made a hasty retreat; and Vanslyperken turned into his bed and dreamt of vengeance.

We must now return to the Lust Haus, and the party on shore; and our first task must be, to give the reader an idea of what a Lust Haus may be. It is, as its name imports, a resort for pleasure and amusement; and in this respect the Dutch are certainly very much in advance of the English, who have, in the pot-houses and low inns resorted to by seamen, no accommodation of the kind. There is barely room for Jack to foot it in a reel, the tap-room is so small; and as Jack is soon reeling after he is once on shore, it is a very great defect. Now, the Lust Haus is a room as large as an assembly-room in a country-town, well lighted up with lamps and chandeliers, well warmed with stoves, where you have room to dance fifty reels at once, and still have plenty of accommodation at the chairs and tables ranged round on each side. At the end of the room is a raised chair, with a protecting railing, on which the musicians, to the number of seven or eight, are posted, and they continue during the evening to play when requested. The people of the Lust Haus furnish wine and spirits of every description, while cakes, nuts, walnuts, oranges, &c, are supplied from the baskets of numerous young women who hand them round, and

press their customers to purchase. Police officers superintend these resorts to remove those who are violent, and interfere with the amusements of others. On the whole, it is a very gay scene, and is resorted to by seamen of all nations, with a sprinkling of those who are not sailors, but who like amusement, and there are plenty of females who are ready to dance with them, and to share their beer or grog. Be it further known, that there is a great deal of decorum in a Lust Haus, particularly among the latter sex; and altogether it is infinitely more rational and less debasing, than the low pot-houses of Portsmouth or Plymouth.

Such was the place of amusement kept by the Frau Vandersloosh, and in this large room had been seated, for some hours, Dick Short, Coble, Jansen, Jemmy Ducks, and some others of the crew of his Majesty's cutter *Yungfrau*.

The room was now full, but not crowded, it was too spacious well to be so. Some sixteen couples were dancing a quadrille to a lively tune played by the band, and among the dancers were to be seen old women, and children of ten or twelve: for it was not considered improper to be seen dancing at this humble assembly, and the neighbours frequently came in. The small tables and numerous chairs round the room were nearly all filled, beer was foaming from the mouths of the opened bottles, and there was the ringing of the glasses as they pledged each other. At several tables were assemblages of Dutch seamen, who smoked with all the phlegm of their nation, as they gravely looked upon the dancers. At another were to be seen some American seamen,

scrupulously neat in their attire, and with an air *distinguee*, from the superiority of their education, and all of them quiet and sober. The basket-women flitted about displaying their stores, and invited every one to purchase fruit, and particularly hard-boiled eggs, which they had brought in at this hour, when those who dined at one might be expected to be hungry. Sailors' wives were also there, and perhaps some who could not produce the marriage certificates; but as these were not asked for at the door, it was of no consequence. About the centre of the room, at two small tables joined together, were to be seen the party from the *Yungfrau*: some were drinking beer, some grog, and Jemmy Ducks was perched on the table, with his fiddle as usual held like a bass viol. He was known by those who frequented the house by the name of the Manikin, and was a universal object of admiration and good-will. The quadrille was ended, and the music stopped playing.

"Come now," said Coble, tossing off his glass, "spell oh!—let's have a song while they take their breath. Jemmy, strike up."

"Hurrah for a song!" cries Jemmy. "Here goes."

Jemmy then tuned one string of his fiddle, which was a little out, and accompanying his voice, sang as follows: all those who were present immediately keeping silence, for they were used to Jemmy's melody.

Twas on the twenty-fourth of June, I sailed away to sea,
I turned my pockets in the lap of Susan on my knee;

Says I, my dear, 'tis all I have, I wish that it was more,
It can't be helped, says Susan then, you know we've spent
galore.

You know we've spent galore, my Bill,
And merry have been we,
Again you must your pockets fill,
For Susan on your knee.

"Chorus, my boys—"

For Susan on my knee, my boys,
With Susan on my knee.

The gale came on in thunder, lads, in lightning, and in foam,
Before that we had sail'd away three hundred miles from
home;
And on the Sunday morning, lads, the coast was on our lee,
Oh, then I thought of Portsmouth, and of Susan on my knee.

For howling winds and waves to boot,
With black rocks on the lee,
Did not so well my fancy suit,
As Susan on my knee.

Chorus.—

With Susan on my knee, my boys,
With Susan on my knee.

Next morning we were cast away upon the Frenchman's
shore,

We saved our lives, but not our all, for we could save no more;
They marched us to a prison, so we lost our liberty,
I peeped between the bars, and sighed for Susan on my knee.

For bread so black, and wine so sour,
And a son a-day to me,
Made me long ten times an hour,
For Susan on my knee.

Chorus--

For Susan on my knee, my boys,
For Susan on my knee.

One night we smashed our jailer's skull and off our boat did
steer,

And in the offing were picked up by a jolly privateer;
We sailed in her the cruise, my boys, and prizes did take we,
I'll be at Portsmouth soon, thinks I, with Susan on my knee.

We shared three hundred pounds a man,
I made all sail with glee,
Again I danced and tossed my can,
With Susan on my knee.

Chorus.--

With Susan on my knee, my boys,

With Susan on my knee.

"That's prime, Jemmy. Now, my boys, all together," cried Obadiah Coble.

Chorus.—Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one;
We are all here for mirth and glee,
We are all here for jollity.
Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one;
Put your hats on to keep your heads warm,
A little more grog will do us no harm.

"Hurrah! now, Bill Spurey, suppose you tip us a stave. But I say, Babette, you Dutch-built galliot, tell old Frank Slush to send us another dose of the stuff; and d'ye hear, a short pipe for me, and a paper o' baccy."

The short, fat Babette, whose proportions all the exercise of waiting upon the customers could not reduce, knew quite enough English to require no further explanation.

"Come, Jemmy, my hearty, take your fingers off your fiddle, and hand in your pot," continued Coble; "and then if they are not going to dance, we'll have another song. Bill Spurey, wet your whistle, and just clear the cobwebs out of your throat. Here's more 'baccy, Short."

Short made no reply, but he shook out the ashes and filled his

pipe. The music did not strike up again, so Bill Spurey sang as follows:—

Says the parson one day, as I cursed a Jew,
Do you know, my lad, that we call it a sin?
I fear of you sailors there are but few,
St Peter, to heaven, will ever let in.
Says I, Mr Parson, to tell you my mind,
No sailors to knock were ever yet seen,
Those who travel by land may steer 'gainst wind,
But we shape a course for Fidler's Green.

For Fidler's Green, where seamen true,
When here they've done their duty,
The bowl of grog shall still renew
And pledge to love and beauty.

Says the parson, I hear you've married three wives,
Now do you not know, that that is a sin?
You sailors, you lead such very bad lives,
St Peter, to heaven, will ne'er let you in
Parson, says I, in each port I've but *one*,
And never had more, wherever I've been;
Below I'm obliged to be chaste as a nun,
But I'm promised a dozen at Fidler's Green.

At Fidler's Green, where seamen true,
When here they've done their duty,
The bowl of grog shall still renew,

And pledge to love and beauty.

Says the parson, says he, you're drunk, my man,
And do you not know that that is a sin?
If you sailors will ever be swigging your can,
To heaven you surely will never get in.
(*Hiccup.*) Parson, you may as well be mum,
'Tis only on shore I'm this way seen;
But oceans of punch, and rivers of rum,
Await the sailor at Fidler's Green.

At Fidler's Green, where seamen true,
When here they've done their duty,
The bowl of grog shall still renew,
And pledge to love and beauty.

"Well reeled off, Billy," cried Jemmy Ducks, finishing with a flourish on his fiddle, and a refrain of the air. I don't think we shall meet *him* and his dog at Fidler's Green—heh!"

"No," replied Short, taking his pipe from his lip.

"No, no, Jemmy, a seaman true means one true in heart as well as in knowledge; but, like a blind fiddler, he'll be led by his dog somewhere else."

"From vere de dog did come from," observed Jansen.

The band now struck up again, and played a waltz—a dance new to our country, but older than the heptarchy. Jansen, with his pipe in his mouth, took one of the women by the waist, and steered round the room about as leisurely as a capstern heaving

up. Dick Short also took another, made four turns, reeled up against a Dutchman who was doing it with *sang froid*, and then suddenly left his partner and dropped into his chair.

"I say, Jemmy," said Obadiah Coble, "why don't you give a girl a twist round?"

"Because I can't, Oby; my compasses arn't long enough to describe a circle. You and I are better here, old boy. I, because I've very little legs, and you, because you havn't a leg to stand upon."

"Very true—not quite so young as I was forty years ago. Howsomever I mean this to be my last vessel. I shall bear up for one of the London dock-yards as a rigger."

"Yes, that'll do; only keep clear of the girt-lines, you're too stiff for that."

"No, that would not exactly tell; I shall pick my own work, and that's where I can bring my tarry trousers to an anchor—mousing the mainstay, or puddening the anchor, with the best of any. Dick, lend us a bit of 'baccy."

Short pulled out his box without saying a word. Coble took a quid, and Short thrust the box again into his pocket.

In the meantime the waltz continued, and being a favourite dance, there were about fifty couples going round and round the room. Such was the variety in the dress, country, language, and appearance of the parties collected, that you might have imagined it a masquerade. It was, however, getting late, and Frau Vandersloosh had received the intimation of the people of the

police who superintend these resorts, that it was the time for shutting up; so that, although the widow was sorry on her own account to disperse so merry and so thirsty a party as they were now becoming, so soon as the waltz was ended the musicians packed up their instruments and departed.

This was a signal for many, but by no means for all, to depart; for music being over, and the house doors closed, a few who remained, provided they made no disturbance, were not interfered with by the police. Among those who stayed were the party from the *Yungfrau*, one or two American, and some Prussian sailors. Having closed up together,

"Come," cried Jemmy, "now that we are quiet again, let's have another song; and who is it to be—Dick Short?"

"Short, my boy, come, you must sing."

"No," replied Short.

"Yes, yes—one verse," said Spurey.

"He never sings more," replied Jemmy Ducks, "so he must give us that. Come, Short."

"Yes," replied Short, taking the pipe out of his mouth, and wetting his lips with the grog.

Short stay apeak was the anchor,
We had but a *short* minute more,
In *short*, I no longer could banker,
For *short* was the cash in my store.
I gave one *short* look,
As Poll heaved a *short* sigh

One *short* hug I took,
Short the matter cut I,
And off I went to sea.

"Go on, Dick."

"No," replied Short, resuming his pipe.

"Well, then, chorus, my boys."

Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one;
We all are here for mirth and glee,
We all are here for jollity.
Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one;
Put your hats on, and keep your heads warm,
A little more liquor will do us no harm.

"Now then, Jemmy Ducks, it's round to you again. Strike up, fiddle and all."

"Well, here goes," said Jemmy Ducks.

The captain stood on the carronade—first lieutenant, says he,
Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me:
I havn't the gift of the gab, my sons—because I'm bred to the
sea,
That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.
Odds blood, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gained the victory.

That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take *she*,
'Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture *me*;
I havn't the gift of the gab, my boys, so each man to his gun,
If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each mother's son.
Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the victory.

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had
enough,
I little thought, said he, that your men were of such stuff;
The captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow made
to he,
I havn't the gift of the gab, Mounsieur, but polite I wish to be.
Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the victory.

Our captain sent for all of us; my merry men, said he,
I havn't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be;
You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to his
gun,
If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have flogged
each mother's son.
Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm at sea,
I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain the victory.

Chorus--Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one;
We all are here for mirth and glee,

We all are here for jollity.
Very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one;
Put your hats on to keep your heads warm,
A little more grog will do us no harm.

"Now, Coble, we must have yours," said Jemmy Ducks.

"Mine! well, if you please: but half my notes are stranded.
You'll think that Snarleyow is baying the moon: howsomever,
take it as it is."

Oh, what's the use of piping, boys, I never yet could larn,
The good of water from the eyes I never could disarn;
Salt water we have sure enough without our pumping more,
So let us leave all crying to the girls we leave on shore.

They may pump,
As in we jump
To the boat, and say, "Good-bye;"
But as for men,
Why, I say again,
That crying's all my eye.

I went to school when quite a boy, and never larnt to read,
The master tried both head and tail—at last it was agreed
No larning he could force in me, so they sent me off to sea,
My mother wept and wrung her hands, and cried most
bitterly.

So she did pump,
As I did jump
In the boat, and said, "Good-bye;"
But as for me,
Who was sent to sea,
To cry was all my eye.

I courted Poll, a buxom lass; when I returned A B,
I bought her ear-rings, hat, and shawl, a sixpence did break
we;
At last 'twas time to be on board, so, Poll, says I, farewell;
She roared and said, that leaving her was like a funeral knell.

So she did pump,
As I did jump
In the boat, and said, "Good-bye;"
But as for me
With the rate A B,
To cry was all my eye.

I soon went back, I shoved on shore, and Polly I did meet,
For she was watching on the shore, her sweetheart for to greet,
She threw her arms around me then, and much to my surprise,
She vowed she was so happy that she pumped with both her
eyes.

So she did pump,
As I did jump
To kiss her lovingly,

But, I say again,
That as for men,
Crying is all my eye.

Then push the can around, my boys, and let us merry be;
We'll rig the pumps if a leak we spring, and work most
merrily:
Salt water we have sure enough, we'll add not to its store,
But drink, and laugh, and sing and chat, and call again for
more.

The girls may pump,
As in we jump
To the boat, and say, "Good-bye;"
But as for we,
Who sailors be,
Crying is all my eye.

"Bravo, Obadiah! now one more song, and then we'll aboard. It won't do to bowse your jib up too tight here," said Jemmy; "for it's rather dangerous navigation among all these canals—no room for yawing."

"No," replied Dick Short.

"Then," said Jemmy, jumping off the table with his fiddle in his hand, "let's have the roarer by way of a finish—what d'ye say, my hearties?"

Up they all rose, and gathered together in the centre of the room, save Jemmy Ducks, who, flourishing with his fiddle,

commenced.

Jack's alive and a merry dog,
When he gets on shore,
He calls for his glass of grog,
He drinks, and he calls for more.
So drink, and call for what you please,
Until you've had your whack, boys;
We think no more of raging seas,
Now that we've come back, boys.

"Chorus, now—"

With a *whip, snip*, high cum diddledy,
The cog-wheels of life have need of much oiling;
Smack, crack--this is our jubilee;
Huzza, my lads! we'll keep the pot boiling.

All the seamen joined in the chorus, which they accompanied both with their hands and feet, snapping their fingers at *whip* and *snip*, and smacking their hands at *smack* and *crack*, while they danced round in the most grotesque manner, to Jemmy's fiddle and voice; the chorus ended in loud laughter, for they had now proved the words of the song to be true, and were all alive and merry. According to the rules of the song, Jemmy now called out for the next singer, Coble.

Jack's alive and merry, my boys,

When he's on blue water,
In the battle's rage and noise,
And the main-deck slaughter.
So drink and call for what you please,
Until you've had your whack, boys;
We'll think no more or angry seas,
Until that we go back, boys.

Chorus.—With a *whip, snip*, high cum diddledy,
The cog-wheels of life have need of much oiling;
Smack, crack--this is our jubilee;
Huzza my lads! we'll keep the pot boiling.

Jansen and Jemmy Ducks, after the dancing chorus had finished,

Yack alive and merry, my boys,
Ven he get him *frau*,
And he vid her ringlet toys,
As he take her paw.
So drink, and call for vat you please.
Until you hab your vack, boys;
Ve'll think no more of angry seas,
Till ve standen back, boys.

Chorus and laughter

With a *whip, snip*, high cum diddledy,
The cog-wheels of life have need of much oiling;

Smack, crack--this is our jubilee;
Huzza, my lads, we'll keep the pot boiling.

Bill Spurey--

Jack's alive and merry, boys,
When he's got the shiners;
Heh! for rattle, fun, and noise,
Hang all grumbling whiners.
Then drink, and call for what you please,
Until you've had your whack, boys;
We think no more of raging seas,
Now that we've come back, boys.

Chorus.--With a *whip, snip*, high cum diddledy,
The cog-wheels of life have need of much oiling;
Smack, crack--this is our jubilee;
Huzza, my lads! we'll keep the pot boiling.

"Dick Short must sing."

"Yes," replied Dick.

Jack's alive and full of fun,
When his hulk is crazy,
As he basks in Greenwich sun,
Jolly still though lazy.
So drink, and call for what you please,
Until you've had your whack, boys;
We'll think no more of raging seas,

Now that we've come back, boys.

Chorus.—With a *whip, snip*, high cum diddledy,
The cog-wheels of life have need of much oiling;
Smack, crack--this is our jubilee;
Huzza, my lads! we'll keep the pot boiling.

As this was the last chorus, it was repeated three or four times, and with hallooing, screaming, and dancing in mad gesticulation.

"Hurrah, my lads," cried Jemmy, "three cheers and a bravo."

It was high time that they went on board; so thought Frau Vandersloosh, who trembled for her chandeliers; so thought Babette, who had begun to yawn before the last song, and who had tired herself more with laughing at it; so thought they all, and they sallied forth out of the Lust Haus, with Jemmy Ducks having the advance, and fiddling to them the whole way down to the boat. Fortunately, not one of them fell into the canal, and in ten minutes they were all on board; they were not, however, permitted to turn into their hammocks without the important information being imparted to them, that Snarleyyow had disappeared.

Chapter X

In which is explained the sublime mystery of keel-hauling— Snarleyyow saves Smallbones from being drowned, although Smallbones would have drowned him

It is a dark morning; the wind is fresh from the northwest; flakes of snow are seen wafting here and there by the wind, the avant-couriers of a heavy fall; the whole sky is of one murky grey, and the sun is hidden behind a dense bank. The deck of the cutter is wet and slippery, and Dick Short has the morning watch. He is wrapt up in a Flushing pea-jacket, with thick mittens on his hands; he looks about him, and now and then a fragment of snow whirls into his eye; he winks it out, it melts and runs like a tear down his cheek. If it were not that it is contrary to man-of-war custom he would warm himself with the *double-shuffle*, but such a step would be unheard of on the quarter-deck of even the cutter *Yungfrau*.

The tarpaulin over the hatchway is pushed on one side, and the space between the coamings is filled with the bull head and broad shoulders of Corporal Van Spitter, who, at last, gains the

deck; he looks round him and apparently is not much pleased with the weather. Before he proceeds to business, he examines the sleeves and front of his jacket, and having brushed off with the palm of his hand a variety of blanket-hairs, adhering to the cloth, he is satisfied, and now turns to the right and to the left, and forward and aft—in less than a minute he goes right round the compass. What can Corporal Van Spitter want at so early an hour? He has not come up on deck for nothing, and yet he appears to be strangely puzzled: the fact is, by the arrangements of last night, it was decided, that this morning, if Snarleyyow did not make his appearance in the boat sent on shore for fresh beef for the ship's company, the unfortunate Smallbones was to be *keel-hauled*.

What a delightful morning for a keel-hauling!

This ingenious process, which, however, like many other good old customs, has fallen into disuse, must be explained to the non-nautical reader. It is nothing more nor less than sending a poor navigator on a voyage of discovery under the bottom of the vessel, lowering him² down over the bows, and with ropes detaining him exactly in his position under the keelson, while he is drawn aft by a hauling line until he makes his appearance at the rudder-chains, generally speaking quite out of breath, not

² The author has here explained keel-hauling as practised in those times in small *fore and aft* vessels. In large and square-rigged vessels, the man was hauled up to one main-yard arm, and dropped into the sea, and hauled under the bottom of the vessel to the other; but this in small fore and aft vessels was not so easily effected, nor was it considered sufficient punishment.

at the rapidity of his motion, but because, when so long under the water, he has expended all the breath in his body, and is induced to take in salt water *en lieu*. There is much merit in this invention; people are very apt to be content with walking the deck of a man-of-war, and complain of it as a hardship, but when once they have learnt, by experience, the difference between being comfortable above board, and the number of deprivations which they have to submit to when under board and overboard at the same time, they find that there are worse situations than being on the deck of a vessel—we say privations when under board, for they really are very important:—you are deprived of the air to breathe, which is not borne with patience even by a philosopher, and you are obliged to drink salt water instead of fresh. In the days of keel-hauling, the bottoms of vessels were not coppered, and in consequence were well studded with a species of shell-fish which attached themselves, called barnacles, and as these shells were all open-mouthed and with sharp cutting points, those who underwent this punishment (for they were made by the ropes at each side, fastened to their arms, to hug the keelson of the vessel) were cut and scored all over their body, as if with so many lancets, generally coming up bleeding in every part, and with their faces, especially their noses, as if they had been gnawed by the rats; but this was considered rather advantageous than otherwise, as the loss of blood restored the patient if he was not quite drowned, and the consequence was, that one out of three, it is said, have been known to recover

after their submarine excursion. The Dutch have the credit, and we will not attempt to take from them their undoubted right, of having invented this very agreeable description of punishment. They are considered a heavy, phlegmatic sort of people, but on every point in which the art of ingeniously tormenting is in request, it must be admitted that they have taken the lead of much more vivacious and otherwise more inventive nations.

And now the reader will perceive why Corporal Van Spitter was in a dilemma. With all the good-will in the world, with every anxiety to fulfil his duty, and to obey his superior officer, he was not a seaman, and did not know how to commence operations. He knew nothing about foddering a vessel's bottom, much less how to fodder it with the carcass of one of his fellow-creatures. The corporal, as we said before, turned round and round the compass to ascertain if he could compass his wishes; at last, he commenced by dragging one-rope's end from one side and another from the other; those would do for the side ropes, but he wanted a long one from forward and another from aft, and how to get the one from aft under the cutter's bottom was a puzzle; and then there was the mast and the rigging in his way;—the corporal reflected—the more he considered the matter, the more his brain became confused; he was at a nonplus, and he gave it up in despair: he stood still, took out a blue cotton handkerchief from the breast of his jacket and wiped his forehead, for the intensity of thought had made him perspire—anything like reflection was very hard work for Corporal Van Spitter.

"Tousand tyfels!" at last exclaimed the corporal, and he paused and knocked his big head with his fist.

"Hundred thousand tyfels!" repeated the corporal after five minutes' more thought.

"Twenty hundred tousand tyfels!" muttered the corporal, once more knocking his head: but he knocked in vain; like an empty house, there was no one within to answer the appeal. The corporal could no more: so he returned his pocket-handkerchief to the breast of his jacket, and a heavy sigh escaped from his own breast. All the devils in hell were mentally conjured and summoned to his aid, but they were, it is to be presumed, better employed, for although the work in hand was diabolical enough, still, Smallbones was such a poor devil, that probably he might have been considered as remotely allied to the fraternity.

It may be inquired why, as this was *on service*, Corporal Van Spitter did not apply for the assistance of the seamen belonging to the vessel, particularly to the officer in charge of the deck; but the fact was, that he was unwilling to do this, knowing that his application would be in vain, for he was aware that the whole crew sided with Smallbones; it was only as a last resource that he intended to do this, and being now at his *wit's* end, he walked up to Dick Short, who had been watching the corporal's motions in silence, and accosted him.

"If you please, Mynheer Short, Mynheer Vanslyperken give orders dat de boy be keel-hauled dis morning:—I want haben de rope and de way."

Short looked at the corporal, and made no reply.

"Mynheer Short, I haben tell de order of Mynheer Vanslyperken."

Dick Short made no reply, but leaning over the hatchway, called out, "Jemmy."

"Ay, ay," replied Jemmy Ducks, turning out of his hammock and dropping on the lower deck.

Corporal Van Spitter, who imagined that Mr Short was about to comply with his request after his own Harpocratic fashion, remained quietly on the deck until Jemmy Ducks made his appearance.

"Hands," quoth Short.

Jemmy piped the hands up.

"Boat," quoth Short, turning his head to the small boat hoisted up astern.

Now as all this was apparently preparatory to the work required, the corporal was satisfied. The men soon came up with their hammocks on their shoulders, which they put into the nettings, and then Jemmy proceeded to lower down the boat. As soon as it was down and hauled up alongside, Short turned round to Coble, and waving his hand towards the shore, said,

"Beef."

Coble, who perfectly understood him, put a new quid into his cheek, went down the side, and pulled on shore to bring off the fresh beef and vegetables for the ship's company; after which Dick Short walked the deck and gave no further orders.

Corporal Van Spitter perceiving this, went up to him again.

"Mynheer Short, you please get ready."

"No!" thundered Short, turning away.

"Got for dam, dat is mutiny," muttered the corporal, who immediately backed stern foremost down the hatchway, to report to his commandant the state of affairs on deck. Mr Vanslyperken had already risen; he had slept but one hour during the whole night, and that one hour was so occupied with wild and fearful dreams that he awoke from his sleep unrefreshed. He had dreamed that he was making every attempt to drown Smallbones, but without effect, for, so soon as the lad was dead he came to life again; he thought that Smallbones' soul was incorporated in a small animal something like a mouse, and that he had to dislodge it from its tenement of clay; but as soon as he drove it from one part of the body it would force its way back again into another; if he forced it out by the mouth after incredible exertions, which made him perspire at every pore, it would run back again into the ear; if forced from thence, through the nostril, then in at the toe, or any other part; in short, he laboured apparently in his dream for years, but without success. And then the "change came o'er the spirit of his dream;" but still there was analogy, for he was now trying to press his suit, which was now a liquid in a vial, into the widow Vandersloosh, but in vain. He administered it again and again, but it acted as an emetic, and she could not stomach it, and then he found himself rejected by all—the widow kicked him, Smallbones stamped upon him, even Snarleyyow flew at him

and bit him; at last, he fell with an enormous paving-stone round his neck, descending into a horrible abyss head foremost, and, as he increased his velocity, he awoke trembling and confused, and could sleep no more. This dream was not one to put Mr Vanslyperken into good humour, and two severe cuts on his cheek with the razor as he attempted to shave, for his hand still trembled, had added to his discontent, when it was raised to its climax by the entrance of Corporal Van Spitter, who made his report of the mutinous conduct of the first officer. Never was Mr Vanslyperken in such a tumult of rage; he pulled off some beaver from his hat to staunch the blood, and wiping off the remainder of the lather, for he put aside the operation of shaving till his hand was more steady, he threw on his coat and followed the corporal on deck, looked round with a savage air, spied out the diminutive form of Jemmy Ducks, and desired him to pipe "all hands to keel-haul."

Whereupon Jemmy put his pipe to his mouth, and after a long flourish, bawled out what appeared to Mr Vanslyperken to be—all hands to *be heel-hauled*; but Jemmy slurred over quickly the little change made in the order, and, although the men tittered, Mr Vanslyperken thought it better to say nothing. But there is an old saying, that you may bring a horse to the pond, but you cannot make him drink. Mr Vanslyperken had given the order, but no one attempted to commence the arrangements. The only person who showed any activity was Smallbones himself, who, not aware that he was to be punished, and hearing all hands piped

for something or another, came shambling, all legs and wings, up the hatchway, and looked around to ascertain what was to be done. He was met by the bulky form of Corporal Van Spitter, who, thinking that Smallbones' making his appearance in such haste was with the intention of jumping overboard to avoid his punishment, immediately seized him by the collar with the left hand, turned round on a pivot towards Mr Vanslyperken, and raising his right hand to his foraging cap, reported, "The prisoner on deck, Mynheer Vanslyperken." This roused the lieutenant to action, for he had been walking the deck for a half minute in deep thought.

"Is all ready there, forward?" cried Mr Vanslyperken.

No one replied.

"I say, boatswain, is all ready?"

"No, sir," replied Jemmy; "nobody knows how to set about it. I don't, anyhow—I never seed anything of the like since I've been in the service—the whole of the ship's company say the same." But even the flakes of snow, which now fell thick, and whitened the blue jacket of Mr Vanslyperken, could not assuage his wrath—he perceived that the men were refractory, so he summoned the six marines—who were completely under the control of their corporal.

Poor Smallbones had, in the meantime, discovered what was going on, and thought that he might as well urge something in his own defence.

"If you please, what are you going for to do with me?" said

the lad, with a terrified look.

"Lead him forward," said Mr Vanslyperken; "follow me, marines;" and the whole party, headed by the lieutenant, went before the mast.

"Strip him," cried Mr Vanslyperken.

"Strip me, with the snow flying like this! An't I cold enough already?"

"You'll be colder when you're under the bottom of the cutter," replied his master.

"O Lord! then it is keel-hauling a'ter all; why what have I done?" cried Smallbones, as the marines divested him of his shirt, and exposed his emaciated body to the pitiless storm.

"Where's Snarleyyow, sir?—confess."

"Snarleyyow—how should I know, sir? it's very hard, because your dog is not to be found, that I'm to be dragged under the bottom of a vessel."

"I'll teach you to throw paving-stones in the canal."

"Paving-stones, sir!" and Smallbones' guilty conscience flew in his face. "Well, sir, do as you please, I'm sure I don't care; if I am to be killed, be quick about it—I'm sure I sha'n't come up alive."

Here Mr Vanslyperken remembered his dream, and the difficulty which he had in driving Smallbones' soul out of his body, and he was fearful that even keel-hauling would not settle Smallbones.

By the directions of Mr Vanslyperken, the hauling ropes and

other tackle were collected by the marines, for the seamen stood by, and appeared resolved, to a man, to do nothing, and, in about half an hour, all was ready. Four marines manned the hauling line, one was placed at each side-rope fastened to the lad's arms, and the corporal, as soon as he had lifted the body of Smallbones over the larboard gunnel, had directions to attend the bow-line, and not allow him to be dragged on too fast: a better selection for this purpose could not have been made than Corporal Van Spitter. Smallbones had been laid without his clothes on the deck, now covered with snow, during the time that the lines were making fast to him; he remained silent, and as usual, when punished, with his eyes shut, and as Vanslyperken watched him with feelings of hatred, he perceived an occasional smile to cross the lad's haggard features. He knows where the dog is, thought Vanslyperken, and his desire to know what had become of Snarleyow overcame his vengeance—he addressed the shivering Smallbones.

"Now, sir, if you wish to escape the punishment, tell me what has become of the dog, for I perceive that you know."

Smallbones grinned as his teeth chattered—he would have undergone a dozen keel-haulings rather than have satisfied Vanslyperken.

"I give you ten minutes to think of it," continued the lieutenant; "hold all fast at present."

The snow storm now came on so thick that it was difficult to distinguish the length of the vessel. Smallbones' naked limbs

were gradually covered, and, before the ten minutes were expired, he was wrapped up in snow as in a garment—he shook his head occasionally to clear his face, but remained silent.

"Now, sir," cried Vanslyperken, "will you tell me, or overboard you go at once? Will you tell me?"

"No," replied Smallbones.

"Do you know, you scoundrel?"

"Yes," replied Smallbones, whose indignation was roused.

"And you won't tell?"

"No," shrieked the lad—"no, never, never, never!"

"Corporal Van Spitter, over with him," cried Vanslyperken in a rage, when a sudden stir was heard amongst the men aft, and as the corporal raised up the light frame of the culprit, to carry it to the gunnel, to the astonishment of Vanslyperken, of the corporal, and of Smallbones, Snarleyow appeared on the forecastle, and made a rush at Smallbones, as he lay in the corporal's arms, snapped at his leg, and then set up his usual deep baying, "bow, bow, bow!"

The re-appearance of the dog created no small sensation—Vanslyperken felt that he had now no reason for keel-hauling Smallbones, which annoyed him as much as the sight of the dog gave him pleasure. The corporal, who had dropped Smallbones on the snow, was also disappointed. As for Smallbones, at the baying of the dog, he started up on his knees, and looked at it as if it were an apparition, with every demonstration of terror in his countenance; his eyes glared upon the animal with horror

and astonishment, and he fell down in a swoon. The whole of the ship's company were taken aback—they looked at one another and shook their heads—one only remark was made by Jansen, who muttered, "De tog is no tog a'ter all."

Mr Vanslyperken ordered Smallbones to be taken below, and then walked aft; perceiving Obadiah Coble, he inquired whence the dog had come, and was answered that he had come off in the boat which he had taken on shore for fresh beef and vegetables. Mr Vanslyperken made no reply, but, with Snarleyyow at his heels, went down into the cabin.

Chapter XI

In which Snarleyow does not at all assist his master's cause with the Widow Vandersloosh

It will be necessary to explain to the reader by what means the life of our celebrated cur was preserved. When Smallbones had thrown him into the canal, tied up, as he supposed, in his winding-sheet, what Mr Vanslyperken observed was true, that there were people below, and the supposed paving-stone might have fallen upon them: the voices which he heard were those of father and son, who were in a small boat going from a galliot to the steps where they intended to land; for this canal was not like most others, with the water in it sufficiently high to enable people to step from the vessel's gunnel to the jetty. Snarleyow fell in his bag a few yards ahead of the boat, and the splash naturally attracted their attention; he did not sink immediately, but floundered and struggled so as to keep himself partly above water.

"What is that?" exclaimed the father to his son, in Dutch.

"Mein Gott! who is to know?—but we will see;" and the son took the boat-hook, and with it dragged the bread-bags towards the boat, just as they were sinking, for Snarleyow was exhausted

with his efforts. The two together dragged the bags with their contents into the boat.

"It is a dog or something," observed the son.

"Very well, but the bread-bags will be useful," replied the father, and they pulled on to the landing-stairs. When they arrived there they lifted out the bags, laid them on the stone steps, and proceeded to unrip them, when they found Snarleyow, who was just giving signs of returning animation. They took the bags with them, after having rolled his carcass out, and left it on the steps, for there was a fine for throwing anything into the canal. The cur soon after recovered, and was able to stand on his legs; so soon as he could walk he made his way to the door of the widow Vandersloosh, and howled for admittance. The widow had retired: she had been reading her book of *prières*, as every one should do, who has been cheating people all day long. She was about to extinguish her light, when this serenade saluted her ears; it became intolerable as the dog gained strength.

Babette had long been fast asleep, and was with difficulty roused up and directed to beat the cur away. She attempted to perform the duty, arming herself with the broom; but the moment she opened the door Snarleyow dashed in between her legs, upsetting her on the brick pavement. Babette screamed, and her mistress came out in the passage to ascertain the cause; the dog not being able to run into the parlour, bolted up the stairs, and snapping at the widow as he passed, secured a berth underneath her bed.

"Oh, mein Gott! it is the dog of the lieutenant," exclaimed Babette, coming up the stairs in greater dishabille than her mistress, and with the broom in her hand. "What shall we do—how shall we get rid of him?"

"A thousand devils may take the lieutenant, and his nasty dog, too," exclaimed the widow, in great wrath; "this is the last time that either of them enter my house; try, Babette, with your broom—shove at him hard."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Babette, pushing with all her strength at the dog beneath the bed, who seized the broom with his teeth, and pulled it away from Babette. It was a struggle of strength between the girl and Snarleyow—pull, Babette—pull, dog—one moment the broom, with two-thirds of the handle, disappeared under the bed, the next the maid recovered her lost ground. Snarleyow was first tired of this contention, and to prove that he had no thoughts of abandoning his position, he let go the broom, flew at Babette's naked legs, and having inserted his teeth half through her ankle, he returned growling to his former retreat. "O dear, mein Gott!" exclaimed Babette, dropping her broom, and holding her ankle with both hands.

"What shall we do?" cried the widow, wringing her hands.

It was indeed a case of difficulty. Mynheer Vandersloosh, before he had quitted this transitory scene, had become a personage as bulky as the widow herself, and the bed had been made unusually wide; the widow still retained the bed for her own use, for there was no knowing whether she might not again

be induced to enter the hymeneal state. It occupied more than one half of the room, and the dog had gained a position from which it was not easy for two women to dislodge him; and, as the dog snarled and growled under the bed, so did the widow's wrath rise as she stood shivering—and it was directed against the master. She vowed mentally, that so sure as the dog was under the bed, so sure should his master never get into it.

And Babette's wrath was also kindled, now that the first pain of the bite had worn off; she seized the broom again, and made some furious lunges at Snarleyyow, so furious, that he could not regain possession with his teeth. The door of the room had been left open that the dog might escape—so had the street-door; and the widow stood at the foot of the bed, waiting for some such effect being produced by Babette's vigorous attacks; but the effects were not such as she anticipated; the dog became more enraged, and at last sprang out at the foot of the bed, flew at the widow, tore her only garment, and bit her in the leg. Frau Vandersloosh screamed and reeled—reeled against the door left half open, and falling against it, slammed it to with her weight, and fell down shrieking. Snarleyyow, who probably had intended to make off, seeing that his escape was prevented, again retreated under the bed, and as soon as he was there he recommenced an attack upon Babette's legs.

Now, it appears, that what the united courage of the two females could not accomplish, was at last effected by their united fears. The widow Vandersloosh gained her legs as soon as she

could, and at first opened the door to run out, but her night dress was torn to ribbons in front. She looked at her situation—modesty conquered every other feeling—she burst into tears, and exclaiming, "Mr Vanslyperken! Mr Vanslyperken!" she threw herself in an ecstasy of grief and rage on the centre of the bed. At the same moment the teeth of the dog were again fixed upon the ankles of Babette, who also shrieked, and threw herself on the bed, and upon her mistress. The bed was a good bed, and had for years done its duty; but you may even overload a bed, and so it proved in this instance. The united weights of the mistress and the maid coming down upon it with such emphasis, was more than the bed could bear—the sacking gave way altogether, and the mattress which they lay upon was now supported by the floor.

But this misfortune was their preservation—for when the mattress came down, it came down upon Snarleyyow. The animal contrived to clear his loins, or he would have perished; but he could not clear his long mangy tail, which was now caught and firmly fixed in a new species of trap, the widow's broadest proportions having firmly secured him by it. Snarleyyow pulled, and pulled, but he pulled in vain—he was fixed—he could not bite, for the mattress was between them—he pulled, and he howled, and barked, and turned himself every way, and yelped; and had not his tail been of coarse and thick dimensions, he might have left it behind him, so great were his exertions; but, no, it was impossible. The widow was a widow of substance, as Vanslyperken had imagined, and as she now proved to the dog—

the only difference was, that the master wished to be in the very situation which the dog was now so anxious to escape from—to wit, tailed on to the widow. Babette, who soon perceived that the dog was so, now got out of the bed, and begging her mistress not to move an inch, and seizing the broom, she hammered Snarleyow most unmercifully, without any fear of retaliation. The dog redoubled his exertions, and the extra weight of Babette being now removed, he was at last able to withdraw his appendage, and probably-feeling that there was now no chance of a quiet night's rest in his present quarters, he made a bolt out of the room, down the stairs, and into the street. Babette chased him down, threw the broom at his head as he cleared the threshold, and then bolted the door.

"O the beast!" exclaimed Babette, going up stairs again, out of breath; "he's gone at last, ma'am."

"Yes," replied the widow, rising up with difficulty from the hole made with her own centre of gravity; "and—and his master shall go too. Make love indeed—the atomy—the shrimp—the dried-up stock-fish. Love, quotha—and refuse to hang a cur like that. O dear! O dear! get me something to put on. One of my best chemises all in rags—and his nasty teeth in my leg in two places, Babette. Well, well, Mr Vanslyperken, we shall see—I don't care for their custom. Mr Vanslyperken, you'll not sit on my sofa again, I can tell you;—hug your nasty cur—quite good enough for you. Yes, yes, Mr Vanslyperken."

By this time the widow had received a fresh supply of linen

from Babette; and as soon as she had put it on she rose from the bed, the fractured state of which again called forth her indignation.

"Thirty-two years have I had this bed, wedded and single, Babette!" exclaimed the widow. "For sixteen years did I sleep on that bed with the lamented Mr Vandersloosh—for sixteen years have I slept in it, a lone widow—but never till now did it break down. How am I to sleep to-night? What am I to do, Babette?"

"'Twas well it did break down, ma'am," replied Babette, who was smoothing down the jagged skin at her ankles; "or we should never have got the nasty biting brute out of the house."

"Very well—very well. Yes, yes, Mr Vanslyperken—marriage, indeed, I'd as soon marry his cur."

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed Babette. "I think madame, if you did marry, you would soon find the master as cross as the dog; but I must make this bed."

Babette proceeded to examine the mischief, and found that it was only the cords which tied the sacking which had given way, and considering that they had done their office for thirty-two years, and the strain which had been put upon them after so long a period, there was not much to complain of. A new cord was procured, and, in a quarter of an hour, all was right again; and the widow, who had sat in the chair fuming and blowing off her steam, as soon as Babette had turned down the bed, turned in again, muttering, "Yes, yes, Mr Vanslyperken—marriage indeed. Well, well, we shall see. Stop till to-morrow, Mr Vanslyperken;"

and as Babette has closed the curtains, so will we close this chapter.

Chapter XII

In which resolutions are entered into in all quarters, and Jemmy Ducks is accused of mutiny for singing a song in a snow-storm

What were the adventures of Snarleyyow after this awkward interference with his master's speculations upon the widow, until he jumped into the beef boat to go on board of the cutter, are lost for ever; but it is to be supposed that he could not have remained the whole night without making himself disagreeable in some quarter or another. But, as we before observed, we know nothing about it; and, therefore, may be excused if we do not tell.

The widow Vandersloosh slept but little that night: her soul was full of vengeance; but although smarting with the imprints of the cur's teeth, still she had an eye to business; the custom of the crew of the cutter was not to be despised, and, as she thought of this, she gradually cooled down. It was not till four o'clock in the morning that she came to her decision; and it was a very prudent one, which was to demand the dead body of the dog to be laid at her door before Mr Vanslyperken should be allowed admittance. This was her right, and if he was sincere, he would not refuse; if he did refuse, it was not at all clear that she should

lose the custom of the seamen, over the major part of whom Vanslyperken then appeared to have very little control; and all of whom, she knew, detested him most cordially, as well as his dog. After which resolution the widow Vandersloosh fell fast asleep.

But we must return on board, where there was almost as much confusion as there had been on shore. The reappearance of Snarleyow was considered supernatural, for Smallbones had distinctly told in what manner he had tied him up in the bread-bags, and thrown him into the canal. Whisperings and murmurings were heard all round the cutter's decks. Obadiah Coble shrugged up his shoulders, as he took an extra quid—Dick Short walked about with lips compressed, more taciturn than ever—Jansen shook his head, muttering, "Te tog is no tog"—Bill Spurey had to repeat to the ship's company the legend of his coming on board over and over again. The only persons who appeared not to have lost their courage were Jemmy Ducks and poor Smallbones, who had been put in his hammock to recover him from his refrigeration. The former said, "that if they were to sail with the devil, it could not be helped, pay and prize-money would still go on;" and the latter, who had quite recovered his self-possession, "vowed that dog or devil, he would never cease his attempts to destroy him—if he was the devil, or one of his imps, it was his duty as a Christian to oppose him, and he had no chance of better treatment if he were to remain quiet." The snow-storm continued, and the men remained below, all but Jemmy Ducks, who leaned against the lee side of the cutter's mast, and,

as the snow fell, sang, to a slow air, the following ditty, it probably being called to his recollection by the state of the weather.

'Twas at the landing-place that's just below Mount Wyse,
Poll leaned against the sentry's box, a tear in both her eyes,
Her apron twisted round her arms, all for to keep them warm,
Being a windy Christmas-day, and also a snow-storm.

And Bet and Sue
Both stood there too,
A-shivering by her side,
They both were dumb,
And both looked glum,
As they watched the ebbing tide.
Poll put her arms a-kimbo,
At the admiral's house looked she,
To thoughts before in limbo,
She now a vent gave free.
You have sent the ship in a gale to work,
On a lee shore to be jammed,
I'll give you a piece of my mind, old Turk,
Port Admiral, you be d-d.

Chorus.—We'll give you a piece of our mind, old Turk,
Port Admiral, you be d-d.

Who ever heard in the sarvice of a frigate made to sail
On Christmas-day, it blowing hard, with sleet, and snow, and
hail?

I wish I had the fishing of your back that is so bent,
I'd use the galley poker hot unto your heart's content.

Here Bet and Sue
Are with me too,
A shivering by my side,
They both are dumb,
And both look glum,
And watch the ebbing tide.
Poll put her arms a-kimbo,
At the admiral's house looked she,
To thoughts that were in limbo,
She now a vent gave free.
You've got a roaring fire I'll bet,
In it your toes are jammed,
Let's give him a piece of our mind, my Bet,
Port Admiral, you be d-d.

Chorus.—Let's give him a piece of our mind, my Bet,
Port Admiral, you be d-d.

I had the flour and plums all picked, and suet all chopped fine,
To mix into a pudding rich for all the mess to dine;
I pawned my ear-rings for the beef, it weighed at least a stone,
Now my fancy man is sent to sea, and I am left alone.

Here's Bet and Sue
Who stand here too,
A shivering by my side,

They both are dumb,
They both look glum,
And watch the ebbing tide.
Poll put her arms a-kimbo,
At the admiral's house looked she,
To thoughts that were in limbo,
She now a vent gave free.
You've got a turkey I'll be bound,
With which you will be crammed,
I'll give you a bit of my mind, old hound,
Port Admiral, you be d-d.

Chorus.—I'll give you a bit of my mind, old hound,
Port Admiral, you be d-d.

I'm sure that in this weather they cannot cook their meat,
To eat it raw on Christmas-day will be a pleasant treat;
But let us all go home, girls, it's no use waiting here,
We'll hope that Christmas-day to come, they will have better
cheer.

So Bet and Sue
Don't stand here too,
A shivering by my side,
Don't keep so dumb,
Don't look so glum,
Nor watch the ebbing tide.
Poll put her arms a-kimbo,
At the admiral's house looked she,

To thoughts that were in limbo,
She now a vent gave free.
So while they cut their raw salt hunks,
With dainties you'll be crammed,
Here's once for all my mind, old hunks,
Port Admiral, you be d-d.

Chorus.—So once for all our mind, old hunks,
Port Admiral you be d-d.

"Mein Gott! but dat is rank mutiny, Mynheer Shemmy Tucks," observed Corporal Van Spitter, who had come upon the deck unperceived by Jemmy, and had listened to the song.

"Mutiny, is it?" replied Jemmy, "and report this also.

"I'll give you a bit of my mind, fat thief,
You, corporal, may be d-d."

"Dat is better and better—I mean to say, worser and worser," replied the corporal.

"Take care I don't pitch you overboard," replied Jemmy, in wrath.

"Dat is most worse still," said the corporal, stalking aft, and leaving Jemmy Ducks to follow up the train of his own thoughts.

Jemmy, who had been roused by the corporal, and felt the snow insinuating itself into the nape of the neck, thought he might as well go down below.

The corporal made his report, and Mr Vanslyperken made his comments, but he did no more, for he was aware that a mere trifle would cause a general mutiny. The recovery of Snarleyow consoled him, and little thinking what had been the events of the preceding night, he thought he might as well prove his devotion to the widow, by paying his respects in a snow-storm—but not in the attire of the day before—Mr Vanslyperken was too economical for that; so he remained in his long threadbare great-coat and foul-weather hat. Having first locked up his dog in the cabin, and entrusted the key to the corporal, he went on shore, and presented himself at the widow's door, which was opened by Babette, who with her person barred entrance: she did not wait for Vanslyperken to speak first.

"Mynheer Vanslyperken, you can't come in. Frau Vandersloosh is very ill in bed—the doctor says it's a bad case—she cannot be seen."

"Ill!" exclaimed Vanslyperken; "your dear, charming mistress ill! Good heavens! what is the matter, my dear Babette?" replied Vanslyperken, with all the pretended interest of a devoted lover.

"All through you, Mr Vanslyperken," replied Babette.

"Me!" exclaimed Vanslyperken.

"Well, all through your nasty cur, which is the same thing."

"My dog! I little thought that he was left here," replied the lieutenant; "but, Babette, let me in, if you please, for the snow falls fast, and—"

"And you must not come in, Mr Vanslyperken," replied

Babette, pushing him back.

"Good heavens! what is the matter?"

Babette then narrated what had passed, and as she was very prolix, Mr Vanslyperken was a mass of snow on the windward side of him before she had finished, which she did, by pulling down her worsted stockings, and showing the wounds which she had received as her portion in the last night's affray. Having thus given ocular evidence of the truth of what she had asserted, Babette then delivered the message of her mistress; to wit, "that until the dead body of Snarleyow was laid at the porch where they now stood, he, Mr Vanslyperken, would never gain re-admission." So saying, and not feeling it very pleasant to continue a conversation in a snow-storm, Babette very unceremoniously slammed the door in Mr Vanslyperken's face, and left him to digest the communication with what appetite he might. Mr Vanslyperken, notwithstanding the cold weather, hastened from the door in a towering passion. The perspiration actually ran down his face, and mingled with the melting snow. "To be or not to be"—give up the widow or give up his darling Snarleyow—a dog whom he loved the more, the more he was, through him, entangled in scrapes and vexations—a dog whom every one hated, and therefore he loved—a dog which had not a single recommendation, and therefore was highly prized—a dog assailed by all, and especially by that scarecrow Smallbones, to whom his death would be a victory—it was impossible. But then the widow—with such lots of guilders in the bank, and such a good income

from the Lust Haus, he had long made up his mind to settle in possession. It was the haven which, in the vista of his mind, he had been so long accustomed to dwell upon, and he could not give up the hope.

Yet one must be sacrificed. No, he could part with neither. "I have it," thought he; "I will make the widow believe that I have sacrificed the dog, and then, when I am once in possession, the dog shall come back again, and let her say a word if she dares; I'll tame her; and pay her off for old scores."

Such was the determination of Mr Vanslyperken, as he walked back to the boat. His reverie was, however, broken by his breaking his nose against a lamp-post, which did not contribute to his good-humour. "Yes, yes, Frau Vandersloosh, we will see," muttered Vanslyperken; "you would kill my dog, would you? It's a dog's life I'll lead you when I'm once secure of you, Madame Vandersloosh. You cheated me out of my biscuit—we shall see;" and Mr Vanslyperken stepped into his boat and pulled on board.

On his arrival he found that a messenger had come on board during his absence, with the letters of thanks from the king's loving cousins, and with directions that he should return with them forthwith. This suited the views of Vanslyperken; he wrote a long letter to the widow, in which he expressed his willingness to sacrifice everything for her—not only to hang his dog, but to hang himself if she wished it—lamented his immediate orders for sailing, and hinted that, on his return, he ought to find her more favourable. The widow read the letter, and tossed it into the grate

with a Pish! "I was not born yesterday, as the saying is," cried the widow Vandersloosh.

Chapter XIII

In which the ship's company join in a chorus, and the corporal goes on a cruise

Mr Vanslyperken is in his cabin, with Snarleyyow at his side, sitting upon his haunches, and looking in his master's face, which wears an air of anxiety and discomfiture; the fact is, that Mr Vanslyperken is anything but content; he is angry with the widow, with the ship's company, with the dog, and with himself; but his anger towards the dog is softened, for he feels that, if anything in this world loves him, it is the dog—not that his affection is great, but as much as the dog's nature will permit; and, at all events, if the animal's attachment to him is not very strong, still he is certain that Snarleyyow hates everybody else. It is astonishing how powerful is the feeling that is derived from habit and association. Now that the life of his cur was demanded by one, and, as he was aware, was sought for by many, Vanslyperken put a value upon him that was extraordinary. Snarleyyow had become a precious jewel in the eyes of his master, and what he suffered in anxiety and disappointment from the perverse disposition of the animal, only endeared him the more. "Yes, my poor dog," apostrophised the lieutenant, "they would seek

your life—nay, that hard-hearted woman demands that you should be laid—dead at her porch. All conspire against you, but be not afraid, my dog, your master will protect you against all."

Vanslyperken patted the animal on the head, which was not a little swelled from the blows received from the broom of Babette, and Snarleyyow rubbed his nose against his master's trousers, and then raised himself up, by putting his paw upon his master's knee. This brought the dog's head more to the light, and Vanslyperken observed that one eye was swelled and closed. He examined it, and, to his horror, found that it had been beaten out by the broom of Babette. There was no doubt of it, and Mr Vanslyperken's choler was extreme. "Now, may all the curses of ophthalmia seize the fagot," cried the lieutenant; "I wish I had her here. My poor, poor dog!" and Vanslyperken kissed the *os frontis* of the cur, and what perhaps had never occurred since childhood, and what nothing else could have brought about, Mr Vanslyperken *wept*--actually wept over an animal, which was not, from any qualification he possessed, worth the charges of the cord which would have hanged him. Surely the affections have sometimes a bent towards insanity.

After a short time the lieutenant rang his bell, and ordered some warm water, to bathe the dog's eye. Corporal Van Spitter, as Smallbones was in his hammock, answered the summons, and when he returned aft with the water, he made known to Mr Vanslyperken the mutinous expressions of Jemmy Ducks. The lieutenant's small eye twinkled with satisfaction. "Damned the

Admiral, did he!—which one was it—Portsmouth or Plymouth?"

This, Corporal Van Spitter could not tell; but it was certain that Jemmy had damned his superior officer; "And moreover," continued the corporal, "he damned me." Now Mr Vanslyperken had a great hatred against Jemmy Ducks, because he amused the ship's company, and he never could forgive any one who made people happy; moreover, he wanted some object to visit his wrath upon: so he asked a few more questions, and then dismissed the corporal, put on his tarpaulin hat, put his speaking-trumpet under his arm, and went on deck, directing the corporal to appoint one of the marines to continue to bathe the eye of his favourite.

Mr Vanslyperken looked at the dog-vane, and perceived that the wind was foul for sailing, and moreover, it would be dark in two hours, so he determined upon not starting till the next morning, and then he thought that he would punish Jemmy Ducks; but the question occurred to him whether he could do so or not. Was James Salisbury a boatswain by right or not? He received only the pay of a boatswain's mate, but he was styled boatswain on the books. It was a nice point, and the balance was even. Mr Vanslyperken's own wishes turned the scale, and he resolved to flog Jemmy Ducks if he could. We say, if he could, for as, at that time, tyrannical oppression on the part of the superiors was winked at, and no complaints were listened to by the Admiralty, insubordination, which was the natural result, was equally difficult to get over; and although on board of the larger vessels, the strong arm of power was certain to conquer,

it was not always the case in the smaller, where the superiors were not in sufficient force, or backed by a numerous party of soldiers or marines, for there was then little difference between the two services. Mr Vanslyperken had had more than one mutiny on board of the vessels which he had commanded, and, in one instance, his whole ship's company had taken the boats and gone on shore, leaving him by himself in the vessel, preferring to lose the pay due to them, than to remain longer on board. They joined other ships in the service, and no notice was taken of their conduct by the authorities. Such was the state of half discipline at the period we speak of in the service of the king. The ships were, in every other point, equally badly fitted out and manned; peculation of every kind was carried to excess, and those who were in command thought more of their own interest than of anything else. Ship's stores and provisions were constantly sold, and the want of the former was frequently the occasion of the loss of the vessel, and the sacrifice of the whole crew. Such maladministration is said to be the case even now in some of the continental navies. It is not until a long series of years have elapsed, that such regulations and arrangements as are at present so economically and beneficially administered to our navy, can be fully established.

Having settled the point so far, Mr Vanslyperken then proceeded to debate in his own mind, whether he should flog Jemmy in harbour, or after he had sailed; and feeling that if there was any serious disturbance on part of the men, they might quit

the vessel if in harbour, he decided that he would wait until he had them in blue water. His thoughts then reverted to the widow, and, as he turned and turned again, he clenched his fists in his great-coat pockets, and was heard by those near him to grind his teeth.

In the meantime, the news had been imparted by the marine, who came up into the galley for more warm water, that the dog had had one of his eyes put out, and it was strange the satisfaction which this intelligence appeared to give to the ship's company. It was passed round like wildfire, and, when communicated, a beam of pleasure was soon apparent throughout the whole cutter, and for this simple reason, that the accident removed the fear arising from the supposition of the dog being supernatural, for the men argued, and with some reason, that if you could put out his eye, you could kill him altogether; for if you could destroy a part, you could destroy the whole. No one ever heard of the devil's eye being put out—*ergo*, the dog could not be a devil, or one of his imps: so argued a knot of the men in conclave, and Jansen wound up by observing, "Dat de tog was only a tog after all."

Vanslyperken returned to his cabin and stated his intentions to his factotum and confidant, Corporal Van Spitter. Now, in this instance, the corporal did not adhere to that secrecy to which he was bound, and the only reason we can give is, that he had as great a dislike to Jemmy Ducks as his lieutenant—for the corporal obeyed orders so exactly, that he considered it his duty not to have even an opinion or a feeling contrary to those of his superior

officer. He was delighted at the idea of flogging Jemmy, and communicated the lieutenant's intention to the most favoured of his marines, who also told the secret to another, and thus in five minutes, it was known throughout the cutter, that as soon as they were in blue water, the little boatswain was to be tied up for having damned the admiral in a snow-storm. The consequence was, as the evening was clear, that there was a very numerous assemblage upon the fore-castle of the cutter *Yungfrau*.

"Flog Jemmy," said Bill Spurey. "Why, Jemmy's a hofficer."

"To be sure he is," observed another; "and quite as good a one as Vanslyperken himself, though he don't wear brass on his hat."

"D-n it—what next—heh, Coble?"

Coble hitched up his trousers. "It's my opinion he'll be for flogging *us* next, Short," said the old man.

"Yes," replied Short.

"Shall we allow Jemmy to be flogged?"

"No," replied Short.

"If it warn't for them 'ere marines, and the lumpy beggar of a corporal," observed one of the seamen.

"Pish," quoth Jemmy, who was standing among them.

"Won't he make it out mutiny?" observed Spurey.

"Mein Gott! it was mutiny to flog de officer," said Jansen.

"That's very true," observed another.

"But Jemmy can't stand against the fat corporal and the six marines," observed Bill Spurey.

"One up and t'other down, I'll take them all," observed

Jemmy, expanding his chest.

"Yes, but they'll all be down upon you at once, Jemmy."

"If they lays their hands upon an officer," observed Coble, "it will be mutiny; and then Jemmy calls in the ship's company to protect him."

"Exactly," observed Jemmy.

"And den, mein Gott, I zettle for de corporal," observed Jansen.

"I'll play him a trick yet."

"But now, it's no use palavering," observed Spurey; "let's come to some settlement. Obadiah, give us your opinion as to what's best to be done."

Hereupon Coble squirted out a modicum of 'baccy juice, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and said, "It's my opinion, that the best way of getting one man out of a scrape, is to get all the rest in it. Jemmy, d'ye see, is to be hauled up for singing an old song, in which a wench very properly damns the admiral for sending a ship out on a Christmas-day, which, let alone the unchristian-like act, as you may know, my lads, always turns up on a Friday, a day on which nothing but being blown out from your anchors can warrant any vessel sailing on. Now, d'ye see, it may be mutiny to damn a live admiral, with his flag hoisted—I won't say but what it is—but this here admiral as Jemmy damned, is no more alive than a stock fish; and, moreover, it is not Jemmy as damns him, but Poll; therefore it can be no mutiny. Now, what I consider best is this, if so be it be against the articles—well,

then, let's all be in for it together, and then Vanslyperken will be puzzled, and, moreover, it will give him a hint how matters stand, and he may think better of it; for although we must not have Jemmy touched, still it's quite as well not to have a regular breeze with the jollies; for if so be that the *Scarborough*, or any other king's ship, be in port when we arrive, Vanslyperken may run under the guns, and then whip the whole boiling of us off to the Ingies, and glad to get us, too, and that's no joke. Now, that's my idea of the matter."

"Well, but you've not told us how we are all to get into it, Coble."

"More I have—well, that's funny; left out the whole burden of my song. Why, I consider that we had better now directly sing the song over again, all in chorus, and then we shall have damned the admiral a dozen times over; and Vanslyperken will hear us, and say to himself, 'They don't sing that song for nothing.' What do you say, Dick Short, you're first hofficer?"

"Yes," replied Short.

"Hurrah! my lads, then," cried Bill Spurey; "now then, strike up, Jemmy, and let us give it lots of mouth."

The song which our readers have already heard from the lips of Jemmy Ducks, was then sung by the whole of the men, *con animo e strepito*, and two verses had been roared out, when Corporal Van Spitter, in great agitation, presented himself at the cabin door, where he found Mr Vanslyperken very busy summing up his accounts.

"Mein Gott, sar! dere is de mutiny in de *Yungfrau*," cried the corporal.

"Mutiny!" cried Vanslyperken, catching at his sword, which hung up on the bulk-head.

"Yaw, mynheer—de mutiny—hear now de ship's company."

Vanslyperken lent his ears, when the astounding chorus came rolling aft through the door of the cabin,

"I'll give you a bit of my mind, old hunks,
Port Admiral—you be d—d"

"Bow, wow, wow," barked Snarleyow.

"Why, it's the whole ship's company!" cried Vanslyperken.

"All but de Corporal Van Spitter, and de six marines," replied the corporal, raising his hand up to his head *a la militaire*.

"Shut the door, corporal. This is indeed mutiny and defiance," cried Vanslyperken, jumping up from his chair.

"It is von tyfel of a song," replied the corporal.

"I must find out the ringleaders, corporal; do you think that you could contrive to overhear what they say after the song is over? they will be consulting together, and we might find out something."

"Mynheer, I'm not very small for to creep in and listen," replied the corporal, casting his eyes down upon his huge carcass.

"Are they all forward?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Yes, mynheer—not one soul baft."

"There is the small boat astern; do you think you could get softly into it, haul it up to the bows, and lie there quite still? You would then hear what they said, without their thinking of it, now that it is dark."

"I will try, mynheer," replied the corporal, who quitted the cabin.

But there were others who condescended to listen as well as the corporal, and in this instance, every word which had passed, had been overheard by Smallbones, who had been for some hours out of his hammock. When the corporal's hand touched the lock of the door, Smallbones made a hasty retreat.

Corporal Van Spitter went on the quarter-deck, which he found vacant; he hauled up the boat to the counter, and by degrees lowered into it his unwieldy carcass, which almost swamped the little conveyance. He then waited a little, and with difficulty forced the boat up against the strong flood-tide that was running, till at last he gained the chesstree of the cutter, when he shortened in the painter (or rope that held the boat), made it fast to a ringbolt without being perceived, and there he lay concealed, not daring to move, for fear of making a noise.

Smallbones had, however, watched him carefully, and as the corporal sat in the middle thwart, with his face turned aft, catching but imperfectly the conversation of the men, the lad separated the painter with a sharp knife, and at the same time dropping his foot down, gave the bow of the boat a shove off, which made it round with the stream. The tide was then running

five or six miles an hour, and before the corporal, in the utter darkness, could make out what had occurred, or raise his heavy carcass to assist himself, he was whirled away by the current clear of the vessel, and soon disappeared from the sight of Smallbones, who was watching his progress.

It is true that the corporal shouted for assistance when he found himself astern, and also that he was heard by the men, but Smallbones had leaped among them, and in a few words told them what he had done; so of course they took no notice, but rubbed their hands with delight at the idea of the corporal being adrift like a bear in a washing-tub, and they all prayed for a gale of wind to come on that he might be swamped, and most of them remained on deck to hear what Mr Vanslyperken would say and do when the corporal's absence was discovered. Mr Vanslyperken remained nearly two hours without sending for the corporal; at last, surprised at not seeing him return, he went on deck. The men on the fore-castle perceiving this, immediately disappeared gently down the fore-hatchway. Mr Vanslyperken walked forward and found that every one was, as he supposed, either in bed or below; for in harbour the corporal kept one of the watches, and this night it was his first watch. Vanslyperken looked over the side all round the cutter, and could see no boat and no Corporal Van Spitter, and it immediately occurred to him that the corporal must have gone adrift, and he was very much puzzled how to act. It would be flood-tide for two hours more, and then the whole ebb would run before it was

daylight. Corporal Van Spitter would traverse the whole Zuyder Zee before they might find him. Unless he had the fortune to be picked up by some small craft, he might perish with cold and hunger. He could not sail without him; for what could he do without Corporal Van Spitter, his protection, his factotum, his distributor of provisions, &c. The loss was irreparable, and Mr Vanslyperken, when he thought of the loss of the widow's favour and the loss of his favourite, acknowledged with bitterness that his star was not in the ascendant. After some reflection, Mr Vanslyperken thought that as nothing could be gained by making the fact known, the wisest thing that he could do was to go to bed and say nothing about it, leaving the whole of the ulterior proceedings until the loss of the boat should be reported to him in the morning. Having arranged this in his mind, Mr Vanslyperken took two or three turns more, and then went down and turned in.

Chapter XIV

In which some new characters appear on the stage, although the corporal is not to be heard of

The loss of the boat was reported by Obadiah Coble at daylight, and Mr Vanslyperken immediately went on deck with his spy-glass to ascertain if he could distinguish the corporal coming down with the last of the ebb-tide but he was nowhere to be seen. Mr Vanslyperken went to the mast-head and surveyed in every direction, but he could neither see anything like the boat or Corporal Van Spitter. His anxiety betrayed to the men that he was a party to the corporal's proceedings, and they whispered among themselves. At last Mr Vanslyperken came down on deck, and desired Corporal Van Spitter to be sent to him. Of course, it was soon reported to him that Corporal Van Spitter was nowhere to be found, and Mr Vanslyperken pretended to be much astonished. As the lieutenant took it for granted that the boat had been swept out with the ebb, he determined to get under weigh in pursuance of his orders, pick up the corporal, if he could find him, and then proceed to Portsmouth, which was the port of his destination. Smallbones attended his master, and was so unusually active that the suspicious Mr Vanslyperken

immediately decided that he had had a finger in the business; but he took no notice, resolving in his own mind that Smallbones should some day or another be adrift himself as the corporal was, but with this difference, that there should be no search made after him. As soon as the men had finished their breakfasts, the cutter was got under weigh and proceeded to sea. During the whole day Vanslyperken cruised in the Zuyder Zee looking for the boat, but without success, and at last he unwillingly shaped his course for England, much puzzled and perplexed, as now he had no one to act as his steward to whom he could confide, or by whose arrangements he could continue to defraud the ship's company; and, farther, he was obliged to put off for the present all idea of punishing Jemmy Ducks, for, without the corporal, the marines were afraid to move a step in defiance of the ship's company. The consequence was, that the three days that they were at sea, Mr Vanslyperken confined himself altogether to his cabin, for he was not without some fears for his own safety. On his arrival at Portsmouth, he delivered his letters to the admiral, and received orders to return to his cruising ground after the smugglers as soon as he had replaced his lost boat.

We have observed that Mr Vanslyperken had no relations on this side of the water; but in saying that, we referred to the epoch that he was in the service previous to the accession of King William. Since that, and about a year from the time we are now writing about, he had brought over his mother, whom he had not, till the peace, seen for years, and had established her in a small

apartment in that part of the town now known by the name of the Halfway Houses. The old woman lived upon a small pension allowed by the Dutch court, having been employed for many years in a subordinate capacity in the king's household. She was said to have once been handsome, and when young, prodigal of her favours; at present she was a palsied old woman, bent double with age and infirmity, but with all her faculties as complete as if she was in her prime. Nothing could escape her little twinkling bloodshot eyes, or her acute ear; she could scarcely hobble fifty yards, but she kept no servant to assist her, for, like her son, she was avaricious in the extreme. What crime she had committed was not known, but that something lay heavy on her conscience was certain; but if there was guilt, there was no repentance, only fear of future punishment. Cornelius Vanslyperken was her only living child: she had been twice married. The old woman did not appear to be very fond of him, although she treated him still as a child, and executed her parental authority as if he were still in petticoats. Her coming over was a sort of mutual convenience. She had saved money, and Vanslyperken wished to secure that, and also have a home and a person to whom he could trust; and she was so abhorred, and the reports against her so shocking where she resided, that she was glad to leave a place where every one, as she passed, would get out of her way, as if to avoid contamination. Yet these reports were vague, although hinting at some horrid and appalling crimes. No one knew what they exactly were, for the old woman had outlived her contemporaries,

and the tradition was imperfect, but she had been handed down to the next generation as one to be avoided as a basilisk.

It was to his mother's abode, one room on the second floor, to which Mr Vanslyperken proceeded as soon as he had taken the necessary steps for the replacing of the boat. As he ascended the stairs, the quick ear of the old woman heard his footstep, and recognised it. It must be observed, that all the conversation between Vanslyperken and his mother was carried on in Dutch, of which we, of course, give the translation.

"There you come, Cornelius Vanslyperken; I hear you, and by your hurried tread you are vexed. Well, why should you not be vexed as well as your mother, in this world of devils?"

This was a soliloquy of the old woman's before that Vanslyperken had entered the room, where he found his mother sitting over a few cinders half ignited in a very small grate. Parsimony would not allow her to use more fuel, although her limbs trembled as much from cold as palsy; her nose and chin nearly met; her lips were like old scars, and of an ashy white; and her sunken hollow mouth reminded you of a small, deep, dark sepulchre; teeth she had none.

"How fare you, mother?" said Vanslyperken on entering the room.

"I'm alive."

"And long may you live, dear mother."

"Ah," replied the woman, as if doubting.

"I am here but for a short time," continued Vanslyperken.

"Well, child, so much the better; when on board you save money, on shore you must spend some. Have you brought any with you?"

"I have, mother, which I must leave to your care."

"Give it me then."

Vanslyperken pulled out a bag and laid it on the lap of his mother, whose trembling hands counted it over.

"Gold, and good gold—while you live, my child, part not with gold. I'll not die yet—no, no, the devils may pull at me, and grin at me, but I'm not theirs yet."

Here the old woman paused, and rocked herself in her chair.

"Cornelius, lock this money up and give me the key:—there, now that is safe, you may talk, if you please, child: I can hear well enough."

Vanslyperken obeyed; he mentioned all the events of the last cruise, and his feelings against the widow, Smallbones, and Jemmy Ducks. The old woman never interrupted him, but sat with her arms folded up in her apron.

"Just so, just so," said she, at last, when he had done speaking; "I felt the same, but then you have not the soul to act as I did. I could do it, but you—you are a coward; no one dared cross my path, or if they did—ah, well, that's years ago, and I'm not dead yet."

All this was muttered by the old woman in a sort of half soliloquy: she paused and continued, "Better leave the boy alone,—get nothing by it;—the woman—there's work there, for

there's money."

"But she refuses, mother, if I do not destroy the dog."

"Refuses—ah, well—let me see:—can't you ruin her character, blast her reputation; she is yours and her money too;—then, then—there will be money and revenge—both good;—but money—no—yes, money's best. The dog must live, to gnaw the Jezebel—gnaw her bones—but you, you are a coward—you dare do nothing."

"What do I fear, mother?"

"Man—the gallows, and death. I fear the last, but I shall not die yet:—no, no, I *will* live—I will *not* die. Ay, the corporal—lost in Zuyder Zee—dead men tell no tales; and he could tell many of you, my child. Let the fish fatten on him."

"I cannot do without him, mother."

"A hundred thousand devils!" exclaimed the old mother, "that I should have suffered such throes for a craven. Cornelius Vanslyperken, you are not like your mother:—your father, indeed"

"Who was my father?"

"Silence, child,—there, go away—I wish to be alone with memory."

Vanslyperken, who knew that resistance or remonstrance would be useless, and only lead to bitter cursing and imprecation on the part of the old woman, rose and walked back to the sallyport, where he slipped into his boat and pulled on board of the *Yungfrau*, which lay at anchor in the harbour, about a cable's length from the shore.

"Here he comes," cried a tall bony woman, with nothing on

her head but a cap with green faded ribbons, who was standing on the fore-castle of the cutter. "Here he comes;—he, the willain, as would have flogged my Jemmy." This was the wife of Jemmy Ducks, who lived at Portsmouth, and who, having heard what had taken place, vowed revenge.

"Silence, Moggy," said Jemmy, who was standing by her.

"Yes, I'll hold my tongue till the time comes, and then I'll sarve him out, the cheating wagabond."

"Silence, Moggy."

"And as for that 'peaching old Corporal Blubber, I'll *Wan Spitter* him if ever he turns up again to blow the gaff against my own dear Jemmy."

"Silence, Moggy—there's rowed of all, and a marine at your elbow."

"Let him take that for his trouble," cried Moggy, turning round, and delivering a swinging box of the ear upon the astonished marine, who not liking to encounter such an Amazon, made a hasty retreat down the fore-hatchway.

"So there you are, are you?" continued Moggy, as Vanslyperken stepped on the deck.

"Silence, Moggy."

"You, that would flog my own dear darling duck—my own Jemmy."

"Silence! Moggy, will you?" said Jemmy Ducks, in an angry tone, "or I'll smash your peepers."

"You must climb on the gun to reach them, my little man,"

replied his wife. "Well, the more I holds my tongue now, the more for him when I gets hold on him. Oh! he's gone to his cabin, has he, to kiss his Snarleyow:—I'll make *smallbones* of that beast afore I'm done with him. Flog my Jemmy—my own, dear, darling Jemmy—a nasty lean—"

"Go down below, Moggy," said Jemmy Ducks, pushing her towards the hatchway.

"Snivelling, great-coated—"

"Go below," continued Jemmy, shoving her.

"Ferret-eyed, razor-nosed—"

"Go down below, will you?" cried Jemmy, pushing her near to the hatchway.

"Herring-gutted, bare-poled—"

"Confound it! go below."

"Cheating rip of a wagabond! Lord, Jemmy, if you a'n't a shoved me down the hatchway! Well, never mind, my darling, let's go to supper;" and Moggy caught hold of her husband as she was going down, and with surprising strength lifted him off his legs and carried him down in her arms as she would have done a child, much to the amusement of the men who were standing on the forecastle.

When it was dusk, a boat dropped alongside of the cutter, and a man stepped out of it on the deck, when he was met by Obadiah Coble, who asked him, "What's your pleasure?"

"I must speak with the commander of this vessel directly."

"Wait a moment, and I'll tell him what you say," replied Coble,

who reported the message to Mr Vanslyperken.

"What sort of a person is he?" demanded the lieutenant.

"Oh, I don't know,—sort of half-bred, long-shore chap—looks something between a bumbailey and a bum-boatman."

"Well, you may show him down."

The man, who shortly after entered the cabin, was a short, punchy little fellow, with a red waistcoat, knee-breeches, and a round jacket of green cloth. His face was covered with carbuncles, some of them so large that his small pug-nose was nothing more in appearance than a larger blotch than the others. His eyes were small and keen, and his whiskers of a deep red. As soon as he entered the cabin, he very deliberately locked the door after him.

"Nothing like making sure," observed he.

"Why, what the devil do you want?" exclaimed Vanslyperken, rather alarmed; while Snarleyow walked round and round the thick calves of the man's legs, growling, and in more than two minds to have a bite through his blue worsted stockings; and the peculiar obliquity with which he carried his head, now that he surveyed with only one eye, was by no means satisfactory.

"Take your cur away, and let us proceed to business, for there is no time to lose," said the man coolly, taking a chair. "Now there can be no eavesdropping, I trust, for my life may be forfeited, if I'm discovered."

"I cannot understand a word of all this," replied Vanslyperken, much surprised.

"In a few words, do you want to put some five thousand pounds in your pocket?"

At this question Vanslyperken became attentive. He beat off the dog, and took a chair by the side of the stranger.

"Ah! interest will always bring civility; so now to the point. You command this cutter, do you not?"

"I do," replied Vanslyperken.

"Well, you are about to cruise after the smugglers?"

"Yes."

"I can give information of a cargo to be landed on a certain night worth ten thousand pounds or more."

"Indeed!" replied Vanslyperken.

"Yes, and put your boats in such a position that they must seize the whole."

"I'm very much obliged to you. Will you take something, sir, any scheedam?" said Vanslyperken, unlocking one of his cupboards, and producing a large stone bottle, and a couple of glasses, which he filled.

"This is very good stuff," observed the man; "I'll trouble you for another glass."

This was one more than Mr Vanslyperken intended; but on second thoughts, it would make his new acquaintance more communicative, so another was filled, and as soon as it was filled, it was emptied.

"Capital stuff!" said he of the rubicund face, shoving his glass towards Vanslyperken, by way of hint; but the lieutenant would

not take the hint, as his new guest had already swallowed as much as lasted himself for a week.

"But now," observed Vanslyperken, "where is this cargo to be seen, and when?"

"That's tellings," replied the man.

"I know that; but you have come to tell, or what the devil else?" replied Vanslyperken, who was getting angry.

"That's according," replied the man.

"According to what?"

"The snacks," replied the man. "What will you give up?"

"Give up! How do you mean?"

"What is my share to be?"

"Share! you can't share—you're not a king's officer."

"No, but I'm an informer, and that's the same thing."

"Well, depend upon it, I'll behave very liberally."

"How much, I ask?"

"We'll see to that afterwards; something handsome, depend upon it."

"That won't do. Wish you good-evening, sir. Many thanks for the scheidam—capital stuff!" and the man rose from his chair.

But Mr Vanslyperken had no intention to let him go; his avarice induced him at first to try if the man would be satisfied with his promise to reward him—a promise which would certainly never have been adhered to.

"Stop! my dear sir, do not be in such a hurry. Take another glass."

"With pleasure," replied the man, re-seating himself, and drinking off the scheedam. "That's really prime; I like it better every time I taste it. Now, then, shall we go to business again? I'll be plain with you. Half is my conditions, or I don't inform."

"Half!" exclaimed Vanslyperken; "half of ten thousand pounds? What, five thousands pounds?"

"Exactly so; half of ten is five, as you say."

"What, give you five thousand pounds?"

"I rather think it is I who offer you five thousand, for the devil a penny will you get without me. And that I will have, and this bond you must sign to that effect, or I'm off. You're not the only vessel in the harbour."

Vanslyperken tried for some time to reduce the terms, but the man was positive. Vanslyperken then tried if he could not make the man intoxicated, and thus obtain better terms; but fifteen glasses of his prime scheedam had no effect further than extorting unqualified praise as it was poured down, and at last Mr Vanslyperken unwillingly consented to the terms, and the bond was signed.

"We must weigh at the ebb," said the man, as he put the bond in his pocket. "I shall stay on board; we have a moonlight night, and if we had not, I could find my way out in a yellow fog. Please to get your boats all ready, manned and armed, for there may be a sharp tussle."

"But when do they run, and where?" demanded Vanslyperken.

"To-morrow night at the back of the Isle. Let me see,"

continued the man, taking out his watch; "mercy on me! how time has flown—that's the scheidam. In a couple of hours we must weigh. I'll go up and see if the wind holds in the same quarter. If you please, lieutenant, we'll just drink success to the expedition. Well, that's prime stuff, I do declare."

Chapter XV

In which the crew of the *Yungfrau* lose a good prize, and Snarleyow loses his character

The next morning the *Yungfrau* was clear of St Helens, and sounding the eastern part of the Isle of Wight, after which she made sail into the offing, that she might not be suspected by those on shore waiting to receive the cargo. The weather was fine, and the water smooth, and as soon as she was well out, the cutter was hove-to. In the hurry of weighing, Mr Vanslyperken had not thought, or had not known perhaps, that the wife of Jemmy Ducks was still on board, and as he was turning up and down on the quarter-deck, he perceived her on the fore-castle, laughing and talking with the men.

"What woman is that?" said he to Jansen, who was at the wheel.

"De frau, mynheer. Dat is de frau of Shimmy Duk."

"How dare she come on board? Send her aft here, marine."

The marine went forward and gave the order; and Jemmy, who expected a breeze, told his wife to behave herself quietly. His advice did not, however, appear to be listened to, as will be shown in the sequel.

"How came you on board, woman?" cried Vanslyperken, looking at her from top to toe several times, as usual, with his hands in his great-coat pockets, and his battered speaking-trumpet under his arm.

"How did I come on board! why, in a boat to be sure," replied Moggy, determined to have a breeze.

"Why did you not go on shore before the cutter sailed?" replied Vanslyperken, in an angry tone.

"Why, just for the contrary reason, because there was no boat."

"Well, I'll just tell you this, if ever I see you on board again, you'll take the consequences," retorted Vanslyperken.

"And I'll just tell you this," replied Moggy; "if ever you come on shore again you shall take the consequences. I'll have you—I give you warning. Flog my Jemmy, heh! my own dear darling Jemmy." Hereupon Moggy held out one arm bent, and with the palm of her other hand slapped her elbow—"There!" cried she.

What Jemmy's wife meant by this sign, it is impossible for us to say; but that it was a very significant one was certain, for Mr Vanslyperken foamed with rage, and all the cutter's crew were tittering and laughing. It was a species of free-masonry known only to the initiated at the Sallyport.

"Send the marines aft here. Take this woman below," cried Vanslyperken. "I shall put all this down to your husband's account, and give him a receipt in full, depend upon it."

"So you may. Marines, keep off, if you don't wish your heads

broken; and I'll put all this down to your account; and as you say that you'll pay off on my pet, mark my words, if I don't pay off on yours—on your nasty cur there. I'll send him to cruise after Corporal Van Spitter. As sure as I stand here, if you dare to lay a finger on my Jemmy, I'll kill the brute wherever I find him, and make him into *saussingers*, just for the pleasure of eating him. I'll send you a pound as a present. You marine, don't be a fool—I can walk forward without your hofferin' your arm, and be d-d to you." So saying, Moggy stalked forward and joined the men on the fore-castle.

"D'ye know much of that strapping lass?" said Mr Vanslyperken's new acquaintance.

"Not I," replied Vanslyperken, not much pleased at the observation.

"Well, look out for squalls, she'll be as good as her word. We'll draw the foresheet, and stand in now, if you please."

It was about dusk, for the days were now short, and the cutter was eight miles off the land. By the directions of the informer, for we have no other name to give him, they now bore up and ran along the island until they were, by his calculations, for it then was dark, abreast of a certain point close to the Black Gang Chyne. Here they hove-to, hoisted out their boats, three in number, and the men were sent in, well armed with pistols and cutlasses. Short had the charge of one, Coble of the second, the stern-sheets of the third was occupied by Vanslyperken and the informer. As soon as all was ready, Jemmy Ducks, who, much

against Vanslyperken's wish, was left in charge of the cutter, received his orders to lie-to where he was, and when the tide made flood, to stand close in-shore; and all was prepared for a start, when it occurred to Vanslyperken that to leave Snarleyyow, after the threat of Jemmy's wife, and the known animosity of Smallbones, would be his death-warrant. He determined, therefore, to take him in the boat. The informer protested against it, but Vanslyperken would not listen to his protestations. The dog was handed into the boat, and they shoved off. After they had pulled a quarter of an hour in-shore, they altered their course, and continued along the coast until the informer had made out exactly where he was. He then desired the other two boats to come alongside, told the crews that they must keep the greatest silence, as where they were about to proceed was directly under where the smugglers would have a party to receive the goods, and that the least alarm would prevent them from making the capture. The boats then pulled in to some large rocks, against which the waves hoarsely murmured, although the sea was still smooth, and passing between them, found themselves in a very small cove, where the water was still, and in which there was deep water.

The cove was not defended so much by the rocks above water, for the mouth of it was wide; but there appeared to be a ridge below, which broke off the swell of the ocean. Neither was it deep, the beach not being more than perhaps fifty feet from the entrance. The boats, which had pulled in with muffled oars, here lay quietly for nearly an hour, when a fog came on and obscured

the view of the offing, which otherwise was extensive, as the moon was at her full, and had shone bright.

"This is all the better," whispered the informer, "they will fall into the trap at once. Hark! hist! I hear oars."

They all listened; it was true, the sound of oars was heard, and the men prepared their arms.

The splash of the oars was now more plain. "Be silent and ready," whispered the informer, and the whisper was passed round. In another minute a large lugger-built boat, evidently intended for sailing as well as pulling, was seen through the fog looming still larger from the mist, pulling into the cove.

"Silence, and not a word. Let her pass us," whispered the informer.

The boat approached rapidly—she was within ten fathoms of the entrance, when Snarleyow, hearing the sound, darted forward under the thwarts, and jumping on the bow of the boat, commenced a most unusual and prolonged baying of Bow wow, bow wow wow wow!

At the barking of the dog the smugglers backed water to stop their way. They knew that there was no dog with those they expected to meet, it was therefore clear that the Philistines were at hand. The dog barked in spite of all attempts to prevent him, and acting upon this timely warning, the lugger-boat pulled short round, just as lights were shown from the cliffs to notify an enemy at hand, for the barking of the dog had not escaped the vigilance of those on shore, and in a few seconds she disappeared in the

mist.

"Blast your cur! Five thousand pounds out of my pocket;" exclaimed the informer. "I told you so. Chuck him overboard, my men, for your pockets would have been lined."

Vanslyperken was as savage, and exclaimed, "Give way, my men, give way; we'll have them yet."

"Send a cow to chase a hare," replied the informer, throwing himself back in the stern-sheets of the boat. "I know better; you may save yourself the trouble, and the men the fatigue. May the devil take you, and your cursed dog with you! Who but a fool would have brought a dog upon such an occasion? Well, I've lost five thousand pounds; but there's one comfort, you've lost too. That will be a valuable beast, if you put all down to his account."

At this moment Vanslyperken was so much annoyed at the loss of what would have been a fortune to him, that he felt as angry as the informer. The boats' crew were equally enraged, the dog was pommelled, and kicked, and passed along from one to the other, until he at last gained the stern-sheets, and crouched between the legs of his master, who kicked him away in a rage, and he saved himself under the legs of the informer, who, seizing a pistol, struck him with the butt-end of it such a blow, that nothing but the very thick skull of the dog could have saved him. Snarleyow was at a sad discount just then, but he very wisely again sought protection with his master, and this time he was not noticed.

"What are we to do now?" observed Vanslyperken.

"Go back again, like dogs with their tails between their legs;

but observe, Mr Lieutenant, you have made me your enemy, and that is more serious than you think for."

"Silence, sir, you are in a king's boat."

"The king be d-d," replied the informer, falling back sulkily against the gunnel of the boat.

"Give way, men, and pull on board," said Vanslyperken, in equally bad humour.

In equally bad humour the men did give way, and in about an hour were on board of the cutter.

Every one was in a bad humour when the affair was made known; but Smallbones observed, "that the dog could be no such great friend, as supposed, of Vanslyperken's, to thwart his interests in that way; and certainly no imp sent by the devil to his assistance." The ship's company were consoled with this idea, and Jansen again repeated, "that the *tog* was but a tog, after all."

Chapter XVI

In which we change the scene, and the sex of our performers

We must now leave the cutter to return to Portsmouth, while we introduce to our readers a new and strange association. We stated that the boats had been ensconced in a very small cove at the back of the Isle of Wight. Above these hung the terrific cliff of the Black Gang Chyne, which, to all appearance, was inaccessible. But this was not the case, or the smugglers would not have resorted there to disembark their cargo. At that time, for since that period much of the cliff has fallen down, and the aspect is much changed, the rocks rose up from the water nearly perpendicularly, to the height of fifty or sixty feet. At that height there was a flat of about one hundred feet square in front of a cave of very great depth. The flat, so called in contradistinction to the perpendicular cliff, descended from the seaward to the cave, so that the latter was not to be seen either by vessels passing by, or by those who might be adventurous enough to peep over the ridge above; and fragments of rocks, dispersed here and there on this flat, or platform, induced people to imagine that the upper cliff was a continuation of the lower. The lower cliff, on which this platform in front of the cave was situated, was on the eastern side as abrupt as on that fronting the sea to the southward; but on the

western side, its height was decreased to about fifteen feet, which was surmounted by a ladder removed at pleasure. To this means of access to the cave there was a zigzag path, used only by the smugglers, leading from the small cove, and another much more tedious, by which they could transport their goods to the summit of this apparently inaccessible mass of rocks. The cave itself was large, and with several diverging galleries, most of which were dry; but in one or two there was a continual filtering of clear pure water through the limestone rock, which was collected in pits dug for that purpose on the floor below; these pits were always full of water, the excess being carried off by small open drains which trickled over the eastern side of the platform. Some attention to comfort had been paid by the inhabitants of these caverns, which were portioned off here and there by sail-cloth and boards, so as to form separate rooms and storehouses. The cookery was carried on outside at the edge of the platform nearest the sea, under an immense fragment of rock, which lay at the very edge; and by an ingenious arrangement of smaller portions of the rock neither the flame was to be distinguished, nor was the smoke, which was divided and made to find its passage through a variety of fissures, never in such a volume as to be supposed to be anything more than the vapours drawn up by the heat of the sun.

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