

Sustained honor

The Age of Liberty Established

John R. Musick,

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THE REAL AMERICA IN ROMANCE

Volume X

SUSTAINED HONOR

The Age of Liberty Established

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PREFACE.

Written history is generally too scholastic to interest the great mass of readers. Dignified and formal, it deals mainly with great events, and often imperfectly with these, because, not pausing to present clear impression by the associations of individual life, it conveys a stiff and unnatural opinion of the past. Historians ignore the details which go to make up the grand sum total of history, and from the very best histories one can get but a meagre idea of the life and times of the people of bygone ages. It is these minor details of past events which lend to fiction its greatest charm, and attract the multitude, by appearing more like truth. Although untrue in the particular combinations, scenes and plots delineated, yet well written fiction is drawn from nature and experience, and these facts in life, as with chessmen, are only arranged in new but natural positions. History should include everything in the nature, character, customs and incidents, both general and individual, that contribute to originate what is peculiar in a people, or what causes their advancement or decline. So broad is its scope, that nothing is too mighty for its grasp--so searching, scarce anything is too minute. Were written history a clear transcript of valuable incidents, it would be more enticing than the most fascinating fiction.

It is the purpose of this volume to deal with some of the remote and direct causes of the second war with England, by endeavoring, as nearly as our ability will permit, to transport the reader back to the scenes of eighty or ninety years ago, and give views of the incidents which clustered around the events of that time.

The war of 1812 has been properly termed by some historians the second war for independence; for, in truth, the independence of the United States of America was not established until after that event. Great Britain across the ocean and the horde of Tories still in America had not abandoned all hope of yet making the United States a dependency of the country from which she had fought seven long years to free herself. The war of 1812 was never fought to a finish. In some respects it was a drawn fight. Its results were not satisfactory to the patriotic American, and certainly were not to Great Britain. The contemptible "Peace Faction" continually crippled the administration all through the contest of nearly three years.

After studying the patriotism of New England through the War of the Revolution, one is surprised at the unpatriotic actions of that section of the United States in 1812. One can hardly believe that it was party fealty and political hatred of the democratic party alone which made these formerly patriotic colonies and States hot-beds of sedition and treason. It looks as if those States, having built up a flourishing trade with Great Britain, cared little about the impressment of sailors, or the enslaving of their countrymen, so long as they filled their own pockets. The men seized were usually poor, and their happiness, liberty and life were lightly regarded in comparison with the prosperity of the "Peace Party" merchant. If patriotism were dormant in the East, however, in the growing West, and the generous South it was strong. From those sections came the hardy sons of liberty, who taught Johnny Bull anew to respect the rights of the common people. Though the treaty of peace was not satisfactory in many particulars, it more clearly defined the lines between the United States and British possessions in America, leaving the fishery question and the right to search and impressment in an unsettled condition, giving the "Peace Party" an opportunity to say, "I told you so."

An attempt is made in this story to cover the whole period of the war and the causes leading up to it, treating it from the standpoint of an individual of the time. The pioneers of seventy-five years ago were a hardy race, long since disappeared. We hope that from Fernando Stevens, the hero of this volume, the reader may derive some idea of pioneer life as it then was. Fernando Stevens was a namesake of the cabin-boy of Christopher Columbus on his first voyage to America, Hernando Estevan, of whom he was a lineal descendant. The hero of this volume was a son of Albert Stevens, a Revolutionary soldier, who was a son of Colonel Noah Stevens, of the French and Indian War, who was a son of Elmer Stevens of early Virginia history, a son of Robert Stevens of

the time of Bacon's Rebellion. He was a son of John Smith Stevens, of the early Virginia history, who was the son of Philip Stevens, or Philip Estevan, the young Spaniard who was the personal friend of Captain John Smith and helped lay the foundation of Jamestown. He was a son of Francisco Estevan of St. Augustine, who was a son of Christopher Estevan of Cuba, a companion of Pizarro and De Soto, and he was a son of Hernando Estevan, who went as cabin-boy with Columbus on his memorable first voyage in which he discovered the Western Hemisphere.

This scion of a long line of stalwart but not famous ancestors is the one whose adventures we now narrate. Like his ancestors, he was only one of the rank and file of Americans, whose names are seldom seen in print, but who, after all, go to make up the true history of our glorious republic. Fernando's adventures, with those of Morgianna, the mysterious waif of the sea, form the romance of this story.

JOHN E. MUSICK.

KIRKSVILLE, Mo., July 11th, 1893.

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SUSTAINED HONOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE YOUNG EMIGRANT.

[Illustration]

The first recollections of Fernando Stevens, the hero of this romance, were of "moving." He was sitting on his mother's knee. How long he had been sitting there he did not know, nor did he know how he came there; but he knew that it was his mother and that they were in a great covered wagon, and that he had a sister and brother, older than himself, in the wagon. The wagon was filled with household effects, which he seemed to know belonged to that mother on whose knee he sat and that father who was sitting on the box driving the horses which pulled the wagon. Fernando Stevens was never exactly certain as to his age at the time of this experience; but he could not have been past three, and perhaps not more than two years old, when he thus found himself with his father's family and all their effects in a wagon going somewhere.

He knew not from whence they came, nor did he know whither they were going. It was pleasant to sit on his mother's knee and with his great blue eyes watch those monster horses jogging along dragging after them the great world, which in his limited comprehension was all the world he knew,—the covered wagon. Suddenly some bright, revolving object attracted his attention, and he fixed his eyes on it. It was the wagon tire, and he saw it crushing and killing the grass at the side of the road, or rolling and flattening down the dust in long streaks.

Then they descended a hill. It was not a long hill, but seemed rather steep. There was water at the bottom. He remembered seeing the bright, sparkling wavelets and never forgot the impression they produced. There was a boat at the bottom of the hill, and the wagon and horses were driven into the boat. A man and boy began propelling the long sweeps or oars. He watched the proceeding in infantile wonder and especially remembered how the water dropped in sparkling crystals from the oar blades. The boy had on a red cap or fez with a tassel. That boy, that cap and that oar with the sparkling dripping water from the blade were to him the brightest pictures and greatest wonders he had ever known.

He had not the least idea why the man and boy dipped those oars into the water and pulled them out all dripping and pretty, unless it was to amuse him. The oars were painted blue. He did not know where they were going, or when this journey would end, or that it was a journey.

Thus Fernando Stevens began life. This was the first page in his existence that he could recollect. In after years he knew he was Fernando Stevens, that his father was Albert Stevens, a soldier in the War of the Revolution, that his kind, sweet-faced mother was Estella Stevens, and that the very first experience he could remember was that of the family emigrating to the great Ohio valley.

Albert Stevens was married shortly after the close of the Revolutionary War, and he tried hard to succeed in New England; but he had no trade and no profession, and the best lands in the country were bought. Seven years of his early life, with all his dawning manhood had been spent in the army, and now with his family of three children he found himself poor. Congress had made a treaty with the Indians by which the vast territory of the Ohio valley was thrown open to white settlers, and he resolved to emigrate to where land was cheap, purchase a home and grow up with the country.

Resolved to emigrate, the father collected his little property and provided himself with a wagon and four horses, some cows, a rifle, a shot-gun and an axe. His trusty dog became the companion of his journey. In his wagon he placed his bedding, his provisions and such cooking utensils as were indispensable. Everything being ready, his wife and the three children took their seats, Fernando, the youngest, on his mother's knee; while the father of the family mounted the box. The horses were started and the great vehicle began to move. As they passed through the village which had been to them the scene of many happy hours, they took a last look at the spots which were hallowed by association—the church with its lowly spire, an emblem of that humility which befits a Christian, and the burial-ground, where the weeping willow bent mournfully over the head-stone which marked the graves of their parents. The children, who were old enough to remember, never forgot their playground, nor the white schoolhouse where the rudiments of an education were instilled into their minds.

Their road was at first, comparatively smooth and their journey pleasant. Their progress was interrupted by divers little incidents; while the continual changes in the appearance of the country around them, and the anticipation of what was to come, prevented those feelings of despondency, which might otherwise have arisen on leaving a much loved home. When the roads became bad or hilly, the family quit the wagon and trudged along on foot, the mother carrying the baby Fernando in her arms. At sunset, their day's journey finished, they halted in the forest by the roadside to prepare their supper and pass the night. The horses were unharnessed, watered and secured with their heads to the trough until they had eaten their meagre allowance of corn and oats, and then were hobbled out to grass. Over the camp fire the mother prepared the frugal supper, which being over, the emigrants arranged themselves for the night, while the faithful dog kept watch. Amid all the privations and vicissitudes in their journey, they were cheered by the consciousness that each day lessened the distance between them and the land of promise, whose fertile soil was to recompense them for all their trials and hardships.

Gradually, as they advanced west, the roads became more and more rough and were only passable in many places by logs having been placed side by side, forming what was termed corduroy roads. The axe and rifle of the emigrant, or mover as he is still termed in the west, were brought daily and almost hourly into use. With the former he cut saplings, or small trees, to throw across the roads, which, in many places, were almost impassable; while with his rifle he killed squirrels, wild turkeys, or such game as the forest afforded, for their provisions were in a few days exhausted. If, perchance, a buck crossed his path, and he brought it down by a lucky shot, it was carefully dressed and hung up in the forks of the trees; fires were built, and the meat cut into small strips and smoked and dried for future subsistence.

As they advanced, the road through the woods became more difficult to travel, the trees being merely felled and drawn aside, so as to permit a wheeled carriage to pass; and the emigrant was often obliged to be guided in his route only by the blaze of the surveyor on the trees, and at every few rods to cut away the branches which obstructed his passage. As the stroke of the axe reverberated through the woods, no answer came back to assure him of the presence of friend or foe. At night in these solitudes, they heard the wolves stealing through the gloom, sniffing the scent of the intruders; and now and then, then bloodshot eyes of the catamount glared through the foliage.

Days, weeks and months passed in this toilsome journey through the wilderness, so indelibly impressing it on the memory of Fernando Stevens, that he never, to his dying day, forgot that journey. At last they arrived at the landmarks which, to Albert Stevens, indicated the proximity of his possessions. A location for the cabin was selected near a small stream of running water, on the south side of a slight elevation.

No time was lost. The trees were immediately felled, and in a short time Fernando, looking out from the covered wagon, perceived a clear space of ground of but few rods in circumference. Stakes, forked at the top, were driven into the ground, on which the father placed logs, and the chinks between these were stopped with clay. An enclosure was thus hastily thrown up to protect the family from the weather, and the wife and children were removed to this improvised abode. The trunks of the trees were rolled to the edge of the clearing, and surmounted by stakes driven crosswise into the ground: the severed tops and branches of trees piled on top of the logs, thus forming a brush fence. By degrees the surrounding trees were "girdled" and killed. Those that would split were cut down and made into rails, while others were left to rot or logged up and burned.

A year showed a great improvement in the pioneer's home. Several acres had been added to the clearing, and the place began to assume the appearance of a farm. The temporary shanty had given place to a comfortable log cabin; and although the chimney was built of small sticks placed one on the other, and filled in between with clay, occupying almost one whole end of the cabin, it showed that the inward man was duly attended to; and the savory fumes of venison, of the prairie hen and other good things went far to prove that even backwoods life was not without its comforts. [Footnote: The author has often heard his mother say that the most enjoyable period of her life was in a pioneer home similar to the above.]

In a few months, the retired cabin, once so solitary, became the nucleus of a little settlement. Other sections and quarter sections of land were entered at the land office by new corners. New portions of ground were cleared, cabins were erected; and in a short time the settlement could turn out a

dozen efficient hands for house raising or log rolling. A saw mill soon after was erected at the falls of the creek; the log huts received a poplar weather boarding, and, as the little settlement increased, other improvements appeared; a mail line was established, and before many years elapsed, a fine road was completed to the nearest town, and a stage coach, which ran once, then twice a week, connected the settlement with the populous country to the east of it.

This was the life the hero of this story began. It might be said to be an unromantic life; yet such a life was known to many of our American ancestors. It had its pleasures as well as its pains. It had its poetry as well as its prose, and its joys as well as its sorrows. The vastness of the forest and depths of the solitude by which he was surrounded, made its impress on his mind. He grew up in ignorance of tyranny and many of the evils of the great cities.

The cabin home and the narrow clearing about it formed his playground. His first toy was a half-bushel measure, which he called his "bushee!" This he rolled before him around the log cabin and the paths made in the tall grass, frequently to the dread of his mother, who feared that he might encounter some of the deadly serpents with which the forest abounded. He remembered on one occasion, when his mother found him going too far, she called:

"Come back, Fernando; mother is afraid you will step on a snake."

He looked about him with the confidence of childhood, and answered:

"No 'nakes here."

Just at that moment, the mother, to her horror, saw a deadly reptile coiled in the very path along which the child was rolling his "bushee," and with true frontier woman's pluck, ran and snatched up the bare-footed Fernando, when only within two feet of the deadly serpent, carried him to the house, and with the stout staff assailed and killed the rattlesnake.

He remembered seeing the wild deer bound past the cabin door, and one day his father killed one. The big dog called "Bob," on account of the shortness of his caudal appendage, on another occasion leaped on a wild buck as he was passing the house, and seized the animal, holding it until it was slain. Wild turkeys were common; he saw them in great flocks in the woods, and did not suppose they could ever become extinct.

Fernando never forgot his first pair of shoes. He had grown to be quite a lad, and his bare feet had trod the paths in the forest, and over the prairies in summer and late in autumn, until they had become hardened. In winter his mother had made him moccasins out of deer skins; but he was at last informed that he was going to have a pair of shoes, such as he had seen some children from the eastern States wear. His joy at this intelligence knew no bounds. He dreamed of those shoes at night, and they formed the theme of his conversation by day. His sister, who was the oldest of the children, had been the happy possessor of three pairs of shoes, and she often discussed knowingly the good qualities of pedal coverings and of their advantages in travelling through brambles or over stones. Often as he contemplated his scratched, chapped and bruised feet, the child had asked himself if it were possible that he should ever be able to afford such a luxury as a real pair of shoes.

Money was scarce, luxuries scarcer. The frontier people lived hard, worked hard, slept sound, and enjoyed excellent health.

Though little Fernando had never owned a real pair of shoes in his life, so far as he could remember, he possessed a strong mind and body, and no prince was his superior. He had, as yet, never been to school a day, but from the great book of nature he had imbibed sublimity and loftiness of thought, which only painters and poets feel.

Though he was shoeless, he was inspired with lofty ideas of freedom such as many reared in cities never dream about. The father had to make a long journey to some far-away place for the shoes. The day before starting all the children were made to put their feet on the floor, while the parents measured them with strings, and tied knots to indicate the size of shoes to be purchased. At last the measures were obtained, and the father put them in the pocket of his buckskin hunting jacket. Then he harnessed the horses to the wagon and, with, his trusty rifle for his only companion, drove away. Bob, the faithful watch-dog, was very anxious to accompany him, and whined and howled for two or three days; but he was kept at home to defend the family. A faithful protector was Bob, and woe to the intruder who dared to annoy the household while he was around. Fernando waited

patiently and long for the return of his father. Every night before retiring to his trundle-bed, he would ask his mother if "father would come next day."

At last the joyous shout of the older children announced the approach of the wagon. They ran down the road to meet it. The horses jogged along with the wagon, which rolled and jolted over the ground to the house. The wagon was unloaded. There were bags of meal and flour, coffee and tea, and then came the calico and cotton goods, jugs of molasses and a barrel of sugar. The shoes were in a box and finally brought out.

A great disappointment was in store for Fernando. His shoes were too small. The father had lost the string and purchased the shoes "by guess." Fernando tried hard to squeeze his foot into the little green coverings; but they were so small and there was danger of bursting them. Father had to go back to the land office in a day or two and would exchange them. He rode off on the white mare, "old Betts," and on his return had a pair of shoes large enough for Fernando.

They were awkward at first and cramped, pinched and galled his feet. His mother made him a suit of clothes of "blue drilling" and next Sabbath the whole family got into the wagon and drove off eight miles to Bear Creek to "meeting."

The people of the west were as thorough a combination and mixture of all nations, characters, languages, conditions and opinions as can well be imagined. Scarcely a nation in Europe, or a State in the union, that did not furnish emigrants for the great west. The greater mass from Europe were of the humble classes, who came from hunger, poverty and oppression. They found themselves here with the joy of shipwrecked mariners cast on the untenanted woods, and instantly became cheered with the hope of being able to build up a family and a fortune from new elements.

The Puritan and the planter, the German, the Briton, the Frenchman, the Irishman and the Swede, each with his peculiar prejudices and local attachments, and all the complicated and interwoven tissue of sentiments, feelings and thoughts, that country, kindred and home, indelibly combined with the web of youthful existence, settled down beside each other. The merchant, mechanic and farmer found themselves placed by necessity in the same society. Men must cleave to their kind and must be dependent upon each other. Pride and jealousy give way to the natural yearnings of the human heart for society. They began to rub off mutual prejudices. One took a step and then the other. They met half way and embraced; and the society thus newly organized and constituted was more liberal, enlarged, unprejudiced, and of course more affectionate and pleasant than a society of people of like birth and character, who would bring all their early prejudices as a common stock, to be transmitted as an inheritance to posterity.

Depending only on God and nature, the simple backwoodsman came to regard God as his only master and, like the Swiss patriot, would bow his knee to none other. Men were left free to adopt such religious views and tenets as they chose, and the generous laws protected every man alike in his religious opinions. Ministers of the gospel and priests, being presumed to be devoted to humanity, charity and general benevolence, were precluded by many State constitutions from any participation in the legislative authority, and their compensation depended wholly upon the voluntary aid of those among whom they labored in charity and love. In the wide district where the Stevens lived, the country was too sparsely settled to support a stationed minister, and "preaching" was a luxury. Unsustained by the rigid precepts of law in any privileges, perquisites, fixed revenue, prescribed by reverence or authority, except such as was voluntarily acknowledged, the clergy found that success depended upon the due cultivation of popular talents. Zeal for the great cause mixed, perhaps, with a spice of earthly ambition, the innate sense of emulation and laudable pride, a desire of distinction among their cotemporaries and brethren, prompted them to seek popularity, and to study all the arts and means of winning the popular favor.

Travelling from month to month through dark forests, with such ample time for deep thought, as they ambled slowly along the lonesome horse path or unfrequented roads, they naturally acquired a pensive and romantic turn of thought and expression, which is often favorable to eloquence. Hence their preaching was of the highly popular cast, such as immortalized Peter Cartwright. The first aim was to excite the ministers; hence, too, excitement, or, in religious parlance, "awakenings," or "revivals" became common. Living remote from each other, and spending much of their time in domestic solitude in vast forests or wide spreading prairies, the "appointment" for preaching was looked upon as a gala-day, or a pleasing change, which brought together the auditors from remote points, and gratified a feeling of curiosity, which prompted the pioneers to

associate and interchange cordial congratulations.

As yet no meeting house had been erected in all the region where the Stevens lived. The meeting on Bear Creek was at the home of Mr. Moore, who was the happy possessor of a "double log cabin." One cabin or room was cleared of furniture, and sawn boards, placed on sticks of wood on end, furnished the seats. These were occupied and the "entry" between the cabins was filled by children. The preacher, who was also chorister, took his position near the door so as to accommodate those without as well as those within. He opened his saddle-bags and, pushing back his soiled linen, took out his bible and hymn-book and, proceeding to "line a hymn," "started it" himself, the congregation all joining.

Fernando Stevens had heard from his sister about these wonderful meetings; but he had never dreamed that a score of voices could raise such an uproar, and he ceased admiring his new shoes, while he fixed his eyes in terror on the capacious mouth of a pious old man, who, in his fervent zeal, was singing with all his might. As he sounded forth each resonant note, louder than the preceding, his mouth opened wider and wider, until Fernando took alarm and climbed upon his father's knee.

At this critical moment, there came on the air a cracking sound, and one of the boards which served the purpose of a pew broke in the centre and came down with a crash, precipitating nearly half a score of buxom, screaming girls into a promiscuous heap upon the floor. This was too much for Fernando. He could not but attribute the disaster to the wide-mouthed singer, and he screamed so lustily in his fright, that his father took him from the house to calm his fears.

Fernando's first experience at "meeting" was not very encouraging; but he did not despair. Soon after their return home he heard the family begin to speak of the "camp-meeting," and learned that one was to be held at the head waters of Bear Creek, not far from the home of Mr. Moore, and that the family was going.

On the appointed day they took their places in the wagon and started for the camp ground. Notice of the camp-meeting had been circulated for several weeks or months, and all were eager to attend. The country for fifty miles around was excited with the cheerful anticipation of the approaching festival of religious feeling and social friendship. When the Stevenses arrived on the grounds, wagons and carts, coaches and old family chaises, people on horseback and on foot, in multitudes, with provision wagons, tents, mattresses, household implements and cooking utensils, were seen hurrying from every direction toward the central point. The camp was in the midst of a grove of beautiful, lofty, umbrageous trees, natural to the western country, clothed in their deepest verdure, and near a sparkling stream, which supplied the host with fresh water. White tents started up in the grove, and soon a sylvan village sprang up as if by magic. The tents and booths were pitched in a semi-circle, or in a four-sided parallelogram, inclosing an area of two acres or more, for the arrangement of seats and aisles around a rude pulpit and altar for the thronging multitude, all eager to hear the heavenly messenger.

Fernando beheld all in a maze of wonder, and half believed this was that Heaven of which his mother had told him so much. He half expected to see the skies open and the son of God descend in all his glory. Toward night, the hour of solemn service approached, and the vast sylvan bower of the deep umbrageous forest was illuminated by numerous lamps suspended around the line of tents which encircled the public area and beside the rustic altars distributed over the same, which sent forth a glare of light from the fagot fires upon the worshipping throng, and the majestic forest with an imposing effect, which elevated the soul to fit converse with its creator, God.

The scenery of the most brilliant theatre of the world was only a painting for children compared with this. Meantime, the multitude, with the highest excitement of social feeling, added to the general enthusiasm of expectation, was passing from tent to tent interchanging apostolic greetings and embraces, while they talked of the approaching solemnities. A few minutes sufficed to finish the evening's repast, when the moon (for they had taken thought to appoint the meeting at the time of the full moon) began to show its disc above the dark summits of the distant mountains, while a few stars were seen glimmering in the west. Then the service began. The whole constituted a temple worthy of the grandeur of God. An old man in a dress of the quaintest simplicity ascended a platform, wiped the dust from his spectacles, and, in a voice of suppressed emotion "lined the hymn," of which that vast multitude could recite the words, to be sung with an air in which every voice could join. Every heart capable of feeling thrilled with emotion as that song swelled forth,

"Like the sound of many waters, echoing among the hills and mountains." The service proceeded. The hoary-haired orator talked of God, of eternity, of a judgment to come and all that is impressive beyond. He spoke of his experiences and toils, his travels, his persecutions and triumphs, and how many he had seen in hope, in peace and triumph gathered to their fathers. When he spoke of the short space that remained for him, his only regret was that he could no longer proclaim, in the silence of death, the unsearchable riches and mercies of his crucified Redeemer.

No wonder, as the speaker paused to dash the gathering moisture from his own eye, his audience was dissolved in tears, or uttered exclamations of penitence. Many who prided themselves on an estimation of a higher intellect and a nobler insensibility than the crowd caught the infection, and wept, while the others, "who came to mock remained to pray."

In due time a schoolhouse was erected on the banks of the creek a mile away from the house of Albert Stevens. Fernando was sent with the older children. Mrs. Creswell the teacher had no end of trouble with the little fellow, whose ideas of liberty were inconsistent with discipline, and who insisted on reclining on the floor instead of sitting on a bench. He became hungry and despite the fact that his preceptress had forbidden "talking out loud" declared that he wanted something to eat.

"Wait a bit," answered the teacher. "We will have recess by and by."

"Is recess something to eat?" he asked.

This question produced a titter, and the insubordinate youngster was again told he must not talk. After awhile he became accustomed to school and liked it. He grew older and learned his letters. It was a tedious task, the most difficult of which was to distinguish "N" from "U," but he finally mastered them, and his education, he supposed, was complete. After two or three years, he learned to read. His father on one of his journeys to town brought to their forest home some excellent books, with bright, beautiful pictures. He was now nine years old, and could read with some difficulty. One of his books was a story about a man being wrecked on an island, and having saved a black man named Friday from death by savages. Fernando never tired of this wonderful book, and, in his eagerness for the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, learned to read well without knowing it.

From reading one book, he came to read others, and lofty, ambitious thoughts took possession of his soul. His mind, uncontaminated or dwarfed by the sins of civilization, early began to reach out for high and noble ideas.

His father had been a captain in the continental army, and had travelled all over the Atlantic States during the war for independence. He told his children many stories of those dark days and sought early to instil in their young minds a love for their country, urging them ever to sustain its honor and its flag.

Fernando Stevens, even early in childhood, became a patriot. He could be nothing more nor less than a patriot and lover of freedom with such training, and growing up in such an atmosphere. With the bitter wrongs of George III. rankling in his heart, he came to despise all forms of monarchy, and to hate "redcoats." The cruelties of Cornwallis, Tarleton, Rawdon, Tryon and Butler were still in the minds of the people, and the boy, as he gazed on his father's sword hanging on the cabin wall, often declared he would some day take it and avenge the wrongs done in years gone by.

Years passed on, and Fernando, in his quiet home in the West, grew to be a strong, healthy lad, with a constantly expanding mind.

CHAPTER II.

MORGIANNA.

It was early on the morning of June 13, 1796, just twenty years after the Declaration of

Independence, that Captain Felix Lane, of the good ship *Ocean Star*, was on his voyage from Rio to Baltimore with a cargo of coffee. The morning was specially bright, and the captain, as brave a man as ever paced a quarter deck, was in the best of spirits, for he expected soon to be home. He had no wife and children to greet him on his return, for Lane was a bachelor. He had served on board a privateer during the War of the Revolution and had done as much damage as any man on salt water to English merchantmen. Like most brave men, Captain Lane had a generous soul, a kind heart, and there was not a man aboard his vessel who would not have died for him. He preserved perfect discipline and respect through love rather than fear, for he was never known to be harsh with any of his crew.

No one knew why the captain had never married. His first mate, who had sailed under him four years, had never dared broach him on the subject of matrimony. There was a story--a mere rumor--perhaps without the slightest foundation, of Felix Lane, when a poor sailor boy, loving the daughter of an English merchant at Portsmouth, England. The mate got the story from a gossipy old English sailor, who claimed to know all about it, but whose fondness for spinning yarns brought discredit on his veracity. According to the old sailor's account, the fair English maid's name was Mary. Her father was one of the wealthiest merchants in the city; and one day when Lane was only nineteen he met Mary. Her beauty captivated him and inspired him to a nobler life. Mary loved the young sailor; but it was the old story of the penniless lover and cruel parent. The sailor was forcibly expelled from the house and sailed to America, with a heart full of revenge and ambition.

He arrived just after the battle of Lexington, and soon shipped aboard a privateer. Again it was the old story of a rash lover laughing at death, seeking the grim monster who seemed to avoid him. His ship was so successful, that in a short time each of the crew was rich from prize money. Four years and a half of war found Felix Lane commander of the most daring privateer on the ocean. He was already wealthy and continued by fresh prizes to add to his immense fortune. The merchant marine of Great Britain dreaded his ship, the *Sea Rover*, more than the whole American navy. Lane was one of the most expert seamen on the ocean, and might have had a high office in the regular navy, had he not found this semi-piratical business more lucrative.

One day his vessel sighted a large merchantman, off the coast of Spain, and engaged it in a terrible conflict. The merchantman carried twice as many people and heavier guns than the *Sea Rover*; but by the skilful management of his ship Captain Lane continued to rake her fore and aft until she was forced to strike her colors. When the conqueror went aboard, he found the splintered deck a scene of horror. Cordage, shrouds, broken spars and dead and dying men strewed the deck. Near the gangway was a middle-aged man holding in his arms a girl mortally wounded in the conflict. He recognized her in a moment, and the scene which followed tried all the powers of the old yarn-spinner's descriptive faculties. He held her in his arms and wept and prayed until her life was extinct. It was said that she recognized him and that she died with a sweet smile on her face, pointing upward to a place of reunion. The father, who had survived the conflict, was released, and Captain Felix continued his career a sadder and better man.

Whether this story was true or not, no one can at this day tell, for Jack tars are proverbial yarn-spinners, and seek more after romance than truth. One thing is quite certain, though, Captain Lane was still a bachelor, and had resisted all the advances of beautiful women, until no one doubted that he would end his days a bachelor.

On this bright June morning a sail was descried S.S.E., and there immediately sprang up a little conversation between master and mate as to the probable character of the ship.

"Perchance, captain, it's a British cruiser," suggested the mate.

"If it should be, we have no fears."

"No, for the *Ocean Star* can show a pair of clean heels to anything afloat. These British have a habit of searching all vessels they can capture and impressing seamen."

"It's ugly business."

"It will breed another storm."

"I don't think America will long submit."

At this, the mate, whose temper was as fiery as his red hair, vowed:

"If they should board a ship of mine, I would give 'em lead and steel, until they would not care to search or impress any one."

"They have no such right," the captain answered, and his face grew very stern.

The vessel, whatever she was, did not cross their path, however, and in a few hours disappeared around some jutting headlands.

They had only left Rio the day before, and had very light winds. The land breeze lasted long enough to bring them by Santa Cruz, and their ship drifted along all day between Raza and the main. Toward night the sea-breeze came in fresh from the eastward, and they made four-hour tacks, intending to keep the northern shore quite close aboard, and to take their departure from Cape Frio. The night was very clear, and at eight bells they tacked ship to the northward, heading about N.N.E.; Raza lights could just be discerned, bearing about West. Captain Lane had come on deck, as was his custom, to "stay" the brig, and, finding everything looking right, was about to go below, when the man on the lookout cried:

"Sail ho!"

"Where away?" demanded the Captain.

"Two points off the lee bow."

The captain walked forward to the forecastle, from where he descried what appeared to be a large square-rigged vessel standing directly for them, with her port-tacks aboard. This seemed strange to the captain, as he knew of no vessel which had left Rio, except one several days previous, and she should have been far on her voyage by this time.

The stranger approached very rapidly, carrying a press of canvas, and "lying over" to it in fine style. In a short time the stranger was almost within speaking distance, and Captain Lane made her out to be a large heavily-sparred clipper brig. A collision seemed inevitable, if she held her course. The *Ocean Star* was a little to windward of the stranger with the starboard tacks aboard, and Captain Lane knew it was the stranger's duty to "bear up" and keep away. He jumped for his speaking trumpet and hailed:

"Brig ahoy!"

No answer; and the mysterious vessel came booming right on for them with fearful speed.

"Brig ahoy!" shouted the captain again. "Hard up your helm, or you will be into me!"

Still no answer; and, jumping to the wheel, the captain jammed it down, and they came up flying into the wind. Leaving the wheel to the frightened seaman, he sprang into the port rail, to see where the stranger would strike them. As he did so, that mysterious craft flew by, and the whole sea seemed lighted up by a strange illumination. It was like a terrible dream--so wild, so supernatural and unearthly. As Captain Lane stood by the port rail, he saw right under his quarter, a large, low, black brig, with her decks crowded with men, and guns protruding from her ports; while on the weather rail, clinging with one hand to the shrouds, stood a strange, demoniacal-looking figure, holding in his outstretched hand, above the water, a burning blue light. On the quarter-deck a little knot of men seemed standing, a short distance apart from them was a strikingly handsome man, who, from his air of superiority, Lane at once knew to be the commander. His perfectly poised and graceful attitude, and thorough composure, as he removed a cigar from his mouth and motioned an order to the helmsman, struck the beholder as wonderful.

In an instant the whole thing flashed upon the captain--*he was a pirate!* He had run under the stern of the brig and burned a blue light to read the name of the vessel, and see if the bird was worth plucking.

Captain Lane's decision was instantaneous. He knew that the white feather never helped one out with such fellows. It was all the work of an instant. The stranger ran a couple of lengths astern the *Ocean Star*, swung his main-yard aback and hailed; but while the bold buccaneer was doing this, Captain Lane had performed an equally sea-manlike manoeuvre. He caught his sails aback, and his vessel having stern way, he shifted his helm, backed her round, and, filling away on the other tack, stood directly for the pirate.

It was the stranger's time to hail now. The *Ocean Star* was a sharp, strong, fast-sailing vessel, and

was under good headway and perfect control. Captain Lane then acted hurriedly, but with precision, giving his orders to his mate and helmsman, and, seizing the cabin lantern and his speaking trumpet, he jumped upon the topgallant forecastle, and, holding up his lamp, made the master mason's "*hailing sign of distress*." He then hailed through his trumpet, in quick, determined syllables:

"Brig ahoy! Unless you swear as a man or as a Mason that you will not molest me, as true as there is a God, we will sink together!"

Quick as thought, the answer came back through the trumpet, clear and distinct:

"I swear as a Mason! Hard up your helm!"

"Hard up your helm!" the captain shouted aft, and, paying off like a bird, the *Ocean Star* swept by the stranger's stern near enough to almost touch her. As they went sailing past her, it became Captain Lane's turn to bend forward with a lantern, and ascertain who his new acquaintance was. There, painted in blood-red letters on the black stern, was the name

MORGIANNA.

He had scarce read it, when the same clear tones, more subdued, hailed him, as he thought, with somewhat of kindness:

"Captain, do me the favor to back your main-yard; I will come aboard of you--*alone!*"

[Illustration: Morgianna.]

The captain gave the necessary orders, and "hove to" within three or four cables' length of the stranger; and in a very few minutes a four-oared boat, containing but a single figure besides the crew, was seen approaching the *Ocean Star*.

Captain Lane had a ladder put over the gangway and threw a rope to the boat as it came alongside; and the next moment the stranger sprang upon the deck of the *Ocean Star*.

With an easy grace he gave to the captain the quick, intelligible sign of the "great brotherhood" and, taking his arm familiarly, walked aft.

Captain Lane called the steward, sent for glasses and wine, and, as soon as they were placed upon the table, closed the cabin door, and found himself alone with his strange visitor.

The captain filled his glass and, sipping it in Spanish fashion, passed the decanter to the stranger. He followed his example, and after the usual interchange of courtesies addressed him:

"Captain, I have a favor to ask of you."

"Name it."

"You are probably not aware of the true motive which induced me to heave you to?"

"I am not."

"It is this: I wish you to take a passenger to the United States--a lady and her child. Now that I have seen you and feel acquainted with you, by our common ties, I feel a confidence in sending them by you, which I should never have felt, perhaps, with another. Will you take them? Any price shall be yours."

"Yes; I will take them."

"Thank you. I have a still further favor to ask. I wish to send to the States a sum of money to be invested in the lady's name, and for her account. Will it be too much to ask you to attend to this? You may charge your own commission."

"I will obey your wishes to the letter," Captain Lane answered.

The stranger grasped his hand across the table and, with some emotion, added:

"If you will do this, and will place the lady and child where they may find a home, with the surroundings of Christian society, you will confer a favor upon me which money can never repay."

Captain Lane looked at the man with astonishment, and for the first time gave him a glance that was thoroughly searching and critical.

He was apparently of about thirty-five years of age, a little above the medium height, with a broad forehead, over which fine, brown hair clustered in careless folds. He wore his beard and mustache long, the former extending to a point a few inches below the throat. His eyes were brown, large and full of expression, while in conversation, and a mild and melancholy smile occasionally stole over his features.

His manners and conversation betokened refinement; and, take him all in all, he was the last man one would have ever taken for a smuggler or a pirate.

Captain Lane became very much interested in him, and gradually their conversation took a wider range. In the midst of it and before they had fully completed their business arrangements in relation to the passengers, whom Captain Lane had engaged to convey to the United States, the mate knocked at the cabin door, and informed them that a heavy squall was rising to westward.

They hurried on deck, which no sooner had they reached, than the stranger, looking hastily in the quarter indicated, shook Captain Lane warmly by the hand saying:

"I must go aboard, captain; that will be a heavy squall. Keep me in sight if you can; but, if we part company, meet me off Cape Frio--this side of it--to-morrow; wait for me till night, if you do not see me before. Good-by!" and springing into his boat, he pulled away for his vessel.

Captain Lane never saw him again alive.

No sooner was he over the side, than the captain gave orders to shorten sail. He took in royals and topgallant sails, furled the courses, trysail and jib, and double-reefed the topsails. They braced the yards a little to starboard, hauled the foretopmast staysail sheet well aft, and the captain, thinking he had everything snug, stood looking over the weather rails, watching the approaching squall. The wind had almost died away, and the atmosphere seemed strangely oppressive. Captain Lane was an old sea-dog and had witnessed many strange phenomena on the ocean; but never had he seen a squall approach so singularly. It seemed to move very slowly--a great black cloud, which looked intensely luminous withal, and yet so dense and heavy, that an ordinary observer might have mistaken it for one of the ordinary rain squalls encountered in the tropics. Captain Lane consulted his barometer, and found it falling rapidly.

"Clew the topsails up!" shouted the captain to the mate. "All hands lay aloft and furl them!"

The order was quickly obeyed; and just as the sailors reached the deck, the squall struck them. It did not come as it was expected; it had worked up from the westward, but struck the *Ocean Star* dead from the South. In an instant they were over, nearly on their beam ends, and a heavy sea rushed over the lee-rail, filling the deck.

"Hard up your helm!" shouted the captain, and, springing aft, he found the helmsman jammed under the tiller, and the second mate vainly endeavoring to heave it up. Taking hold with him, by their united efforts they at last succeeded; and, after a moment's suspense, the *Ocean Star* slowly wore off before the wind and, rising out of the water, shook herself like an affrighted spaniel and darted off with fearful speed before the hurricane.

Leaving orders to keep her "steady before it" the captain went forward to ascertain the extent of the damage they had sustained. It was now intensely dark, the rain falling in torrents, and lightning bolts striking the water all around them, accompanied by fearful and incessant peals of thunder. A human voice could not have been heard five paces away. The wind, which fairly roared through the shrouds, and the deluge of water upon the deck, were enough of themselves to drown any voice. By flashes of lightning, the captain soon ascertained that they were comparatively unharmed, and their spars were safe. Gathering his frightened crew and officers about him, he succeeded at length in freeing the decks of water by knocking out the ports on either side. They next sounded the pumps, and found three feet of water in the well. Immediately double pumps were rigged, and the steady clinking of brakes added to the noises and terror of the scene.

It was a fearful night, and Captain Lane prayed Heaven that he might never see such another.

About half an hour after the squall first struck them--the captain of the *Ocean Star* was standing with his two officers on the quarter-deck, "conning the vessel by the feel of the wind and rain," keeping her dead before the gale--when there came a flash and a peal which made them cower almost to the decks.

"My God!" was the simultaneous exclamation of all. A long chain of lightning and a heavy ball of fire seemed to shoot from the sky, lighting up the whole sea, revealing, and at the same time striking, in its descent, a full-rigged brig, which, like themselves, was scudding before the gale under bare poles, a few cables' length off their port beam. The next instant, a fearful explosion, heard loud above the roaring storm, shook the sea, a volume of flame and fire shot up in the air, and when they looked again for the vessel, in the flashes of lightning, it was nowhere to be seen.

As the morning broke, the gale abated, and settled into a light breeze from the eastward. They made all sail, and stood to the southward with the wind abeam, hoping to fall in with some survivors of the wreck.

Captain Lane changed his wet garments for something more comfortable, refreshed himself with a strong cup of coffee, and, taking his glass, sought the foretopsail yard. About seven bells, he thought he discovered some object in the water three or four points off the lee bow. Hailing the deck to keep off for it, he very soon made out fragments of a vessel--spars, water casks, pieces of deck and, as they came still nearer, a boat; but the captain, even from his lofty perch, could see no sign of any one in it.

Descending to the deck, he ordered a boat to be cleared away, and, running as near as he dared to the wreck, he backed his maintopsail and took a long and earnest survey with his glass.

All hands were watching with anxious eyes the expression on the captain's face. He handed his glass to the mate, who carefully examined every fragment which appeared above water. The captain looked at the mate inquiringly; but neither said a word. The mate handed back the glass and shook his head sorrowfully.

Again the captain looked long and earnestly; the mate looked again, and again returned the glass:

"Poor fellows--we may as well fill away, sir!" he said sadly.

There was still considerable sea on, and the mere launching of a boat was attended with more than ordinary danger, added to which was that to be encountered from the broken spars and fragments of wreck drifting about. Captain Lane thought of all these dangers, and was about to give the order to "fill away the main-yard," when something seemed to say to him:

"There is some one in that boat!"

This impression was so strong that he felt as if it would be murder to leave the spot without making a more minute search, and he ordered the boat to be lowered at once. Jumping into the stern sheets, four good oars well manned soon brought him within the little field of fragments, in the centre of which the boat was floating. No wonder none of the crew was left,--the water literally swarmed with sharks.

Standing in the bow with a boat hook, the captain warded off pieces of wreck and gradually made his way to the strange boat.

The sight there which met his eyes Captain Lane never forgot to his dying day. When bowed down with old age, and his feeble steps were tottering on the verge of the grave, that scene came to him as vividly as on that terrible day. Lying in the bottom of the boat was the burnt, blackened and bruised form of a man, which, with some difficulty, the captain recognized as the handsome stranger who had visited him on the previous evening. Clinging to him, with her arms clasped tightly around his mutilated form, a clasp which even death could not break, her fair face pressed close to his blackened features, was the lifeless body of the most beautiful woman Captain Lane had ever seen. The look of agony, of commiseration, of tenderness, of pity, of horror and despair, which was sealed upon those lifeless features was beyond the powers of description; but the saddest spectacle of all was a child, a little girl about one year old, clinging frantically to the breast of her dead mother, and gazing silently at them in frightened wonder.

For years, Captain Lane's eyes had not been dimmed with tears, but now the fountains of grief were opened up, and his cheeks were wet. He carefully entered the boat, felt of each cold body, laid his hand upon each silent heart, and waited in vain for an answering signal to his touch upon the pulse.

"It is all over," he said, and sitting down in the stern sheets of the boat, he took the child in his arms and sent his men back for sheets and shot and palm and needle and prayer-book. "They shall

have Christian burial," declared the kind-hearted captain.

They went away and left him alone with the dead and the baby. The infant seemed to cling to him from that moment, and the Great Father above alone knows how strangely and rapidly those cords of love were cemented between the bluff, old bachelor sea-captain and the infant. That heart, which he had thought dead to all love since the awful day on board the English merchantman, when he saw the only being he ever loved dying, was suddenly thrilled by the tenderest emotions. Those sweet blue eyes were upturned to his face with a glance of imploring trust, and the captain cried:

"Yes, blow my eyes, if I don't stand by you, little one, as long as there is a stitch of canvas left!"

The time was very short until his men returned. Wrapping the dead in one shroud and winding sheet, with heavy shot well secured at their feet, the captain put the little child's lips to its mother's, giving her an unconscious kiss, which caused the men to brush their rough sleeves across their weather-beaten eyes. Then, reading with a broken voice, the last service for the dead, the shroud was closed, and the opening waters received them and bore them away to their last resting place.

Jumping into his boat, with the little stranger nestling in his arms, Captain Lane was soon aboard the *Ocean Star*, and with a fair wind and sunny skies was once more homeward bound. The captain seemed loath to relinquish his little charge. There was a goat on the vessel which furnished milk, and the cook prepared some dainty food for the little stranger.

"What is her name, captain?" he asked, while feeding the hungry child. She was not old enough to know her name, and there was not found about her clothes or in the boat anything whatever by which her name could possibly be known, so she had to be rechristened. What name should he give her? He reflected a moment and then, remembering the name on the stern of that black, mysterious vessel, answered:

"Morgianna!"

"Morgianna?" said the cook.

"Yes, Morgianna Lane! she is my adopted daughter."

The cook smiled at the thought of bluff old Captain Lane the bachelor having an adopted daughter.

After the perils and excitements of such a night, it was not strange that Captain Lane slept long and soundly. He had good officers, and when he retired he gave them orders not to disturb him, unless absolutely necessary, until he should awake.

They obeyed the injunction to the letter, and on the following morning he was awakened by hearing one of the crew ask in an undertone of the steward.

"How is little Morgianna this morning?"

"Little Morgianna," he said to himself; and then it all came back, and with it a strangely tender dream which had all night long haunted his slumbers. The captain rose hurriedly, dressed himself and inquired for the child, who had been resigned to the care of the cook. She was brought to him, a bright, cheerful little thing, just beginning to lisp unintelligible words. For a few days she missed her mother and wore a look of expectation on her infantile face, occasionally crying out; but anon this passed away, and she became cheerful and happy. The captain spent as much of his time with her as he could spare from his duties, and as he held the little creature on his knee, heard her gentle voice in baby accents, and felt her warm baby fingers on his cheek, a new emotion took possession of his heart. He loved little Morgianna dearly as a father might.

Before that voyage was over, Captain Lane resolved to abandon the sea and retire to his fine estate at Mariana, a village on the seashore not a score of miles from Baltimore. He kept his intentions a secret until the vessel was in port; then the merchants with whom he had been engaged in business for years, were astounded to learn that Captain Lane had made his last voyage. A nurse was engaged for little Morgianna and the great mansion house on the hill within a fourth of a mile of Mariana was fitted up for habitation. Servants were sent to the place, and the villagers were lost in wonder.

The gossips had food for conjecture for weeks, and many were the strange stories afloat. Some of the old dames thought the captain was going to be married after all. Then the young widows and

ancient maidens who had heard much about Captain Lane, sighed and looked disconsolate. Every kind of a story but the truth was afloat.

When on one bright autumnal day, a carriage from Baltimore was seen to dash into the village and roll up the great drive, between the rows of poplars, it was whispered he had come. One who watched averred that only the captain and a child not over a year and a half old alighted from the coach. (The nurse came in another vehicle.) The child started another rumor. She was a mysterious, unknown factor, and the gossips bandied the captain's name about in a reckless manner. Good old dames shook their heads knowingly and declared they had suspected the captain had a wife all the time in some far-off city.

"You kin never depend on these sea-captains!" Mrs. Hammond declared.

But despite all their conjectures, the captain lived in the old stone mansion house with his servants and Morgianna. A few weeks after his arrival, she was christened at the village church as Morgianna Lane, her parents not known.

Would wonders never cease? Bit by bit, the sensational story of Morgianna got out into the village, and she became the object of the greatest interest. Captain Lane adopted her, and when she became old enough to accompany him, he seldom went away without her. Morgianna loved the good old man, who, with all his rough seaman-like ways, was father and mother both to her.

Never had daughter a kinder or more indulgent father.

As years went on, Morgianna grew in beauty, intelligence, grace and goodness. Captain Lane was proud of her, and she was never so happy as when sitting on his knee listening to his yarns of the sea. Her own sad, dark story had never been told to her,—that was left for the future.

CHAPTER III.

JEFFERSONIANISM.

There is not a man of intelligence in America or Europe, who has not heard of the Democratic party in America, that great political organization which has been in existence almost, if not quite, one hundred years. Many who claim allegiance to this great party know little of its tenets, and still fewer know its history. There are orators on the stump, in the halls of Congress, writers for the press, all advocating "the glorious principles of Democracy," who have never thoroughly acquainted themselves with its history. The Democratic party of to-day was originally known as the Republican party. The warm discussions on the national constitution engendered party spirit in the new republic, which speedily assumed definite forms and titles, first as Federalist and anti-Federalist, which names were changed to Federalist and Republican, or Democrat.

The Federalist party, headed by Alexander Hamilton, favored much concentration of power in a national government, but perhaps not more than we have to-day, and, in fact, not more than is really essential to the upbuilding of a stable republic like ours. There can be no question but that Washington held to the same views; but Washington was the only great man America ever produced who rose so far above political parties as to absorb them all. He has never been classed as belonging to either party. The Republican or Democratic party favored State sovereignty and the diffusion of power among the people.

The American people had had such bitter experiences with monarchs that they dreaded anything which savored of monarchy, and it was argued that a centralized government was but a step in that direction. On the other hand, Federalists pointed out the danger of State sovereignty, which would surely in the end disrupt the general government. Subsequent history has proven that the Federalists were right. We have said that Washington was a Federalist at heart. His enemies, meanly jealous of his popularity, often declared that he was a monarchist.

Meanwhile, a revolution, violent in its nature and far-reaching in its consequences, had broken out in France.

It was the immediate consequences of the teachings of the American revolution. The people of France had long endured almost irresponsible despotism, and were yearning for freedom when the French officers and soldiers, who had served in America during the latter years of our struggles for independence, returned to their country full of republican ideas and aspirations. They questioned the right of the few to oppress the many, and the public heart was soon stirred by new ideas, and in a movement that followed, Lafayette was conspicuous for a while. The king, like many tyrants, was weak and vacillating, and soon a body called the states-general assumed the reins of government, while the king was in fact a prisoner. The terrible Bastille, whose history represented royal despotism, was assailed by the citizens of Paris and pulled down. The privileges of the nobility and clergy were abolished, and the church property was seized. The king's brothers and many of the nobles fled in affright across the frontier, and tried to induce other sovereigns to take up the cause of royalty in France and restore the former order of things. The emperor of Austria (brother of the French queen) and the king of Prussia entered into a treaty to that effect, at Pilnitz, in 1791.

When this treaty became known, war at once followed. Robespierre and other self-constituted leaders in Paris held sway for a while, and the most frightful massacres of nobles and priests ensued. The weak and unfortunate king, who had accepted constitution after constitution, was now deposed and a republic was established. Affairs had assumed the nature of anarchy and blood, and Lafayette and other moderate men disappeared from the arena. The king was tried on charge of inviting foreigners to invade France, was found guilty and was beheaded in January, 1793. His queen soon shared a like fate. The English troops sent to Flanders were called to fight the French, for the rulers of France had declared war against Great Britain, Spain and Holland in February.

Thomas Jefferson who entered Washington's cabinet in 1789, had just returned from France, where he had witnessed the uprising of the people against their oppressors. Regarding the movement as kindred to the late uprising of his own countrymen against Great Britain, it enlisted his warmest sympathies, and he expected to find the bosoms of the people of the United States glowing with feelings like his own. He was sadly disappointed. Washington was wisely conservative. His wisdom saw that the cruelty of the anarchists of Paris was not patriotism, but the worst sort of despotism. The society of New York, in which some of the leaven of Toryism yet lingered, chilled Jefferson. He became suspicious of all around him, for he regarded the indifference of the people to the struggles of the French, their old allies, as an evil omen. Though the Tories of New York were cool toward the French republic from far different motives than Washington, yet the same cause was attributed to both.

Jefferson had scarcely taken his seat as Secretary of State in Washington's first cabinet before he declared that some of his colleagues held decidedly monarchical views; and the belief became fixed in his mind that there was a party in the United States continually at work, secretly and sometimes openly, for the overthrow of American republicanism. The idea became a monomania with Jefferson from which he never recovered till his death, more than thirty years afterward. Jefferson soon rallied under his standard a large party of sympathizers with the French revolutionists. Regarding Hamilton as the head and front of the monarchical party, he professed to believe that the financial plans of that statesman were designed to enslave the people, and that the rights and liberties of the States and of individuals were in danger. On the other hand, Hamilton regarded the national constitution as inadequate in strength to perform its required functions and believed its weakness to be its greatest defect. With this idea Jefferson took issue. He charged his political opponents, and especially Hamilton, with corrupt and anti-republican designs, selfish motives and treacherous intentions, and so was inaugurated that system of personal abuse and vituperation, which has ever been a disgrace to the press and political leaders of this country. Bitter partisan quarrels now prevailed, in which Jefferson and Hamilton were the chief actors. The populace was greatly excited. The Republicans who hated the British intensely, called the Federalists the "British party," and the Federalists called their opponents the "French party." The Jeffersonians hailed with joy the news of the death of the French king, and applauded the declaration of war against England and Holland, forgetting the friendship which the latter had shown for Americans during the struggle for independence.

Amid all this uproar which proceeded from his cabinet, only Washington remained calm. No other American at that day nor since could have remained neutral and guided the ship of state through such breakers of discontent. He was the safe middle water between the dangerous reefs of concentration and State sovereignty.

Had not the Federal party been the victim of many unfortunate circumstances, it would certainly in time have become popular in the nation. It was beyond question Washington's party, and, notwithstanding the false charges of monarchism and British sovereignty, it was patriotic. Had it existed forty or fifty years longer, until that incubus which haunted Jefferson's brain had passed away, and the republic become so firmly established that people would no longer fear British dependency, the Federal party would have been a firmly fixed institution. Had Federal ideas been fully inculcated instead of Jeffersonianism and Calhounism, the rebellion of 1861 would not have occurred; but Aaron Burr murdered Hamilton, the friend of Washington, the bright genius of American politics and the hope of the Federal party, and the Federalists were left without any great leader. When the war of 1812 came, the Federalists were so embittered against the Democrats, then in power, that they became lukewarm and threw so many obstacles in the way of the patriots who were making the second fight for freedom, as to almost confirm the suspicion that they were the friends of Great Britain rather than America. This forever blighted the Federal party.

In the year 1800, Thomas Jefferson was elected the third president of the United States, and the first of Democratic proclivities.

Although the city of Washington, the great American capital, had been laid out on a magnificent scale, in 1791, and George Washington, with masonic ceremonies, laid the corner-stone of the capitol building in 1793, the seat of government was not removed there until the year 1800. The site for the city was a dreary one. At the time when the seat of government was first moved there, only a path, leading through an alder swamp on the line of the present Pennsylvania Avenue, was the way of communication between the president's house and the capitol. For a while, the executive and legislative officers of the government were compelled to suffer many privations. In the fall of 1800, Oliver Wolcott wrote:

"There is one good tavern about forty rods from the capitol, and several houses are built or erecting; but I don't see how the members of congress can possibly secure lodgings, unless they will consent to live like scholars in a college or monks in a monastery, crowded ten or twenty in one house. The only resource for such as wish to live comfortably will be found in Georgetown, three miles distant, over as bad a road in winter as the clay grounds near Hartford.

"... There are, in fact, but few houses in any one place, and most of them are small, miserable huts, which present an awful contrast to the public buildings. The people are poor and, as far as I can judge, live like fishes by eating each other. ... You may look in any direction over an extent of ground nearly as large as the city of New York, without seeing a fence or any object except brick kilns and temporary huts for laborers. ... There is no industry, society or business."

On March 4, 1801, Thomas Jefferson was inaugurated and commenced his first term under favorable auspices. He was then fifty-eight years of age--a tall, bony man, with grizzled sandy hair and rather slovenly dress--a man who practised his Democratic simplicity in all things, and sometimes carried it to extremes. A senator, writing of him in 1802, said:

"The next day after my arrival I visited the president, accompanied by some democratic members. In a few moments after our arrival a tall, high-boned man came into the room. He was dressed, or rather undressed, in an old brown coat, red waistcoat, old corduroy smallclothes, much soiled, woollen hose, and slippers without heels. I thought him a servant, when General Varnum surprised me by announcing it was the president."

In brief, Mr. Jefferson outlined his policy as follows, in a letter to Nathaniel Macon:

"1. Levees are done made away with. 2. The first communication to the next congress will be, like all subsequent ones, by message to which no answer will be expected. 3. The diplomatic establishment in Europe will be reduced to three ministers. 4. The compensation of collectors depends on you (Congress) and not on me. 5. The army is undergoing a chaste reformation. 6. The navy will be reduced to the legal establishment by the last of the month (May, 1801). 7. Agencies in every department will be revised. 8. We shall push you to the uttermost in economizing. 9. A very early recommendation has been given to the postmaster-general to employ no printer, foreigner or Revolutionary Tory in any of his offices."

James Madison was Mr. Jefferson's secretary of state; Henry Dearborn was secretary of war, and Levi Lincoln, attorney-general. Jefferson retained Mr. Adams's secretaries of the treasury and navy, until the following Autumn, when Albert Gallatin, a naturalized foreigner, was appointed to

the first named office and Robert Smith to the second. The president early resolved to reward his political friends when he came to "revise" the agencies in every department. Three days after his inauguration, he wrote to Colonel Monroe, "I have firmly refused to follow the counsels of those who have desired the giving of offices to some of the Federalist leaders in order to reconcile. I have given, and will give, only to Republicans, under existing circumstances."

The doctrine, ever since acted upon, that "to the victor belong the spoils," was then practically promulgated from the fountain-head of government patronage; and with a cabinet wholly Democratic, when congress met in December, 1801, and with the minor offices filled with his political friends, Mr. Jefferson began his presidential career of eight years' duration. In his inaugural address he said, "Every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all Federalists--we are all Republicans."

Vigor and enlightened views marked his course, so that even his political enemies were compelled to confess his foresight and sound judgment in regard to the national policy.

The administration of Jefferson was not marked with perfect peace abroad. Napoleon Bonaparte, the outgrowth of the French revolution, had overthrown monarchy in France and conquered almost all Europe. He was not a Washington, however, and the French people were only exchanging one tyrant for another.

The Algerians, those barbarous North African pirates, had been forcing the Americans to pay tribute. Captain Bainbridge, who commanded the frigate *George Washington*, for refusing to convey an Algerian ambassador to the court of the sultan at Constantinople, was threatened by the haughty governor with imprisonment.

"You pay me tribute, by which you become my slave, and therefore I have a right to order you as I think proper," said the dey.

Bainbridge was forced to obey the orders of the Barbarian.

[Illustration: Stephen Decatur.]

The Americans resolved to humble the Algerians, and a fleet was sent to Tripoli in 1803. The frigate *Philadelphia*, while reconnoitering the harbor, struck on a rock and was captured by the Tripolitans, who made her officers prisoners of war and her crew slaves.

Lieutenant Decatur, on February 3, 1804, by a stratagem, got alongside the *Philadelphia* with seventy-four brave young sailors like himself and carried the ship by the board after a terrible hand-to-hand conflict. The Tripolitans were defeated, and the *Philadelphia* was burned. The American seamen continued to bombard Tripoli and blockaded their ports, until the terrified Bashaw made a treaty of peace.

While the Americans were winning laurels on the Mediterranean, the infant republic was growing in political and moral strength. During Mr. Jefferson's first term, one State (Ohio) and two Territories (Indiana and Illinois) had been formed out of the great Northwestern Territory. Ohio was organized as an independent territory in the year 1800, and in the fall of 1802, it was admitted into the Union as a State. Long before the Northwestern Territory had been divided into different territories, the present limits of Ohio and Kentucky had already become quite populous. Emigrants like Albert Stevens were pushing out on the frontier and building up a great commonwealth.

About 1802, there was great excitement in the country west of the Alleghany Mountains, in consequence of a violation of the treaty made with Spain in 1795, by the governor of Louisiana in closing the port of New Orleans against American commerce. There was a proposition before congress for taking forcible possession of that region, when it was ascertained that, by a secret treaty, Spain had retroceded Louisiana to France. The United States immediately began negotiations for the purchase of that domain from France. Robert R. Livingston, the American minister at the court of the First Consul, found very little difficulty in making a bargain with Bonaparte, for the latter wanted money and desired to injure England. He sold that magnificent domain, stretching from the Gulf of Mexico northward to the present State of Minnesota, and from the Mississippi westward to the Pacific Ocean, for fifteen million dollars. The bargain was made in the spring of 1803, and in the fall the country, and the new domain, which added nine hundred thousand square miles to our territory, was taken possession of by the United States. When the

bargain was closed, Bonaparte said:

"This accession of territory strengthens forever the power of the United States, and I have just given to England a maritime rival that will sooner or later humble her pride."

It was the prevailing opinion in the country, that the Spanish inhabitants, who were forming states in the great valley, would not submit to the rule of American government. Aaron Burr, a wily and unscrupulous politician, who, having murdered the noble Hamilton in a duel, was an outcast from society, began scheming for setting up a separate government in the West. Burr was unscrupulous and dishonest and at the same time shrewd. The full extent of his plans were really never known, and the historian is in doubt whether he intended a severance of the Union, or an invasion of Mexico. Herman Blennerhassett, an excellent Irish gentleman, became his ally and suffered ruin with Burr. Burr was arrested and tried, but was found not guilty. His speech in his own defence was so eloquent, that it is said to have melted his enemies to tears, though all believed him guilty. Burr's life was a wreck after that. His fame was blasted, and he was placed beside Benedict Arnold as a traitor to his country.

With the acquisition of Louisiana, there grew up a powerful opposition to Jefferson in the North and East. The idea was disseminated that the purchase was only a scheme to strengthen the south and the southern democracy. Mr. Jefferson came almost to having a wholesome dose of his doctrine of State sovereignty exemplified. A convention of Federalists was called at Boston, in 1804, in which a proposition of secession was made. Fortunately, however, there was too much patriotism in the body for the proposition to carry, and the government was saved.

CHAPTER IV.

BRITISH CRUISERS.

The peace of 1783 between the United States and Great Britain had been extorted by the necessities, rather than obtained by the good will of England. Though, by a formal treaty, the United States were declared free and independent, they were still hated in Great Britain as rebellious colonies. That such was the general opinion is manifest from the letters of John Adams, our first minister to the court of St. James, and from other authentic contemporary accounts. Of course there were a few men of sufficiently enlarged and comprehensive minds to forget the past and urge, even in parliament, that the trade of America would be more valuable as an ally than a dependent; but the number of these was small indeed. The common sentiment in England toward the young republic was one of scornful detestation. We were despised as provincials, we were hated as rebels. In the permanency of our institutions there was scarce a believer in all Britain. This was especially the case prior to the adoption of the federal constitution. Both in parliament and out, it was publicly boasted that the Union would soon fall to pieces, and that, finding their inability to govern themselves, the different States would, one by one, supplicate to be received back as colonies. This vain and empty expectation long lingered in the popular mind, and was not wholly eradicated until after the war of 1812.

Consequently the new republic was treated with arrogant contempt. One of the first acts of John Adams, as minister to England, had been to propose placing the navigation and trade between the dominions of Great Britain and the territories of the United States, on a basis of complete reciprocity. By acceding to such a measure England might have gained much and could have lost but little. The proposal was rejected almost with terms of insult, and Mr. Adams was sternly informed that a "no other would be entertained." The consequences were that the free negroes of Jamaica, and others of the poorer inhabitants of the British West India Islands were reduced to starvation by being deprived of their usual supplies from the United States. This unreasonable policy on the part of England naturally exasperated the Americans, and one of the first acts of the federal government in 1789 was to adopt retaliatory measures. A navy law was passed, which has since been the foundation of all our treaties of reciprocity with England. A protective tariff was also adopted as another means of retaliation. In these measures, the United States, being a young

nation with unlimited territory, had everything to gain, and England all to lose. Great Britain was first to tire of restrictive measures, and, by a repeal on her part, invited a repeal on ours.

In another way Great Britain exasperated the popular feeling here against her, and even forced the American government, once or twice, to the verge of war. By the treaty of peace, all military posts held by England within the limits of the United States were to be given up. Michilimacinac, Detroit, Oswegotche, Point au Fer and Dutchman's Point were long held in defiance of the compact. These posts became the centre of intrigues among the savages of the Northwest. Arms were here distributed to the Indians, and disturbances on the American frontier were fomented. The war on the Miami, which was brought to a bloody close by Wayne's victory, was, principally, the result of such secret machinations. In short, England regarded the treaty of 1783 as a truce rather than a pacification, and long held to the hope of being able yet to punish the colonies for their rebellion. In two celebrated letters written by John Adams from Great Britain, he used the following decided language in reference to the secret designs of England:

"If she can bind Holland in her shackles, and France from internal dissensions is unable to interfere, she will make war immediately against us." This was in 1787. Two years before he had expressed, the same ideas. "Their present system, as far as I can penetrate it," he wrote, "is to maintain a determined peace with all Europe, in order that they may war singly against America, if they should think it necessary."

A sentiment of such relentless hostility, which no attempt was made to disguise, but which was arrogantly paraded on every occasion, could not fail to exasperate those feelings of dislike on the part of America, which protracted war had engendered. This mutual hatred between the two nations arose from the enmity of the people rather than of the cabinets, "There is too much reason to believe," wrote our minister, "that if the nation had another hundred million to spend, they would soon force the ministry into another war with us." On the side of the United States, it required all the prudence of Washington, sustained by his hold on the affections of the people, to restrain them from a war with England, after that power had refused to surrender the military posts.

A third element of discord arose when England joined the coalition against France, in 1793. The course which the former had pursued for the preceding ten years, had, as we have seen, tended to alienate the people of America from her and nourish sentiments of hostility in their bosoms. On the other hand, France, with that address for which she is eminent, had labored to heighten the good feelings already existing between herself and the United States. A treaty of alliance and commerce bound the two countries; but the courteous demeanor of France cemented us to her by still stronger ties, those of popular will.

Before the revolution broke out in Paris, the enthusiasm of America toward France could scarce be controlled. There can be no doubt that, if the subsequent excesses had not alarmed all prudent friends of liberty, the people of this country could not have been restrained from engaging in the struggle between France and England; but the reign of terror, backed by the insolence of Citizen Genet the minister of the French republic, and afterward by the exactions of the Directory, checked the headlong enthusiasm that otherwise would have embroiled us in the terrible wars of that period. In his almost more than human wisdom, Washington had selected a course of strict neutrality, from which public enthusiasm, nor fear of loss of public favor could swerve him. His course was wise and proper for the still weak confederacy; and every day was productive of events which showed the wisdom of this decision. Neither Great Britain nor France, however, was gratified by this neutrality. Each nation wished the aid of the Americans, and became arrogant and insulting when they found the resolution of the Americans unbroken. Napoleon, on the part of France, saw the impolicy of such treatment, and when he became first consul, he hastened to abandon it; but England relaxed little or nothing. Circumstances, moreover, made her conduct more irritating than that of France, and hence prolonged and increased the exasperation felt toward her in America.

As a great naval power, the policy of England has been to maintain certain maritime laws, which her jurists claim to be part of the code of nations and enforce in her admiralty courts. One principle of these laws is this, that warlike munitions must become contraband in war; in other words, that a neutral vessel cannot carry such into the enemy's port. Hence, if a vessel, sailing under the flag of the United States, should be captured on the high seas, bound for France, during the prevalence of a war between that power and England, and be found to be laden with ship-timber or other manufactured or unmanufactured articles for warlike purposes, the vessel would, by the law of

nations, become a prize to the captors. The right to condemn a ship carrying such contraband goods has always been recognized by civilized nations, and, indeed, it is founded in common justice. England, however, having supreme control at sea, and being tempted by the hope of destroying the sinews of her adversary's strength, resolved to stretch this rule so as to embrace provisions as well as munitions of war. She proceeded gradually to her point. She first issued an order, on the 8th of June, 1793, for capturing and bringing into port "all vessels laden, wholly or in part with corn, flour, or meal, and destined to France, or to other countries, if occupied by the arms of that nation." Such vessels were not condemned, nor their cargoes seized; but the latter were to be purchased on behalf of the English Government; or, if not, then the vessels, on giving due security, were allowed to proceed to any neutral port. Of course the price of provisions in France and in England was materially different, and a lucrative traffic for the United States was, in this way, destroyed. Moreover, this proceeding was a comparative novelty in the law of nations, and, however it might suit the purposes of Great Britain, it was a gross outrage on America. In November of the same year, it was followed by a still more glaring infraction of the rights of neutrals, in an order, condemning to capture and adjudication all vessels laden with the produce of any French colony, or with supplies for such a colony.

The fermentation in consequence of this order rose to such a height in America, that it required all the skill of Washington to avert a war. The president, however, determining to preserve peace if possible, despatched Jay to London as a minister plenipotentiary, by whose frank explanations, redress was in a measure obtained for the past, and a treaty negotiated, not, indeed, adequate to justice, but better than could be obtained again, when it expired in 1806.

The relaxation in the rigor of the order of November, 1793, soon proved to be more nominal than real; and from 1794 until the peace of Amiens in 1802, the commerce of the United States continued to be the prey of British cruisers and privateers. After the renewal of the war, the fury of the belligerents increased, and with it the stringent measures adopted by Napoleon and Great Britain. The French Emperor, boldly avowing his intention to crush England, forbade by a series of decrees, issued from Berlin, Milan and Rambouillet, the importation of her commodities into any part of Europe under his control; and England, equally sweeping in her acts, declared all such ports in a state of blockade, thus rendering any neutral vessel liable to capture, which should attempt to enter them. The legality of a blockade, where there is not a naval power off the coast competent to maintain such blockade, has always been denied by the lesser maritime powers. Its effect, in the present instance, was virtually to exclude the United States from foreign commerce. In these extreme measures, Napoleon and England were equally censured; but the policy of the latter affected the Americans far more than the former. The exasperation against Great Britain became extreme and pervaded the whole community; that against France was slighter and confined to the more intelligent. Napoleon was first to begin these outrages on the rights of neutrals; but his injustice was practically felt only on land; while England was first to introduce the paper blockade, a measure ruinous to American merchants. This was finally done on May 16, 1806, when Great Britain announced a "blockade of the coast rivers and ports, from the river Elbe to the port of Brest inclusive." On the 21st of November, of the same year, Napoleon in retaliation, issued a decree from Berlin, placing the British Islands in a state of blockade. This decree was followed by a still more stringent order in council on the part of England.

It now became necessary for the United States either to engage in a war, or to withdraw her commerce from the ocean. The popular voice demanded the former course. Though France was, in the abstract, as unjust as England, her oppressive measures did not affect American commerce, and hence the indignation of the people was directed chiefly against Great Britain; but with the president it was different. Though his sympathies were with France, his judgment was against her as well as England. In his maturer wisdom, he could now appreciate the great good sense of Washington's neutrality. Besides, the grand old man Thomas Jefferson was determined to preserve peace, for it was his favorite maxim that "the best war is more fatal than the worst peace." A further reason led him to refuse the alternative of war. He was not without hope that one or both of the belligerents would return to reason and repeal the obnoxious acts, if the conduct of the United States, instead of being aggressive, should be patient. Actuated by these views, the president recommended to congress the passage of an embargo act. An embargo law was enacted in December, 1807. By it all American vessels abroad were called home, and those in the United States were prohibited from leaving port. In consequence of this measure, the commerce of the country was annihilated in an hour; and harbors, once flourishing and prosperous, soon

became only resorts for rotting ships. There can be no question now that the embargo was a serious blunder. It crippled the American resources for the war that ensued; made the eastern States hostile to Jefferson's, as well as his successor's administration, and tended to foster in the minds of the populace at large, an idea that we shrank from a contest with Great Britain in consequence of inherent weakness.

There was a fourth and last cause of exasperation, against England, which assisted more than all the rest to produce the war of 1812. This was the British claim to the right of impressment. In the terrible struggles in which England found herself engaged with France, her maritime force was her chief dependence, and accordingly she increased the number of her ships unprecedentedly; but it soon became difficult to man all these vessels. The thriving commerce pursued by the United States, as early as 1793, drew large numbers of English seamen into our mercantile marine service, where they obtained better wages than on board English vessels. By the fiction of her law, a man born an English subject can never throw off this allegiance. Great Britain determined to seize her seamen wherever found and force them, to serve her flag. In consequence, her cruisers stopped every American vessel they met and searched the crew in order to reclaim the English, Scotch or Irish on board. Frequently it happened that persons born in America were taken as British subjects; for, where the boarding officer was judge and jury of a man's nationality, there was little chance of justice, especially if the seaman was a promising one, or the officer's ship was short-handed. In nine months, during parts of the years 1796 and 1797, the American minister at the court of London had made application for the discharge of two hundred and seventy-one native born Americans, proved to have been thus impressed. These outrages against personal independence were regarded among the great masses of Americans with the utmost indignation. Such injuries exasperated every soul not made sordid by selfish desire for gain. That an innocent man, peaceably pursuing an honorable vocation, should be forcibly carried on board a British man-of-war, and there be compelled to remain, shut out from all hope of ever seeing his family, seemed, to the robust sense of justice in the popular breast, little better than Algerian bondage. The rage of the people was increased by tales of horror and aggression that occasionally reached their ears from these prison ships. Stories were told of impressed Americans escaping the ships, who, on being recaptured, were whipped until they died. In one instance, a sailor, goaded to madness, seized the captain and, springing overboard, drowned himself and his tormentor.

Every attempt to arrange this difficulty with England had signally failed. The United States offered that all American seamen should be registered and provided with a certificate of citizenship; that the number of crews should be limited by the tonnage of the ship, and if this number was exceeded, British subjects enlisted should be liable to impressment; that deserters should be given up, and that a prohibition should be issued by each party against clandestinely secreting and carrying off the seamen of the other. In 1800 and again in 1806, it was attempted to form treaties in reference to this subject; but the pertinacity with which England adhered to her claim frustrated every effort at reconciliation. In 1803, the difficulty had nearly been adjusted by a convention, Great Britain agreeing to abandon her claim to impressment on the high seas, if allowed to retain it on the narrow seas, or those immediately surrounding her island; but this being rejected as inadmissible by the United States, all subsequent efforts at an arrangement proved unsuccessful. The impressment of seamen continued and was the source of daily increasing abuse. Not only Americans, but Danes, Swedes, Germans, Russians, Frenchmen, Spaniards and Portuguese were seized and forcibly carried off by British men-of-war. There are even well attested instances of Asiatics and Africans being thus impressed. In short, as the war in Europe approached its climax, seamen became more scarce in the British Navy, and, all decency being thrown aside, crews were filled up under color of this claim, regardless even of the show of justice. In 1811, it was computed that the number of men impressed from the American marine service amounted to not less than six thousand.

In the spring of 1807, a crisis approached. A small British squadron lay in American waters near the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay, watching some French frigates blockaded at Annapolis. Three of the crew of one of the vessels and one of another had deserted and enlisted on board the United States frigate *Chesapeake*, lying at the Washington Navy yard. The British minister made a formal demand for their surrender. Our government refused compliance because it was ascertained that two of the men were natives of the United States, and there was strong presumptive evidence that a third was, likewise. No more was said; but the commander of the British squadron took the matter into his own hands.

The *Chesapeake*, on going to sea on the morning of June 22, 1807, was intercepted by the British frigate *Leopard*, whose commander hailed the commodore and informed him that he had a despatch for him. Unsuspicious of unfriendliness, the *Chesapeake* was laid to, when a British boat, bearing a lieutenant, came alongside. Barron politely received him in his cabin, when the lieutenant presented a demand from the commander of the *Leopard* that the bearer be allowed to muster the crew of the *Chesapeake*, that he might select and carry away the deserters. The demand was authorized by instructions received from Vice-Admiral Berkeley, at Halifax. Barron told the lieutenant that his crew should not be mustered, excepting by his own officers, when the lieutenant withdrew and the *Chesapeake* moved on.

Having some fear of mischief, Barron made some preparation to resist; but it was too late to prepare to cope with the *Leopard*, which followed close in her wake, and the commander called out through his trumpet:

"Commodore Barron must be aware that the vice-admiral's commands must be obeyed." The *Chesapeake* held on her course although this was repeated. The *Leopard* sent two shots athwart her bows. These were followed by a broadside poured into the hull of the *Chesapeake*. The American vessel, having no priming in her guns, was unable to return the fire, and after being severely bruised by repeated broadsides she surrendered to her assailants. Her crew was mustered by the British officers and the deserters carried away. One of them, a British subject, was hanged at Halifax and the others, being Americans, were spared on their consenting to enlist in the English Navy. Commodore Barron was tried on charge of neglect of duty in not being prepared for action, found guilty, and suspended from the service for five years without pay or emolument.

On March 4, 1809, Mr. James Madison of Virginia succeeded Mr. Thomas Jefferson as president of the United States. His cabinet were Robert Smith, secretary of state; Albert Gallatin, secretary of the treasury; William Eustis, secretary of war; Paul Hamilton, secretary of the navy, and Caesar Rodney, attorney-general. There was a powerful party in the nation hostile to his political creed, and consequently opposed to his administration and the war with England which seemed inevitable.

French and English nations became more embroiled in trouble, which increased the trouble between the United States and Great Britain.

At last the English government sent men-of-war to cruise off the principal ports of the United States to intercept American merchant-vessels and send them to England as lawful prizes. In this business, the *Little Belt*, a British sloop-of-war, was engaged off the coast of Virginia in the spring of 1811, where, on the 16th of April, she met the American frigate *President*, under Captain Ludlow, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Rodgers. Commodore Rodgers, being aboard the *President*, hailed the sloop and asked:

"What sloop is that?"

A cannon-shot was his reply.

"Captain Ludlow," said the commodore, "we will teach that fellow good manners. Are your guns in order?"

"They are."

"We have been taught a lesson by Barron's mishap. Train the guns and be ready to fire."

With a speaking trumpet, the commodore once more hailed the sloop with:

"What sloop is that?"

This time he was greeted with a broadside.

"Fire!" cried the commodore, and the cannon of the *President* sent a broadside of heavy shot against the impudent stranger.

The conflict lasted only about ten minutes, when Captain Bingham, after losing eleven killed and twenty-one wounded, gave a satisfactory answer. The vessels parted company, the *Little Belt* sailing for Halifax for repairs.

It was in the year 1809 that the American brig *Dover*, one of the few of American merchant vessels which had managed to escape the ruin of Jefferson's embargo act, was sailing among the lesser

Antilles. The master-captain Parson was a thorough seaman with a heart as big as an ox.

British cruisers were a greater bugbear to American vessels than pirates, and Captain Parson kept a constant lookout for them.

On the afternoon of an Autumnal day, when he found himself becalmed off a small island not down on the chart, the skipper felt no little uneasiness. He paced his deck impatiently, occasionally turning his eye to every quarter, surveying the horizon for some sign of a gale of wind.

"Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown," he called to his mate.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Mr. Brown, hurrying forward.

"Mr. Brown, look across that point of land sou-west the island--get your glass."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

The mate ran and got his glass. He came back to the captain and leveled it in the direction indicated by the captain.

"Do you see anything?"

"I do, sir."

"What is it?"

"I see the top gallant of a ship."

"I thought I was not mistaken. Can you make out her colors?"

"I will go aloft, captain, and see."

The mate ascended to the foretop cross-tree, and took a long survey of the stranger. When he descended the captain asked:

"What is she?"

"An English frigate."

"I knew it!" growled the captain. "I felt it in my bones. We shall have the rascals overhauling us anon. Egad, I wish we had an armed crew and heavy guns--I would not wait for congress to declare war."

"But captain, while this dead calm lasts, she cannot move more than ourselves."

"Very true, Mr. Brown, but, egad, she will catch the breeze first, and come up with it. Thank heaven we have no man aboard our ship born out of the United States. They cannot impress any for Englishmen."

The mate answered:

"They care little whether we are English or American born; if they are short of hands, they will take such of our crews as they want."

The captain paced the deck uneasily, occasionally muttering:

"Zounds, don't I wish I had a few heavy guns."

There was but one small brass piece aboard, and it was only a six pounder, unable to render much service. His country was nominally at peace with Great Britain; but that did not prevent honest merchantmen suffering at the hands of the British cruisers.

The afternoon wore away and the sun had set before there was breeze enough to fill a sail. Just as the vessel began to glide slowly away from the small island not more than two miles distant, the mate, who had ascended to the lookout's position cried:

"Boat, ho!"

"Where away?"

"To leeward, heading direct for us."

The captain seized his glass and turned it toward the island. The sombre shades of twilight had already gathered over the scene; but he saw through them quite distinctly a boat pulled by four

men, while a fifth sat in the stern holding the tiller. The steersman kept the small island between them and the vessel Captain Parson had discovered.

As the breeze grew stiffer and the *Dover* began to fill away, the mate, who had never taken his glass off the approaching boat, suddenly cried:

"Captain Parson, they are signalling us to heave to!"

"So they are, by zounds!" the puzzled captain exclaimed.

"What will you do?"

After a moment's hesitation, the captain said:

"Heave to, by Jove, and see what they want!"

The order was given, and the vessel rocked idly on the waves, while the boat drew rapidly nearer. At last it was near enough for them to make out the five men dressed in the uniform of British marines.

"Brown, I don't like this. Those fellows are from his majesty's frigate, there is no doubt, and they mean us trouble."

"Wait and see, captain," the mate answered, coming down to the deck. "There are but five of them, and, so far as I can see, all are unarmed." The deck by this time was crowded with the crew, all waiting in anxious expectation and dread.

"It am de press gang!" said the cook, who was a negro black as the ace of spades named Job. "Dey am comin' to take off everybody dat looks like a Britisher. Golly! do I look like a Britisher?"

Notwithstanding the gravity of the situation, a smile flitted momentarily over the faces of the officers and crew. The boat by this time was within hailing distance, though it had grown so dark the inmates of it could be only dimly seen.

"Boat, ahoy!" cried the captain.

"Aye, aye, sir!" came back the response.

"What boat is that?"

"A boat from his majesty's ship the *Sea-Wing*. We wish to come aboard your vessel."

When the captain asked them their business, they frankly confessed that they were deserters and had been secreted all day on the island watching an opportunity to reach the American brig.

Their story was a probable one, and the captain and his officers believed it. A rope was tossed to them, and in a few moments five stalwart jack tars in the uniform of the British Navy stood on the deck.

One tall, fine-looking seaman, who was every inch a gentleman, and whose conversation was evidence of education and refinement, told their story.

Three of them were Americans, and two were Swedes. They had been seized by the press gang and made slaves on board the frigate.

"It has been many years," said the tall sailor, "since I saw my native land. I am a native of Hartford, Connecticut."

"Why didn't you escape sooner?" the Captain asked.

"Escape, captain, is no easy matter, and is attended with serious consequences. They usually hang one who tries to desert. I am a gunner, by profession, and but for the fact they need my services against the French, I would have been hung long since for trying to desert."

The gunner impressed Captain Parson favorably. He was a man between forty and forty-five years of age. His eyes were deep blue, his hair light. His round, full face was smooth shaven. As he stood on the deck, his brawny arms folded across his massive chest, he looked a perfect model of a man and a tower of strength.

Captain Parson led him aside and said:

"You are no common sailor."

"I'm only a gunner now, captain."

"But in the past?"

"I once commanded a ship. I will tell you my story on the morrow. It is a sad one, but, thank God, there's nothing in it at which I need blush. For the present, however, let us get along as fast as your ship can make it, for the *Sea-Wing* is a swift vessel, and if we are not beyond reach of her vision before the dawn of day, we shall be overhauled."

Captain Parson knew that some evil consequences might result from being overhauled by the *Sea-Wing*, and consequently every stitch of canvas was spread and the brig sped away with a good stiff breeze. It was a long and anxious night; master and crew were all on deck. No one slept. The coming dawn would tell the story. If the frigate were in sight, then they might expect the very worst; even the ship might be captured and borne away as a prize and the entire crew enslaved.

Dawn came at last. Each anxious heart welcomed and yet dreaded to see the new day. Sailors and officers swept the sea as it grew lighter, and, to their dread, just as the sun rose over the glossy surface of the sea, a snowy speck appeared far off to the westward.

The lookout at the mast-head first called their attention to it, and as it drew nearer and nearer the tall handsome gunner went aloft with a glass to see if he could recognize it. In a few moments he came back and said:

"It is the frigate, sir."

That she was in full chase, there could not be a doubt. Captain Parson had little hope of escaping; but he put the *Dover* on her best sailing point and scudded away before the wind with every stitch of canvas they could carry.

"Oh, golly! I hope dey won't mistake--dey won't mistake dis chile for a Britisher!" groaned Job the cook, who was trembling from head to foot, and whose black skin was almost pale.

The five deserters were pale but calm. They seemed to read their fate and bore it like men. A flogging was the very least they could expect; but the chances were that every one would hang. The frigate was the swifter sailor and overhauled them so rapidly, that, in two hours and a half, she was within a mile of the brig.

Suddenly a wreath of white smoke curled up from the forecastle, and a moment later a ball came skipping over the water under their larboard deck, while the boom of a cannon sounded over the sea. As the fine spray clipped from the crested waves by the shot, flew over the deck, Mr. Brown said:

"Captain, it's no use, she will be near enough to sink us in ten minutes."

"Heave to, Brown. Oh! I wish I had arms and a crew!"

"Captain," interposed the tall, handsome gunner, "I--I know their skill and metal. If you had a gun--a single gun of proper calibre, I could sink her. I am called the best shot in the English navy."

"We have only a six pounder," answered the captain, ruefully, pointing to their only gun. It was but an inferior piece, and when the gunner examined it, he turned to his four anxious companions and said:

"It would be suicide."

Then the five sailors stood near the main gangway with arms folded, heads erect, and resigned like brave men to their fate. The frigate came bearing down upon them like a great mountain, and soon lay alongside. The captain and a score of marines all armed with muskets, came aboard.

"So ho!" cried the captain, "you have my live runaways snug enough. Seize them and carry them aboard, lieutenant."

A young officer with ten men now seized the five deserters, handcuffed them and led them to their ship which lay alongside. As they went over the rail, the brutal captain said something about swinging at the yard arm. Turning to Parson, he said:

"Captain, muster your crew and have them pass before me."

Much as the captain disliked to do so, he was in the power of the brutal Englishman and forced to

do his bidding. As the sailors passed slowly before him, the Briton eyed each carefully. Suddenly he pointed to a stout young sailor named Tom, and cried:

"Stop sir, you are an Englishman!"

"I am not, capen, ye's mistaken, I was born at Plymouth, Massachusetts."

"Don't dispute my word, sir. I know you, seize him!"

Though three of Tom's messmates offered to swear that he was a native of Massachusetts, he was seized, ironed and hurried away. Two more were selected, despite the protests of Captain Parson, who was raging like a madman, and hurried aboard the frigate. The fourth man halted in the procession was Job, the colored cook.

"Stop, sir, I want you!" said the English officer.

[Illustration: "DO YOU THINK DAR IS ANY ANGLER SAXUN BLOOD IN DESE VEINS?"]

"Want me, Capen? oh, golly! I ain't a Britisher!" cried Job, gesticulating wildly. "Do I look like I war a Britisher? Do you think dar is any Angler Sacksun blood in dese veins?"

Job howled and appealed in vain. The commander of the *Sea Wing* declared him to be an English negro, and he was hurried away to try the hard service on board a British war vessel.

Having culled the crew of the *Dover* to his heart's content, the haughty Briton went aboard his own ship and continued his cruise, leaving Captain Parson expressing his ideas in such language as no parson should use.

CHAPTER V.

FERNANDO'S JOURNEY EAST. HE MEETS WITH QUEER PEOPLE.

From the day Fernando Stevens began to read and learn of the great world beyond the narrow confines of his western home, he was filled with the laudable ambition to know more about it. The solitude of the wilderness may be congenial for meditation; but it is in the moving whirl of humanity that ideas are brightened. Fernando was promised that if he would master the common school studies taught in their log schoolhouse, he should be sent to one of the eastern cities to have his education completed. Albert Stevens, the lad's father, was becoming one of the most prosperous farmers of the west. He had purchased several tracts of land which rapidly increased in value, and his flocks and herds multiplied marvelously. He was in fact regarded as "rich" in those days of simplicity. He had sent several flatboats loaded with grain down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans and sold the cargoes at great profit, so that, in addition to his fields, his stock and houses, he had between three and four thousand dollars in money.

Fernando grew to be a tall, slender youth, and in 1806 having finished his education, so far as the west could afford, his father determined to send him to the East, where it was hoped he would develop into a lawyer or a preacher. The mother hoped the latter. His brother and sister had grown up, married and were settled on farms in the neighborhood, taking on the same existence of their parents; living honest, peaceful and unambitious lives.

The youth Fernando was more inclined to mental than physical activity, and his parents, possessing an abundance of common sense, decided not to force him to engage in an occupation distasteful to him.

What school should he enter? was a question which the father long debated. There were Harvard and Yale, both famous seats of learning, and there were any number of academies all over the country. Captain Stevens finally decided to allow the youth to make his own selection, giving him money sufficient to take a little tour in the eastern States, before settling down.

Captain Stevens had a well-to-do neighbor, who lived across Bear Creek, by the name of Winners. Old Zeb Winners was one of those quaint products of the West. He was an easy-going man,

proverbially slow of speech and movement, and certainly the last person on earth one would expect to become rich; yet he was wealthy. With all his slothfulness he was shrewd, and could drive a better bargain than many men twice as active in mind and body. One morning after it had become noised abroad that Fernando was going away to college, Mr. Winners rode up to the house on his big sorrel mare, her colt following, and, dismounting, tied the mare to the rail fence and entered the gate.

"Good mornin', cap'in, good mornin'," said the visitor.

"Come in, Mr. Winners. Glad to see you. Hope you are all well!"

"Oh, yes, middlin' like," answered the farmer entering the house without the ceremony of removing his hat. A chair was offered, and he sat for a moment with his hands spread out before the fireplace, his hat still on his head. There was no fire in the fireplace, for it was late in May; but Mr. Winners held his hands before it, from habit.

"Wall, cap'in, I do hear as how yer goin' ter send yer boy Fernando to college."

"I am."

"Wall, that air a good notion. Now I ain't got no book larnin' myself; but I don't object to nobody else gittin' none. I've made up my mind to send one of my boys along with 'im, ef ye've no objection."

Of course Captain Stevens had no objection. Which of his boys was he going to send?

"I kinder thought az how I'd send Sukey."

Sukey was a nickname given a tall, lazy youth named Richard Winners. Why he had been nicknamed Sukey we have never been able to ascertain; but the sobriquet, attached to him in childhood, clung to him all through life. Sukey was like his father, brave, slow, careful, but a steadfast friend and possessed of considerable dry humor. He took the world easy and thought "one man as good as another so long as he behaved himself."

It was arranged that Sukey and Fernando should start in a week for New York, from which point they might select any college or school they chose. The mail stage passed the door of farmer Winners, crossed the big bridge and then passed the home of Captain Stevens. Captain Stevens' house was no longer a cabin in the wilderness. It was a large, substantial two-story farm mansion, with chimneys of brick instead of sticks and mud. The forests had shrunk back for miles, making place for vast fields, and the place had the appearance of a thrifty farm.

Fernando's trunk was packed, and he sat on the door-step in his best clothes awaiting the appearance of the stage. At last the rumbling thunder of wheels rolling over the great bridge smote his ears, and a few moments later the vehicle came up to the gate. The six prancing horses were drawn up, and the vehicle stopped, while the driver cried:

"All aboard!"

Sukey was in the stage, his dark eyes half closed. He roused himself to drawl out:

"Come on, Fernando, we're off now, for sure."

While two farm hands, assisted by the driver, placed the trunk in the boot, Fernando bade father and mother adieu. Sister had come over with her husband and the baby. His brother with his young wife were present to bid the young seekers after knowledge adieu. They followed Fernando to the stage coach and cried:

"Good bye, Sukey! take good care of Fernando!" and Sukey drawled out:

"Who'll take keer o' me?"

The last good bye's were said, and the great stage coach rolled on. The impressions of the young frontiersmen on approaching the first town were strange and indescribable. The number of houses and streets quite confused them. There seemed to be little or no order in the construction of streets, and everybody seemed in a bustle and confusion. They stopped over night at a tavern, and at early dawn the stage horn awoke them, and after a hasty breakfast they were again on their journey.

Several weeks were spent in traveling from town to town, and on September 1st, 1807, they found

themselves in New York City, still undecided where they would go.

One morning Fernando went for his usual walk toward the river, when a large crowd of people at the wharf attracted his attention. Drawing near, he saw a curious-looking boat on the water, the like of which he had never seen before. It was one hundred feet long, twelve feet wide and seven feet deep. There was a staff or mast at the bow, another at the stern. From a tall chimney there issued volumes of smoke, while from a smaller pipe there came the hissing of boiling water and white steam. Two great, naked paddle-wheels were on the boat, one on each side near the middle. Fernando thought this must be the toy of which he had heard so much, being constructed by Robert Fulton and Chancellor Livingston. On one side of the boat was painted the name *Clermont*.

"What is that?" Fernando asked of a rollicking, fun-loving young Irishman about twenty-two or three years of age, who stood near.

"Faith, sir, it's a steamboat. We have all come to see her launched. They call her the *Clermont*; but it's mesilf as thinks she ought to be *Fulton's Folly*, for divil a bit do I believe she'll go a cable's length."

Fernando and his new acquaintance drew nearer. The hissing of the steam and the roaring of the furnaces were fearful.

"Do you know Robert Fulton?" Fernando asked.

"Indade, I do. Would you like to see the greatest lunatic out of Bedlam? Then it's mesilf as will point him out to yez."

"I should like to see him."

There were a number of men at work on the boat, all expressing the wildest eagerness and anxiety. They were rushing forward and aft, above and below, to those ponderous engines and boilers; but no one could see what they did. At last Mr. Fulton, the great inventor, appeared. He was a large, smooth-shaved gentleman, with a long head and melancholy gray eye. On his nose was a smut spot from the machinery. Thousands were now assembled to witness the trial voyage. Mr. Livingston gave the order to cast off, and start the vessel. The lines were loosed and the steam turned on. Loud hissed the confined monster; but the wheels did not move. What was the matter?

"Failure!" was on every tongue, and the crowd assembled already began to hoot and jeer. Mr. Fulton's face expressed the deepest anxiety. He ran below to inspect the machinery. A bolt had caught. This was removed, and then the ponderous wheels began to move. The great paddles churned the water to a mass of foam, and the boat glided forward against wind and tide at a rate of speed astonishing. Fernando saw Robert Livingston standing in the stern waving his handkerchief at the crowd which was now sending up cheer after cheer. The American flag was run up on the staff, and the steamboat continued on her course up the river to Albany, making the distance of one hundred and sixty miles in thirty-six hours against wind and tide; and from that time until now, navigation by steam, travel and commerce, has been steadily increasing in volume and perfection, until such vessels may be seen on every ocean and in almost every harbor of the globe, even among the ice packs of the polar seas. This was the second of the great and beneficent achievements which distinguished American inventors at that early period of our country's struggles. The cotton-gin, invented by Eli Whitney, was the first; an implement that could do the work of a thousand persons in cleaning cotton wool of the seeds. That machine has been one of the most important aids in the accumulation of our national wealth.

[Illustration]

Fernando Stevens stood on the wharf among the assembled thousands, watching the steamer until it disappeared far up the river. He was lost in wonder and amazement and was first aroused from his reverie by the young man at his side saying:

"Don't she bate the divil?"

It was his skeptical Irish friend.

Fernando turned to him and asked, "What do you think of it now?"

"Faith, she's a bird, so she is. Don't she cleave the water?"

From this time, the two became acquainted, and Fernando learned that the young Hibernian's

name was Terrence Malone. Terrence was a true Irishman of the good old type. He was brave as a lion, full of native wit and humor, and yet an intelligent gentleman. From the first, he took a great fancy to Fernando and when he learned that he had come from the West to enter some academy or college, he informed him that he knew of the place--the very place. It was the Baltimore Academy. He was a member of the Baltimore school himself and he was sure there was not another like it in the world. In short, the dashing young Irishman soon persuaded Fernando to try the Baltimore school.

He went back to the tavern where he had left Sukey writing letters.

"What was all that catterwaulin' and yellin' about down at the river?" Sukey asked.

"The new steamboat began her trial trip," answered Fernando.

"Wonder if that thing I saw with a stovepipe in it was a steamboat?"

"It was."

Sukey shook his head sagely and remarked:

"It don't look as if it would ever amount to much."

"Sukey, I have found a school for us at last."

"Where?"

"At Baltimore."

"What d'you want to go there for?"

"I met a young man who belongs there, and he advised us to go."

"Who is he?"

"His name is Terrence Malone, an Irishman."

"That name's not French any way. How are we going to Baltimore?"

"A schooner sails to-morrow."

"Can we go in her?"

"Yes."

"Plague take the sea! I never tried it, and I don't want to."

"It will be a short voyage."

"Short, yes, but long enough to make me sick. I don't want to be in the game. I am not a water dog. Keep me on the dry land, and I'm all right."

But Fernando knew that a journey by land would take much longer than by sea. Terrence Malone came to see them that evening and informed them that the schooner would sail next day. He was a jolly young fellow and had so many droll stories and jokes, that he kept his companions in a roar of laughter. One joke followed another in such rapid succession that the youngsters had scarce done laughing at one, before he fired another at them.

"Baltimore is the most wonderful city in the world, barin Cork," the fair-haired son of the Emerald Isle declared. "There you find gallant gintlemen and the prettiest girls on earth. Ah! if you could but see my Kitty Malone! She's a beauty, just a trifle older than mesilf, but every inch a darlint. Her head is red, her face a trifle freckled, her body's so stout that the girt of a mule wouldn't encircle her waist," and here Terrence winked, "She plays on the wash-board an illigant tune, for which she charges a half a dime a garment."

"Did you ever meet with such a jolly fellow?" laughed Fernando when he was gone.

"No," Sukey answered. "He has made my sides ache."

Next day found the westerners on board the schooner sailing out from the harbor of New York. The skipper was half tipsy, his crew insubordinate, and for awhile no one seemed to know or care whither they went. The captain had such frequent recourse to his demijohn, that it was evident that he would soon be wholly unfit for duty. At last Terrence declared he would have to take matters in

hand himself.

The sea was rough, and both Fernando and Sukey were too sick to leave their bunks long at the time.

"Jist ye lie still there, like a darlint, and lave the skipper to me," said Terrence to Fernando. "Not another divil of a drop shall he have, until we are safe in Baltimore."

Then he went away, leaving Fernando wholly in ignorance of his plan. At last, becoming anxious about him, he went out to see what he was doing. The schooner was rolling heavily and Fernando was so sick he could scarcely stand, yet he crept out under the lee of the cabin and saw a sight that made him smile.

Terrence and the captain were sitting on the deck playing cards. The young Irishman had won two demijohns and three jugs of rum from the captain, and he was now playing for the last pint flask the skipper possessed. The young Irishman won it and carried his property to his stateroom, and when the skipper next applied for a drink, Malone answered:

"Divil a drop will ye get, till we are safe in Baltimore." The captain plead in vain. Terrence was firm, and the skipper in time became sober.

Next morning it was discovered that owing to the drunkenness and carelessness of the captain and crew, they had drifted far out to sea. The waves rolled high, and the little schooner plunged about in a manner frightful to a landlubber.

Fernando was awakened by a groan. It was Sukey, and going to his berth Terrence asked:

"What's the matter, Sukey?"

"I am dying!" he answered.

"Courage, courage, me boy, ye'll get over it."

"I don't want to get over it," answered Sukey, with a hollow groan.

A few moments later the skipper came to beg for a morning dram.

"Divil a drop, cap'in, until we are in Baltimore."

"How long will it take to reach Baltimore, captain?" asked the seasick Sukey.

"Twenty-four hours."

"Oh, Heavens!" groaned Sukey. "Can't you sink the ship?"

"What do you want to sink for?" demanded the astounded skipper.

"I'd rather drown than live twenty-four hours longer in this blamed boat."

"You'll live over it," growled the thirsty skipper.

"I don't want to live over it. I want to die."

Terrence roared with laughter, then he told a funny story which seemed to increase the pangs of poor Sukey.

By the middle of the afternoon, Fernando had recovered enough to go out on deck. He found the captain and his crew huddled up in the fore part of the deck, discussing a large, square-rigged ship, which was bearing toward them. He heard one of the sailors say:

"She flies English colors."

A little later there was a puff of smoke from her forecastle and a ball dashed into the water athwart their bow.

"It's a cruiser, and that means to heave to; but blow my eyes if I do it!" cried the captain, who was opposed to search and impressment. He put the schooner about and, with all sail spread, flew over the water at a rate of speed which defied pursuit. The cruiser fired several shots after them.

"Who is that shootin'?" Sukey asked unconcernedly, as Fernando entered the wretched cabin.

"A British man-of-war."

"What is it shootin' at?"

"At us."

"I hope she will hit us and put me out o' this misery," groaned Sukey.

Fortunately for the chief characters of this story, the man-of-war did not hit them, and next day they reached Baltimore. Sukey recovered his health with remarkable rapidity, and a few hours on shore made him quite himself.

Terrence, who seemed to know the town thoroughly, conducted them to an inn where they were to remain until arrangements could be made for entering the school. Terrence took the two young men under his care in a fatherly way, assuring them it would be bad luck to any who spoke ill of them; but Terrence could not be with them for several days. He had urgent business in Philadelphia, which would require his absence.

For a week after their arrival at Baltimore, their lives were of the most dreary monotony. The rain, which had begun to fall soon after their arrival, continued to descend in torrents, and they found themselves close prisoners in the sanded parlors of the miserable inn. They could but compare this wretched place with the grand old forests and broad prairies of the West, and Sukey began to sigh for home.

"Are you homesick already, Sukey?" asked Fernando.

"I am not homesick--blast such a place as this--give me a country where it don't rain 365 days out o' the year, and I'm content, home or abroad," growled Sukey.

Their situation was by no means pleasant. Their front window looked out upon a long, straggling, ill-paved street, with its due proportion of mud heaps and duck pools. The houses on either side were, for the most part, dingy-looking edifices, with half-doors, and such pretensions to being shops as the display of a quart of meal, salt, or string of red peppers confers. A more wretched, gloomy-looking picture of woe-begone poverty one seldom beheld.

It was no better if they turned for consolation to the rear of the house. There their eyes fell upon the dirty yard of a dirty inn, and the half-covered cowshed, where two famishing animals mourned their hard fate as they chewed the cud of "sweet and bitter fancy." In addition, they saw an old chaise, once the yellow postchaise, the pride and glory of the establishment, now reduced from its wheels and ignominiously degraded to a hen house. On the grass-grown roof, a cock had taken his stand, with an air of protective patronage to the feathered inhabitants beneath.

Sukey stood at the narrow window gazing out on the dreary and melancholy scene, while he heaved an occasional sigh.

"If this is what you call gitten an education I don't want it," he drawled at last. "I would rather go back to Ohio and hunt for deer or black bear, than enjoy such amusement as this is."

"Oh, it will get better," said Fernando.

"It has great room for growing better."

"But it might be worse."

"Yes, we might be at sea."

Their landlady, a portly woman with two marriageable daughters, did all in her power to make their stay pleasant. She praised Baltimore for its beauty and health, its picturesqueness and poetry. It was surely destined to be the greatest city in the United States.

When they were alone, Sukey pointed to the mud heaps and duck pools and gravely asked:

"Do they show the poetry and picturesk of which she speaks? Is that old chaise a sign of health or prosperity?"

"Be patient, Sukey; we have seen little or none of Baltimore."

"Plague take me if I haven't seen more than I want to see of it now," growled Sukey.

At last the weather cleared a little, and the sun shone brilliantly on the pools of water and muddy street. The young gentlemen strolled forth to look about the town.

When about to start from the inn, Sukey asked:

"Say, Fernando, how are we goin' to find our way back?"

This was a serious question for even Fernando. He reflected over it a moment and then said:

"It's the house at the foot of the second hill with the road or street that winds around the cliff."

"Wouldn't it be better to take hatchets and blaze the corners of the houses as we go along?" suggested Sukey. Fernando smiled and thought the owners might raise some serious objections to having their houses blazed. They were still somewhat undecided in regard to the matter, when their landlady, with a movement about as graceful as the waddle of a duck, came down the rickety stairs, and they in despair appealed to her. She relieved them of their trouble in short order. On a piece of tin over her door was the number 611. She told them the name of the street, and assured them if they would remember that and the number, any one would point it out to them. Besides they had only to remember the widow Mahone, everybody in the town knew the widow Mahone.

With this assurance of safe return, the two youngsters ventured forth into the city. They were not as verdant as the reader may imagine. Both had been reared in the western wilderness and retained much of the pioneer traits about them; but books had been society for them, and their four months spent in New York and Boston had given them an urbane polish. Sukey, however, had many inherent traits, which all the schools could not wholly eradicate.

"I don't like towns," he declared, as they ascended a hill, which gave them an excellent view of the harbor and shipping. "They are too close. I want elbow room, and as soon as I get through my college course, I am going back to the woods."

"Won't your education be lost there?"

"No; can't I be a lawyer, or a doctor, or a preacher as well there as here? Besides, if we only sit down and wait awhile in Ohio, the cities will come to us."

"Yes, Sukey, you are right. Civilization is going West, and in course of time the largest part of the republic will be west of the mountains." Of course Fernando referred to the Alleghany Mountains, for the Rocky Mountains were hardly thought of at this date. "But come; we don't seem to be in the most populous part of the town. Let us go over the hill where the houses are better and look cleaner."

"I am willing, for, to tell you the truth, this place smells too much of the sea."

They went along a narrow street, which had a decidedly fishy odor, for there were two markets on it. They passed an old woman carrying on her back a great bag which seemed filled with rags and waste papers gathered up from the refuse of the street. Sukey wondered if that was the way she made her living. At the corner was a low public house in which were some sailors drinking and singing songs.

"Fernando, there is a fellow with a plaguy red coat on!" suddenly cried Sukey, seizing his companion's arm.

"Yes, he is an officer of the English army or navy."

"Do they allow him here?"

"Of course; we are at peace with England."

"Well, I'd like to take that fellow down a bit. He walks too straight. Why he thinks he could teach Alexander somethin' on greatness."

"Never mind him; come on."

Next they met a party of half-drunken marines, who began to chafe them, and Sukey, though slow to wrath, was about to give them an exhibition of frontier muscle, when his friend got him away, and they hastened to a better part of the city.

Here they found beautiful residences, and on the next street were magnificent stores and shops. Elegant carriages, drawn by horses in shining harness, indicating wealth, were seen. Elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen were promenading the street, or exchanging congratulations. Sukey thought this would "sort o' do," and he wondered why Terrence Malone had quartered them down

in that miserable frog pond, when there was higher ground and better houses.

While standing on the corner watching the gay equipages and handsomely dressed people, a carriage drawn by a pair of snow-white horses came suddenly dashing down the street. The equipage, though one of the finest they had ever seen, was stained with travel as if it had come from a distance.

"There, Fernando, by zounds, there is some rich fellow you can be sure!" said Sukey as the vehicle drove by. "Egad! I would like to see who is inside of it."

He had that privilege, for the carriage paused only half a block away, and an elderly man with a rolling, sailor-like movement got out and assisted a young girl of about sixteen to alight.

"Jehosophat--Moses and Aaron's rod, my boy! do you see her?" gasped Sukey.

"Yes."

"Ain't she pretty?"

"Hush! she may hear you."

"Well, if she'd get mad at that, she is different from most girls."

"Her father might not think it much of a compliment."

The coachman, closing the door of the carriage mounted his box and took the reins, while the pretty girl took her father's arm and came down the street passing the young men, who, we fear, stared at her rudely. They were hardly to be blamed for it, for she was as near perfection as a girl of sixteen can be. Tall, willowy form, with deep blue eyes, soft as a gazelle's, long, silken lashes and arched eyebrows, with golden hair, and so graceful that every movement might be set to music.

Fernando gazed after her until she disappeared into a fashionable shop, and then, uttering a sigh, started as if from a dream.

"What do you say now, old fellow?" asked Sukey.

"Let us go home."

"Home?"

"Well, back to the widow Mahone's inn."

"All right; now let us try to find the trail."

It was no easy matter, although they had the street and number well fixed in their mind. Finally they asked a watchman (policemen were called watchmen in those days) and he conducted them to the abode of Mrs. Mahone.

The first person to greet them was Terrence. There was a bright smile on his jolly face as he cried:

"It's right plazed I am to see ye lookin' so cheerful, boys; and it's a good time ye be having roaming the streets and looking at the beauty of Baltimore. Much of it you'll find, to be sure. To-morrow we'll go to the academy, pay our entrance fee and begin business."

[ILLUSTRATION: AS NEAR PERFECTION AS A GIRL OF SIXTEEN CAN BE.]

"Terrence," said Fernando in a half whisper, "Can't we find a more comfortable place than this to live in?"

"Oh, be aisy, me frind, for it's an illegant a house I've got for all of us, and we'll be as comfortable there as a banshee."

Not knowing what a "banshee" was, Fernando, of course, could draw no conclusion from the comparison. When the three young men had entered their room, Terrence began to tell them of a beautiful "craythur" he had that day seen in town, and on inquiry learned she lived a few miles away on the coast. She was the daughter of an old sea captain and came almost daily to the city.

"What is her name?" asked Fernando.

"Lane."

"Great Jehosiphath, Fernando! Lane was on that carriage we saw," cried Sukey, starting suddenly from a couch on which he had been reclining.

CHAPTER VI.

WAR FEELING OF 1811.

Mr. James Madison seems to have been one of the many great Americans capable of changing his political views without losing public favor. Mr. Madison, as a delegate to the constitutional convention held at Philadelphia in May, 1787, was beyond question a Federalist. Of the convention, a writer of the highest authority says:

"Mr. Madison was prominent in advocating the constitution, and took a leading part in the debates, of which he kept private notes, since published by order of congress. His views in regard to the federal government are set forth at length in a paper still extant in the handwriting of Gen. Washington. This paper contains the substance of a letter written to Washington by Mr. Madison before the meeting of the convention, and proposes a scheme of thorough centralization. The writer declares that he is equally opposed to the individual independence of the States and to 'the consolidation of the whole in one simple republic.' He is nevertheless in favor of investing congress with power to exercise a negative in all cases whatever on the legislative acts of the States, as heretofore exercised by the kingly prerogative. He says further that the right of coercion should be expressly declared; but the difficulty and awkwardness of operating by force on the collective will of a State render it particularly desirable that the necessity of it should be precluded. From these extreme views, Mr. Madison afterward conscientiously departed; but in the convention he supported them with zeal and vigor."

It was feared at first that Madison would perpetuate the policy of Jefferson; but the tone and temper of his inaugural address, delivered March 4th, 1809, fell like oil on troubled waters. His most implacable enemies could not refrain from uttering words of approbation; and the whole nation entertained hopes that his measures might change the gloomy aspect of public affairs.

Madison's administration was now sustained by a larger majority of the American people than that of Jefferson had ever been, and the Federalists, or the opposition, were in a hopeless minority. The continued aggressions of the British were increasing the Democratic strength every day; and in 1811, circumstances seemed to make war with Great Britain an imperative necessity for the vindication of the honor, rights and independence of the United States.

The Indian tribes on the northwestern frontiers of the United States became very uneasy, and the machinations of British traders and government emissaries had stimulated the growth of that discontent into a decidedly hostile feeling toward the nation of Republicans, then pressing upon the domain of the savages. The suspension of the world's commerce had diminished the amount of their traffic in furs, and the rapid extension of American settlements northward of Ohio was narrowing their hunting grounds and producing a rapid diminution of game. The introduction of intoxicating liquors among the savages by white traders and speculators had widely spread demoralization, with consequent disease and death.

English emissaries made the savages to believe that all these evils had been brought upon them by the encroachments of the Americans; and in the spring of 1811, it became evident that a league was forming among the tribes for the extermination of the frontier settlers.

Tecumseh, the Shawnee chief, shrewd, crafty and intrepid, endeavored to emulate Pontiac, the great Ottawa chief, in the formation of an Indian confederacy in the Northwest, for making war upon the United States. He had a shrewd twin brother, called the prophet, whose mysterious incantation and predictions and pretended visions and spiritual intercourse had inspired the savage mind with great veneration for him as a wonderful "medicine man." He and Tecumseh possessed almost unbounded influence over the Delawares, Shawnees, Wyandots, Miamis, Kickapoos, Winnebagoes and Chippewas.

The celebrated Shawnee chief Tecumseh, according to Drake, was born a few years before the Revolution, at the Indian village of Piqua, on Mad River, about six miles below the site of Springfield, Clark County, Ohio. His tribe removed from Florida about the middle of the last century. His father, who was a chief, fell at the bloody battle of Point Pleasant, in 1774. From his youth, he showed a passion for war. He early acquired an unbounded influence over his tribe for his bravery, his sense of justice and his commanding eloquence. Like his great prototype, Pontiac, humanity was a prominent trait in his character. He not only was never known to ill-treat or murder a prisoner, but indignantly denounced those who did, employing all his authority and eloquence in behalf of the helpless. In 1798, Tecumseh removed with his followers to the vicinity of White River, Indiana, among the Delawares, where he remained for a number of years. In 1805, through the influence of Laulewasikaw, the brother of Tecumseh, a large number of Shawnees established themselves at Greeneville. Very soon after, Laulewasikaw assumed the office of a *prophet*; and forthwith commenced that career of cunning and pretended sorcery, which always enables the shrewd hypocrite to sway the ignorant, superstitious mind. Throughout the year of 1806, the brothers remained at Greeneville and were visited by many Indians from different tribes, not a few of whom became their followers. The prophet dreamed many wonderful dreams and claimed to have had many supernatural revelations made him. The great eclipse of the sun that occurred in the summer of this year, a knowledge of which he had by some means attained, enabled him to carry conviction to the minds of many of his ignorant followers, that he was really the earthly agent of the Great Spirit. He boldly announced to the unbelievers, that, on a certain day, he would give them proof of his supernatural powers by bringing darkness over the sun. When the day and hour of the eclipse arrived, and the earth, even at midday, was shrouded in the gloom of twilight, the prophet, standing in the midst of his party, significantly pointed to the heavens and cried out:

"Did I not prophesy truly? Behold! darkness has shrouded the sun!"

It may readily be supposed that this striking phenomenon, thus adroitly used, produced a strong impression on the Indians, and greatly increased their belief in the sacred character of their prophet.

In the spring of 1808, Tecumseh and the prophet removed to a tract of land on the Tippecanoe, a tributary of the Wabash, where the latter continued his efforts to induce the Indians to forsake their vicious habits, while Tecumseh was visiting the neighboring tribes and quietly strengthening his own and the prophet's influence over them. The events of the early part of the year 1810 were such as to leave but little doubt of the hostile intentions of the brothers. The prophet was apparently the most prominent actor, while Tecumseh was in reality the mainspring of all the movements, backed, it is supposed, by the insidious influence of British agents, who supplied the Indians gratis with powder and ball, in anticipation, perhaps, of hostilities between the two countries, in which event a union of all the tribes against the Americans was desirable. Tecumseh had opposed the sale and cession of lands to the United States, and he declared it to be his unalterable resolution to take a stand against the further intrusion of the whites upon the soil of his people.

So menacing had the Indians become in the Spring of 1810, that General W.H. Harrison, a son of Benjamin Harrison, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and then governor of the Territory of Indiana, invited the brothers to a council at Vincennes, in August. Tecumseh appeared with four hundred well-armed warriors. The inhabitants were greatly alarmed at this demonstration of savage military power. Harrison was cool and cautious, while the bearing of the chief was bold and haughty. He refused to enter the place appointed for holding the council saying:

"Houses were built for you to hold councils in; Indians hold theirs in the open air." He then took a position under some trees in front of the house, and, unabashed by the large concourse of white people before him, he opened the business with a speech marked by great dignity and native eloquence. When he had concluded, one of the governor's aids said to him, through an interpreter, as he pointed to a chair by the side of General Harrison:

"Your father requests you to take a seat by his side."

The chief drew his blanket around him and, standing erect, said, with a scornful tone:

"My father! The sun is my father, and the earth is my mother; on her bosom I will recline;" and he seated himself on the ground.

The chief declared it his intention to form a confederacy for the purpose of preventing any further cessions of lands to the white people, and to recover what had been ceded.

"Return those lands," he said, "and Tecumseh will be the friend of the Americans. He likes not the English, who are continually setting the Indians on the Americans." The governor replied that the lands had been received from other tribes, and that the Shawnees had no business to interfere. Tecumseh sprang to his feet, cast off his blanket and, with violent gestures, pronounced the governor's words false. He accused the United States of cheating and imposing upon the Indians; and then, giving a sign to his warriors near him, they sprang to their feet, seized their war clubs and brandished their tomahawks. The governor started from his seat and drew his sword, while the citizens seized any weapons or missiles they could find. It was a moment of great peril to the white people. A military guard of twelve men, under some trees a short distance off, was ordered up. A friendly Indian, who had secretly loaded his pistol while Tecumseh was speaking, now cocked it to shoot the chief. The guards were also about to fire when Harrison restrained them and prevented a bloody encounter. The interpreter, whom all the Indians respected, told Tecumseh that he was a bad man. The council was broken up. Tecumseh expressed regret that his violent temper had gotten the better of him; but prudent men knew from his conduct that war was inevitable.

In the spring of 1811, the hostile savages began to roam over the Wabash region, in small parties, plundering the white settlers and friendly Indians.

Soon after the council at Vincennes, Tecumseh went South among the Creeks to extend the confederacy of the people of Indiana among them. There is a tradition among the Tuckabachees that Tecumseh, failing to enlist them in his enterprise, in his wrath said:

"When I return to the North, I will stamp on the earth and make it tremble." When the effects of the earthquake of New Madrid were felt, the Tuckabachees said:

"Tecumseh has reached the North."

The hostile demonstrations on the part of the Indians in Indiana alarmed the people of that territory, and General Harrison therefore took measures to increase his regular force. He warned the Indians to obey the treaty at Greenville; but at the same time he prepared to break up the prophet's establishment if necessary. In September, the prophet sent assurances to the governor that his intentions were pacific. About the same time, he dispatched a message to the Delawares, who were friendly, asking them to join him in a war against the United States, stating that he had taken up the tomahawk and would not lay it down but with his life, unless their wrongs were redressed. The Delaware chiefs immediately visited the prophet to dissuade him from commencing hostilities and were grossly insulted. On the 6th of November, 1811, Governor Harrison, with about nine hundred and fifty effective troops, composed of two hundred and fifty of the 4th Regiment U. S. Infantry, one hundred and thirty volunteers and a body of militia, being within a mile and a half of the prophet's town, was urged to make an immediate assault upon the village; but this he declined, as his instructions from the president were positive not to attack the Indians as long as there was a probability of their complying with the demands of the government. The Indians, in the course of the day, endeavored to cut off his messengers and evinced other hostile symptoms, which determined Harrison to at once march upon the town, when he was met by three Indians, one of them a principal counselor of the prophet, who avowed that the prophet's designs were pacific. Accordingly a suspension of hostilities was agreed upon, and the terms of peace were to be settled on the following morning by the governor and the prophet's chief. At night the army encamped about three fourths of a mile from the prophet's town.

The governor was well convinced of the hostility of the prophet. He believed that after attempting to lull his suspicions he intended to make a treacherous attack on the Americans. Little anticipation of a night attack was indulged, yet every precaution was taken to resist one if made. All the guards that could be used in such a situation, and all such as were used by Wayne, were employed on this occasion. That is, camp guards, furnishing a chain of sentinels around the whole camp at such a distance as to give notice of the approach of an enemy in time for the troops to take their position, and yet not far enough to prevent the sentinels from retreating to the main body if overpowered. The usual mode of stationing picket guards at a considerable distance in advance of the army or camp, would be useless in Indian warfare, as they do not require roads to march upon, and such guards would be inevitably cut off. Orders were given in the event of a night attack, for each corps to maintain its position at all hazards until relieved or further orders were given to it.

The whole army was kept during the night in the military position called lying on their arms. The regular troops lay in their tents with their accoutrements on, and their guns at their sides. The militia had no tents, but slept with their clothes and bullet pouches on, and their guns under them, to keep them dry. The order of the encampment was a line of battle to resist a night attack; and so, as every man slept opposite to his post in the line, there was nothing for the troops to do, in case of an assault, but to rise and take their position a few steps in the rear of the fires around which they had reposed. The guard of the night consisted of two captains' commands of forty-two men and of four non-commissioned officers each and two subalterns' guards of twenty men and non-commissioned officers each--the whole amounting to about one hundred and thirty men, under command of a field officer of the day. The night was dark and cloudy, and after midnight there was a drizzling rain.

At four o'clock in the morning of Nov. 7, 1811, Governor Harrison, according to practice, had risen, preparatory to the calling up of the troops, and was engaged, while drawing on his boots by the fire, in conversation with General Wells, Colonel Owens, and Majors Taylor and Hurst. The orderly drum had been roused to sound the reveille for the troops to turn out, when there came the report of a sentry's rifle on the left flank, followed by a score of shots, and the morning air rang loud with the wild war-whoops of savages.

In an instant the army was in line, the campfires were extinguished, and the governor mounted his horse and proceeded to the point of attack. Several companies had taken their places in the line within forty seconds after the report of the first gun, and in two minutes the whole army was ready for action; a fact as creditable to their own activity and bravery, as to the skill and energy of their officers. The battle soon became general, and was maintained on both sides with signal and even desperate valor. The Indians advanced or retreated by the aid of a rattling noise, made with deer hoofs, and persevered in their treacherous attack with an apparent determination to conquer or die on the spot. The battle raged with unabated fury and mutual slaughter until daylight, when a gallant and successful charge by the troops drove the enemy into the swamp, and put an end to the conflict.

Prior to the assault, the prophet had given his followers assurance, that, in the coming contest, the Great Spirit would render the arms of the Americans unavailing; that their bullets would fall harmless at the feet of the Indians; that the latter should have light in abundance, while the former would be involved in thick darkness. Availing himself of the privilege conferred by his peculiar office, and, perhaps, unwilling in his own person to test the rival powers of a sham prophecy and a real American bullet, he prudently took a position on an adjacent eminence; and, when the action began, he entered upon the performance of certain mystic rites, at the same time singing a war song. Soon after the engagement commenced, he was informed that his men were falling. He told them to fight on, it would soon be as he predicted; and then in, wilder and louder strains, his inspiring battle song was heard commingling with the sharp crack of the rifle and the shrill war-whoop of his brave but deluded followers. Some of the Indians who were in the conflict, subsequently informed the agent at Fort Wayne, that there were more than a thousand warriors in the battle, and that the number of wounded was unusually great. In the precipitation of their retreat, they left thirty-eight on the field. Some were buried during the engagement in their town. Others no doubt subsequently died of their wounds. Drake places their number in killed at not less than fifty.

Of the whites, thirty-five were killed in the action, and twenty-five died subsequently. The total number of killed and wounded was one hundred and eighty-eight,--probably as great and possibly greater than the loss of the Indians. Among the slain were Colonel Abraham Owen and Major Joseph Hamilton Davies of Kentucky.

Though the battle of Tippecanoe, considered as a conflict from the losses on each side, would today be regarded only as a skirmish, yet it had a great moral influence in restraining the savages in the northwest, and, but for the meddling of the British agents, a permanent peace with the Indians could have been established.

Harrison burned the prophet's town. The prophet lost caste with his people. When reproached for his falsehoods, he cunningly told them that his predictions had failed of fulfilment, because, during his incantations, his wife touched the sacred vessels and broke the charm. His followers, superstitious as they were, would not accept such a flimsy excuse and deserted him, flying to secure hiding-places where the white man could not find them. After his town was burned, the prophet took shelter among the Wyandots.

The events in the northwest aroused a war spirit among the patriotic Americans, which could not be suppressed. Not only did British emissaries incite the Indians to make war, but British orders in council continued to be vigorously enforced. Insult was offered to the American flag by British cruisers, and the press of Great Britain insolently declared that the Americans "could not be kicked into a war."

Forbearance ceased to be a virtue; it became cowardice. President Madison found himself the standard-bearer of his party, surrounded by irrepressible young warriors eager for fight. Like a cautious commander, he sounded a careful war note in his annual message to congress at the beginning of November, 1811. The young and ardent members of the house of representatives, who had elected Henry Clay, then thirty-four years of age, speaker, determined that indecision should no longer mark the councils of the nation. The committee on foreign relations, of which Peter B. Porter was chairman, intensified that feeling by an energetic report submitted on the 29th of November, in which, in glowing sentences, the British government was arraigned on charges of injustice, cruelty, and wrong. They said:

"To sum up, in a word, the great cause of complaint against Great Britain, your committee need only say, that the United States, as a sovereign and independent power, claims the right to use the ocean, which is the common and acknowledged highway of nations, for the purposes of transporting, in their own vessels, the products of their own soils and the acquisition of their own industry to any market in the ports of friendly nations, and to bring home, in return, such articles as their necessities or convenience may require, always regarding the rights of belligerents as defined by the established laws of nations. Great Britain, in defiance of this incontestable right, captures every American vessel bound to or returning from a port where her commerce is not favored; enslaves our seamen, and, in spite of our remonstrances, perseveres in these aggressions. To wrongs so daring in character and so disgraceful in their execution, it is impossible that the people of the United States should remain indifferent. We must now tamely and quietly submit, or we must resist by those means which God has placed within our reach.... The sovereignty and independence of these States, purchased and sanctified by the blood of our fathers, from whom we received them, not for ourselves only, but as the inheritance of our posterity, are deliberately and systematically violated. And the period has arrived when, in the opinion of your committee, it is the sacred duty of congress to call forth the patriotism and the resources of the country. By the aid of these and with the blessing of God, we confidently trust we shall be able to procure that redress which has been sought for by justice, by remonstrance and forbearance, in vain."

The report went over the land as fast as the mails in that day of stage coaches could carry it, and made a profound impression on the minds of the people. Resolutions, drawn in accordance with the spirit of the report, were appended to it, and these led to earnest debates. In these debates, the brilliant John C. Calhoun, then less than thirty years of age, engaged. It marked the beginning of his long and illustrious career. He made his maiden speech in favor of war, and charmed his listeners. John Randolph, always happy when in opposition to everybody, spoke vehemently against the report and resolutions.

The Federalists, having always advocated a policy of being prepared for war, could not from principle oppose these resolutions as they recommended only such preparations. The resolutions were adopted and bills prepared for augmenting the military force of the country.

The regular army was increased to twenty-five thousand men; also two major-generals and live brigadier-generals, in addition to those then in office were authorized. A million dollars were appropriated for the purchase of arms, ammunition and stores for the army, and four hundred thousand dollars for powder, cannon and small arms for the navy.

War was not yet declared, and, with a proper course of treatment from Great Britain, it would not have been; yet the war feeling of 1811 was strong. It needed but a breath to fan the flame to a terrible conflagration.

CHAPTER VII.

FERNANDO'S FRIEND GETS HIM INTO A SERIOUS SCRAPE.

In due time Fernando and Sukey were entered in the college. They were transferred to more comfortable quarters than the wretched inn of Mrs. Mahone. Terrence superintended everything and was, in truth, the good angel of the boys. He had a warm heart, was a genuine friend, and would have shed his last drop of blood for them; but Terrence was, after all, a young scamp, whose dearest friend was not free from a practical joke. His jokes often became serious affairs and involved himself as well as friends in trouble, though he never intended anything unpleasant.

Fernando had been in college but a few months, and was already making excellent progress, when one day Terrence came to his room and said:

"Me frind, d'ye want to see a bit of good society?"

Laying down a heavy mathematical work, Fernando smilingly answered:

"I don't know, Terrence; I've hardly time for society."

"What's the need of worryin' yer brains out over Latin, Greek and astronomy, when there's my amount of fun to be had? Come; a little mite of society will brighten up yer ideas. Now listen to me, lad. There's goin' to be a big ball given at the mayor's, and d'ye remimber the darlint little craythur ye met on the street that day?"

Remember her? of course Fernando remembered her. She had scarcely been out of his mind day or night since he had seen her. She had been the angel of his dreams, the princess of countless air castles; but he had never indulged a hope that he might see her again.

"Will she be at the ball, Terrence?"

"To be sure. It's mesilf as heard it, and thin if ye'll look over the Baltimore papers, ye'll see her name Morgianna Lane, the daughter of Captain Felix Lane of Mariana, whose entree into society is to be the ninth, chaperoned by Madame Barnhart."

Terrence Malone evinced a wonderful ability at picking up information on any question that took his fancy. He had a bold way of insinuating himself into people's affections, for no one could dislike the light-hearted, merry Irishman.

"Now there is no need for ye to say ye won't go, because ye will," said Terrence. "It's a grand occasion to be sure. One of his majesty's ships o' war is in port, and some of the officers from her will be there, every alderman in the town, some congressmen and ex-President Jefferson will be there."

Fernando looked at him in amazement and, after a moment, he said:

"Terrence, if the ball is to be such a grand affair, please to inform me how we are to gain admission."

"Now, me boy, lave that to me. Will ye go?"

"Yes."

"And ye don't mind it if it's a thrifle of an adventure, do yez?"

"No."

"That's it. I always said ye was a lad after me own heart; but, Fernando, don't yez say one word to Sukey. He's too slow and careful. He might make trouble with us and upset all our plans."

At first, Fernando, who hated anything like deceit, opposed secresy; but his Irish friend brought so many excellent arguments to bear, that he virtually carried his point.

"Terrence, I fear I will make an awkward figure in a ball room!" declared Fernando. "I am not accustomed to such things."

"A glass or two of champagne will do it for ye."

"But I never danced in my life."

"I'll teach ye mesilf, and, bedad, ye'll be as foine a terpechorian artist be the toime, as will be at the

ball."

The last objection swept away, Fernando began secretly to take lessons in the waltz, cotillon and other dances of the day.

Whatever may be said against Terrence, one thing is quite certain, he was no bad dancing master, and Fernando was an apt pupil. Somehow, there was a spice of adventure in the escapade, which seemed to thrill Fernando with pleasure, and he entered into it with a zeal that was remarkable.

The English man-of-war in the harbor was the *Xenophon*, Captain Conkerall commander. The captain had some acquaintances and friends in Baltimore, and this event transpired before the war spirit became so strong that English officers dared not venture on shore. The captain and his officers were of course invited to the ball.

The day of the ball, the captain came ashore and was snugly quartered at the Baltimore House, getting ready for the affair.

The captain was in his room talking with some citizens of Baltimore and a congressman; a decanter and glasses were on a sideboard, and the captain's face was somewhat flushed, when there entered a neat, well-dressed young gentleman, whose language and features were slightly Hibernian.

"I beg pardon, gentlemen, but this is Captain Conkerall? Sure I make no mistake, for the very bearin' tells me he is a son of Neptune."

As the captain was in full uniform, of course there was no trouble about recognizing him. The captain rose and, taking the hand of the young man, tried hard to remember where he had seen him before.

"Sure, ye don't remember me. I am Lord Kildee, the son of the ould baron of Kildee Castle, who was a schoolmate of yer father."

The captain, delighted at having so noted an acquaintance, took great pleasure in introducing a scion of such a noble family as Kildee. One would have thought, from Captain Conkerall's manner, that he had been on intimate terms with the house of Kildee all his life, while in reality he had never until that moment known that there lived such a being as the Lord of Kildee. Wine and vanity work wonders, and the captain felt great pride in being recognized at Baltimore by Lord Kildee, whose father was, as the new acquaintance assured him, a member of the house of lords.

The visiting aldermen of the town and the congressman were introduced to the Lord Kildee, who had the air of a genuine nobleman, with just enough of the rich brogue to entitle him to the name of Irishman.

Would his lordship have a glass of wine with them. To be sure he would.

Captain Conkerall, who was expected to be the lion of the evening, indulged rather freely, and the more he indulged the more he had a desire to.

At last the congressman rose to make a speech. He was rather unsteady on his legs, but exceedingly eloquent on the question of Jefferson's embargo act. He thought it an outrage designed to foster the unfortunate estrangement between the mother country and America. He, as a Federalist, had opposed Jefferson and Jeffersonianism.

How much longer his harangue might have lasted, no one could have told, but the captain was warned that the hour for the ball was drawing near, and he gently insinuated that the speech be deferred for an after-dinner talk. Just as the captain's guests were on the point of retiring, Lord Kildee, by a gentle hint, suggested that if he had an invitation he would be glad to meet them at the ball. Of course so noted a person as Lord Kildee could not be neglected, and, as one of the invitation committee was present, he issued a ticket at once. Then the captain and his lordship were left alone.

His lordship hinted that he had much to say to the captain in confidence, having just come from the fleet of Vice Admiral Berkeley. Over their wine, he informed the captain that he was on intimate terms with the vice admiral and that the captain of the *Xenophon* was down for an early promotion. Captain Conkerall was delighted. He drank deep to the health of Vice Admiral Berkeley, Lord Kildee and himself. By this time, the captain was ready to drink to the health of anybody. The Lord

Kildee, strange to say, imbibed very little, and soon the captain was insensible on the floor, while his lordship was as sober as a judge.

"Faith, it's a dacint bit of work," he said, eyeing the prostrate captain. "Now to the rest of the plan."

Lord Kildee was none other than the rollicking Irish student Terrence Malone. In a few moments, he had divested the captain of his coat, trousers and vest, which, with his chapeau, he rolled up in a neat bundle and hurried away to his friend Fernando Stevens. The hour was late, and Fernando had almost given up going to the ball, when Terrence bolted into his room, his cheeks aglow with excitement.

"Here, me lad, don the royal robes at once. Begorra, it's noblemen we are goin' to be to-night!"

"What does this mean, Terrence?" Fernando asked, as Malone unrolled the bundle containing the elegant uniform of a British officer.

"Divil a question need ye be askin'; put on the uniform; it will fit ye to an exactness."

In vain Fernando expostulated; his friend forced him into compliance, and, almost before he knew it, he was encased in a British uniform, and a handsome looking officer he made. Terrence then gave him a drink at his bottle to "steady his nerves," and told him that it was one of the "divil's own toimes" they would have.

Fernando, despite all his staid qualities and Puritanic instincts, loved an adventure which promised fun, and finally entered into the scheme with a zest second only to his friend. The very idea of playing a prank on the captain of a man-of-war was enough to induce him to engage in almost any enterprise. They managed to escape the house without being detected by Sukey, who was puzzling his brain over deep questions in philosophy, and hastened down the street to a carriage which Terrence engaged to take them to the mayor's.

There was a ticket of admission in the captain's vest, which Fernando used, and Lord Kildee had one for himself.

As Terrence contemplated his young friend, whom the uniform fitted as neatly as if he had grown in it, he declared that he was perfection.

Arrived at the door, Fernando, whose brain was in a whirl, found himself suddenly hurried up a flight of marble steps to the great vestibule where there was a flood of subdued light. The wine made him bold, reckless, and when he was introduced as Lieutenant Smither, of his majesty's vice admiral's flag-ship, he half believed he was that person and, assuming what he supposed to be the manner and carriage of so high an official, received the bows and smiles of the fair ladies assembled with the grace of a veteran seaman.

There were a few officers from the *Xenophon* present, among them a Lieutenant Matson, who was dividing his time between a very pretty girl and asking why Captain Conkerall was so late.

Fernando played his part remarkably well, considering that he was new in the role. Whenever he was in danger of "making a bad break," Lord Kildee, who was the lion of the hour, was at hand to aid him, and with consummate grace and ease helped him through the worst difficulties. A few glasses of champagne made Fernando bolder.

At last he met that beautiful creature whom he had seen alight from the carriage and was introduced to Miss Morgianna Lane. Morgianna, young as she was, detected the deception. Fernando talked without reserve on any and every topic. Those he knew the least about, he discussed with most fluency, until he bid fair to become the centre of attraction.

When they were alone, Morgianna, with one of her sweetest smiles, said:

"I don't believe you are an Englishman."

"I'll be honest with you, Miss Lane," said he. "I am not."

"Who are you?"

"If you will keep my secret, I will tell you all." Morgianna, as fond of mischief as Terrence, agreed to do so, and he told her everything. She laughed until the tears coursed down her pretty cheeks. She said it was a good joke and as soon as she got home, she would tell her papa and he would, she knew, enjoy it.

"But you must not drink any more wine," she added. "It affects your head." Fernando admitted that he was not used to it, and he promised to desist. After waltzing for an hour with her and getting a tender squeeze of the hand, he restored her to an affable old lady who acted as Morgianna's chaperon, and then Fernando retired to new conquests, his head in a whirl and his heart in a flutter.

Lord Kildee soon had him under his care and introduced him to some friends, among them Lieutenant Matson, who had early in the evening made so many unsuccessful attempts to attract Miss Lane's favorable notice that Fernando had come to regard him as a dangerous rival. Despite the injunction of the fair Morgianna, he found himself half unconsciously quaffing three or four glasses to the good health of somebody; he really did not know whether it was King George or President Jefferson.

Fernando, naturally witty, soon ingratiated himself into this well occupied clique, and he dosed them with glory to their heart's content. He resolved at once to enter into their humor, and as the wine mounted up to his brain, he gradually found his acquaintance and politics extending to every country and political creed.

"Did you know Thomas Matson of his majesty's ship *Spit-Fire*?" asked the lieutenant.

"Tom Matson!" cried Fernando. "Indeed I did sir, and do still! and there is not a man in the British navy I am prouder of knowing." Of course he had never heard of Thomas Matson until this moment.

"You don't say, sir?" said the lieutenant in astonishment. "Has he any chance of promotion, sir?"

"Promotion!" cried Fernando, in well-feigned astonishment. "Why, have you not heard that he is already in command of a ship? You cannot possibly have heard from him lately, or you would have known that!"

"That's true, sir; I have not heard from him since he quitted the *Black Cloud* in the South, I think they said for his health; but how did he get the step?"

"Why, as to the promotion, that was remarkable enough," said Fernando, quaffing off a tumbler of champagne to aid his inventive faculties; but Fernando, despite his native shrewdness and wonderful inventive powers, was liable to get into trouble. He knew as little about a ship as a landlubber might be supposed to know, and his companion saw at once that he would make a mess of the story, so he came to his rescue by informing the assembly that a fine vocalist at the other end of the room was going to sing, and asked that the story be deferred until after the song. They all hurried away save Fernando, who, overcome by too deep potations, sank upon a sofa temporarily unconscious.

He was roused from his stupor by his companion shaking him and saying:

"Fernando, me boy, it's a divil's own mess ye are makin' of this! Wake up and get out!"

He roused himself and looked about. The room they were in was a small apartment off the great saloon, and through the half-open folding-door, he could see that the festivities still continued. The music and gay forms of dancers reminded him where he was.

"Fernando, we've played this game jist as long as we can, successfully; we had better go."

"I am ready," and Fernando got up and started diagonally across the room, stepping with his feet very wide apart. The pretended Lord Kildee took his arm, and they got to the door, where Fernando missed his footing and went tumbling down the steps in a very undignified manner. His lordship, Kildee, having imbibed rather freely himself, kept him company, and for a few seconds they remained at the bottom of the flight, dividing their time between studying astronomy and the laws of gravitation.

Fernando had badly smashed the captain's chapeau and one fine plume was gone. They had not gone far before they ran upon a watchman, who threatened to run them in; but the police of those days were as susceptible to a bribe as they are to-day, and after donating liberally to the cause of justice and protection, they were taken to their rooms instead of the calaboose.

Young Stevens had no definite recollection of how he ever got to bed; but he awoke next morning with a wretched headache and found himself in a red coat, with the epaulets and gold lace of an

officer. By degrees, the whole thing came back to him.

Terrence came in a few moments later, a smile on his face, as he remarked they were in "the devil's own scrape."

"Why?" asked Fernando.

"We should have taken the clothes back to the captain."

Fernando, who was in total ignorance of the manner in which the uniform was procured, asked:

"How did you get them?"

Terrence told him the whole story, and Fernando, despite his wretched headache, laughed until the tears coursed down his cheeks.

"That's not all, me foine boy. The whole thing is out. The papers printed this morning are full of it. They say the captain was seen just before daylight goin' down the street to his boat with a sheet wrapped about him."

Again the youngsters roared. It was such a madcap frolic as students, utterly reckless of consequences, might engage in; but, after all, it was a serious affair. The clothes had to be returned; then the perpetrators of the outrage would be known at the college, and they might be expelled from the institution in disgrace.

The clothes were returned. That was a point of honor which Fernando insisted upon, as he would neither agree to steal or wear stolen goods. For a day or two he was indisposed, and good, honest Sukey was afraid his friend was "going to be real sick." On the evening of the second day after their madcap frolic, Fernando told Sukey all about it and asked his advice. After the tall young westerner had heard him through, he said:

"Well, Fernando, I am sorry you were in the game at all; but you are in it, and now the best thing is to go to the college and make a clean breast of it to the president. It's your first, you know, and then a fellow just from the woods like us is liable to stumble into bad scrapes. Make a clean breast of it and keep out of such games in the future."

This was really the best advice that could have been given, and Fernando, after consulting Terrence, decided to follow it. Consequently they all three presented themselves to the president of the faculty and, in the best way they could, laid the story before him. Terrence brought all the pathos and eloquence which he naturally possessed to the aid of his friend and got both of them off pretty well.

The old professor was one of the best-hearted men in the world, and when he came to contemplate the lonely condition of the boys so far from home, he forgave them freely, and Fernando went out of his presence resolved never to be guilty of another unseemly trick again.

"Now, if that devil's own ship the *Xenophon* would only lave port, I'd fale better," remarked Terrence as they wended their way to their rooms. Fernando could not see any harm the *Xenophon* could do them. The president of the college had forgiven them, and surely they need not care for the ship.

The students entered ardently into their studies, and Fernando tried to forget everything about the mayor's ball save the beautiful face of Morgianna Lane. She was the only sweet picture in that wild dream, and he would not have forgotten her for the world. Time wore slowly on. A week had passed, and all the papers in the country were nagging the captain about going to his vessel in a winding sheet. A wag wrote some verses which must have been galling to the pride of the haughty Briton.

At last it leaked out that two students had played the trick on Captain Conkerall. A newspaper reporter came to see Fernando, who gave him a truthful history of the affair.

"You've played the devil now," said Terrence, when he read the interview in the next issue of the *Baltimore Sun*.

"Why?"

"Never moind, Fernando, I'll not desert ye, and if my one comes to ye about satisfaction, or inything of the kind, and asks you to mintion your frind, sind thim to Terrence Malone, and he will make the arrangements, that's all."

Fernando had no more idea what he meant than if he had addressed him in Hindoo, and he gave the matter little or no further thought. He was in his room poring over his books the second day after the interview, when there came a rap at his door.

"Come in!" he cried in his broad, western fashion.

The door opened, and, to his surprise, a young English officer entered the apartment.

"Is this Mr. Fernando Stevens?" he asked politely.

"It is."

"I am the bearer of a message from Lieutenant Matson."

"Pray who is Lieutenant Matson?"

"Of his majesty's ship the *Xenophon*."

Fernando thought he must be mistaken, as he had not the least recollection of ever hearing of Lieutenant Matson; but the ensign assured him that he was the person with whom the lieutenant had to deal, and then asked if he could refer him to some friend with whom the business might be arranged. Then the youthful American remembered Terrence Malone's strange instructions and sent the ensign at once to the young Irishman.

Just how Terrence would settle the matter, he did not know; but he who had such remarkable ability for getting one into a scrape could surely devise some means to get him out, and Fernando was perfectly willing to trust him. So, deeming the matter wholly settled, he sat down to his books once more, and had actually forgotten the officer, when Terrence bolted into the room his face expressive of anxiety.

"It's all arranged, me boy. Ye did right in lavin' it to me. The young Britisher and I have made all arrangements."

"Arrangements? what arrangements?" asked Fernando with guileless innocence.

"Arrangements for the meeting, to be sure."

"What meeting?"

"Meeting with Lieutenant Matson."

Throwing down his book, Fernando started up impatiently said:

"I don't want to meet the infernal lieutenant. I thought you had settled it."

"So I did, and right dacintly, too. Now what weapons do ye want?"

"Weapons!" cried Fernando, the truth at last beginning to dawn upon him. "Great Heavens! Terrence, do you mean a duel?"

"Certainly, me frind, nothin' ilse. There's no way to get out of it, honorably."

Fernando reeled as if he had been struck a blow. He had read of duels, but, in the solitude of his western home on the farm, he had never known of any. They were the bloody inventions of more polite civilization. One had been fought between two trappers at a trading post, not over forty miles away, in which rifles at thirty paces were used, and both men were killed. The preacher had said it was murder. Fernando was brave; but he shrank from a duel, and it was not until his pride had been appealed to, that he determined to fight. Then Terrence assured him the lieutenant's friend was waiting; all that was wanting was the weapons.

"I must talk with Sukey."

Sukey was sent for, and when the tall, lanky fellow entered the apartment, Fernando told him all.

"Don't you be in the game, Fernando. Let me tell you, don't you be in it," Sukey answered.

But he was informed that he must, or be forever disgraced. Besides, his enemy was a hated Briton, whom their country was almost on the verge of war with, and it would not be a bad thing to kill him in advance.

"Well, if you must be in the game, Fernando, fight with hatchets. You know you used to throw a hatchet twenty steps and split a pumpkin every time. Fight with hatchets."

It was a novel mode of dueling; but Terrence took the proposition to the lieutenant's friend. The Briton said his friend was a gentlemen, willing to fight with any of the weapons which civilized gentlemen used, and if Mr. Stevens would not consent to the same, the lieutenant would publish him as a barbarian and a coward. Pistols were settled on as a compromise, and Terrence went away to settle the final arrangements. He returned with a smile on his face and, rubbing his hands, said:

"Cheer up, me boy, it's all settled."

"What? won't we fight?"

"Yes, it's settled that you will fight."

For a long time, Fernando was silent, and then he said:

"When will it take place, Terrence?"

"To-morrow morning at sunrise."

Fernando did not go to school that day. Sukey was enjoined to keep the matter a secret, and he went to his classroom as if nothing unusual were about to happen. Fernando spent the day in writing letters to be sent home in case he should not survive the affair which, after all, he believed to be disgraceful. Dueling he thought little better than murder; but he was in for it and determined not to show the white feather. Don't blame Fernando, for he lived in a barbarous age, when the "code of honor" was thought to be honorable. His chief remorse was for his madcap, drunken freak, which had been the provocation for the event, and yet, when he came to think of the ludicrousness of his adventures, he smiled.

More than once on that gloomy day he thought of Morgianna, whom in reality he loved at first sight. Would he ever see her again, or was she only the evening star, which had risen on the last hours of his existence? When Sukey returned, he held a long interview with him and gave him a bundle of letters and papers to send home if--he could not finish the sentence.

"Ain't there no way to get out of it, Fernando?" asked Sukey, his droll face comical even in distress.

"Not honorably."

"Well, now that you're in the game, just shoot that infernal Englishman's head right off his shoulders, that's my advice. I've read lots about duels, and it all depends on who is quickest at the trigger. Take good aim and don't let him get a second the advantage of you."

They went to bed early, and Fernando slept soundly. It was Terrence who awoke them and said it would not do to be late. He had engaged a sailor called Luff Williams to take them in his boat to the spot, a long sandy beach behind a high promontory some five or six miles from the city. The spot was quite secluded, and Terrence declared it a love of a place for such little affairs.

"What are ye thinkin' of, Fernando?" asked Terrence, when the boat with the three young men was under way.

"I'm thinking, sir, if I were to kill him, what I must do after."

"Right, my boy; nothing like it; but 1811 will settle all for ye. I don't believe, now that America is on the verge of war with the British, that my one will make much of a row for killin' the murdherin' baste. Are ye a good shot?"

"I am with a rifle; but I never could do anything to speak of with a pistol."

"I don't moind that. Ye've a good eye; never take it off him after you're on the ground; follow him everywhere. I knew a fellow in Ireland who always shot his man that way. Look without winkin'; it's fatal at a short distance--a very good thing to learn, when ye've a little spare time."

As they came in sight of the beach where the duel was to be fought, they perceived, a few hundred yards off, a group of persons standing on the sands, whom they recognized as their opponents.

"Fernando," said Terrence, grasping his arm firmly, as if to instill into him some of his own hope and confidence, "Fernando, although you're only a boy, I've no fear of your courage; but this Lieutenant Matson is a famous duelist, and he will try to shake your nerve. Now remember that ye take everything that happens quite with an air of indifference; don't let him think he has iny

advantage over ye, and you'll see how the tables will be turned in your favor."

"Trust me, Terrence, I'll not disgrace you," Stevens answered.

"You are twelve minutes late, Mr. Malone," said the ensign, who acted as the lieutenant's second; "but we shall all be able to get back to breakfast--those that will care to eat."

Not to be outdone, Terrence said:

"All will be at supper; but your friend will be where he is eaten, rather than eats."

"Don't be too sure; the lieutenant has killed his sixth man in affairs like this."

The remark was of course intended for Fernando's ears. Sukey heard it and said:

"Fernando, that's a lie; don't you believe it. Aim at his plaguy head, and you can hit it. You used to snuff a candle that distance."

Fernando smiled while he kept his eye on the lieutenant. That smile and that eternal stare disconcerted the English officer, and he turned a little pale. There was something about the imperturbable youth which made him dread the meeting. Fernando was strangely, unnaturally calm. Ten minutes more, and he might be in eternity.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BELLE OF THE BEACH.

No experienced duelist ever entered into the business with more earnestness or zeal than Terrence Malone. He and the lieutenant's second were some distance away settling points of position, he saw three or four men in the uniform of British officers coming around the bluff, among them the ship's surgeon with a case of instruments and medicines in his hand. Captain Conkerall, though the real injured party, was not on the scene. His lieutenant readily took up his quarrel, on account of his jealousy of Fernando who had completely usurped his place as the favorite of Miss Morgianna Lane.

Arrangements were made at last, and Terrence came to his friend, took his arm and walked him forward.

"Fernando, me boy, we've loaded the pistols. He loaded this and I the one for the lieutenant, I put in a thumpin' heavy charge, so he'll overshoot, I am to give the word; but don't look at me at all. I'll manage to catch the lieutenant's eye, and do ye watch him steadily, aim at his middle and fire when he does, and all will be right."

They were all the while moving to the place selected for the duel.

"I think the ground we are leaving behind us is rather better," said someone. "So it is," answered the lieutenant with a sneer; "but it might be troublesome to carry the young gentleman down that way; here all is fair and easy."

In a few moments they were at the spot; the ground was measured off, and each man was placed, and Fernando thought there was no chance for either escaping.

"Now thin," said Terrence. "I'll walk twelve paces, count 'one, two, three, fire!' and you are both to fire at the word 'fire.' The man who reserves his shot or shoots a second before falls by my hand!"

This stern injunction seemed actually to awe the Britons, and Fernando fancied that he saw the lieutenant trembling. It was only fancy however. The lieutenant was really calm. Notwithstanding the advice of Terrence, Fernando could not help turning his eyes from the lieutenant to watch the figure of his retiring friend. At last he stopped--a second or two elapsed--he wheeled rapidly around. Fernando now turned his eyes toward his antagonist.

Lieutenant Matson was a slender man, and when he turned his right side toward Fernando, he was

not much thicker than a rail.

"One--two--three--fire!"

Fernando watched his opponent, and, at the word, raised his pistol and fired. His hat flew from his head, the crown torn completely out, while his antagonist leaped into the air, clapped his hand to the seat of his trousers and fell howling upon the ground. The people around Fernando all rushed forward, save Sukey, who came to his friend and, seeing that he was unhurt, began a mild reproof:

"Why didn't you aim higher, Fernando?"

Terrence came back a moment later and, bursting into laughter, said:

"Begorra! this will interfere with his sedentary habits for a month. Arrah, me boy, it's proud o' ye I am."

Fernando caught two or three glances thrown at him with expression of revengeful passion. Half a score of marines were seen coming around the rocks, and Terrence left off laughing. The three were alone against five times their number.

Fernando felt some one grasp him around the waist and hurry him from the spot, and ten minutes later they were in the boat skimming over the water back toward Baltimore.

"Put on ivery divilish stitch o' canvas yer tub 'll carry," said Terrence to Luff Williams. "The Johnny Bulls won't like this a bit, and bad luck to us if they git their hands on us."

Fernando, now that the nervous strain was over, sank back in the boat, almost completely exhausted.

"Fernando, ye did it illegintly," said the young Irishman.

"Will he die?"

"Not unless the doctors kill him trying to dig it out."

"I hope they won't."

"What the divil's the difference? Before this toime next year, we'll be shootin' redcoats for sport."

"Say, what's that, shipmate?" drawled out Luff Williams.

"Where?"

"Look ahead."

"A long boat full o' British marines!" cried Terrence. "Boys, I don't like that. Mr. Luff Williams, if ye want a whole skin over yer body pull about and sail down the coast like the divil was after ye!"

In less than two minutes' time their craft was put about and went flying before the wind, under a full stretch of canvas. The boat impelled by eight stout oarsmen pressed hard in their wake.

"Heave to! heave to!" cried an officer in the pursuing boat. "Heave to, or we will fire on you!"

"Niver mind him, me frind," said Terrence to the man at the rudder. "I'll tell ye when to lay low."

They were in long musket shot distance, and Williams assured them that if they could round a headland, they would get a stiffer breeze and outsail their pursuer.

"Are they gaining on us?" Fernando asked.

"Not much, if any," was the response.

Again the officer in the bow, making a speaking trumpet of his hands, shouted:

"Heave to, or I swear I'll fire on you!"

"To the divil with you," roared Terrence. "We've downed one redcoat in fair light; what more do ye want, bad luck to ye?"

The officer spoke to some one behind him, and a musket was handed him.

Terrence sprang to the stern saying:

"Now look out! lay low, ye lubbers! the blackguard's goin' to shoot!"

The officer raised his musket, and a moment later a puff of smoke issued from the muzzle.

"Down!" cried Terrence. All laid low, and the next second the report of a musket came on the air, and a bullet dropped in the water, a little to the larboard.

"They are coming agin," cried Terrence.

"Haven't you sweeps which we could work?" asked Fernando.

There was a pair of sweeps in the craft, and Terrence and Fernando manned them. Though Fernando was a little awkward at first, he soon came to use the sweep quite effectively and helped the little craft along.

"Do we gain on them?" asked Fernando.

"Not much, if any;" the helmsman answered.

At this moment, three or four muskets were fired from the boat, and the balls whistled among the sails or spattered in the water. Should they meet with one of those sudden calms which frequently overtook vessels off the bay, they knew they would be lost. The British marines were laying to their oars right lustily, and the boat flew over the waves.

"Have you no arms in the boat?" asked Fernando.

"Nothin' but a fowlin' piece and some goose shot."

"Just the thing for me!" declared Sukey. "I was always good at killin' geese on the wing."

Sukey hunted up the gun and loaded both barrels heavily with shot and slugs. Then he took up his post in the stern, ready to rake the long boat fore and aft, should it come within range of his formidable gun. The officer and three or four marines continued to load and fire, until the boat was out of the harbor, when a strong breeze struck her sails and sent her spinning over the water.

"Huzzah! huzzah! we are gainin' on' em now!" cried Sukey, flourishing his gun in the air.

The British fired half a dozen more shots at the fleeing boat; but the bullets began dropping behind. They were out of reach of their longest range muskets.

"There ain't no danger now," declared Sukey. "They are not in the game."

The breeze continued strong, and the little craft boldly cleft the waters, as it sped forward over the bounding waves.

"It's no use to be wearing ourselves out, Fernando," said Terrence. "The good breeze is doin' more for us than a hundred oars could do."

They put in their sweeps and, mounting the rail aft, clung to rigging, and shouted derision and defiance at their pursuers.

Although the Britons had little hope or expectation of overtaking them, yet, with that bull-dog tenacity characteristic of Englishmen, they continued the chase.

"That danger is over," said Terrence, as they once more resumed their seats in the boat.

"What would they have done with us, Terrence, had they captured us?"

"Faith, it's hard telling; but I think we'd found it unpleasant."

"Wasn't the fight fair?"

"As fair as iver one saw; but, begorra, it didn't turn out the way they expected."

"Why, la sakes, they didn't think Fernando was goin' to miss, did they?" said Sukey. "He ain't been shootin' squirrels out o' the tallest trees in Ohio for nothin'."

"This lieutenant thought he was going to have some sport with a greenhorn."

"Can you see them yet?" asked Fernando of Williams, who sat well up in the stern holding the helm.

"Yes."

"How far are they away?"

"Two or three miles."

"And still a-coming?"

"Yes."

"Plague take 'em!" growled Sukey, "why do they follow us so persistently?"

"May be they think to get us when we go ashore; but, bad luck to thim, they'll find it tough if they come afther us."

"Fernando, I wish we had our rifles," growled Sukey. "Wouldn't we make it unprofitable for the redcoats!"

Fernando was rather non-communicative, and sat in the bow of the boat lost in painful meditation. He had shed blood. It was the first, and, although in that age it was thought highly honorable, he felt an inward consciousness that dueling was both cowardly and brutal. Fear of being branded a coward had nerved him to face the pistol of his antagonist. It is not true courage that makes the duelist. There is no more honor, gentility, or courage in dueling than in robbing a safe. The greatest coward living may be a burglar, so he may, from fear of public scorn, fight a duel. Fernando had much to regret. He felt that his social standing had been lowered; yet he was happy in the thought that the duel had had no fatal results. Could he ever return to the school? Could he ever return to his home and face his Christian mother? He was roused from his painful reverie by a loud laugh on the part of Terrence. He turned his eyes toward the jolly fellow and found him convulsed with mirth.

"What ails you, Terrence?" he asked.

"Did you aim at the spot you hit?"

"No; I aimed at a more vital part; but, thank God, I missed, and now I am happy."

"It's more than the lieutenant is, I'm thinkin'."

"But, Terrence, the most serious question is, what are we going to do?"

"Now that's sensible. Let me see, Misther Williams, what's the nearest port? Isn't there a town above on this coast?"

"Yes, not more than ten miles away around that point o' land we'll find a willage."

"Why not put in there?"

"Yes, we kin; but, hang it, how am I a-goin' to git back to Baltimore?"

"Oh, that's aisy enough. Run in after night."

"Yes, an' be sunk by the blasted Britishers!"

"He won't know ye after dark."

"But, Terrence, what are we to do?" asked Fernando.

"It's do, is it?--faith, do nothin'!"

"But the academy?"

"It will get along without us."

"But can we get along without it?"

"Aisy, me frind; don't be alarmed. We'll be back in a week or a fortnight at most. It will all blow over, and no one will ask us any questions. Lave it all to me."

Fernando had almost come to the conclusion that he had left too much to his friend. Terrence had only got him out of one scrape into another, until he had come to mistrust the good judgment and sound discretion of his friend. Not that he doubted the good intentions of Terrence. He had as kind a heart as ever beat in the breast of a young Irishman of twenty-three; but his propensity to mischievous pranks was continually getting him and his friends into trouble.

Fernando went to the fore part of the boat and sat by Sukey.

For a few moments both were silent. Fernando was first to speak.

"Sukey, how is all this to end?" he asked with a sigh.

"I don't know," Sukey answered, in his peculiar, drawling way. "We needn't complain, though; because we came out best so far."

"But it was terrible, shooting at him. I might have killed him."

"He might have killed you, and that would have been worse."

"I never thought of that."

"No doubt he did."

"I wish we were back in the college; but I greatly fear we will be expelled in disgrace. It would kill our mothers."

"No; I think they would get over it; but I tell you, Fernando, my opinion is, it don't make much difference."

"Why?"

"The United States and England are going to fight. I got a paper last night, and it was chock full of fight, and as for your shootin' the lieutenant, I am sure everybody, even your mother and the faculty, will be glad of it. I only blame you for one thing."

"What is that, Sukey?"

"When you had such a good chance, why didn't you aim higher?"

The expression on Sukey's face was too ludicrous for even the young duelist, and he laughed in spite of himself.

"Helloa, there's the town," cried Sukey, as they rounded a headland and entered the mouth of a broad bay, standing in toward a beautiful village. This village has wholly disappeared. Railroads shunned it, and the water traffic being too small to support it, it degenerated into a village of fishermen, which, in 1837, was totally destroyed by fire, and has never been rebuilt. Before the war of 1812, it was a neat, flourishing little town.

"Is this the town you were spakin' about?" asked Terrence of the boatman.

"Yes, zur."

"What place is it?"

"Mariana."

"Mariana," repeated Fernando, "I have heard that name before. Where was it? Mariana,--Mariana."

Terrence came forward to his companions and said:

"Now, lads, like as not the frinds of Matson may be affther following us. Lave it all to me. We'll change our names and go up to the tavern, where we'll hire rooms and be gentlemen traveling for pleasure."

"Would they dare follow us on shore?"

"No; I think not; but if they should, my plan will answer."

When they ran into shore, Terrence paid the boatman and discharged him. Terrence was the son of a rich Irish merchant in Philadelphia, who kept his son liberally supplied with money, who, with corresponding liberality, spent it.

Terrence felt that this was his scrape, and he resolved to bear the expenses.

With his friends, he went to the tavern, where they engaged rooms. Fernando and Sukey retired to their rooms, while Terrence remained in the tap-room, where there was a crowd of Marylanders. He began telling them a most horrible story of the impressment of himself and his friends by a British vessel and of their recent escape. He stated that they had been closely pursued, and he would not be surprised if the Britishers sent a boat on shore to take them away.

He could not have chosen a better theme to inflame those Marylanders. One tall, raw-boned man, who carried a rifle and bullet pouch with him, said:

"Boys, that reminds us mightily o' Dick Long."

Every Marylander assembled in the tap-room knew the sad story of poor Dick Long. He was a fisherman with a wife and four children and was loved by all who knew him. Dick was honest and peaceable, kind-hearted and brave. One day his fishing smack was driven by a gale some distance out at sea, when a British cruiser captured him, and he was impressed into his majesty's service. Dick managed after many weary months to get a letter to his wife. At Halifax, he tried to desert, was caught, brought back and lashed to the "long tom" and received a flogging with the cat-o'-nine-tails. He struck the cruel boatsman, and was lashed to the mast and flogged until he died. A deserter from the ship brought home his dying words, which were these: "Tell my American brothers to avenge me."

"Remember Dick Long, boys, and ef they come to Mariana, let us make 'em wish they had stayed away."

The artful Terrence kindled the flame, and a short time after sunset, Fernando and Sukey were awakened from a doze by hearing a wild uproar on the streets. They sprang to their feet and ran to the window.

Fifteen or twenty officers and seamen had just landed and were making their way toward the public house, when they were assailed by a hundred infuriated Marylanders with sticks, clubs, stones, dirt, old tin buckets and almost every conceivable weapon. The officer in command was trying to explain that their intentions were pacific, that, after rowing for ten hours against the wind and tide, they were tired and hungry; but the inexorable Marylanders continued to shout:

"Dick Long, Dick Long! Don't forget Dick Long!"

Now there was not one of those Britons who had ever heard of Dick Long before, and they could not conceive what that had to do with their landing; nor was this the boat crew which chased our friends; yet Terrence continued to agitate the matter. The truth is Terrence had personally declared war against Great Britain in advance of the United States and had commenced hostilities.

"Down with the bloody backs!" he cried. "Drive thim into the bay."

The officers were forced to return to their boats and, tired as they were, pull down the coast to Baltimore.

Next morning, Fernando rose early and, after breakfast, went out alone to look about the village. It was located in a picturesque and beautiful spot. On the East was the broad bay and sea. On the West were undulating hills covered with umbrageous forests. To the South were some promontories and romantic headlands, against which the restless waters lashed themselves into foam. On a hill about a fourth of a mile from the village, was a large, elegant mansion built of granite, looking like a fairy castle in the distance. A broad carriage-drive, leading through an avenue of chestnuts, led up to the great front gate. The mansion was almost strong enough for a fort and was surrounded by a stone wall five feet high, with an iron picket fence on top of this.

"Who lives in the great house on the hill?" Fernando asked a man.

"Old Captain Lane."

"Captain Lane. I have heard of him. Has he a daughter?"

"Yes, Morgianna."

"It's the same," he thought, as he wandered away to the beach. "What strange providence has brought me here?" Fernando's regrets were in a moment changed to rejoicing. He was glad he had quarrelled with the lieutenant and had been driven away to Mariana.

He went to the tavern and informed Sukey of his discovery and said:

"I am going to contrive in some way to speak with her again."

"Well, don't take that plaguey Irishman in the game, Fernando," said Sukey. "If you do, he'll make a precious mess o' the whole thing."

Terrence was enjoying himself. Before he had been in the town two days, he knew every person in it. All were his friends, and he was quite a lion. Terrence only hoped that a man-of-war would come to Mariana. He vowed he would lead the citizens against her, capture the ship and keep her for

coast defence of Maryland.

It was the fourth day after their arrival, that, as Fernando was strolling alone according to his habit on the beach, his eyes fixed on the sands meditating on the recent stirring events, he suddenly became conscious of some one a short distance down the beach. He looked, up and saw a young lady with a parasol in one hand tripping along the sands, now and then picking up a shell. In an instant he knew her. His heart gave a wild bound and then seemed for a instant to stand still. Then it commenced a rapid vibration which increased as she approached. She was coming toward him, all unconscious of his presence and only intent on securing the most beautiful shells.

Suddenly, raising her eyes, she saw a handsome young man close to her. He tipped his hat, smiled and said: "Good morning, Miss Lane."

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she answered with a little laugh. "Why, I declare, how you frightened me!"

"I am sorry for it."

"Never mind; I will survive the shock; but I know why you came to Mariana," and there was a roguish twinkle in her blue eyes.

"Do you?"

"Yes, you fought the lieutenant and had to run away."

"Miss Lane, how did you learn this?"

"Learn it! Don't you know the papers are full of it? Papa read it this morning at breakfast, and he laughed until he cried. Where is that Irishman who gets you into so many funny scrapes?"

"He is at the tavern."

"Well, papa says he must see you. He has fought duels in his day, and he thinks you a splendid shot; but it was naughty of you to fight without consulting me. He might have killed you."

Fernando was now the happiest man on earth.

"Miss Lane, don't think because I did not consult you, I did not think of you. You were in my mind as much as any other person at that trying ordeal, unless it was my mother."

"Oh, don't grow sentimental. Now that it is all over and not much harm done, let us laugh at it;--but I want to scold you."

"Why?"

"You did not obey me on that night. I told you to drink no more wine, and after I left, you drank too much, which provoked the quarrel."

Fernando, who really had no clear idea of the subject-matter of the quarrel, answered:

"I plead guilty, Miss Lane, to being disobedient. Forgive me, and I promise to make amends in the future. Do you know him, Lieutenant Matson?"

"Know Lieutenant Matson? Certainly I do; I have known him for four years. Father has known him longer."

[Illustration: "YOU SURRENDER EASILY."]

"Does he ever come here?"

"Frequently."

"If he comes while I am here, we will have the fight out."

"No you won't."

"Why?"

"I forbid it."

"Then I yield."

"You surrender easily," and the saucy blue eyes glanced slyly at his face. Fernando was at a loss for some answer. Suddenly she broke in with:

"I must go now. There, I see father on the hill. Won't you come to tea this evening? Father would like so much to see you."

Of course he would. He stammered out his thanks, while the fairy-like creature tripped away across the sands, leaving him in a maze of bewilderment. At the crest of the hill, she paused to wave her handkerchief, smiled with ravishing sweetness, and disappeared over the hill with her father.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S DILEMMA.

Morgianna Lane was the brightest gem in the little Maryland village. The romantic mystery which enshrouded her birth seemed only to add to the charm about her. Of course Fernando could not long be in the village without learning that she was not the daughter of Captain Lane, but a sea waif.

Frequently foundlings have some birth mark or scar about them, or there is some letter or significant mark about their clothing by which in after years they may be identified and their parentage made known; but in the case of Morgianna there was no probability of her identity ever being discovered. Her plump little arms were utterly devoid of scar or mark; the clothes found upon the infant had no initial whatever, and were cast aside, just as other worn-out garments.

Fernando Stevens, in due time, called on Captain Lane, whom he found to be as jolly an old Jack Tar as lives. He was greatly amused at the escapade of the student, but cautioned him against his Irish friend.

"I have no doubt this Terrence Malone is a good, noble young fellow; but he has too much native mischief in his composition, and will get you from one scrape into another with marvellous regularity. I don't mean that you should cut him adrift; but though you sail in company with him, do not allow him to get too far windward of you. When you see he's going to fly right into the teeth of some rash fate, get on the other tack, that's all. You did honorably, however, in fighting the duel with Lieutenant Matson, even if he is my friend."

"Is he your friend?"

"Yes; his father and I shipped afore the mast when we were boys together. When the war broke out, he entered the British navy while I went aboard a Yankee privateer. I am glad to say we never met in battle."

Fernando felt himself growing just a little bit uneasy. He did not like this friendship between the captain and Lieutenant Matson; and he could see that the old seaman was glad the lieutenant's wound was not fatal.

What strange emotion stirred the Ohio student's soul, when he met the soft eyes of Morgianna, words cannot express. She talked on a variety of subjects, and at times Fernando flattered himself that she was pleased to have him with her; but the next moment he reasoned that it might be only her good breeding which made her appear to tolerate him. Fernando was not foolish enough to be conceited. He lived in hope and doubt and was the happiest man at times, and at others the most miserable. Though he took Sukey into his confidence, Fernando was a little shy of Terrence.

The reader will remember that Terrence had, on entering the village, suggested the propriety of going under assumed names. Fernando had forgotten, if he ever knew, that he was registered at the tavern as Mr. Phil. Magrew of Hartford, and that good, innocent Sukey was George Molesworth, while Terrence was Larry O'Connor, a name quite in keeping with his nationality. A ludicrous mistake, which came near being fatal to Fernando's respectability at Mariana, resulted from this incident.

They had been a week at the tavern, and Fernando, who had lived a thousand years of alternating

bliss and agony in that short period, was sitting in the bar-room in front of a great roaring fire, which the chill evening of early autumn made comfortable, utterly oblivious of the grumbling of the landlord, who was saying:

"When people stay a whole week 'thout any luggage, it be high time they pay up. I wonder Mr. Magrew don't take notice on't."

The supposed Mr. Magrew, however, did not hear what he said. He was gazing into the blazing fire, weaving bright pictures from which the eyes of Morgianna seemed gazing at him. Fernando had forgotten the academy, home, parents and all in this new inspiration. Terrence and Sukey entered while the landlord was still grumbling and looking hard at Fernando, who was utterly oblivious of his wrath.

"Mister Magrew, be ye a man o' honor?" demanded mine host; but "Mr. Magrew" was as indifferent as a statue of stone. "The wagabond sits there an' hears himself abused an' be too heedless to answer. By the mass, I will even tweak his nose! Magrew--Magrew--I'll wake you!"

All the while Terrence, Sukey, and everybody else was wondering whom the enraged landlord meant. Suddenly Terrence recollected that he had registered Fernando under the name of Philip Magrew. He hastened to meet the landlord before he reached Fernando, and thus prevented a collision, which would have been violent indeed.

"Me frind, the honorable Misthur Magrew, is hard o' hearing," explained the Irishman in an undertone.

"Be hard o' hearin'? then he be hard o' payin' too," answered the landlord. "He 'ave been a whole veek in my 'ouse and not one pickyunne 'ave paid."

"Lave all to me," said the Irishman in his conciliatory manner, gently leading the landlord to another part of the room. "Ye see me frind, knowing his infirmity, asked mesilf to pay all bills for Misthur Magrew, and he gave me the money, I clear forgot it, or I should have paid you."

Then Terrence drew forth a well-filled purse, which greatly mollified the landlord, and when all differences were squared, he was completely satisfied, smiling and agreeable.

Thus Fernando passed over a dangerous period in his life and never knew how near he came having his nose pulled; nor did the landlord ever know how near he came to being knocked down for such an attempt.

Morgianna had spoken on one occasion of the beauty of moonlight on the seashore, and Fernando was bold enough to ask the pleasure of rowing herself and father to the headlands some evening. She assented. The old sailor had a friend visiting at his house, an old ex-sea-captain like himself, and the four decided to make the voyage across the little bay and sit for an hour on the rocky promontory and listen to the "dashing waves." Fernando willingly welcomed the acquaintance as a fourth to the party, for he was shrewd enough to see that the old sailors would be so wholly engrossed with each other, that they would scarcely notice the young people, and Morgianna and he would be left quite to themselves.

Fernando, though an amateur at the oar, would on no account be dissuaded from rowing the small boat to the promontory; and, having helped Morgianna, who was lightest, into a seat in the bow (inexpressible happiness) he cheerfully took his seat at the oars with the old men in the stern facing each other. Then the little craft was cast loose, and the young westerner bent to his oars and sent the boat swiftly through the water. Of course Fernando's back was toward Morgianna, and he could not see her, save when he twisted his head "quite off," which he did frequently; but he could hear her silvery voice humming snatches of a song, or her dimpled hand playing in the phosphorescent water which sparkled like flashes of fire in their wake. The old men kept up a continual talk, for which Fernando was exceedingly grateful. Finally the promontory was gained, and in a quiet little cove Fernando beached his boat and, springing out, took the small, white hand of Morgianna and assisted her to the dry sands, so gallantly that her dainty little slippered foot did not touch the water.

Then the whole party ascended the hill to the opposite side of the promontory where the sea was beating furiously. Fernando was almost beside himself with joy to find Morgianna clinging to his arm in the ascent, and to hear her sweet voice in low, gentle tones breathing in his ear. It was a fine, clear night, and for all her lowness of spirits, Morgianna kept looking up at the stars in a

manner so bewitching that Fernando was clear out of his senses, and plainly showed that, if ever a man were over head and ears in love, that man was himself. The path they were ascending was quite steep, and Fernando could not help glancing at the pretty little hand, encased in a cream-colored kid glove, resting on his arm. If Fernando had known that an executioner were behind him with an axe raised, ready to cut off his head if he touched that hand, he could not have helped doing it. From putting his own right hand upon it as if by chance, and taking it away again after a minute or so, and then putting it back again, he got to walking along without taking it off at all, as if he, the escort, were bound to do that as an important duty, and had come for that purpose. The most curious thing about this little incident was, that Morgianna did not seem to know it. She looked so innocent and unconscious when she turned her eyes on Fernando, that it was quite provoking.

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