

Ballou Maturin Murray

Fanny Campbell, The Female Pirate Captain



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PREFACE

All books should have a preface, for the writer is sure to have something to communicate to the reader concerning the plot of the story or some subject relating to it which he cannot do in the tale. It is a sort of confidential communication between the author and reader, whom he takes by the buttonhole for a single moment, and endeavors to prepossess favorably towards his story. We are one of those who place great confidence in first impressions, and therefore design that the reader should at least commence our tale unprejudiced. He will see at a glance that our publisher has passed his judgment in commendation, by the superb manner in which he has issued the work, and the great expense incurred.

We have a few words to say concerning the subject matter of the tale. It is a very romantic one, but no more so than many others, the incidents of which occurred during the stirring times

of the Revolution, and which have since received the sanction of history. We have been at some considerable expense in ferreting out the events of our tale, which have been cheerfully met by our liberal publisher.

CHAPTER I

LYNN IN OLDEN TIMES. HIGH ROCK. THE FISHING HAMLET. THE STIRRING EVENTS THAT PRECEDED THE REVOLUTION. SOME OF OUR CHARACTERS. WILLIAM LOVELL. FANNY CAMPBELL. THE HEROINE. CAPTAIN RALPH BURNET OF THE ROYAL NAVY. A LOVER'S JEALOUSY

The town of Lynn, Massachusetts, situated up the Atlantic sea board, at a distance of some ten miles from the metropolis of New England, has been the locale of many an incident of a most romantic character. Indeed its history abounds with matter more akin to romance than fact. There are here the Pirate's Cave, Lover's Leap, the Robber's Dungeon, all within a pistol shot of each other. The story of its early Indian history is also of a most interesting character, and altogether the place is one destined to be immortal from these causes alone.

In that part of the town known as 'Wood End,' there is an immense pile of stone rising perpendicularly on the side of a hill, fronting the ocean, known far and near by the name of High Rock. This granite mass is very peculiarly formed; the front

rising abruptly nearly an hundred feet, while the back is deeply imbedded in the rising ground and the summit forms a plain level with the height of the hill and the adjoining plain in the rear. This spot has long been celebrated for the extended and beautiful prospect it affords. From its top which overlooks rock-bound Nahant in a Southerly direction, may be had a noble view of the Atlantic, and a breadth of coast nearly thirty miles in width. There is no spot upon our shores where the sea plays a wilder or more solemn dirge than on the rocky peninsula of Nahant; the long connecting beach is here a scene of angry commotion from the constant and heavy swells of the broad ocean.

At a distance of about ten miles in the South-West lies Boston. The eye always rests upon the dense smoke that enshrouds it first, piercing which, loom up the spires of its numerous churches, and towering above them all, the noble State House is distinctly seen. Turn still more to the West and you overlook the principal portion of the manufacturing town of Lynn, with its picturesque collection of white cottages and factories, appearing of miniature dimensions. Turn again towards the North West and a few miles beyond the town of Lynn, lies the thriving little village of Saugus. A full Northern view is one of woody beauty, being a field of forest tops of almost boundless extent. In the North-East through the opening hills and trees, a glimpse is had of the water in Salem harbor, while the city itself is hid from view, reminding one of the distant view of the Adriatic from the lofty Appenines, which rise from the very gates of the lovely city of Florence.

This is a slight glance at the extended prospect to be enjoyed by a visit to High Rock, at the present day, saying nothing of the pretty quiet little fishing village of Swampscot, and the panorama of sailing craft that always ornament the sea view.

Near the base of the rock there resided until a few years since the celebrated fortune-teller, known by the name of 'Moll Pitcher,' a soubriquet given her by the town's people, her rightful name never having been ascertained. She lived to a remarkable old age, and to the day of her death the visitor who 'crossed her palm with broad pieces,' was sure to receive in return, some truthful or fictitious legend of the neighborhood. There are many among us to this day who remember with pleasure their visits to the strange old fortune-teller of Lynn, at the base of High Rock.

We have been thus particular in the description of this spot as it is the birth-place of two persons who will bear an important part in the tale we are about to relate, and partly, because we love this spot where we have whiled away many an hour of our boyish days. The peculiarities of one's birth-place have much influence upon formation of the character and disposition. The associations that hang about us in childhood, have double weight upon our tender and susceptible minds at that time, to those of after days, when the character is more formed and matured, and the mind has become more stern and inflexible. It behoves us then to speak thus particularly of the birth-place and the associations of those who are to enact the principal characters in the drama which we relate.

There lived at the very base of High Rock about seventy years ago, a few families of the real puritanic stock, forming a little community of themselves. The occupation of the male portion of the hamlet was that of fishermen, while the time of the females was occupied in drying and preserving the fish and such other domestic labor as fell to their lot. The neighborhood, resembled in every particular, save that it was far less extensive, the present town of Swampscot, which is situated but about three or four miles from the very spot we are now describing, and whose inhabitants, a hardy and industrious people, are absolutely to this day 'fishermen all.'

The date to which we refer was just at the commencement of the principal causes of difference between the colonies and the mother country; the time when shrewd and thoughtful men foretold the coming struggle between England and her North American dependances. Already had the opposition of the colonies to the odious Stamp Act, and more particularly the people of Massachusetts Bay, as Boston and the neighboring province was named, become so spirited and universal that the British Parliament had only the alternative to compel submission or repeal the act, which was at length reluctantly done. Yet the continued acts of arbitrary oppression enforced by parliament upon the people, such as the passing of laws that those of the colonists charged with capital crimes, should be sent to England to be tried by a jury of strangers, and like odious and unconstitutional enactments had driven the people to despair,

and prepared them by degrees for the after startling events that caused all Europe to wonder and England herself to tremble!

The State Street massacre, the celebrated tea scene, in which the indignant inhabitants of Boston discharged three hundred and fifty chests of tea into the water of the bay, the thousand petty acts of tyranny practised by the soldiers of the crown; the Boston Port Bill blockading the harbor of Boston, all followed in quick succession, each being but the stepping stone to the great events to follow. These were the scenes at Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, and the many well-contested and bloody fields of the Revolution, until these United States of America were acknowledged to be *free and independent!*

The bold and adventurous characters of the men were affected as well by the times we have described, as by the hardy nature of their employment. The dangers that often times surrounded the homes of the females, gave rise to a stern and manly disposition even in those of the gentler sex who formed a part of the community, and altogether it was made up of stern and dauntless spirits. There was at the commencement of our tale about the year 1773, two families who occupied one spacious and comfortable cottage in the little neighborhood we have described. These were the families of Henry Campbell, and William Lovell, both fishermen, who sailed a staunch fishing craft together. Their families consisted of their wives and an only child each-William and Fanny, and it was the honest hope and promise of the parents that the children when arrived at a proper age should be united

to each other. Nor were the betrothed on their part any way loth to such an agreement, for they loved each other with an affection that had grown with their years from earliest childhood. The course of true love seemed certain to run smooth with them at least, the old adage to the contrary notwithstanding.

William had been brought up almost entirely on board his father's vessel, and he was as good a sailor as experience in this way could make. He was now nineteen, with a firm, vigorous, manly form, and an easy and gentlemanly bearing; his face when one came to be familiar with it, was decidedly handsome; showing forth a spirit that spurned all danger He was young, ardent and imaginative, and could but poorly brook the confinement of his father's occupation, which engaged much of his time; his generous and ambitious mind aspiring to some higher calling than that of an humble fisherman He was but little on shore, save in the severe winters that come early and stay late in these northern latitudes; but then this season was looked forward to with pleasure by all. The long winter evenings were spent happily with Fanny, as she industriously pursued some female occupation, while he perhaps read aloud some instructive book or interesting tale, or they listened to some story of the old French and Indian war from their parents, who had been participators in their dangers and hardships. Then the subject of the present state of the prospects and interests of the colonies, and the oppression of the home government, were also fully discussed. Thus the time had passed away until William had

reached his nineteenth year, when he resolved to make a bold push for fortune, as he said, and after obtaining permission which was reluctantly granted by his parents, he made arrangements to ship from Boston to some foreign clime as a sailor. A distant voyage in those days was an adventure indeed, and comparatively seldom undertaken.

William Lovell had been to Boston and shipped on board a merchant vessel for the West Indies and from thence to some more distant port, and had now returned to the cottage to put up his little bundle of clothes and bid farewell to his old companions and friends, and to say good-bye to his parents and her whom he loved with an affection that found no parallel among those with whom he had associated. It was this very love which had given birth to the ambition that actuated him, and the desire to acquire experience and pecuniary competency.

It was the evening before he was to sail, a mild summers night, when with Fanny he sought the summit of High rock. They seated themselves upon the rough stone seat, hewn from the solid rock by the hand of the red man, or perhaps by some race anterior even to them, and long and silently did both gaze off upon the distant sea. It was very calm, and the gentle waves but just kissed the rocky borders of Valiant and threw up little jets of silver spray about the black mass of Egg Bock. The moon seemed to be embroidering fancy patterns of silver lace upon the blue ocean, which scarcely moved, so gentle were the swells of its broad bosom under the fairy operation. This was some seventy

years gone by, years of toil and labor, of joy and sorrow, years of smiling peace and angry war, three score and ten years ago, and yet within a twelve month I have sat upon that rock, aye, upon that very stone, and looked upon the same silvery sea, and viewed the same still, silvery scene; gazing on the same iron-bound shores, and the black and frowning mass of Egg Rock still there, as if placed a sentinel upon the shore, and yet sufficiently within the domain of Neptune to lead to the belief that it serves the hoary old god rather than the spirits of the land.

Fanny Campbell was a noble looking girl. She was none of your modern belles, delicate and ready to faint at the first sight of a reptile; no, Fanny could row a boat, shoot a panther, ride the wildest horse in the province, or do almost any brave and useful act. And Fanny could write poetry too, nay, start not gentle reader, her education was of no mean character. Such slight advantages as chance had thrown in her way had been improved to the utmost, and her parents finding her taste thus inclined, had humoured it to the extent of their limited means. Thus Fanny had received nearly every advantage attainable in those days. Once or twice in the course of the year, she was accustomed to pass some weeks at the house of a Reverend divine at Boston, with whom her father claimed some relationship. While here, the good man discovered her taste and inclination for study, and gave her such instructions as he was able, with the loan of books to amuse and strengthen her mind. By these means Fanny had actually obtained an excellent education at the time when we have

introduced her to the reader; being but seventeen years of age. In her turn she had communicated her information to William Lovell and thus the two had possessed themselves of a degree of education and judgment that placed them above their friends in point of intelligence, and caused them to be looked up to in all matters of information, and scholarship.

‘Fanny,’ said William, ‘I shall be far away from you before another day has passed.’

‘Yes, many miles at sea, William’

‘But my heart will remain at home.’

‘And mine will leave it.’

‘In safe keeping, Fanny.’

‘I doubt it not, William.’

‘I find it even harder than I had supposed to leave you Fanny, now that the time has actually arrived.’

‘I do not think that we should regret it William, after all, for it will be the source of much improvement to you no doubt, and that you know is very desirable to us all. While I regret to think you are about to leave us I also envy you the experience you necessarily gain of the world, something that books cannot teach.’

‘You are a strange girl, Fanny.’

‘Do you love me any the less because I speak as I feel? William, I have no secrets from you.’

‘No, no, my dear girl, I only love thee the more, while I am still more surprised at thy brave and noble spirit, at the judgment

and thought that characterises one of thy sex and tender years. By my soul thou shouldst have been a man, Fanny.'

'Had I been, why, I would have done just that which thou art about to do – go abroad and see the world.'

'And if you had a Fanny too at home whom you loved, would you go and leave her behind?'

'Yes, because like you I should not know how dearly she loved me – perhaps.'

William pressed her hand and paused thoughtfully for a moment, then turning to her by his side resumed:

'Fanny!'

'Well – William.'

'Would you have me give up this proposed enterprise? Say so, dearest, and I will relinquish it at once.'

'Generous heart,' said she placing her braided hands upon his shoulder first, and then laying her cheek upon them, 'not for worlds. Though thy Fanny is over miserly in all that relates to thee, yet she would rather have thee follow thy inclination. No, no, I would have thee go.'

'Nay, Fanny, I knew not until now how much I loved thee,' said William Lovell, putting his arm about her waist and imprinting a kiss upon her smooth white forehead.

Fanny was not easily moved to tears, yet even she now brushed carelessly aside a single pearly drop that stole away from her deep blue eye. (Did you ever notice what depth there is to a blue eye, reader?)

‘You will often remember us here at home I know, William,’ said Fanny, and think how fervently we shall pray for your safe return’ And now the tear’s, apparently gathering fresh courage from the trembling voice of the noble girl, ventured to show themselves more boldly.

‘When I forget thee, dear Fanny, or any of the kind friends I leave behind, may Heaven forsake me.’

It was midnight when they separated, William was an honest and strictly conscientious youth; brought up after the strict code of puritanic faith, and as he was about to retire to rest, he bent his knee to Heaven and prayed long and fervently for blessings upon Fanny, his parents and all, and for guidance in his new undertaking. Then throwing himself upon his cot he was soon fast asleep.

Fanny too sought her chamber for the night but not to sleep, ah! no. She knelt to the throne of grace, and prayed for Heaven’s choicest blessings on him she loved, for his safe conduct upon the wide and trackless ocean. And oh! so fervent a prayer, and from one so devoted, so pure and innocent, must ever find audience in Heaven. As she cast off her neat and becoming homespun dress, she paused to brush away the gathering tears.

Have we described Fanny’s person, kind reader? No! What more fitting time than when clothed only in such a simple and modest covering as shall veil her charms.

Fanny Campbell was in height what would be called tall at the present day for a female, and yet she was not particularly so, for

a healthy girl, who had never known a day of sickness, born and brought up in the free and invigorating air of the sea coast. Her limbs and person possessed that bewitching roundness, which, while it seems to indicate a tendency to *enbon-point*, yet is the farthest removed from an overfleshiness of habit her full heaving breast, her perfectly formed limbs, her round and dimpled arms, all spoke of a voluptuousness of person, and yet within the most delicate rule of beauty. A painter should have seen her there, her person modestly veiled yet displaying her form in most ravishing distinctness; her breast heaving with emotions, and her hands clasped and raised towards Heaven. Her features were after the Grecian school, with a coral lip that melted an anchorite. Where Fanny got those eyes from, Heaven only knows, they rivalled a Circassian's. Nature seemed to have delighted in ornamenting her with every gift it might bestow. Her teeth were regular and white as pearls, and her hair was a very dark auburn, worn parted smoothly across her brow, and gathered in a modest snood behind the head, while it was easy to see by its very texture that if left to itself, it would have curled naturally.

Such was Fanny Campbell.

There was one matter which weighed heavily upon young Lovell's mind relative to leaving Fanny and his home. About two months previous to the opening of our tale, a young British officer, Captain of one of the Royal Cutters that lay in Boston harbor, had met with Fanny at her relations in the town, and was at once struck by her extraordinary beauty of person, while

he also admired the peculiar tone of her mind, so bold and independant, and yet perfectly tempered by a spirit of modesty. He did not hesitate to show his admiration and while she was in town, he was assiduous in paying her those delicate and gentlemanly attentions, which cannot but prove acceptable to every female, while regulated by a proper sense of delicacy and honorable motives. To say that Fanny was not pleased with the attention of Captain Burnet would be incorrect. He was an intelligent and well educated man, whose taste and manners had been improved by seeing much of the world, and being of an observant character, he had stored much pleasing and useful knowledge, This he knew full well how to employ to advantage. Fanny was at once attracted by his pleasant manner and the fund of information he seemed to possess, and besides all else, she was extremely fond of the sea and all that related to it, while upon this theme Burnet was peculiarly eloquent.

Thus passed several weeks and Fanny became quite familiar with the Captain of the King's Cutter. There was only one point upon which they materially disagreed, and that was relative to the conduct of the home government and their right to tax and make laws for the colonies. Fanny was eloquent on this point and argued warmly and eloquently for her countrymen, while Burnet who was an American by birth and whose heart was indeed with his native land, was yet obliged to support the side with which he fought. He nevertheless frankly acknowledged to Fanny on more than one occasion that her eloquence had nearly made a 'rebel'

of him. Fanny at length returned to her home where the Captain had visited her several times: previous to the proposed departure of William Lovell on his voyage to sea, and of which we have so lately spoken.

It was evident to Lovell, that Fanny was *pleased* with the officer of the king although he knew that her *love* was his own. He did not revert to this subject at the interview on the rock, though it was near his heart the whole time. Indeed it was a delicate point with him, and one of which he had never spoken seriously to Fanny. He did not doubt her truth, yet he feared, and yet hardly so, that possibly in his absence, the officer might seek to obtain the favor of Fanny, and he feared for no good or honorable purpose. 'For,' said he to himself, 'what can the captain of a king's ship desire of a poor fisherman's daughter but to sacrifice her to his own base purposes.' Yet Lovell had so much confidence in her he loved, that he determined not even to allude to the matter, lest it might imply a suspicion which he would not acknowledge to himself. But he thought of these things nevertheless with some anxiety.

Young Lovell had never happened to meet with Captain Burnet, being absent at sea with his father at such times as he had chosen for his calls at the cottage, and all that he had learned from Fanny herself, who was far too honest and unaffected to conceal anything of such a character from him, but told him of all their intercourse, little suspecting the pain that it caused him. Captain Burnet had never offered her any attention, other than one friend

might offer to another, nor had the thought ever entered her mind that he was striving to gain her affections. It appeared to be Burnet's object to keep up this idea, for he had never made her a call as yet without expressly stating that business had drawn him to the immediate neighborhood of her father's cottage, and thus the matter stood at the time William Lovell was preparing to leave his home. Burnet's attention to Fanny Campbell had not caused any remark in the family, and Lovell comforted himself with the query, as he considered this state of the matter. 'They have seen nothing to remark, why should I worry then?' But for all his resolves to the contrary, his determination not to let the matter annoy him, as is always the case, he grew more fidgety in point of fact, as his determination of purpose seemed to himself to increase.

CHAPTER II

THE FAREWELL. THE ROYAL KENT. PIRATES. THE FIGHT. ENLISTING IN A NEW SERVICE. THE HAUNTS OF THE BUCCANIERS. ESCAPE FROM ONE PRISON AND CONFINEMENT IN ANOTHER. BURNET AND FANNY CAMPBELL. ARRIVAL OF AN IMPORTANT MESSENGER. MYSTERY. A PROPOSITION. A NEW FRIEND AND A NEW CHARACTER. A CAPTAIN'S SPEECH. WHO WAS THE MASTER

Early on the morning subsequent to the meeting on the Rock, William Lovell rose from his bed with the first grey of morning light, and stealing gently to Fanny's apartment he knocked at her door; there was no response; he knocked again, still there was no reply. The poor girl had wept away nearly the whole night, and now nature had asserted her supremacy, and her weary form was wrapped in slumber. Lovell opened the door and quietly sought her bedside. There lay Fanny, a single tear trembling beneath each eye-lid; one dimpled arm bare to the shoulder lay across her partially exposed breast, while on the other her head rested in unconsciousness. A beautiful picture of innocence and purity

was Fanny Campbell as she lay thus sleeping.

‘Thou hast wept thyself to sleep, poor Fanny,’ said Lovell, putting his arm affectionately about her neck, and gently kissing her ruby lips. He pressed them again, and this time, see? the dreamer puts her own arm about his neck, and the kiss was returned! but still she slept. He breathed a prayer, a silent, fervent prayer for her weal, then gently disengaging himself from her embrace, he said, as he looked lovingly upon her, ‘it were better to part thus, I will not wake her,’ and kissing her lips once more, Lovell left her sleeping still as he had found her.

He took leave of his parents, shook the hands of a few early risers among his friends, and started for Boston, from whence he was to sail at noon of that day on his first voyage to sea. The setting sun of that day shone upon the white sails of the vessel that bore him to sea many leagues from land. Lovell, whose life had been passed much upon the water, though not far from home, fell easily into the duty required of him, and proved himself to be an efficient and able seaman. Day after day the ship stood on her southern course until she was within the mild and salubrious climate of the West Indies, the great American Archipelago. – In those days and even for many years subsequent to that date, those seas were infested by bands of reckless freebooters or pirates, who committed depredations upon the marine of every nation with which they met; they were literally no respecters of persons. The men who commanded these bands of rovers of most fickle fancy, sometimes sailed under the white lily of France, the

crescents of Turkey, the blazoned and gorgeous flag of Spain, or even the banner of the Church, bearing the Keys of Heaven, but mostly under the blood red flag, that denoted their character, and told their antagonists with whom they had to deal.

The good ship Royal Kent had now entered the milder latitudes, and was within a day's sail of Port-au-Plat, when a suspicious craft hove in sight and immediately gave chase. The Kent had a crew of about a dozen men before the mast, with two or three officers; but they were poorly supplied with the means of defence, against any regular attack made by an armed vessel. Nevertheless, the two six pound cannonades were cleared away from rubbish amidships, and loaded for service; the guns too, some six or eight in number, were all double loaded, and the officers had each a brace of pistols, besides which there were enough cutlasses on board to supply each man with one.

With this little armament they determined to sell their lives dearly, if necessary, and the stranger should prove to be, that which they had every reason to suppose him, a pirate.

The stranger now neared them fast, and all doubt as to his character was soon dispelled, as a blood red flag was sent up to the mast head, and a gun fired for the Kent to heave too. This the captain had no intention of doing, and immediately after the Buccanier, for so he proved to be, began to fire upon them. The shots fell fast and thick among the small crew of the Kent, who having returned them with interest from their six pounders, which being better aimed, did fearful execution on

the crowded deck of the freebooter. The object of the pirate captain was evidently to board the Kent, when his superiority of numbers must immediately decide the contest in his favor. This was ingeniously avoided by the captain of the Kent for some time, his little armament all the while doing bloody execution among his enemies.

At last, however, the grapnels were thrown, and the pirate captain boarded the Kent, followed by half his crew of cutthroats, and decided the contest hand to hand. The American crew fought to the last, notwithstanding the hopeless character of the contest, for they knew full well that they had better fall in battle than to be subjected to the almost certain cruel death that would await them if they should fall into the hands of the Bucaniers alive.

Thus, although overpowered and borne down by numbers, the captain of the Kent had already shot the pirate chief through the brain and another of the enemy with his remaining pistol, while his cutlass had drunk the heart's blood of more than one, before he felt himself, pierced with many a fatal wound; and thus had each of the crew fought until only three remained, who had shown equally fatal battle with the rest, but were now disarmed and lay bound and bleeding upon the deck. One of them was William Lovell. He lay bleeding, as we have said, from many wounds, with his two comrades, the ship being now completely in the hands of the Bucaniers. The Kent proved but a poor prize for the freebooters, though she had cost them so dearly. After taking such valuables out of her as they chose, they scuttled her,

and she sunk where she lay.

Young Lovell and his comrades were taken on board the piratical vessel, and after a consultation among its leaders were told that their lives would be spared them if they would join the now short handed crew – The Bucaniers were induced to make this proposition partly because the prisoners had proved themselves to be brave men, and partly because of their own weakness, after the fierce and sanguinary encounter they had just experienced, the crew of the Kent having actually killed nearly twice their own number, leaving but about fifteen men alive of the pirate crew. The love of life is strong within us all, and Lovell and his companions agreed to the terms offered them, determining to seek an early occasion to escape from the vessel, yet for many months were they the witnesses of scenes of bloodshed and wickedness which they had not the least power to avert.

The West Indian seas since the times of the earliest navigators have ever been the resort of Bucaniers and reckless bands of freebooters, and even to this day, notwithstanding the strong fleet of national vessels kept upon the stations by the American and English governments, there are still organized bands of these desperadoes now existing, engaged in the ostensible occupation of fishermen, but only awaiting a favorable opportunity to resume their old calling. It is rumored on very good authority, that there now lies much wealth buried upon the Tortagos, an island renowned in the early history of the new world, and celebrated as being in former days the rendezvous of the bold

rovers who frequented the West Indies in those days. After capturing their prey in the neighboring seas, the Bucaniers returned to their favorite haunt, and there buried their surplus treasures, then departing again upon their dangerous and bloody expeditions many must necessarily have perished. No one knew where his companion's treasure was buried, consequently it may still remain hidden in its concealment, the spot known only to the spirit of the departed Bucanier.

Tortagos is entirely uninhabited and separated from Hayti only by a ship's channel of about a league in width, and to which it belongs. The laws have long forbidden its settlement, but for what reason we are not informed. Here lay the bones of the rovers who used to rendezvous in the island, side by side with their blood-bought and useless wealth. No public search has ever been made for the hidden booty, and why may we not look for some valuable disclosure in course of time?

The vessel in which Lovell and his two companions had been forced to enlist, was cruising in search of a prey with which they might cope, with a prospect of success and booty, just off the island of Cuba, one fine clear night, when it was determined by Lovell and his friends to attempt to make their escape to the land. In the middle watch which chanced to fall to the share of these three whom the pirate crew had learned to trust implicitly, believing them to be content with their situation, they put the vessel before the wind, and lashing the helm amidship, took a small boat with a few articles of personal property only, and stole

away quietly from their floating prison, and after many hardships landed at Havana. Hardly had the three made their appearance here before they were thrown into prison on suspicion, to await their trial for piracy. They were strangers to the language spoken on the island, had no friends there to intercede in their behalf, and indeed matters looked gloomy enough; nor had they much doubt in their own minds that they should be convicted of the charge brought against them. The day on which they were shut up within the cold, damp, and cheerless walls of the prison, was just one year subsequent to that of their leaving Boston harbor, in the good ship Royal Kent. Again and again did they regret that they had not fallen upon the deck of their own ship rather than thus to be murdered by the Spaniards under the charge of piracy upon the sea.

In this harrowing state of suspense, Lovell, with Jack Herbert and Henry Breed, his comrades in captivity, remained for nearly six months before they were summoned for their trial, and then no sufficient evidence appearing against them, they were further remanded to prison. This was in a time of war and contention, and dangers of every kind lurked about the islands and harbors of the West Indies, and in the crowd of other matters the poor prisoners and their case was entirely forgotten. Thus they were likely to remain perhaps for years, in a confinement scarcely more desirable than death itself, save that there still remained a single gleam of hope within their breasts that they might some day be freed. Ah! bright and heaven born Hope, thou art the

solace of many an aching heart, and the supporter of many a weary and almost-disconsolate spirit.

While incarcerated in this living tomb, young Lovell's mind would often revert to the captain of the King's cutter, whom he knew to be familiar with Fanny, and who had caused him no small degree of unhappiness on his leaving his now far off home. 'He will have ample time and opportunity to supplant me,' said Lovell to himself, 'for Fanny may believe me dead, and thus be induced to give way to his importunities. – Heaven protect her,' thought Lovell to himself. 'His motives I fear cannot possibly be of an honorable character.'

While Lovell was thus prompted by his feelings in a prison far away, the drama was still going on at home, and in the family of the Campbells. Captain Burnett was now more frequent in his visits to the High Rock Hamlet, and Fanny still received him on the same kind terms as ever, and they were still good friends. If the officer of the crown did sometimes attempt to talk of love, she would silence him with a look of reproach, or some playful rejoinder, which was ever successful, and thus she kept him as he termed it to one of his confidential messmates in the fleet, constantly in suspense.'

'Hang it,' said he on the occasion alluded to, and to his comrade, 'I would do anything for the girl, even to giving up my commission, for I believe she has really got my heart, if I have any – I never knew I had before, that's certain.'

'You would have to turn rebel to get her, Burnet,' said his

friend; 'if she be so strong a one as you have always told me.'

'I'll tell thee between ourselves,' said Burnet in reply, 'if I thought I could get the girl's heart thereby, I would join the continentals to-morrow, and furthermore, I must say that it is the only inducement that could be offered me to do so, though I believe them more than half in the right.'

'You are serious, Burnet?'

'Serious, upon my honor.'

'To what length will the little god carry us in his blind service,' said his friend. 'I give you up entirely Burnet. It's a clear case.'

'To which I plead guilty.'

The attention of Captain Burnet at the cottage and to Fanny, had become so marked and decided that the gossips of the community – a class of people who know everything, and especially more of other people's affairs than their own – had fully engaged him to Fanny, and made her give up William Lovell unconditionally.

Nearly two years had passed since the first imprisonment of Lovell and his companions, when by a happy chance Jack Herbert succeeded in making his escape on board of a vessel bound for Boston, and at length reached his home in safety. He was charged with a message to Lovell's parents, and Fanny, should he ever reach home, and this he took an early opportunity to deliver.

William Lovell's family and friends had long mourned him as lost, not having heard one word concerning him since his

departure, or of the vessel in which he had sailed. But Fanny would not give up all hope, and insisted that they should hear from him at last, and now that they had done so, and knew him to be pining in a Spanish prison, still they were grateful that his life was spared, and were led to hope for his eventual release and return.

‘And how do these Spaniards treat him?’ asked Fanny with a trembling voice, yet flashing eye, of the messenger, Jack Herbert.

‘Rough enough, Miss.’

‘Has he sufficient food?’

‘They used to bring us grub once a day,’ was the answer.

‘But once a day?’

‘That’s all, Miss.’

‘And what did it consist of?’ asked Fanny.

‘The very coarsest, you may be assured, Miss.’

A tear stole into Fanny’s eye, as she thought upon the suffering that William was then experiencing in a foreign prison.

‘At Havana, in the island of Cuba,’ said Fanny, musingly to herself; ‘can you describe the port, my friend?’

‘Why it’s a sunny little basin, not so very small neither, and quite land-locked and guarded by the castle and its entrance, tho’ for the matter of that, the castle is’nt always manned – at any rate ‘twas’nt the night we went in with the tag-boat. It’s a pocket of a place, Miss, large enough to hold a thousand sail and yet not more than one can work in or out at a time. It’s in the hands of the Spaniard now, from whom the English took it awhile ago, but

have given it back again. Altogether it's a fine harbor, as far as that goes, why, Miss?

'Oh, I was curious about it.'

'It didn't bless our eyes very often, I can tell you, Miss. We all saw it once, when we were rode out in a great cart hauled by jackasses to the court of the Governor General, the old tyrant!' and here honest Jack Herbert made divers passes with his clenched fist in the air as though he was pummelling the identical functionary in question, just about the ribs and eyes.

'In close confinement all the time,' said Fanny thoughtfully, and more to herself than to her companion, or for the purpose of eliciting an answer.

'Close enough, lady, being's we never went out, saving the time I have just told you of in the jackass team,' said Herbert, pausing out of breath at the exertion of thrashing the Governor General in imagination.

'Did you inform yourself concerning the localities of the neighborhood,' asked Fanny, still half musing to herself.

'Why, yes, Miss, a little when I got out.'

'And the prison – is that well guarded?'

'Only by the jailor, a rough, gray old Spaniard, and three or four soldiers at the different angles of the walls.'

'Look ye, good Herbert, would you join an expedition for the release of your old comrades?' asked Fanny, with animation.

'Would'nt I? perhaps I hav'nt suffered with them, and don't know what it is to be cooped up in a damp, stone prison, with

just enough food to keep you alive, and make you long for more; join? yes, to-morrow, Miss.'

'Where do you live in the town?'

'Just at the foot of Copp's Hill.'

'Could one find you there if need be?'

'Ay, Miss, at most any hour.'

'Well, good Herbert, you may soon meet with one who will engage with you in an enterprise that may gain you not only a name, but a fortune also. Will you be prepared?'

'That I will – a fortune?'

'Aye, and fame to boot'

'That would be good news.'

'Say nothing of this to any one.'

'Oh, I'm mum, Miss, if you wish.'

The evening following that of the reception of the news brought by Jack Herbert, Burnet made one of his frequent calls at the hamlet, and heard from Fanny the whole story of Lovell's capture and imprisonment. He affected to look upon Lovell much in the light of a brother of Fanny's. Knowing her to have been brought up with him, and that they had played together in childhood, he had always shrewdly avoided speaking in any way against him, of whom indeed he could say nothing disparaging, having never seen him, and only knowing him through Fanny, who often alluded to him in connection with her remembrances of her childhood and past life. Captain Burnet saw full well that Fanny's interest in Lovell was of no slight character, and he took

his course in the matter accordingly. His policy was evidently to win her affection by constant and unremitting attention, and to accomplish this he left no means untried. To her parents he was liberal and generous, without being sufficiently prodigal to create displeasure, every act being tempered by good taste and discreet judgment.

He patiently followed every whim of Fanny's fancy, and occupied his time when with her in such employment as he knew would best suit her taste, and in short attacked her at the only vulnerable point, if there was any, which was to render himself pleasing and gradually necessary to her enjoyment, by the amusement he strove to afford her upon every topic, and the instructive character of his general conversation. He saw in Fanny a love for acquiring knowledge on every subject, and he particularly favored it by every means in his power, and actually came to love her warmly by this very intercourse, whose beauty of person alone had first attracted his attention. Two years thus passed, in which Burnet had been a frequent visitor at the cottage, which rendered him by no means an object of indifference to Fanny, who, however, had often told him that she regarded him only as a brother. So far from being discouraged by this, Burnet, who loved most ardently, even thought it a point gained in his favor, and pursued his object with renewed hope. He was forced to acknowledge to his own heart that he loved her irrevocably, and that without her he could never be happy.

He listened, as we have said, to Fanny's relation of the story

of Lovell's imprisonment, and he soon found that she was more interested in the result of the affair than he could have wished, or perhaps even expected. She talked long and earnestly with him relative to the matter, frankly asking his advice and assistance in the affair. He professed that he could refuse her nothing, and a deeply interesting conversation took place, the purport of which may be revealed in a subsequent chapter. That night Captain Burnet did not depart from the little parlor of the cottage and from Fanny, until long after his usual hour, as was remarked by Mr. and Mrs. Campbell to each other.

About a week dating from the occasion just alluded to, a man dressed in the garb of a common sailor knocked at the door of old widow Herbert's house, at the foot of Copp's Hill, 'North End.' A neatly dressed woman of some sixty years of age opened the door. She was still hale and hearty notwithstanding three score years had passed over her head. The refinements of civilization had never marred her health or vigorous constitution, for she had never resorted to those means of shortening life practised in these more advanced periods of refinement. No cramping and painful corsets had ever disfigured her fine natural form, nor had her feet even been squeezed into a compass far too small for their size, in order to render them of delicate proportions. No, no the good old practices of the Bay Province seventy and eighty years ago, were productive of hale and hearty old age, long lives, and useful ones, with health to enjoy life's blessings.

'I would see your son, my good woman,' said the stranger to

dame Herbert as she appeared at the door.

‘Jack, my boy,’ said the old lady, ‘here’s a friend who would speak to thee, come hither I say, Jack.’

‘Ay, ay, mother.’

The son was making his noonday meal, but he soon answered the call and made his appearance at the door.

‘Your name is Jack Herbert?’ put the stranger inquiringly.

‘That’s it, your honor,’ said Jack, for there was that about the cut of the stranger’s jib, that told him he was something more than a foremast hand, perhaps a captain or a naval officer. None are more ready to pay due deference to rank than Jack-tar, for he is made most to feel its power.

‘I understand,’ said the stranger, ‘that you have expressed a willingness to join an enterprise to free a couple of your old messmates from a Spanish prison. Is this the case, my honest fellow?’

‘Aye your honor, I did say as much as that to Bill Lovell’s girl down there at the High Rock fishing hamlet.’

‘Well, I come by her direction – and now do you hold still to your first declaration to her?’

‘That do I, your honor.’

‘Then come with me.’

And Jack followed the stranger to the summit of the hill which commanded a good view of the harbor, indeed its base, which was surrounded by straggling tenements, terminated in the bay itself.

‘Do you see that brig just below us here?’ asked the stranger, pointing to a well appointed vessel of that rig not far from the shore.

‘Ay, ay, sir, she sails to-morrow.’

‘If she gets two more hands.’

‘So I have heard, sir.’

‘Will you ship?’

‘In her?’

‘Yes.’

‘Not I.’

‘With good wages and proper treatment?’ continued the stranger.

‘Why, she’s bound into those infernal Buccanier latitudes d’ye see,’ said Jack Herbert, ‘and I don’t care about going there again unless with a good stout crew and plenty of armament.’

‘You are prevented by *fear* then,’ said the stranger tauntingly.

‘Why, not exactly, your honor, but you see it’s a wanton tempting of providence to leap straight into a shark’s mouth.’

‘Look ye, my good fellow – I’m about to join that craft as her second mate. I’m bound for Cuba, so is that brig. She’s going on her own business, I’m going on mine, which is to aid your old comrades to escape from prison. So far as she goes my way I go hers, and between ourselves, no further. Now if you will trust to me I think we can manage to accomplish this object. How do you like the plan?’

‘I don’t mind shipping in her for such a purpose,’ said Jack

Herbert, 'only she's got such a cursed bad captain. King George never had a more faithful representative of his own black character than the English captain of that brig yonder. 'I know it,' said Jack confidently; why, do ye see they've been trying to get me on board there these ten days.'

'But, my good fellow, I shall be one of your officers, and shall look after your comfort – come, think better of this, you'll ship, eh?'

After some considerable hesitation, Jack replied: 'In this case I must, for damme, if I can bear to think of what those honest fellows are suffering off there in Cuba.'

'There's my hand, my honest fellow,' said the stranger. 'I will go and enter your name on the shipping list, and meet you again to-night, when I will have a more explicit conversation with you and tell you more of my proposed course of conduct for the coming voyage.'

The stranger, whoever he was, had Fanny's interest near at heart, and had evidently made himself master of the relation of each to the other, as well as the whole matter of young Lovell's confinement in prison.

Soon after the stranger left Jack Herbert, on his way to the shore, he was passing along one of the narrow and crooked lanes of the North End, as that part of the town was then called, and as it is known to this day, when he heard the groans of some one in distress. He sought the door of a low and poorly built house, from whence the sounds issued, and entering, he found a poor woman

suffering from severe sickness, lying there upon a bed of straw. By her side sat a man of about twenty-five years of age, offering her such little comforts and attentions as were in his power.

The room was desolate, and the stranger could see that want and poverty dwelt there. He asked the man what he could do to serve them, and whether he could not procure something for the sufferer, who was moaning most piteously.

‘Arrah, she’s past the nade of it now,’ said the man.

‘Go and get a physician,’ said the gentleman.

‘Get a Doctor is it? And who’ll pay?’

‘I’ll see to that, go quick.’

‘You’ll pay, will ye?’

‘Certainly, be quick I say.’

The physician came at once, but informed them that the woman could not live but a few hours at most, and after prescribing a gentle anodyne he retired.

The stranger paid the Doctor his fee, and after giving some money to the man and bidding him procure whatever should be necessary for his mother, he was just about to leave the miserable apartment when the man said:

‘Hiven bless yees for a jintleman as ye is. Where might I be afther finding ye when I could pay yer back ye know?’

‘Never mind that, my good fellow, at all, it is of no consequence. I’ll call in and see you in the morning.’

‘So do, yer honor, and long life to all such as yees.’

Leaving the poor Irishman in the midst of his grateful

acknowledgements, the stranger approached the shore, and making a signal with his hat, a boat was despatched from the brig to carry him on board. He was a noble looking young sailor, and his manner and bearing bespoke a degree of refinement not usual in one of his class. He was of ordinary height, well formed in every limb, and he looked as if his experience as a seaman must have been gained in the navy, for while his countenance wore the browned hue which exposure to the elements always imparts, yet was he one who evidently had never labored before the mast. He was young, certainly not much over twenty years of age, but there was a look of authority about the mild yet determined expression of his countenance, that told of more matured experience.

He was dressed in blue sailor's pants, and a short Pea Jacket descending about half way to the knee, within the lining of which a close observer might have seen a brace of pistols and the silver haft of a knife, so designed as to cut at both sides while it was bent like the Turkish hanger. As he waved his tarpaulin hat for a signal to the brig, the night breeze played with his short, curly hair, throwing it in dainty curls about his forehead, which, protected by the hat so constantly worn by the seaman, was white as alabaster, and showed in singular contrast with the browned cheek and open neck. – Altogether you would have pronounced him a king's officer in disguise.

The boat received him, and he was soon on board the brig.

'Well, Mr. Channing,' said the captain of the vessel, who met him as soon as he arrived on board, 'have you engaged the man

whom you promised to get for me yesterday?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘When will he join us? we sail with the morning tide you know.’

‘He will be on board to-morrow morning in good season, sir.’

‘Don’t let him fail, sir, for it will completely man us into our single hand, Mr. Channing. It does seem a pity to sail without the full complement when we have so nearly got it.’

‘I’ll see this man again to-night sir, and make sure of him.’

‘That will be well, sir,’ replied the Captain.

This conversation was held on the quarter deck of the brig Constance which was of about four hundred tons burthen, and a most beautiful specimen of the naval architecture of the day. She was bound ostensibly to the West Indies, but the plan was (as Mr. Channing told Jack Herbert that night) that after touching there she was to proceed to England.

She was well armed carrying a long tom amidships, and half a dozen six pounders, and a crew when her complement was complete, of twenty men before the mast. She was designed as a strong armed trader, and having letters of marque, she was expected to take any vessel belonging to the enemies of England (under whose flag she sailed) provided she was strong enough. Her commander was a tyrant in his disposition and much addicted to the intemperate use of spirituous liquors.

His first mate was a weak, imbecile young man, put on board originally as a sort of supercargo, by the owners, being a son of

the principle share holder. The third officer was Mr. Channing whom we have introduced to the reader, and who appeared to be the only person on board worthy of trust as an officer. The captain trusted almost entirely to his first mate who was also inclined to throw all responsibility upon his second, as we shall have occasion to see.

The next morning Mr. Charming called on the poor Irishman as he had promised to do. He learned that the poor woman his mother, had expired during the night, and he found her son with his face buried in his hands, the very picture of honest grief.

‘I condole with you my good man,’ said Channing, ‘but you should remember that your mother has gone to a better world, where she will know no more want, no pain nor hunger – “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”’

‘Do you believe that?’ asked Terrance Mooney.

‘Most certainly, the humblest of God’s creatures is his especial care, and he will gather all his children home in due time,’ said the mate of the brig to the weeping son of the deceased.

‘And no purgatory nather.’

‘If there be any purgatory, my good man, it is here on this earth where there is so much sin and consequent misery.’

‘Arrah, that’s consoulin to be sure if its all true, but the praist tells a mighty dale about that place.’

‘If he would preach more about the love and kindness of our heavenly father, and less of these imaginary places, he would serve the cause of his maker much more faithfully, and lead more

sinner to repentance,' said Channing.

'Would'nt I be happy if I thought the ould lady had gone to Paradise to live wid the saints?' said Terrence.

'Believe me, my good fellow, she's safe in the hands of the wisdom and power that made her.'

'That's consoling to be sure, but here am I, Terrence Moony, wid no mother at all, sure what's to become of me?'

The thought struck Channing that it wanted yet one man to complete the complement of the brig.

'How would you like to go to sea with me for good wages and comfortable living, hey Terrence?' asked the mate.

'Why there's nothing to kape me here to be sure, but to see the ould woman dacently buried. When does your honor go to sea, if you plase?'

'This morning.'

'Right away is it?'

'With the ebb tide.'

'Arrah, that's soon enough to be sure, could I get my friends to dacently bury her now, but thin I hav'nt the money.'

'Here's a few dollars if that will do it,' said Channing handling Terrence some money for the purpose.

'Do it, is it? won't they have a "wake" out of it, and I'll be far away at the same time they'll be ating at it.'

'Well, you must make haste, my man.'

'Ye's all ginerosoty, yer honer. I'll jist fix it all, and thin I'll follow yees to the end of the earth.'

And Terrence Mooney did arrange for the funeral of his mother, and after a few bitter expressions at parting from her body, he went on board the brig, when he shipped for the voyage to the West Indies.

Mr. Channing and Jack Herbert were on board in due season, and with the morning tide the brig hoisted her anchor, and spreading her white wings, stood out to sea. The bright sun shone gloriously upon the green islands that dotted the harbor in every direction, they were much larger then than now, and indeed one or two small ones have disappeared entirely. Seventy years of swift running tides have greatly reduced them in point of size, but not in beauty, for they still give a picturesque loveliness to the Bay that a painter's taste could not improve. St. George's flag floated from the topmasts of a dozen men of war, which lay at anchor in the harbor, and floated from a number of lofty points in the town. Scarcely had this scene disappeared from the eyes of the crew, when they were summoned aft by the captain, where he made them the following brief and very pertinent speech, it was characteristic of the man.

'My men, when I'm obeyed quick and well I'm a pretty clever sort of a man, but when I'm thwarted, why then I'm h – I! so look out. I'm captain here, and will be obeyed to the very letter. You'll know me fast enough when any of you cross me. – There, that will do – now go forward.'

'Divilish little Christian is there about him,' said Terrence Mooney to his comrades, 'and is it bastes that we are entirely?'

The sailers did go forward, but they muttered among themselves that they knew full well what sort of a man the captain was, one of the devil's own begetting, and the poor fellows made up their minds to plenty of blows, and little duff.' The captain soon disappeared below, and in an hour or so afterwards was half intoxicated and asleep.

The first mate for some days attended promptly to duty, but he soon began to 'shirk,' and the general direction and sailing of the brig as a matter of course fell upon Channing, the next in command. – This none regretted, for although his orders were given in a prompt and decided tone, and implicit obedience was exacted, yet was his voice musical and kind, and his orders were almost anticipated by the promptitude of the willing crew, who soon came to love him for the generous consideration he evinced for their good and that of the vessel.

A little incident occurred on board of the brig, when eight days from port, which showed who really commanded the crew of the Constance. The captain passed the most of his time in the cabin, smoking, drinking, and dozing away the time, and thus kept but a slack look out upon the men, notwithstanding his boast at the outset. – One afternoon when a pretty stiff breeze was blowing from the North West, the mate lay sleeping in his state room leaving the sailing of the brig to his second, while the captain was occupied much the same as usual. After a while the mate awoke and came upon deck. Wishing to make up for his manifest negligence by some appearance of care at least, as he came up

on deck he cast his eye aloft, and ordered a reef out of the fore and main topsails.

The crew looked at one another in astonishment, for it was evident to the poorest sailor on board that so far from its being proper to put the brig under any more sail, it would have been more prudent to have furled the canvass in question altogether. – The wind had blown fresh all day, and now as the afternoon advanced, the night breeze began to add its power to the wind that had blown through the day, until the brig under the two sails mentioned, and those close reefed, leaped over the waves with the speed of a racer. The mate repeated his order a second time, but there was no response from the crew, who slunk away in various directions with sullen countenances.

‘Mr. Channing,’ said the mate, ‘these men are absolutely mutinous, sir.’

‘I see it, Mr. Bunning.’

‘What’s to be done, sir?’

‘Do you still think it proper to make that sail?’

‘It was the order, sir.’

‘Forward there,’ said Channing in a tone of voice pitched perhaps a key lower than was his natural voice, ‘lay aloft and shake out the reefs from the fore and main topsails, cheerily men, away there, with a will, I say.’

The order had scarcely left the mouth of the second mate before the agile forms of a score of men sprang lightly up the shrouds to obey the mandate.

‘How is it the men obey you and not me, Mr. Channing?’

‘Mr. Banning, it is blowing pretty fresh as you must see,’ was the reply, and perhaps it is rather crowding the brig to make this new sail just now, but if you think it proper, the men *must* do it, sir.’

‘Well, put her under what canvass you like,’ said the mate to Channing as he left the deck, not a little mortified at the scene that had just taken place.

Channing rather pitied than blamed his fellow officer, and therefore was determined at any rate that his order should be obeyed; besides, he was not a person to relax the reins of discipline although much loved by the crew. He saw the impropriety of putting the brig under more sail as well as the crew, but it was not for him or them to judge in such a matter when there was a superior officer on deck. The error was soon remedied by the good judgment of Channing, and the beautiful vessel buffeting the waves still sprang on her course in safety, under the care of a higher power than any on board, bending gracefully under the influence of the freshening breeze.

CHAPTER III

THE RUSE OF THE CAPTAIN, MUTINY! A NEW COMMANDER. ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION. A FATAL AND BLOODY SCENE. SAIL HO! AN ENEMY. THE PINE TREE FLAG. THE SEA FIGHT AND THE VICTORY

All the crew of the brig Constance, save the captain, first mate and cook, were Americans, if we except Terrence Mooney who was one at heart, and the captain had managed to have this the case in order that he might take them home to England and receive the bounty money upon each one who would be immediately pressed into the British Navy. He had arrived at Boston but a few weeks previous to his sailing upon the present voyage with a crew of his own countrymen, upon whom he had also played the same trick, by delivering them over to the King's ship that floated in Boston harbor, It was a hard fate to most of them who would as willingly have been immured in the walls of a prison. They told as a matter of consolation that they would not have to serve but about three years! And this, to men who had left families at home, to whom they had expected to return in a few weeks. It is a foul deed to impress a man into any duty, and

foul must be the service that requires the exercise of such deeds.

The captain of the *Constance* was enabled to obtain a sufficient number of Americans to man his craft, by offering very high wages, and under the pretence of making a voyage to the West Indies only and back, for they knew not of his treachery to his former crew. The plan of the captain in the present case was, after reaching his port in those latitudes, to pretend to have ascertained that which rendered it absolutely necessary for him to proceed immediately to England, intending to pacify the crew by the promise of immediate return and increase of pay. This piece of treachery the captain thought was known only to himself and his first mate, but he was mistaken for Channing had announced to Jack Herbert as the reader will remember, the destination of the brig, on the evening previous to their sailing from Boston. Thus it was evident that Channing fully understood the proposed treachery and that he designed to turn it to good advantage, or else he would not have shipped on board knowing that which he did.

The North American Colonies were then at war with the mother country, the brig was a British brig, and Channing was an American. His heart beat warmly for the cause of his country, he looked about him, there were twenty men, all save one, his fellow countrymen, about to be betrayed into the hands of their enemies. His mind was determined, and he said within himself this shall not be! He had fortunately overheard the captain and the first mate congratulating themselves on having so nearly

obtained their full complement of men on the day previous to the enlistment of Herbert, and thus had he become master of their secret purpose of treachery.

Already had the brig changed the chill northern blasts for the sunny breezes of the South, and she was, according to the reckoning of Channing, about a day's sail from Cuba, when he determined that the good brig Constance should change hands, and from a British, become an American craft. It was a bold undertaking; the two greatest sins that a sailor is taught to dread, Mutiny and piracy, were staring him full in the face. He did not design to implicate a single member of the crew in the transaction, but resolved to make the attempt to gain possession of the vessel, alone and unassisted. He had two reasons for this: first, he was too good a disciplinarian to tamper with those below him, and he foresaw that if he should once become familiar with them in a matter of conspiracy, he could no longer command their respect. Then again he felt that he had no right to draw them into the danger incurred, and that it would be far more noble in him to accomplish that which was to be done with his own hands – after that, if he proved successful, those could join him who felt disposed. Early one morning, Channing went down into the captain's cabin, whom he found just rising from his bed. Stepping to the table he possessed himself of the brace of pistols that lay upon it, and also the cutlass that hung from the wall; then turning to the captain who was hardly yet awake, he said: 'Captain Brownless, you are my prisoner!'

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